



Under Their Watch (The Protector Duet #2)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: My life has been a mess from the day I was born. I've grown used to the mistreatment, but everything changes when the boys who used to be the light in my darkest of moments reenter my life. They are no longer boys, and this is no longer childhood. They are more than my guiding light; they are my protectors. Under their watch, I find my way out of the darkness once and for all, but not without a fight from everything I've ever known.

This is a DARK romance with HEAVY triggers. Readers discretion is HIGHLY advised.

Total Pages (Source): 10

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Rhea

I am kneeling on the kitchen floor and rice is digging into my knees. I still have thirty minutes left, but I've been here for two and a half hours. I messed up again, and I am punished when I mess up. I failed to put Marvin's clothes away properly, even though I know how to do it. I was incredibly sick, but that's no excuse. I should have planned better so I could get my chores done.

I am twenty-seven years old, and I have no control over my life. Marvin tells me what to wear, when to talk, what to say, where to go, and everything else in between. I have gone months without leaving the house before. He works early and gets home late, so I'm alone most of the time. That is both a blessing and a curse.

When we first got together, I thought he was the protector I needed. He saved me from my family, only to find out that I was basically just a transaction. My dad wanted to publish a book, and Marvin wanted a wife. Marvin works for Genesis Press as a publishing agent. Marvin promised me that he would help me get published as well. As the months went by, I realized that was never going to happen. The one time I tried to leave him, he beat me so badly that I was in the hospital for four days.

He tells me that I should be lucky to have a dominant like him and that every submissive needs a firm hand to lead them through life. I don't know what to believe anymore. When I have internet privileges, I research BDSM. The things that I find are not the things that he practices with me. Marvin says that brats are just submissives who need a good beating. The Internet tells me that brats have a unique way of submitting to a dominant, and they are not being disobedient, only challenging their dominant to prove themselves to the submissive.

All I know is that Marvin does not accept the word “no,” because submissives are not supposed to have limits. They are supposed to happily accept anything that their dominant gives them. A submissive with limits is not truly submissive because the dominant has all the power.

When the timer goes off, I stand up and brush the rice off of my knees. My back, hips, and legs hurt. I need to clean up my mess or else I will just get in trouble again. I quickly sweep up the rice and put it back in the container that he uses for punishments. I realize that I have to pee. I am supposed to ask for permission to pee, no matter if he is here or not. I have a cell phone that is blocked from doing everything except contacting Marvin, so I pull it out and send him a text.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Quinn

It's slow tonight for a Friday. I was hoping for more options for a sub, but I'll just hang out with Theo and the others. They all walked in about twenty minutes ago, so I know they're in the resting area. I sometimes scene with Anika, but it's more so just for fun.

"Hey," Jace says. "What are you doing?"

"Just hanging out," I say. "Probably going to find the others. They're around here somewhere."

"Doing a scene with the girls?" he asks.

"No, it's rare these days. You know that," I say.

"Yeah. I'm sure it will get busier. Maybe we can find someone to play with together," he says. "Maybe you'll be less grumpy if you fuck someone."

"You know, you don't have to fuck the life out of some poor girl every time you come in here," I laugh.

"They never complain," he shrugs.

"Except the part where they do," I say.

"Yeah, but it's always followed by them begging for more, so... It's all in good fun."

“They do beg, don’t they?” I say with a grin.

“Hey!” Anika says as she hugs me.

“Hey, sweet girl. How are you?” I ask, squeezing her in a tight hug and picking her up. She squeals, and I set her down as I chuckle.

“I’m good,” she says. “How are you, Jace?”

“You know me,” he says with a grin.

“Lonely and horny?” she asks with a grin.

“She’s being extra sassy tonight,” Theo says.

“She’s trying to provoke someone into punish-fucking her,” Max laughs.

“If I wanted to do that, I’d just call myself fat,” she says, making Mia burst out laughing. She squeals when Theo grabs her by the hair and jerks her closer. “I didn’t! I didn’t say that! I was just saying that’s how I could if I was going to provoke you.”

“It’s never a dull moment with you all,” Rowan says, shaking his head and smiling.

“I’m surprised you didn’t react, Quinn. You good?” Max asks.

“Yeah, just a bit on edge tonight, I guess,” I say. “I’m good.”

“What’s wrong?” Anika asks, turning to me. “Don’t you dare fucking lie to me either.”

“I’m okay,” I smile. “The energy is just weird in here tonight.”

“I know what you mean,” Jace says.

“Hey,” Emma says as she comes around the corner. “I hate to interrupt, but I need to steal Quinn and Jace.”

“What’s wrong?” Max asks.

“Marvin brought his wife in here. I’ve never met her, so I made her fill out paperwork. She looked fucking terrified of him, and then grabbed the red pen to fill everything out,” Emma explains.

“Marvin is married?” Anika asks, confused.

“Ew. Who would marry him?” Mia asks. “Fucking creep.”

“He’s been married a while,” Rowan says. “I have no idea what her name is, but it’s been listed on his paperwork since he started at Genesis.”

“Can I see her paperwork?” Jace asks.

“Yeah,” she says. “I don’t want Marvin to get spooked and take her. He thinks I’m running her ID. They’re sitting with some new guy named David Jenkins.”

We follow Emma around through the back hallway to get to her office. Her blinds are pulled closed, so the others come in with us. She hands Jace the paperwork and I can see it on his face that he is angry. I’ve known Jace my entire life and he is usually the calmer one of the two of us.

“What?” I ask.

“Man... You’re not going to like this,” he says, handing me the clipboard. I give him

a confused look before I glance down at the paper.

Rhea Miller.... Miller... Fuck no.

I throw the clipboard down on Emma's desk and turn to leave. Jace jumps in my way and tries to calm me down. "Quinn, man. You need to calm down before you leave this room. It's not going to help her."

"Move," I say through gritted teeth. Jace sighs and steps to the side, gesturing for me to continue on.

"What is happening right now?" Emma says. "Quinn, come here for a second."

I ignore her and storm out of the office. I look around and see a man sitting alone at one of the tables, so I go to him. When I get to him, I kick the table out from between us. His eyes go wide when I grab him by the shirt and drag him up to his feet.

"Marvin. Where is he?" I demand, trying not to snap his neck. I don't know who he is to Marvin. I don't know if he is guilty of hurting my girl.

"B-Bathroom," he stammers. "He's in the bathroom with his wife."

I drop him and turn. Emma steps in front of me and looks confused. "I love you Emma, but you need to move, or I'll move you," I say with a warning in my voice. She nods, understanding I'm finding him no matter if she wants me to or not.

I go to the first bathroom and step in for long enough to see it's empty. I turn and go to the second bathroom, and it's locked. I kick the door beside the handle and it slams open, crashing against the wall.

I see red when Marvin has his hands wrapped around Rhea's throat. She is hitting his

chest, trying to get him to stop.

I grab Marvin by the back of his shirt and sling him across the room, slamming him against the sink. I am so fucking angry that I can't stop myself. I don't want to do this in front of Rhea, but this fucking scum doesn't deserve to be breathing. I draw the pistol tucked in my waistband, pull the hammer back, and press it to his forehead.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Rhea

We get to a table off in the corner and Marvin pulls a chair out before pushing me down to sit. “David,” Marvin says, shaking his hand.

“Good to see you, Marvin. This must be Rhea?” David asks, looking me over.

“Yes. Rhea, say hello,” Marvin commands.

“Hello,” I say softly, keeping my head bowed.

“She is obedient. I like it,” he says.

“Shall we get to why we are here then?” Marvin asks, sitting next to me.

“Yes,” he says. David produces a stack of papers and lays them in front of Marvin.

“Would you like for me to go over it?”

“Sure,” Marvin says, glancing at me with an evil smirk.

Fuck... This is bad. Emma, are you even coming back?

“So, this is simple divorce paperwork. It will give you everything and she won’t be able to claim anything. This one is for you. It is releasing you as her caregiver. The next set is a contract between her and I,” David says.

Divorce? Because I went to the bathroom without permission? This is good though.

Divorce is good. What's the contract, though?

"The contract is her legally giving herself to me and allowing me to make all medical, financial, and personal decisions. In layman's terms, it's a conservatorship," David says. "She will reside in my home. You and the other listed individual, Marcus Langston, will have free use of her. You should also have the deposit for payment already."

"Good deal," Marvin says, sliding the paperwork to me. "Sign, Rhea."

"I... Why are you doing this?" I ask, looking up at him.

"Sign the first set, and we can talk," he says. I nod and read over the divorce paperwork. It is exactly what he said it was. I sign the paperwork and Marvin takes the pen to sign his name. David signs last before handing him the next paper.

"This is for you to give up your rights to sign for her so that she may legally enter the conservatorship with me," David says. Marvin reads over it. He takes his hand off my thigh to sign and I make a split-second decision.

As soon as I see him sign the paperwork, I abruptly stand and jump back before Marvin can grab me. "I'm going to go to the restroom," I say. Marvin is glaring at me but doesn't lunge at me as expected.

"Hurry back," he says simply. I nod and practically sprint to the bathroom. When I get in there, tears flood my face.

He's selling me off to whoever the fuck this man is. I have to get away, but I don't know how. I have nowhere to go. The door comes open and I back myself against the wall when I see Marvin come in. He calmly locks the door and walks over to me.

“You are going to take your fat ass out there and sign that paperwork,” he says.

“No,” I say tearfully. “I’m not doing it.”

“Excuse me?” he asks, grabbing me by the throat and slamming me back against the wall. My head smacks against the tile and I whimper, afraid he’s going to cause damage again. “I fucking own you, Rhea. You are mine to do whatever the fuck I want to do with. If I tell you to do something, you fucking do it.”

“No,” I say firmly. “I’m not a fucking object you can sell.”

“You either leave here with David, or in a body bag. Your choice,” he growls.

“I’m not letting you sell me,” I say.

“Wrong choice, bitch,” he says as he tightens his grip and cuts off my air. He pushes me up the wall slightly, so I am hardly on my tiptoes and my vision floods with stars. I start clawing and hitting him, trying to draw a breath.

I hear the door slam open, but my vision is too blurry to see who grabs Marvin and throws him across the room. I drop to the ground and start gasping and coughing, trying to blink away the haze. The room erupts into chaos and I look up and Emma is in front of me

“You’re okay,” Emma says as she pulls me up. She tries to comfort me, but when she steps to the side and I see who grabbed Marvin, I shove past her and try to stop what’s about to happen.

“Quinn, Don’t!” I scream and step between Marvin and Quinn. He doesn’t look at me. He keeps the gun pressed to Marvin’s forehead and I am nearly sobbing. “Don’t. Please, stop it. Stop it, Quinn. Please stop.”

“Rhea,” Jace says, gently touching my arm.

“No,” I snap and put my hands on Quinn’s chest. “Quinn, Dad is a sitting judge. Please, don’t. Please, Quinn. Don’t do this.”

Quinn grits his teeth and finally breaks his stare to look down at me. “He hurt you.” Quinn growls. “He hurt you, Rhea.”

“I know, Quinny. I know. Please. I am begging you. Don’t do this,” I say, trying to push him back. He is a huge man, so there is no way I actually can, but I’ll do anything to prevent him from getting himself put in jail for the rest of his life. My dad would fucking jump at the chance to put him and Jace in jail.

“You’re coming with me,” Quinn says, leaving no room for argument.

“I’ll come with you. I swear to God, I will. Please, Quinny. Don’t do this,” I beg. Quinn lets Jace take the gun from him before pulling me out from between them. Quinn grabs Marvin by the throat and slams him against the wall beside the sink and pushes him up the wall, making sure his feet aren’t touching the ground.

“If you ever come near her again, I’ll fucking gut you. Understand, bitch?” Quinn says with a near snarl.

Marvin nods rapidly, and Quinn drops him to the floor. I grab Jace and pull him out of the bathroom to go back to David. He has that paperwork, and I want a copy. Marvin could have me locked in a facility if he destroys the paper.

“What’s going on?” Jace asks.

“Paperwork,” I say, shoving David. “Give me a copy. Now.”

“What paper...” David starts to say. Jace grabs him by the throat, not even knowing what I’m talking about, and drags him so they are nose to nose.

“What the fuck did she just tell you?” Jace asks with a low growl.

“F-Fine,” David says. Jace lets go of him, and David pulls the stack of papers out of his briefcase. I snatch them from him and look them over.

“Sign it,” I say, handing him the paper that releases me from a conservatorship under Marvin. “Now!”

“You’ll regret this,” he says, carefully taking the paper from me.

“Shut the fuck up and sign it,” I snap. I don’t know if it’s Jace and Quinn finally finding me, but something has snapped in my head, and I refuse to back down. David signs the paper, and I take it back.

“Get the fuck out,” Jace says to David. “And don’t come back.”

David practically runs away, and I turn to see two men walking Marvin out. Marvin stops to look at me and one of them smacks the back of his head before shoving him toward the door. Quinn walks over to me and wraps me in a hug. A sudden wave of relief hits me and I fall apart in his arms. When he picks me up, I cling to him as he takes me somewhere. Quinn sits with me, and I can feel Jace rubbing my back as I sob into Quinn’s chest.

“I am so confused,” Emma says.

“Give them a second,” a man says.

“You’re going to have to give us something here, Quinn,” another man says. Quinn

pulls me up and I am straddling his lap as he sits on a couch. He has tears in his eyes as he gently takes the collar off of me. He is ignoring his friends and stays focused on me. Jace isn't speaking as he continues to rub my back.

"Oh, Rhea," Quinn says softly as he gently touches the bruise on my throat. "What did he do to you, Little Star?"

"A lot," I admit. "I tried to leave once a long time ago, but... I'm sorry, Quinn. I'm sorry I disappeared."

"Alright," a girl says as she sits beside Quinn to talk to me. "Can you explain what's happening?"

"Anika," Quinn says softly.

"No, sir. I just watched you almost blow his brains out, and I'm sad you didn't. Now, I've known Marvin for a long time and never knew the dumbass was married. How do you know her? You hardly know Marvin."

"Jace and I grew up with Rhea," Quinn says. "Kinda. We were nine when she and her family moved into town. My mom used to clean for her parents. Jace and I would take care of Rhea because her parents didn't. She disappeared when she was eighteen. The last time I talked to her, she called me from the hospital when she was twenty, begging me to come get her because her boyfriend beat the fuck out of her. When I got there, she was gone."

"What happened?" Jace asks me. "When you were eighteen?"

"Uh... Well... Dad wanted something published. He gave me to Marvin as payment," I say. "Marvin convinced me to sign paperwork to be under a conservatorship. I disappeared because Marvin had me put in a facility for about six months."

“Sounds like my parents,” Anika says.

“Your parents are saints compared,” Quinn says vaguely.

“Well, shit. No wonder you almost shot Marvin,” Anika says.

“He hurt you,” Quinn says to me.

“I’m okay, Quinny,” I say, cupping his face. “I’m okay.”

“You’re coming home with me and Jace,” he says.

“I figured,” I say, smiling softly. “Come on, Quinn. You saved me. Please, relax.”

“I am relaxed,” he says.

“You’re still a terrible liar,” I say, and he finally cracks a smile.

“Fuck, Rhea,” he says, hugging me tightly. When he releases me, Jace pulls me into his lap to hug me.

“Who is everyone?” I ask Jace.

“That is Rowan, Max, and Theo. They’re Anika’s partners. You met Emma. She is married to Mia, who is best friends with Anika. He is Quinn... and I’m Jace,” he says with a grin.

“Smart ass,” I laugh and lay my head on his chest. He wraps me in a hug again and kisses the top of my head.

Quinn Puipui is a huge man that stands six feet seven inches and is easily three

hundred pounds of muscle. He is Samoan. He was born here, but his parents weren't. Jace Hale is half-Samoan. His father was, but his mother is white. He is almost as big as Quinn and stands six feet four inches. They were my saviors as a child. I dreamed of marrying someone like them, or them. I was convinced that I was in love with them. When I was forced to marry Marvin, I gave up on that dream.

"Wait," I say, sitting up and looking at Anika. "How do you know Marvin?"

"I work with the dumbass," she says.

"Did," Rowan says. "You did work with him. I texted Arthur and told him. He is firing him in the morning."

"I... thought he was the boss," I say, confused. Anika and Mia giggle, and Rowan smirks.

"No. Arthur owns Genesis. I run things. Anika and Mia are the top publishers," Rowan says to me.

"Ah, well now I know I was lied to," I frown.

"What did he tell you?" Anika asks.

"When I was first made to marry him, things weren't all bad. He kept telling me that when I proved to him I could do it, he would help me publish," I say.

"What do you write?" she asks.

"Nothing now," I say. "He stopped letting me write a long time ago. He said I was choosing my characters over him, so it was easier to stop."

“What did you write?” she asks.

“Uh...” I say. “It was like... Romance, but everyone’s life was shit. Like mine is.”

“Was,” Quinn says.

“Is,” I say. “If you think for a second Marvin will give up, you are insane.”

“What do you mean?” Theo asks.

“He’s about to analyze you,” Mia laughs. “He’s a psychiatrist.

“You hush, woman,” Theo laughs.

“The paperwork I got from that man was... I don’t know if I should say this,” I say.

“Quinn will be a good boy, won’t you, Quinn?” Jace picks.

“Mhmm. Maybe,” Quinn says.

“So...” I start to say. I am still clutching the papers. “It’s divorce papers, Marvin releasing me from the conservatorship and the last one is me resigning for David to be my caregiver.”

“Can I see?” Emma asks. “I’m a lawyer.”

I hand her the papers and she reads over them. “I made him sign the second one,” I say. “I don’t know what to do now, but I think I’m free from that bullshit.”

“You said your dad is a sitting judge?” she asks. “Who is he?”

“Marcus Langston,” I say carefully.

“Hold on,” she says, going to the third set of papers. “He’s listed...”

“Quinn doesn’t know,” I say, interrupting her. “Jace doesn’t either.”

“Know what?” Quinn asks.

“The contract with David includes a sex agreement where she is acknowledging that she consents to sex with Marvin Miller and Marcus Langston,” Emma says.

“He’s my stepfather, if that counts for anything,” I say. Quinn grits his teeth and lays his head back, trying to stay calm.

“Rhea... I don’t give a goddamn who the fuck he is. The man fucking raised you from birth,” Quinn says as he sits up and looks at me.

“Quinn...”

“No, Rhea. When did it start?” he demands, raising his voice at me. I instinctively bow my head when I see he’s mad and tear up. “When?”

“Quinn, stop for a second. You’re scaring her,” Theo says softly. “Let her sit by herself for a bit.”

Jace moves me to sit on the ottoman. I keep my head bowed, trying to not cry. I hiccup and sniffle, trying to calm down. Quinn moves to sit in front of me. “Rhea,” he says softly. “Please look at me.”

“I’m sorry,” I say as I try to hold back my tears. Quinn lifts my chin and remorse is painted all over his face.

“I’m sorry, Rhea. I shouldn’t have raised my voice,” he says softly. “You haven’t done anything wrong, Rhea.”

“It started when I was twelve,” I whisper. “Mom doesn’t know.”

“Your mother starved you. She’s just as guilty,” Quinn says. “How often does Marcus assault you, Rhea?”

“I don’t say no, Quinny,” I say tearfully.

“How often?” he asks again.

“Uh... Every few weeks he will come to the house,” I say, wiping my tears away. “I’m sorry I keep crying.”

“You don’t have to keep apologizing,” Jace says.

Quinn looks up at Theo. “I don’t even know what to do here,” Quinn says. “How do I not trigger her?”

“You just need to be aware of her habits,” Theo says. “How old are you, Rhea?”

“Twenty-seven,” I say softly, dropping my eyes to my lap again.

“She’s spent nine years being abused by Marvin and twenty-seven by Marcus and her mother,” Theo says. “You need to find out what her habits are and go from there. She has gotten used to being abused, so she will expect it from whoever is near her. You should tell her where you live.”

Quinn nudges me and I look up at him. “Jace and I live in the basement of their house,” he says.

“We all live together and force Quinn to come up and act like he loves us,” Anika says.

“Why are you such a brat, Anika?” Quinn asks Anika, smiling.

Quinn can’t be like that. The Quinn I know wouldn’t hurt a woman. I abruptly stand and back away. I don’t want to be close to him if he wants to hurt Anika. She’s so sweet. She doesn’t deserve a beating for that. She didn’t do anything wrong.

“Don’t!” I yell as tears flood my face when Quinn stands to come to me. Jace stands and I panic. I don’t want to see them mad like that. That’s not who they are. Why would they want to hurt her? Would they hurt me because I didn’t keep my thoughts to myself?

I can feel myself spiraling and it feels like I’ve been punched in the chest. I suddenly can’t breathe, and I claw at my neck, trying to find a way to breathe. Someone grabs my hands, and I instantly start gasping and sobbing as I try to pull away from them. I can hear people talking, but they sound distant. Max and Rowan are holding Quinn and Jace back so they can’t get to me. Someone grabs my face and makes me look away from them.

“Rhea, breathe,” Theo says. I can hardly hear him, but I try. I stop fighting him and try to focus on why I can’t breathe. Every time I look at Quinn and Jace, I can hear Marvin’s voice. “I need to get her away from them for a second.”

“No,” Quinn says. I can hear the tears in his voice.

“Anika?” Theo says.

“I’m with you,” she says. “Mia. Emma. Come with us.”

Theo scoops me up, and I am still gasping as he carries me away from Quinn and Jace. When we get into another room, he sits me on a table and puts his hands on either side of my legs so I can't run away again. Mia, Emma, and Anika are around me as well.

"Rhea. It's just us," Theo says. "Count to ten for me."

"One..." I choke out. "Two... Three... Four... Five... Six... Seven... Eight... Nine... Ten..."

By the time I get to ten, I can breathe again. "Good job, Rhea," Theo praises. "Look at me."

"I'm sorry," I say quietly, my bottom lip trembling. "I don't know..."

"You had a panic attack, Rhea. Don't apologize for needing support," he says. "What happened?"

"Quinn... He called her a brat and... Marvin..." I start to lose grip on myself again, but Anika seems to understand. Her voice cuts through to me and I can focus.

"What did Marvin say about brats?" she asks.

"He... He said brats are just submissives that need to be beaten," I whisper. "I read once that they... I'm so fucking confused. I don't know what to believe."

"What did you read?" Theo asks.

"That brats are a brat when they need something specific and when they are supported properly, they submit," I say. "But... Dominants have all the power. So, if they are a submissive, shouldn't they just do what they are told?"

“Both parties hold power equally,” Theo says. “That’s why submissives have safe words.”

“Marvin always said that submissives don’t need safe words because they are expected to submit no matter what,” I argue.

“How do you think it should be?” Theo asks me.

“I... I shouldn’t have to do something I don’t want to,” I say. “I always wanted to please Marvin, but he always caused me so much pain that it was no longer pleasurable.”

“How so?” he asks.

“All of the impact things he used on me has little metal things on them,” I say. “They would cut me and it would hurt. He would get upset when I’d cry, so he’s pour alcohol on the cuts until I stopped crying.”

“What the fuck,” Mia says. “I hated the prick, but now I want to hurt him myself.”

“Can you go get the others, please?” Theo says to Emma. She nods and leaves the room.

“Did I say something wrong?” I ask quietly. “I’m...”

“No, Rhea. You’ve not done anything wrong,” Theo says. I nod and bow my head. I chew on the inside of my cheek as I pick at my nails. When the door comes open, arms wrap around me.

“I’m so sorry, Rhea,” Quinn says quietly. “I’m so sorry I scared you.”

“It’s okay,” I whisper.

