



Thorns Laced In Blood (Pet Play)

Author: *LoveBite Shorts*

Category: Urban

Description: Sometimes, you have to be cruel to be kind.

Master

My friend entrusted me with the near-impossible task of rehabilitating a former slave. The young woman is so traumatised she is voluntarily mute. Her eyes are lifeless, her brain is likely dormant, and yet she begins to respond to my commands beautifully. She isn't aware of the dark temptation she awakens within me.

Therein lies my problem. I'm supposed to be her road to recovery, but all I want to do is keep and defile her to see if life will come back into those pretty dead eyes.

Slave

They have transferred me to a new master, and I never want to return to where I was. I don't know what happened or how I reached the outside world, but I recall snippets of the hell on earth. It existed where they locked me away. If there is a devil, it lives inside those evil men's hearts.

My new Master is harsh yet kind. He doesn't hurt or starve me, unlike my old Master. All I need to do is obey. I won't remember the past. I won't say a name. I will do whatever it takes to keep the tattered remains of my sanity intact.

Obedience was my armour until I learned to wield it.

?Contains graphic flashbacks of non-con (past) with a survivor reclaiming power through twisted intimacy. Please read responsibly. Suitable for 18+ only.

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Saul

Club X was empty, which made me a little uncomfortable about why Dom would pick the club to meet me in.

The black centre stage had all the BDSM paraphernalia on it, but it was a different theme from the last time I had been here.

I preferred the lively atmosphere to the current foreboding, eerie one.

I smiled, remembering the live shows on the stage.

Grayson had given us all quite the show with his pet pony. After my reprimand for taking things too far, I never returned.

“Saul, you made it. I appreciate you taking the time,”

he said, but we both knew I begrudged being here.

I glanced at the bar and saw Dominic behind the bar, helping himself to a bottle of top-shelf whiskey. He didn't look like Dr Dominic King when he was in the club, and today was no different.

“I was intrigued by your unexpected call. I thought you retired on some obscure Island with your wife,”

I said with a smile as I approached the bar.

He'd poured two glasses of whiskey but left the bottle on the counter as he left the bar to greet me. I shook his hand in a tight grip and shook it because it was damn good to see him. The trio of friends were well-known in London but not always reputable, which is why I liked them. Dom, Aaron and Grayson had no airs and graces, no matter how wealthy they were.

"Yes, a friend asked for my professional opinion on a patient, but it required a face-to-face visit so I could assess the situation first-hand,"

he said, gripping my hand just as tightly.

"How's life treating you?"

I released his hand to shrug.

"Same old shit but just a different day,"

I said before I picked up the glasses.

He nodded and led us towards the VIP private section. Once seated, I began to wonder why he called me.

"How's the wife?"

I asked as I recalled briefly meeting her at Grayson's wedding.

His face softened, and his smile grew wider as he sat down and placed the bottle on the table.

I passed him his glass and downed mine because I had a gut feeling that I wouldn't like whatever news he was about to give me.

I enjoyed the burn, but that shit was smooth. He raised his eyebrow at me but began to unscrew the bottle to top my glass up again.

Yup, the fucker was up to no good.

“She is great, pregnant with our third baby,”

he said with a smirk before he poured me a larger amount from the bottle.

After glancing at the black bottle, I noticed it was a Glenfiddich 23-year-old blend. I preferred my Macallan, but it wasn't too shoddy.

“Congratulations. What’s this all about, Dom?”

I asked as I picked my glass up while he took a civilised sip on his.

His face hardened, but he remained silent before he took a large gulp of his drink.

Okay, not quite so civilised. Something was wrong.

“You used to take power plays to the edge of the limit to the point Grayson had to keep an eye on your activities, yet you never tipped over,” he said.

“I did in Grayson’s eyes,”

I said, watching him wave his hand to dismiss my transgression.

I frowned in confusion.

It had taken me many years to grapple with myself after leaving my position in the army, and part of my recovery was through my dark inclinations.

My outlet was far more sadistic than anyone knew, but I'd always held myself in check.

Dom must have been observing me with a keen eye. Creepy.

We were all dominant, but our individual tastes were nuanced.

I'd had a few group sessions in the club, and my past training made me much more aware of my surroundings and the people around me.

I could read people better than most.

His face relaxed a fraction as he pulled his phone out of his pocket. While he was focused on his phone, I took a swig from my glass.

“What do you see?”

he asked, sliding his phone across the dark wooden table.

I gave him a sharp look before I put my glass on the table to pick up the phone.

There was a photo of a young girl sitting on the edge of a white bed.

The walls were white, and the clinically severe look of the room told me it was a hospital.

Her expression was devoid of emotion, and her eyes had a vacant look.

I placed two fingers on the screen and spread them to zoom into her eyes.

Her blue eyes were like chips of ice, tinged with black around her iris, which matched

the dead black of her pupil.

Her blonde hair was open and straggly.

There were dark circles under her eyes, but from the picture, I could tell her body was rigid and tense.

Her lips were pursed together, but I could tell from their shape that if she was relaxed, they would be full and plump.

I glanced at her light blue eyes again before I pushed against the screen to minimise it again.

My stomach churned because I would recognise that blank look in a heartbeat.

She made herself look smaller than she was.

My jaw clenched when I saw the variety of marks on her arms.

I didn't need to zoom in on them to know where they were from.

She was clad in a white T-shirt and black bottoms. I'd been so mesmerised by her eyes that I missed the small scar poking out from under her hair.

It took me several moments to compose myself before I could bring myself to look at Dom again.

The flames of fury made me grip the phone until I placed my wrist on the table's edge to prevent my hand from shaking.

When I glanced up, Dom was studying me with a satisfied look on his face.

“You need me to kill someone?”

I finally managed to grit out.

His eyes widened briefly before he shook his head.

“Is he dead?”

“With any luck. We think she escaped from where she was being held, but unfortunately, she had a collision with a car. She was covered in her own blood and someone else's. The woman's car she hit brought her in, and the A & E staff processed her for sexual assault,”

he said before he pointed towards the phone.

I pulled it a little closer to me because, for some reason, I wasn't willing to part with the girl's picture yet.

“I took that picture this afternoon. She was brought in nearly seven months ago. She is being kept in a secure unit at Rampton Hospital, but the initial referral came from London's Broadmoor. It's one of the most secure psychiatric facilities, and it isn't suitable for her. She isn't a criminal. However, the demand for beds is at breaking point, and she is going to get tossed into a system that will leave her—vulnerable,”

he said with a frown.

“The police investigation?”

I asked as another wave of rage engulfed me.

“It's at a dead end. They couldn't find any property close to the accident. The ones

they travelled to denied seeing or hearing the girl,”

he said as he downed his glass and poured himself another drink.

“She was raped and tortured since she was a child. The internal scarring varied. Some were old, and some were recent. His DNA was collected from her, but there were no matches.

“I can find the perpetrator. Just give me the details,”

I said tightly before I looked at the girl’s image again with a frown, wondering what would happen to her.

“Dr Arin consulted me because she saw a trigger response in the Jane Doe.”

My head snapped up because she didn't look like a Jane, and I wanted to know what brought her out of her catatonic state.

“We believe after her concussion wore off and she was unable to identify herself or tell anyone further information that, she has dissociative amnesia as well as the obvious post-traumatic stress disorder. Her vocal cords aren't damaged, but she hasn't uttered a single sound since she came into Rampton. She hasn’t been eating well. Nutrition is a concern,”

he said with a dark look.

“Do you have any idea what age she is?”

I asked because she looked far too young to be in such a sorry state.

“She is in her early twenties. The doctors initially thought she was younger because

of her size and the fact that she came in with a stuffed toy. Dr Arin had to fight tooth and nail to get it back for her from the police. She was in a much worse manic state before she got it back,”

he said, pausing before he continued.

“When she was found. She had drugs in her system. There was a process of detoxing, and it wasn't pretty.”

I glanced at the photo again and noticed the toy's cream arm or leg poked out from behind her. It was easily missed because it was a similar colour to the bedding.

“The television was left on, and a dog training programme was on. She began reacting to the commands,”

he said as I released a heavy burst of air because it all clicked into place.

“She was trained,”

I said, almost spitting the word out because this wasn't the work of a Dom but a sick and twisted paedophile and sadist.

I poured some more whiskey into my glass as the thought of there being more than one man involved hit me like a sledgehammer. Dom didn't continue. He didn't need to. I glanced at the girl's picture and knew my answer. There was no way I would let her into the open world as vulnerable as she was.

The trauma would leave her susceptible to predators. My need for control and dole out pain didn't make me any better, but my end goal would be to coax her out of her shell in any way that I could. It wouldn't be a pretty sight.

“When can I pick her up?”

I asked as I brought the glass to my lips.

“Saul, I’ve spent time with her over the last two days. I don’t know anyone other than you who can bring her out of this. I know with your past—”

he said quietly but paused.

“I only wish I’d known about her sooner.”

That was the problem. He wasn’t aware of how much it took out of me to hold back the nasty, corrupt darkness that contaminated my soul.

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Saul

It took four days for Dom to arrange everything and give me all the details of her condition.

He somehow managed to obtain the police investigation report and interview notes.

We were all in secure financial positions, but I knew Grayson had a shady past.

If anyone was going to do anything underhanded out of the trio of close-knit friends, it was him.

It had been agreed that had I not taken her in, Dom would have placed her in a private care facility.

He played me, but I wasn't angry at the deceit.

The four days had given me a chance to prepare myself mentally.

The challenge had been to harden my heart towards her tragic situation because it wouldn't help her in the long run.

It has been years since I had any relationship, let alone one that incorporated my sadomasochist tendencies.

I wouldn't ever admit it to anyone, but I couldn't stop examining her photo.

My research led me to trauma therapy, and I listed every type of BDSM recovery therapy recorded.

I had a specialist psychiatrist to lean on for guidance.

Dom thought of everything, and I was glad he had been called in to try to help the girl.

The doors opened, and Dom came out with my property in a wheelchair.

She had the exact same look on her face as in the picture.

A cool spring gust of wind blew her hair to one side, and I saw the healed scar on the side of her forehead.

It went through the end of her light brown eyebrow.

She had one hand around the soft, fluffy, cream teddy bear.

I kept my expression stoic when I noticed the faded bloodstain on its body.

“Jane, this is your new Owner,”

he said in a stern voice.

She blinked, yet nothing on her face changed, but my eyes narrowed on her hand when it tightened around her teddy bear.

The micro-movement made me want to hurl at the thought of someone abusing her since she was a child.

The report gauged the abuse from around the age of twelve to thirteen. A possible decade of unmitigated abuse was hard to stomach.

When I noticed Dom reaching out to pull her out of the wheelchair, I raised my hand. He stopped before his fingers touched her black hoody. I crouched down so I could look into her eyes.

“Hello, Jane. My name is Saul, but if you decide to speak, you will only call me Sir or Master,”

I said softly.

“I am a fair Master and will not be unkind, but we will cover the rules in time.”

Her pupils dilated, but she didn't move, and there wasn't a flicker of comprehension in her pretty, lifeless eyes.

Seeing her in person only made me more determined to bring life back into her pretty, broken eyes and a smile on her lips.

As my resolve strengthened, Dom moved behind me but went around to the passenger side of the car and opened the door.

“I’m going to help you into the car,”

I said before I placed my arm beneath her legs and slid the other behind her back.

It didn't matter how many times I reviewed her medical files because the stark reality was before me.

When I lifted her up, I knew how severe her malnutrition was if, after 7 months, she

was still a pile of bones.

I cradled her limp body close to mine as I walked around my car.

Once I carefully placed her into the car and fastened her seat belt, I closed the door.

“I want to be kept in the loop about any information on her abuser or her identity,”

I said as I turned to face Dom.

“We are doing everything possible, but I will keep you posted. As you can imagine, Grayson is using every avenue he can to find the culprit,”

he said as he glanced at Jane.

I nodded. Grayson knew numerous people because of the club, many of them in high places.

“So you think he is alive?”

I asked because I wanted a piece of the culprit.

“The amount of blood found on her was inconclusive. There are too many factors involved to presume she managed to kill him,”

he said with a sigh.

“Personally, I don't think there was enough.”

It was hard to believe that the slight young woman in my car had managed to draw her abuser's blood and escape.

“Why are you all so invested?”

I asked curiously. I knew they were strict about the club and adhering to the rules. Since she was mine, I didn’t want their interference. I wanted free rein to pull her back to life in a manner I saw fit.

Dom had a grim smile on his face before he answered.

“We are fathers now, Saul. This kind of shit happens far too often, but this is a particularly nasty case. After spending time with her, you were the only person who came to mind.”

I gave him a nod before looking at Jane, who was sitting in the car looking ahead. She hadn't moved her arms out from under the seatbelt.

“I know what I must do,”

I said tersely because it wouldn't be pretty.

I’d seen enough trauma in my life to know I would need to pick her apart piece by piece before putting her back together again. The cracks would always be there like a broken mirror, but everything depended on Jane. A dominant might have control, but a submissive held a greater power. This was something Jane would need to learn through time.

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She remained silent for the three-hour journey to my home, and as much as I’d wanted to observe her, my focus remained on the road. The four days had been tight, but I’d adjusted my home for her arrival. My first task was to place her in a regimental daily routine that would aid in developing a structure for her.

Dr Arin's report mentioned that the toy was likely from her childhood and not from her abuser. If it hadn't been for that woman's intervention, Jane would have been lost for good. I glanced at Jane, but she still looked ahead through the windscreen.

"This is your new home. No more hospitals,"

I said as I took her hand.

I held the back of her hand to look at the scar on her wrist. It wasn't cut with a smooth instrument like a knife or a razor but was jagged. It was unlike the others. She didn't tense her arm or resist. She simply ignored me. I couldn't help the smile that crept along my lips.

"You will respond to me eventually because you're mine now,"

I whispered, rubbing my thumb over the scar.

Her wrist jerked in my hand, but I tightened my grip on her. It must have been an involuntary spasm, yet her lips parted slightly, and her breathing became uneven. Nothing else changed, not her expression, posture, or head. So I lifted her hand and traced my tongue across her scar while keeping my eyes on her face. Her only reaction was several blinks.

"Let me know when you're ready to talk or play,"

I said as I placed her hand on her lap and unclipped her seatbelt. I knew she was in no shape to do so anytime soon.

I got her bag from the back seat and placed it on my shoulder before opening her door.

When she didn't move to get out, I put the other strap of her backpack on my shoulder and proceeded to lift her out of the car.

It was no skin off my nose since I got to hold her.

I carried her up the stone steps before placing her in front of the door. Once she stood upright, I opened the door and put my arm around her waist to pull her into the house.

“We can take a walk in the gardens tomorrow. The house is safe, and there is a wall surrounding the property’s boundaries. I’m going to put dinner in the oven,”

I said before I took her into the reception room and sat her on the middle of the couch. I will give you a tour of the house while dinner is cooking.”

Her blond hair had a natural wave and had fallen over her face.

I pushed it behind her ear before I left the room.

Once I placed her backpack beside the stairs, I went into the kitchen to put the tray of chicken and vegetables in the oven.

With the timer set, I checked the dining room to ensure I’d left the large pillow on the floor beside the table.

Everything would be a trial and test to see what she was most comfortable with, but I would adapt as we progressed.

When I returned to the reception room, Jane sat where I left her.

When I walked towards her, she didn't look up.

Her head was dipped down, and her hair covered her face.

I reached for her hand and pulled her up.

She held her head to her belly but didn't look up.

“We will start your tour from upstairs,”

I said as I gently tugged on her hand until she began to move her feet.

I grabbed her bag and guided her up the stairs until I reached my bedroom. Her motor skills would need to improve, but the daily walks would help with that. I had every intention of caring for her until she was a healthy young woman.

“This is our room,”

I said as I pulled her behind me.

“And this is your bed.”

Her head remained downwards, but I was sure she could see her futon at the foot of my bed. I dropped her hand to put her bag on the floor. I'd made space for her items in my closet but bought her additional clothes, shoes, and toiletries.

“There is an en suite in here, but the house has four other bathrooms. Until you decide to interact with me, I will bathe you and take you to the bathroom.”

I'd read about her treatment for dissociative amnesia.

Hypnosis might unlock something within her.

My guess was the previous treatment partially worked due to her brief reactions towards me.

Until she grew comfortable with my presence and her new routine, there was nothing I could do but be patient.

My gut was never wrong, and I knew she would be worth the wait.

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Saul

After I reassured her of the bear's safety and told her it had to stay in the bedroom on her bed, she reluctantly let go of it.

I would give it to her if she needed it, but I needed to be her security blanket.

I sat the bear on the bed and leaned it on the leg of my wooden bed beside her pillow.

Her head was still dipped down when I took hold of her hand.

It was so small against mine, and I had to push my anger back down at the thought of whoever abused her.

I was at least two decades her senior, yet I struggled with the mixture of emotions that Jane drew from me.

I took her from room to room upstairs.

When I spoke, it was in a calm and quiet voice.

I told her how long ago I bought the house and what work I'd done to it.

As she began to relax, her hand tightened around mine.

I wouldn't show her the converted loft space because that was my playroom.

It had little use since I never met a woman with whom I remained with long-term. The scenes that were played out in Club X were enough to satisfy my needs.

By the time I took her downstairs, she held her head upright.

The aroma of the food was in the air since I'd accidentally left the kitchen door open.

I could only hope that it would help stimulate her appetite.

She had gained a few pounds since she had escaped, but it wasn't enough.

“You will be eating five times a day. Three meals and two snacks. It doesn't matter if you can't finish it, but you will try your best,”

I said in a calm but stern voice.

“The stronger you are, the better it is for your health.”

She didn't react, and I didn't expect her to. I continued to show her downstairs, even taking her into the large garage, which had three cars in it. I smoothed her hair away from her face. Her eyes flickered, and I didn't think she liked the garage. I looked around at the grey walls, shelves and cars. It wasn't any different from most garages.

“Can you drive?”

I asked as I took her around the shelving area.

There was a wall panel above the shelves that held all my tools.

I had everything in its place, but part of me wanted to show her that the garage was unlocked and that she had access to various weapons.

When her eyes moved over the different tools, I held back my smile.

She couldn't get the jump on me, but it was good to know she was curious enough to observe her options.

No sooner had the thought crossed my mind than she shut down again, and the vacant look returned to her haunted eyes.

“Maybe one day I could teach you how to drive a car,”

I said before I guided her back towards the house.

Her hand trembled in mine, and I knew she needed a break. When we got to the kitchen, I lifted her and placed her on the counter away from the oven. I focused on preparing the gravy from the tray and heating some garlic bread, which was one item she reportedly always finished. When I checked on her with a sneaky side eye, I was pleased she was watching me.

I moved beside her and took a knife from the wooden block to cut the chicken. When I returned to the chicken, she was looking at the knife block. In the hospital, the patients weren't permitted to use pens or pencils without supervision, let alone anything they could harm themselves or others with. It made me wonder if she had gotten hold of a knife.

Once everything was ready to serve, I washed my hands and stood before Jane. I hated calling her Jane. She was so much more than a Jane Doe. I placed my hands on the counter and pushed my way between her legs to see her reaction.

Her eyes closed momentarily, but as I put my hands on her waist, they opened again. She looked weary, but there was no reaction to my proximity. Dr Arin had said she suspected that Jane didn't remember the level of abuse, and I agreed with her. Until

she began to speak again, we would never know.

“Dinner, bath and then bed for you,”

I murmured before I placed her legs around my waist. “Hold on,”

I said before I lifted her.

Her legs tightened around me, but her hands remained limp at her side, so I placed my hands on her ass and carried her into the dining room.

“I could get used to carrying you around,”

I said as I spread my fingers across the span of her denim-covered ass.

When I reached her pillow, I slid my hands into her black hoody to hold her lower back but felt her shiver. I looked into her beautiful, empty eyes. She had survived only for her mind to snap to preserve what remained of her. I wasn't looking forward to seeing what the animal had done to her, but I'd promised myself I would do whatever it took to see her blossom.

“You can let go now,”

I murmured.

“And get comfortable on your pillow.”

I held her until her feet touched the ground, but I was reluctant to remove my fingers from the warmth of her flesh. When I did, she moved to sit on the pillow.

“Good girl,”

I said, pleased she had followed my instructions.

I pulled her long blond hair with both hands until it fell down her back before returning to the kitchen to get our dinner. By hand-feeding her, I ensured she ate more than her usual meagre amount and let her become accustomed to my proximity.

It took two trips to bring everything into the dining room. I sat in my chair while Jane sat on her pillow with her legs crossed over in an open pose. I quickly added the mixed vegetables and chicken onto my fork before I raised it.

“Open those sweet lips for me,”

I said to her.

Her head turned towards me, but her lips were parted, and I smiled at her. I couldn't take my eyes off her lips as I slid the fork out of her. Her eyes closed as she chewed her food. I mashed up the next forkful for her but noticed she had turned towards me.

“Do you like my cooking, sugar?”

I asked as I brought the fork towards her lips.

She didn't look at me or reply but simply opened her mouth for me to feed her. When she raised her eyes towards me, her pale blue eyes had a sad yet soulful look that took my breath away.

“You are beautiful, and I know your lips will be the sweetest I've ever encountered,”

I whispered as I pulled the fork out of her mouth.

Her pupils dilated, and the black seeped over the ice blue of her iris. I wondered if it

was anxiety or arousal.

“I bet your pussy will taste as sweet as honey,”

I said as I rubbed the pad of my thumb over her lips.

She stared into my eyes as if she couldn't look away, and I was just as captivated. This wasn't anxiety. It was something—more. I placed my fingers on her wrist and felt her pulse jump.

This was definitely more.

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I sat her on the toilet and ran her bath with some of the lavender oil I'd bought. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her move.

“No, you don't do anything until you begin to look after yourself. I will be cleaning you,”

I said as I stood up from my seat on the edge of the bath.

Her hand paused on the toilet paper but dropped it and sat there waiting for me. I stood in front of her and reached to her side to activate the jet of water. I felt her jump beneath me, and I let out a chuckle before I rubbed my hand over her head and ruffled her hair.

“It's only water,”

I said before I stood up to get the toilet paper to wipe her front to back.

I never expected to enjoy caring for my awkward little slave so much.

She remained seated while I pulled her shoes and socks off.

I watched for her reaction when I removed her jeans and panties, but she kept her head down.

I was glad that most of her legs were free from blemishes, but I knew the worst was to come.

“I will need to take your clothes off for the bath,”

I said as I reached for her hoody.

She didn't move or react, so I pulled her T-shirt and hoody off before I reached behind her to unclip her bra.

I tried not to look at the mangled collection of scars, but when I saw the smaller ones which were dotted across her back, I frowned.

The small dots were like no other scarring I'd come across. She shivered, and that snapped me out of my thoughts.

“The bath will be nice and warm for you, sugar,”

I said, rubbing my hands up and down her back as gently as I could.

“Can you stand up for me, or do you want me to carry you again?”

A burst of pride and pleasure shot through me when she didn't move. I lifted her, ensuring a secure grip around her before I walked towards the bath. I held her above

the water for a moment.

“I’m going to lower you in, but tell me if you want it hotter or colder,”

I said before slowly placing her in the water.

Some people liked a scalding hot bath, while others liked a cool bath.

I’d tried to keep the temperature in the middle.

The floral scent of lavender surrounded us, and Jane’s eyes closed as she rested her back against the bathtub.

I reached out for the washcloth and some body wash. Her eyes were still closed as I began to rub the cloth over her arms.

