



# Unholy Obsessions

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** Selene Hayes was the daughter of a notorious serial killer.

And she was designed to keep his legacy alive.

She danced in the shadows, embracing the darkness within.

Revenge was her motive and she didn't hesitate to extinguish the monsters from her past.

Except for Onyx—he was her monster.

Onyx Davers met Selene when they were both thrown into the foster system as kids.

She saw him for what he truly was—a killer—but she looked at him like he was a God.

From the moment he laid eyes on her, he knew she was special.

He knew she was like him.

He knew she would be his...

And he would end anyone who tried to tear them apart.

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# Page 1

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## PROLOGUE

### SELENE

The grass, wet with the morning dew, tickles my bare ankles as I skip through the meadow. I can see our house as I crest the small hill. It's not far away and if I run, I can make it there in time for breakfast. I glance down at my bare feet, coated with mud, and frown. Mother wouldn't be pleased if I walked into the kitchen, dragging dirt across the floor.

As I reach the edge of the pasture, I bend over, ducking through the boards of the fence. My nightgown catches on a small, splintered piece of wood. My brow furrows as I grab a handful of the cotton material and tug on it. It doesn't give at first and I scowl, pulling harder until it breaks free, tearing the bottom hem of my dress.

I sigh, glancing up at the house before turning away. Everyone will be waking up soon, and it wouldn't be the first time that my parents find my bed empty. They think that I sleepwalk and I let them keep believing it. If they knew the truth of where I really go in the middle of the night, they might never let me out of that house again.

The truth is, sleep has always been my enemy. It never finds me easily, so every night, after everyone else is tucked away in their beds, I go out in hopes of finding it.

I walk through the damp grass until I reach the driveway. My muddy feet leave a trail as I head toward the stable. The light is already on as I slip in through the massive barn doors. A few of the horses poke their heads out over their stall doors, nickering as I walk down the aisle.

My father breeds and trains racehorses. It was a family business that he took over from his father, and it has brought him great success in life. He's a smart and calculated man who always weighs his risks before rolling the dice. My father is a ruthless businessman, and he treats what he does exactly as that. A business. It's not a hobby. I've seen him with the horses—he doesn't enjoy them as a novelty like some people do.

It was his way to the top and now that he built this empire, he sits on his throne like the titanium god that he is.

Gregory, one of our stable hands, is busy at work mixing the horse feed inside the feed room. He doesn't notice me as I creep past the door. I overheard my mother telling my little brother, Abel, that one of our barn cats had kittens the other day. That's what I'm here to see.

My night wasn't successful in the woods, and the monster inside of me is still awake.

My footsteps are light and quiet as I walk to the very end of the aisle, slipping into one of the empty stalls that we use for storage. I know that animals like to have a quiet, secluded place to give birth, so I check all the corners and smaller spaces in the stall. My frustration builds and I grow irritated as I come up empty-handed.

I let out a defeated sigh and start to walk out of the stall, when I hear Gregory at the opposite end of the aisle as he begins to make his rounds. My body stills and I pause in the doorway. The horse in the stall across from me pokes its head out, letting out a loud neigh. The sound is like sandpaper on my eardrums, and I glare at the forsaken creature.

Tilting my head to the side, I drag my gaze from the horse's head, traveling down its long neck. I wonder how much blood a horse's body holds. And how long would it take for it to bleed out? I can't break a horse's neck with my hands, but if I could get

my hands on a knife, I could slide it along the artery in its throat.

As I contemplate my next move, I hear a rustling behind me, followed by a soft mew. Jackpot. Spinning on my heel, my eyes scan the small space, looking for where the sound came from. Then I see movement in the middle of the stall, tucked away between two boxes are six little kittens.

I drop down to my knees, tucking my cold, bare feet underneath me as I shove my hand into the crack, reaching for the small bodies. I'm feeling around blindly, unable to see as I move my hand, searching for the softness of their fur.

The anticipation builds and I clamp down on my bottom lip with determination. If I don't find something to play with soon, I'm going to burn this entire barn to the ground. And just like that, the universe bows to my threat as I feel my fingertips land on a ball of fur.