“Hey,” Jace says, nudging me. I look up at him, and he grins. “You can punch him if it’s makes you feel better.” I laugh at his remark and they both hug me.

“So... What I am getting here is that Marvin is a fake Dom,” Theo says. “She got triggered because Marvin would tell her that brats are submissives who need to be beaten. You called Anika a brat and she panicked.”

“Oh, Rhea,” Quinn says. “I’d never hurt Anika. Ever.”

“Do you think she’s a brat?” I ask, looking up at him.

“Yes,” he says. “Mia is a bigger brat. You are a brat. Emma is a brat. Max is the biggest brat. I’m surrounded by brats, baby girl. That’s not a bad thing.”

“Quinn is a brat,” Anika laughs. “Rhea, honey. Brats just need more reassurance in different ways. For example, I have a tendency to say shitty things about myself because I know it will get their attention. I do it without thinking. Sometimes I do it on purpose because I like to see Theo’s face turn red when I run away from him. But you know what?”

“What?” I ask.

“Not one of them has ever hurt me,” she says. “Quinny here is a fucking monster, but he has never once done something I wasn’t okay with.”

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“Let’s not go there right now, please,” Quinn says.

“No, I am,” Anika says. “She deserves to understand everything. Marvin used BDSM to abuse her. She needs to know that it’s not what he made it out to be.”

“I’m confused,” I say.

“Okay,” she says. “I am submissive. So is Mia. Emma is a switch, so she is also dominant sometimes. Rowan, Max, Theo, Quinn, and Jace are dominant. They all like to pretend they are bothered by us being a brat, but they love it. They are brat tamers, and all go about taming differently. Quinn and Theo fuck like monsters. I’m sure Jace does too.”

“He does,” Mia laughs. “He’s fun to piss off.”

“Back up,” I say.

“See? I told you not to go there,” Quinn says.

“Do you know what polyamory is?” Anika asks me.

“Yeah. Kinda,” I say. “I know Marvin had other submissives.”

“Were you okay with that?” Theo asks me.

“I just felt left out when he brought them to the house. I was made to go to the guest room until they were done,” I say.

“We are all poly,” Anika says. “Quinn doesn’t do much with us, but he has. Jace is afraid of me, so he’s only been with Emma and Mia.”

“I’m not scared of you, you little shit,” Jace laughs.

“What Marvin did to you is not a dominant-submissive dynamic. He abused you and called it BDSM,” she says.

“She wasn’t allowed to have a safe word,” Theo says. “She also likely has scars from what he was doing.”

“What was he doing?” Quinn asks me.

“He has a flogger that has metal pieces on it,” I say. “The bullwhip did the most damage, I think.”

“I’ve never wanted to murder someone so badly,” Quinn sighs. “May I see?”

“Yeah,” I say. I go to move off the table and he stops me.

“Slow down, Rhea. Do you actually want me to see?” he asks. “You are under no obligation to do anything you don’t want to.”

“It’s okay,” I say. “I mean...”

“What?” he asks.

“It’s not like my dress hides my fat, so it’s not a secret that I...”

“Please, don’t finish that sentence,” Quinn says. Anika and Mia giggle, and he glares at them.

“What?” Mia asks. “It’s just cute to see you so soft with her. If that was one of us who said that, you’d already have us bent over.”

“Must you?” Jace asks.

“Yes, Jace. I must,” Mia says. “Walking on eggshells and hiding reality from her won’t help her heal.”

“Do you...” I start to ask but stop.

“What?” Jace asks me.

“Do you two fuck them as a punishment or something?” I ask, and Theo laughs.

“Yes, but it’s not a punishment,” Jace explains. “You are free to tell them to shut the fuck up. A lot is being dumped on you right now.”

“It’s okay,” I say.

“We are getting off topic,” Rowan reminds.

“Right,” Quinn says. “Can I see what he did?”

“Yeah,” I say.

“Max, hand me that blanket,” Jace says. Max tosses him a blanket as Quinn pulls me off the table and turns me around. Quinn pulls my dress off and Jace wraps the blanket around me so that everything is covered but my back.

“Christ,” Anika says. “That’s intense.”

“May I?” Theo says to me, and I nod. He runs his fingers along the scars and sighs. “How new is the one on your shoulder?”

“Uh... A few weeks,” I think. “The bullwhip also has metal on it.”

“What the fuck is wrong with this guy?” Max asks.

“I knew he was bad, but...” Anika says. “This is just cruel.”

“Turn around here,” Theo says. I turn to face him, and Quinn picks me up and sits me on the table again. “Do you want to be submissive?”

“Theo,” Quinn snaps.

“Stop,” Theo says. “Let her make her own choices. I know you want to protect her right now, but she needs to find something she can connect to and grow with.”

“I do,” I say. “I like pleasing people. I like to make people proud.”

“You like to be praised,” he says.

“Yeah,” I say.

“What about the impact play?” he asks.

“In the beginning, he didn’t hurt me like that. The scenes were pleasurable. It turned into him not stopping until I was in real pain,” I say.

“I am thinking that learning what true BDSM is would be helpful. You need to learn your own limits and learn how to express those limits. You need to pick a safe word and find out when to call it,” he says. “Pain doesn’t have to be painful, Rhea. You can mix the two and stay within your level of comfort. You also need to learn how to see yourself in a positive light.”

“Light doesn’t make the fat go away,” I frown.

“God, you are a brat,” Theo says with a smile.

“Is that bad?” I ask.

“I don’t think so,” he says. “I think everyone in this room, especially Quinn and Jace, will understand what you need if you allow yourself to be a brat.”

“He’s saying you should learn how to tell them to fuck off for fun,” Mia laughs.

“That’s fun and all, but isn’t BDSM a lot about sex?” I ask.

“It doesn’t have to be,” Max says. “It just depends on your limits.”

“I just...” I start to say. “You guys are talking like you all want to teach me these things, which is fine. I want to learn. If Quinn and Jace trust you, then I do. I guess I am just confused on why you’d want to if it’s meant to be sexual for you all.”

“First of all, no one will do anything to or with you without your consent,” Quinn says. “Second, I hope you are not implying what I think you are.”

“I just don’t understand why...” I say but stop and sigh.

“What is it?” Jace asks.

“Do you all mean it in a sexual way? I’m struggling to understand why any of you would want to have sex with me. Marvin hardly wanted to unless he was hurting me or didn’t have to look at me.”

“You okay, Theo?” Anika asks with a giggle.

“Mhmm,” he says.

Jace takes my face between his hands and kisses my forehead. “You need to get dressed.”

“I’m sorry,” I whisper.

“He’s saying you need to get dressed because he’s struggling with trying to not touch you,” Quinn says. “Rhea, you have to understand that we have to learn how to navigate your trauma along side you.”

“Why don’t you have Theo help?” Anika says. “He’s literally a BDSM therapist.”

“That’s not the help I’d like to give, but yes,” Theo says. “I can help how ever you need me to.”

“This is a lot,” Quinn says. “We’re going to take her back to the house so she can rest.”

“I’m going to work on filing this,” Emma says.

“Thanks,” Quinn says as he helps me back into my dress. “Let’s go home, Little Star.”

When we get into the basement, I stand and wait for someone to tell me what to do. “Rhea,” Jace says. “Why are you standing there like a creep?”

“No one has told me what to do,” I say quietly. “I don’t know what to do.”

“Well... you can start by sitting,” Quinn says. “They can be intense. I’m sorry if they overwhelmed you.”

“I learned a lot. It’s okay,” I say. “May I use the restroom?”

“Yeah,” he says, giving me a confused look. “It’s in the bedroom.”

“Can I change? This dress is kind of tight,” I say.

“Yeah. Just grab a shirt from the closet,” he says. “Why are you asking permission for everything?”

“Force of habit, I guess,” I say. He nods and I go to the bedroom. I find a T-shirt and go to the bathroom to change. I get done as quickly as I can. I don’t know why, but I feel as though I’ll get in trouble if I take too long. When I come out, Quinn is looking at his phone by the bed. He just has pajama bottoms on. I forgot just how gorgeous he is. I missed them so much.

“You’re drooling,” Jace says, and I gasp.

“Sorry. I’m sorry,” I say quickly. Quinn sighs and sets his phone down before looking at me. “I’m sorry.”

“Rhea,” Quinn says he points for me to stand in front of him.

“I’m sorry,” I say, obeying him and walking closer. Quinn takes my face between his hands and has an amused look on his face. “I’m...”

Quinn suddenly kisses me, and I instantly melt into him. I am dazed when he pulls away. “I’m going to kiss you every single time you apologize for something you shouldn’t.”

“Now I’m going to want to apologize more,” I say, and Jace laughs. “I know it’s annoying you. I’m sorry.” Quinn kisses me again, only harder.

“I can do this all night, Rhea,” he says.

“You’re not making me want to stop apologizing,” I say softly, not opening my eyes.

“You have a choice to make,” Quinn says. I open my eyes, and he smiles. “You can go to sleep with one of us, both of us, or by yourself.”

“Both,” I whisper.

“Louder, Rhea,” he encourages.

“I want to sleep with both of you,” I say.

“I’m down,” Jace says. “Here or the living room?”

“What?” I ask. “No, I meant actual sleeping.”

“Damn,” Jace says with a wink.

“Alright, pervert,” Quinn laughs.

“You’re one to talk, Quinny,” Jace teases.

“Come lie down before Jace gets himself in trouble,” Quinn says.

“Yes, M...” I stop myself before the word comes out, but Quinn and Jace both caught it. “I... I’m sorry. I don’t know why...”

“What were you going to say?” Quinn asks, pointing for me to lie down. I move to lay in the center of the bed, and they lie down with me. Jace wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me back against his chest before burying his face in my long and curly brown hair.

“I had to reply with Master to everything,” I say.

“Sounds like TPE, but not in a consenting way,” Jace mumbles.

“What’s that?” I ask.

“Total power exchange,” Quinn says. “Every dynamic is different, but in your case, I’d assume you had to ask permission for everything. He made every decision for you. That sound about right?”

“Yeah,” I say. “I had to text him during the day to use the bathroom. He had an alarm on the door so he’d get a text if I disobeyed him.”

“He’s a twat,” Jace mumbles. “You’re so comfortable to cuddle with. Damn.”

“It’s because I’m squishy,” I say. I squeal and laugh when they both start ticking me. “Stop. Stop. Stop. I’m sorry!”

“Little girl, I might not fuck you stupid for degrading yourself, but I will tickle you until you pee yourself,” Quinn warns.

“Is it because there is too much squish or because you don’t see me that way?” I ask. “I mean that seriously. Don’t tickle me, please.”

“One, you are tiny. You could literally disappear in my arms. Two, I don’t know if you are ready to hear about how I see you, Rhea,” Quinn says.

“I’ll say it,” Jace says. “I’d fuck you right now if you gave me permission.”

That’s the gentle version of what I was going to say,” Quinn laughs.

“Why didn’t you guys ever do anything before?” I ask.

“Because you were a child, Rhea. We didn’t see you like that back then,” Quinn says.

“Unlike your piece-of-shit stepfather, I have no desire to have sex with a minor.”

“He has a tiny dick, if that counts for anything,” I say.

“I really hope Marvin has a small dick,” Jace laughs.

“He’s bigger compared to Dad,” I say. “Probably average, I guess.”

“I don’t like this conversation,” Quinn says. “It makes me want to murder people.”

“Damn. I didn’t think you were that mad at me,” I say with a sweet smile.

“Brat,” he says with a smile as he closes his eyes. “We missed you, Rhea. So much.”

“I missed you guys too,” I admit. Quinn moves in closer, and I relax between them.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Rhea

I open my eyes to find that I am still between Quinn and Jace. Jace has his arm banded around my waist, and Quinn has his arms around my shoulders. My ass is pressed against Jace and when I shift to try and scoot away, he tightens his grip on me and kisses my neck.

“Good morning,” Jace whispers in my ear.

“Sir,” I say.

“Ma’am,” he replies.

“You’re poking me in the ass, Jace,” I say.

“If you’re lucky, I’ll put it in your ass,” Jace says, chuckling to himself.

“Damn. I don’t even get a kiss? Just straight to anal?” I say. “I suppose it’s the best way to not have to see my face.”

“He may be afraid to fuck you stupid, but I’m not,” Jace growls in my ear. “Say it again, Little Star. This whole fucking house will hear you scream my name.”

“What happens if I’m already stupid before you fuck me stupid? Do I get smarter, or can I just be blissfully ignorant and believe that I’m not as off-putting as I actually am?” I ask.

“Brave little girl,” Quinn chuckles sleepily.

Jace rolls me to my back and rips my panties off, making me gasp. “Rude. Those were all I had.”

“That’s the least of what you should be worried about,” he says as he pulls my legs apart. Jace grabs my face and turns me to look at him. “You have a choice, Rhea.”

“Where’s the fun in that?” I ask with a sweet smile. “I’m okay. I promise.”

Jace kisses me deeply as he runs his hand up my inner thigh. My whole body shutters at his touch and I whimper against his lips. “Birth control?” he asks.

“Yeah,” I say. “In my arm.”

“I want you to be sure about this, Rhea,” he says seriously. “You have to talk to me. You can’t just take something if it hurts.”

“I’m going to need you to explain that,” I laugh. It’s mostly dark in the room, but I can still see him as he sits up a bit more. He gently grabs my wrist and presses my hand against his cock.

“Jesus, Jace. Do you trip over it?” I say, and Quinn laughs.

“Look at me, Rhea. I mean it. You have to talk to me, okay?”

“Everything makes so much sense now,” I say. “Do both of you have giant dicks?”

“No,” Quinn chuckles.

“You’re a damn liar,” Jace laughs. “Rhea…”

“I’ll talk to you, Jace. I promise,” I say softly.

“Do you want this? Truly?” Jace asks. I sigh heavily before grabbing his hand and pressing it against me. He growls and pushes two of his large fingers inside of me. I gasp and arch off the bed when he curls them inside of me. “Fuck, Little Star. You’re soaked.”

“J-Jesus,” I moan and grip onto his and Quinn’s arm when he starts to slowly fuck me with them.

“She is sensitive,” Quinn states as he slowly pulls my shirt up. It’s one of theirs, so it’s a dress on me. The cool air rushes against my skin and I groan when Quinn gently sucks my nipple into his mouth.

“What do you think, Quinn? Should I give her a little warm up?” Jace asks.

“I think she will like that,” Quinn says between kisses to my chest.

“When was the last time you had an orgasm?” Jace asks me.

“Years,” I choke out.

“Oh, you’re going to be fun to play with,” Jace chuckles. He adds a third finger and starts to fuck me. He is slow at first and I groan at the way his fingers stretch me. “I think I want to have a little taste.”

“Wait. You don’t...” I start to say but stop.

“Say it,” Quinn says.

“Marvin always told me my belly was too big for that. You don’t have to,” I say. Jace

curls his fingers inside of me again, as he moves between my legs.

“Marvin is a fucking idiot,” Jace says. He spreads my legs wide, a broken sound escapes me when he flicks his tongue across my clit.

“Oh fuck,” I pant. “Oh my God.”

“Oh, you’re about to wake the whole house,” Quinn laughs and kisses me.

“I... I can’t help... Oh God, Jace,” I moan.

“Be loud, baby girl. Let everyone know how good you feel,” Quinn encourages.

Jace goes from flicking to sucking, and my body twists as I scream out. He starts fucking me harder and harder with his fingers, my body pulsating from the pressure. He’s hitting something inside of me that has my eyes rolled back. I can’t help but rock my hips against his mouth, causing a tugging sensation as he sucks hard.

“Oh. Oh, God. Oh my God, I’m gonna come. Dear God, please don’t stop. Please. Oh, Jace,” I moan helplessly. My fingers tangle in his black hair and he growls against my pussy. I yell out when he suddenly rolls so that I am on top of him. I try to pull away but he has his arms around my thighs and keeps me pinned to his mouth. Every time I try to pull away, he nips at my clit. It feels so goddamn good that I keep doing it. Eventually, the need to come overrides my fear of suffocating him, and I start rocking my hips again.

“My God, you are fucking beautiful,” Quinn says as he looks me over. His hands find my breasts again, except this time he pinches my nipples. A jolt of pleasure surges through me and I tip my head back and moan. “Our sweet little star likes pain.”

Jace hears this and sucks harder. Quinn twists my nipples again and my body starts to

shake. They work together to slowly pull it to the surface. When it finally breaks, it is unlike anything I've ever felt. The warmth of my arousal floods out of me and Jace eagerly drinks from me as I nearly scream through my orgasm. When they finally let up, Jace moves me back to lay before pushing my knees to my chest.

"I can't wait any longer. I need to be inside of you," he says.

"Please," I pant. "Please, fuck me."

I don't know what these two men are doing to me, but I want them to keep doing it. They make me feel beautiful with how hungry they look when touching me. Jace looks like he's about to fuck me to death, and I want it so badly.

Jace slowly pushes into me, and I groan. "You're so fucking big, and I am much smaller than I thought." Just when I think I've taken all of him, he pushes deeper. "Fuck, that hurts," I whine. "Please, don't stop."

"Is it too much?" Jace asks, slowly fucking me.

"Fuck," I gasp again when he pushes deeper. "Fuck me like you would the others. Please."

Jace smiles deviously at me before drawing out and slamming back into me. He has so much force behind his thrust that all I can do is let out a groan from deep in my chest. He steadily increases his pace until my grunts turn to literal screams of pleasure. I am so lost in this feeling that I don't give a fuck who can hear me. I don't care who knows that I'm getting railed by him. My knees are pressed into my tits, and he has me folded in half as he fucks me insanely fast.

One by one, orgasms easily slip out of me. By the time he moans through his own pleasures, I am so fucking dazed that I can't see straight. Jace lets my legs come

down and leans down and kisses me deeply. “You are amazing,” Jace says softly.

“You... holy fuck,” I say breathlessly. “You are a monster.”

“Is that a complaint?” Jace asks with a grin.

“Yes, but I’m going to need you to do that again,” I say. Jace and Quinn laugh heartily

“I thought she was having a nightmare or something,” Theo says. “Turns out you were just trying to fuck her to death.”

I gasp when I realize others are here. I turn into Quinn, and he wraps his arms around me.

“You’re okay,” Quinn says softly.

“I just didn’t know anyone was here,” I say. “I’m sorry, Theo.”

“It’s alright,” he chuckles. “I just got down here. Give it a second and the others will come be nosy too.”

He doesn’t get the sentence out completely before we hear footsteps on the stairs. I can’t help but laugh when Theo grins at me. “I’m naked,” I say to Quinn.

“Living here, you are bound to see all of them naked at some point. They have no issue fucking out in the open,” Quinn says.

“Are you going to do that to me?” I ask.

“Yes, unless you say otherwise,” he says. “I’ll be a little nicer than Jace was.”

“Please don’t be,” I say seriously. “I want to understand what you guys are capable of. I don’t want to be treated like I’m broken. I’m nearly thirty years old. I can handle it.”

“You got it,” he says with a grin.

“Who tried to kill poor Rhea?” Anika asks.

“Jace,” I say. “I think Quinn is afraid.”

I bust out laughing when Quinn grabs my face and forces me to look at him. “I’m trying to be considerate of the fact that you just escaped an abusive relationship,” he says.

“If I have power too, shouldn’t that mean that my word should be respected?” I ask. “If I say I’m okay with something, I mean it. I may not know where my limits are, but I do know where I’m comfortable. If it’s as simple as you not wanting to be with me, you can just tell me you don’t find me attractive enough and we can move on.”

“Oh shit,” Theo laughs when Quinn abruptly grabs me and rolls so he can pin my arms above my head. I can’t help but giggle because he has a serious look on his face. It’s hard for me to take him seriously when he looks at me like that.

“I’m going to say this one time, and I don’t want to have to repeat myself,” Quinn says sternly. “If you say one more negative thing about yourself, I swear to God you won’t walk right for a week.”

“Is it negative if it’s true?” I ask. “Because it is true that I’m fat. Not everyone is into fat girls.”

“So you really see yourself that way?” Quinn asks as he sits up and pulls his pajama

pants off.

“That is not going to fit inside of me. You are fucking insane if you think that’s possible,” I say. I am aware that everyone is in the basement because I can hear their quiet laughter at my reaction, but I don’t mind. They all make me feel comfortable and welcome.

“Do you?” he asks, leaning back into me.

“It’s all I know, so yeah. I guess,” I say. “I guess I’m not understanding how it is so negative if it’s true. Would you rather me lie?”

“You are not fat, Rhea,” he says. “And Hell, even if you were. You are still fucking gorgeous. Weight has nothing to do with beauty. So fucking what if you have a little bit extra fat on you? I do. Everyone in this room does. That’s how humans work. As long as you are healthy, that is all I give a shit about.”

“I don’t feel pretty though,” I admit quietly.

“Safe word,” Quinn says. “Pick something. If you say it, everything stops, no matter what is happening.”

“Uh... I don’t know... Banana,” I say. “Why?”

“Every time we fuck you, I want you to remember how gorgeous we think you are. You are amazing inside and out, Rhea. You have grown into a stunning woman, and we are so fucking lucky to know you,” Quinn says.

“It’s hard to see,” I say.

“You know I love you to the moon and back, right?” Quinn asks with a devious look

in his eyes.

“Yeah, I know,” I reply with a soft smile.

“Remember that, Little Star, because I’m about to fuck you like I don’t,” he says with a grave warning in his tone.

Before I can reply, Quinn surges into me and I’m dead silent as I arch off the bed and dig my nails into his arms. “Fuck!” I yell out when I finally catch my breath.

“Tell me you’re beautiful,” Quinn demands.

“Lying is rude,” I groan.

“Say it, Rhea,” he says. “Tell me you’re beautiful.”

I open my eyes to match his gaze. I want to challenge him. If Quinn and Jace want me to change the way I see myself, they need to give me a good reason. “Make me,” I say with my eyes narrowed.

“Oh, I’m going to fuck you up, little girl,” he grumbles as he rolls and pulls me on top of him. He wraps his arm around my body so that I stay pinned to his chest. He keeps a tight hold on my hips as he starts to slam into me again. All I can do is scream and whimper into his chest as he ruthlessly fucks me.

“Quinny,” I whimper.

“Fuck... You are so beautiful, Rhea,” he murmurs in my ear. “I’ll show you what we see. I promise.”

His gentle words being whispered in my ear while he fucks me to literal tears is

amazing. “It feels so good,” I moan.

Quinn grabs my face between his large hands, and I instinctively move my hips to help continue the violent thrusting. “You are so damn pretty with tears in your eyes, Little Star,” Quinn says. “You are perfect... so fucking perfect.”

I bury my face in his neck. I quietly murmur in his ear, and it sends him into a frenzy. “Please... Come in me, Quinny. Please.”

Quinn grunts and growls as he fucks me. I cling to him, completely lost in the pleasure. When he starts to come, his moaning my name drags me down with him.

One minute Quinn is balls deep inside of me, and the next I am curled up in his lap. I gasp and jump up. “Woah there,” Quinn says, pulling me back into his lap. “You’re okay.”

“I... Jesus Christ, Quinn,” I say, and everyone laughs.

“I warned you,” he says, gently kissing me. “We both did.”

“Don’t include me in that,” Jace laughs. “I didn’t make her pass out.”

“No, but you both made my belly hurt,” I say.

“So, can we go get your stuff so I can punch Marvin again?” Mia asks.

“I don’t know if...”

“We will all be there,” Quinn says.

“If we could avoid hitting Marvin, that would be great. I’m already gonna have to

listen to my dad's mouth," I say.

"Aht. Quinn," Theo says before Quinn says anything. "I know that instinctively you want to protect her, but she has to get there on her own. You can't force healing."