I washed every inch of her body, tracking each burn, cut, and whip mark on her skin.

This was the result of outright torture.

No matter how much the medical report covered the details, reading it differed from seeing the reality.

The state of her body, with her ribs protruding from her skin to her skinny arms, sickened me.

I know she didn't eat enough in the facility they kept her in, but that wouldn't happen under my roof. She was not going to wither away and die. I would make damn sure of it. She fought to stay alive and would not throw it all away now.

After I washed her and topped the bath up with some warm water, I let her relax in

the fragrant water. I stayed in the bathroom for her safety but messaged Grayson.

Me: Find who did this to her. Let me know if you need any help.

Grayson: I've got everyone I know on it. How is she doing?

Me: She is coping far better than I anticipated, but it's too early to tell if she will implode at some point when I push for more. These things happen during the recovery period. It's going to take time.

He didn't respond, so I glanced at Jane, who lay with her eyes closed. It wouldn't surprise me if she'd fallen asleep. A vast amount of change from her secure mental facility filled with criminals. Her first Doctor should be hung for treating her like a criminal and not a victim.

I quietly sighed as Grayson's response came through.

Grayson: I've always kept my eye out for the abusers at the club, but what Dom told me messed with my head. Everything changes once you become a Dad. There is a vast difference between BDSM and abuse. Luckily for me, Larisa was more than up for my demented preferences.

I more than remembered his wife on stage in Club X dressed up as a pony. He had the cheek to pull me up the one time I got carried away.

Me: So Dom tells me. Keep me posted.

I couldn't imagine being a father to a tiny human, especially since I didn't like most humans. When I glanced at Jane, the bubbles had evaporated, and I could see her rosy pink nipples poking out as she shifted her position. There were faded cane or whip marks across her breasts, but her nipples weren't damaged.

War was ugly, and I'd seen and experienced things that I could never discuss, but I'm not sure if I would have lasted a decade of torture. Again, I grappled with my empathy for her and what I would need to put her through in the coming weeks and months.

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Jane

The warm water was the most relaxing experience I'd had.

I wasn't sure if I'd had one before, but I found being surrounded by warm water soothing.

My green-eyed Master said he wouldn't be unkind, but something nagged me at the back of my mind, telling me to be cautious.

As soon as he undressed me, I shut my mind down and let him bathe me.

It wasn't unpleasant, but it made me feel—something that I couldn't place.

I knew his game.

He wanted me to speak, but the thought of what I might learn and if it unravelled what was left of me was terrifying.

Each time I came close to remembering, it felt like a black hole swallowing me up.

I preferred being Jane.

The name was—safe. Dr. Arin had explained everything to me in terms that I could understand. She was far nicer than my first doctor, who had a temper. I didn't like the angry voice.

“Time to get out, sugar,”

he said, his voice soft but gruff.

His voice didn't startle me.

Over the months, I learned to keep from reacting to anyone around me.

I wondered if he could read to me.

His voice had a soothing quality to it.

I got the impression he didn't like the name Jane.

At times, he almost hesitated before saying it.

I opened my eyes to see him standing over me.

His eyes dropped to my breasts, and I wondered if he liked them.

I didn't like looking at the marks on my body, but how he looked at me made me curious.

I froze my features as I tried to think if I enjoyed the feelings he created within me or not.

He made my insides tingle, but it didn't feel scary.

He pulled me upright before he lifted me out of the bath.

I wanted to stay in it longer and felt resentful for him taking me out, but I stood still

until he dried me off.

I couldn't understand why he was looking after me.

He slipped a fluffy, long hoody over me that covered me to my thighs.

He combed my hair while I kept my hands on my belly to feel the soft, fluffy material.

I almost smiled because it had the same texture as my bear.

The bear was with me in the hospital after the car hit me, but it felt important, and I kept it close.

The police took it away, and I'd felt lost without it.

Dr Arin got it back for me.

I stifled a yawn as he led me out of the bathroom and into the bedroom.

I reached the floor bed and hesitated because I only wanted to sleep with my bear.

“Get into bed.

For your safety, I will lock the door before I leave.

I have some work to do before I come to bed,”

he said as he pulled the covers back for me.

Had I been waiting for him to tell me what to do?

I stepped onto the bed before I lay down. He had so many rooms and beds in them that I didn't know why he had given me this one at the foot of his bed. I pulled my bear into my arms.

“Goodnight, sugar,”

he murmured before pulling the covers over me and Bear.

I watched him switch the light off until the room was pitch black.

When he closed the door behind him, I heard him lock it from the outside.

The lock's sound always scared me, but I didn't know why.

It wasn't any different from the hospital because they locked all their doors, but I'd never shared a room with anyone there. I snuggled into Bear and closed my eyes.

Bear felt nice, but Master's kind green eyes were nice, too.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Saul

It was best for me to stay out of the bedroom until she fell asleep. I stoked the fire and watched the sparks as I poked at it with more vigour than was required. Her back, chest, arms, and ass were littered with white and pink scarring. Cuts were running along the insides of her thighs, but the rest of her legs were free from cuts. Her hair reminded me of sunshine, but her skin needed more sunlight.

I sat in my chair, picked up my beer, and watched the flames flicker. I knew mental anguish was far worse than physical pain at times. I'd enjoyed tending to her more than I'd anticipated. Part of me wanted to watch her transform into a beautiful butterfly, but my inner beast wanted to clip her wings before she attempted to flutter away. This was where the difficulty with my demon lay. I took a long swig from the bottle.

The next few days, I needed to get her into a structured routine, be present for her, and keep talking to her. Once she was acclimatised, I would begin to apply more pressure.

**

Was I the asshole for doing this? Yes, but I'd given her time to adjust and remained patient throughout.

I blasted the gas air horn above Jane's head while leaning over the bottom of my bed. She jerked upright, gasping for air. She looked around wildly as I snatched the can back. Her hand was on her chest, and her teddy was clutched against her side.

“Morning, sugar,”

I said with a smile.

“It’s time to get up.”

Her lips tightened, and her eyes narrowed when she gave me her first glimpse of emotion.

“Y-Y-Yoooou—”

she stuttered out before slapping a hand over her mouth. Her voice sounded raw, no doubt from the months of silence.

“So you can speak,”

I drawled, not making a big deal about such a momentous breakthrough. I got off the bed to stand beside her.

“Make your bed, get washed up, and put on the clothes that I left for you. They are on my bed.”

Her indignant eyes were still on me when I reached the door.

“You have thirty minutes,”

I said, pointing towards the clock before smiling and walking into the hallway.

When breakfast was cooked, Jane nervously came through the kitchen door. Her hands were hidden beneath the grey hoody, and she wouldn't look up at me.

“Go sit in the dining room, and I will bring breakfast over,”

I said as I focused on fixing our plate.

When I glanced back, she was gone. She was certainly moving faster. I put everything on a tray and walked towards the dining room. She sat on her large pillow. Her hair was tucked beneath the hoody, as she hadn't pulled it out from putting it on. As I sat down, she raised her eyes, and I could see the confusion in them.

“Do you want to sit on the chair?”

I asked curiously.

Her hands were still hidden under her sleeves, but she placed them on her knees. She looked downwards, and after a few seconds, she shook her head. I stroked the top of her golden hair.

“You're such a good girl, sugar,”

I murmured, hoping to encourage her to continue to come out of her shell.

I began to cut and load pieces of the full English breakfast onto a fork for her. There was no garlic bread, but hopefully, she would finish a decent amount before her walk outside. Her initial gaunt look indicated starvation, but the pale skin suggested she had been held captive somewhere with little to no sunlight.

“Open up, sugar. We are going outside for a little while,”

I said as I moved the fork towards her.

Her eyes shot up again, and I stared into her solemn pale blue eyes. They looked so

innocent. I wondered why she looked at me, but this was part of her routine as I explained everything to her.

“I’m here to protect you. Nothing can get inside my house or property,”

I said, trying to reassure her while peering into her eyes, looking for any changes.

She opened her mouth, but her eyes glazed over as she retreated into her shell. A stab of impatience pricked at me as I narrowed my eyes on her lips as her mouth closed around it.

Patience.

**

I held her hand as we walked through the garden. We had been outside for nearly an hour, but she had stumbled a few times. She could be clumsy naturally, but if she had been kept captive in small quarters, her daily walks would improve her motor skills until I could get her into my gym. Strengthening her muscles would increase her mental strength. The endorphins released in her body would help combat some of her mental demons and improve her physical well-being. It certainly helped mine.

“You can come out here anytime you want,”

I said as we began to walk towards the house.

Once we went inside, I took her to the gym and sat her on the bench press before I stripped down my shorts. When I glanced at her, she quickly looked away from me. I kept my eyes on her in the mirror and from my peripheral vision as I worked out on the various machines. She never moved from the bench I sat her on.

I took her into the bathroom with me when I went in for a shower, leaving her sitting on the toilet lid.

Once I finished in the shower, I wrapped a towel around me before I came out of the shower.

While I dried my hair, I stared at her scars.

Some were pink, and some were white. There were older ones merged with new ones. She was too young to be in the state she was in now. Her brain was in lockdown, and it was time to break in.

“Sit,”

I said, snapping the word out in an icy tone.

She jumped off the toilet and knelt on the floor.

Her pose was rigid but perfect.

Her back was straight, her breasts pushed up, her legs spread, and her hands on her knees. My eyes narrowed on the slight tremor in her hands. I walked toward her, stopping in front of her.

Her blue eyes were vacant again.

I took a deep breath before removing my towel, knowing what needed to happen to take her mind into the past.

She glanced up at me and locked her hands behind her back before she opened her mouth.

I knew I had to unleash my monster to discover the ones she hid.

I rubbed my hard shaft before placing it on her tongue.

No sooner had I done it than she jerked forward and began to swallow me down.

She practically choked on cock, but she didn't stop.

I gathered her hair up and held it in one hand to watch as she pushed herself on my dick. My eyes closed when I felt the head of my cock slip past the tight opening of her throat.

“That’s right, slave. You're going to fuck yourself on my cock,”

I said, tightening my grip on her hair before I thrust down her neck.

My heart raced as she took me, widening her jaw for me. She glanced up at me and recognised the heat in her eyes. They weren't vacant anymore.

“Is this what you need, sugar?”

I asked, pulling back until she gasped for air, but it was the desperate need in her eyes that made me curse. “Fuck.”

I pushed my cock back into her mouth, holding her head in place to drive into her, only this time there was no preamble. She spluttered as I groaned at the sensation of her throat constricting around me. Her saliva coated my dick as I fucked her mouth.

When I looked into her eyes, I saw them watering, but behind the rapid blinking, something else was happening. There was a faint recognition of what was happening. I thought of the abject cruelty of her scars and knew I had to up the ante.

“Remember, this is what you are. My whore,”

I said, coldly pulling back and driving back into her.

“I own you.”

Within another four thrusts, she had taken all of me, and I resumed a steady pace.

I wanted to praise her, but this wouldn't help her snap out of her trance.

Her saliva dangled off my balls and her chin.

I pulled out of her to rub myself all over her face and tongue, soaking her.

“What do you want, whore?” I asked.

When she tried to put my dick back into her mouth, I grabbed it out of her reach.

“No, use your words, slave. What do you want?”

I snapped at her.

“M-master,”

she whispered but looked away from me, and I almost softened at the word.

I turned away, pulling her by her hair until she crawled behind me, leading her into the bedroom.

“What do you want, whore?”

I growled the words as we reached my bed.

When I turned to face her, she grabbed my cock with both hands and began to swallow me down, sucking, licking and swirling her tongue around the head before pushing it down her throat, choking herself on it as if her life depended on it.

I moaned as she worked her magic on wanking me and rubbing my balls simultaneously while her lips worked my length.

I picked her up and tossed her on the bed, placing her flat on the bed before lifting her T-shirt.

The scars didn't bother me because they were her war scars of survival.

She moved on the bed to get her head to the edge of the bed while I squeezed her breasts, curling my fingers around them until I reached her nipples.

When she lifted her hands to reach for my dick, I slapped them away before clamping my fingers around her taut pink nipples.

I kept my eye on her face when I pinched them as hard as possible.

Her lips parted in pain, but no sound left her mouth.

There was only pleasure that remained.

It had to be a trained response.

“Please, Master,”

she whispered before she lifted her head and started to lick my balls.

“What do you want, whore?”

I said, releasing the pressure on her nipples before reapplying it.

“To taste your cum, Master,”

she moaned, but her eyes were closed.

I slipped my hand beneath her waistband and underwear, winding my fingers to her pussy. She was so wet that the cotton stuck to her pussy. I began to circle my fingers around her clit, slipping my finger through her wet folds.

“What is your name, whore? Give me your name, or I'll stop,”

I commanded but slipped my finger into her pussy.

Her eyes snapped open, and tears began to coarse down her cheeks. Whispered words tumbled from her mouth, but none made sense. I listened carefully, but when the incoherent words continued, I pulled my finger out and pinched her clit.

“Be good. He won't—no. Master, no. I'll be good. Don't kill—”

She began to shake uncontrollably, and there was only one emotion in her blue eyes before a series of rapid blinking and twitching took over.

Terror.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Jane

My name? A name. Why did everyone want my name? Jane. I was Jane. No—I was—someone. Who was I? I wasn't supposed to remember or say it. What was the name?

My head throbbed. It ached and throbbed until I could feel it pulsating. Pain. My life was nothing but pain. Images of people flooded through my mind.

My father, Bear and my mother.

A happy, normal family.

My mind went blank, but after the darkness cleared, I saw his face. The icy blue eyes. I gasped, and my eyes widened. The dizziness took over as the fog began to lift.

The devil.

He did this.

The man my mother sold me to.

“Jane? Sugar? Can you hear me?”

Master said, shaking me. “Fuckkkk!”

No, he wasn't cruel like him.

Him.

I remembered him.

“Dom, she is remembering—”

Master said as the shaking stopped.

I stared at the ceiling. It was the wrong colour.

White wasn't the right colour.

No. It was missing something.

The cracks and the screaming stain.

My eyes closed, and there was only black.

It was pitch black, and it engulfed me.

Part II

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

8 Years Old

The hospital smelled like antiseptic and something worse underneath—like the air was choking me.

I clutched Bear so hard that I saw his stitching stretch. Daddy didn't look like Daddy anymore. His skin had turned the colour of old newspaper, and his voice rasped like wind through dead leaves.

“Daddy loves you. I'm sorry that I need to go, Maeve.”

I climbed onto the bed, pressing Bear between us like a shield. His ribs felt sharp under the thin hospital gown. I remembered how they used to shake with laughter when he carried me piggyback through the park. Now, they barely moved at all.

The machines beeped while my mum sobbed.

“I love you,”

I whispered into the hollow of his throat, already knowing this was the last warmth I'd ever steal from him.

There would be no more playing, laughter and trips to the park. The way he spoke to me and Bear, no one did that except my Daddy. I tried to be brave but began to cry. They told me Daddy had to leave.

“Don’t go, Daddy. Don’t leave us,”

I sniffed against the pale blue pyjamas he wore. “Please.”

When his arm fell away, it took my childhood with it.

He left me with Bear.

And my mother.

Maeve

13 Years Old

“Mum? I’m home,”

I said after opening the door to our apartment. I sighed in relief when there was no answer.

I would wait five more years until I turned eighteen, or if I couldn’t make it until then, I would wait until I was sixteen. It took me a long time to stop making excuses for my mum, but when I started high school, the observations I made put things into perspective. My mother was sick.

I closed the door and stuffed the keys into my ragged school bag. After my dad died, everything changed. My mum couldn’t cope and began to drink. When that didn’t work, she took drugs. She was angry all the time and took it out on me.

My classmates had no idea how lucky they were. I took my shoes off at the door before putting my bag in my room. The smallest thing would set my mum off, and I wasn’t in the mood for a screaming match or to get slapped around today. The

kitchen was bare, but there was enough bread and jam to make a sandwich. I took my plate into the living room to watch some TV.

It was time to start clock-watching and wonder when she would return and, more importantly, if she scored or not. I ignored the fear, briefly thinking of my Dad before I switched off to immerse myself in the cartoon blaring on the TV.

**

I blinked in the dark but realised I was in bed. When I heard someone talking outside my room, I lifted my head to listen. It was my mum and Gavin, the local dealer. They were talking about money. I clutched Bear a little tighter, listening to them argue.

“I suggest you take this somewhere else. I don’t have all night,”

a man said, interrupting them.

It wasn’t a voice I recognised, but there was something about the way he spoke. He sounded—posh, but it was more than that. He was cold and dismissive. The way Gavin and my mum reacted was to try and pacify him. My mum had a mouth on her, but she stayed quiet until my door opened.

The light poured into my room, and I saw her silhouette before my head hit the pillow. I closed my eyes, hoping she would go away. She turned the lamp on but didn’t say anything. I didn’t know what was going on, but it couldn’t be good.

“I know you’re awake. It’s time you earned your keep,”

she said, but I didn’t react or open my eyes until I heard the door close.

I sighed when I finally opened my eyes and saw she was gone. The footsteps down

the hallway were heavy, and I heard her and Gavin laughing before the TV volume went up. I frowned at how loud it was but pulled the covers around me and turned over.

A man stepped out of the shadows, and I almost screamed. He was unbuttoning his shirt as my mind returned to my mum's words. He was tall and slim, but the malicious, twisted expression on his face turned my blood to ice. Under the dim light of the lamp, his cold blue eyes stared at me in a way I'd never experienced before.

"I will be etched inside forever, Maeve, but I like pretty broken dolls. When I come back, that is what I expect,"

he said in a cold, calm manner while pulling his shirt off.

"And I always get what I want."

I sat up, but instead of running or screaming, I sat there frozen in fear. His threat was more like a vow, and little did I know that his words would remain with me for the years that followed.

Fighting made it worse, but eventually, I lay there bruised, battered with him on top of me, grunting like an animal. The demeaning words he uttered and the clean scent of mint turned sour, mingling with the smell of sweat and aftershave until it no longer mattered.

I counted the cracks on the ceiling, glad I'd pushed Bear off the bed. When that stopped working, I focused on the sound from the TV, the dull sound coming from the wall. The only sound I would remember vividly from that night was my mother's laughter as she spoke to Gavin.

This was the beginning of her clientele list.

Maeve

15 Years Old

You learn to wear your skin like a costume—too tight in the wrong places, gaping where the real you used to be. The smirk in the hallway is armour. The eye-roll at teachers, a deflection. You let boys touch you not because you want to but because if you control the ruin, it can't control you.

They label you slut. Troublemaker. Lost cause. You lean into it, brazen, because the truth is a fist in your throat. No one knows the girl who whispers to Bear at 3 AM. No one sees how you flinch at the smell of mint or aftershave, how you count the seconds until the front door unlocks. That was their perspective.

No one ever knew the real me. I never let them. No one knew but my mother and the men she brought home. The mother who never spoke about her cruelty. Part of me began to hate my father for leaving me, but it didn't stop me from crying into Bear, the last gift he gave me.

My silent witness.

At night, I press Bear's matted fur to my nose and inhale the last trace of before, pretending he wasn't as tainted as me—the scissors glint in the moonlight as they press into my skin. The vodka burns the back of my throat. And for a moment—just a moment—I feel nothing at all. Just for a moment, I forget the man who started it all.

Then morning comes.

Another day begins.

And life goes on.

**

The blue-eyed man came on shortly after my sixteenth birthday. My eyes snapped open when I heard the front door close. The cold voice that made my stomach churn. I gagged as I listened to my mother simper. Within a few moments, my door opened, and it was my mother. I remembered the pain of his cruel fingers around my neck and the blows to my abdomen when I fought back, but that was when I was a different person.

She stepped into my room, but my eyes remained in the doorway until he stood there. I didn't need the light to know who he was or see the evil in his eyes. The black silhouette of his body was enough. He switched the light on, and I searched his eyes, but they were the same.

Cold. Dead. Cruel.

I was so focused on the man that I never saw my mother come at me with the needle.

Maeve

16 Years Old

My eyelids felt heavy as I tried to open them, but I closed them again when I felt the pain. It burned my insides, front and back. I leaned over the bed and started to retch, coughing up my dinner until there was only liquid left. I touched my throat because the pain wasn't from my throwing up.

"I kept an eye on you, got reports from your mother and the odd one from Gavin. You're not as broken as I expected, but that is what I am here for."

I froze at his voice and looked at the floor. It was grey, not brown like the carpet in

my bedroom. When I raised my head to look around the room, it resembled a prison cell from a movie. The room was bare, with grey walls, a bed, and a toilet.

“Who are you?”

I croaked out but grimaced at the pain in my throat.

“Your Master,”

he said with a malicious smile as he stepped forward.

“Welcome to your new home, slave.”

Fear didn’t just claw my insides. It hatched inside me, a thousand spindling legs scuttling up my ribs. I needed Bear. God, I needed Bear. But looking away from him would be like turning your back on a knife.

Three years. Three years since that night, here he stood, looming in the light like he had every right to breathe my air. No suit now, just a tight black T-shirt stretched over predator’s shoulders, jeans riding low on his hips. Same slicked-dark hair. The same glacial blue eyes, glinting with the same knowing malice.

The flashbacks came to me against my will.

His fingers around my throat and in my hair.

The sour-clean stink of his sweat.

The way he’d smiled when I’d begged for my mother and he’d whispered—

“She’s right outside, darling. She held the door open for me.”

My bladder threatened to let go. The pain between my legs burned, fresh as if he'd just—The pain extended to my back as I jerked.

Oh, God.

Unconscious. He'd—while I was—

He licked his lips as he saw the realisation crack me open.

“I enjoyed that tight virgin shithole of yours. Your mother didn't just sell you to me, little doll,”

he murmured, stepping closer. Shadows pooled in the hollow of his throat.

“She gifted you. And I take such good care of my things.”

“No, she wouldn't—" I started to say, but I stopped as my brain worked through the events of the evening leading up to his visit.

Yes, she would and did.

My blanket fell, but I stared at him blankly because I knew the pain I felt when I cut myself was nothing compared to what this man was capable of.

“We will have so much fun together. Won't we?”

he said before his hand whipped back, and he viciously slapped my face.

It was nothing like my mother's slap. The force of his slap echoed around the room and made my head spin as I fell on the bed. My face burned while my head throbbed, but I didn't react.

“Silence won't be acceptable as a response. Say, ‘Yes, Master’,”

he spat out.

The tears came as I forced the words out while the storm raged inside of me.

The one hidden away inside of me, locked away.

“Yes, Master,”

I said, but I didn't recognise my voice.

It sounded dead.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

19 Years Old

The girl kept crying, no matter how many times I told her that he would punish her. She was younger than me and in the same situation. Only she said that she was kidnapped and not sold by her parents. I didn't believe her because her parents knew Gavin.

She lay on her mattress all day while I paced or worked out. The devil had come close to killing me a few times, but I was determined to free myself one day. It was the only thing that kept me breathing. He would win if I gave up. The pain he inflicted marked most of my body except my face. The knives, razors, whips, burns and electric shocks didn't stop me.

The key sounded in the lock, and I jumped to the floor, wincing when the girl didn't move. When I heard another man's voice, my head snapped up before I saw his eyes. I bowed down, looking at my fingers.

"No names,"

Master said.

I swallowed because I knew that rule well. I never shared my name with the girl, and she never shared hers. I learned this rule the hard way. He laid branches of thorns and nettles on the floor and fucked me while my back was on them. I never uttered my name again. The smears of my blood on the grey floor lasted for months.