Wrapping my fingers around the kitten, I pull it out of the crack. It's light in my hands with eyes still plastered shut. The kitten doesn't make a sound and doesn't move. Holding it up in front of me, I give it a swift shake, willing it to come to life.

It doesn't.

It lies there limply in my hands, already fucking dead.

"What are you doing out here?" Gregory questions me as I sit in the middle of the stall with the dead kitten in my hand. I glance up at him, watching as he stalks around, circling me like a shark in the ocean.

I shrug, half ignoring him as I give him a blank stare. "Couldn't sleep."

"Where are your parents?" he asks, his circle slowly growing smaller as he nervously

glances over his shoulder. “Do they know that you’re out here?”

I shake my head, dropping the dead kitten onto the floor beside me. It’s damaged goods. The little creature wasn’t supposed to be dead already. It wasn’t supposed to die that way. I wanted to be the one to extinguish the light in its soul, to watch the life drain from its eyes as it took its last breath.

It’s sick, I know. I know that something’s wrong with me, but for me—it’s all that I know.

It’s normal.

Gregory grunts as he drops onto his knees in front of me. His thick, fat fingers reach out as he wraps a strand of my midnight-colored hair around them. “You’re a pretty little girl. You know that, don’t you?”

I narrow my eyes, my jaw clenching as I cock an eyebrow. This isn’t the first time that Gregory has made an advance at me. He’s been known to have a wandering eye and I’ve caught his gaze on me a few times before. I always brushed it off, because I never really thought he would follow through with his advances and his little comments.

“I see the way that your body is growing up,” he groans, fisting his cock through his dirty jeans as he drags his other hand over the front of my chest. He pauses, his palm cupping my small budding breast. “I just want a taste, before your innocence is gone. You trust me, right?”

I stare back at him blankly, my lips clamped shut as my hands curl into fists. He takes my lack of response as me willingly giving him consent. Abandoning his dick, he brings both of his rough hands to my small body and lifts me to my feet as he rises. He lifts my nightgown, gripping my thigh with one hand as the other pinches my

nipple.

My teeth bite into my bottom lip as I clamp down, tasting the metallic tang on my tongue. I don't want this. I don't even know what is fully going on, but I know that I want it to stop. I didn't tell him that he could touch me like this.

Keeping my teeth locked in my lip, I take my fist and drive it into his crotch. Gregory yells out, pushing me away as he cups himself through his jeans. "What the fuck?"

I pull my teeth from my lip, my mouth curving up into a smile. As I run my tongue over them, I taste the blood and flash a grin at Gregory with a mouth full of red. He stares at me, eyes widening with anger as he holds onto his junk.

Glancing beside me, I grab an old horseshoe that sticks out of a box and inch closer to Gregory. "Your daddy isn't going to believe you if you tell him about this."

He doesn't need to worry. My daddy will never hear about this; I'll never tell a single soul.

I shake my head, feigning innocence as I giggle lightly. Gregory cuts his eyes at me. "There's somethin' wrong with you, kid." His nostrils flare. "Go back to the house before your parents come lookin'."

"I will," I nod, my mouth closing around my teeth. My lips curl upward as a sinister grin forms on my face. "I'll go back there soon."

"No. You go back ther—" Gregory stares, but his words are cut short as I take the horseshoe in my hand and drive the hard piece of metal into the center of his throat. A garbled yelp slips from his lips as he crashes onto his knees. "Wha—what th ? —"

He can't get the words out. He can't catch his fucking musty breath. I stare down at

him, my lips stretching wider as I lift my arm. In one swift swing, I bring my hand down with such force that the metal U in my grip crashes into Gregory's temple, causing him to lose his balance. The blow instantly knocking him out as he collapses onto the ground by my feet.

I follow after him, the thrill slicing through my veins, electrifying my body with the endorphins that rush through me. This is what I was looking for. This is what the monster inside of me needed.

This is everything.

My little legs straddle the sides of his chest as I stare down at his fat, round face. There's a small trickle of blood coming from the minute wound on his temple. My eyes follow the crimson color as it stains his skin. I'm mesmerized by it as I press my finger against it, feeling the warm, sticky liquid as it clings to my fingertip.