"He's a puny little fucker. It wouldn't take long," Quinn says with a deep frown.

"Quinny..." I say as I cup his face. "I have to handle this. I am not technically divorced yet, so if I piss them off, then he can contest having the conservatorship removed. If that happens, he will put me in a facility."

"I filed everything," Emma says. "I have a friend who is a judge. She's going to look at it today and sign off on it. We all saw Marvin choking you, so I should be able to get you an immediate divorce based on domestic violence."

"Will I even be allowed to get my stuff?" I ask.

"Yeah," she says. "There is a lot that we need to handle, but we can start by getting your stuff. He will be served an emergency protection order at the same time."

"Alright," I sigh. "I... need clothes. Although this T-shirt is comfortable, I will get shit immediately from Marvin."

"Marvin is a little bitch," Rowan says. "Trust me when I say he won't mess with you while we are there."

"I don't picture him going against Quinn, Jace, Rowan, Max, Theo, Mia, Emma, and me," Anika says. "Oh! That reminds me. I have something for you."

"Me?" I ask.

“Yeah,” she says as she stands up. She leaves the living room and goes into the kitchen. When she returns, she hands me a laptop. “It’s my old one. I figured you could type on this until Quinn and Jace inevitably get you a new one.”

“That’s sweet, but you don’t have to do that,” I say. “I have no way of paying-”

“It’s a gift, Rhea,” she says. “How about this? You can pay me by being a brat to Quinn.”

“I don’t know if I’m... bratty enough,” I shrug.

“You literally said, ‘make me’ in the middle of him fucking you,” Max laughs. “I’m gonna need for you to keep doing that because that is prime entertainment.”

“See? Be a brat to him, and we are even,” Anika says. “You can say make me and run from him if you want to pay up all at once.”

“Are you trying to get her cervix blown out?” Mia asks.

“He wouldn’t do anything,” I say.

“Wanna bet?” Quinn says, narrowing his eyes at me. A blush heats my cheeks.

“My belly hurts right now. Maybe later,” I say with a sheepish smile.

“Mhmm,” he says.

“I have a dress you can wear,” Mia says. “You would look great in it.”

“Uh... okay,” I say. “Thank you.”

Mia smiles and gestures for me to walk with her. I hesitate at first but get up and walk with her. Anika walks with us and we go into one of the bedrooms. “Quinn and Jace talked about you all of the time, ya know?” Anika says. “They never told us your name because... well, because they are protective.”

“Good things, I hope,” I say.

“Yeah. They said that you were smart, funny, and beautiful. I think they fell in love with you from far away. I’ve never seen Quinn react like that, even when I had bruises, and my idiot ex was basically stalking me. Jace is normally calm, but he was very willing to let Quinn shoot him.”

“I always thought I’d be with them some day,” I say. “I thought when I was a teenager that it was just a stupid crush. I didn’t think they’d ever see me that way.”

“As weird as this may sound, I think Quinn and Jace probably did have feelings for you, but they didn’t know it. Why spend their whole lives taking care of you, so I feel like this is a normal progression,” Mia says.

“They were never inappropriate. I thought I was just like a little sister to them,” I say.

“I’m pretty sure Quinn would rather cut off his own leg with a rusty spoon than hurt someone undeserving, especially you,” Anika says. “Also, what we saw and heard them do to you is definitely not something you do to a little sister.”

“How could they have feelings for me back then but not want to be inappropriate?” I ask.

“Because relationships are more than just sex,” Mia says. “Quinn and Jace like to take care of people. They’re ruthless when they fuck, but they are the sweetest men on the planet. They will dote on you like I’m sure that they always did, only now they

are going to be extra protective because of Marvin.”

“It just doesn’t feel real, I guess,” I say as Mia hands me a pastel pink sundress.

“Oh... I don’t have panties on. So...”

“Which one of them did it?” Mia asks.

“Jace,” I laugh.

“A sun dress with no panties?” Anika asks. “Fuck yes. I think I want to change clothes now.”

“I feel like pissing off Max,” Mia says. We all change clothes. I am wearing a pink dress. Anika has a light blue one on, and Mia has a yellow one. Because of how it’s made, it doesn’t require a bra either, so I just have the dress on.

“Please do. I’ve been trying to get him to go after you for months now,” Anika says.

“Am I... am I supposed to be polyamorous, too?” I ask. “Like... is that what Quinn and Jace would want?”

“I won’t lie. They’ll definitely want to share you, but knowing them, they will always keep themselves involved. Even if it’s just being close by,” Anika says. “Quinn will scene with us, but it’s not super often. Not unless we intentionally piss him off.”

“The most important question is, do you want to be a part of that?” Mia asks.

“Uh... I don’t know how to answer that. I feel like I’m violating some kind of girl code.”

“It’s Theo, isn’t it? Please be a brat to him,” Anika laughs. “Girl, if Quinn and Jace

trust you, so do I. I know that's why you trust us."

"If you can't bring yourself to actually bring it up in a conversation, just be a brat to the other guys, and see how it plays out. You are basically dating Quinn and Jace, considering they just fucked you into unconsciousness, so everyone will always go to them for permission."

"Does this make me their submissive, or..."

"Do you want to submit to them?" Anika asks.

"I do," I say. "I want to learn what this lifestyle can be like without suffering."

"So... Theo uses BDSM therapeutically. Obviously not always, but he is really fucking good at finding that one thing you respond to and playing on it. I think with how controlling Marvin was, it would be good for you to work with Quinn, Jace, and Theo on how to give control over in a healthy way. It's very important that you understand the difference between abuse and consent," Anika says.

"The whip," Mia says.

"Oh. Just a heads up, Theo will want to show you how a bullwhip should be used. I saw it all over his face yesterday when he saw the scars."

"I don't know about that," I say quietly.

"Bullwhips don't always hurt," Theo says from the doorway behind me. "Who thought it was a good idea to put the three of you together?"

"What do you mean, Theo?" Anika asks with a grin.

“Brats,” he grumbles before turning to me. “She is right. I would like to show you that it’s not supposed to be like that. It sounds intimidating, but I could use it in a way that doesn’t even hurt or leave a mark. Someone who knows what they are doing can control the intensity.”

“I... I’d like to see it first,” I say.

“We can sit down with Quinn and Jace first, and then go from there,” he says, gently squeezing my shoulder.

“Does that mean I have to...”

“It means nothing besides we can sit down with Quinn and Jace,” he says softly. “A big conversation needs to happen with everyone, so we all understand your limits.”

“Yes, M...,” I say, but stop myself short again. I drop my head and chew on the inside of my cheek, trying to calm my nerves.

“Come on,” Anika says, hook her arm with mine. “I’ll save you before he psychoanalyzes that.”

She and Mia pull me out of the room, and we go back into the living room. “Hot damn!” Max exclaims as he looks up at us.

“Oh, I don’t know if I can be good knowing you don’t have panties on,” Jace says as he pulls me into his lap. “You look incredible.”

“It’s a little tight, but...”

“Is it comfortable?” Quinn asks.

“Yes...”

“Good. It looks amazing and it’s comfortable,” Quinn says.

“Can I ask you something?” Theo asks me.

“No,” I frown at him.

“Sassy girl,” Max says. “What did you do to her, Theo?”

“She almost called you master, didn’t she?” Jace asks.

“Yeah,” Theo says. “I’m just curious what prompted you to say it?”

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“I’m trying to get an understanding of how your triggers work. Finding out the little things you’re reacting to, I think, would help build a foundation for how we can proceed,” he says.

“I don’t know,” I say. “I think it was just that what you said sounded like a command, almost.”

“Are you more comfortable saying it?” he asks.

“No. It’s... Degrading,” I say. “I’m sure there’s a positive way that it could be used, but I associate it with Marvin.”

“Understood,” he says. “Don’t shame yourself if you slip up. You have a lot of habits to work through.”

“Let’s go deal with fuck face,” Emma says. “An officer is meeting us there. It’s about ten minutes from here.”

“Let’s load up,” Quinn says, standing and offering me his hand. “I’ll be good.”

“Unless he puts his hands on you,” Jace says. “Then I’ll break his goddamn neck.”

We pull into the driveway, and I am curled up in Quinn’s lap. “Hey,” Quinn says, kissing the top of my head.

“I’m scared,” I admit with a whisper.

“I know, and that’s okay,” he says. “We are all right here with you.”

“Let’s just do this,” I sigh and sit up. “If I don’t go now, I won’t ever do it.”

“Hey,” Rowan says when he opens our door. “Marvin has officially been fired, and he’s pissed. Mostly at me, I think. I just wanted to warn you.”

“He will blame me,” I say as I get out of the SUV.

“This is Officer Casey Gett,” Emma says. “She will be serving the protection order and standing by so you can get your things.”

“Thank you,” I say to the officer.

“Not a problem,” she says warmly. “You and I will go to the door first; the others can be with us so long as everyone behaves.”

I nod and we walk to the front door. When I don’t knock, Officer Gett does. A few seconds later, the door opens. “Rhea,” he says with a warm smile that takes me by

surprise.

“Mr. Miller. Rhea will be gathering her belongings with my assistance,” Casey says.

“No problem,” he says. No one else is allowed in my home, though.”

“Can he do that?” Mia whispers to Emma, and she nods.

“I don’t have much,” I say.

“I can stand here with Mr. Miller,” the officer says. I nod and scurry past Marvin. He doesn’t follow, so I rush to the bedroom. I start gathering my clothing into a bag. When I turn around, I fall back against the wall and scream when I see David kicking the bedroom door.

“You dumb little bitch,” he growls and grabs me by the throat. “You have three days to come to me, or I will start picking off your friends one by one until I get what I paid for.”

“Please let go of me,” I whimper. He chuckles and tucks a business card into the front of my dress against my breast before taking a few large steps backward.

“I’d advise you to keep your mouth shut,” he says before the door comes open. Quinn comes straight to me and wraps me in a hug.

“What happened? What did he say?” Quinn asks. I shake my head, and he grabs my face. “Talk to me, Rhea. What happened?”

“He... He said I had three days to come to him or he would hurt you guys,” I whisper. I pull the card out of my dress and hand it to him. “He put this in my dress.”

“Good girl, Rhea,” he praises as he hands it off to the officer without looking away from me. “I’m proud of you.”

“You put something down her shirt?” Emma asks David.

“Yeah, Jealous?” David says with a smirk.

The officer gets on her radio and calls for backup. David and Marvin are glaring at me and I feel nervous being in this room. Marvin is standing in front of the armoire that holds his guns. “He has guns in the armoire behind him,” I whisper to Quinn.

Officer Gett hears enough of my sentence to react. “I need for you two to step out of the room with me so she can finish getting her belongings.”

“I don’t want them in my home,” Marvin snaps. “I have the right to make sure no one steals from me.”

“Should have thought about that before your buddy here assaulted her,” Casey says. “Out.”

When they step out of the room, I push away from Quinn and hurriedly pack the rest of my belongings. Everyone is in the room with me and helping me where they can. I take the last bit of my clothing off of the bar in the closet and I see the back panel on the wall. That’s where he keeps everything that he tortures me with. Why does he keep it hidden? They are just sex toys.

“Uh... can I show you something?” I say to Theo. “You said you wanted to understand... I... This is admittedly embarrassing for me, but I feel like you would be the person I could show this to.”

“Yeah,” he says as he walks over to me. I pull the panel off and step back so he can

see what is behind the wall. He immediately turns and looks at me. “Is this... Was he using this shit on you?”

“Yeah,” I say. Quinn and Jace step over to him and the first thing that Quinn pulls out is a flogger. The tails are made of thin chains with metal points on the end. The handle is simple, metal tubing, wrapped with black leather. One by one, they start pulling items out like metal clamps, full face leather masks, restraints, bars, and metal whips. The whips are all made of stainless steel and the popper on the end is simple braided cow leather with a metal point fashioned to the end.

“What the fuck,” Theo says. “I’m at a loss for words.”

“Hand me that bag,” Anika says to Mia. Mia hands it to her and Anika squeezes past Theo, Quinn, and Jace to start putting the items in the bag.

“What are you doing?” Rowan asks her.

“Being a petty bitch,” she says. “I should be encouraging Quinn and Jace to beat the fuck out of him with these, but we are taking them with us instead.”

“I don’t want them,” I say.

“Yeah, but we don’t want him to have them either,” she says. “We can get rid of them, but you can claim to them if he was using them on you. He’s not dumb enough to argue that point in front of that cop. These are torture tools, especially combined with all of the scars you have.”

“Uh,” Emma says. “Rhea, did you ever meet any of these subs that he brought in?”

“No,” I say. “I don’t know if they even knew I was there.”

“We are taking all of this to the police,” she says. “If you haven’t touched it, don’t.”

“Why?” I ask.

“We just need to hurry,” Emma says.

“You don’t mean...” Anika turns and asks.

“Hurry,” Emma says. “Now. We can buy her whatever she needs.”

No one argues. Everyone grabs a bag, and we get out of the house. I’m not sure what’s going on, but we get back into the vehicles while Emma and Theo go to the officers that have arrived. Anika is still holding the bag of what they called torture tools when opens her door.

“Rhea, I need for you to sign this,” Emma says, handing me a clipboard.

“What is it?” I ask her.

“It’s signing over that bag to the police,” she says.

“Oh... okay,” I say, confused. I read through it before signing my name at the bottom. “Have I done something wrong?”

“No, sweetie. You haven’t done anything wrong,” she says. “They’re not pressing charges on David for assault.”

“What?” Quinn snaps.

“Quinn... I need for you to trust me,” she says. “Can you do that?”

“Yeah,” he says with a sigh.

“Thank you,” she says. “Rhea, do you have a phone?”

“Yeah. It’s in the blue bag. It’s pretty useless. It only calls Marvin,” I say.

“Write cell phone beside the list of items and initial for me,” she says. When I do, she hands the clipboard off to Casey. “I should mention I lied. Casey is a detective.”

“What?” Jace asks. “Why did you get a detective here?”

“Because...” she goes to say, but stops.

“You can tell them,” says.

“I think Marvin and David might have been planning to kill Rhea. All of those items... I'm starting to think that those submissive that he brought in were not there willingly and they didn't leave the house alive,” she says.

“I’ll come by the house,” Casey says. “I don’t want them to be suspicious. I will tell them that they are not allowed to leave town because you are filing domestic violence charges. I will file the domestic violence charges just to keep them in town. That’s not what I am after, though.”

“Okay,” Emma says. “Wait, no. Meet us at the Cherry. I can guarantee that no one is listening in there. I’ll close it to the public so we will have the place to ourselves.”

“That works,” she says. “I’ll text you.”

I feel numb with all of this information being thrown around. I move to sit by myself between Quinn and Jace before letting myself zone out.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Rhea

When we got back to the house, I went to the basement and laid down. Everyone thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. Someone would come down and check on me, but I would never roll over to see who it was. I feel so out of my mind right now. Why would my father hand me to someone who was going to kill me? Why would Marvin hand me off to David to kill me? Why not just kill me himself? If those women weren't there by choice, what happened to them?

We pull into the parking lot of The Cherry, and Quinn tugs me out of my seat to stand. "You and Theo are going to go talk for a minute before Casey gets here. Is that okay?"

"Yeah," I say simply.

Theo gestures for me to walk with him. Emma unlocks the door and he and I walk in. The others go to sit at the tables near the bar, but Theo and I go back to one of the private rooms. "Why are we here?" I ask, staying by the door.

"I just want to show you something and talk for a moment," he says. "Come, sit."

"You aren't going to tie me up, are you?" I ask.

"Do you want me to?" he asks with a smirk.

"Not right now," I laugh.

“Deal. Talk now, restraints later,” he says with a sweet smile. When I get closer, he picks me up and sets me on the table. “Okay. I’m going to show you a few items that we all frequently use. I want you to tell me the difference between what he used and what we use.”

“Okay,” I say.

Theo walks to the wall and grab something off of the shelf before laying it in my lap.

“What is this?”

“A flogger,” I say.

“What’s the difference?” he asks.

“This one looks much nicer,” I say. “Marvin has the metal one and this is just leather.”

“Right,” he says. “What about this?” he takes the flogger from me and lays another item in my lap.

“It’s a whip. This is leather. Marvin used metal,” I say.

“Exactly. Do you understand what I’m getting at?”

“Impact play with you guys doesn’t hurt,” I say.

“No, it does. It just doesn’t make anyone bleed, Rhea,” he says. “That might be a kink for others, but I’m inclined to think that it’s not yours. Did you enjoy when he would make you bleed?”

“No,” I say. “When he switched to metal a few years ago, I stopped enjoying it all

together. I used to be able to escape my mind, but he's just gotten more and more violent as the years went on."

"Rhea, what he did was not impact play. It was not kink. It was torture," he says. "He got off on hurting you. Sometimes just making you bleed was not good enough, and there's a good likelihood that he went after other women."

"Why not just kill me, if that's what he wanted to do?" I ask.

"To put it bluntly," he says. "He already had you trained. If he killed you, he would have to start over with someone else. People like him need that constant stimulation. Having you around allowed him to suffice those urges."

"What is it supposed to feel like then?" I ask.

"After we talk to Casey, I'd like for Quinn and Jace to show you just the flogger," he says. "There isn't anyone here, so we can go to the main room so everyone can do their own thing."

"Okay," I say.

"After, we need to talk as a group," he says.

"About what?" I ask.

"About how involved you'd like to be with everyone," he says.

"Oh," I say. "No one has to include me out of pity."

"What? That isn't it at all," Theo says. "We want to include you in this dynamic because you are sweet, beautiful, and smart. You get along well with everyone."

Quinn and Jace love you. We do not include people out of pity. In fact, we've never included anyone else. Quinn and Jace would occasionally play here in the club, but even that was rare. They are incredibly selective about who they involve themselves with."

"I don't understand why anybody would want to include me," I say quietly. "I want to understand... I just don't get it. I'm not used to this much kindness without there being a catch."

"Casey is here," Quinn says from the doorway.

"Come on," Theo says, patting my thigh. He pulls me off the table and puts the items away before we all go to the seating area with couches. Jace pulls me into his lap and Casey sits across from us on the other couch.

"Okay. I'm going to record this, but only I will ever hear this recording. Even if this goes to court, no one else will ever hear it," she says.

"Okay," I say quietly.

"We talked earlier about how he'd bring others over to the house. Can you tell me about that?" she asks.

"He said he had other submissives. Sometimes he'd go to them, but sometimes he'd bring them to the house. When they would be at the house, I was instructed to sit in the closet and meditate. He would put me in there before he'd go pick them up and let me out once he took them home and got back," I say.

"Put you in there, how?" she asks.

"Uh," I say. "He, uh... he would generally restrain me. There is this metal hook in the

floor where he attached the chain from my wrists to the floor... Most of the time, he would put that full face leather mask thing on me. It had holes in it to breathe, but otherwise it fully wrapped around my head, kind of made things muffled to hear, but mostly I hated it because I couldn't see."

"What would you hear when he'd have people over?" she asks.

"The same thing as when he would do scenes with me. I was never allowed to be that loud, though. I would've been punished for it," I say.

"Loud how?"

"Well, they would yell and scream. Eventually, I wouldn't be able to understand what they were saying. I think he would put a gag in their mouth," I say.

"When you could hear, what would they say? Do you remember anything?"

"They would just beg him to stop," I say. "Again, it's basically the same things he did with me. The only difference is that I learned how to keep my mouth shut. They didn't."

"Did you ever hear anyone else?" she asks.

"Yeah. He would sometimes have a friend over. I never met them though," I explain.

"What's the longest he kept you in the closet?" she asks.

"Uh... A few days," I say. "The closet was always locked, so when he would keep me in there for more than ten hours or so, he would leave that mask thing on me and put bottles of water and a bucket in there."

“How often did you leave the house?” she asks.

“Every few months,” I say.

“So... here’s the problem we are having,” she says, picking up the tablet from the table and tapping around on it.

“What?” I ask.

“When is the last time you saw your mother?” she asks.

“When I turned eighteen and married Marvin,” I say.

“Your mother, stepfather, and Marvin filed a missing persons report,” she says.

“I don’t understand,” I say.

“Your mother thinks you are dead,” she says. “Two days ago, they filed to have you considered deceased.”

“How did I never know about this?” Quinn asks. “It was never on the news or anything. Her family was well known enough that it should have been on the news.”

“They were well known enough to get away with it,” Theo says. “Have you talked to her mother and stepfather?”

“I did,” she says. “I had to come forward and explain that you are no longer a missing person, so the court wouldn’t consider her dead.”

“I am so confused,” I say. “Was I not under a conservatorship?”

“No,” she says.

“I was in the hospital and at a facility,” I say.

“There isn’t a record of you anywhere,” she says simply.

“Dad knew I wasn’t missing though,” I say. “He would come to the house and-”

“And what?”

“It was expected of me since I was twelve that when he wanted, I was to let him take me,” I say. “He fucked me regularly, so there is no way he would say I was missing if he knew I wasn’t.”

“Rhea... He didn’t want anyone to know you were alive,” Theo says. “If you were listed as deceased, David was free to give you a new identity and move you somewhere else.”

“David mentioned that Marvin has a deposit. So, I guess David paid for me,” I say.

“If Quinn and Jace hadn’t known her,” Emma starts.

“It’s a good thing they did,” Casey says. “I need for you all to keep an eye on Rhea. Do not let her be alone. The lab is going to run DNA as fast as they can. I need a DNA sample from you, Rhea. We need to rule you out of any findings so that if we find anything, we will know if it’s you or someone else.”

“Uhm... okay,” I say. Casey gets what she needs out of her bag before asking me to open my mouth. She swabs the inside of my cheek before sealing everything up.

“I’m taking this straight to the lab. Any chance Marvin will know where the house

is?" she asks Emma.

"No. We have a gate and a wired alarm system anyway," Emma says.

"It's probably a good idea that we work from home," Rowan says.

I stand up and back away from everyone. I am not letting everyone turn their lives upside down for me. Quinn reaches for me, but I pull out of his grasp and go toward the door.

"Rhea," Quinn says. He touches my arm, and I snap.

"Stop," I scream as I turn and shove him backward. "I'm done. I can't do this."

"Yeah, gonna just run back to Marvin?" he snaps.

"Fuck you," I yell at him as I start to cry. Jace steps close, and I stop him. "Don't fucking touch me. I'm done. Y'all did fine without me for nine goddamn years. You'll be fine. Everyone will be better off without me here."

"Is that what you think? You think we were okay without you?" Quinn says, raising his voice.

"Why does everyone care so goddamn much?!" I scream. "Why is everyone so fucking nice? I'm not worth any of this bullshit. You're turning your lives upside down for someone who is broken. I'm fucking broken, Quinny. I am not the girl you secretly fed and rocked to sleep until she was eighteen and disappeared because her parents would beat and starve her when she got in trouble. That girl is long fucking gone. She had hopes and dreams of happiness. What's left is fucking worthless. You should have just let him fucking kill me. Why did you have to fucking save me, Quinn? Why?"

“Rhea,” Quinn says gently.

“I’m sorry, but I’m done. I shouldn’t have let anyone help me,” I say as my tears take over. I turn to run from them but smack into Theo. “Move.”

“Kneel,” Theo says with aggression seeping into his tone. It stuns me, so I just stare at him. “Now, Rhea. Kneel.”

“No,” I say defiantly.

“Kneel or I’ll make you kneel,” he growls at me.

“Theo, stop it,” Jace scolds.