“You told me,”

the other man said.

I winced when the other girl screamed before the inevitable slap came.

“Come here, doll. Get her wet for our guest,”

Master said.

I crawled toward the girl who lay crying on the floor. I took a deep breath and opened her legs. When she tried to kick me away, Master held her neck. She clawed at his hand, and her dark brown hair flew in the air as she struggled. The struggle didn't last when her face turned red.

I got to work, ignoring the laughter from the men. This was nothing new to me.

Maeve

21 Years Old

There were milestones in people's lives. Mine were marred every step of the way. Every year, Master's cruelty grew in how he 'celebrated' my birthday. Each passing year eroded another piece of me, but this year was special since I turned twenty-one. Master's eery words stuck in my head.

You're still not broken, little doll, but you will be. Your birthday is in a few days, and I have planned a special present for you.

I didn't know what he planned to do to us, but it couldn't be good. The girl in our cell had deteriorated and was more feral than anything else. It made me wonder if Master

wanted me to break like she had.

The sound of the key in the lock made us move to our knees. I closed my eyes and hoped he was alone today. Master walked toward us and stood in front of us. I kept my eyes on his shoes. He wore black trousers with matching shoes. Whoever he was, he was extremely wealthy. I only ever heard one man call him by his name. Jacob.

The food was of better quality than what I had at home. He left us enough to last the day, collecting the debris in the evening. Sometimes, he used us, and other times, he didn't, but he never missed an opportunity to insult or humiliate us. There were times he left cheap packets of food, and we didn't see him for a few weeks. In those days, I thought we would starve to death.

When he unbuckled his belt, I opened my mouth. I didn't look at the girl beside me to see if she did or not because I didn't want to know if he would beat her tonight.

“Both of you are well-behaved, but only one whore will win a prize tonight,”

Master said as he pulled his cock out.

I jerked forward to take him in my mouth, only to feel the girl shove me away. Master laughed before he grabbed our hair.

“Both of you together,”

he said, pushing his cock against our mouths.

I saw her lick his shaft and leaned in to suck his balls, knowing what he liked. His hiss, before he groaned, made me suck harder before I started to lick him. The fingers in my hair didn't loosen, but I was used to pain. It was an old friend. I sucked on his other ball before joining the girl in licking his hardening shaft.

“Yes, together, my little whores. Earn your right to live under my roof,”

he said, moving us up and down his length.

I made the mistake of looking at the girl, and I only saw hatred burning in her eyes, but I stopped taking it personally a long time ago. When Master was fully hard, he pushed himself into our mouths one at a time before he pushed the girl onto the floor. He held my head and started to deep-throat me. His fingers bit into my scalp as he used his grip on my hair to move me. I kept my throat relaxed while he used me, blinking the tears away.

“It’s doll’s birthday today,”

he said before he pushed me away and began to remove his shirt.

“Lie on the mattress, doll. Let misery guts get you nice and wet.”

I followed his instructions and lay on the girl's mattress as she crawled toward me. His words were ringing in my mind until I stared at him. He was going to kill one of us tonight. As the girl began to lick my pussy, I watched him place his clothes on the bed. That was when I saw the glint of a knife. He saw me watching him and smiled.

“Lick her asshole and stick your tongue in it,”

he said, moving toward us in nothing but a pair of black socks.

I felt the girl’s tongue slide down to my ass with her fingers digging into my thighs. She thought that digging her nails into me would hurt me, but it was the opposite. After years of the repeated cycle of pain, it no longer bothered me. They both hated me for that.

I enjoyed Master humiliating her, and I enjoyed the pain to assuage my twisted thoughts, but tonight, all I could think of was the knife that was only a metre away from me. He put his foot on her back and pushed her against me.

“Get your tongue all over. I need her wet,”

he said, but his eyes were on me.

The same eyes that I had nightmares of. I felt the girl’s tongue slide up and spit on me before she licked around my pussy while Master began to rub his length. His dick was longer than most of the men I’d been with, but it wasn’t overly thick like some. No matter how much I hated him, my body reacted to him. He ensured that within the first year I spent with him.

“Bitch two lie on the mattress, and bitch one lie on top of her,”

he said with a sinister smile.

I didn’t react to the name-calling. There was only so much you could listen to before his words lost meaning. The position wasn’t unusual, and we followed his instructions. I sat up but kept my eyes on him, nervous about turning my back on him.

The way he narrowed his eyes on me made me move. The girl lay on her back as I clambered onto the mattress. We were the same but not the same. Our lives were the same. We were given shower privileges once a week, a daily pill, and dealing with the Master’s demands. She withdrew from life and any connection we could have had.

I climbed on top of her, kneeling over her to wait for the Master’s instructions. The girl’s brown eyes looked tired, and the dark circles under her eyes had a detached

look. She wasn't looking at me as much as through me. I didn't like what I saw because she was my future. The master was manipulative since he had pitted us against one another for nearly two years.

“Open up,”

Master said, and I opened my mouth.

His hand came between us, and he put a small white pill into the girl's mouth before placing one on my tongue. I gathered my saliva to swallow the pill down, wondering how I could take his dick but not a pill. I kept my eyes on the girl when Master moved my hair to one side, and the unmistakable feel of the cold blade ran down my back.

He raised the knife to my shoulder blade to make his first cut of the night. The sting of pain made me hiss as the blade cut into my skin. I hated him for making me enjoy the pain. The fact that he was the first man to ruin me. I hated him. Yet I relied on him to keep me alive. Blood ran down my back, and I waited for him to cut me again.

“Kiss her and suck on her nipples,”

he said, pushing my head down.

The girl's eyes had dilated, and her pupils were larger, but they made her face look deathly pale. Her eyes could have been reacting to the drugs or the fear of his knife. I closed the gap between us and kissed her. Her lips tasted of me, and I licked them before slipping my tongue into her mouth. She didn't respond at first, but slowly, she began to kiss me back.

Master moved onto the mattress, and the springs groaned under his weight. He pushed the girl's legs apart before he concentrated on my back again. I leaned down

to her breasts. The right one had a bite mark on it, but I started to lick her nipples before sucking one into my mouth. Her grunt and Master's movements behind me made me look at her face.

Whatever he gave us worked because her eyes were closed, but she was turned on. There wasn't any discomfort showing, and her breathing was faster. I began to suck on her nipples again, feeling the warm haze of the drugs take over.

The knife pressed against me again, and I moved toward it, raising my shoulder. He made the incision, and the pain surged through me again. Each time Master moved, he rocked me forward, and I gripped my hands on the lumpy mattress.

"Your turn, doll,"

he said as he moved again but he pulled my head up by gripping my hair.

I followed his lead and kept my head up as I felt him pushing his cock inside of me. My eyelids dropped, and I allowed myself to push back on him. He laughed, but it sounded distant.

"A well-behaved whore,"

he said, releasing my hair before he started to fuck me.

"Rub my doll's clit. It's her birthday."

The girl moved her hand between us and started to rub me. The sensations built up, and I began to pant. The pain mingled with the pleasure from their duel assault.

"Such a tight cunt after all these years, and it's all mine,"

he moaned, moving faster.

“But I want your asshole tonight.”

He didn't pull out, and I glanced down at the girl. Her eyes were open, but there was anger in them. We were both off our faces with his drugs, and she still fell for his shit. Master pulled out, and I heard him spit before he placed his cock against my asshole. It was a no-lube night, but the pill he gave me made everything better. I moaned when he pushed into me.

“Finger her pussy,”

Master said as his length eased into my ass, only to pull back.

“Yes, do you feel my dick in your ass?”

I nodded as he forged his way back in. The pain was vague, like the cuts on my back. I hardly felt them. The girl pushed her fingers inside my pussy, moving them in tandem with Master's thrusts. This time when he began to groan, I knew he was ready to cum.

“Look at her, doll,”

he said, leaning over me and touching my back with his chest.

I glanced down at the girl but froze as the knife glinted in front of me. It didn't touch me, but I saw blood. There was too much. The girl began to gurgle, and her hands left my body as she tried to stop the bleeding. I was still trying to process what had happened when Master pushed me onto the dying girl and started to pummel me with his cock.

“I told you that I would break you,”

he panted as he continued to push my body against the girl’s.

I tried to find words, but they slipped through my fingers like smoke. The girl’s face was before me, but I stared behind her eyes. They were wide, terrified, then slack. Empty. Tears rolled down my face as I tried to avert my gaze. Instead, I watched the pool of blood grow larger. I barely felt Master pumping harder as he came inside my ass.

I couldn't take my eyes off the girl because this would be my fate one day.

Like an elastic band, something snapped inside of me. Five years of living in this basement, two of them with the girl who lay beneath me. Dead. There was never an opportunity to run away. Perhaps if we had worked together, we may have had a chance, but Master had kept us in a constant cycle of terror and conflict. It was too late now. I couldn't protect her or myself.

Someone was wailing. The sound grew louder until I realised the tortured sounds were mine. The girl’s eyes were dead. So much blood. He kept me pinned on top of her. His laughter echoed beside my ear.

“Happy birthday, doll.”

**

I wake up to the silence. Not the kind of silence that’s just absence. No, this silence is different. Thicker. Wrong.

The mattress is empty. A dark stain spreads across it, crusted at the edges where the blood had soaked in and dried. I remember the way she choked, the wet, gasping

sounds as her hands clawed at her own throat. The way her eyes locked onto mine, terrified before they just...stopped.

I don't remember passing out until I think of the pill he gave me.

My fingers twitch at my sides. I should feel something. Scream. Cry. Something. But there's nothing. Just this heavy, hollow numbness, like my body knows I can't afford to break. Not yet.

I stared at the stain.

She's gone.

Two years of her whispers in the dark. Two years of him laughing as he made us argue over food, showers and his attention. Two years of her voice hissing,

"I hate you,"

and then, softer,

"I'm sorry."

In the end, she stopped caring about anything. The girl didn't deserve what he did to her. Now, it was just me. Alone again.

The door upstairs creaked. His footsteps. His voice hummed like nothing had happened. I climb off the bed to kneel, but I don't look up.

The walls are grey.

The air is grey.

I am grey.

And the silence.

The silence is the loudest thing of all.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

The stairs groaned under his weight—slow, deliberate. I don't look up. I already know his face, his smile, the way his fingers twitched when he was excited. I knelt on the cold concrete, head bowed, greasy strands of hair hanging like a curtain between us.

If I stayed still enough, maybe he'll get bored. Maybe he'll leave. The basement air shifts as he stops in front of me. I can smell the overpowering cologne, but today, it suffocates me. His shadow stretches over me, swallowing the dim light.

Then it comes. A sharp, metallic shhk. The sound of his zipper coming down. My stomach twists, but I don't move. My fingers dig into my thighs, nails biting into my skin, but the pain isn't enough. I need more.

Shhk.

Slow. Taunting.

I know what comes next. I know what he wants.

But today, I don't react. I just stare at the floor, at the cracks in the concrete, not daring to look at the dark stain where she bled out.

“Isn't this better, doll? Just you and me. My broken little doll,”

he said, moving my hair away.

“Now you are flawless.”

I closed my eyes.

And I disappeared.

But not before I opened my mouth for him.

**

Every day, I stared at the dark stain and the grey walls. I stopped exercising and could only pick at the food. I moved mechanically when he came to take me into the shower room. It was the only time I saw the stairs, but there was no hope left in me. I silently cried while I scrubbed my skin raw. There was no concept of time down here. He controlled everything.

“Comb and dry your hair. I have an associate coming tonight,”

Master said, ending the shower.

I did as he asked before he returned me to the room. The door shut behind me, and the key clicked, signalling his departure. My muscles sagged in relief until I saw the stain again. It could have been days or weeks since the girl was murdered.

**

I heard Master talking to someone before the lock clicked. The sounds grew louder when I closed my eyes, making my heart pound. I opened them and stared at the grey floor, focusing on the cracks. I used to recite my name at night, but Master was right. It no longer mattered.

Their clothes came off as they chatted to one another. My mother spoke to the men before she let them into my room. This is what they had reduced me to. There was silence, and I realised why. They stood before me. I lifted my head and opened my mouth.

The man Master brought had the same cruel glint in his eyes. He had the same twisted smile on his lips, but I accepted his dick in my mouth. He was around the same age as Master, either forty or early forties. His blonde hair was darker than mine.

“You weren't lying about the whore's mouth,”

he said, thrusting deeper before he gathered up my hair.

There was never a place to hide. I sucked him to the roof of my mouth, wrapping my lips around him. He grasped my hair and pulled me toward him as he fucked my mouth with short sharp thrusts. He pushed harder until he pressed against my throat. I swallowed automatically, stifling the need to gag.

“Choke on his cock, doll,”

Master said, moving behind me.

I whimpered when I felt his fingers around my neck, but all he did was impale me onto the man's cock. The man groaned as he pressed his pubic hair into my face.

“She loves it,”

Master said with his fingers pressing around my neck before releasing me.

The man pulled me back and started to fuck my mouth again. Master reached around

me to cup my breasts, but his fingers tightened around my nipples while I braced for the inevitable pain. I grunted at the pain when he pinched them.

“Do that again,”

the man said, choking me with his cock. It was wider than Master’s.

Master’s body pressed against me as he reached between my legs. I blinked the water from my eyes as the man pulled out. He bent down to grip my nipples, pulling them until then pain blossomed.

“So wet for my friend’s cock. Don't worry, we are going to treat you like a nasty little slut tonight,”

Master said, rubbing my wet pussy.

The other man pushed his cock back inside my mouth. This time, he battered himself down my throat until I gagged at the unexpected violent movement. Master’s laughter rang in my ears, but I felt him move away from me.

“Is she naked all the time?”

the man asked, pulling out as Master moved toward me.

“Why would I bother with clothes?”

Master asked as he yanked me by my hair.

“True. I mean, look at that body.”

The man smiled as he watched me. They took turns, never giving me time to recover,

but I managed to get some air into my lungs. They toyed with me and called me names, laughing as they used my mouth.

Master dragged me toward the bloody mattress. Only released my hair after he pushed my face into the mattress. He lay on the mattress. His head partially covered the stain, but I could still see it.

“Give me your cunt,” he said.

I forced my eyes away from the stain and climbed over Master before I began to lower myself onto his cock while he gripped it upright. His eyes were brighter than usual. The cruelty shone in the icy blue chips.

“Fuck me, my dirty little doll. You need it. Don't you?”

I nodded, uncaring of everything because I was here to follow his instructions. I began to move up and down his cock, placing my hands on his abdomen.

“Ohhh, I knew you'd be like this,”

he breathed, voice trembling with delight as he leaned closer.

“Like a nasty broken whore.”

He looked behind me and smiled before he pulled me down closer to the dark stain. I felt the man rub some lube between my ass cheek. He squirted some more before he pushed his fingers into my asshole.

“Shit, she is going to be so fucking tight,”

he said, but after a few seconds, I heard the lube hit the cement floor.

“Use her hard,”

Master said.

“She can take it.”

“Oh, that’s a fine-looking arse,”

the man said, climbing onto the mattress.

I stared at the grey wall so I wouldn't need to look at Master or the blood stain. The only thing I saw was the girl’s dead eyes, blank, lifeless. A tear rolled out of the corner of my eye as the man started to stretch me open with his cock. Master’s hands moved to my waist.

“Ahh, fuck. She is so fucking tight,”

the man said, rocking back and forth.

The lube made it much easier to take his girth. He gripped my hair and lifted me up again. The man’s fingers curled around my throat. It was where the girl’s throat was slit.

“Fuck yourself on our cocks, doll,”

Master crooned.

“Show us what a filthy whore you are.”

I stared at the grey around me, pumping myself up and down. They grew vocal as their grip tightened, movements became more frantic, and the slapping began. My

face, my breasts and my ass. Any part of me that they could reach was slapped. They couldn't penetrate my brain because I was too busy observing the grey.

“Yes, cum for us, doll,”

Master shouted as he pumped his hips beneath me.

“I’m gonna blow in her asshole,”

the man behind me panted.

My eyes began to flicker, and I pushed down harder until I followed my Master’s order and came for him. My cry of release was a tortured one. It was tainted. Their cum followed. The man thrusting deep inside of me as if he were trying to prove something.

Everything in the room was tainted.

Especially me.

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Maeve

They left as they came with laughter. Master locked the door, leaving me staring at the grey ceiling. I listened until their footsteps faded and voices became a murmur. When I crawled off the mattress, I avoided looking at the stain. My legs were shaky as I stood up to walk to the table where Master usually left my food and pill.

The lube lay there with the cap still open, but I ignored it and took several wet wipes from the packet. I was about to clean myself up, but I paused when I saw the white pill. It wasn't the contraceptive pill because that was much smaller.

I reached down and began to clean myself. It took several more wipes before I managed to get all their cum and excess lubricant cleaned off, tossing the wipes in the bin beneath the table. I picked up the pill and the bottle of water to wash it down with. It was the same drug he gave us that night.

The effect of the pill didn't take long, but it took away some of the dead, numb feeling inside of me. The walls were no longer grey. They became multi-coloured.

I liked this pill.

**

I was officially a pill popper. The irony was that in my younger days, I looked at the state of my mother and told myself that I would never do drugs. They made me feel happy for a short while, and I began to chase the high. Master enjoyed the effects of the pills because they made me horny.

The cycle continued. Sometimes, he came for me alone, and other times, he came with his friends. They always used a condom if they fucked my pussy. I no longer cared as long as I got my fix. White, blue and pink pills. I took them all, and I let my guard slip, thinking Master was done breaking me.

I was wrong.

**

The lock clicked but I was on my knees, waiting for my instructions. There was an unfamiliar rustle and I glanced through my hair and saw Master carrying a white plastic bag. He walked past me and sat on my bed. The metal frame of the bed screeched with his weight.

“Come and sit on my lap, doll,”

he murmured to me in a strangely gentle voice.

I stood up robotically and saw he still wore his work suit. These days, he looked more human, but that was probably the pills talking. I moved between his legs before I sat on his lap. His lips twitched in amusement, and his eyes pierced mine. The longer I stared into the blue eyes, the more they began to resemble those of a snake.

“I picked you, doll,”

he said, the words curling around the smug smile on his lips, stretching them out until they thinned.

His hand moved between my legs, pushing them apart to rub his fingertips around my pussy. My eyes closed, and I placed my hand around his shoulder, gripping it as if he were an anchor. His finger eased into me.

“But,”

he said, causing me to open my eyes to see the evil intent in his eyes.

“I want more, little doll. Do you remember our first night?”

My mind flashed back to the scent of mint and cologne. The pain and how much he enjoyed my pain. He pushed another finger inside of me, fucking me with them hard enough for his nails to scrape my insides.

“Mmm. I've never fucked a tighter virgin cunt than yours. There was so much blood. I got home and had to wank myself off with the amount of blood that was still on my dick. I knew it when Gavin sent me your picture. You were a sweet innocent doll with your pretty blue eyes and long blonde hair,”

he said, making me gasp as he rubbed his thumb over my clit.

“Just waiting to be plucked.”

He paused to lick my nipple while I squirmed on his lap. His lips wrapped around my nipple, and he started to suck on it as I coated his fingers with my arousal. He pulled away from my wet nipple only to sink his teeth into my breast. My fingers gripped his jacket as I inhaled his fresh cologne.

“Years later, here you are riding my fingers like my nasty fuck doll,”

he said, pulling his fingers out.

I swallowed as he lifted them to my lips, and I parted them for him.

“You will no longer address me as Master,”

he said, his voice smooth as oiled leather.

“From now on, you’ll call me Daddy.”

A pause. The air thickened, the weight of the new word settling between us like a shackle made of silk. His fingers moved in and out of my mouth. He tilted his head, studying my reaction with the quiet hunger of a collector admiring his favourite doll.

“Go on,”

he urged, a smile curling at the edge of his mouth. He rubbed his fingers on my tongue before removing them. “Say it.”

My mind reeled in horror as I thought of my father. That was when I saw the satisfaction in his eyes.

“Yes, you're going to be a good girl for your Daddy. Now fucking say it!”

he said but ended up shouting, switching back to the psychopath that he truly was.

“Daddy,”

I said as any final effects from the pills ripped me away from the farcical, happy place I’d been in.

“Mmm. Such a good doll. Lie on your bed for Daddy. I have a special gift for you,”

he murmured, pushing me off his lap.

I used the time to blink away the tears and force the memories of my father deep inside of me in a place where this devil couldn't touch them. He moved the white bag,

and I lay on my bed, ignoring the sound of the springs and metal.

“Daddy had a long day at work, but being with my little girl always makes me feel better,”

he said, tugging at his tie.

He took my hands and wrapped the expensive silk around them before he tied them to the bed, tightening it for good measure. I didn't bother tugging on them because, from experience, I knew it would tighten the knot and become more uncomfortable.

“Daddy needs his special hugs with his doll,”

he said, removing his jacket.

The silk tie cuts deeper with every twisted word that comes out of his mouth. Daddy's tie. A memory of my father hugging me so tight after the Christmas play. I hugged him back, smelling the coffee on his breath as he picked me up in his arms. Now it's his. The devil who ruined the memory. I began to pant and tug against the tie.

“Shhh, sweetheart.”

His palm slides up my thigh.

“Daddy's going to make you feel so good.”

The word, Daddy, splits me open.

A whimper escapes me. The Devil smiles.

“There she is,”

he murmurs, pressing his mouth to my trembling knee.

“My good girl.”

He climbs onto the bed and parts my legs, using his palms to rub my thighs, sliding them up slowly.

“Daddy’s going to feed his little doll some special cream. Yes, my good girl is nice and wet for Daddy,”

he crooned, pushing his fingers inside me before pulling them out again.

“It will fit perfectly inside you.”

Terror floods my mouth with the taste bitter taste from the pills.

“No, no, no—”

“Yes, but we need someone else,”

he said, leaning down to pick up the bag.

He pulls Bear out of the bag before placing it beside my cheek. I close my eyes momentarily but lean into Bear, tears already tipping out of my eyes.

“You’re trembling,”

the devil observed, fingers skimming my ribs.

“He never touched you like this, did he?”

A sob clawed up my throat.

“Stop it. Please. Don’t. Don’t make me lose him again.”

But his hands were everywhere, rewriting history. The callouses on his fingers aren’t from building treehouses. They’re from tightening ropes. The heat of his body isn’t safety but a furnace burning away the last traces of Dad’s voice, his smell, his love.

His fingers dig into my thighs as he stretches them out. His cock begins to breach me while I try to nudge Bear away from me.

“Say it,”

he said as his teeth grazed my collarbone, pushing himself into me until his pelvis touched mine.

“Tell Daddy, thank you.”

He released my thighs and gripped my pillow as he started to fuck me. It wasn't his usual vicious thrusts. They were long and slow, each movement hitting me deep inside.

“Oh, yes. Take your Daddy’s cock. My good girl,”

he moaned, thrusting harder.

“You love your Daddy, don't you?”

I sobbed as I enjoyed the feel of him inside of me. The ceiling cracks blurred through

my tears. For one fractured second, they formed my father's face, disappearing as the devil's shadow swallowed the light.

He drove back inside me in a harsh thrust that made me scream out in pain. Not physical pain. I was beyond that. The sound of the springs cried, and the bed frame creaked, but he drove into me over and over again, setting a harsh, punishing rhythm. Despite myself, the blossom of pleasure continued to grow.

"Say it, little girl. Say you love your Daddy,"

he growled into my ear.