A smile touches my lips as I grab the horseshoe with both hands, lifting my arms above my head. I bring them down in a flash, driving the metal into his face. Starting at his forehead, I repeat my actions over and over again, delivering blows to every inch of his skull. Gregory remains unconscious, blood filling his mouth.

Blood splatters from his face, droplets covering my hands, face and nightgown. I'm caught up in the moment, lost in the frenzy as I bash his face in until it's barely recognizable. Gregory gurgles, choking on the crimson liquid that he's drowning in.

I pause, watching as he gargles one last time, a sputter falling from his lips as the blood spills over. Tilting my head to the side, I watch as his chest falls still and life leaves his body. My hands and arms are coated in the sticky, red liquid. It warms my skin, the monster inside me licking its lips.

"My little moon."

My father's voice catches me off guard. I never heard him enter the barn and I'm not sure how much of this he witnessed. I don't feel any guilt or remorse. I'm a blank fucking slate as I glance up at him in the doorway. I don't know how I'm going to get out of this...

My father stares down at me, his eyes wide. I watch him carefully as he exhales deeply, like a weight has been lifted. It's as if he can breathe easily now. He tilts his head to the side, his lips curling upward into a sinister smile. "What did you do?"



## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:19 am*

### CHAPTER ONE

#### ONYX

Blood.

We come into the world covered in it and sometimes, we leave the world in a similar fashion. I stare down at the body on the floor by my feet, mutilated beyond recognition from the sharp blade of my knife. The thrill that I got from my newest toy has already vanished, and I feel the boredom creeping in.

My gaze focuses on the blood pooling around his body. It was something that had always fascinated me. The way that the bright red hues change into a darker tone as it absorbs the oxygen from the air when it leaves your body. My obsession started at a young age. What once seemed innocent has turned into something much more sinister.

Blood.

Arterial bursts are splattered across my fresh white t-shirt. The warm, sticky substance coats my arms, droplets dispersed across my face. With my knife still in my hand, I turn the blade sideways and wipe it off on my black jeans.

Blood.

“Onyx?” I hear her soft, haunting voice from across the abandoned asylum. Her footsteps are quiet, but as she gets closer, I can hear her black Chucks crushing bits of

glass from the broken windows. “I know that you’re in here.”

It’s a game that we’ve played since we were kids, but over the years, it’s taken a sickening turn. That’s the essence of what we are though. Sick. Plagued. Completely and utterly fucked in the head.

This place was our refuge, growing up in an abusive home where there was nowhere to escape within those four walls. The asylum had shut down decades ago, and the building was left to rot. Selene and I would spend hours here, telling ghost tales and playing hide-and-seek. Even years later, after we’ve moved out of our old home, we still always end up back here.

This was the first place where she found me with a dead rabbit in my hand.

This was the first place that she saw the real me.

Abandoning the mutilated body, I slip into the moldy closet, holding my knife close to my chest as I listen to her footsteps growing closer. Pinching my lips closed, I hold my breath, waiting for her to enter the room. I hear her sharp intake of air echoing in the small space. A smile creeps onto my lips as she takes in my latest masterpiece laid out on the floor.

“Onyx,” she sings to me through the darkness. “Where are you?”

She moves around the room, inching closer to the closet. As she reaches it, she lifts her head in high alert, glancing to the other side of the room. With her back facing me, I seize the opportunity.

My movements are stealthy and quick as I slip out of the closet, grabbing her from behind. A scream slips from her lips but I silence her, clamping my hand over her mouth. Her body stills against me as I lift my knife, holding it against her neck,

positioned right along her carotid.

“You want to play, little devil?” I breathe against her ear, pressing the blade harder against the soft skin on her throat. Her pulse vibrates under my hand, the thrill running rampant through my system.

Her head bobs against my grip as my knife nicks the top layer of her skin. The warmth of her body against mine and the blood trickling down the side of her neck has my cock fucking throbbing. Selene presses her ass into me, grinding against my erection.

I drag my tongue along the shell of her ear, nipping at her cartilage. “Run.”