“No. I told you two to meet her where she is comfortable. I have watched you two coddle her and give her free rein when that is not what she’s used to. She’s scared out of her mind, and she doesn’t know how to function without control. You can guide her without abusing her. You can still show her the same level of affection and compassion while still helping ease her out of total control,” Theo says. “Rhea, kneel. Now.”

“Okay,” I whisper and dip my head. Before I can kneel, he lifts my chin.

“Sir,” he says. “I don’t even want to hear you call any of us master because you are not our slave. You will address us as sir. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” I say, relaxing a bit. He nods and steps back to watch me. I kneel in front of him and sit back on my heels with my head bowed.

“Look at me,” Theo says. “When someone is speaking, you look them in the eye.”

“Yes, Sir,” I say.

“Girls, come here, please,” Theo says to Anika, Mia, and Emma.

“Casey, I appreciate your patience,” Theo says.

“It’s not a problem. It’s intriguing,” she says. “I have the recording off, so take your time.”

“Kneel, please,” Theo says to the girls. They kneel beside me and match how I’m sitting. “I need all of you to be honest with me, okay?”

“Yes, Sir,” we all say at once.

“Okay. That was hot,” Rowan says.

“I need you all too,” Theo says to the guys.

“I’m not kneeling,” Quinn says.

“Oh, but you’d look so pretty on your knees, Quinny,” Jace teases.

“Bunch of children,” Theo jokes. “I wanted to wait to have this conversation, but we are going to have it right now. Rhea, what is your level of comfort with everyone?”

I go to look at Quinn and Jace, but he grabs my chin. “I’m sorry,” I whisper.

“The difference between total control and abuse is consent,” Theo says. “I’m asking you, not them. This has nothing to do with them. What is your level of comfort?”

“I am comfortable,” I say. “With anything. I trust everyone.”

“Okay. Then you are to submit to every man in this room. Quinn, Jace, Max, Rowan, and myself. If we tell you to do something, the only thing we should hear is 'yes sir', and you doing it. If you are a brat to one of us, you will be punished by that person. Above all, Quinn and Jace have the final say over you. Anika, Mia, and Emma. I want you to help ease her into this, which requires you to move along with her. Is this something you are comfortable with?”

“I’m not submitting to Max, but yes,” Emma laughs. “I love my brother and everything, but I don’t do incest.

“Obviously,” Theo laughs. “Also, Rhea, don’t ask for permission to use the restroom or to move rooms. If you want to leave the house or building, ask. Otherwise, you can do whatever it is you need to do.”

“Yes, Sir,” I say softly.

“I want you writing again. I don’t care what it is or who you show, but I want you writing,” he says.

“Will you see it?” I ask.

“Yes,” he says. “Is that okay?”

“Yes, Sir,” I say.

“Stand up. All of you,” Theo says. As soon as I’m up to my feet, he grabs me by the throat and pulls me closer. “If you ever suggest again that you’re worthless or are better off dead, you won’t be able to sit for days without remembering your punishment. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Sir,” I say softly.

“Now, Quinn and Jace,” he says, turning to them.

“Please make them kneel,” Anika giggles. Her laughter is infectious, and I start laughing. Mia laughs with us, and soon Casey’s laughter drags everyone else in as well.

“You two have got to stop coddling her,” Theo says. “She trusts the two of you, but when you try to force her out of her comfort zone, she panics. Her comfort zone is the Dominant having total control. If you want to help her, match her where she is. You’ll either grow to stay there or help ease her into independence. Shocking her with free roam is how you’ll lose her.”

“I understand,” Quinn says.

“Fuck her up. Got it,” Jace says.

“May I...” I start to ask. I can’t get the words out before Quinn grabs me and wraps me in a hug. “I’m so sorry, Quinn. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” he mutters. “I promise, it’s okay.”

I turn to hug Jace, and he squeezes me in a hug. “Come sit down,” Jace says.

“Okay,” I sigh, but yelp when he smacks my ass. “Yes, Sir...”

“Good girl,” he says. “Come on.”

We go back over to sit with Casey, and she smiles at me. “Ready?” she asks me.

“Yes,” I say. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright,” she says. “Basically, guys. I need for everyone to stay as far away from Marvin and David as you can. Rhea, your mother wants to talk to you. I told her I would let you know.”

“Does she know that dad knows?” I ask.

“Unless he told her, no. I need to find hard evidence that he knew, and then I can charge everyone with human trafficking,” she says. “I’m trying to find out what else Marvin has been up to, but I need a warrant for that. I was able to obtain the... makeshift toys... because they were presented to me,” she says. “If any other DNA is found on them other than Marvin, Rhea, or those who disclosed that they touched them, I will have probable cause to get a warrant. If we spook him, he could spiral and hurt people.”

“We will keep our distance,” Quinn says.

“I need for everyone to be very nice and friendly to her mother and stepfather. Don't mention anything about any of this. Play along, and I can catch him in a lie,” she says. “Just don’t let them at the house.”

“Anything else?” Emma asks.

“Just don’t make waves and tell me every detail of everything that happens involving any of them,” she says. “I’ll go so you all can spend some time together. Call me if you need anything.”

“Will do. Thank you,” Emma says.

When Casey leaves, everyone is silent for a minute. I am chewing the inside of my cheek, watching my hands as I pick at my nails. Quinn lays his hand over mine and I sigh.

“Look at me,” Quinn says. I look up and he tucks my hair behind my ear. “You talked to Theo about doing a scene with us, yes?”

“Yes, Sir,” I say softly.

“Speak up, Rhea,” Jace says.

“Yes, Sir, I talked to Theo about doing a scene with just a flogger with the two of you,” I say louder and more confidently.

“Is this something you are consenting to?” Quinn asks.

“Yes, Sir,” I say. “I am consenting to it.”

“Understand that the purpose of this is for us to find your limit,” Quinn says. “The scene will continue until you call your safe word.”

“But I... yes, Sir,” I say.

“What were you going to say?” Jace asks.

“Just that I would rather it stop when you two want to stop,” I say.

“I understand, but right now we need to learn where your limit is so that we are comfortable pushing you further, if that’s what you desire,” Jace says.

“How about this,” Quinn says. “The flogging will go until you call it. After, we will both take you, and that’s when we will allow you to forego a safe word.”

“Really” I ask with a smile.

“Yes,” Quinn says. “You give us your limit, and we will fuck you into a coma. Deal?”

“Deal,” I say. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Little Star,” he says, cupping my cheek. After a second, he wraps his hand around the back of my neck and pulls me to his chest. “If I ever hear you suggest your death again, you’ll never walk the same again. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Sir,” I breathe.

“To finish what I was saying earlier, we were never okay without you, Rhea. I prayed every night for you to come back to us. I regretted every day not trying harder to find you. We never should have assumed you picked up and left.”

“We can’t change any of that,” I say. “I’m glad I’m here now, even if I do keep melting down like a crazy person.”

“Let’s go play,” Quinn says, kissing me softly.

“Yes, Sir,” I say happily. He pulls me up to stand and Jace walks with us to the play area. I have all but forgotten about the others by the time we get to a bench in the center of the area. Quinn and Jace pull my dress off and have me kneel on the bench. I’m straddling a narrow platform. It has me positioned so that my knees are far apart. Quinn has me lie across the platform before they both use leather straps to secure my legs and arms to the bench.

“Theo is going to be here, but he’s just watching for now, okay?” Jace says as he leans down and kisses my shoulder.

“Yes, Sir,” I say.

“Have you ever had a wand used on you?” Quinn asks.

“No, Sir...”

“Well... You’re about to,” he says as he attaches something to the bench that presses against my clit.

“What does that do?” I ask.

“It’s going to make you come,” Jace says. “A lot.”

“The wand will allow you to focus on the pleasure so that the pain is more tolerable,” Quinn says. “What is your safe word?”

“Banana,” I say.

“Good girl,” he says as he starts rubbing my back. “Relax for us.”

“Mmm. That feels nice,” I groan when he digs his thumbs into my muscles.

“You can turn it on,” Quinn says.

“High it is,” Jace says. Vibrations shoot through my clit, and I scream. It’s not painful, but it sounds like it is.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” I yell. “Fuck, what the fuck? Oh my God!”

“We could just leave her like this,” Jace suggests.

“Wonder how long it would take before she passes out?” Quinn asks.

“I thought I was the sadist,” Theo laughs.

“Alright. Alright,” Jace laughs. “Ready, Little Star?”

I open my mouth to respond, but an orgasm suddenly crashes over me, and I moan loudly as I pull against my restraints. Quinn starts gently rubbing my back and I scream out again, mid-orgasm, when Jace smacks my ass. Hit after hit, I get more and more relaxed. They’re forcing orgasms out of me in rapid succession.

The smacks stop and Quinn leans down to be at eye level with me. “We are both using a simple leather flogger, okay?”

“Yes, Sir,” I moan. “Fuck.”

“They will be continuous until you call it,” he says.

“Yes, Sir,” I say, trying to not yell.

Quinn steps back and seconds later, the first hit with the flogger slaps across my ass. If this is all it is, I’ll tap out from too many orgasms before the things that should be hurting me.

Quinn and Jace alternate hits. They are scattered from my upper back to the backs of my thighs. It sounds like I’m speaking in tongues from the orgasms. I am so overstimulated that it's overwhelming.

“Fuck,” I scream out when they hit in the same spot on my ass over and over again.

“Say it, Rhea,” Quinn says. “That’s all you have to do.”

“No,” I grunt.

“Stubborn little girl,” Jace says. They strike in the exact same spot again and tears well up in my eyes. I’ve been through this time and time again. I can handle the pain. They will stop on their own and be content. If I interrupt, they’ll be mad. They say they want me to speak up, but speaking up hurts worse than this.

They stay on the same spot and my ass is on fire. They give no reprieve between hits, and I can’t breathe. They are hitting so hard now that the vibrations no longer register in my mind and the pain is all I feel. I hate this so much. I hate how it reminds me of Marvin. I hate the way the pain never dissipates.

“Say it, Rhea,” Theo says.

“No,” I whimper. “I’m not a failure.”

“Fuck, Theo,” Quinn says.

“Don’t stop,” Theo says. “She needs to say it to understand.”

“It’s going to break skin,” Jace says.

“Make her say it. She’s not in danger,” Theo says. “She needs to see how you two react when it’s said.”

I can’t give up. I don’t want to fail them. All I can think of is how much more pain I’ll be in if I resist. Quinn and Jace keep at it until I am sobbing. I can’t focus on anyone’s words now. They suddenly hit much harder and I can’t take it anymore. I’ll take a moment of reprieve before it gets worse, but I have to take a break.

“Banana,” I whisper through my tears.

“Again,” Quinn says. “Louder, Rhea.”

“Banana,” I choke out. “Please...”

The restraints are being pulled off all at once before Quinn scoops me into his arms. “We’ve got you. You’re okay.”

“I’m s-sorry,” I cry. “I t-tried... P-Please d-don’t be m-mad.”

Quinn lays me in Jace’s lap so I am on my belly before he squats down to hold my face. He has tears rolling down his cheeks and it snaps me back into reality. They fucking hated doing that to me.

“Rhea, baby. We are so fucking proud of you. You hear me? You did so well. You are not a failure. You are fucking amazing. Okay? You found your voice, baby. That is fucking huge,” he says.

“We love you, Rhea,” Jace says. “So damn much. We will spend every day for the rest of our lives showing you the love you deserve.”

“I love you too,” I say tearfully. Quinn sits beside Jace, and I am moved across both of their laps to rest.

“Rhea,” Theo says. I turn my face to look at him and he smiles. “You did well, sweetheart.”

“Thank you,” I whisper.

“Is it okay if I put some salve on your... well, everything?” he asks.

“Yeah,” I laugh as I wipe my face and lay my head back down.

“You are bleeding slightly, but it’s not bad,” Theo says.

“I hated that,” Quinn says.

“I know it’s a harsh and slightly unconventional way of helping her find a limit, but she found it. She’s being cared for, and now we backtrack to see when she actually should have said it,” Theo says. “When did you first start rejecting everything?”

“Right before Quinn first asked me,” I say. “They kept hitting the same spot and... it hurt so badly.”

“I’m glad you recognize where it started,” he says as he gently rubs the salve in, starting at my shoulder blades. “When you feel that again, say the word.”

“But...”

“No,” Theo says. “That is your limit, Rhea. Your limit is their limit too. When you said the word, what did they do?”

“Stopped,” I say. “But what if...”

“What if what?” Theo asks. “What if it’s just for show and the next time they get mad?”

“Yeah,” I sigh.

“Did you see how they reacted to your pain?” he asks.

“They were sad.”

“Right,” he says. “One, I have never seen either of them that upset before. Two, they went far beyond their limits as well.”

“Why didn’t they stop if they were at their limit?” I ask.

“Because you were the one who has been abused for your entire life, Rhea. Sometimes we have to make ourselves a bit uncomfortable to help pull someone out of the weeds. You are the one struggling to find your voice, not them. They spoke up to me many times,” he says.

“I’m...” I start to say.

“Don’t say it,” Theo says. “Don’t apologize for finding your voice.”

“My ass is on fire,” I say.

“Yeah, I bet it is,” he laughs.

His hands gently rub the salve into my ass, and I hold my breath. I didn’t realize until right now why he asked me if I was okay with this. The marks wrap around my inner thigh, inches from my pussy. He is being so gentle that it’s erotic.

“Are you okay?” Quinn laughs.

“Mhmm,” I choke out.

“Liar,” Theo says with humor in his voice. “Want to try that again?”

“Is our sweet little star getting turned on?” Jace asks with a sweet voice.

“He’s... so close,” I admit. “It’s... fucking with my head.”

“More than just your head, Rhea. You’re soaked,” Theo says, gently sliding one finger into me. I try not to, but my pussy tightens around his finger, and he chuckles.

“You better get her before I do.”

Quinn and Jace laugh as they stand me up. Quinn sits on the ottoman in front of us and pulls me into his lap. “Fuck, you are soaked,” Quinn groans as I slowly lower myself on his cock.

“Both,” I choke out. “I want both of you.”

“Have you done anal before?” he asks.

“Yes. Please,” I nearly beg.

Quinn lies back and wraps his arms around me before he lifts his hips and starts to pound into me. I bury my face in his chest and let myself get lost in the pleasure. After a minute, he slows to a stop and Jace teases my ass with lubed fingers. When I relax, he grabs my hips and slams into my ass. Quinn immediately matches his movements, and I stay relaxed as they fuck me.

I am completely lost to the bliss. It feels so fucking incredible to have them both desperately surging into me. I am trapped in this constant orgasm, and I never want to escape. I never want to be without them or the family they have built among friends. To be welcome into their home with open arms is a blessing I never knew I needed.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Rhea

One week later

What's better than being fucked by your man every day? Oh, right. Being fucked by both of your men every day. It was unspoken before, but as of a few nights ago, we are officially dating. I couldn't be happier either. I love every minute of every day and it's starting to feel less like a prank and more like my new reality. I know I have many obstacles to overcome, but I feel secure in the fact that under their watch, I am safe.

Rowan, Anika, and Mia have been working from home. Max is helping Emma from the house. She still has to appear in court and be at her main office for meetings with clients, but the manager at The Cherry has been running things in her absence. Theo has switched to virtual appointments for his patients, but most of his were already virtual. Quinn and Jace have been with me, and I've been writing. I've scrapped the same thing at least twenty times now, but I'm writing. It feels nice to create worlds again, even if I have no idea what to do in this new world of mine. They read everything before I scrap it and encourage me to continue, even if I keep starting over.

I am sitting cross-legged on the couch. No one else is in the living room. I believe they're fixing dinner, but I am stuck in this world I've created. I'm finding a rhythm finally, and it's an incredible feeling. I love writing because it helps me escape reality and dive into another world where I can make anything come true. Everyone does exactly what I say... well... not always. Sometimes, the characters go off on their own adventure, but I love to tell their story. Even through all the pain and suffering, I

lead them toward happiness and peace. In reality, not everyone gets a happy ending, but in the worlds that I create, everyone finds happiness. They find a way to navigate the darkness. I think by helping them achieve happiness, I'm teaching myself that I am in control of my own happiness in the real world. I am the one who decides how much pain is too much and if I'm not fighting for myself, I'm allowing it to happen. Maybe that's a warped way of thinking about it, but it helps.

"Hey," Theo says as he stands behind the couch and leans over to look at my screen. "How's it going?"

"Uhm... I think I'm finally getting somewhere," I say, still typing.

"You've written a lot today. I'm proud of you," he says, gently kneading my shoulders. I close my eyes and drop my head with a groan when I realize how stiff my neck is. "Mhm. I think that you should take a break."

"But he's going to get kidnapped," I mumble.

"He will be there waiting to be captured tomorrow," Theo says. "Come eat dinner."

"I ate so much at lunch. I'm okay," I say.

"Are you still full?" he asks

"No, I just don't think I should be eating that much," I say.

"Why's that?" he asks.

"Don't answer that, it's a trap," Anika laughs.

"Oh, oops," I laugh and try to get up. Theo grabs me by the hair and yanks me back

before taking my face between his hands. I am looking at him upside down and I can't help but giggle. "You look funny like this."

"Why don't you think you should eat dinner?" he asks.

"Because my lunch was over a thousand calories," I say.

"What did you eat for breakfast?" he asks.

"Oh, hell yeah. Did she finally piss off Theo?" Jace asks. "I've been waiting for this."

"Breakfast," he says. "What did you eat?"

"A meal bar," I say.

"One hundred calories," he asks. "Seriously?"

"What?" I ask when Theo lets go of my face and walks around the couch to stand in front of me. He motions for me to stand, so I set my laptop aside and stand.

"Rhea, you expressed that you desired to lose weight. So me, you, Quinn, and Jace agreed on a reasonable number of calories. No one wants you to be counting them, but at least this way we can make sure you eat," Theo says.

"What's your point?" I ask.

"Rhea," he says. "You've had eleven hundred calories today. How many did you have yesterday?"

"The same," I say.

“Why are you starving yourself?” he asks.

“I’m not. I’m eating,” I say.

“Go sit at the table,” Theo says, stepping aside and pointing to the kitchen.

“No,” I frown.

“Excuse me?” he says.

“You say that I have autonomy over my own body. Why am I being forced to eat when I don’t want to?” I ask with an attitude.

“You know what,” he says. “Fine.”

“Fine?” I ask.

“Yeah. You do whatever you want, and we will go have dinner. We’d like for you to join us, but I won’t force you,” Theo says.

“Enjoy your dinner,” I say before sitting back on the couch and pulling the laptop over to sit on my legs. Theo walks away and disappear into the kitchen. Everyone else follows, but Quinn and Jace hang back.

“I hope you know you just fucked up, Rhea,” Jace says.

“Don’t let your food get cold, Jace,” I say flatly as I resume typing.

“Rhea,” Quinn says with an amused tone. I sigh and look up at him.

“What, Quinn?”

“You are the cutest little brat,” he says as he leans down and kisses me. “I’ll put an ice pack in the freezer for you.”

“Why?” I ask, confused.

“Because you’ll need it after Theo is done teaching you what happens when brats disrespect themselves,” he says with a grin. “Theo is comin’ for you, Little Star. Better rethink your decision to be defiant.”

“Go eat,” I say flatly.

“Oh, sweet girl,” he laughs and stands up. “You’ll learn somehow.”

Quinn turns and they go back to the kitchen. I don’t know what they are going on about, because if I can handle Quinn and Jace, I can handle Theo. How bad would it really be?

I spend a while typing before I go to the kitchen and start cleaning up as they finish eating. I put the leftovers away and load the dishwasher before I wipe the counters down. I have grown comfortable with cleaning. It helps me focus because it’s a mindless activity.

When I get done, I leave the kitchen and grab my laptop to put it away. “What are you doing?” Max asks.

“Putting my laptop downstairs,” I say. “Why?”

“Girl, don’t intentionally corner yourself,” he says. “Theo is not going to let that go.”

“If I can handle Quinn and Jace, I can handle Theo,” I say. Max laughs and takes the laptop from my hands to toss on the couch behind me.

“Rhea, baby. Please believe me when I tell you that you are so wrong,” Max says.

“Telling her how Theo is going to wreck her pussy?” Anika asks.

“Honestly, how bad could it be?” I ask.

“Girl,” Anika says. “He’s just as big as Quinn, he has piercings, and he is far more aggressive than I’ve ever seen Quinn. It’s called a punishment fucking because he’s going to fucking wreck you.”

“Okay,” I say. “I’m going downstairs.”

“Let her go,” Theo says. “She made her choice.”

I shake my head at them and grab my laptop before walking past everyone to go to the basement. “Hey,” Quinn says before I get to the basement door.

“Hi,” I say.

“What are you doing?” Jace asks.

“Putting my laptop up,” I say. “Probably going to take a shower. Is that okay?”

“Yeah,” Quinn says with a soft smile.

“Are you going to try and scare me into eating, too?” I ask.

“No,” Quinn says, tucking my hair behind my ears. “Theo will feed you once you wake up from your coma.”

“All of you are dramatic,” I say, rolling my eyes.

“You can’t say we didn’t warn you,” Jace says. “The fact that you keep getting an attitude with him and everyone else isn’t helping your case any.”

“She has autonomy, Jace. Remember?” Theo says from behind me. “She’s free to try and starve herself if she wants.”

Try? What the fuck does that mean?

I turn and roll my eyes at Theo before hugging Jace. He kisses me and cups my cheek. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” I say. “I’m going to go take a shower.”

I step past him and walk downstairs. I set my laptop down before going to the bathroom and undressing. When I step into the hot water, I sigh and lay my forehead on the wall. I took a shower this morning, but I wanted to just stand in the hot water for a while. It’s scalding, so my skin is blazing hot.

The water suddenly goes ice cold, and I gasp. “Jesus Christ, Theo,” I scold. “What the fuck was that for?”

“Get out,” he says, opening the shower door. I scowl at him and step out so he can wrap me in a towel. He says nothing as he steps me over to the counter and starts brushing my hair. When he’s done, he sets the brush down and dries my hair. I have no idea what he’s doing, considering he looks like he’s mad at me. I keep my mouth shut because I have already made the situation bad enough.

“Theo,” I say quietly.

“Yes, Rhea?” he asks as he turns me to face him.

“Are you angry at me?” I ask sheepishly.

“No, Rhea. If I was angry, I wouldn’t be down here,” he says. “I am upset, but I also recognize that something is going on inside that pretty little head of yours and you don’t know how to open up about it.”

“I’m fine,” I say.

“I thought you’d say that,” he says. “Go to the bedroom and stand at the end of the bed.”

“Am I being punished?” I ask.

“Yes,” he says. “Go, please.”

“Yes, Sir,” I say quietly.

When I get to the bedroom, everyone else is in here. Panic washes over me when I am naked, but no one else is. I’ve been made fun of and tormented by my dad and Marvin so many times that this feels like a trap. I still do as I’m told, but I don’t look at anyone.

“Alright, Rhea,” Theo says, as he gently rests his hands on my waist. “Do you know why you are being punished?”

“For not eating dinner,” I say.

“Wrong,” he says. “You are being punished for blatantly disregarding your health, knowing there would be consequences. You continuously degraded yourself and then got an attitude with me when I tried to get a better understanding of what was going on. Also, for lying.”

“Lying?” I ask.

“Yes,” he says. “You lied when you said nothing was bothering you.”

“You’ve known me a week,” I snap. “How in the fuck are you supposed to know what is going on in my head?”

“Feel better?” he asks.

“What?”

“Do you feel better? Does being a brat to me help whatever is bothering you? Does it solve the problem?” he asks.

“No,” I admit.

“I thought so,” he says.

“Bend over and put your hands on the bed please,” he says.

“No,” I say, turning to face him.