Somewhere deep inside me, a little girl wailed for a man who couldn't save her anymore.

"Your cunt is already fluttering around me. If you don't say it, I will fuck your asshole with no lube. We both know how bloody that gets. Say it,"

he ranted, forcing me to look at him.

"I love you, Daddy,"

I sobbed, giving everything up in those words.

The devil stopped moving but began to chuckle until he laughed and wrapped his fingers around my neck.

"Now cum on your Daddy's cock,"

he commanded, squeezing my throat until I struggled to breathe.

His hips moved back, and he slammed into me. He forced himself deeper and deeper. I could feel him pumping his hips. Thrusting in and out. Forcing my body to accept him. The dull pain as he bumped deep inside of me was nothing compared to the pain from the remnants of my heart shattering.

I howled and wailed as I came, clenching around his cock, but he continued to pound into me. A rushing sound filled my ears as everything turned white before it went black, but not before I heard his triumphant roar as he poured himself into me.

“Daddy loves you.”

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

23 Years Old

He placed the pill on my tongue and handed me his glass of whiskey to chase it down. I took a large gulp of it before passing it back. He took a sip from it but kept his eyes on me. They flickered briefly on my lips.

“Some of Daddy’s friends are coming tonight. You will make them so happy,”

he said, rubbing my nipple.

“I will, Daddy,”

I said with a smile.

“The pill always helps.”

“I know it does,”

he said.

“These are special friends, so make sure you do everything they ask you to do.”

“Yes, Daddy,”

I said before hesitating.

“You won't be here?”

“No, I won't. Daddy has some work to do,”

he said before he pushed me off his lap and onto the bed.

“Be a good girl for them.”

I watched his back as he left the room before crawling under the bed to keep chipping away at the ever-growing hole beneath it. Every day, I added a little dirt and pieces of rubble in the waste bin since it was always taken by the liner, and he never inspected it.

**

These men were different. It was rare to get a whole group of men who reminded me of the original devil. Good old dad was still playing games. Five bare-chested men piled through the door. One of them moved the table close to the bed and placed a bag beside it.

My room had been upgraded with a wardrobe since Master decided I needed more clothes when I fell ill one winter.

There wasn't room for all the men's clothes, so it made sense that they removed most of them upstairs.

It took me a while to get over what he did.

The irony was that having Bear with me helped ease my loneliness.

The sick bastard enjoyed me acting like a child when he went into deep 'Daddy'

mode.

They all wore expensive trousers and shoes.

Their ages ranged from mid-thirties to forties.

If I didn't know better, Master was either prostituting me, or these were his business clients.

The drink and coke came out.

My fake smile almost slipped when I saw the quantities.

A pile of condoms were next.

Three of the men walked toward me, blocking my view. Two of them began to unfasten their trousers. The third one crouched down and slapped my breasts. When I didn't react, he smiled.

"Athill was right. This one will be able to take everything we give her,"

he murmured before he scowled.

"No names, dickhead,"

one of the men removing his trousers said.

It took a decade and two slip-ups for me to find out his name. Jacob Athill.

"Get some coke for her. She won't remember a thing after a few snorts,"

the man beside me said.

**

The door creaked open. Footsteps. Cigarette smoke and stale cologne slithered in before he did. I don't move. Can't. The mattress beneath me was damp with sweat, blood or worse. My body felt like a shattered vase hastily glued back together.

“Well, well.”

His voice is a razor dipped in honey.

“Look at you.”

A shoe prodded my hip, rolling me onto my back. The ceiling light stabs my eyes. His shadow looms over me, a grotesque parody of concern as he tsks.

“God, the state of you—”

he said, crouching to grip my chin. His thumb smeared something wet across my cheekbone. It wasn't tears.

“You look like a used-up crack whore.”

My eyes felt so heavy when I tried to open them again. I hurt everywhere when I tried to move. He stood over me with a smile.

“Just like your mother.”

The words hit like a cleaver to the chest.

“Open your mouth, doll,”

Master said.

He placed two pills in my mouth and placed a bottle of water against my lips.

“Painkillers,”

he said as I drank the water.

“You had a fun night. One of my friends recorded some of the events. I’ve left you some more painkillers and cream. You will need to wait until I return from work for a shower.”

It must have been early morning because he wore a robe. With a shiver, I pulled the blanket over me, but my muscles protested at the movement. He walked away, but not before I saw the mess on the floor and the table—empty bottles, ripped condom wrappers, and glasses strewn everywhere.

The light switched off.

“Daddy loves you,”

he said, and I didn't need to wait long because it came.

His mocking laugh.

The sound curled around me, suffocating me. It’s not the laugh of a man who finds something funny. It’s the laugh of a man who’s already won.

I listened to his footsteps going up the stairs, but I slid my hand under the pillow to

feel if the silver pen knife I stole was still there. My fingers curled around the cold metal. Jacob Athill's days were numbered. My body might have grown weaker, and I probably looked like the crack whore my mother was.

However, Maeve O'Neill was still alive and well inside my brain.

**

The drug-induced crash came when I woke up. I cleaned the room up, hid the knife, drank the last of the scotch and took more painkillers. The cream helped me internally. There was blood but that was to be expected.

The dark, depressing thoughts made me want to use the knife on myself rather than the devil I was trapped with. They were the same questions.

What if my dad had lived? Or if I'd had a different mother? What could I have achieved in my life for the last seven years instead of being trapped with the devil?

The hole in the wall was taking too long. I considered the best part of the body to stab and thought of the girl. The neck was softer than the chest. More veins and less bone.

The devil would tire of me, and I would end up like the girl. He had no regrets over killing her and would have none about killing me. The heartless bastard wasn't human.

Maeve

The basement door creaked open a little after midnight.

I knew the time because the numbers on his wristwatch glowed in the dark like animal eyes when he reached to turn on the light. Tick, tick, tick. The sound of his watch was too loud in the silence.

He was still in his work clothes, that expensive suit he liked to peel off layer by layer like he was undressing for church. But tonight, something was off. His tie hung around his collar. His left eyelid flickered. And his smile, it's not the cold, calculated one. It's twitchy.

"Long day, doll."

His voice is sandpaper wrapped in velvet.

I don't move. The penknife was still hidden, but my pulse screamed like it'd already been found. Or did he find the hole? He crouched in front of me, reeking of whiskey and the mint gum he chewed to cover it. His fingers tapped on his knee, but my heartbeat was much faster than his tapping.

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

he said, his voice dangerous and low.

His hand darted out, grabbing my chin. His thumb pressed too hard against my

bottom lip, smearing the Vaseline I'd put on my dry lips. "Open."

I don't. Fear, real fear, burned in my gut.

His eyelid jumped.

"I said—"

The backhand cracked across my cheek before I heard the rest. My head snapped to the side, but he was already grabbing my hair, yanking me upright.

"You stole,"

he said as spit landed on my face.

"After everything I've done."

His free hand digs into his pocket, pulling out his phone. The screen lights up— and I watch in horror. The video. Me. The friend. The moment my fingers closed around the penknife.

"Look at it,"

he screamed, shaking me, but the phone screen blurred.

"Look at it!"

The rage is hot now, boiling out of him in uneven bursts. He kicked the table over, sending me sprawling. The concrete bit into my elbows, but I don't make a sound. My silence pissed him off more.

“You ungrateful little—”

he started to say but grabbed the metal bed frame, slamming it against the wall hard enough for me to cling onto the metal leg because I remembered the hole.

“I should fucking strangle the life out of you.”

He paused and took a deep breath. In and out. He straightened his cuffs. Adjusted his watch.

“Get up,”

he said, but his voice was suddenly calm. Too calm.

“Shower. Now.”

The twitch in his eye was gone, but the storm wasn't over. It was just the beginning. I released the bed frame and quickly stood up. He strode to the door while I rushed after him. I pulled my T-shirt off before we got to the shower room. All I could see was the dead girl's eyes. If he found the hole, I was as good as dead.

The shower door slammed behind me, and suddenly, the small room was white, billowing clouds of steam swallowing the mirrors, the ceiling, and him. His fingers dug into my arm as he shoved me under the spray, but the heat didn't register. Not yet.

“You liked playing the thief?”

His voice was muffled in the fog.

“Let's see how you play with fire.”

The knob cranked up, and the water scalded me. I choked back a scream as my skin turned lobster-red, the steam so thick now I couldn't see his face—just the twitch of his shadow through the vapour, the glint of his ring as he fisted my hair.

“Breathe it in,”

he hissed.

I breathed it into my lungs. The burn was too much, and I cried out. For one dizzy second, I wasn't in the shower. I was in the crematorium where they'd reduced Dad to ashes.

He tossed the washcloth and bottle at me, breaking me free from the memory. I quickly began to wash myself, but every time I edged away from the scalding water, he pushed me back in.

When I was almost finished, he turned the water off, but before I could turn around, his fingers gripped my hair, and he smashed my face off the white tiles. The last thing I saw was my blood dripping down the tiles.

When I woke up again I was lying on my stomach with my hands and feet bound to the bed frame. My skin burned and itched from the scalding shower. The sound of his belt buckle made my head jerk.

“I chose you, and this is how you repay me,”

he muttered as the bed strained under his weight.

I groaned as his clothes touched my aching skin. His fingers pulled my ass cheeks apart, and without warning, he began to push his cock against my asshole. I was grateful for the cream I used on it because he was using nothing. Not even spit.

“Were you going to use the knife on me, doll?”

he hissed into my ear before thrusting himself into me, forcing my flesh open.

“Huh?”

“No,”

I gasped out.

“I like to cut myself sometimes. I did it as a kid.”

“Liar,”

he shouted before he shoved into me again.

It was like a hot poker being stabbed inside of me. I could usually take his punishments, but not while my body ached from the burning hot water. I felt like I was being torn apart. My stomach twisted as he forced himself deeper. The piercing pain was agony as his clothes rubbed on my skin.

“You know the rules. Bad girls get their arse fucked dry,”

he said, gripping my throat.

He thrust harder, plunging deep inside my ass again. His movements and pace were as ruthless as he was. The devil. He pulled out of me completely, only to ram his dick back inside my defeated muscles. I cried and begged, but nothing stopped him.

I stopped begging when his fingers tightened around my neck. I could feel our bodies move against the springs in the mattress. There was no escape from his punishing cock that spread me wide open.

“Yes, that’s what I needed. Your blood on my cock,”

he panted as he continued to pound into me.

“All your privileges are gone.”

My eyes flickered as I tried to stay awake, but his fingers restricted my air.

“Filthy cunt. Take it up your shithole,”

he said as I tried to blink away the black spots.

“Take my cum.”

He thrust so deep I could feel his trousers against my ass. Again and again, he drove into me with each brutal thrust harder than the last. I prayed he would cum before he ruptured something inside of me. When he came with a groan, he slammed his hips down, but he choked me until I began to close my eyes. His hot cum squirted inside of me as I let out my final strangled breaths.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

I blinked as I woke up. My body ached from head to toe. The fucking psycho was gone. My head and face ached, and I felt the nausea from the concussion threatening to boil over. My face felt swollen, and it throbbed as if it had a life of its own. The light was switched off. I didn't know if it was the next day or still the same day.

When I tried to move, I was unable to. He left me tied to the bed. I remember the calm mood he had been in the day he killed the girl. This was it. He would kill me. I sighed and relaxed the good side of my face on the pillow.

Perhaps it was time to end it all. I was tired. So very tired of fighting. What life could I go back to? I had no home, family, education or job. My life was meaningless. This physical and mental pain would end. It would all end. No one was coming to save me, and I couldn't save myself because I was a coward.

A worthless coward.

**

The lock clicked, and my eyes flickered open. The immediate pain started to throb and thrum all over my body. A dim light shone into the room, reminding me of my bedroom at home. The revolving door of men, but this one was the devil that started it all. His shoes clicked on the cement floor until I could feel him looming over me.

“Where is the knife?”

he asked as if he were asking me about something as mundane as the time or weather.

“Wardrobe, under my clothes,”

I croaked out, watching as he rummaged in the wardrobe and pocketed the knife before walking back toward me.

His fingers trailed down my cheek, lingering on the throbbing bruise he’d left last night. I didn’t flinch. Couldn’t. My body was a map of his fury.

The shower’s scalding water still hissed in my ears. My back passage was torn, and my body ached with each breath. My face continued to throb from when he smashed it into the tiles.

He straightened, adjusting his tie.

“No water today,”

he mused.

“Let’s see how long it takes for those pretty lips to chap.”

I guess this is what he meant about losing privileges. He wouldn’t give me any food or water since there was no tray or box on the table. He untied the ropes, but I didn’t move for fear of triggering him when he was deadly calm like this.

The door locked behind him. The light vanished, and the real torture began. The waiting. I knew he wasn’t done with me yet.

I slowly climbed off the bed and limped towards the door to feel for the light switch. My bladder was bursting, and I needed to use the toilet. When I passed the table, I

noticed the small strip of pills. I recognised the size and knew they were the contraceptive pills. He'd taken the painkillers and cream like the petty little bitch he was.

I paused to swallow the pill. The thought of falling pregnant as a prisoner made me shudder. The last thing I wanted was to produce and bring a child into this world. I clutched the wall for support as I sat down on the toilet, breathing through the pain.

As I relieved myself, I thought of how out of character his behaviour was and everything he did two years ago. When he first brought me here, the pain he inflicted on me was similar to tests. He would increase the intensity of punishments. This was different. He kept me locked up like an animal. A pet. Yet, on some level, he had taken care of my basic needs. My chances of surviving his silent rage were slim.

The day was slower than most, and it became difficult to concentrate on my book. The constant hunger and anxiety continued in the form of hearing phantom footsteps behind the locked door or imagining other random noises. The pain ebbed away in the background but he didn't come back.

Not to feed me or torment me.

**

Time didn't exist in the grey room. Only the slow, suffocating crawl of nothingness. The basement walls pressed in, their grey monotony was broken only by the three books stacked neatly by the bed with their spines cracked, their pages soft from too many trembling fingers tracing the same words over and over.

Pride and Prejudice. The Odyssey. A tattered collection of Poe's stories. I'd read them until the sentences blurred into nonsense, until Elizabeth Bennet's wit felt like a taunt, and Odysseus' journey home seemed like a sick joke.

My throat burned. My stomach had stopped growling hours or days ago, shrinking into a hollow pit that ached more with every breath. I licked my lips, but my tongue was too dry to even wet them. The air tasted stale, thick with the scent of my own sweat and the lingering musk of his cologne from the last time he'd stood over me.

He's coming. The thought slithered through me, equal parts terror and twisted want. My body was a traitor. It needed water. It needed him. The hole in the wall was forgotten about for fear of getting caught.

I stared at the door. The footsteps sounded loud. The silence had been worse than the pain. At least pain was something to focus on. This? This was just waiting.

Would he bring water this time? Would he make me beg for it? Or would he just stand there, watching me shake, savouring the way my cracked lips parted in silent pleas?

My ears pricked up at a sound, and my spine became rigid as I knelt on the floor.

The lock disengaged with the familiar clicking noise. My breath hitched as my fingers curled into my knees. I kept my head bowed down. The door opened and closed. The jangle of keys before they were placed in his pocket. His footsteps as he approached made my heart stutter.

"How's your arse doing?"

he said, but the sarcasm in his voice was as loud as my heartbeat.

"I'm sorry for stealing, Daddy,"

I whispered.

“That didn't answer my question,”

he said, moving close enough for me to see his black polished shoes.

“It's fine, Daddy,” I lied.

“Open up, doll,”

he said, and I lifted my head and opened my mouth.

He placed the pill in my mouth and handed me a bottle of water. I tried not to grab it from him. While I unscrewed the cap and gulped down the water, he walked back to the table to check the contraceptive pills.

“You took too many,”

he said as he tossed the strip back on the table.

“I didn't know what day it was,”

I said, feeling a little woozy from taking the pill on an empty stomach.

He began to blur, and the last thing I saw was his evil smirk.

Maeve

I woke to darkness. Not the familiar, suffocating dark of the basement. This was like a thick void, and I couldn't tell if my eyes were open or closed. I tried to move, but my elbows hit solid wood. My knees jammed against unyielding planks. The space was too small, too tight, the walls pressing in from every side until my ribs ached with the effort to breathe.

No. No, no, no.

This couldn't be happening. It wasn't real. My breath came in sharp, panicked gasps, the air already stale and metallic. I threw my hands up. My knuckles slammed against the lid just inches above my face.

“Please!”

My voice tore raw from my throat.

“I’ll be good. I’ll be good. PLEASE!”

I paused to listen for a response, but only silence answered.

There was no laughter. No taunting voice. Just the deafening absence of everything.

I screamed until my throat became raw meat. I pounded until my fists were bloody pulps. The air grew thick, with each inhalation becoming laborious. Black spots bloomed behind my eyelids, or maybe that was just the darkness pressing deeper.

I'm going to die here.

The realisation slithered through me, colder than fear. This was worse than the girl's death. My limbs turned to stone. My cries withered to whimpers. The dark swallowed even my terror, pulling me under like a weighted shroud. The last thing I felt before unconsciousness took me wasn't panic.

It was loneliness.

**

I woke up gasping for air but was back in the basement. At first, I thought it was a dream, but the raw pain from my knuckles told me it had been real. I glanced up to see my hands tied to the metal bed frame. The sudden memory of being in the coffin without air made me pant.

"That was a taste of how you will die. Or you might die in this very room."

In fright, I jerked against the rope but turned my head toward his voice to see him standing in the doorway. He stepped inside and removed his jacket, placing it on the table before sauntering into the room.

"You must be hungry, doll,"

he said, unzipping his trousers.

"I'm here to feed you."

I closed my eyes as he climbed onto the bed and moved his knees beside my head. I opened my mouth, ignoring the pain in my face from the shower incident. When I opened my eyes, I saw his hand move to his dick as he guided the tip into my mouth.

His red tie dangled over my head, and I focused on the material as he fed me his cock.

“This is all you are, doll. Something to use. My toy. A plaything to empty my balls into. This is what you've always been,”

he said, his voice cold and calm.

I struggled to hold my mouth open as he thrust himself down my neck, battering his way past my raw throat. The memories of him slapping my face until I stopped gagging rushed into my mind, and tears rolled down my face.

The bed strained beneath me, and he placed his hands on the metal bed frame above my head. I looked away from his tie and stared at his black trousers. He pulled his hips back before he drove into me again, slapping the black material against my face.

“It’s just as well that your mouth is this good, doll, because Daddy almost left you in that coffin,”

he said, moving his hips faster.

“Yes, take it. Daddy is going to feed you soon.”

He held himself inside my neck and pummelled me with short, sharp thrusts. I knew he did it on purpose because he was battering himself against my aching face. When I tried to turn my head to a better angle he gripped my hair, ripping it from the roots.

“Every day, I will make you wish for death,”

he panted before I felt his cock swell in my throat.

He suddenly pinched my nose, cutting off my oxygen, and I panicked, trying to breathe through my mouth. I started to retch with the sound of blood rushing around my ears.

“Oh, yeah. Oh, oh, fuck—”

he groaned as he continued to fuck my mouth.

I struggled against the rope with my legs kicking against the bed.

When I felt myself about to pass out, he pulled out of my neck, and I felt his dick spit cum against the back of my throat.

I choked on it as I tried to suck air in.

He released my nose and started to pump his hand up and down his cock until more cum splashed into my mouth.

I held my mouth open while breathing through my nose.

When I glanced up at him, his calm demeanour was gone, and sweat dripped off his face.

His dark hair, which was usually combed back, fell over his eyes.

It looked damp and clumped together with sweat.

His eyes locked onto mine while pulling his cock out of my mouth.

“Good little whore.

Enjoy your meal.

I will be back to feed you later,”

he said, moving off me.

Before he walked out of the room, he switched the light off, plunging it into darkness and triggering the memories from the coffin. I continued to take deep breaths, grateful for the plentiful air around me.

He didn't need to make me wish for death because I already did.

**

He had me tied face down on the table while he fucked me from behind.

This pain I could manage because he wasn't in my ass.

His movements got faster until the table started to jolt forward, scraping against the grey floor.

He began to pant and grunt.

I hissed from the pain as he rubbed against me. I clenched around him, hoping he would finish sooner.

It wasn't long before he moved away from me and came to the front of the table.

I lifted my head, opened my mouth while he grabbed my hair and thrust his cock into me.

His hands moved to the side of my head before he used his grip before he resumed his brutal thrusts.

I stared at his thrusting pelvis and swaying balls.

It had been a week since he had me in the coffin, but by the fourth day, he gave me some toast because I could barely stand in my weakened state.

What did he expect? I wasn't getting my five a day from his cum.

“Taste your cunt, doll. Wash it all off,”

he said, pulling my head down his length.

I tried to lick him, but his movements were too rough. He kept his cock lodged in my neck as he groaned when he finally came. His movement slowed, but his grip on my hair didn't loosen.

“Lick,”

he said, pressing his balls and pelvis to my face.

I licked him quickly before he pulled back, leaving his cock in my mouth. While I continued to clean him, I breathed heavily through my nose.

“I might keep you around after all,”

he mused while I sucked on the tip of his cock.

He moved away from me to put his navy pyjama bottoms on, leaving his chest bare.

I remained silent when he began to untie the ropes.

The last time he tied me to the table, he had whipped my back, fucked me and left me tied to the table the entire night.

Only returning in the morning to untie me. Unfortunately, I'd ended up peeing myself, which he hadn't been too happy about.

I held the table as I stood up. His eyes moved down my body, pausing on my breasts before he walked toward me.

"You look weak and pathetic,"

he said, gripping my breast.

"It makes you look younger."

A small smile played on his lips before he bent down.

"I've got a special surprise arranged for you soon, doll. It will show me what you're really made of,"

he whispered.

That didn't sound good for me.

Maeve

“Do you want this to end, doll?”

he said, and I forced my eyes open.

I didn’t have it in me to speak, so I nodded.

There had been no way for me to keep track of how many men there were because as some left, more kept coming into the basement.

It must have been hours, but he stayed. He encouraged them to violate me multiple times, together in the same hole or with glass bottles. The drink and drugs flowed freely.

He rubbed the cum into my face before he smiled at me.

“Just a few more,”

he said as the man beneath me grabbed my breasts.

“Please, can I get another pill, Daddy?”

I begged, wincing as the man beneath me began to move again.

They didn’t need ropes. They were like a pack of wolves surrounding me, holding me in place by my ankles. The man in front of me finished inside my pussy, but another

took his place. I was physically and mentally exhausted.

He moved away from the bed and returned holding the white circular pill between his finger and thumb.

“Are you sure you want to become a junkie whore?”

he said with a smirk.

I tried not to let my hatred show, but my anger raged out of control, and frustrated tears ran down my cheeks. My eyes burned from how exhausted I was. Unable to speak, I nodded and opened my mouth. He pressed the pill onto my tongue before sliding it further into my mouth, watching as I swallowed it.

“Daddy needs your mouth,”

he said, moving my head to the side while I opened my mouth.

“Suck your ass off my dick.”

He slipped his cock into my mouth.

All I could taste was lube and cum.

He wasn't rough like he usually was.

He took his time easing his way into my mouth.

Another man climbed onto the bed, and he tried to squeeze his dick into my pussy.

I groaned as he began to stretch me out, making the first guy pause until they were

both seated inside of me.

The man beneath me didn't get the message and continued to fuck me. Thankfully, the pill started to take effect.

"Focus on me, doll,"

he said, stroking my cheek with his fingers as if he cared.