Pulling the knife away from her throat, I drop my hands to my side. Selene glances at me over her shoulder, her hazel eyes shining with mischief as she takes off. She jumps over the body on the floor, clearing the pool of crimson liquid as she darts out of the room.

Twirling my knife in my hand, I give her a head start, counting the cracks in the wall until I reach ten. “Ready or not, devil girl,” I call out, a sinister grin settling on my lips as I stalk through the room. “I’m coming for you.”

Her laughter floats from the maze of rubble, bouncing off the chipped walls of the hallways. I begin to whistle as I stalk through the halls, the predator chasing its prey. The asylum is like our own personal playground. A playground for the depraved. Only the soulless dare to step foot in this place, but none of them ever last.

It’s gotten such a bad rep because numerous people have gone missing after entering. It was always chalked up to this place being haunted—demonic souls lurking in the shadows, bringing them to their untimely doom. Little does the world know, I am the demon who lives in the darkness.

The bodies are never recovered because I know how to make them vanish for good. When I was younger, I was fucking sloppy. There were a few close calls, but we essentially lived off the grid. I wasn't on the cops' radar—just the quiet kid in school whose foster parents painted his skin with black and blue marks.

I was on Selene's radar before I even realized it.

Her father was one of the country's most notorious serial killers. Sirius Hayes. Everything Selene knew, she learned from him, and she saw it in me instantly. Sirius wanted her to be his prodigy after he noticed similarities between the two of them. He saw pieces of himself in her and wanted her to be a part of his world.

Selene's brother was Sirius' downfall. When he found out about Sirius' extracurricular activities, he panicked and called the police. Their mother didn't even know what was going on, so it was a complete shock to the family, except for Selene. She didn't handle his absence well and at the ripe age of twelve she tried to drown her younger brother in an effort to get back at him for what he did.

Gemma realized that even though Sirius was gone, he had created a monster who was living under her roof. She claimed that she couldn't handle Selene, but I think she didn't want to assume responsibility for whatever Selene might do. She was a painful reminder of how Sirius had destroyed their lives.

Selene was thrown into foster care, and that's how she ended up living under the same roof as me—my little monster, the one who speaks the same language as me.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are,” I sing the words, twirling my knife as I duck through the hallways, dodging chunks of the ceiling that hang from above. “I know you want me to find you, pretty little devil.”

The faint smell of vanilla drifts through the hall and I know that I'm getting closer to

her. I follow her scent, but as I turn corner after corner, she's not there. My heart thumps in my chest to a calm, steady beat. The chase is a high of its own, and adrenaline courses through my veins as I stalk my prey.

Selene's good at this game because even though she's my prey tonight, she's a fucking predator.

"Can't you find me, love?" Her voice floats from the opposite direction of where I was headed. Spinning on my heel, I catch sight of her long, midnight-colored hair as she darts through another doorway, her laughter following behind her.

I break out into a jog in the direction that I saw her disappear, clutching my knife in my hand. The need to spill blood mixes with the lust and the thrill of the chase. We're toeing a dangerous line, but we've never been afraid to cross it before.

She's going to wish I never found her after I'm done with her.

### CHAPTER TWO

#### SELENE

When I was a child, I was diagnosed with an incurable disease. An illness of the mind. Sick in the fucking head. My mother resented me for it, but it was my father's favorite part about me. He was the only one who made me feel like I was something—like I actually had a reason for being on this planet.

My father took the darkness that brewed inside me and harnessed it, turning it into a masterpiece. Sirius Hayes was an artist, and I was his prodigy. He was my guiding light, the devil on my shoulder. There was a monster inside me, and my father knew exactly how to handle it.

He was the only one who understood how I felt—or rather, how I didn't feel. My father saved my life and taught me how to live a normal one, one that society would find acceptable. I learned how to behave and act in front of others and that the monster could only come out to play behind closed doors.

I was reckless, irrational, and impulsive. He tried his best to teach me a different way—to be calculated and careful. I learned his ways as best as I could, and with his guidance, I was able to implement them... until I lost him.

Without my father to guide me, without the devil on my shoulder, I was fucking lost.

Until I found him .

He was the only one who saw me—the real me—and that’s because we were one and the same.

Twin flames.

Mirror souls.