“Are you calling your safe word then?” he asks.

“Well, no, but...”

When I say no, he shoves me back on the bed and has me pinned before I can even attempt to sit up. He has my arms pulled above my head with one hand and forces my legs apart with his knees. I realize that he is already naked, and I fully understand why everyone was warning me. Quinn and Jace are huge, but so is Theo. Adding his piercings, my insides are about to be mush. Theo has a feral look in his eyes, and I

smile.

“Something funny?” Theo asks as he lets go of my wrists and grabs the backs of my knees to push them to my chest.

“Is it too late to go eat dinner?” I ask with a sweet smile.

“It’s way too late for that,” he says. “What’s your safe word?”

“Banana,” I say.

“Don’t be afraid to use it,” he warns.

I open my mouth to ask why, but a scream comes out when he slams into me. He is fucking me unimaginably hard almost immediately and all I can do is yell out as he forces an orgasm to surface.

“Fuck. Theo,” I yell. “Slow down. Fuck. Oh my God.”

“Cute little brats who degrade themselves get fucked like toys,” Theo growls as he continues to rail me into the bed. “Is that what you want? You want to be my toy, pretty girl?”

“Yes,” I choke out. “God, yes.”

He growls at my response and drops my legs before abruptly flipping me. He pulls me up to my knees and my chest stays on the bed as he pulls my hips back, slamming back inside of me. This time, he pushes deeper and thrusts with even more aggression.

Each bar of his Jacob's ladder piercing is tortuous but amazing. The Prince Albert

piercing is equally as incredible, but together it's mind-blowing. I push my hips back and meet his thrusts, making myself scream out as I help him fuck me harder. Theo grabs me by the hair and pulls me up. My back is arched dramatically, and I am suddenly snapped out of my daze when he wraps his hands around my throat. Panic washes over me and I fight him.

"Stop, Rhea," Theo commands softly.

"Let go of me," I scream. I instinctively throw my elbow back to try and get him off of me. As soon as I do it, I know it's a bad idea. I don't know why I'm fighting him. I don't know why I'm panicked. Theo forces me back to my back and keeps his hands around my throat. I understand and accept that my punishment is him pushing my boundaries and forcing me to talk. I know I need to speak up about what bothered me earlier, but I can't find the words. I don't want anyone to think I've betrayed them. Have I? I feel like I've done something wrong, so I'm avoiding everyone.

"I can't breathe," I say tearfully as I grip onto his wrist.

"Say the word, Rhea. If you want me to stop, say it," Theo says firmly as he slams back into me. I try to push him away, so he pins my wrists above my head with one hand. "Say it."

"I don't want to," I say tearfully as I relax.

"Then trust me, pretty girl," he speaks softly. He releases my wrists since I've stopped trying to hit him and leans into me more. "Trust me."

I nod and he tightens his grip, completely cutting my air off. He starts back in on slamming against my cervix, only this time I am silent. I can't draw in a breath. I can't scream. I can't do anything besides trust in him.

“Fuuuck, Rhea,” Theo growls through gritted teeth as his rhythm falters. “Come with me.”

Something massive is building, but it won’t break. My brain is swimming with a thick haze from lack of oxygen. When Theo releases my throat and moans from deep in his chest, I can feel my soul shatter into a thousand tiny pieces. He kisses me deeply as he forces all of those shards back into place with every thrust of his hips.

By the time he pulls out of me, I have drifted away to a world where none of my worries exist. It’s peaceful here. Marvin isn’t here to sneak into my mind. My parents aren’t here to pretend that they’re not the main source of my pain.

When I manage to drag my eyes open, the room is dark. I am lying on the bed, and I’m dressed in Quinn’s shirt. Theo is lying on his side, propped on his elbow. He is looking at his phone while his other hand is gently resting on my belly. He notices the change in my breathing and locks his phone before looking up at me.

“Hi,” he says with a sweet smile as he tosses his phone down.

“Hi,” I say softly. “Theo, I’m sorry.”

“For what, Rhea?” he asks as he sits up. He grabs a bowl from the nightstand and motions for me to sit up. I groan as I do it, but eventually, I am sitting up with my back against the headboard.

In the bowl is the chicken pasta salad that was for dinner. It’s a cold dish so it keeps well as leftovers. Theo gathers a bite in a fork and offers it to me. I give him a deadpan expression and he only grins. I accept the bite of food and it’s admittedly delicious.

“I’m sorry for fighting you,” I say.

“I triggered you, Rhea. That’s nothing to apologize for,” he says.

“Did you mean to?”

“I did,” he says, offering me another bite of food.

“Why?” I ask.

“Why do you think?”

“Uh. Probably to make me face it,” I say.

“Precisely. Did you reach your limit?”

“No,” I say before taking another bite.

“What happened tonight?” he asks.

“I just didn’t want to eat,” I lie.

“Rhea,” he says. “Don’t lie to me, please.”

“Fine,” I sigh. “Dad texted me and it fucked with my head, I guess.”

“What did he say?” Theo asks. I grab my phone off the nightstand and go to the message before handing it to him.

Dad

I’ve missed you, kid. Let’s get together, just you and I. For old time's sake.

He hands the phone back to me and I set it down. I don't need to explain what that means because he knows. Dad is trying to lure me away from the others so he can fuck me again. Likely to also hand me off to Marvin and David. Theo continues to feed me, and we sit in silence for a while. When the bowl is empty, he sets it down and turns to me.

"How did you feel when you got that message?" he asks.

"Obligated," I admit quietly. I drop my head and pick at my nails.

"What else?" he asks.

"Guilty," I answer.

"For?"

"For feeling obligated. I feel like it's betrayal that I considered it," I say.

"Do you understand that what Marcus has done to you is wrong?" he asks.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because he was supposed to protect me, not fuck me," I say bluntly. "You know I was sixteen when I realized that not all dads fucked their little girls? Dad started the touching and having me touch him when I was very young, and I thought all little girls pleased their daddies like that. He always told me that Mom wouldn't understand, and she would be jealous of how close he and I were. I wanted to make him happy, so when he said it was our little secret, I vowed to never upset him by telling our secret."

“Tell me about the touching,” he says. “What did that consist of.”

“Bluntly?” I ask.

“Whatever is easiest for you,” he says.

“The time I didn’t know what exactly he was having me do, but he was having me jerk him off, basically. He eventually moved on to having me put him in my mouth. That gradually morphed into full on oral sex,” I explain. “It got to the point that I felt obligated to do it, so I was seeking it out in a way. It was the only time I got attention from him, so I did it every chance I could. It felt so good to have him praise me afterward. I feel out of my mind for wanting that praise from him.”

“Is it the praise you get from him or just to be praised in general?” Theo asks.

“I think it’s just praise,” I say. “I remember the first time he had me swallow. He told me he loved me for the first time in probably years. Every time after that where I’d swallow, he’d tell me he loved me.”

“How did things change when you were twelve?” he asks.

“I started my period for the first time, and he told me everything I needed to know. He told me everything about anatomy, the process in general, and explained what sex was. I knew, but he told me I was a woman now, and I was ready to understand,” I explain. “He asked if I wanted to be his good girl and help him feel good. I obviously said yes, so he showed me how to put a condom on him. He explained that if I got pregnant, my mom would be jealous because she couldn’t have any more babies. He said she would take me away from him and the baby, so I promised I wouldn’t tell her. It’s odd to look back on and think about because I don’t remember it hurting. I wasn’t on my period anymore, but he explained that I would bleed a little, but he would take care of me. He used lube and started slow. Every time after that, he would

go a bit harder. Eventually, it was the time as what anyone would do. Maybe harder. It was so normal that again, I was seeking it out. I wanted his attention, so I would have sex with him to get it.”

“So, when he texted you that, was it the obligation you felt toward him, or were you wanting to feel his praise again?” Theo asks. I drop my head again. Theo gently lifts my chin and swipes away the fallen tears. “It is nothing to be ashamed of, Rhea.”

“It’s not that I want him,” I sniff. “I just...”

“What?” he asks.

“It sounds dumb after explaining all of that,” I admit.

“Try me,” he smiles.

“There is just something special about being brutalized but then praised while you’re on your knees with tears running down your face,” I say. “To be told that you took it like a good little whore is... nice.”

“I’m thinking what I did wasn’t much of a punishment then,” he chuckles.

“No,” I say. “Anika, Emma, and Mia... They are the same way. You brutally fucking us is not a punishment. Knowing that we’ve disappointed you is the punishment. None of us like to make any of you all disappointed. When they intentionally piss you off, they are just wanting your attention the same way I wanted my dad’s attention.”

“You know what that is, right?” he asks.

“What?”

“That’s what it means to be a brat,” he says. “Sex was never the punishment, Rhea. I know full and well that all of you enjoy that. If you didn’t, I wouldn’t do it. I know that sometimes what a brat needs is to have that little attitude of theirs fucked out of them. I know that the intensity of it brings clarity. When the others realize this, I have no doubt that they will use this tactic as well.”

“I don’t know if I’d survive Quinn and Jace fucking me that hard,” I laugh. “I’m sorry I was a bitch to you.”

“It’s okay,” he smiles. “How do you feel?”

“Like Quinn was smart with preparing an ice pack,” I say and Theo laughs. “Did your piercings hurt?”

“Did getting a needle shoved through my dick hurt?” he asks, and I giggle. “Yes, it hurt. Not as badly as I expected though.”

“Now I want to talk the others into it,” I say.

“I don’t know if I can go that long without sex,” Jace says as he and Quinn step off the stairs and walk over to sit with us.

“It’s not too bad,” Theo says. “Worth it for the reaction you’ll get.”

“Tempting,” Quinn says, kissing my temple.

“I need to tell you and Jace something,” I say quietly.

“Go ahead,” he says.

“Dad texted me,” I say, picking up my phone to show them the message. “I

considered meeting him and it made me feel confused and guilty. It's not that I wanted him, I just miss the praise I used to get from him."

"Baby girl, if you want to be fucked like a back-alley whore and then pampered like a princess, I will happily oblige," Quinn says.

"We will gladly take you like a worthless piece of fuck meat, but then remind you after that you are the most amazing women we have ever met," Jace adds. "Gaining pleasure from degradation doesn't mean you have to believe the things that are said to you."

"Right," Quinn says. "I can and will call you my worthless little whore while I fuck you, but you know I don't mean it."

"If you call me a worthless whore while wrecking me, I might come," I say, and he laughs. "Is it... wrong... to want to recreate things that have happened to me?" I ask Theo.

"Who specifically?" Theo asks.

"Any of you guys," I say. "Although, I'm not very sure that Max and Rowan are real interested in me."

"I'll come back to that," Theo says. "It's not wrong to want consensual intimacy of any form. There is no wrong way to heal. If you want to heal through consensual nonconsent and the other party is also consenting, then do it."

"What is that?" I ask.

"CNC is basically a forced sex kink. It can be as extreme as acting out a rape, but having a safe word to still end things," he explains. "It requires a massive amount of

trust in each other.”

“So basically, I’m the fighting fuck meat with a safe word?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he chuckles. “Something like that.”

“Interesting,” I say.

“Kink is not bad as long as it is consensual. Healing is not wrong, as long as it is consensual,” he says. “Do not ever let anyone tell you differently.”

“Thank you for feeding me,” I say kindly.

“You’re welcome, Rhea,” he smiles. “What can we do to get you to eat more?”

“I don’t know. I think I don’t eat when I’m stressed out or overwhelmed. Maybe just force me to talk about my feelings and I’ll eat,” I say.

“Why didn’t you eat yesterday?” Quinn asks.

“Uhm,” I laugh.

“Go on,” Theo encourages.

“I felt bad that I wanted to have sex with you,” I tell Theo. “It feels like cheating in a way.”

“It’s not cheating,” Quinn says. “If we ever have a problem, we will tell you. Okay?”

“Okay,” I smile.

“Back to Max and Rowan,” Theo says. “They adore you, but they’re afraid of overwhelming you. Anika has talked to them a few times about it. I think the issues are coming from the fact that they are only ever with her.”

“Not Mia?” I ask.

“No, just Anika. She only recently expressed that she was okay sharing them with you, so I think it’s maybe guilt that they do want you, but don’t want to upset Anika.”

“Anika wouldn’t encourage it if she wasn’t okay with it,” I say.

“Exactly,” he says. “My advice is to pick at them relentlessly until they break. Talk to Anika because she will be able to give some insight on how to get at Rowan. He is...”

“Soft?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he laughs. “It takes a lot to make him anything more than soft. Max is much easier get to. Just be a brat, challenge him, and run.”

“Literally?” I ask.

“Yeah,” Jace says. “That might get Rowan too. They are a lot like me and Quinn and help each other with that stuff.”

“I’ll give it a shot after I talk to Anika,” I yawn.

“Let’s go to sleep,” Quinn says.

“Please,” I sigh. Theo takes my hand and pulls me up to my knees so he can hug me.

“Thank you for getting me to talk. I’ve never said any of that before.”

“You’re welcome, sweetie,” he says, kissing the top of my head. “I’ll see you guys in the morning.”

When Theo goes upstairs, I lay with Quinn and Jace. I am facing Quinn and Jace is behind me and I’m quiet for a while. “What’s on your mind?” Quinn asks.

“I have a problem,” I admit with a whisper, sniffing back tears.

“What’s that?” he asks.

“I think I like Theo... a lot,” I say, still almost whispering. Quinn cups my cheek and smiles.

“Want to know something?” he asks.

“What?”

“He really likes you too,” Quinn tells me. “Anika pointed it out first and is stoked about it.”

“Why?” I ask.

“Well... Theo was married when they met through Emma. They were in a polygamous relationship as well, but Annie got pregnant by her boyfriend. Theo and Annie had grown apart anyhow, but when Anika came into the picture, he pulled away from her completely. They decided to be friends because Annie wanted to be in a monogamous relationship with Andrew. As soon as the divorce was finalized and she got half of everything, Annie and Andrew disappeared. She was apparently not pregnant after all. I’m not sure what her motivation was for lying, but I think that she just didn’t want to admit that she just didn’t want to say that she didn’t want to be with him.”

“He’s a psychiatrist with his own practice. She wanted his money,” I say. “I bet they had a bunch of savings too, huh?”

“That bitch,” Jace gasps.

“So, Theo is extremely cautious about who he gets close to. He would never admit it, but Annie hurt him. A lot. That doesn’t even include the guilt from when Anika was shot by her ex,” Quinn says.

“She told me about that yesterday,” I say. “He’s a psychiatrist. He should know that it isn’t his fault that she got shot.”

“It’s the whole ‘do as I say, not as I do’ business,” Quinn explains. “He cares about you so much, but he is being cautious.”

“That makes sense. Here I thought you all were mentally stable,” I laugh.

“God, no,” Jace laughs. “Everyone has had their fair share of trauma.”

“At least I’m with familiar company here,” I yawn.

I feel hands gently shaking me. I gasp and snap my eyes open. “Shit, you scared me,” I sigh when I realize it’s Theo.

“Sorry. Casey is here,” he says. “Come on.”

“Oh, God,” I complain. “What now?”

“I don’t know. She said she wanted to tell everyone together,” he says, handing me a pair of shorts.

“What time is it?” I ask. “Where are Quinn and Jace?”

“It’s about five. They were running with me, Rowan, and Max. When we got back, Casey was here talking to Emma,” he explains.

“Wait. You just leave us in the house? Do you do that every morning?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he laughs. “You girls sleep like the fucking dead. We set the alarm and stay close by.”

“I tried exercising once. That just consisted of Marvin calling me fat while I cried and tried to do pushups,” I say.

“If you want to exercise, Max and Rowan are your guys. They are good teachers,” he says as we walk upstairs.

“I’ll have to ask them,” I say. When we get to the living room, everyone turns to us. “Morning.”

“Morning,” Casey says as Quinn pulls me to sit in his lap with my legs across Jace.

“You left me,” I say to Quinn and Jace.

“Didn’t think you’d want to run five miles at four in the morning,” Jace laughs.

“Maybe at six,” I smile. “Oh. Max. Rowan. I have a question.”

“It’s too early for you to start being a brat,” Max says. “What’s up?”

“Wanna help me not be fat?” I ask. Everyone bursts out laughing while Rowan and Max glare at me. “Theo said if I wanted to learn how to exercise, I should talk to

y'all."

"We can help you exercise," Max says flatly.

"Great," I smile. "Thanks."

"This is great," Anika laughs. "I love this for us."

"What's up, Casey?" Theo asks.

"David Miller was murdered," she says simply.

"Damn. Beat me to it," Jace says. "What happened?"

"He was shot in his sleep with a nine-millimeter," she says. She is looking at me when she speaks and I don't understand why until I remember Quinn has a nine-millimeter. That's what he was going to shoot Marvin with. I keep my mouth shut because if Quinn did do it, I am not helping her take him away from me.

"Ah. I see where this is headed," Quinn says, as he moves me to sit with Jace. "I assume you want it?"

"Please," Casey says.

"Quinn," Emma says.

"Give me some credit, Emma. I'm not going to hand it over if I shot him," Quinn says and she nods. Jace wraps me in a hug while Quinn goes downstairs to get his pistol. When he returns, he hands it over to Casey.

"The lab will have it for a few days for ballistics, but I should have it back soon," she

says, having him sign a paper. “Guys, I can’t help you if you don’t own up to it. I can easily have this charged as something minor and no one sees jail time.”

“When was he killed?” Theo asks.

“Last night around ten,” she says.

“Oh. That’s an easy one,” Mia says. “We were all watching Theo fuck Rhea unconscious.”

“You could have said that so many different ways,” Theo says.

“Cameras can show we were all in the basement and there isn’t any other way out,” Rowan says.

“Woah. Is there a camera down there?” I ask.

“No,” Quinn laughs. “That almost looked illegal.”

“Can you show me?” Casey laughs and asks Rowan.

“Yeah,” he says, pulling his phone out. He taps around before handing her his phone. She watches for a second before fast forwarding it.

“Okay,” she says. “Email me a copy of that and we will be good. I’ll still send the gun to the lab so there aren’t any questions.”

“Not a problem,” Rowan says.

“Tell her,” Theo says to me.

“Dad texted and said he wanted him and I to get together, just the two of us,” I say.
“Which is code for him wanting to have sex with me.”

“I know it’s happened before, but when did he start making you do that?” she asks. I look at Theo and he smiles softly.

“If I say, you’ll have to charge him with something,” I say.

“What’s the earliest age that you can remember him doing something that would lead to a charge?” she asks me.

“Uh... six,” I say.

“Oh, Rhea,” she sighs. “Marcus is headed for many charges as it is, so it’s going to be the same timeline. I need to find hard evidence so I can charge him.”

“What if I just set him up?” I ask.

“How so?” she asks.

“I could meet with him alone but in public,” I say. “Marcus will more than likely follow me back to the car or something. Rape is rape, right? At minimum, attempted would get him put away. My admission could get a search warrant, considering he has many years' worth of videos.”

“He videoed that?” she asks.

“Yeah. Started with just pictures, but by the time he was having me full on sucking his dick at ten, he would video it. He even recorded some of the more intense scenes Marvin had with me,” I say.

“You understand that if we don’t get to you quickly enough, he very well could rape you, right?” she asks.

I look at Theo to see if I have gone crazy. “I don’t like it, but I think you can handle it,” Theo says. “I think helping put him away will be healing for you.

“What about you guys?” I ask Quinn and Jace.

“I agree with him,” Quinn says, and Jace nods.

“Everyone else?” I ask.

“I think you can handle it,” Anika says.

“I hate every bit of this,” Rowan says. “But I’ll support whatever you want to do.”

“Alright,” I say to Casey. “When?”

“Today,” she says. “See if you can meet him around three.”

“Okay,” I say. I pick my phone up off my leg and find my dad’s number. I’m not used to having access to everything on a phone, but I like the freedom. Quinn and Jace got me this phone when they got me a new laptop.

“Calling him?” Quinn asks.

“Yeah,” I say. “He will be awake.”

I call him on speakerphone, and he answers almost immediately. “Rhea,” he says happily.

“Hey, Dad,” I say. “Are you busy?”

“I’m never too busy for you, baby. Why are you up so early?” he asks. Anika and Mia roll their eyes when he calls me baby.

“I just couldn’t sleep. I saw your text,” I say. “Do you want to meet today? I have to go into town today. Thought maybe I could meet you somewhere.”

“Just you, or do I get to meet these boys you ran off with?” he asks.

“You know who Quinn and Jace are, Dad,” I say. “And I didn’t run off. Marvin hurt me and they helped get me away from him.”

“What did he do?” he asks. I look at Casey. She nods, giving me permission.

“He had us sign divorce papers and took money from some guy for me to go live with him. I ran to the bathroom, and he came in there and started strangling me,” I say. “I already had bruises from him strangling me with a rope. I got scared and let Quinn and Jace help me.”

“Are you sleeping with them?” he asks. Casey immediately starts shaking her head, telling me to say no.

“No, Dad. They’re my friends,” I say.

“Good girl,” he praises. “You know how I feel about sharing my girl.”

I close my eyes and try to calm myself. I am bouncing my leg, trying to not cry. Quinn and Jace lightly squeeze my thighs and a tear slides down my cheek. “I know, Daddy,” I say softly.

“When do I get to spend some alone time with you?” he asks. “You know Daddy has needs, Rhea.”

“I don’t know,” I say. “I’m a little busy today, but I still want to get coffee together.”

“We can do that. What time?” he asks.

“Is three okay? I should have some time then,” I suggest.

“That works perfectly. Text me where you want to meet,” he says. “I love you, Rhea.”

“I love you too, Daddy,” I say, trying to keep my tears silent. When the call ends, I can’t hold it back anymore. Jace pulls me to his chest and cradles me as I start crying.

“Good girl, Rhea,” he murmurs. “I’m so proud of you, honey.”

“I hate it,” I sob. “I hate it so much.”

Jace cups my face and make me look up at him. “You’re so close, baby. Just a little more, and you are free.” He gently kisses me before letting me curl up in his lap.

“Make it the coffee shop on Fifth and Johnson,” Casey says. “I’ll have an eye on the cameras and the car. Absolutely no one else needs to be close by. I don’t want to chance him getting mad.”

“Okay,” Quinn says. “Can we take her back to bed? I think she’s had enough for now.”

“Yeah,” Casey says. “I’ll get with you all after.”

Quinn stands and scoops me up before he and Jace take me downstairs without another word. A few minutes later, Theo, Rowan, and Max come down. I am curled up on the bed practically sobbing. Memories of a lifetime of abuse is flooding my brain and it is unbearable. None of them say anything as they move me to lie on my belly with my head resting on my arms. They start massaging my back, neck, shoulders, thighs, and legs. It's not about sex or desire. All they are focused on is comforting me through the storm of emotions I'm experiencing.

Eventually, I have cried myself dry and I'm numb. They continue their comfort until I relax, and I fall asleep with their hands all over my body.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Rhea

I am sitting in Quinn's truck, shaking. I have not driven in years, but it's meeting Dad alone that has me freaked out. Everyone hated saying goodbye to me as I drove away from the house, and I sobbed for the entire drive. I've been sitting here calming down for a while now and I know I need to go inside.

I get out and lock the truck before walking into the coffee shop. "Where is your restroom?" I ask.

"In the back," she says without looking up from her phone.

"Thanks," I mutter and go to the back.

I splash cold water on my face to try and relax. I do it a few more times before I give up and grab paper towels to dry my face. I hear the door open but before I can turn, hands grab my waist. I gasp and look up to find it's my dad who has me pushed against the sink.

"Dad, we are in public," I say quickly.

"Don't you want to make Daddy happy, Rhea?" he asks as he unbuttons my shorts and shoves them down.