He pulled his dark green shorts down and rested the elasticated waistband beneath his balls. I closed my eyes when the other men thrust deeper. The pill made me feel mellow, and my muscles relaxed. The swift, sharp slap on my face made me open my eyes.

"You don't get to check out on me, doll,"

he said, his smile oily and snake-like.

The drugs couldn't hide the depth of his evilness. I held my mouth open, keeping my eyes on him, but I kept my eyes on him. He was a handsome, successful man. Why would he do this to women?

"Such a dirty slut, taking four cocks at the same time,"

he said, rubbing the back of his fingers against the cheek he slapped.

"Two of them in your cunt."

His fingers moved to my hair, gripping it as he started to swing his hips.

"Fuck her harder, rip her open,"

he said loudly.

I almost closed my eyes but didn't want to get slapped again.

If I bit him, I would end up in the coffin again.

The tears wouldn't stop, but they turned him on. The lips curled higher, and his grip on my hair tightened. By the time his balls hit my face, my sight was blurred from tears.

"Daddy's little whore,"

he said before he came all over my face.

**

The pills melted on my tongue like rotten sugar. I didn't fight them anymore. I didn't spit them into my palm when his back was turned like I used to when he first gave them to me. Now, I craved the numbness they brought. The way the world softened at the edges and my body stopped feeling like mine.

The men had made sure of that.

I didn't remember all of it. Just flashes: the tang of sweat, the bite of the mattress springs against my bare back, the way Daddy had watched from the corner with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"My good girl,"

he'd murmured afterwards, stroking my hair as I bled onto the sheets.

“You took them so well.”

That was two days ago—or maybe three. Time blurred now, a shapeless thing measured only by the arrival of the pills and the occasional tray of food. I’d tried to claw my way out once. I scraped at the concrete with stolen cutlery until my fingers were raw. Then Daddy had found the penknife, of course. The punishment for that infraction lasted two weeks.

Now, I just lay on the bed, staring at the stain on the ceiling. It looked like a screaming face. Some days, I pretended it was her, the girl. The one whose blood stained the old mattress that used to lie on the floor. Maybe it should have been me.

I hugged Bear. Now that the punishments were over, it felt safe to have him out again. The scars on the outside began to heal, but the ones in my brain would never heal.

Daddy’s footsteps echoed down the stairs. I didn’t turn my head when I heard the keys jangle.

“Hungry?”

he asked, setting a tray on the table.

I didn’t answer. I didn’t need to. He’d feed me if he wanted me alive. Starve me if he didn’t. My will had nothing to do with it anymore.

His fingers traced my collarbone.

“You’re being so quiet today.”

I closed my eyes. The pills were kicking in, turning my limbs to lead.

“That’s okay, doll,”

he whispered, lips brushing my ear.

“I like you like this. Broken beyond repair.”

The door locked behind him.

The screaming face on the ceiling watched me as I watched her.

The girl that I envied because she was the lucky one.

She escaped.

Maeve

He placed the pill on my tongue, and I swallowed it down before the bitter taste spread. The high began to take effect by the time Daddy removed his clothes. He had some black restraints that he wrapped around my ankles before attaching them to the top of the metal frame beside my head.

“My perfect little doll,”

he murmured, fixing my hair around my face and dragging the strands to my breasts.

The sudden glint of a knife made my eyes widen. He smiled—a cold, calculating smile. I’d been too focused on the numbing effects of the pill to know when he took his knife out. It was the same one he used on—the brown-eyed girl.

Did it matter? Everybody died.

“You wanted to cut yourself. Let Daddy do it for you,”

he said, tracing the tip of the knife down my cheek.

The cold, sharp blade didn’t cut into the skin. There was no searing burn that blossomed into—more. His blade moved down my body, pausing to toy with my nipples.

“Cut me, Daddy,”

I said, my muscles relaxing against the bed and restraints.

He moved onto the bed until I watched him through my open legs. His knife moved down my inner thigh. I closed my eyes as the tip of the sharp blade broke the skin. The warm blood ran down my leg. He used the knife and caught the blood.

“Such a good doll for me. No thoughts. No tears. Just perfect little holes for Daddy to use,”

he said, moving the knife over my pussy, smearing my blood over me.

He moved the blade to my other thigh and did the same. The cut wasn't deep, but the way his eyes were glued to the blood that followed was wrong.

“My first doll kept using her teeth when I fucked her mouth. I punched some out, and to remove the rest, I used pliers. It wasn't as easy to do as what you might imagine, especially the back molars,”

he said, using the blade to catch my blood again.

In my gut, I knew that I wasn't the only one, and now he was confessing.

“She tried to run away, but she didn't get far from my blade,”

he said, scraping the edge of the blade across my pussy.

“My second doll's mind broke within a year.”

He put the blade to the side and opened a small clear bottle of lube.

“You met your replacement, but she was pathetic,”

he said, his lips tightened and curled down in disgust.

I lay there shell-shocked by his confession. He poured the clear liquid over my pussy. I felt it drip down to my ass. He drizzled some onto two fingers before I felt them press against my asshole. I automatically relaxed, and he smiled, pushing them inside me.

“You outlasted them all,”

he said as my heart pounded from his sickening words.

“Every test, every punishment, you passed. My doll deserves a reward for following all of Daddy’s instructions.”

I blinked as he rubbed my wet clit and fingered my asshole. The pill, his touch, made me crave more. I had no fight left in me anymore. I needed more.

“Cut me, Daddy,”

I whispered because pain was the only thing left to feel.

The corners of his eyes creased, and his delighted chuckle filled the room. He pulled his fingers out of me and wiped his fingers over my belly and pelvis before he picked the knife up again. I closed my eyes as he worked the knife over my arms.

The sharp tip sliced me open until all the festering nastiness inside of me oozed out. He moved to my thighs, scoring my skin again, but this time, he sliced across instead of down.

“To think I almost let you die in that coffin,”

he mused as I felt his cock bump against my pussy.

I opened my eyes to see where the knife was. The pain helped me focus. While he started to fuck my pussy, my brain switched off. I visualised the sunny beach my dad had taken me to. The devil's words continued, but I ignored them and sank into the pain, lost in the memories.

After a short while, I felt his cock pull out, and he traced it down to my asshole. He pressed his cock against my asshole, pausing as the head slipped in. I opened my eyes to find him staring at me with an unreadable expression. He began to rock his hips, forging his way inside.

“Ah. Ahhhh,”

I moaned as he stuck it to me, plunging deeper.

“Shhh, shhh, your real daddy never made you feel this full, did he?”

he crooned, making me swallow at his vile words.

His hand clamped down on my neck, his body towering over me as he began to grind himself into me, hurting me. His rapid thrusts were deep and hard. The position left me open and exposed.

“I know, baby, I know it hurts,”

he said, squeezing my throat.

“That's why Daddy's here. To teach you how to love the pain.”

His grip loosened, allowing me to breathe again before he tightened it again. He was

slamming his cock into me with a brutal force. He needed to hurt me, needed to be in control. The screeching groans of the bed joined my moans of pain and pleasure.

“My doll. Look at this tiny hole being stretched out by your Daddy,”

he said, releasing my throat to grab my hair.

He yanked my head up until I could see his cock driving into me like a battering ram. The pain merged with the pain from the cuts, and I begged for more. Daddy growled before he released my hair, placing his hand on the bed. His icy blue eyes pierced mine as he drove balls deep inside of me. The restraints held me in place. All I could do was stare into his eyes.

“You’re my perfect whore. Daddy is never letting you go, doll,”

he said as sweat beaded on his forehead.

“Yes, feel Daddy deep inside your asshole.”

His head moved back as his body hit mine. He went in too deep. I gasped and started to pant in time with his punishing thrusts.

“Feel it!”

he roared, slamming into me relentlessly.

My body began to shake, and I was floating in the air before a vivid white burst of light exploded. Daddy swore, but I was in my own world of pleasure. I knew I’d become as sick as the Devil.

“Fucking tight, little whore.”

His words burst through my bubble.

He pulled out of me, and I opened my eyes to see Bear in his hand. His groans filled the room, and I watched in horror as his cum landed on Bear. The rapid movement of his hand continued until there was no more cum. He glanced at me before he rubbed the excess cum from his dick onto Bear's cream fur.

"Look how much your bear loves you,"

he crooned, smearing his cum from the teddy's fur onto my lips.

"Lick it clean. Be a good girl for both of us."

With a cruel smile, he watched me lick Bear's fur before he placed him beside my head.

"When I'm done with you, no one will recognise you, but I will. I'll always know you, doll,"

he said, his voice cold and detached before he blinked and his creepy smile returned.

He was silent when he cleaned my cuts before releasing my legs from the bed.

The white sheets had smears of blood on them.

I couldn't look at Bear, but I eyed up the bottles of water that I could use to clean him.

When the devil began to gather everything he brought up, I stared at the stain on the ceiling.

I was the fourth doll.

All the previous ones had perished. A sharp pinch on my nipple made me glance up at him. He only wore his trousers with his shirt hanging open.

“What do you say?”

“Thank you, Daddy,”

I whispered, wishing I had more pills.

“And?”

“I love you, Daddy,”

I said, forcing the words out.

He released my nipple and reached for my jaw, squeezing it until I opened my mouth.

“Daddy owns every part of you,”

he said with a smile before spitting into my mouth.

“Even your memories.”

Blue eyes met blue. He wanted more than my death. He always had from the day he stepped into my bedroom. The constant search for a perfect fuck doll was his game. The only question was, for how long?

He tapped my nose before placing another pill on my tongue. His fingers moved beneath my chin, pushing it until my mouth was full of his spit and drugs.

“You're welcome,”

he said, but we both knew the words were a mockery.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

Time had lost its shape. The only constants were the three of them, Bear, Master, and Mother, each engraved themselves into my brain. Seven years of grey walls and a stain weakened me beyond repair.

Master, Mother, and Bear.

Bear, Master and Mother.

Round and round they went.

Bear had been my confessor. His matted fur had absorbed my tears, and his lopsided smile never wavered as I whispered my sins into his ragged ear.

“I hate her,”

I'd murmured, and his button eyes had gleamed in the dim light as if to say, “I know.”

He'd witnessed it all—the men, the punishments, the nights I'd clawed at my own skin just to feel something clean. His stitching had frayed a little more with every atrocity, his stuffing clumping where I'd clutched him too tight. A silent witness. My only comfort.

Master had been my sculptor.

“Open,”

he'd commanded, slipping a pill between my lips. His fingers smelled of antiseptic and cigars, always precise and clinical as he'd reshaped me. He'd traced the scars on my ribs, laughing when I'd shivered.

“This one's my favourite.”

Mocking me. Always mocking me.

The worst part hadn't been the pain from the knife or razor blade. It had been the way he'd cradled my face afterwards, thumbing away blood like a doting father.

“You're perfect like this, doll,”

he'd sighed, and I'd believed him for a heartbeat. I wanted to believe his every lie.

Then there had been her.

Mother.

She'd lived in the edges of my vision—a flash of her cheap floral perfume in the shower drain, the ghost of her laughter when Master had turned the screws too tight. I'd dreamed of her sometimes, her needle-thin fingers counting the pound notes as men came through my bedroom door.

“Worth every penny,”

she'd chirped, her pupils swallowing her eyes.

Bear had seen those dreams, too.

“She's coming back for you,”

Bear lied one night, his voice sweet as poison.

“She'll save us.”

I'd screamed into his fur until I lost my voice, but Master had rewarded me with extra pills.

Mother's ghost had blown me a kiss from the corner. The same corner where the girl's blood-stained mattress had been.

And Bear?

He just watched.

**

Footsteps echoed in the silence. I crawled to the door, my knees scraping against concrete, my body already trembling for what he'd give me—or take away.

The keys jangled. The door creaked open.

Master stood at the entrance, his polished shoes gleaming under the dim light. He scrutinised me, his gaze lingering on the way my hands shook. Then, slowly, he closed the door behind him. The keys slipped back into his pocket.

“My, my, my,”

he drawled, tilting his head.

“Look at you. Like a dog waiting for scraps.”

I nodded, my eyes darting to his pocket.

“Pathetic,”

he sighed, crouching to my level. His fingers gripped my chin, forcing me to meet his eyes.

“You’d lick the floor for a taste, wouldn’t you?”

I swallowed hard.

“Go on,”

he murmured, releasing me with a shove.

“Ask nicely.”

“Please,”

I said, but my voice cracked.

“Please...?”

“Please, Daddy.”

“Good girl.”

A slow smile curled his lips. My breath hitched as his hand dipped into his pocket.

“Ah—ah. Get on the bed and offer your holes to me first. Let me see how much you really want it.”

I jumped up and scurried to the bed. My heart raced in anticipation of my next pill. I lay on the bed, but I faced him, spreading myself open and staring at him as he walked toward me. His eyes were focused on my pussy, so I began to rub myself, placing my heels on the edge of the bed. I pushed three fingers inside, moving them in and out, watching him tug his tie off before he pulled his zip down.

“Tsk. Look how used you've become. Like a stretched-out toy no one wants anymore,”

he said, making me pause.

“Open wider. Spread your arse for me. Offer me that tight, warm hole.”

I moved my hands around my legs to grip my flesh and pulled as hard as I could until I felt the painful stretch in my flesh. Nothing mattered, only my next fix.

“Yes, doll. Oh, my. Almost perfect,”

he said, reaching over me to place Bear beside my head.

“That’s better.”

He removed his jacket, tossing it on the bed.

“How about two pills and no lube?”

he said, palming my breasts together.

“Would you like that, doll?”

I began to shake but nodded my head. He straightened to dig a hand in his trouser

pocket, and I eagerly opened my mouth. He dropped the pills into my mouth, and I quickly gulped them down, ignoring the edges poking against my throat as I swallowed several times until they vanished.

He spat in his palm and rubbed it over the tip of his cock.

“What do you say, doll?”

“Thank you, Daddy,”

I said, relaxing on the bed, rubbing my face into Bear’s fur.

That night, I screamed, cried and begged for more. More pain, more humiliation and more of my Daddy’s cock. I was lost.

**

I blinked awake, my skin slick with sweat. Something was wrong. The heat wasn't just from the stifling basement. It was from him. Master lay beside me, his bare chest rising and falling in sleep, one arm draped possessively over my waist.

The door. He never locked the door.

I clamped a hand over my mouth to stifle my breathing, which had turned ragged and loud in my ears. This had never happened before.

Was it a test, a trap, a cruel game where the punishment would be worse if I failed? Was it a game of cat and mouse, the one I never won?

My gaze darted to the pile of his clothes on the table—his shirt, his belt, and, half-buried in the fabric, the knife. The blade caught the dim light, glinting like a dare. My

blood dried on it tonight and countless times before.

Six months? Six years? How long until he got bored? My future had been set in stone by him. I'd end up like the girls before me or the girl I watched him drain the life out of. The one he killed while he rutted me like a beast.

Bear lay on the floor, his button eyes fixed on me.

“Move or die,”

he seemed to say, but that could be the pills.

I carefully slithered off the bed, my bare stomach and breasts scraping against the mattress edge. The pain from the knife was sharp and grounding. I paused, but Master's breathing didn't change.

Death had always hovered over me, a breath against the back of my neck, but tonight, I would outrun it.

Fuck him. Fuck my mother. Fuck the years I'd spent counting cracks in the walls like they were stars.

I grabbed Bear, the knife, and the shirt that reeked of him, the one he'd left crumpled on the table like a second skin. The fabric slithered against my arms as I pulled it on, the sleeves swallowing my hands whole.

The door groaned as I pressed against it, my fingers memorising the exact pressure point where the hinges stayed silent. For seven years, this door had been my world. Now, it was nothing. It was simply wood and metal, but I never wanted to hear the lock click again. I paused before it opened, not knowing what to expect once it opened.

I left the door ajar so there would be no sound, and I bolted up the stairs, taking care not to slap my feet against the stone staircase. There was another door, but when I tried the handle, it opened.

I was free.

The garage was a tomb of shadows and oil stains. Moonlight bled through the grimy windows, painting the concrete in streaks of silver. My bare feet slapped against the cold floor, sending echoes bouncing off the walls.

Too loud. Too loud. Fuck. Too loud. Too loud.

Another door, and then there was real air. I sucked it in, flooding my lungs and senses with the sharp pine and damp earth scent. The dark sky yawned above me, endless and uncaring. The clouds slithered across the moon, but it was enough. Enough to see the outline of the main house, its windows dark. Enough to run.

I didn't look back, but I cursed the devil. I wasn't worthy to reside beneath his home. He had me in an outbuilding, locked away to use and abuse. I wasn't sure if it was hallucinations, drugs or my dad in the stars watching over me as I found the courage, but I moved.

Fuck him. Fuck him. Fuck him.

With each movement, that was my mantra. The rage and adrenaline forced me to run as fast as I could, with twigs biting into my feet and stones tearing at my soles. The pain was beautiful, and I felt alive. Each step sent fire up my legs, but I welcomed it. The wall loomed ahead, its bricks rough under my palms as I hauled myself over. For the first time in years, I moved.

That's when I heard it. A dull thud of a door slamming.

A voice, raw with rage, splitting the night.

“I’m going to fucking kill you, he howled.

I ran faster.

Fuck him.

**

My legs burned, my lungs screaming for air as I crashed through the undergrowth. The knife was slick in my grip, the handle biting into my palm like a living thing. I couldn’t stop. Not now. Not when his voice slithered through the trees, closer with every second.

“I see you, doll,”

he taunted, trying to get under my skin.

The flashlight beam cut through the darkness, painting the forest in jagged stripes of light and shadow. I ducked behind a thick oak, pressing my back against the bark. My breath came in ragged gasps, my heart pounding so loud I was sure he could hear it.

Crack.

A branch snapped under my foot. The sound was a gunshot in the silence.

His laughter was a blade against my spine.

“I’m going to fucking amputate your feet. You won’t be able to run on stumps, you fucking cunt,”

he bellowed with fury vibrating in his voice.

His footsteps thundered behind me, closer, but I ran for my life.

The trees blurred. My bare feet continued to tear against roots and rocks, but the pain was nothing compared to the terror clawing up my throat. He was gaining. I could feel him, his breath hot on my neck, his fingers itching to drag me back.

The knife trembled in my hand.

I wouldn't go back. I couldn't.

A few moments later, his hand fisted in my hair, yanking it until the world spun. Only this time, I didn't freeze. This time, I moved. Bear tumbled from my hand as I twisted, the knife flashing in the dark. The blade sank into his shoulder with a wet crunch. His blood was hot. Hotter than the shower, he'd scalded me in. Hotter than the fever dreams I'd drowned in. It splattered my face, my chest, my hands marking me.

Stab. Stab. Stab.

He roared, shoving me back. I hit the dirt, gasping, but my fingers found Bear before my lungs found air. His button eyes gleamed in the fallen flashlight's glow, his stitched smile smeared with dirt.

Master clutched his bloody body, his breath ragged. "You—"

I didn't let him finish.

I ran.

The knife stayed in my grip, his blood drying between my fingers.

I couldn't let go of it even if I tried.

The trees blurred again, and the night swallowed his screams of rage.

For the first time in seven years, I was ahead of him.

I continued to run for my life, and I thought I was free for one breathless second.

Then, the world exploded in white.

Twin beams, blinding as bright as hellfire, ripped through the night.

Tires screeched.

Metal screamed. My body left the ground before I could even gasp, limbs twisting like a doll's as the car struck me. The impact was a star bursting behind my ribs.

I hit the tarmac hard.

Too hard.

The taste of copper flooded my mouth, warm and thick.

Blood.

My blood. It poured from my temple, pooling beneath my cheek in a slick, dark halo. The knife was gone. Bear lay a few feet beside me.

Footsteps pounded toward me—voices, muffled. Then, frantic, they cut through the

ringing in my ears.

“Oh shit. She came out of nowhere. Oh, God. Call an ambulance!”

“Is she alive?!”

But I already knew the truth. Freedom had been a dream, and death had won. The edges of my vision frayed, darkness creeping in like ink in water.

My lips curled.

Fuck him.

Part III

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Saul

I stayed awake all night.

Even with the sedative, she tossed and turned.

Sometimes mumbling Daddy or Master but always clutching her teddy bear to her chest.

I thought she was having a seizure the way she hit the floor and began to shake uncontrollably.

Dom talked me through it all.

I could operate under harsh conditions, but the breakdown caught me off guard.

The various men I knew had very different types of PTSD, but none as extreme as hers. I sighed and pulled her a little closer to me.

My phone glowed, and I picked it up from the nightstand.

Grayson: I have a lead. There was some chatter in the club about a man who had a blonde girl in his basement.

He used to recruit men to have free use of the girl.

Fuck. I hope it isn't her, but these events happened in groups. I'm still hunting down a

name.

I thought of her terror and mumbling.

My heart sank because I had a feeling this was the girl from the basement.

I texted back using one hand.

Me: I think it might be her.

Text me every bit of detail they gave you, and as she comes around I will try and get answers.

Try and get a match on a location close to where she was found.

I paused because this guy could be wealthy or a member at Club X.

Possibly the kind to take things too far at the club, like me.

Anything Grayson sent would be passed onto Dylan.

Me: Check if it might be a member or someone you previously banned from the club.

I placed the phone back but face down and turned towards Jane, listening to her steady breathing.

The prefrontal cortex of the brain is used for planning, judgement and decision-making, and a woman's brain develops until their early to mid-twenties.

I could only speculate the damage done to her psyche, but I knew the human mind, soul, and spirit were resilient enough to be healed.

From how she acted before her flashbacks, her acquired tastes would not be classed as normal by societal standards.

My fingers moved along the rough scars on her arm as my eyes closed.

She wouldn't descend in a downward spiral.

There were bound to be bumps in the road, but that was to be expected.

I wouldn't give up on her.

**

I was met with her wide, pale blue eyes when I opened my eyes.

Her pupils dilated to match the darker ring around the blue.

Her plump pink lips parted, and the memory of them around my shaft.

I almost groaned at my morning wood reacting to the memory while staring at her lips.

Dom did this to me on purpose.

They probably all got together and had a good laugh before setting me up with this temptation—the broken girl with innocent eyes and a subconscious need to be dominated.

“Good morning, sugar,”

I said, my voice rough from sleep.

My thumb moved over her wrist, pressing to feel the steady increase in her pulse and breathing. Her eyes showed no fear, but I didn't miss the glint of recognition.

"Do you remember me, sugar? I asked softly, staring into her eyes as her pulse raced faster.

When she didn't respond, I used my free hand to grasp a handful of her hair.

She flinched, and I saw a flash of fear in her eyes.

Her body became tense until she inhaled a deep breath.

The pulse continued to race, but her body relaxed against my chest.

I closed the gap and gently kissed her lips, loosening my grip on her hair.

Her lips parted, and pride blossomed in my heart for the brave girl I held.

I traced the tip of my tongue over her lips, feeling her tremors, but I stroked her hair until they stopped. I pulled back to look at her confused and slightly dazed eyes.

She needed structure, time and dominance.

It would be a delicate balance.

Dom had been right to come to me.

This wasn't my punishment. She might just be my redemption.

"I know you remembered something about your past before I sedated you, sugar.

Dr Arin and Dr Dom left you in my care because there was no other safe option for you.

I am your Master, and unless you use your voice, I will push you hard.

Hard enough to break you,”

I said, rubbing my thumb on her damp lip.

“You’re not alone, sugar, but I will not allow you to cower away and hide like you’ve done for the last seven months.”