Onyx.

A bead of sweat rolls down the side of my face. My stomach crawls into my throat, and my heart pounds erratically inside its ivory cage as I creep through the darkness. I’m hidden in the shadows. The abandoned asylum is pitch fucking black, illuminated only by the moonlight that shines through the broken windows and holes in the ceiling.

I hear Onyx’s light footsteps in his all-black Converse as he stalks down the hall. Pulling my lips between my teeth, I slowly take in one last deep breath before holding the air in my lungs. When you have no choice but to be silent, you learn to train your body to adapt. I held my breath longer during the angry outbursts from our foster father, when we had to hide in the house before we knew about this place.

“Selene, baby,” his voice calls out, sounding like gravel under a set of tires. The sound lights my insides on fire. I clench my thighs together as my pussy tingles. “You’re not going to like it when I find you.”

He’s always different whenever he finds me—harsh, relentless, brutal. Just how I like him.

Come find me and see , I say in my head, keeping the words inside where it always feels like he knows what I’m saying in the silence anyway.

“You’re going to bleed, little devil,” he growls, roughly shoving open a door. It bounces off the side of the wall but doesn’t startle me. I don’t breathe. I don’t move. I just listen. “I want to fucking hurt you.”

Hurt me, my broken boy.

Onyx stalks down the hallway, shoving open doors as he goes. Each time, they fly into the wall, shaking the brittle foundation of the building. I press my back closer to the wall, hugging it as I flatten my palms along my thighs. It grows quiet out in the hall, and I strain my ears against the silence, listening for him. I slide my hand along the outside of my thigh, slowly pulling my knife from its holster.

The spark of Onyx’s Zippo lighter sounds from a few feet away, and I hear him inhale deeply as the sweet smell of weed drifts past my nose. “You really think that you can hide from me? That I won’t find you?” A harsh laugh rumbles from his chest. “I always find you.”

And he’s right. He always does. He’s the predator and I’m his prey. This game that we play, we’re both skilled at the hunt and at knowing how to hide. But in the end, he always finds me, in the darkest corners because he knows that’s exactly where he would lurk.

“I’m not the monster that lives in you, but I’m the monster that’s going to be inside you soon. So fucking soon, Selene.”

Fuck.

He makes it hard to resist stepping out of the shadows, revealing myself, just to subject myself to his brutality. There’s a tenderness to his violence. He could easily take my life, just like he did to the guy lying in a pool of his own blood in the other room. Onyx has come close a few times, but it’s all part of the game we play. The



thrill that we seek.

It's the way that we love, because we're not capable of anything remotely close to normal.

It's violent and bloody. It's us.

Onyx breezes past, not noticing me as I hide in the darkness between two doors. I want him to find me, but I'm not ready for the game to be over yet. The chase is the driving force that leads up to the climax, where our souls collide.

It's like foreplay for us.

But little does Onyx know... I'm about to flip the script on him.

The hunter is about to become the hunted.

### CHAPTER THREE

#### ONYX

My senses are on high alert. My body is completely in tune with hers. I can feel her and smell her, the electricity growing stronger with every step I take. My little devil knows how to hide in the shadows, but I know how to fucking find her.

I am the shadows.

I step into the adjacent hallway, but as I begin walking deeper into the darkness, something feels off. Her scent begins to dissipate. I can still feel her presence, but there's a shift in the air that doesn't go unnoticed. Something's up and I can't quite put my finger on it.

Selene likes to play games. Even though we often play this fucked-up game of hide-and-seek, she always has a way of making it interesting. She's known for tossing in her little twists and turns, just enough to shake shit up. To knock me off my feet and throw me off my game.

She likes to play, but Selene knows that if she throws me off, it's only going to get even more volatile. I'm a poor sport—I don't lose—and Selene fucking knows it. But we'll play this however she wants to. If she wants to try and change the game, I'll let her have her moment, but she won't have it for long.

I don't lose control... until I fucking do.

If there's one thing that I always have control over, it's my little psychopath. Whether she knows it or not, I'll always top her from the bottom. When I'm feeling generous, I loosen her chain and let her have her fun, but when it's all said and done, I always come out on top with her on her knees and her mouth around my cock.