"Dad. Stop it," I say as I start to panic.

"Bend over and let Daddy feel good," he says, pushing me over the counter. I hear

the condom tear open and I start crying.

“Daddy, stop it,” I beg him through tears. “I don’t like this. Please, stop.”

“Daddy will be quick. I just need to feel my girl. I’ve missed you, Rhea,” he says as he puts the condom on and pulls my arms behind my back so he can shove my head into the sink.

“Daddy, stop. Please stop,” I yell when he pulls up on the lift rod to lower the stopper and plug the sink. He turns on the water and pushes my face down further. “Stop. Stop it. Please stop.”

“Shhh, Daddy will make it better,” he says as he forces himself into me. I fall hysterical as he starts forcefully fucking me as the water gets closer to my face. The more I fight, the harder he thrusts into me. “Fuck, Daddy loves his baby girl’s tight pussy. Why’d you have to lie, Rhea? You said you weren’t sleeping with them. Why’d you lie to Daddy?”

“Stop!” I scream and push back as the water gets to me. I am completely panicked, realizing he’s about to kill me. This isn’t how it was supposed to happen. I went into the coffee shop too early. Why did I do that? They told me not to do that. Casey said there needed to be an undercover cop here first. I didn’t listen, and now I’m going to die. “Don’t do this. Please. I’m sorry. Please, Daddy.”

“It’s too late, Rhea. You were raised better than this,” he grunts out as he shoves my head under the water. I start thrashing and fighting harder, trying to get my head above the water. He is pounding into me but none of that registers since I can’t breathe. I am trying to free my hands so I can pull the stopper, but he has a tight grip on me.

All of the sudden, he falls away from me and I hit the ground gasping and coughing

up water. Arms come around me and I start screaming as loud as I can, wanting to be saved. Someone has to save me. I don't want to die. Not in some stupid coffee shop.

"I've got you. Rhea, it's me. It's me, Rhea," Theo says as he grabs my face and makes me look at him. I instantly start sobbing and fall against his chest, desperately needing comfort. I hear noises around us, but I can't focus on any of that. Someone helps Theo stand me up to fix my shorts before Theo picks me up to cradle me. I am still sobbing into his chest as he carries me off somewhere.

"Is she okay?" Casey asks.

"What the fuck happened?" Theo snaps. "Why was no one here?"

"Someone called in a bomb threat to the courthouse, and everyone was pulled there. I got caught in traffic and she wasn't answering her phone," Casey explains. "I'm so sorry, Rhea."

"He knew," I mumble.

"What?" Theo asks and sets me on my feet.

"He knew I lied about being with Quinn and Jace. He said I lied to him," I explain.

"Hey," Quinn says as he pulls me into a tight hug. Jace gets me next before everyone else follows suit.

"How did he know you lied?" Theo asks.

"He didn't say. He just said it was too late and I was raised better than this," I say. "Marvin probably assumes and told him."

I glance down and see that Quinn's knuckles are bloody. I gasp and take his hand in mine to see what he's done. "It's okay," he says. "I'm okay."

"You're bleeding," I say, sniffing back tears.

"Baby," he says, lifting my chin. "I'm okay, Rhea. I promise, he's a lot worse off."

"Why did y'all do this? You're hurt."

"Rhea, he was trying to kill you, honey," Quinn says as he hugs me. "He wouldn't let go of you."

"We need to clean that," I sniff. "Can we go home?"

"Take her home," Casey says. "Between the condom and everyone's statement, he will get attempted murder and first degree rape."

"Will he get bail?" Anika asks.

"God, no," Emma says. "I'll make fucking sure of it."

"I wanna go home," I say.

"Come on," Theo says.

Quinn, Jace, and Theo take me to Quinn's truck, and I lay with my head in Theo's lap as Quinn drives us home.

We get to the house and as soon as we are inside, I point for Quinn to sit on the couch. "Rhea," he says.

“Sit down and let me take care of you,” I say firmly.

“Yes, ma’am,” he smirks. I go to the kitchen and find the first aid kit before returning to the living room. I sit beside Quinn and lay his hand on my leg. “Rhea.”

“Yes?” I ask as I start to clean his hand.

“Are you okay?” he asks.

“I’m okay,” I say. “I don’t know how, but I’m okay.”

“What’s going on in your mind?” Jace asks.

“I’m... proud of myself. I’ve never fought back before,” I say. “Even if he had killed me, I still would have died fighting.”

“I’m proud of you,” Quinn says.

“I went in early. I would have known she was calling if I hadn’t done that,” I say.

“It’s not your fault, Rhea,” Quinn says.

“It wouldn’t have happened if I had stuck to the plan,” I say. “I can’t be upset because I didn’t listen. I can’t be upset when I consented every other time before.”

“You didn’t consent at six,” Quinn says. “You didn’t consent at all, because you were forced. Coercion is still rape.”

“Then tell me why for a split second, it felt nice to be wanted by him?” I ask, laying the bandage on his hand and gently pressing it down. “Tell me why I think it’s my fault? Maybe if I had been a better daughter, he wouldn’t have treated me like a side

piece. Tell me why I sobbed at sixteen because I thought he got me pregnant and then found out I wasn't? Tell me why I believed him when he'd tell me I was the prettiest girl and only I could make him feel that good? Huh? Explain to me why every time Marvin fucked me in the beginning, I thought of my dad just to be able to get off?"

I abruptly stand, but Quinn grabs me and pulls me into his lap to straddle him. He takes my face between his hands and wipes away my tears and I melt.

"Manipulation, Rhea. He brainwashed you, but you won, Rhea. You are free and he is in jail for a very long time. He can never hurt you again. Ever," Quinn says. "He will die in jail while you are living your life with us. If you want a baby one day, it will be us who give you one. Not Marcus. Not Marvin. Not David."

I nod and lay my head on his chest so he can rub my back. We sit like this until the others come in. Their energy makes me smile, so I sit up.

"You're being ridiculous," Mia laughs at Rowan.

"Not right now, Mia," Rowan replies with a frown.

"Oh, hell no," Anika says. "She's right."

"Guys," Max says.

"You hush or speak up," Emma scolds her brother.

"What's going on?" I ask.

"Rowan and Max..." Anika starts to say, but Rowan puts his hand over her mouth. Mia jumps away from Max, laughing before telling me.

“Rowan and Max were going to fuck you tonight but now they’re afraid to,” Mia says.

“Why are you afraid?” I ask. “I mean... I’m know I’m chunky but, I’m not scary.”

“Rhea,” Max frowns. “Please don’t say that.”

“Why? What are you going to do about it?” I ask.

“You sure about this?” Theo asks with a smirk.

“Very. It’s not like they’ll do anything anyway,” I say.

“You tell ‘em, Rhea,” Anika says with a grin. She comes over and hugs me tightly.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” I ask softly so that no one else can hear.

“Very much okay,” she replies quietly. “Push as hard as you want.”

Anika pulls away and winks before moving back to stand with Mia. I look at Max and Rowan to find they are glaring at me. “What?” I ask.

“Just looking at you,” Max says simply.

“There’s plenty to look at,” I reply with a shrug. Max and Roman sigh before looking at Theo, wanting him to react.

“Don’t look at me,” Theo says. “If you want her punished, you do it. I’m not the one she said it to.”

“They don’t want to even fuck me. What makes you think they care enough about me

degrading myself that they would punish me?" I ask

"Goddamn it, Rhea," Rowan sighs.

"See?" I laugh.

"Rhea, come here," Max says.

"No," I say.

"No? Little girl..."

"Do you fuck as well as you run your mouth, Max?" I ask.

"Oh fuck," Anika laughs when he takes his phone and keys from his pocket and drops them onto the coffee table.

"Rhea," Max says slowly creeping toward me.

"I'll take that as a no," I say. "Guess it makes sense now."

"What's that?" Rowan asks.

"Why Anika brought Theo into your dynamic," I say. "Someone had to get the job done. It's not looking like you two are. At least you're sweet. Gotta have something going for you."

"Dude, she's ruthless," Mia laughs. "I love this."

"Rhea, I'm trying to be nice to you because you have been through a lot today," Max says. "But you're pissing me off."

“Mhmm. I’m so scared. Is this going to be more of you glaring at me and wishing you had the balls to do something about it?” I ask.

Max takes a large step closer to block me as Rowan moves to close off another escape route. I back up until I run into the couch. “What’s wrong, Rhea? Why are you backing up?”

“To make you feel special, Max. Do you feel like a big boy now? Do you think I’m worried now?” I ask with mocking tone. Max grits his teeth and takes a long deep breath. “Aww. Practice breathing. Do you feel better? You look tense.”

Max grabs me by the throat and is about to throw me on the couch when I get an idea. It’s cruel. I will definitely deserve to get fucked up after this. “Wait! Daddy, stop!” I yell. Max goes wide-eyed as he steps back, and I bust out laughing.

“Oh, that was cold,” Theo chuckles.

Max recovers and shoves me over the arm of the couch before jerking my shorts and panties down. Rowan sits so that I am over his lap. I am grinning when Rowan grabs me by the hair and pulls my head back to look at him.

“Are you sure, Rhea?” Rowan asks softly.

“I need to get that feeling off my skin,” I admit. He nods to Max and Max responds by slamming his cock inside of my pussy. He uses so much force that it takes my breath away for a moment.

“Damn,” Anika giggle. “Keep taunting him and he might choke you too.”

“I don’t think he will last long enough to do more than grunt a few times before coming,” I choke out. Max starts to move, and it is immediately a punishing pace.

“Oh, dear God....”

Rowan pulls his cock free, and I take him down my throat right away. “Fuck,” Rowan curses. I suck hard, but he pulls me off of him and moves to kneel. He doesn’t like that I took control, so he’s changing things up. Max keeps a tight grip on my waist as he continues to fuck me hard and deep. I have my hands on the seat of the couch so when Rowan shoves himself down my throat, I have no leverage to do anything other than take it.

“Is this what you wanted, Rhea?” Max growls. “Did you want someone to use you? Disrespect you?”

“Oh, but Daddy didn’t make her come,” Rowan says. Fuck, these men are filthy, and I love it. I love how cruel their words are and how they are constantly checking my mental state, even subtly. Rowan pulls me up to roughly grip onto my chin. My makeup is a mess still, now it’s worse. “Greedy little whore just can’t help herself, huh?”

“Fuck,” I gasp When Max smacks my ass.

“Aww, too hard?” Rowan asks. “What do you want, Rhea?”

“Be mean,” I whisper. “Please.”

Rowan’s expression softens a bit, understanding that I am so overwhelmed that I need an escape. I feel familiarity to drown out the noise. He nods to Rowan before grabbing me and pulling me over to him. He lays back on the couch and forces me down onto his cock. “Fuck!” I yelp. He pulls me down to his chest and wraps his arms around my body before he starts to fuck me.

“Fuck. Oh, Fuck!” I yell out. “S-slow d-down.”

“Scream louder, whore,” Rowan growls quietly in my ear. “Go ahead.”

I have my face buried in his chest so when Max suddenly and aggressively surges into my ass, I scream. He and Rowan set in on fucking me while I beg them to go harder. Pain ripples through my belly, but I can't stop the rapid-fire orgasms shaking through my body. I realize I'm crying when Rowan grabs my face and makes me look at him.

“You're doing so well, Rhea,” he says.

“Harder,” I choke out. He smiles wickedly before wrapping his hands around my throat. I have leverage to apply or release pressure on my throat. Seconds later, Rowan lifts his hips more and I scream into his chest when he slams against my cervix. I lean into his hold on me and I can't breathe. They hammer into me and the world finally slips away. Nothing can hurt me like this.

“There ya go. Good girl, Rhea. Come for us,” Rowan praises with a groan. I whimper when he tightens his grip and my eyes roll back. My whole body tenses and I make both men moan. When everything finally releases, I come hard and it's nearly blinding.

I collapse onto Rowan's chest and try to gain control over my breathing while he hugs me tightly. Max is cleaning me before helping me get dressed. I end up curled up across their laps as they rub my back. I am so disconnected that I can't move or speak.

“She's dead,” Jace says.

“Maybe. Rowan choked the shit out of her,” Theo says.

“Both of you shut up,” Rowan laughs. “Her eyes are open.”

“Dead people have their eyes open too,” Quinn adds.

“Eh. I’d still fuck her,” Max says.

“Gross,” Mia adds. “You’d fuck a dead body?”

“I’d fuck Rhea’s dead body. Maybe yours too,” Max says with a playful tone.

“Was that a threat?” Mia asks, laughing.

“No, just a promise,” Max says. “I’ll come visit you in your coffin.”

“What is wrong with you?” Rowan asks humorously.

“What is wrong with all of you?” Theo asks.

“So much,” Anika says. “If you’re going to defile her dead body, you have to do the same to me.”

“Deal,” Max laughs.

“Y’all are gross,” I mumble.

“Damn. Here I thought I could fuck you limp,” Max says before kissing my temple.

“You did fuck me limp, freak,” I say and he laughs again. Rowan helps sit me up and I sigh.

“What’s wrong?” Quinn asks.

“Just sucks to be back in my brain is all,” I say. “I need... something. I don’t know. I

need a brain break.”

“What about a scene?” Jace asks. “Maybe something that doesn’t end with you calling a safe word, though.”

“Can we?” I ask.

“Not us, Theo,” Quinn says. “I think letting him show you the whip would be a nice little break.”

“Wait, really?” I ask.

“Yes, but we need to talk first,” he says.

“Theo,” I complain.

“Sorry, babe. Feelings first, freaky shit later,” Theo says.

“Fine. What?”

“Why do you want more pain?” he asks.

“It makes my brain shut up,” I say.

“At what point do you think it will be enough?”

“When I can go more than 30 seconds without thinking about him trying to kill me,” I say.

“So, it’s not the rape?”

“No,” I say. “Do you know how many times that man has fucked me? I am so used to it that it doesn’t even register as good or bad. It’s normal. It’s not normal for him to try to kill me. He’s never hurt me before like that. He’s never put my life in danger. Why now? Why does he suddenly want me dead? He could’ve tried to brainwash me back into living with them or some shit. He had so many different options, yet he decided to try to kill me instead.”

“The dead can’t talk,” Anika says.

“What do you mean?” Theo asks.

“If she’s dead, there’s no one to tell her story. Only the two of them know just how bad it was, and he knows that the cops are getting close to him. He figured a murder charge would be less of a charge than whatever he’s trying to hide,” she says.

“Probably the child porn,” Quinn says. “He’s a judge and a child molester. If he goes to jail with one of those charges for hurting a child, they will fucking destroy him in jail. Prisoners don’t take kindly to people who hurt children.”

“That’s a good point,” Theo says. “Without proof or your testimony, they wouldn’t be able to charge him with any of that for when you were a kid.”

“Yeah,” I sigh. “It just fucks with my head. I don’t like it in here right now, so I want out for a second.”

“Are you wanting the pain or the escape it brings?” he asks.

“The escape,” I say.

“So, if I gave you that without intense amounts of pain, you’d be content?” he asks.

“Yeah, I suppose,” I say.

“Okay,” he says. “Go get changed and we can go.”

“Right now?” I ask happily.

“Right now,” he confirms with a soft smile.

We walk into the private room, and I sit while Quinn, Jace, and Theo set up. Theo thought it was best that it just be the four of us this time since I am on edge. He doesn’t want to chance me melting down. They move all of the furniture and set up restraints that come down from an eye hook. They place two pieces of tape on the floor before they turn and look at me.

“Ready?” Theo asks.

“That looks... medieval,” I say as I stand.

“Do you trust me?” Theo asks.

“I do.”

“Good. I want you to undress and stand with your feet on the tape, facing the wall,” he says simply.

“Yes, Sir,” I say obediently. They step back and watch as I undress and neatly fold my clothes before going to the tape. I place one foot on each piece as instructed and it forces me to stand with my legs apart.

Quinn and Jace pull my arms up and restrain them with the leather cuffs. Quinn gently kisses me, and I groan when someone presses something to my clit. “Fuck,

that's what you meant," I complain.

"Yes, ma'am," Theo laughs as he and Jace restrain my ankles so I can't move. "It is mounted, and we can control it remotely, so no one will be near you."

"Why are you restraining my feet?" I ask.

"Mainly because it is extremely important that you do not move. I won't bullshit you. This whip has the capability of causing serious damage. If you move, I could unintentionally hurt you," he says.

"Evil," I say to Jace when he steps in front of me with a blindfold. He slides it on and kisses me before moving away.

"One last thing," Theo says from close behind me.

"Oh God, what?" I ask.

"I'm putting headphones on you," he says.

"Why?!"

"It's sensory deprivation. I'm depriving you of sight and hearing. Mixing that with forced pain and pleasure will give you room to slip into subspace. Do you know what that is?" he asks.

"A sex coma?"

"Kind of," he laughs. "It will feel like you are floating. You'll feel separate from your body and not aware of your surroundings. I will know when you get there and when I notice it, I'm stopping."

“Why?”

“Because you cannot reasonably consent if you are not aware of your surroundings,” he says. “It offers you nothing if you are mentally detached, and I am continuing the scene. At that point, the impact play would only be for me. I have no desire to do that unless you are actively wanting to participate,” he says. “You have your safe word, and you can say it at any point. If for any reason, I think that you have gone past your limit, and you are not speaking up, I'm stopping immediately. It is important that this be therapeutic and not a way for you to self-harm.”

“Yes, Sir,” I say.

“Good girl,” he praises. “After, we will do something that I think you will thoroughly enjoy.”

“It better be me as back-alley fuck meat,” I remark, and Theo laughs heartily.

“Let's get to it, pretty girl,” he says, gently kissing my shoulder. “I will start gently and work my way to something more intense.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I whisper.

Theo place earbuds in my ears before classical music starts playing. I recognize it from the playlist. I listen to when I write. The fact that he remembered this detail is heart-melting. The vibrations start soft, and I sigh as I relax my body. I feel the music just as much as I feel the vibrations of the cool air rushing across my skin. When the whip snaps softly on my lower back, I flinch. A few seconds later, the whip snaps again on my mid back. This time I don't move.

The vibrations intensify suddenly, and I moan. I don't know how loud I am because the music has gotten louder as well, but I give in to every sensation. The whip cracks

across my skin and leaves behind a sting, making me groan and sway slightly. Each strike thereafter is more intense than the previous. The vibrations steadily increase alongside the pain. Soon every hit creates a fire that scorches my flesh. He never hits in the spot in a row, so the pain is tolerable.

An orgasm is building, but it doesn't break until the hardest hit thus far cracks across the back of my thigh. I scream out as pleasure racks from me. I can feel every inch of my body trembling. The hits come in rapid succession. One after another landing in a different spots, but the fire never subsides. He gives me no reprieve as he forces pleasure from me to match the pain.

I can feel myself disconnect through the next several hits until it feels like someone sweeps my feet out from under me and suddenly, I'm floating. Everything disappears from my mind, and I am finally at peace.

I open my eyes and blink a few times to focus. Quinn and Jace are sitting on the large ottoman while I am laying with my head in Theo's lap. He is gently stroking my hair, but I pull away and sit up to recenter my mind.

"How do you feel?" Theo asks, gently rubbing my back now.

"Lighter," I say. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he says. "Look at me."

"Yes?" I ask.

"You did so well, Rhea," he says. "I am very proud of you."

"Thank you," I say as my cheek heats with a blush.

Theo stands and point to the ground in front of him. “Kneel for me, Rhea,” Theo says gently. I grin and move to the ground in front of him. I sit back on my heels, and he grabs my chin to lift my face. “You look so pretty waiting to get fucked... on your knees where you belong.”

“Look at her... A filthy little whore, waiting to be wanted.” Quinn says with a mocking tone. Fuck, that’s hot.

“You’re going to look so much better with a cock down your throat,” Theo says. “Do what you do best, Rhea. Open up and let me play.”

I open my mouth and expect Theo to ease into this aggression, but I am wrong. He grabs my face and starts fucking my throat hard and fast, not letting me breath and with a complete disregard to how much I’m gagging. I instinctively put my hands on his thighs to push him away, but he swiftly snatches them. He pulls my wrists behind my head and forces his cock down my throat further.

This is erotic on the level that I never knew was possible. I am being used so brutally by men who would happily give their life for me. That is trust on the highest level and no matter how much I’m starting to panic, I know they will not hurt me. I know I am safe.

When Theo pulls out of my mouth, he grabs me by the hair and pulls my head back so I am looking up at him. I am panting and gasping for air. Saliva is coating my chin, neck, and chest. I am an absolute mess and I’ve never felt prettier. The way he is looking at me is more than just love. It’s admiration. It’s pride. If I wasn’t falling in love with this dynamic and everyone in it before, I sure as fuck am now.

“Fuck, Rhea, you’re stunning,” Theo says softly, not keeping himself into his aggressive role well.

“Oh no,” I laugh when he hands me off to Jace. He smirks and knocks me back on my ass before placing me so that my back is against the couch and my head is laying on the seat.

Jace places his knee beside my head and as soon as I open my mouth to accept him, he sets in on fucking me as hard as he can. I’m trying not to fight him because I love this so fucking much, but my brain decides breathing is more important. I start hitting his legs, but it doesn’t faze him.

“Choke on it, bitch,” Jace grunts out. “You like that? You like being used like a cheap whore?” I whimper in response, because I can’t exactly tell him how much I love it. Why is it so fucking hot for him to be so mean?”

Jace pulls out of my mouth and Quinn takes over without giving me any moment to relax, and he is just as brutal as I thought he would be. The way he pounds into my mouth makes my jaw ache, but I adore every second of this.

Quinn pulls out of my mouth and drags me up to my feet by my hair. I am dazed from minimal oxygen, but he keeps a hold on me as Jace takes me and gently moves me into his lap. He lies back and he pushes into me while Quinn steps behind me. Even in their attempt to brutalize me, they know the limits of my body. Quinn eases into me and my whole body is stiff. Having both filling me completely is intense. It takes me a moment to relax and accept them entirely. That is when everything flips. The moment they feel my body relax, Quinn and Jace start alternating strokes and push their cocks as deep as my body allows. They steadily increase their speed until I am almost screaming. Theo grabs me by the hair and shoves himself down my throat, joining the others in brutalizing me.

This is what true freedom feels like. It’s being pushed to your limit but never fearing the fall. It’s knowing they have the capability to hurt you but understanding they have enough respect to never consider it. Despite their brutality, Theo is still pulling out of

my mouth every now and then to make sure that I have room to call my safe word if I want. I whine every time he does it. Eventually, it gets to the point where I grab hold of his thighs to keep him from pulling back. He gets the message and focuses on getting off.

I am moving through one constant orgasm, desperately sucking Theo. Although it started with him brutalizing my throat, it has turned into me forcing his orgasm to surface. When it finally breaks and he starts to come, I swallow him down greedily. Almost in perfect synchrony, Quinn and Jace fill the room with their moans as they push to fill me with their come. Once I am cleaned and dressed, I end up curled up in Quinn's lap.

"You with us?" Quinn asks softly.

"Mhmm," I mumble. "Can I tell you guys something?"

"Anything."

"I'm falling in love," I murmur.

"Us too, baby. Us too," Quinn says sweetly.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:10 am

Rhea

One Week Later

The last week has been a battle, but I am managing to stay positive. Ever since my stepfather tried to drown me, I've been having nightmares. I have found that I panic if someone comes up behind me while I'm at the sink. It doesn't matter who it is or if I know they are coming. Rowan accidentally bumped into me while I was washing dishes, and I damn near had a heart attack. It was entirely involuntary the way I hit the floor and screamed. Rowan felt awful for scaring me. By the time everyone else got to us, he had me sitting in his lap, gently rocking me because I was losing my fucking mind.