She blinked rapidly while staring blankly at me, but I saw she was processing the information I’d given her. It wasn’t the vacant look from before. Her brain would be picking apart scenarios and trying to piece them together. I knew she had a voice, but I also knew her brain was trying to protect her.

As she pieced herself together, I would be picking her apart until she flaunted her scars like a warrior and wore her trauma like a badge of honour. A true survivor in this ugly world.

“Time for a shower and breakfast, sugar,”

I said, sitting up before I pulled the covers off her.

I pushed my hand beneath her waist and knees to scoop her up, startling her, but it didn’t stop her from putting her arm around my neck. What surprised me was that she held her teddy bear in her other hand. She pushed it to her face. I paused to watch as she buried her face into its cream fur. Dr Arin made the right call about the stuffed toy. It might have been her only comfort through her abuse.

“Your bear can join us if he doesn’t mind getting wet,”

I said, hoisting her up to slide off the bed.

She hid her face behind the bear but didn’t speak. I didn’t care because I was happy that her eyes showed signs of life and her pulse was more responsive. She might hate me by the time I’d finished with her, but I was willing to add one more burden on my black soul.

Once I placed her on the floor, I turned the shower on, sticking my hand under the water to check the temperature. When I turned to remove her T-shirt, her eyes were locked in horror at the water, and her body shook as she stared at the steam. Her fingers clawed into the bear’s plump belly.

Murder, torture and rape. The war crimes committed in the military were an inside secret. Acceptable and, back then, encouraged. Did it surprise me that my government got away with it when the international case was dismissed? Not in the least. Perhaps we were better off focusing on protecting our people rather than plundering other nations.

“Sugar, did he burn you with hot water?”

I asked her.

Her eyes broke away from the shower, and she looked at me in surprise.

“I was in the Army. I witnessed and committed many questionable tactics,”

I said quietly as I lowered the temperature of the water.

“I won’t hurt you unless you want me to, sugar, but you will need to use your words.”

She stared at me as I lifted her T-shirt up, but she let me take her T-shirt off, swapping her bear in her hand as I pulled each arm out. Her motor skills had improved, and in no time, she should be coming along in leaps and bounds.

I narrowed my eyes on her when she stared at my shoulders and chest. Her fear was gone as she inspected me. I closed my eyes as hers travelled down my body. My dick was trying to poke its way out of my shorts. There was no hiding that.

When she dropped to her knees, pulling my shorts down as the dull thud of her knees hit the tiles. I could only look at her in shock as her bear fell to the floor. That's when I felt the burn from her nails as she pulled my shorts down. Her hand wrapped around my cock before she kissed the tip before licking the head.

?What the fuck was happening?

Her pale eyes glittered like broken glass, razor-focused, cutting through me. There was no fear. No plea. Merely a quiet defiance in the form of her raised chin. Then she used those pink pouting lips and tightened them around me, sucking the breath from my lungs before she took me deeper.

I reached down to stroke her cheek before I gathered her hair back, ignoring the rushing sound of the shower and billowing steam that piled out towards us. The need to defile her was always simmering beneath my 'noble' intentions. Her actions tore the need to the forefront. She wanted to finish what I started.

Oh, little girl. You've opened the gateway to my insanity.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

The panic I felt was inconceivable when I woke up next to the naked man, but the longer I remained frozen and inspected his face, the glimpses of memories started to poke through my brain. He was the new Master, but he kept me in his house. In his room. He talked to me, told me stories about his childhood sibling rivalry, showed me his home, and cooked for me.

My new Master treated me like a human. He talked too much, though, and always tried to make me talk back. I almost touched his beard to know what it felt like, but I wasn't sure if it would make him angry. His upper lip was slightly thinner, but his lower lip was thicker. It made me want to bite it and dig my teeth before soothing it with a lick or kiss. I frowned at him. The urge didn't feel natural. It was new.

He opened his eyes, and I'd frozen not out of fear but fascination.

The colour of his vibrant green eyes was stunning.

They had a disjointed circle of amber around the pupil, green and aqua-blue.

He wasn't the devil. I stabbed him. Yes, I stabbed him. Stab. Stab. Stab. I forgot to stab his neck. In my panic, I stabbed his chest.

It hurt my head to think about the devil.

The new Master started to talk, and I remembered vague recollections of doctors.

I think I was in hospitals for a long time.

He picked me up, and I felt Bear behind me.

I grasped him, holding him to my chest before placing him over my face to inhale his clean scent. Someone had washed him. He smelled different, better.

The sound of the shower, burning water and suffocating steam.

My brain became locked into the devil's anger and the pain his anger brought me.

Until—until Master's voice brought me back.

His soft words. The confession, but it was the pain in his eyes.

Pain. I missed the pain. Or was it the pills?

I didn't want Master's green eyes to be in pain.

I looked at his body.

It was different from his, bigger, stronger and his scent.

I inhaled it in but needed more.

The tip of his cock edged out of his shorts, and I knew what I needed.

To distract us both.

Bear fell from my hands as I dropped to my knees, scraping my nails against Masters's legs as I took his shorts with me—something I'd done a million times

before but never like this.

My fingers barely wrapped around his cock.

It was hard and thick, thicker than his.

I kissed the head, noticing the clear liquid on the tip.

I licked him.

My eyes travelled up his body until I saw his green eyes.

I slowly sucked him into my mouth, tilting my chin up when his lips parted.

The need to pleasure him and to show him who I was took over—the raw need to bare myself to him.

I pushed down his hot length, squeezing my thighs together as he filled my mouth.

I almost closed my eyes when his fingers stroked my cheek, but he moved his hand to gather my hair.

“Such a good girl, sugar.

You look so good...full of me between your lips,”

Master said as a dark shadow passed in his passionate green eyes.

“Get me wet.”

His command made me weak, and I was glad I knelt on the floor. I did as he ordered,

using my tongue and gathering saliva in my mouth while rubbing my hand up and down the base of his cock, feeling every bump as his flesh strained beneath my grip.

Yes, this is what I needed.

His groan of pleasure made me feel powerful. His grip tightened on my hair, but it wasn't tight enough for me. I moved down his cock, swallowing him up, pushing him past my throat, relaxing, sucking, licking and tasting the salty dew on my tongue.

“Oh, fuuuckkk,”

Master moaned loudly and gave me what I wanted.

His fingers gripped my head, and he thrust himself down my neck. The feel of him stretching me, gagging me until my throat convulsed around him, only made me tighten my lips around him. He held my head and started to fuck me hard and fast.

“Oh, yeah, baby. Just like that, sugar,”

he said, but the quiver in his voice gave him away.

“My beautiful cock-sucking slave.”

His words made me pause for a second.

He was claiming me, but I was claiming him.

I lifted my hand from the cold tile and rubbed his balls.

It wasn't a gentle touch. I squeezed them until I felt them flex. The loose skin became taut, and he thrust deeper with another groan leaving his lips.

I glanced up at him to see his flared nostrils.

His green eyes flared as he looked into my eyes.

A slow smile curled his lips.

He pulled me onto him, closing the gap until I couldn't breathe. The soft curls of his hair touched my nose as tears trickled down my cheeks. I continued to swallow, keeping my eyes on him until he pulled out with an animalistic growl. He pulled me to my feet, throwing me over his shoulder and stomped back to the bedroom.

Me?

I grinned because I won.

I bounced on the bed, trying to focus as Master ripped his shorts away from his thighs.

When he plummeted towards the bed, I almost screamed, but he landed close to my legs, pulling them apart and started to lick my wet pussy.

I ached everywhere, the need to cum, clawing at the pit of my belly.

His bruising fingers dug into my thighs while I ground myself on his face.

When he sucked my clit into his mouth, it was as rough as my grip on his balls.

This was new. Better.

“Fuck, you taste like honey,”

he groaned before burying his tongue inside of me.

My fingers gripped his hair. It was long enough for me to yank it while I raised my hips, pushing his tongue deeper. The devil never kissed me here. But then again, he never had to. I wanted to beg him to fuck me, use me, make me cum, make it hurt, but my voice was mine. He would be on me like the Gestapo as soon as I used it.

He licked upwards and released my thigh, but only to push his fingers inside me. His mouth latched onto my clit as he fucked me with his thick fingers until I howled. He gripped my hip to hold me down while he worked his wicked magic.

I released his hair and touched my breasts, squeezing my nipples so hard that I gushed around his fingers. The slight bumps of the scars beneath my skin didn't bother me because I was too focused on the pain as I dug my nails into my flesh. He pushed my hands away, and I looked down at him. His lips glistened, the hair close to his mouth was damp, and his eyes glowed dangerously.

“Mine,”

he snapped at me, but it made me do was clench around his fingers.

He pulled his fingers out, and I scowled at him, but he smiled before he sucked his fingers into his mouth. I couldn't take my eyes off his mouth or the pleasure on his face as he tasted me.

This man was seriously fucked up, and I loved it. I pulled my legs up and spread myself for him. His eyes automatically dropped to my pussy. I hoped he could read my eyes because I wanted it all.

I wanted him so deep inside of me that I would forget the scent of the devil—the cologne, whiskey, sweat, and mints. The thought of them made me want to heave.

No. I wanted Master to hurt me, to take my pain away, and I wanted it right now. I wanted to feel him in my bones. For him to split me open so the last of the devil would fall out.

I felt like an uncontrollable storm, but Master Saul was the electric lightning piercing through the black clouds of my storm.

Saul

The rabid hunger in her eyes took my breath away. Her eyes were sharp—this wasn't a psychotic manifestation. This was her awakening after seven months of hiding herself away in the mental asylum. She was using her body to scream instead of her voice. I was more than happy to accommodate her.

I slapped her thigh. The sound cracked around my room like a whip.

“Oh...Aghh,”

she moaned as her eyes half-closed in pleasure, pulling her legs higher, begging for more.

I glanced at the red mark on her thigh and slapped the other one, smiling when she reacted in the same manner.

“Look at you. Begging for more, sugar. Hungry for it,”

I said, not giving her time before I slapped her wet pussy so hard that she spoke.

“Master,”

she sighed, closing her eyes before she spoke.

“Oh, please...again!”

Affection filled my heart as she bravely used her words. For the first time, it felt as if she said my name. Not as a lifeless object but a brave woman pushing through her past. I rubbed her pink pussy as it wept, but I didn't know if it was for me or the pain.

“My good girl,”

I cooed, circling my fingers around her clit.

I gave her what she needed. A slap so hard that it burned the tips of my fingers and turned her flesh from pink to red.

“Agrhhh. Yes,”

she hissed through the pain.

I crouched over her, kissing her straining neck, running my tongue over her soft skin. She froze beneath me. The fact that she was used to harsh treatment but not tender made me close my eyes for a second. I kissed the crook of her neck, leading to her clavicle, until I felt her hesitant fingertips touch my shoulder.

Her vulnerability was her greatest gift to me, more than her trust. I pulled back to look at her eyes. They sparkled with unshed tears. She looked away from me, hiding. Ashamed? I cupped her cheek, using my thumb to wipe away the tears.

“You're mine, sugar. No one will ever harm you again. I don't know if you killed him, but if you didn't, I will,”

I vowed, pulling her face back toward me to kiss her damp cheek.

She didn't speak, but I didn't expect her to.

“I hope you didn't because I know ways to inflict pain that he couldn't imagine,”

I whispered in her ear.

I smiled when her lips parted in a silent gasp, and her eyes widened in shock. Her nails dug into my shoulders as she held onto me like her anchor. She needed to know who I was because this was her only warning before I claimed every broken piece of her shattered body and dark soul. Especially when her darkness crept out, I would suck it all up to save her.

“I’m not going anywhere, sugar. You're stuck with me,”

I said, tracing my finger over her lips.

My smile vanished when she snapped her head up and swallowed my finger, holding it between her teeth before she licked it. My cock jerked between us, and I saw a fraction of her lips turn up as she released my finger.

“Such a naughty girl, sugar,”

I said, pushing my hand between us, lifting my hips to rub my tip along her opening.

I stared into her playful blue eyes, and I realised the truth. I wasn't her salvation. She was mine. My head dipped down as I claimed her mouth while guiding my cock inside her hot wet cunt, closing my eyes to savour the taste of her mouth. Her hands wrapped around my neck as I plundered inside of her.

My heart beat to one single word on repeat. Mine.

Her cries of pleasure were muffled against my mouth. I took advantage and pushed my tongue against hers. The same way her hips lifted to meet my downward thrusts. I

slipped my arm around her back, gripping her hair while I fucked her as if to carve my name on her insides. To wash away the demons of her past.

Her tongue battled against mine, her muffled cries morphing into moans of pleasure as I repeatedly plunged inside her soft tissue. Her hand tugged at my hair, but the other wandered to my ass, digging her nails into me, demanding more. I broke the kiss and placed my hands beside her golden hair to stare into her eyes.

“Mine,”

I growled.

Her mouth opened, panting loudly, placing her hand on my chest, but her pussy contracted around me. She nodded her head, clenching my dick while I pulled free and continued to thrust deep inside her tight, clutching hole. The force of my pounding caused her tits to bounce. I didn't see her scars. I only saw the beauty of her survival. The bravest person I'd ever met.

“You're beautiful, sugar. I've got you,”

I said, pinning her leg to the bed to angle my thrusts upward, rubbing against her until she fell apart for me, screaming as she did.

I grimaced as she squeezed my cock.

Until it throbbed and jerked.

My ball's tightened painfully, and I filled her pussy with my cum, grateful that Dom had the hindsight to sort her birth control out before releasing her to me.

I groaned as she fluttered around me.

I kept moving, slapping my hot flesh against hers, ensuring she took every last drop of me.

The release was unlike any other, and at forty-two, I'd fucked many women but never with a raw connection like this.

I covered her body, keeping her warm, safe and moving inside her—a reminder to us both.

We would never be over.

I nuzzled into her damp hairline, inhaling the sweet scent of her shampoo from our bath the night before.

She sighed against my chest and wrapped her arms around my waist.

My eyes snapped open when her pussy contracted around me again.

I gently kissed her forehead, slipping my arm around her waist to hold her tightly. She buried her face into my neck, clinging to me.

Forever with this woman wasn't enough.

**

Guilt ate away at me when her stomach rumbled.

I cleaned her up and tucked her into bed before I went downstairs to make us breakfast.

I took up toast, omelette, and tea, but since I was the cause of her hunger, I added

some toast with peanut butter and sliced bananas.

I didn't know what she took in her tea, so I added milk and sugar to the tray.

When I reached the bedroom doorway, she was sitting up and staring at the window.

I nudged the door open, and she turned to face me.

Her eyes were soft, her cheeks glowing, and when she saw the mountain of food, she hid her smile with a shyness that made my heart stutter.

I noticed her bear was in the bed beside her, and for a fraction of a second, insane jealousy of a stuffed toy burned the pit of my stomach.

I'd killed humans.

So why was I plotting murder against fabric and fluff? To hide my shame, I smiled widely at her.

She would stab and run if she ever discovered the depths of my darkness.

No, she was mine, and I aimed to ensnare her the way she had me.

I would use every low-life bastard trick in the book, and if that didn't work, I would write a new book.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

The fear of the unknown had prevented me from trying harder to escape.

The fear of being caught and punished kept me silently bound to the devil.

In one morning, Master made me feel beautiful and human.

His words pushed my self-doubt and fear to the far recesses of my mind.

He wasn't a normal human, but neither was I.

He had fewer scars than me, but he knew pain and emotional torment.

I gazed out the window, seeing the high wall Master had promised me.

He didn't tell me about the rows of curled barbed wire on top of it.

The sky was clear, and the sun shone into the room.

I inhaled the scent of us as I heard his footsteps coming up the stairs.

An echo of the past made me shiver, but I was no longer in his basement.

He left me speechless when he gently washed me with a damp towel, tossing it aside to tuck me into bed before putting his shorts on and rushing downstairs to make us breakfast.

Tears welled up at the door he left open.

I remembered all his words when he encouraged me to explore the house and vast gardens.

I was free, and I was safe, not something that I was used to.

My fingers squeezed Bear, hoping this wasn't a cruel dream and I was still in the grey basement.

The door jerked open, and I stared at him.

My Master.

My saviour.

My eyes dropped to the tray he held, which was loaded with enough food for days. I covered my smile, remembering how hard he made me cum not so long ago. It was strange. I thought I would hate men. All men.

How could a man make my stomach flutter the way he did? Why did I trust him?

I pursed my lips, trying to stop the tears, when I saw he had cut my toast into four bite-sized pieces. Not even my mother did that for me. I closed my eyes because that was a shit comparison.

“You don't like bananas, or is it the peanut butter?” he asked.

I swallowed the lump in my throat; shaking my head, I picked up the whole wheat toast and took a bite of it. The taste of the soft, sweet banana with the salty, smooth peanut butter made me look up at him. His smile dimmed, and he wiped my tears for

the second time.

“Milk or sugar in your tea?”

he asked casually, and I was grateful he did not make a fuss about my overwrought state.

I shook my head, taking a larger bite of the crispy toast.

“You take your tea black?”

he asked with a heavy dose of scepticism and a bitchy eyebrow raised that nearly hit his hairline.

“What are you? My ninety-year-old nan?”

I choked on my toast and grabbed the tea, but he was beside me, tilting me over and rubbing my back.

“Maybe you need my nan’s dentures to learn how to chew,”

he muttered, but he didn't stop rubbing my back.

I took a sip of my tea and sighed at the strong black brew.

“Thank you,”

I whispered.

He paused and stroked my hair.

I watched him from the corner of my eye as he sniffed it.

I worried for a moment, thinking that I stank.

My showers were limited in the basement, but Master's eyes were closed.

He moved around to climb on the bed, and I quickly smelled my hair, but all I could smell was floral shampoo.

Did he enjoy smelling my hair?

He tucked into his toast and omelette, pushing my plate toward me.

I didn't remember the taste of food after the accident.

Master started to chat about today's plan.

He talked about his work. I don't think he mentioned it before. He had a private security firm. I relaxed because I knew the barbed wire wasn't here to keep me in—I think.

I watched him as he talked and ate, not focusing on his words but on his energetic hand movements and expressions.

His cracks and inner torment were gone, and he was like a different person.

Was it that easy to mimic a normal person?

“You know you'll have to talk to me at some point, sugar. I don't want to call you Jane,”

he said softly, forcing me to focus on his words again.

I could feel the walls closing in on me, and I avoided the hard green eyes that didn't match his tone.

The truth was I didn't like him calling me Jane either.

He made us so scared that I never shared my name with the girl for two years.

Not even a whisper in case he found out.

She would have told him. The thought of saying it out loud made my hands tremble.

Master took the mug from my hand, and I noticed a dark stain on the white covers.

I gasped, grabbing some napkins frantically, trying to minimise the damage.

The more I stared at it, the more it reminded me of the girl's blood seeping onto the mattress.

Her neck gaped open by the devil's blade.

My heart beat faster, wondering if he would get angry at me, punish me or worse, toss me aside. He covered my hand with his. The instant warmth gave me comfort while the pressure stopped my tremors.

"It's only bedsheets, sugar.

They can be replaced.

You can't,"

he said, and I cautiously glanced at him through my lashes, but his expression was solemn.

I bit my lower lip as my eyes roved down his naked chest towards his—

He snorted and pulled his hand away.

“Three meals and two snacks. Finish all your food first,”

he scoffed.

I smiled and picked up my plate.

**

The warmth of the sun shone on my face, and a gentle breeze tousled my hair.

The scent of spring’s damp soil and sweet cherry blossoms filled the air.

Master hugged me closer to him, trying to fuse our hips together, and I smiled, leaning into him.

I had the freedom to venture outside anytime I wanted, but I'd wait for him by the door.

His towering strength chased away the tendrils of dread in my belly.

I tried, but I stood in the doorway for so long that Master came up behind me, placing his arm around my waist and dropping a kiss on the top of my head.

There was no mockery or snide digs, only silent, unconditional support.

I walked, and he talked, but I loved the sound of his voice—gruff, soft, and happy.

I snaked my arm around his waist, making him pause as he talked about the 600-year-old oak tree in his garden.

My fingers tightened around him as we walked past his pride and joy.

I longed to speak to him, but fear held me back.

My lonely existence from my past was too overwhelming—fear of his questions.

We stepped onto the soft grass close to some flowerbeds.

I'd never appreciated the busy bees or the flutter of butterflies before.

It was difficult to admire them when my own wings had been clipped.

Master spoke about the doctor who showed him my picture and told him my story.

When he paused, I glanced up at him.

“Your eyes haunted my dreams,”

he said softly.

“I didn't know why until now.”

I held my breath, but he didn't continue. When I yanked on his sweatshirt, he began to chuckle.

“If you want to know, you have to use your words, sugar,”

he said, smiling as we reached the pond.

I wondered if it was deep enough to drown him.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Saul

I stood by the window with my binoculars, following her every step in the garden.

When she stopped at the giant oak tree, she touched the rough bark, staring up at the branches.

Her lips moved, and she patted the trunk before moving on.

Her days of reprieve since that morning were up.

The way she reacted to spilling her tea left me in a murderous rage.

I saw the moment she left me—her eyes gone, her hands clawing at ghosts.

The wound I couldn't stitch. There was no word back from Grayson. The useless cu—

She bent down to pick something up.

I zoomed into her hand to see the tiny ladybird.

I read all her medical files until they were memorised.

She hadn't been outside in years. When I got my hands on that sick bastard—

My hands began to crush the binoculars, but I took a deep breath and focused on my

nameless girl.

She placed the ladybird on a leaf, waving to it and saying goodbye.

Goddammit. I wanted to hear her melodic voice, too. I bet she talked to the bear when I wasn't in the room.

Her head moved from side to side, looking for something.

She swivelled around, and I hit the floor.

I needed to get a grip on reality.

I pulled my phone out to speak to Grayson. If he couldn't get me an update soon, I would drive myself crazy. He answered as I peered through the binoculars again.

**

He got what he wanted.

Stuffed between us with the permanently stitched smirk on his face.

His evil black button eyes taunted me as I climbed into bed.

I gave her a generous week to adjust, but her time ran out tomorrow morning.

She smiled at me and put the bear on the other side of her pillow to snuggle up to me.

I wrapped my hand around her waist, moving it to stroke her hair while giving the bear my middle finger before sneaking my hand back to her waist.

She might have been conditioned to obey, but I wanted to claw every part of his power away from her.

After spending the last week with her, the only thing that changed was the level of my obsession.

We both loved sex.

Rough, soft, inside or outside.

All she needed was to give me the look, and I was on top of her.

I rested my hand on her ass.

Tomorrow, her time was up.

It was time to show her what I was capable of.

Interrogation would never be the same again.

**

I woke with a predator's smile curling my lips.

Today, the gloves came off.

Seven days of patience had cost me every ounce of restraint, but dawn painted my room in the pale light, and my golden-haired captive slept on, oblivious.

My grin faltered when I spotted that damned bear smugly propped against her pillow.

One flick of my wrist sent it tumbling to the floor.

The action should've woken her, but she only sighed, fingers twitching against my chest where she'd claimed me in her sleep.

I lifted her hand, pressing kisses to each fingertip like a man savouring his last meal.

The covers rustled as I drew them down, revealing the roadmap of her suffering—pale scars crisscrossing her forearms.

My thumb traced the worst one, a jagged line near her wrist.

Beautiful,”

I murmured, though the word tasted like ash when I thought of the man we suspected.

She stirred as I rolled her onto her back, vest top riding up to expose the evidence of starvation now softened by weeks of my forced feeding.