Fuck.

My cock strains against the zipper of my black jeans as I think about my raven vixen swallowing me whole. My girl knows how to please me, but only if she gets hers too. It's a give-and-take world, and as much as I love to receive, I always make sure that Selene is attended to first.

I step deeper into the shadows, letting them consume my form as I hide in the darkness. Selene is playing it off like she's trying to hide from me, but I know what she is really up to. She's hiding, but she's hiding in plain sight—somewhere that she knows that I could easily find her.

Instead of continuing to hunt for her, I'm going to bide my time and draw her out. If I stop looking for her, she's bound to come looking for me.

And then I'll have her right where I want her.

As I slide into the darkness, I slip through a doorway on my right, stepping into what must have been a break room at one point. I'm not sure what the fuck it was supposed to be, but there are weird little cubbies in the wall that I like to hide shit in. Different shit that can make the little games that we play more exhilarating.

My hand lightly searches along the wall until I come to one of the openings and I shove my arm inside. I feel around with my palm until I wrap my fingers around the rough fabric and pull out two masks. Holding it in both hands, I slide the ski mask over my head. The material itches the skin on my face, but I ignore it. This mask is

something new. We both had the kind that lights up before—ones we stole back around Halloween from the store that pops up every year—but Selene had only ever seen me with this mask once before. I tuck the other one into my pocket for later.

Inhaling deeply, I can still smell the faint metallic scent from that night. Selene found me with the body of some guy that I caught watching her at work. She didn't know who he was, and she didn't need to. Either way, he was a fucking creep and I plucked out his eyeballs for even daring to look at what was mine.

The only eyes that belong on Selene are mine. She's mine .

That night, she found me covered in blood with this mask on. She didn't even give me the chance to wash any of it from my skin before she bent herself over one of the old tables they used for Electroconvulsive Therapy, revealing her soaked pussy for me to fuck from behind with the mask on.

So, we're traveling down this road tonight with no idea where the fuck it's going to take us.

All that I know is that our destination is pleasure. Whatever happens on the painful journey there, happens.

I hear her footsteps in the distance. With her shoes on, I know that it's hard for her to make her steps as silent as she'd like. And to anyone else, it would be hard to hear the sounds that she's making, but I know my girl. I know exactly what she sounds like when she's on the hunt, and that's exactly what she's doing.

Selene thinks that she's rewriting the script here, making me her prey.

Sorry, baby, but that's not how this works. The hunter will never become the hunted because I've already got her—she just doesn't realize it yet.

As she moves through the abandoned building, I know that she's trying to track me. It gets darker the deeper that you get into the shadows, and I know that it's only getting harder for her to try and follow me. Selene is smart; she knows how to think on her toes and use all of her senses. Even though my cologne isn't as strong as it was this morning, once she picks up my scent, she'll follow it until I lead her into hell.

"I'm coming for you, baby."

I'm waiting for you, little devil.

Her footsteps get louder, even though she's trying to keep them as quiet as possible, and I know that she's only getting closer. I'm drawing her out without having to do anything to attract any type of attention to myself. My Selene baby knows that she'll follow me wherever I lead her, even without taking her hand.

Her flame follows mine, craving the fucking burn.

She's getting closer...

I take a quiet step backwards, flattening my back against the wall, holding my breath as I reach down for my knife. There's a pause in her steps and she hesitates just outside the doorway. I can't see her with my eyes, but I can feel her with my body and my soul. It's never hard to know where Selene is. Especially in such close proximity like this. I don't know how to explain it, but I can just fucking feel her, like she's an extension of my own body.

"I know you're hiding, Onyx." Her voice is like a haunting melody as it snakes its way around my eardrums, sliding down my spine. "You think that you can hide from me in the darkness, but you are the darkness. There's no fucking hiding."

My cock throbs against my pants. I swallow hard and slowly exhale through my nose,

letting my lungs deflate a small amount. My heart pounds, but it beats to its own cold and calculated drum in my chest. I inhale slowly through my nostrils, inflating my lungs again before holding my breath. My dick protests in my pants and I can feel the moisture on the tip from the precum.