Theo doesn't necessarily want anyone to go out of their way to not trigger me, but he has asked that people are mindful, and at a very minimum, to let me know where they are if they are behind me. Quinn has taken this as not letting me go near the sink just to be a smart ass. Last night, he pinned me on the couch because I said I was going to rinse my plate off. I managed to get away from him and get to the sink. I was so distracted by him being silly that it didn't even register that he was behind me with his arms wrapped around my body while I washed my dinner plate until Theo said he was proud of me.

I am standing at the bathroom sink washing my hands when Quinn walks into the bathroom. "I'm here," Quinn says.

"I see that," I laugh.

“I’m walking behind you,” he says with a playful tone.

“You’re a smartass, Quinn.”

“I’m behind you,” he says softly, resting his hands on my waist. I am looking at him in the mirror and it helps significantly.

“You don’t have to announce your every move, Quinny,” I laugh.

“I think it’s best, considering what I’m about to do to you,” he says with a cheesy grin.

“Oh, God.”

“Trust me, Little Star?” he whispers in my ear.

“With my life.”

“Good,” he says before pulling my skirt up. He laughs and smacks my ass when he notices. “Girl, you don’t have any panties on.”

“You are really fucking predictable, Quinny. You people have torn enough of my pretty lace underwear,” I say with a sweet smile. I know he asked Theo if it would be a bad idea to bend me over the sink and fuck me. Theo basically told him that he shouldn’t sneak up on me, but to just pay attention to me and I’ll be okay. He’s right though. If I can see him, I’m okay.

“How much do you trust me, Rhea?” he asks seriously.

“You better not drown me, Quinny. I’ll come back and haunt you,” I say sweetly.

“Deal,” he smirks. Quinn reaches past me and pulls the lift rod to plug the sink, and it start to fill with water. My entire body is shaking and it is fear that is causing it. I am watching the water, but Quinn forces me to look up at him in the mirror. “It’s just you and me, Rhea. I won’t hurt you.”

“I know,” I say. “My anxiety is trying to convince me that you could hurt me by accident, but it’s not logical. I know I’m safe.”

“No one is forcing you to do this,” he says.

“I know.”

“Do you know why I am?” he asks.

“To help give me a positive experience to think about, rather than being plagued by what he did,” I reply.

“Exactly. Is it conventional? No. Do I know you well enough to know what you can handle? Absolutely,” he says as he bends me over so that I am inches from the water. “Put your hands on the side of the sink. You have the ability to pull yourself out of the water, Rhea. Don’t wait for me to save you.”

“Yes, Sir,” I say with a shaky voice.

Quinn slowly eases his cock into me, and I groan as I push my hips back. I desperately need something brutal for this. “My sweet, needy little whore,” Quinn sings. “Always wanting more.”

“Please,” I whisper.

“Please, what?” he asks.

“Quinny,” I whine.

“Say it, Love.”

“Fuck me harder,” I ask quietly.

“Louder, little slut,” he says, slamming his cock into me harder. “Tell me what you want.”

“Fuck,” I sigh.

“Say it!”

“Fuck me like I’m worthless,” I say louder.

Without a word, Quinn gives me exactly what I want. He rails into me so hard that my belly immediately starts to ache. He has so much leverage to fuck me, and I push my hips back to meet his. Quinn grabs a fist full of my hair and I take a deep breath as he shoves my head under. His movements gain speed, and I am quickly edging an orgasm.

I start to get dizzy and desperately need air. As soon as I start to panic and fight him, I realize that he was never forcing me to stay under. I gasp for air, and he doesn’t stop his relentless thrusting. After a few seconds to get the oxygen back to my brain, he pushes my head back under. We go through a cycle of him pushing me under and me coming up for air on my own. When we are both dangerously close to coming, I decide to hand over control.

“I want to come under water,” I whimper. “Fuck, please.”

“Better come fast then, Little Star,” he obliges and pushes me under. As he rails into

me and my body is begging for release, I start to get dizzy. I push up on the counter, but he keeps me under like I begged for. The sudden rush of panic forces my orgasm to surface, and it violently rips through me, forcing my arousal to flood out of me. Quinn's rhythm falters as he finds his release and pushes deep inside of me to come. He pulls me out of the water and I am gasping and coughing as the tremors of my orgasm still shake through me.

"Holy hell," I pant. "What the fuck?"

"Good?" Quinn laughs.

"You two are the messiest people I've ever met," Jace says from the doorway.

"He's jealous I almost got to drown you," Quinn jokes as he turns me around to softly kiss me.

"We did make a mess," I say with a grin.

"Casey is here," Jace says as he takes me from Quinn to hug me. "You did well with that. Good job, baby."

"I almost panicked, but then I realized I wasn't being forced to stay under," I remark as Quinn lets the water out of the sink and lays a towel on the floor to soak up our mess. Jace grabs a washcloth and wets it before cleaning me.

"Why is Casey here?" I ask.

"I don't know. She said she wanted to talk to you. I told her you were getting fucked in the bathroom sink, but you'd be up soon," he says.

"Poor Casey. She didn't sign up for this chaos," Quinn laughs.

“Well, let’s go up,” I say. “I should change, though. My clothes are soaked now.”

“My bad,” Quinn shrugs. I laugh and shake my head at him before going into the bedroom and changing. When I am ready, we go upstairs to meet the others.

“Hello,” I say cheerfully when Casey smiles at me.

“You’re in a chipper mood,” Theo remarks.

“Ask her why,” Quinn laughs.

“Don’t subject Casey to our shenanigans,” I laugh. “You wanted to talk to me?”

“Yeah,” she says with a heavy sigh.

“Uh oh. I don’t like that,” I say.

“Come sit and talk with me,” she says. Theo pulls me into his lap and tightly bands his arms around my waist. I notice there is a man here by the door.

“Who are you?” I ask.

“That is Detective Logan Fallins,” she says. “He’s my partner.”

“I’m about to get bad news, aren’t I?” I ask. “Will you sit, Logan? You make me nervous standing over there like a creep.”

“You’re good,” Casey says to Logan. He nods and moves over to sit next to her.

“Why is he here?” I ask.

“Because I’m not sure how you are going to take this,” she says honestly.

“Do the others know?” I ask.

“No,” she says. “The only ones who know right now are me, Logan, and a lab technician.”

“Okay. What’s going on?” I ask.

“So, if you remember, I collected your DNA. I also collected DNA from anyone connected to Marvin that was willing to provide a sample. This included everyone here, others he worked with, family, and your stepfather when he was arrested,” she says. “Because Marvin is suspected of serial crimes and because you had mentioned hearing other men in the house when he was bringing other women in, we have the FBI involved so that we could rush the DNA.”

“Okay,” I say slowly.

“Your DNA was put into the system so that it could be ruled out with the... tools... that you surrendered,” she says. “It came back immediately for a missing persons case.”

“Yeah, I know. Mom and...”

“From twenty-seven years ago, Rhea,” she says. I stare at her, understanding, but not wanting to believe her.

“I’m sorry,” Quinn says. “From when she was a baby?”

“Yes,” Casey confirms.

“Ma’am, Jace and I knew her as a baby,” Quinn says.

“How old was she when you met her?” Logan asks.

“About seven months old,” Jace says.

“Are you sure?” I ask.

“Very,” Casey says. “They ran it three times.”

“Who am I then?”

“You were reported missing by your biological father at six months old. He went to pick you up from daycare and found that they had released you to your biological mother. She had lost her parental rights a few weeks prior when she was deemed unfit. He gave the police numerous samples of your DNA, every picture he had of you, a hair sample, and eventually even your blanket for cadaver dogs. Your birth name is Rachel. Your birthday is accurate, but your mother has been living under a fake name as well. It appears that Marcus was able to help get the two of you a new identity when she ran with you.”

“Where was I taken from?” I ask.

“Here,” she says. “Your biological father lives in the same home that he moved you two into. You grew up about ten miles from him.”

“Does he know I’m alive?” I ask.

“No, we wanted to tell you first,” she says. “Your mother is living under Rita Langston, but her real name is Debby Jones.”

“So that’s my last name?” I ask.

“No, you have his last name,” she says. “Debby is currently in custody. She was charged with accessory to child rape and eighty-six counts of child pornography as the pictures and videos were found on a computer they shared. She does not know we are aware of her identity, so she is booked under Rita Langston.”

“Do you want to know who your father is?” Logan asks.

“Yes,” I say without hesitation. “Of course. Yes, I want to know who he is.”

“Arthur Genesis,” Casey says.

“Backup,” Rowan says, sitting up. “Arthur? I have known him since I was nineteen. I have never heard him mention having a daughter, let alone a missing one.”

“I’d imagine that would be painful to talk about,” I say. “Can you call him, Rowan?”

“Don’t tell him over the phone,” Theo says.

“He will know the moment he meets her,” Quinn says. “She looks a lot like her mother.”

“I don’t know how I feel about you saying that,” I remark.

“I’ll just tell him to come over,” Rowan says as he puts his phone to his ear. “Hey, Arthur... Do you have time to come by the house? ... No, It’s important... No, the detectives are here... Yeah... Okay... You know the gate code... Bye.”

“So?” I ask.

“He was driving home from the office, so he was about to pass by in a second anyhow. Are we completely sure about this?” Rowan asks.

“Yes,” Logan confirms.

“Was I declared dead?” I ask.

“No. It was offered to him, but he refused,” Casey says. “He wanted your case to remain open so no one would stop looking for you. There are some cold case detectives that picked it up last month, so this was probably on it’s way to being discovered anyhow.”

“Do I have to go by Rachel now?” I ask.

“You can go by whatever you want to,” Theo says, and I nod.

“We wanted to let the two of you know first, because she is being charged with kidnapping as well as a whole host of other charges related to your abuse,” Logan says. “The moment she is charged, it will hit the news. It was a big story back then and it will be even bigger now. We didn’t want you to find out that way.”

“I appreciate it,” I say. I get nervous when I hear Rowan’s phone go off to indicate that the gate was opened. When we hear a car door shut, we all stand up.

“Hey,” Theo says, taking my face between his hands. “Are you okay?”

“I... I am so relieved, and I don’t know why,” I say. “I feel like... Like I am getting a piece of myself back that I never knew was taken from me.”

“Just pace yourself,” he suggests. “Don’t force yourself to have a relationship with him if it doesn’t feel natural.”

“Okay,” I say softly.

“Hey,” Arthur says to Rowan when he comes in. He shakes his hand before turning to do the same with Casey and Logan. He hasn’t looked at me yet. He greets a few others before his eyes lock with mine. He freezes and you can see the thoughts running through his head.

“This is Rhea,” Rowan says. Arthur says nothing. He just keeps staring at me. I can see decades of pain surfacing as he starts to realize.

“Arthur,” Casey says, grabbing his attention.

“Is she...”

“She provided DNA to rule her out of some items that were surrendered. That is the same reason we have yours, to rule you out as a potential suspect,” Casey explains. “Her DNA came back as a positive match to Rachel Genesis.”

“No,” he says tearfully. “That means she... Oh God.”

Arthur turns to me, and I can see that he is trying not to come to me, but he is falling apart. I glance at Theo to see if I’m about to make the right decision. When he nods, I take a small step toward him, and he rushes across the room to wrap me in a hug. Emotion crashes down on me when he starts sobbing and I am dragged down with him. Someone leads us over to sit on the couch and Arthur pulls away to hold my face between his hands.

“I’m so sorry, Rhea. I tried so hard to keep you away from her. I tried to find you. They shouldn’t have let you go with her,” he says tearfully. “I should have been there to protect you.”

“It’s not your fault,” I say, sniffing back my tears.

“She hurt you,” he says. “That asshole hurt you. He hurt my little girl.”

“He’s in jail now,” I say. “She’s in jail too.”

“For kidnapping?”

“No. Accessory to rape and eighty-six counts of child porn,” I say. “She will get the kidnapping and probably abuse charges later.”

“Child porn?” he asks. “Did she...”

“No, Marcus was the one taking photos and videos. It was on a shared computer, so they got her for it,” I say before looking at Casey. “Can I see her?”

“Uh... Yeah,” she says. “May I ask why?”

“Because I want her to hear it from me that she didn’t get away with this,” I say. She glances at Logan, and he shrugs.

“Okay,” she says. “I will allow your dad there if he wants to come. You can have Emma because she is your lawyer, and Theo because he is your psychiatrist. The others cannot come back.”

“I understand,” I say before turning to my father. Thinking of him as my father feels normal. He looks like a dad. He is comforting. This is nice. “Do you want to come with me to tell her to get fucked?”

“I’d love nothing more,” he says with a smile.

“You know...” Rowan says. “I see it now... You have the same weird habits.”

“Rude,” I say. “Don’t insult him by comparing me to him.”

“You're lucky your father is in the room,” Rowan frowns.

“That sentence doesn’t scare me like it would have a week ago,” I say. “Well, let’s do this.”

“Ride with us,” Quinn says to my father.

“I’d love to,” he says.

“You two have the same morbid sense of humor,” Anika says.

“Trauma,” Dad and I say at almost the same exact time.

“Freaky,” she laughs.

When I stand, Dad hugs me again. “I’m so glad I have you back, baby girl,” he says softly. “I’m going to fucking kill Marvin.”

“I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear that,” Casey says with a smirk.

“You can hear it,” he says. “You better hope someone else finds him because if I do or if that fucker Marcus gets out, they’re dead. I’ll smile in my mug shot.”

“Can I take your office?” Anika asks with a grin.

“You good?” Theo asks me quietly as the others start toward the door.

“Great,” I smile. He kisses me softly before we go to the door.

“Alright,” Casey says. “Ready?”

“Yeah,” I say as we stand outside of the room that my mother is in. This is the first time I will be seeing her since I turned eighteen.

“I want you to remember that she knew everything,” Casey says.

“What?” I ask.

“She was aware of what Marcus was doing to you. She knew you were with Marvin. She knew all of it. Marcus was about to run for office and if you were still around, she would have been caught,” she explains. “I need you to understand this because her lawyer is going to try and get you to testify for her to get her out of this.”

“Fuck no,” I snap. “She starved me. She beat me. The first time she hit me so hard that I passed out, I was six-goddamn-years old. That bitch can rot in here for all I care. I promise you; they do not want me getting on that stand to defend her.”

“That’s what I told them,” she says. “Her lawyer is with her, but she isn’t allowed to talk to you. If she wants to, she knows she must go through Emma.”

“Ready?” I ask the others. They nod, so I turn and open the door. Mom looks up and she looks worn out. She is dressed in a bright orange jumpsuit and is shackled to the table. “Rhea,” she says happily.

“Don’t you mean Rachel?” I ask. “You weren’t very creative with my name.”

“What?” the woman asks Casey. “What is this about?”

“Debby Jones, you are being charged with the following,” Casey says, glancing at her paper. “Kidnapping. Felony child endangerment. Felony child abuse, Violation of a protection order, Accessory to statutory rape, eighty-six counts of possession of child pornography with intent to distribute, filing a false police report, and human trafficking. You are not booked under the name Debby Jones, so your court appointed lawyer will receive updated documents. This meeting was called by Rachel Genesis. This is not an interview, but it is being recorded. If you have any questions, we will allow you to ask those once Rachel is not present.”

“Why is he here?” she scolds, not looking at me anymore.

“Because his daughter requested his presences,” Logan says coldly. “With her is her lawyer, Emma Rivers and her psychiatrist, Theo Dache.”

“What’s wrong, Mom?” I ask, sitting at the table in front of her. Dad and Theo take a seat on either side of me.

“What do you want from me?” she asks bitterly. “You want me to apologize? I never fucking wanted you.”

“Then why the fuck did you steal me away from someone who did?” I ask, laughing dryly. “Oh, right. It’s because Marcus wanted a little toy to play with, and you wanted to make him happy.”

“I wanted to hurt him,” Mom say, nodding in my dad’s direction.

“How is that working out for you?” I ask. “I’m free and you are in here.”

“For now,” she says. “You’re free for now.”

“Oh, let me guess. Marvin is looking for me?” I ask. “Please... I’m not concerned

about him. Let's talk about you, Mom. Let's talk about how you were so fucking stupid to not only kidnap me, but to keep me ten miles from him. You fucking sold me off to a man who worked for him, and then that idiot took me to a club run and frequented by not only the employees of the man you stole me from but also the two men who took care of me when you didn't."

"What?" she asks.

"Oh, didn't know?" I ask. "Quinn and Jace are the ones who saved me from Marvin. Quinn and Jace were the ones who fed me and basically raised me because my piece-of-shit mother and her sick husband had other priorities."

"Marcus loves you," she snaps. "Do not sit there and act like..."

"Act like what?" I yell. "Act like he didn't make me jerk him off at six? Like he didn't force me to suck him off at ten? Oh, or should I not act like he didn't rape me for the first time when I was twelve? How about all of the times he told me that it was our little secret because Mommy would be jealous. Yeah, he may not have hit me. He might have never endangered my life until last week, but he raped me over and over and over. But you knew this. You knew what he was doing to me. You hated me because he would rather fuck me than you, and you couldn't fucking stand it. You couldn't stand that he wasn't interested in you. You know how many times you could have helped me? How many times you could have given me back to my father. You stole twenty-seven years away from us. You stole my entire fucking childhood. For what? What did you gain? You didn't want me. You didn't want Marcus to want me, so why?"

"Because I wanted to be a mother," she says quietly.

"You are fucking disgusting," I laugh dryly as I stand up. "Understand this right now, Debby. If you try to put me on that stand to defend you, I will make sure every

motherfucking person in that courtroom knows what you allowed Marcus to do to me. They will all know you failed to protect your daughter, and then you can go to jail where all of those prisoners will learn about what you did to me. Oh, and the fun they will have with you will make what you put me through look mild. So please, call me to testify. Put me on that stand so I can tell everyone the stories about how you'd force fed me, and then shoved your fingers down my throat to make me throw it all up. I'll tell them all about how you'd whip me with an extension cord for wetting the bed at seven because I was too afraid to get out of bed and have Marcus take me back to my room."

"I am your mother, Rhea. You owe me..."

"I owe you nothing," I snap. "Fuck you, Debby. I sincerely hope that you suffer for the rest of your miserable life."

I am seconds from crying, so I turn to leave, but my father wraps me in his arms and hugs me tightly. Mom is dead silent as he holds me. "I've got you," he says softly.

"Can we go?" I sniff.

"Yeah, baby. Let's go," he says with a soft smile. He looks up at Mom for a moment before speaking to her. "I hope you are happy with where life has led you, Debby."

We leave the room, and I turn to Casey. "Is he here?" I ask.

"Yes," she says slowly. "Why?"

"I want to see him," I say.

"Are you sure?" Theo asks.

“Yes,” I say. “I deserve to say my peace.”

“Okay, but I need a promise that no one is going to try and go after him, even if he does deserve it,” Casey says. “He’s with his lawyer right now.”

“Why?” I ask.

“His lawyer is trying to get him to plead guilty. He is determined to take it to trial,” Logan says.

“He thinks he can manipulate me,” I say. “He thinks I will defend him.”

“Yeah,” Casey says.

“Well, I can clear that up for him real fast,” I say.

“Let me go over and talk to his lawyer,” Logan says. Casey nods and he walks away.

“How am I supposed to address him now?” I ask. “I’ve only ever known him as my dad, but he’s not. It’s...”

“First of all,” my father says turning me to face him. “I don’t care what you call me, but he is not your father. Fathers don’t hurt their little girls. They don’t let anyone hurt them. They protect them. He is not your father, Rhea.”

“I just... I want to call you dad,” I say. “You are my dad. You wanted me and you fought for me, even when you couldn’t find me. That is more than either of them did. If it weren’t for Quinn and Jace, I wouldn’t have survived childhood. I know if I had you, I would have been safe and loved. I wouldn’t have suffered like I did.”

“Want to hear something I’ve never told anyone?” he asks.

“Yeah.”

“I still have your room set up,” he says. “It stayed as a nursery until your second birthday, and then I changed it all out for what I thought a toddler would like. When you turned five, I changed it again. I did that on your birthday almost every year and updated it to what I thought you’d like... Right now, it looks like a teenager’s room. The rocking chair I held you in the morning before she stole you, it’s in there. I sit in it every night and read. When you were little, I’d read children’s books out loud. It felt nice to pretend you were curled up in bed listening until you fell asleep. As you got older, so did the books.”

“That’s heart-breaking, Dad,” I say. I catch myself saying it, but it feels natural.

“She’s an author,” Emma says.

“I’m a writer. I am not an author,” I say.

“Anika is going to help her publish,” Theo says. “You two have a lot in common.”

“That’s wonderful,” Dad says. “We’ll get you set up when you are ready.”

“You don’t have to do that,” I say.

“But I’m going to. I didn’t get to be a dad to you growing up, but I can be one now, if you want,” he says. “Dad’s go above and beyond for their kids. I want to do that for you.”

“Did you ever have any other kids?” I ask.

“No. It would have felt like I was replacing you. I didn’t want a replacement, I just wanted my little girl back,” he says. “I’ve not even dated anyone.”

“You should change that,” I say. “Oh, you know what.”

“What?” Theo asks.

“Jace’s Mom is single. Jace has been trying to force her to date lately. You two should meet,” I say to him.

“Rachel,” he sighs. “I mean, Rhea. That’s going to take a bit to get used to.”

“You can call me whatever you want,” I say as I hug him.

“Okay,” Logan says. “He’s agreed to talk to you, but he said he will only talk to you. He knows others will be there, but he stated he will call it off if anyone else besides the detectives talk.”

“Okay,” I say. “Let’s go.”

“Quinn and Jace are going to be jealous they missed this,” Theo laughs.

“Yeah... They aren’t allowed in the same room as Marcus,” Logan says.

I follow the detectives across the hall into another room and I see Marcus through the one-way mirror shackled to the metal table. Casey opens the door and Logan goes first before I walk in behind him.

“Don’t get close to him,” Casey says quietly to me, and I nod.

“Rhea,” Marcus says sweetly. “You came to see me.”

“I did,” I say. “I just went and saw Debby first.”

“I’m sorry?” he asks. “Who?”

“Cut the shit, Marcus. You got her and I fake identities,” I say. “I just wanted to introduce you to my father.”

“I am your father,” he frowns. “I raised you.”

“No, you fucked me. You didn’t raise me,” I say.

“The things we did... That was special,” he says. “I care about you, Rhea. Don’t you see that? All of this is a big misunderstanding.”

“I’m trying to figure out if you are trying to gaslight me or if you are truly that delusional,” I say. “Anyway, this is my dad. His name is Arthur. You want to know a few fun facts about Arthur, Marcus?”

“Sure,” he says flatly.

“Well, he owns Genesis Press, for one,” I say. “He was Marvin’s boss. He is Rowan, Mia, and Anika’s boss. He lived ten miles from us when I was a kid. Did you know you sold me off to a man who worked for my dad?”

“No, I... I didn’t sell you. You married him of your own free will,” Marcus says.

“Oh, so you didn’t gain anything out of that?” I ask. “I hear you are going to try and fight this in court?”

“I didn’t do anything you didn’t want,” he says firmly.

“Oh, so I wanted you to try and drown me while fucking me in the middle of a coffee shop?” I ask. “When did I ask you to kill me?”

“You didn’t, but...”

“But nothing,” I say. “Like I told Mom just now, You can put me on that stand, but everyone will know what you did to me. They will know what you let Marvin do to me. They will know about all the times you sat by and watched her hurt me. Put me on the stand and I’ll make sure everyone knows. You’re a judge who raped a little girl, how do you think you will fair in general population during the trial?”