The dip of her waist filled my palm differently now.

Her lips parted on a sleepy exhale.

I watched the flutter of her lashes, the healthy pink in those once-sallow cheeks.

The body healed, but the mind was still broken—the mind that hid away her secrets.

Today, I'd crack her open—not to break her but to remake her.

I slowly opened the nightstand drawer and gathered my arsenal of weapons to use against her.

There was no corner in the world that I wouldn't burn down to hunt the bastard that did this to her.

Grayson procured a name, but I needed her verification before I took him.

My hand tightened on the handle of the tasselled whip, wishing it was the bastard's throat.

I took a deep breath because he was the first of many.

My hypocrisy knew no boundaries.

The men who abused her knew what they were doing, just as I knew how to manipulate my broken angel.

I secured her wrists after gently prying her hand away from her face.

My knife sliced through her black vest and silken knickers, gently pulling them out from under her.

I paused to inhale the soft, damp gusset.

It wasn't enough. I inhaled deeper. My eyes opened, and I stared at my sleeping angel.

She was mine.

So were the secrets she hid inside her brain.

I leaned down and breathed the words against her ear.

“It’s time to wake up, sugar,”

I said, smiling because by breakfast time, I would know her name.

Her eyelashes flickered, soft blue eyes stared back at me and pink lips that briefly donned a smile. She tugged at her wrists while I watched her. There was no fear. I pressed my fingers on her neck to check her pulse.

“It’s time to speak, sugar. It’s time to use your words,”

I said, feeling her pulse race.

“I want your name, but first, I will share a name with you.”

A visible shiver made her arms jerk on the pillow. I dug my fingers into her neck.

“Jacob Athill,”

I said quietly.

Recognition flared in her eyes, and she yanked her wrists from the bed, writhing beneath me. The metal handcuffs clinked together. I released her neck because I got the confirmation I required, but I moved my body on top of her as she began to hyperventilate.

“Deep breaths, sugar, deep breaths,”

I said, staring into her frantic eyes. I took deep breaths and exhaled them until she struggled to mimic me.

If she could, she would try to run away. From me. From us. From him.

“That’s it. In and out. Keep going,”

I said, moving the stray strands of hair away from her hair and uncovering the scar on her forehead.

“No one is ever going to take you away from me. Ever.”

She continued to breathe heavily. Her mouth opened and closed, but there was no sound.

“You’re safe. He can’t get to us. You know I have perimeter intrusion detectors and cameras. I showed you. Do you remember?”

I said, nodding at her until she mirrored my action.

“Good girl.”

I released her neck but leaned back to trail my fingertips down her body. Tracing one scar to the next until I reached her nipple. I paused to circle my finger around the perfect pink bud.

“I never thought I would kill again, sugar, but for you, I’m going to hunt every single one of them down. Enjoy their terrified screams of pain. Their suffering will become my masterpiece. Push them over the edge until there is nothing left but an empty shell,”

I said, pinching her hardened nipple with a smile.

“It looks like you enjoy the sound of that.”

The fear on her face was her realisation that she wanted them all dead too, or it could

be knowing her captor was alive. I snaked my hand down to her pussy.

Wet.

Slippery.

Mine.

“Give me your name, darling,”

I said, bathing my fingers in her sticky dew and gliding them through her folds until her eyes dilated and her breathing became erratic.

Her chest rose and fell rapidly, but the fear was gone. I smiled at her and trailed my fingers downward, resting them between her fleshy cheeks and teasing the rough skin with my fingertips. Her mouth fell open, and she started to pant.

“Give me your name, and I will give you what you need. Here,”

I said, increasing the pressure against her backdoor.

She parted her legs for me, but her tactics wouldn't work on me. Not this morning. I reached for the whip, watching her eyes light up as I flicked the soft leather before trailing them from her neck to her pussy until she groaned.

I could wait.

She couldn't.

Her silence was her final defiance, and right now, I merely existed for one purpose. To break her.

Sometimes, you have to be cruel to be kind.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:30 pm

Maeve

The smile on his lips contradicted the unrelenting determination in his eyes. He knew. He knew the devil's name. The name I never spoke because I knew it would be a death sentence for me. I didn't kill him, but Master was offering me more, but it came with a price.

My breath hitched as his hand lifted, and the sharp whip cut through the air. A hundred whispered secrets dragged across my thighs, each suede strand kissing and then stinging like nettles. I arched against the cuffs as they teased the same path three times, four until my skin hummed with anticipation.

I closed my eyes, savouring the sensations before they vanished. I opened my eyes, silently begging for more. Offering my body to him. He didn't need to use handcuffs to bind me to him.

No, he wants your words. Your name. My mind screamed at me.

I bit my lip, tasting the metallic blood. The pain grounded me. His fingers pried my lip away from my teeth.

"Give me your name, darling, and I will give you all the pain you need,"

he said, rubbing my lip.

"Like this."

Crack.

A lightning-fast strike of white heat hit me between my legs. My gasp echoed off the headboard as my body betrayed me, hips lifting, nerves singing. The after-burn spread like whiskey in my veins, warmth pooling low as my thighs fell open wider.

Crack.

Another lash. This one curled around my nipple, the pain blooming into pleasure so sharp I sobbed. My body remembered before my mind that the devil had hardwired me to love the alchemy of hurt and heat. A twisted combination that my current Master wielded like a weapon against me.

“Master,”

I whimpered, the sound was pathetic, but I needed more. “Please.”

I almost sobbed with relief when he spread my thighs, but he turned the whip around to show me the smooth, dark polish of the wooden handle. He trailed the handle between my folds, teasing the entrance.

“Your name,”

he said, his voice hard and resolute.

I licked my bloody lip nervously before pursing my lips together. His slow smile should have been my warning. He pushed the handle inside me. I felt the hard wood penetrate me, giving me what I needed. I stared into his darkened green eyes as he began to move the instrument of pain and pleasure.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

He pulled it out and inspected the wet handle. I held my breath, but he picked up a clear bottle of lubricant and doused the handle with it. When he pressed it against my asshole, my breath came out. I wanted to scream at him.

Do it. Fuck my ass.

I moaned when the slippery handle forced my hole to part for him. My Master. The one who made me feel safe. The one who was peeling away my defences, layer by layer. For a moment, I slipped back into his memories. The pills, mockery, making me beg for him to violate my asshole. To feel something. Anything. Master's voice pierced through the memory.

“Your name,”

Master growled, twisting the handle just enough to make me gasp.

“Actually, take your time. I have all day,”

he mused, dragging the handle out slowly before thrusting it back in.

Yes, right there. Harder.

His hand clamped down on my hip when I tried to push myself onto the handle. I wailed when he stopped. His finger traced the rim of my stretched asshole.

“More?”

he asked, but his eyes twinkled with amusement.

I nodded frantically, and his eyes gleamed. He started to fuck me with short, punishing thrusts. The pleasure was extreme, the feel of the brutal wooden handle

giving me what I needed, all I could do was breathe and look at his face. I watched the vein in his forehead pulse, sweat erupting along his hairline like he was a bomb about to detonate. His control was slipping.

He stopped, leaving the handle deep inside of me. I tightened my ass around it, and I began to cry.

Why was he torturing me?

“Your name,”

he cooed, twisting the handle until my sobs broke into a broken whimper.

“That’s it, sugar. Sing for me.”

I stared into his green eyes as tears continued to roll down my face, taking a deep breath, but a shuddering sob broke free. My name. Given to me by my parents. Sold by my mother and erased by the devil. It was nothing. I was nothing.

“Trust me,”

Master said, crawling up my body, covering me up as the sobs continued to wrack through me.

“Please, sugar,”

he whispered desperately in my ear while he held me, but the dam was broken.

My soul lay tattered around me like my used-up, scarred body. Tortured screams echoed around me, cries of misery and loud wails of anguish unlike any I’d heard before. But it took me a while to realise that all the sounds were coming from me.

Master held me, rocking me back and forth, whispering promises to me. His hands shook as he rocked me like he was afraid I'd vanish. His arms were like vices clamped tight. They were too tight, but just what I needed.

**

Like every storm, this one passed, leaving me numb, battered and a mess. My eyes and nose felt swollen, but Master wrapped an ice pack in a towel for me. Unfortunately, he took the whip out of my ass. I closed my eyes, remembering the pain in his eyes and the frantic, panicked actions he took. Tears rolled down my face again.

The stupid man loved me.

“No, sugar, enough,”

he murmured.

“I love you,”

I croaked out between sniffing my nose and crying.

He closed his eyes and sighed as his face relaxed. When he opened his eyes, there was peace in them, but my torment was still eating away at him. My eyes burned, and my head felt heavy. I raised my hand to touch his cheek. He took my hand and kissed my palm before placing it back on his cheek.

“My name is Maeve O'Neill. My mother prostituted me and sold me to him at sixteen. He confessed that he instigated it all from when I was thirteen.”

I said but paused with a heavy sigh.

“He was my first. There were other girls. His contact is a drug dealer called Gavin Morrison.”

His lips pursed and jaw clenched as he tried to control his rage. He took a deep breath.

“Maeve,”

he breathed out the word like it was a bullet he’d been waiting to take.

I managed a smile when he took my hand and started to kiss my fingers, never taking his eyes off me. He blurred as more tears welled up in my eyes. One by one, they toppled over, and before my nose started to run again, he had a tissue ready to wipe my snot away.

“How can you bear to look at me?”

I whispered after he wiped my nose.

He kissed my cheeks, rubbing his lips over my tears, licking his lips like a hungry wolf ready to devour his next meal.

“Your eyes in the picture Dom gave me. They were dead. I wanted to breathe life into you,”

he said softly before a wry smile touched his lips.

“I also wanted to consume you and defile you in every way possible.”

My jaw dropped, and I studied his face. There was nothing but honesty in them. He has consumed and defiled me in the last week but in the best way possible.

“You’re mine, Maeve O’Neill,”

he shouted, lifting me off the bed and swinging me around like a madman.

“And I am your Master.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle at his grandiose delusions. My laughter sounded foreign to me, as did the warm glow in my chest. It didn’t stop me from clinging to him or for him to grip my neck and ass while I wrapped my limbs around him.

His strength and embrace calmed my racing heart, but it was the first time my mind was empty. Empty from the devil’s evil power over me.

Saul

The mental and physical exhaustion took its toll on her. After I fed her, I tucked her into bed, grudgingly giving her the button-faced, smirking little bastard. It didn't make me feel any better knowing her father gave him to her. But she smiled at me when I handed him to her, lifting her arms for my kiss so, for the time being, the fluffy bastard could live.

To watch Maeve unravel in the manner she did hit me harder than I'd ever imagined. My hair rose at the back of my neck at her fury, pain and sorrow. It happened too quickly, but my cruel tactic worked. Her emotions were raw and brutal, yet powerful.

I needed to gather my men to begin the hunt. Athill was mine. Grayson and his men would need to take a backseat on this one. My mind was alight, switching from murderous rage to euphoria from her confession of love. Again, her bravery astounded me.

Maeve O'Neill. Maeve Thorne sounded better. My surname suited us both. We both had blood on our hands, but hers had never taken a life. She didn't need to as long as my heart beat.

I emailed Dylan, tapping away the details I required, breaking them down by the names of people. Athill would need to be broken to get the names of the men who abused her. He stole ten years of Maeve's life.

I hesitated, ten years of mental torture. I smiled because the devil was about to meet his maker. And it sure as fuck wasn't God. I picked up my phone and called my

brother. He was the only one in my family who knew about Maeve.

Sean answered the phone.

“If it isn't my dark and brooding big brother,”

he said, bypassing the hello.

My lips twitched at his sardonic words.

“You know a phone can make outbound calls. You don't need to sit and wait on a call like a precious princess,”

I said, my voice as dry as his.

“That's Sage's job,”

he said, smiling.

“I need you to stay over a few nights,”

I said quietly.

“Is she ready?” he asked.

I thought of her upheaval today.

“For our family? No. I'm just giving you a heads-up. If I can get everything together, it might take five or six days,”

I said.

“When are Mum and Dad back?”

“Mmm. They have another month left, but Sage knows the exact date.”

Our sister remembered everything we didn't. We relied on her to remind us of key dates and upcoming events. Our parents were currently travelling in Asia, but my family would be too much for her to handle. I only needed Sean to stay the nights that I was gone.

“Maeve has a long way to recovery, Sean. She hasn't had any social contact with anyone for seven years.”

“You got her name,”

he said with a sigh.

My fingers gripped the phone, and I clenched my teeth.

“Yeah, and it wasn't pretty.”

He was silent for a moment.

“Let me know when you need me. You know I will be there.”

“Thanks. I did drop a few childhood stories, so she knows you're a dickhead,”

I said with a grin before I hung up on him.

There was a time when I pushed my family away.

Sean was the only one I eventually opened up to.

He didn't have to know the gruesome details to be there for me, but he knew enough to understand why I pulled away.

He never asked about the nightmares. He just showed up with beer and shitty movies until I could breathe again.

My phone lit up, and I read Sean's text.

Sean: It's good to hear you sound happy again. Fuck face.

I smirked. Translation: I'm glad you're not a grumpy bastard anymore—Sean's version of a hug.

Sean: Wait a minute. Did you tell her about the grapefruit?

The screen went blank as his call came through. I ended the call.

Sean: pick up!!!

I shoved my phone in my pocket, but my amusement vanished when I thought of Maeve's mother.

The ultimate vile bitch who didn't deserve to breathe in the same oxygen as Maeve.

She was second on my list.

Dylan could pick up Morrison. He had no qualms about getting rid scumbags.

Maeve. What a beautiful name.

I checked to ensure my phone was in the silent setting and went upstairs, sneaking

into the bed to hold her.

I stared at the bear with the faint stains of blood that Dr Arin couldn't remove.

He was with her for all those lonely years, trapped in a basement.

The bastard was here to stay.

My arm tightened around Maeve, pulling them closer to me until her head rested on my chest.

The need to cocoon her away from the harsh world was overpowering.

Her torment would forever remain with me.

If I could, I would carry all her burdens for her.

She sighed and nuzzled into me. Something in my chest unfurled. The tension that I didn't know I had left my body from her simple action.

If I didn't know any better, I'd think our damaged souls were intertwined.

**

Again, I woke up to clear blue eyes peering into mine.

The puffiness around her eyes was almost gone.

I reached out and pushed my fingers through her golden, silky strands of hair.

She closed her eyes at my touch. I waited until she opened them again. I smiled at my

personal ray of sunshine.

“I love you, Maeve Thorne,”

I said, releasing the words I’d held onto. The words tasted like a sweet victory. Like she'd always been mine, she just hadn't known it yet.

“Thorne?”

she asked with a confused smile.

“Yes, your new name,”

I said, in a matter-of-fact tone, as I pushed the tangles out of her long hair.

“Your surname is Thorne?”

she asked.

“Saul Massen Thorne, aka your Master,”

I said, running my hand down to her ass. It was filling out nicely.

She repeated my name. Her voice was soft but with an edge. It was just like her: feminine with a hint of underlying feral. I squeezed the handful of soft flesh.

“Say my name again,”

I demanded, watching her eyes flare.

“Saul,”

she recited with her voice like a knife wrapped in silk.

I didn't need to check her pulse this time to know what she needed.

Maeve

He casually joined his name to mine and allowed me to use his name. I licked the lip I'd bitten, pressing my tongue on it to feel it throb. His eyes followed my movement. He was as obsessed with me as I was with him.

“Master.”

The word left my lips like a whispered sin, soft but deliberate. I dragged my tongue over the cut, savouring the metallic tang. His gaze locked onto the movement, darkening. I let him see it. Let him hear it. I wanted him to lose control.

Master.

A word that once chained me was one I now claimed freely. I never realised how powerful words could be. With clarity of mind, I claimed Saul as my Master.

“Again,”

he growled, but his voice cracked. I smiled against his bruising grip.

“Master,”

I purred for him, feeling his steady heartbeat beneath my palm begin to race.

I ran my hand downward, but he caught it with a groan.

“You need to eat first,” he said.

He chuckled at my glare and pulled my hand away from his stomach. I was frustrated until I looked into his eyes. They shone like jewels of happiness and made my stomach flutter, but not in hunger. I pushed my hand away from his to hug the man who gave me the strength to confront my fear and use my voice again.

“Maeve,”

he breathed my name like a prayer.

“It’s not my belly that's hungry, Master,”

I whispered into his ear with my fingers curling around his nape.

His hard length began to poke my thigh, and I almost laughed. He knew what I wanted and how I needed it. He didn't treat me like a fragile victim but tormented me until I was a sopping mess. He scrubbed away my past with new and exciting memories with each interaction.

“You tempting little minx. I will feed you my dick once you've eaten,”

he grumbled.

I closed my eyes and held him tight with Bear squashed between us. Master would keep all his promises to me. The first person I could believe in after my dad died. Parts of him were broken, too, but perhaps we could become whole together.

**

“What are these?”

I asked when he put the plate down.

There were sticky chunks of salmon with rice beneath it and slices of avocado with flat green beans that I'd never seen before.

"Edamame beans. They are good for you,"

he said, setting the glass bottle of water down before pulling the large cork out.

"And the seeds?"

I asked, noticing the tiny white seeds.

"Sesame seeds,"

he said as he sat next to me.

The food was on a platter for us to share, but he lifted the first forkful, and I automatically opened my mouth—sweet, spicy, salty fish with the fresh avocado cutting into it. The beans didn't taste like anything, but the warm, fluffy rice felt like comfort food. I watched him take a bite.

"Can you teach me how to cook? I don't know how to do anything,"

I said with a frown.

My mother's drug and alcohol habit barely left any food in the house. I never had a phone, let alone a computer or tablet. All those stolen years in his basement—

"I'll teach you anything you want. We can do some online shopping. You need more clothes. Hmm. Maybe a laptop. Do you like to read?"

he asked, holding a loaded fork for me.

I opened my mouth, remembering the tattered, worn spines of the few books he left me. The word 'shopping' should've thrilled me. Instead, my chest tightened. Seven years of basement air still clogged my lungs sometimes.

“I...don't know what I like,”

I said, but the burden of my confession weighed down on my shoulders, pushing them down.

His thumb swiped my lower lip, catching a sesame seed.

“We'll figure it out,”

he said, licking the seed off his thumb.

His solution was simple and absolute. I straightened my back and picked up my fork to feed him, enjoying the look of surprise on his face. His eyes devoured me as he parted his lips for me while I swallowed the lump in my throat at the possessive devotion in his eyes. My hand began to tremble, but he released the fork and held my hand until the tremors stopped.

**

I rubbed my belly, watching him race around the bedroom to gather his instruments of torture. He cut our walk short because I couldn't keep my hands off him. Bear sat between our pillows, and I smiled at him before placing him face down on my nightstand. This was one X-rated encounter he wouldn't be witnessing.

I climbed off the bed and removed my T-shirt, folding it to leave it on top of Bear

before I knelt on the floor. If anyone deserved my deference, it was Saul. This was my devotion to my Master.

When he looked up, his search led him to the floor. His slow, wicked smile spread across his lips, and his eyes darkened with a predatory look. I inched my legs open wider—a silent challenge.

“What an obedient slave I have,”

he drawled as he walked over to me, tossing everything onto the bed.

He tugged his T-shirt off with a single movement before pushing his black joggers down, revealing his hard cock. I glanced up at him, waiting for permission and ignored the burning need to touch myself.

His hand clenched his thick cock, rubbing it up and down. My hungry eyes followed the movement, watching as he continued until a glistening clear drop began to form. I shuffled my legs when my pussy responded by growing wet.

“I have a playroom in the loft, Maeve,”

he said, bringing his cock to my lips.

I licked my dry lips before licking his precum off the shining pink tip of his cock, savouring his taste, but he pulled it away from me. I blinked as my brain fired up.

“Playroom, Master?” I asked.

“It’s a room designed solely for sex. It hasn’t been broken in properly,”

he said as he wanked his cock until more precum oozed out.

I sucked the head into my mouth before the droplet could fall.

An entire room for sex.

Kinky sex? Dirty sex? Why had he hidden it away from me?

I stared at his green eyes. My curiosity was piqued.

“Can I see it?”

I asked, releasing his cock.

He grinned so wide that all his pearly white teeth were on show.

What had I gotten myself into?

Saul

My devious plan was to fuck her into oblivion until she slept so I could get to the information Dylan had collated. Grayson sent me everything, and Michael shadowed Athill. Gavin and Maggie O'Neill would be picked up in a few days. It would take a while to track down and verify the rest of the men, but this was an excellent start.

Maeve was moving around the room like a naked spirit nymph. The sunlight shone in from both sides of the loft. She had a spring in her step that made me smile. The room was light and airy. The only dark colours were the furniture and some brickwork.

She opened up the bathroom door to peer into it before closing it. The second door had a different reaction. She walked inside and didn't come back out. I almost groaned at the thought of her investigating all the shelves, toys, and restraints. I rarely had the patience for people, not even with my family, but with Maeve. I wanted to give her the world.

Maeve came out of the closet wearing pink and black fox ears on her head.

“How many whips and dildos do you need?”

she asked, shaking her head before she touched her fluffy.

“I like these, though.”

“You won't be complaining when I used them all on you,”

I said, walking toward her.

“Can I go on the swing? That looks like fun,”

she said with an infectious grin.

This woman constantly obliterated me without even trying. Her playful, innocent personality shone as bright as the North Star. She talked about the sex swing as if it were a regular swing in a park. There was no denying her sway over me. She could switch from being submissive to demanding within the blink of an eye.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

she asked, but her voice wavered and her hands clenched together.

She didn't get to be this alive and not be mine. I didn't save her. I claimed her. I didn't care if that made me a monster as long as I was her monster.

“I was picturing you on the swing,”

I said, flicking her hair away from her scar.

The final scar she received when she fled Athill. I kissed it. Then I dragged my tongue over the ridge of it, slow and deliberate, as if I could seal the cracks he left behind with nothing but my ravenous hunger.

Her breath stuttered. Her hands pressed against my chest—not to push me away, but to bind herself to me.

“Master,”

she sighed, the word fell from her lips like a devoted prayer.

Like surrender.

Fuck.

She had me by the balls, this broken, beautiful thing, but I owned her every breath from the moment Dom handed her to me.

“I know what you want, slave,”

I said, cupping her ass cheek, allowing my fingers to rest on the crack.

“Go climb on your swing, and your Master will feed this hungry little hole of yours.”

“Yes, Master,”

she said, but her eyes glazed over. I didn’t need to check her pulse because her laboured breathing told me everything.

Our twisted devotion to one another was symbiotic—parasitic, even.

I fed on her surrender, and she thrived on my control.

She was perfect against my grotesque darkness.

I gripped her ass and locked my lips on hers, pulling her head back by yanking her hair, kissing her with silent filthy promises to ruin what was left of her.

She fought back against my plunging tongue, reaching for my leaking cock in my shorts, pumping my hard length until a growl erupted from my chest to my mouth.

It didn't stop me from devouring her hot, wet mouth.

When I broke the kiss, we were both panting, with her lips pink, wet and bruised.

Her blue eyes searched mine with her hand tightening around my shaft.

My lips curled on one side, and I lifted her up against me, gripping her ass until I felt her wet cunt on my abdomen.

Her hands quickly gripped my shoulders when I strode to the swing, setting her down.

I slipped her feet in the straps, spreading her thighs wide open, pushing the swing before I left to get the lube.

When I came out of the closet, the padded swing still moved, but her head hung off the back, her golden hair in the air.