Just as I think that she's about to step into the room, I feel her absence as her footsteps move in the opposite direction. My brow furrows in confusion as I tilt my head to the side.

What the fuck?

This isn't how we play this game. I know that she can feel me too. She knows that I'm right fucking here, so what the fuck is she doing?

Maybe she doesn't know. Selene is usually good at this, even when she isn't able to see me with her eyes in the pitch black. She made her move, and I don't get it. She was so close— so goddamn close —to being exactly where I wanted her. She was so close that I could almost taste her on my tongue.

And just like the moon, she disappears into the darkness.

My brain shifts into an irrational state and I push off the wall, striding across the room toward the doorway. My footsteps are heavy on the dirty floor, but I don't even care at this point. I can feel my blood boiling as my heart pushes it harder through my veins. For the first time, I feel my heart rate skip a beat as it begins to pound erratically, shaking its cage.

I'm supposed to be in control.

I step out into the hall and it's fucking empty. The silence slams against my eardrums and I can hear my own blood burning in the flames. Selene was right here and now

she is nowhere to be found. She disappeared, vanishing into the air like a fucking myth.

Where the fuck is she?

### CHAPTER FOUR

#### SELENE

I swallow back the giggle that bubbles in my throat. A bead of sweat rolls down the back of my neck, sliding beneath my shirt. I can feel the rage rolling off Onyx as he stomps down the hallway. I knew that he was hiding somewhere down here, but I wasn't sure which room he was in.

He craves control, thriving off the power and feeding off the adrenaline of the chase.

I know what Onyx craves even more than the power and being in control. He likes it when I fight back, when he's rough with me—violent, and volatile. Our bloody fucking pleasures. He also thrives off the pain, whether he's inflicting it or receiving it. And lucky for him, we're the same forsaken person.

He thought by dipping into the shadows and hiding from me, he would force me to come out. He got it wrong. Onyx always thinks he's one step ahead, but for once, I'm dancing in the flames, watching him as he fucking burns in his rage. I switched things up on him without him even realizing what was happening.

Breath control is another thing that he likes to play around with. I know Onyx and how he tries to conceal himself, because he taught me the same methods to make myself invisible. He was hiding in the shadows, focusing on how to make himself vanish without actually disappearing. He was so focused on not being seen that he missed the opportunity to take back control when I shoved it right in front of his face.



He was playing right into the palm of my hand, and the thrill—the power—is a craving that I've never felt before. Now that I've had a taste, I need it.

If he would have just taken his mind off his breath control, he could have grabbed me, pulling me into the darkness with him. Instead, I was able to slip away and now he's back on the hunt. What he doesn't realize is he isn't really hunting me.

How could he if I've set myself up to be found?

Onyx is furious. I can feel it. I can smell his blood boiling as his veins grow hotter with every step he takes. He doesn't push open any of the doors as he did when he was searching for me before. It's almost as if he knows exactly where I am.

I step deeper into the room, slipping into the small space behind the door, tucking myself against the wall. The door hangs off its hinges, giving me slight protection from his sight.

“You think that you can hide from me, Selene baby.”

I know that I can't.

“I'm fucking coming for you, little devil. I hope you're ready for me.”

My thighs clench together, searching for some kind of relief as warmth spreads through my pelvis. My panties are damp, but they were the second Onyx held his blade against my throat. The things that he fucking does to me. There's no relief and no friction to be found to satisfy the need growing inside me. My clit throbs, begging for his touch.

Leaning my head against the wall, I slide my hand down the front of my stomach, dipping under the waistband of my short skirt. My skin is hot against my palm as I

move it under my panties, slipping a finger through my wetness and moving it inside me.

He's the only one who can give me what I need.

My teeth form half crescents in my bottom lip as I clamp down. The metallic taste of blood mixes with my saliva. I want to taste it on Onyx's tongue. I press the heel of my palm against my clit, rolling it as I slide another finger inside my wet pussy.

"I know that you're in here, sweet girl."

Onyx is getting closer and so am I. I pump my fingers inside myself, fucking my own hand as his footsteps get louder. I hear him just outside the door and a ragged breath slips from my lips. My hand stills, fingers still shoved in my pussy as I dig my teeth further into the flesh of my lip.