“What do you want from me?” Marcus asks. “If you don’t want to help, why are you here?”

“I just wanted to see what you looked like tied to a table,” I say with a smile. “I wanted you to see what a father should be.”

“I’m done,” Marcus say to the guard. “Take me back.”

“Don’t drop the soap, Marcus. I hear they love low lives who hurt little girls,” I say as the guard takes him out of the room.

“I will talk to him,” his lawyer says to Casey and Logan. “I think I can get him to plead.”

“Or don’t, and I get to tell my story in court. His choice,” I say.

When we walk out of the room, Emma laughs. “That was shorter than I expected.”

“Like his dick,” I say. Everyone is wide-eyed, but my dad chuckles. “At least someone understands my humor.”

“It’s heartwarming to know how similar the two of you are,” Casey says with a smile.

“Thank you,” I say to her. “Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome,” she smiles. “Would you prefer we continue calling you Rhea?”

“Uh... Yeah. I might not respond to Rachel,” I say. “I’d like to go home now.”

“Let’s go home,” Theo says sweetly.

As Casey is walking us to the parking lot where the others are waiting, a woman sprints over to us and drags the detectives aside.

“Hey,” Quinn says, kissing me. “How’d it go?”

“She was a badass,” Emma says.

“What’s that about?” Anika asks, pointing to the detectives.

“No idea. That woman just came out of nowhere and pulled them aside,” I say. “Here they come.”

“Okay. I’ll give you a very brief update, but I would like for you all to go straight home,” she says.

“Okay?” I say.

“DNA on the tools came back. There is a match to an unsolved murder from right before you married him. We will be issuing a warrant for Marvin’s arrest in just a few minutes,” she tells us.

“Oh my God,” I sigh. “Finally.”

“We will let you know when he is in custody,” Logan says. “Go straight home.”

“You can come to the house,” Rowan says to Dad. “It’ll give you two a chance to talk.”

“We have a bunch of pictures that Jace and I took over the course of her childhood. It’s a lot of random shit, but I’m glad we had the wherewithal to know to document these things,” Quinn says.

“That would be amazing,” Dad says happily.

“We need to go,” Casey says. “Call if you need anything.”

We wave them off and Quinn wraps me in a tight hug before kissing me. “Did you get to say your peace?”

“I did,” I smile.

“Good girl. I’m proud of you,” he says.

“I also got to say my peace to Marcus,” I add.

“Aw. I totally would have loved to be in the room with him,” Quinn says.

“Yeah, I’m sure,” I laugh. “Good riddance to all of them.”

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Rhea

Six Months Later

It's been six months. Six months that Marvin has been on the run. Six months that I have had my biological father in my life. Six months since my mother and stepfather went to prison. They both plead guilty and are serving life sentences for the things that they did to me. Marcus was charged in connection to the murders as his DNA was found on the tools as well. When confronted, he admitted everything. Marvin is now connected to ten murders and at least thirty rapes across three states. It wasn't hard to exonerate me from any wrongdoing based on Marcus stating that he knew I was tied up in the closet. No one doubted my story, but they still needed to be sure.

I am sitting on the couch working on the edits for my book. It's nearly finished, and the next step is to hand it off to Anika for the next steps. Everyone should be home soon from running errands. We have fallen into a routine of sorts. At first, we holed up in the house and stayed paranoid that Marvin was close. Eventually, that got old, so we are moving on with our lives. We are as vigilant as possible, but we live our lives.

We go to The Cherry every Sunday night when it's usually closed. We like taking over the main play area since the private rooms were turned into care rooms. It's a place where people can rest and relax before and after scenes. Emma found that the private rooms were a security risk, so now there is a camera in there and no scenes are allowed to be performed.

Today will be the first day in six weeks that Quinn, Jace, Rowan, and Max can have

sex. The girls and I talked them into getting the same piercings as Theo, so Theo has been the one to take care of Anika and I sexually. Mia and Emma have each other, but Anika and I didn't have anyone. Quinn offered to do other things, but I felt it would be tortuous. I suggested we all just chill out, but then changed my mind when I realized that sounded awful.

We are all excited to get there. We do our scene and everything, but this time we can actually include sex. I've missed Quinn and Jace so much. I've missed Rowan and Max too. I've grown close to everyone. I love them so much, I can't imagine life without them.

Having my dad around has been nice. We have talked about everything from my childhood, from the good things to the awful things. He knows every detail of my life that I can remember. We've gone over every picture and vowed to make new memories together.

"Hey," Quinn says when he walks in the door. Everyone else follows in behind him.

"Hi," I say happily.

"Are you excited or something?" Theo asks me. "You are dressed already."

"I am so fucking excited," I admit with a grin as he pulls me up to stand. Quinn kisses me deeply before smacking my ass and making me giggle.

"Yeah. Let's go," Quinn says. "I've waited long enough."

"I don't know. Maybe a few more days to make sure you're healed," I giggle. He scowls at me before picking me up and tossing me over his shoulder. I squeal and wiggle as he takes me out to the porch.

“Come on,” Max says to Anika.

“Nah. I think she’s right. Maybe next weekend,” Anika laughs.

“Nika, I will fuck you right here on this porch,” Max threatens. “Go to the car.”

“Okay, okay,” she laughs.

We all load up and start driving toward the club. I am on cloud nine the entire way. Quinn and Jace are gently stroking my inner thigh, and it’s driving me insane. When we pull into the parking spot, I jump out and wait for everyone else to join me.

“Let’s go to the care area and talk first,” Quinn says. “It’s been a while since we’ve all had a full scene, so I want us to all be on the same page.”

“That’s a good idea,” Rowan says. “Even if I do want to rip their clothes off.”

“I’m so excited,” Anika says.

“I told you it would be worth it for their reaction,” Theo tells the guys. “Just wait until they feel you.”

“Okay. Let’s hurry it up,” I say and Theo laughs.

We go inside and sit down in the care room. I am sitting in Quinn’s lap with my legs across Jace. I am wearing a tight white dress that comes down mid-thigh. I feel so amazing in this dress. Six months ago, I never would’ve left the house like this, but I am more confident in my body now. Max and Rowan have been helping me exercise and I haven’t really lost weight, but it has built my confidence significantly. They stressed to me that if I went into it wanting to lose weight that I would get discouraged. I have essentially been banned from weighing myself or counting

calories because I just hyper fixate on it. I have lost one size, but I see myself in a different light now.

I have learned to love who I am, exactly how I am. I am short and thick, but there is nothing wrong with that. I exercise and eat well. I take care of myself, and I'm healthy. That is the important thing. None of the guys have an issue with the way I look and clearly enjoy what they see.

"So" I ask.

"What would you like to use?" Jace asks me.

"Uh... Are you comfortable with a whip?" I ask. "I know you've been working with Theo."

"I am," Jace says. "Let's start small today though. Pick something under four feet and we can go from there."

"Those hurt more," I laugh.

"Yes, but there is less of a chance of serious damage," Quinn says. "Go pick out two toys for impact and we will come pick something to tease you during the scene."

"Oh, please make it wax," I say.

"Maybe," Quinn grins. "Go on. Quicker we do this, the quicker I can fuck you."

I jump up and lean down to kiss them. Theo grabs me before I can leave and pulls me down for a kiss. "I am proud of you for wearing that dress, Rhea," he says softly, patting my ass.

“Thank you,” I say cheerfully.

“Go do what they told you,” he encourages.

I leave the room and go to the play area. I search through everything before choosing a four-foot black leather whip and a black leather crop. I set those items on the table before walking back toward the care area. I hear a noise behind me, and I spin around, knowing that no one else should be in this building.

“Rhea,” Marvin says with a snarky smile. Panic stabs through me when I see him.

“Quinn!” I scream as loudly as I can. When I open my mouth to scream again, Marvin raises his pistol. Instead of pulling the trigger, he strikes me in the side of the head with the butt of the gun. My scream comes out as a grunt as I stumble backward. I am dazed and the room is spinning now. I need to get to the others. I can’t let him hurt them.

I turn and hold on to the wall, trying to get to the others. I turn the corner, and Theo catches me in his arms. “Oh my God! What happened?” he asks hurriedly.

“M-Marvin,” I mutter. “He’s here.”

“Marvin,” Theo says with wide eyes as he looks behind me. He tightens his grip on my waist, but as he starts to pull me behind his body, a shot rings out.

I let out a blood-curdling scream when Theo’s body collapses to the ground. I fall to my knees beside him, and I keep screaming his name. “Theo! No. No. No. Theo. Please, no. Please, wake up.” My sobs are hysterical as I try to wake him up. He’s not going to wake up, though. Even in my state of distress, I know he’s gone.

Theo has a small hole in the center of his forehead and a trail of blood has leaked out

and is running down to drip to the floor. His eyes are wide, and his soul is gone. His eyes are empty and devoid of anything recognizable.

I sense someone step over us, and I realize he's headed for everyone else. "Marvin, no!" I scream as I jump up. Theo would understand why I am abandoning him. I can't let the others get hurt. I can't lose them too. I can grieve him later, but I have to save everyone.

My whole world falls silent when two more shots ring out. I am dizzy and hardly able to walk. I'm using the wall as leverage to make my way to the back of the club. I keep screaming for Marvin to stop, but my voice is hardly audible. Once I finally make it to the room, everyone is on the ground except for Quinn and Marvin.

"Please don't do this," I sob. "Please, Marvin. Please."

"You took everything from me, so I'm taking everything from you," Marvin hisses.

"No!" I scream, my voice breaking, when another shot echoes through the room and Quinn drops to the ground.

"This is for you, baby," Marvin says with an evil grin. I take a step toward him, and he immediately puts the gun in his mouth. I am completely disconnected by the time his body hits the floor.

I'm looking around the room and seeing everything I've ever known lifeless on the floor. My entire world went up in flames in this building. One minute, everything was perfect. We were together and happy. Now... now I have nothing. He took everything. He took them all. I loved them more than anything in this world. He took my best friends. He took the opportunity for revenge.

How am I supposed to live in this world alone? How do I move on knowing that their

deaths are my fault? It should be me on that floor dead, not them. Why did they have to lose their life? Why couldn't he just kill me instead?

I stumble over to pick up the gun. I'm not surprised to find that it's a nine-millimeter. Ten rounds. Ten people. There should be one round left for me. I could go on and try to find a way to live with myself, but I don't want to. I'm tired, I'm sad, and I don't want to fix it. I don't want to find a way to survive without my family. I want to be with them, even if it's in death.

I make my way back to Theo. He is still laying the exact same way that he was earlier. I can't let him be out here by himself, so I grab his arms and pull his body. I am weak, but I don't stop. I push myself as hard as I can to get his body with the others. I cannot leave this world without him close by. Once I manage to get him into the room, I pull everyone over so that we are together on one side, and I leave Marvin's body by the door.

I lay myself between Quinn and Jace. I gently rest my head on Quinn's chest before grabbing Jace's arm. I pull as hard as I can to move him to his side so I can drape his lifeless arm across my body. I feel safe with them surrounding me. They've always protected me and I'm glad that when I pass on, they will be by my side like they have been for my entire life. I don't know what's next, but I know that I will be with them again soon.

As a final tear slips down my face, I close my eyes and press the gun to my temple. It is sore from being hit, but I don't mind the pain. "I love you," I speak softly to my family before taking a long, deep breath. On my exhale, I squeeze the trigger.

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Rhea

Soft beeping drags me into consciousness. I slowly open my eyes and groan at the pain in my skull. It takes a moment for me to blink away the haze before I see a nurse standing at the monitors beside my bed. I touch the side of my head where I held the gun, and I feel a bandage.

“Hi,” she says with a soft smile. “It’s good to see you awake, Rachel.”

“No,” I say, realizing I survived. “No, I shouldn’t be here.”

I force myself to sit up as she calls for someone. “Rachel, let’s get the doctor in here and...”

“Why did you save me?!” I scream at her. “Why am I here? I don’t want to be here!”

“Sweetie, I need for you to-”

“No!” I scream again. “I don’t want to be here. I have no one left. Don’t you fucking get it? I didn’t want to survive. I wanted to be with them, and you fucking took that from me.”

I grab my pillow and sling it across the room before realizing I have leads attached to my body. I start ripping at the cords, wanting to get the fuck out of this hospital. The nurse is trying to calm me down, but every time she comes near me, I grab something and sling it at her. She hits a button on the wall, and it prompts other nurses and doctors to come in.

“Don’t fucking touch me!” I yell.

“Rhea,” the doctor says with a stern voice. “Stop and listen to me. Please.”

“What?” I seethe. “I don’t want to fucking be here.”

“I understand. Your father is here. A nurse called him and he is on his way up. Let’s talk to him for a moment and then we can discuss what’s next, okay? Can we take this one step at a time?” he asks.

“My father?” I ask. Guilt washes over me when I realize I tried to kill myself and would have made him grieve my loss all over again. I was so wrapped up in my sadness that I failed to remember that I’m not alone. I have my dad.

“Yes,” he says. “Can I look at your IV? It’s bleeding.”

I looked down and see that my arm is covered in blood, so I nodded and drop my head in shame. He comes over and he dons gloves and works to make my arm stop bleeding.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper. “I…”

“I know this is scary,” he says.

I look up and see Dad rush into the room. When he gets to me, he wraps me in a hug, and I start crying. “They’re gone,” I whimper. “I lost them. It’s all my fault.”

“Rhea, what are you talking about?” Dad asks, pulling back to wipe away my tears.

“Theo. Quinn. Jace. They died. He shot them,” I whimper.

“Baby,” he says softly. “They’re fine.”

“What? I saw them. I saw their bodies...” I start to explain.

“No, baby. No, you didn’t,” he says. “Marvin hit you with the butt of his gun and it knocked you out. You were in and out of it for a little while, but they gave you a mild sedative so that you would sleep through the night.”

“But I... I saw Theo get shot. He was right in front of me,” I say, confused.

“It was a dream, sweetie,” he says. “You screamed for Quinn before getting hit. Everyone came around the corner and Marvin shot himself when he realized you were not alone. He is dead and everyone is fine. Annoying, but fine.”

“Oh my God,” I say as I start sobbing. It felt so fucking real. Emotion racks from my body as Dad takes me into his arms. He gently rubs my back and reminds me that I survived. Everyone survived.

“How about you go get the others and Rhea and I can talk,” the doctor says to Dad when he pulls back.

“Yeah. They will be happy to see you awake,” Dad says. He gently kisses my forehead before standing. “I love you, baby girl. I’m so glad you’re okay.”

“I love you too, Dad. Me too,” I say softly.

When he leaves the room and the nurses are done picking up what I destroyed, the doctor sits with me. “How are you feeling?” he asks.

“My head hurts,” I say.

“You have a concussion, but no fractures and no bleeding on your brain,” he says. “We gave you something to sleep because your blood pressure was a bit high, but we have no real need to keep you too much longer.”

“Can I... can someone take this catheter out and let me get dressed before they come back?” I ask.

“I brought some scrubs,” the nurse at the door says. “Let me help you really quick before you two discuss things.”

“Okay,” I say.

The doctor steps back and the nurse has me lie down. She works to take the catheter out before helping me stand. She helps me dress in to simple blue scrubs before I sit back on the bed.

“Alright, so we did some bloodwork. Were you aware that you are pregnant?” he asks.

“What?” I ask. “No, I have birth control in my arm.”

“Well, you are definitely pregnant. Your HCG levels put you at around ten weeks,” he says. “The birth control removal is pretty simple. I can take that out for you.”

“Are you sure? Because I regularly have sex with five men that I’m dating,” I say bluntly.

“They’re a lively group of people,” he chuckles. “I’m sure.”

“Well... shit,” I say. “Okay.”

“Care if I feel for the implant?” he asks.

“Go ahead,” I say as I extend my arm.

The doctor feels the inside of my arm until he locates the implant. He cocks his head

to the side and looks confused. “When did you have this placed?”

“When I was eighteen,” I say. “It was replaced a few times.”

“By who?” he asks.

“My ex was... very abusive. I was trafficked. He had some doctor friend of his place it,” I say.

“Okay... Yeah, this should come out,” he says before turning to the nurse and telling her what he needs. She gathers the items, and they get things set up before he numbs my arm. The door opens and everyone walks in.

“Hey,” Quinn says as he leans down and kisses me.

“Hi,” I say softly.

“I heard you were throwing things?” Theo asks.

“Yeah... I had a dream Marvin murdered all of you in front of me and then I killed myself. When I woke up with my head bandaged, I was a little confused,” I say. “I’m okay.”

“We can go into it later when we can sit down,” he says before looking at the doctor. “What exactly are you doing?”

“You want to say it?” the doctor asks me with a smile.

“Well...” I say looking at dad. “I know you didn’t get to watch me grow up but... how do you feel about watching your grandchild grow up?”

“Oh, Rachel,” he says as tears well up. “Are you?”

“Hold on,” Quinn says.

“You know how babies are made, right Quinny?” Jace asks.

“He said I’m around ten weeks,” I say. “He’s taking the birth control out of my arm.”

“Anika,” Mia says. “Say it.”

“I uh... I’m eight weeks,” she says. “I was planning on telling everyone at the club but...”

“That’s amazing!” I say.

“Amanda, call those detective in here, please,” the doctor says.

“What’s wrong?” I ask.

“That is not birth control,” he says as he uses surgical glue to close the small cut.

“What is it?” I ask.

“A tracker, I think,” he says.

“Oh God,” I say. “That means...”

“That’s how he knew where to find you,” Theo says. “He figured out you were going to the club every week but didn’t know who was with you.”

“What the fuck,” I say.

“Hey,” Casey says. “What’s going on?”

“May I?” the doctor asks.

“Mhmm.”

“Rhea is pregnant. I was removing her birth control implant, only it’s not birth control. It’s a tracker,” he says, pointing to the device on the gauze. Casey dons gloves and picks it up to examine it and sighs.

“Logan,” she says, waving him over. “I need an evidence bag.”

“Is this really a tracker?” I ask.

“It is,” she says.

“Is Marvin really dead?” I ask.

“Yes, ma’am,” she says. “He shot himself. I also have news for you. I was planning on calling you tomorrow.”

“What?” I ask with a sigh.

“Marcus Langston was killed in prison,” she says.

“How?” I ask.

“He was in the showers. The guard had to step out to take a call. Some other inmates on work duty found him,” she explains.

“You can do better than that,” I say, and she laughs.

“He was raped with a mop handle, stabbed twenty-seven times, beaten severely, and drowned. Guards found him face down in a toilet,” Logan says.

“Oh dark,” I say flatly. “What a shame.”

“I know. A real loss,” Casey says with a smirk.

“So... I can go home?” I ask the doctor.

“Yeah. You have enough people around you that I feel comfortable letting you rest at home,” he says. “You need to follow up with your primary care doctor and an OBGYN. I’ll give you a list of things to watch out for, but just take it easy. You have a cut on the side of your head, but it has glue instead of stitches. Just keep it covered for a few days so it can heal.”

“Thank you,” I say.

“You’re welcome,” he says warmly.

It took a while for them to discharge me but as soon as I was out, we went and got fast food and went home. I am tired, but I’m not sleepy. I just want to lie down and rest.

Quinn scooped me up the moment we got in the door and took me downstairs. Everyone else followed so we could talk before I take a shower. “Here,” Theo says, handing me a pain pill and a bottle of water.

“Thanks,” I say.

“Tell us about the dream,” Quinn says. “Your dad said you were not doing too well.”

“Well,” I say. “I got hit and kinda fell back but turned to find y’all. I ran into Theo first. He went to pull me behind him, but Marvin shot him in the head. I was trying to wake him up, but... he was gone. Marvin went to the care room and just mowed everyone down. I got in there right as he shot you. He then turned it on himself and

basically said he wanted to take everything from me like I did to him. I pulled Theo into the room with everyone else and got us all into one area, then I laid down between you and Jace. When I shot myself, I woke up in the hospital. I had a bandage on my head, and I just freaked out. I thought everyone was dead and I survived.”

“That’s fucking pitiful,” Anika says. “I’m so sorry.”

“I’m just glad it was a dream,” I say.

“I won’t push it right now, but I do want us to talk about that,” Theo says.

“I know. I think it’s best I do talk about it. Just not right now,” I say.

“Right now, you need to rest,” Quinn says.

“Shower first, then rest,” I say. “I’m sorry the night was ruined.”

“Don’t apologize for things beyond your control,” Theo says. “We will be here no matter what.”

“I know,” I say.

“Go take a shower. We can all talk later,” he says, and he comes over and hugs me. “I love you, Rhea.”

“I love you too, Theo,” I say as he softly kisses me. Rowan and Max kiss me before joining Theo on the stairs. Anika, Mia, and Emma give me a hug and they all go upstairs.

I get up and we go to the bathroom before Quinn and Jace help me undress. “You guys okay?” I ask.

“Yeah,” Quinn smiles. “Once you got to the hospital and it was confirmed that you were okay, we all felt better. We knew you were okay because you were awake a few times, but they wanted to make sure you didn’t have a brain bleed.

“I woke up?” I ask.

“Yeah. You didn’t say much. You would just respond to the paramedics if they asked you something, but you were pretty out of it,” Jace explains.

“I’m glad Marvin is dead,” I remark as we step into the shower together.

“I wish he hadn’t shot himself so I could have killed him,” Quinn says.

“That’s why he shot himself,” I laugh. “He saw five big ass men coming at him and decided a bullet was better than getting beat to death.”

“You’ve got a point,” he laughs.

“I feel bad,” I say while they take to washing my body.

“Why?” Jace asks.

“You guys waited six weeks to have sex, and then I got knocked the fuck out by a psycho,” I say.

“It’s okay,” Jace says. “I promise.”

“How easy do I actually have to take it?” I ask with a grin.

“We are not the ones to ask, Little Star. You have pain meds, and I am horny as hell,” Quinn says.

“Then fuck me,” I say.

“Girl, don’t tempt me,” Jace says.

“Just don’t throw me around. Probably avoid throat fucking me for a while,” I say.
“Oh, and no hitting me in the head.”

“Are you sure?” Quinn asks, shutting the water off.

“Very sure,” I say. “Please.”

Quinn steps out of the shower and wraps me in a towel before scooping me up. I giggle when he takes me straight to the bed. “Excited?” I ask him.

“You tell me,” he remarks as he sits on the edge of the bed and pulls me into his lap. I groan deeply when he pushes his cock into me.

“Shit, that’s good,” I mutter. “Oh my God.”

“Fuck, Rhea. I’ve missed this tight little cunt,” he rumbles as he lies back and pulls me down with him. He immediately starts to fuck me and each bar in his cock is like heaven. Jace wastes no time applying a generous amount of lube and pushing into my ass. They both start to move in sync with each other and I’m transported to another dimension. It feels so amazing and I don’t have the words to explain it.

They slowly increase their pace until they’re pounding into me. I stay relaxed on Quinn’s chest to cause as least amount of stress to my head as possible, but the pleasure is overwhelmingly amazing. As I start to fall, they fall with me. Our orgasms harmonize and desperate moans fill the room as they push in deep to come.

Once they have me cleaned up and dressed, I am laying with my head on Quinn’s chest and Jace moves close to wrap his arm around my body. “We love you, Little

Star,” Jace says as he kisses my shoulder.

“I love y’all too,” I say. “I’m glad you saved me.”

“Us too, Rhea,” Quinn says. “We’d go to the ends of the earth for you.”

I finally feel free. There are no dark clouds looming over us or a fear lurking in the background, waiting to take over. Under their watch I found my freedom, and now I choose to more than just survive. I choose to live.