Her hands held the chains, but the peaceful smile on her lips was one of simple joy.

She was soaking in the sun.

Within seconds, I was between her thighs, kicking my shorts off.

I gripped the chain to still the swing, my focus on her perfect pussy. I spread her apart, stretching her out to see the dark pink insides, ignoring her moans.

“Fucking beautiful,”

I muttered to myself as I traced my fingers along her opening.

My eyes flicked up to hers.

“But it’s not here that you ache, is it?”

I asked, reaching her tight little asshole.

She shook her head, and her fingers tightened around the chains. I pulled her down the swing so her asshole was in position. Her teeth caught her lower lip.

“Use your words, darling. What do you want?”

I said, leaning to the side to grab the bottle.

Her legs jerked in the straps, and she swallowed before she spoke.

“I need you in my ass, Master. Please fuck my asshole,”

she said, pausing as if to gather courage.

“I need it to hurt.”

Her last sentence tumbled out as if she was ashamed, but that was him, still inside her head.

“Using your words is important, Maeve. I want you to shatter—in pleasure, and if you need it to hurt, there is no shame between us—not us. Never. So try again,”

I said, rubbing the lube over her cunt and asshole.

The tension left her as she sagged on the swing. I forced two fingers into her ass, plunging them in, twisting them before stretching them apart until her mouth opened

wide, leaving her gasping for air.

“Again,”

I demanded, slapping the scarred inside of her thigh.

“Please fuck me in the ass as hard as you can, Master. Fuck me so deep that I can taste you inside of me,”

she cried out, but her cheeks flushed pink.

I rewarded her by rubbing her glistening cunt.

“Better,”

I said before I squirted so much lube on my dick that it dripped onto the floor.

“Now you’re ready for an ass fucking.”

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Maeve

My eyes clung to the monster in his hand as he slicked himself with lube, the obscene sound louder than my heartbeat.

He didn't just strip away my shame—he burned it away.

And in its place? Air.

Freedom. A vicious kind of permission to be everything I'd locked away. He gave me my voice and listened.

His green eyes held mine, a collision of corruption and craving.

I knew he had a darkness that could destroy me.

But mine recognised his.

My cracks fit into his edges until all my broken pieces felt safe with him. I knelt for him and him alone, not by force but by choice.

“Whose asshole is this, Maeve?”

he asked, teasing me with the head of his cock.

“Yours, Master,”

I whispered in anticipation.

“Mine,”

he said the word like a vow, pushing the thick head, squeezing it in until I gasped.

His cock felt better than the wooden handle of the whip. He was thicker, longer, and he promised me the pain I craved.

“Fuck me, Master. I need it in my ass. Give it to me,”

I begged, groaning when he slipped inside of me.

“Fucking hell,”

he hissed.

“Such a tight little ass for your Master. I’ll give you what you need.”

He gripped the chains on his side of the swing, holding me still while his eyes bored holes into mine, forcing his rigid cock into me, splitting me apart. I released the chains and gripped my breasts, rubbing my nipples as his green eyes darkened.

“Rub your cunt,”

he said as he started to swing his hips, fucking me with short sharp thrusts.

My pussy was wet, and I used all four fingers to rub myself. Master immediately thrust deeper.

“Yesss,”

I moaned, feeling the burn when he used the swing to force my ass to swallow his cock.

“Yes, darling, spread that ass for me, take every inch,”

he snarled.

“I own you, Maeve.”

I nodded as he started to pound into me faster, deeper, harder.

Everything I asked for and more.

His brutal thrusts held no mercy, and I pushed my fingers into my pussy to press down on him.

When I felt his balls slapping against me, I knew I’d taken every inch of his thick cock.

I used my thumb to flick over my clit, repeating the action until I was close.

“Does that feel good? Having me fuck your tight little ass?”

I nodded with my mouth open.

“So fucking tight,”

he grunted and started fucking me with long hard strokes that took my breath away.

Each thrust slammed so deep inside of me that pain blossomed within me. He used brutal force until I felt he was reshaping my insides.

“Fuck, baby, cum for me. Cum on my dick,”

he groaned.

“Now! Fuck—yes.”

I jumped off the edge and surrendered to him—to us.

I screamed his name, clenching around him, milking his cock.

My body exploded with pleasure in all colours. They sparkled in my mind, but I opened my eyes to look into Master’s eyes.

My explosive orgasm lingered when I felt his hot seed burst out into my asshole.

I squeezed my asshole around his cock, loving how he filled me up, hurt me.

He pulled back only to slam himself into me again, shoving his cum deeper.

“Thank you, Master.

Thank you,”

I sighed, slowly rubbing my clit, closing my eyes.

His lips brushed against mine, but I was already dozing off. The swing was too comfortable.

**

I had a rough idea of what my shoe and clothes sizes were.

Between the hospital clothes and shoes plus the clothes that Master had bought me.

I clicked through pages and pages of clothes but gave up.

The selection was too vast.

Fashion had changed, but looking at my scarred arms made me push the laptop away.

What did it matter no one would see them? I could wear whatever I wanted.

My scars never seemed to bother Master. His fingers would often trace the faded marks.

I glanced at Saul, who was tapping away on the phone.

I knew he was sneaking away at night, but I never knew his brother was here until I went downstairs to get some water.

I damn near broke the glass bottle over his head when he accosted me in the kitchen.

It wasn't until he put his hands up and confessed who he was and that he was here to protect me that I relented.

They looked alike, but no one had eyes like Saul's.

I knew Saul was collecting the people who hurt me, but he hadn't mentioned anything about Athill yet.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing,"

I said, glancing up at him.

His eyes narrowed on me, and he scrutinised me.

I gave him a bright smile to throw him off, but his eyes narrowed again until he frowned.

He was a bloody mind reader, and I don't know what kind of voodoo shit he did, but he always knew.

“Fine,”

I said, throwing my hands in the air.

“I will feel ugly in new clothes because of my scars.”

All the clothes were aimed at the spring/summer season. I couldn't show my arms, back, or chest, but I wanted to look pretty.

“It doesn't matter,”

I said, looking at the silver laptop.

“T-shirts and hoodies are comfortable.”

Saul's jaw clenched so hard I heard his teeth grind. I glanced up again. He set his phone down slowly like he resisted the urge to throw it through the wall. Then he stood a predator uncoiling and stalked toward me.

“Ugly,”

he snarled the word viciously, spitting it out.

“You think scars make you ugly?”

Yeah, I wasn’t going to answer that when he was in psycho mode.

His hand caught my wrist, dragging my palm to his chest—where raised, jagged lines marred his skin beneath his shirt.

“Then what the fuck does that make me?”

I disregarded his scars. Why? Because he had three on the front of his body and one on his back. How he felt about them never once crossed my mind. Or if they made him feel insecure because he was always so self-assured.

I opened my mouth, but he didn’t let me speak.

“You want pretty?”

He grabbed the laptop, typed three furious keystrokes, and spun it back to me. The screen now showed a designer site—sleeveless dresses, backless tops, and every damn thing I’d scrolled past.

“This isn’t about the clothes, Maeve,”

he said before his voice dropped to a whisper.

“It’s about you believing you don’t deserve them. But I’ll fucking remind you. Every scar. Every day. Until you see what I see.”

His thumb brushed my cheekbone, possessive and tender.

“A survivor. A warrior. Mine,”

he said, catching my stupid tears while my lips trembled.

I didn't deserve him, but I held onto him and hugged him tight.

“I'm sorry,”

I whispered.

“Baby, you have nothing to be sorry for,”

he whispered back, breathing into my hair and gently rubbing my back.

“You're going to have good days and bad days, sweetheart. That's normal. It took me time to heal.”

A sigh shuddered through my body as I relaxed, sinking into his warm body and leaning on him again.

Whenever I stumbled, he was there to pick me up.

He swayed me in a soothing tempo. With each passing day, this man proved that not all men were devils.

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Saul

I pushed Bear closer to her and moved my pillows along her body, pausing to look at her moonlit face as she slept.

We talked, I probed, and she spilled.

I needed her words to justify the lives I would take.

She was about to turn twenty-four years old, and it shattered my heart to pieces when she told me what he did to her on her birthday every year.

It would take everything in me not to kill him tonight. He needed to live for ten years.

For her.

I could do it for her sake.

Maeve O'Neill, the girl who lived through it all.

I gently pressed my lips over the scar on her forehead, ignoring the black button eyes on me.

I left the house, hugging Sean on my way out.

Seeing his jaw fall open as I walked away from him was worth it.

Dylan was waiting in the van.

I glanced back to see Maggie and Gavin zip-tied and gagged.

Their deaths would be slow and by starvation. Athill was my main target. I enjoyed hearing the panic and muffled cries in the back. They weren't quite as loud on the motorway.

I pulled my phone out and texted my brother.

Me: I left you some grapefruits on the kitchen counter. Help yourself.

Sean: I hate you.

Nah, he loved me.

I grinned and put my phone in my pocket before discussing the night's details with Dylan.

**

His cameras were disabled, and doors lay open.

I took my time walking through his house.

His disappearance would make waves across every newspaper outlet, so it took me longer than anticipated to plan his abduction.

Michael's work had been impeccable.

My company was profitable, and I was comfortable enough to retire, but this twisted

fuck was the CEO of a global firm.

Additionally, he had his own company in the U.K.

He thought he was untouchable because of his wealth and stature.

I reached his bedroom and pulled the material of my balaclava over my mouth before I twisted the doorknob, rolling my eyes at the gold knob.

Dickhead.

His life was about to change. I smiled and pushed open the door, slamming it against the wall. He jerked up, and I switched the light on. Maeve's dark-haired, blue-eyed devil didn't look too brave with a gun aimed at his head.

“Who are you? What—”

His nasally posh voice pissed me off. My finger jumped on the trigger, and the gun fired. I watched as I hit his neck. My aim was still good after all those years. I pressed the button on my radio.

“Thanks for the tranquilliser idea, D. I would have killed him for sure. Over,”

I said before I ran to the bed, grabbed his ankle and pulled him off the bed.

I enjoyed the sound of his body and head hitting the floor. He was given the same treatment when coming down the stairs, but I paused when Dylan's message came through.

“Good to hear it. We have a problem at the garage. Over,”

he said before the crackling transmission ended.

“On my way. Secure and don't move. Over and out,”

I said, pushing Athill down the rest of the stairs before hoisting him over my shoulder.

After I tossed him into the van with the others and jogged to the garage before I bolted downstairs, Dylan stood beside the door.

There were two doors, and the open one had a shower room.

I knew why Dylan was standing outside the closed door.

In all my planning, I never considered that Athill would find a replacement for Maeve.

I opened the door to see a slim, blonde-haired girl rocking back and forth as she sat in the corner of the room.

She wasn't on the bed, and I didn't blame her.

“D call Dr Aria and keep the girl with you tonight,”

I told him.

“Me? But—”

“You know, trauma. We all do. Use it to help her,”

I snapped at him.

He knew I wasn't angry at him but the situation. I slowly walked toward the girl and crouched close but not within arm's length. I knew what to say to get a reaction.

“What’s your name?”

Her head snapped up, and there was nothing but terror in them.

“My fiancée was kept here for seven years,”

I said but waited for her to process my words.

She searched my eyes, no doubt wondering if this was one of his games.

“She was brave enough to share her name, and one day you will too.

We are here to get you out of this grey hellhole.

D is going to help you and get a doctor for you. We can't share our names because, after today, the man who did this to you is about to disappear.”

Tears poured down her eyes.

I didn't miss the fact that she had blue eyes, but her nose and cheekbones were different.

“M-my name is—Daisy,”

she said, shuddering the word out.

I waved Dylan over.

“Good girl, D is going to carry you upstairs, okay?”

She nodded her head vigorously but shook like a leaf as Dylan scooped her up.

“Give me a minute,”

I said to Dylan, who nodded and left the room. I slowly walked around the room.

The shitty bed, toilet, wooden table and a small cloth wardrobe.

I looked at every wall, crack, and mark, trying to imagine being locked in this room for seven years.

There was no air, no windows, nothing.

I messaged Dom to tell him about Daisy and took pictures of the room. Unable to resist, I gave the room a final glance.

I had no idea what I had done to deserve Maeve’s presence in my life.

She gave me the opportunity to save another girl’s life.

It wouldn't make up for the ones that I took, but I planned to keep Maeve happy no matter what it took.

Due to the complications, I stayed out much later than anticipated.

Grayson got involved, but it was fun to watch him and Dylan butt heads.

The girl opted to stay with Dylan.

I stripped out of my gear before I snuck into my room. The bed was—

“Uff,”

I said as Maeve knocked my breath out.

She was shivering all over, and I pulled her up until she wrapped her limbs around me, walking us to the bed.

“Shh, baby. It’s done. You never need to worry again,”

I whispered, carrying her to our bed.

“You didn’t—”

she started to say, but a sob burst out, and I sat us on the bed.

“I thought he hurt you.”

“Not even close, sweetheart,”

I said, rubbing her back up and down as I thought about his mangled face.

“Not even close.”

I was glad she couldn't see my face.

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Maeve

The garden and the playroom were my two favourite places.

I loved Saul's house not because it was beautiful but because every single room held memories of us in them.

After that night, he had taken to fucking me where ever he found me.

It made my cooking lessons difficult and unsanitary. However, it might have had something to do with my new wardrobe and my teasing.

I fluffed up his pillow and moved Bear to my side.

He never said anything but the way he looked at him sometimes I feared for Bear's stuffing.

I frowned as I stroked Bear's belly all the murderous looks were when I was affectionate with Bear.

Who would hate Bear when he wore the cutest red sweater?

I smiled when I heard his footsteps on the stairs.

We usually came up together, but he said he wanted to double-check the house's security system.

As he opened the door, I realised he was a flawless liar.

He carried a large tray toward the bed, but I squirmed in embarrassment when he reached me.

“I take it you don't want me to sing you happy birthday?”

he said with a cocked eyebrow.

“God, no. Please do not sing it,”

I said, already feeling overwhelmed.

“Maeve, it's a cupcake with a candle in it. How much more low-key can I get?”

he exclaimed, setting the tray on the nightstand.

“I know. I'm not used to the attention,”

I said, smiling awkwardly at him but stifling a groan when I saw the love-heart-wrapped presents.

“So you can violate my credit cards as much as you want, but I can't do this?”

he asked, scratching his head in confusion.

“You make a valid point, sir. I love the internet,”

I said, thinking of the clothes, shoes, and books that I'd bought. I might have a problem.

I lifted the cupcake, looking at the flickering flame flutter.

“Thank you,”

I said before closing my eyes to make my wish.

His hand rested on my thigh, and I reached out to him until he held my hand. I wished for him to be with me on every birthday I had.

I blew on the cupcake. My favourite. Chocolate, fresh vanilla cream and strawberries.

“Happy Birthday, Maeve,”

he said as I opened my eyes to his expectant green ones.

Before I could say anything, he handed me a present and put the cake on the tray.

I thought it was a book, but when I ripped open the white and red paper, I saw a framed picture of me, my dad, and Bear.

It was taken in the hospital when Bear was new and when I was innocent. I touched my Dad’s face through the glass as hints of memories sneaked back.

“Why did she do it? What did I do? How can a mother—”

I asked, stopping before my tears fell. She didn't get to spoil our time.

“Addiction, selfishness or some people are simply evil,”

he said softly.

“I would eat out of rubbish bins and work harder before I sold children,”

I snapped at him angrily.

He took the photo frame out of my hand to place it on the tray before he pulled me onto his lap. I swung my legs around to dangle them between his and held onto him. My anchor. His arms closed around me, and he rocked his leg.

“You always know how to calm me down before I burst,” I sighed.

“Usually, I just stick my dick inside you,”

he said, his words rumbling in his chest, but he made me smile.

“I cannot thank you enough for what you are doing,”

I said, knowing he would continue to eliminate the men who preyed on vulnerable women and children.

“Uh, part of your gift is some good news,”

he said, and I sat up at the hesitance in his voice.

“We found another girl.”

My mouth fell open, and I gasped.

“Alive?”

I asked, wincing when I remembered the girl’s dead eyes.

“Alive. She is being looked after, and I've heard that recovery is going well.”

“God, it never occurred to me that the evil bastard would get another girl. Do you know her name?”

He pushed my hair back, glancing at my scar before kissing my forehead.

“Daisy,”

he said, and I beamed at him.

“Daisy,”

I said, repeating her name with a smile.

There would be no more nameless girls dying in that horrid grey basement.

I hooked my arms around Master's neck and pulled him down for a kiss. His gift and cake were perfect, and I wanted to show him how much his efforts meant to me. I caught sight of his hand, reaching behind us to toss Bear off the bed.

The magnificent, jealous, crazy man.

Who was I kidding?

I loved that he was jealous of a stuffed animal.

**

The rest of my presents were jewellery.

I inspected the beautiful princess-cut diamond engagement ring under the sun's rays, watching it sparkle.

There was a gold heart pendant with a tiny key encased in glass inside.

The pendant's chain was short and rested above all my scars. The man was certifiably insane, but he chose everything with so much care that he put me to shame.

He thought I couldn't see him in the windows following me around with binoculars.

Cameras, sensors and barbed wire surrounded the house.

I wasn't going anywhere—even if I wanted to.

His crazy antics were endearing.

I breathed the warm air into my lungs, relishing the sounds of the bees buzzing, the gentle breeze rushing through the leaves and the chirping of various birds.

I hoped to always appreciate the smaller things in life because they made me grateful for everything and everyone that I was blessed with.

I sat under the giant oak tree, waiting for him to come out and join me.

The man with a thorn in his name yet never caused me pain.

I smiled.

The only pain he gave me was the one that heightened my pleasure. I leaned back on the rough bark and closed my eyes, thinking of Saul.

My soon-to-be husband, lover, protector and the Master of my fragile heart.

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Maeve

Three Years Later

I came out of the bedroom, about to rush to the bed where I left my dress, to see Bear in full bondage gear swinging from the ceiling.

I gasped when he twirled around, and I saw his front.

His paws were strapped, and little chains hung over his belly. He had a red ball gag over his mouth and a blindfold over his button eyes.

Oh, my God.

He had a tiny whip taped to his paw.

Arms came out of nowhere and began to untie my robe.

“Seriously, Saul? Assaulting a helpless Bear,”

I said, trying to stifle the giggle.

“We both know he had it coming,”

he said, yanking my robe off.

“We’re going to be late,”

I said when his hands cupped my breasts, and he shuffled me towards the bed.

“This won't take long,”

he said as I glanced at him over my shoulder. He had his tux on but no jacket.

“It's your sister's wedding,”

I practically shrieked at him when he unzipped his trousers.

“And? I want you sitting in that church with my cum running out of your asshole,”

he said like the deviant he was.

“We need to go back to therapy,”

I grumbled, but I liked his plan.

We needed something, considering Saul still had the devil locked away.

He had seven more years of suffering left.

I didn't get involved because Saul was obsessed with needing to avenge every year of my suffering.

His vengeance was more than enough for me.

He still checked in on Daisy but from a distance.

The updates always brought tears to my eyes.

She was alive and well and studying at university.

It made me think of the others and their short lives. The vision of the girl's lifeless eyes never left me. Daisy was alive because of Saul and his men.

No.

I could never bring a child into this precarious world.

“Lie on the bed, sweetheart and spread those legs for me,”

he drawled, piercing into my thoughts. I looked at the clock and grinned.

Fuck it. We had time.

“You do realise that I will be looking at Bear the entire time,”

I said to him, doing as I was told.

He cursed and ripped Bear from the ceiling. It was only then that I noticed that he had hung him by his neck. At least it was a black silk ribbon and not a rope. The man had issues, but who didn't?

**

“You look like a floating angel,”

Saul said before he twirled me around.

“Stunning.”

My pale blue dress floated in the air.

It was long and had chiffon waterfall material that covered my scarred arms.

The main eye-catching gimmick on the dress was the gold belt and the slim golden embroidery that ran down my front.

Saul's eyes rested on my breasts before he pulled me back towards him.

"You're biased,"

I said, but he was the hottest man at the reception.

"Their vows reminded me of ours."

A slow track came on, and Saul wrapped his arms around me. We swayed to the soft, melodic tune, soaking up the atmosphere.

"Our wedding was the highlight of my life,"

he said, moving his hands dangerously close to my ass.

"You're okay with us not having children?"

I asked quietly because the same insecurity always played on my mind.

"Maeve, I will be whatever you need me to be as long as you have a smile on your lips and lube in your ass,"

he said, never breaking the rhythm of our dance.

I chuckled and slapped his back before resting my head on his chest. My high heels allowed me to reach his heart. His grip tightened, and I looked into his fierce green eyes.

“You're mine. My angel. My warrior. My wife. You will always be enough for me. Always,”

he said, his voice as fierce as his feral eyes.

He pushed my head back onto his chest, stroking my hair.

“We can have the best of both worlds with our nieces and nephews,”

he said, kissing the top of my head before he continued to speak.

“Let's face it with Sean no longer copulating with citrus fruits and has a wife, we might get lucky.”

I smiled against his jacket, closing my eyes.

“I love you, Master.”

“I love you, Maeve Thorne,”

he said, full of devotion, love and pride.

Three years later, he still loved to say my name.

He denied my proclamations, but he was my saviour.

There was nothing he could say that would convince me otherwise. Even through

difficult times, We beat the odds, carving a slice of paradise for ourselves in a harsh world.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:31 pm

Seven Years Later

It took some time to rebuild a replica of her cell on land I owned.

The top-of-the-range security system around him ensured he could never escape.

Each time I visited him, it fed my ravenous monster, but it was never enough. It was ten years since I captured him—ten years of physical and mental torture.

I smiled as my thumb opened the third door. His door.

“Hello, pig,”

I said when I saw him curled into a ball on the small metal-framed bed.

“It’s been ten years.”

He turned away from the grey wall, using his stumps and elbow to aid him. His hair and beard were overgrown. His face was gaunt, with black circles under his eyes and only a tiny flicker of blue from his eyes.

“Please, kill me, Master,”

he croaked, but his sobs were what I needed to hear.

I placed the supplies on the table. I enjoyed watching him crawl across the room on the camera, seeing his four stumps drag along the cement floor.

“What is your name?” I asked.

He paused and stared vacantly into space.

“Slave,”

he finally said.

“I’ve decided to keep you, slave,”

I said with a smile.

“B-b-but you said you would let me g-go—”

he stuttered with horrified eyes.

“I lied,”

I said to the castrated devil.

I stayed long enough to listen to his tormented howl echo around the room.

I inhaled it in—savoured the raging pain and torment in his cries before they turned to pleading.

I laughed as joy burst in my chest, closing the door until I saw him again next week.

I never mentioned Maeve or Daisy’s name to him.

The thought of any part of him touching them, even with his mind, drove me crazy.

He tried to erase Maeve’s name, but I erased him.

The room was due to be padded next week.

I chose the colour grey.

It would be interesting to see if he bashed his head off the walls before then. I whistled as I jogged up the stairs.

It was Maeve's birthday, and I never missed my girl's party.

We pretended it was all for her, but she brought in so many props and activities for our nieces and nephews that we all knew it was a farce.

As I got in the car, I waited until my phone connected before I brought up his camera.

The vehicle was immediately flooded with his crazed chatter and occasional wailing.

I started the engine and looked at the rearview mirror until the building disappeared.

He deserved to live.

After all, if he hadn't broken Maeve, I would never have found my soulmate.

The End.