My lungs constrict, burning as I deprive my body of any oxygen. Onyx heard me. There's no way that he wouldn't have, not with how vigilant he is right now. His footsteps are light while he moves with purpose, stepping into the room. He takes two steps inside, facing the opposite wall as he slams the broken door shut behind him.

"I can smell you," he whispers, his voice low and harsh. "And I don't mean your fucking perfume."

My heart thrums inside my chest, rocking violently against my rib cage. Onyx spins on his heel, striding straight towards me. He's in front of me within a fraction of a second, before I even have a chance to take a breath.

His hand fastens around my throat and he lifts me off my feet, holding me against the wall. My feet kick, bouncing off the broken drywall as I kick against his legs. His bright blue eyes shine through the holes of his ski mask, burning into mine.

I dig my nails into his arm, clutching at him with one hand while the other is still down the front of my skirt, deep inside my pussy. My fingers are warm and sticky—from my arousal on one hand and from the blood that I draw with my nails with the other.

“You’ve been a bad girl.” His breath warms my face. He dips closer, pressing his head against mine. The fabric of the ski mask brushes against my cheek, but it doesn’t bother me much as I grow more light-headed with every passing second. “Remember what I told you? No one fucking touches you, but me. And that goes for you too.”

I open my mouth, but no words come out as he restricts any air from flowing through my throat. I kick at him again, feeling my movements getting slower as my body gets heavier. My vision swims, a whooshing sound filling my ears as the outside edges of my vision grow black.

Onyx releases his hold, sliding his arms around my waist. He pulls my hand from under my skirt as he lowers me to the floor. My body sings, screaming with joy as the musty air rushes into my lungs. I consume as much as I can, sucking it in as my body comes back to life. Onyx is a fucking asshole, but I love him all the same.

“What the fuck?” I croak out. My voice is hoarse, and my throat burns with every word.

He cocks his head to the side as he leans over me. “What? Can’t handle it, little devil?”

Lifting my hand, I slap him across the face, feeling my palm burn as it connects, brushing against the ski mask. Onyx doesn’t move. He doesn’t breathe. He just stares back at me with a fire burning in his bright blue irises.

My heart pounds erratically in my chest. By making the move I just did, I've invited the monster out to play. If you think the ways that Onyx likes to play are fucked up, you have no idea what fucking door I just opened. Although I like when the monster comes out to play. I never know what I'm going to get with Onyx like this.

"Hmmm," he murmurs, sliding his hands along the sides of my torso, grabbing the bottom hem of my shirt. He slides it upwards, my breasts falling free as he pulls it up to my collar bone. "You're really asking for it tonight, aren't you, Selene? I might have to punish you for how fucking bad you're being."

"And what are you going to do to me?" My words practically come out as a moan. I grab his shoulders, pulling him down onto the floor with me. My pussy throbs and I squirm, spreading my thighs wider as I scoot onto him, straddling one of his legs.

Onyx shakes his head, pulling my arms from my shirt and leaving it around my neck. He lifts his hand, raising one finger as he presses it to his lips. "Shhh..."

I swallow hard, the dead butterflies fluttering in my stomach. Their skeletal wings scrape my insides, the warmth spreading through me as I grind my clit against his leg. Onyx wraps his hand around my shirt, tightening it around my throat as he jerks my face to his.

"Did I tell you that you could rub your pussy on my leg?" His voice is hoarse, his words sharp and harsh. He narrows his eyes through his ski mask as a sinister look mixes in his irises.

I glare back at him, my lips lightly brushing against his. "I didn't fucking ask."

Onyx wraps his fist tighter around my shirt, constricting my airway as his other hand lands on my hip. His fingertips dig into my skin as he firmly holds me in place. "You don't fucking move unless I tell you that you can."

With the shirt wrapped around my neck, I open my mouth to speak, but the words won't come out. Onyx is in his element now. He's in control, and he's going to make sure that I know that he's calling the shots—not me. I'm no longer the prey. I'm his fucking feast.

He releases my hip, sliding his hand down my thigh, bruising my flesh with his brutal touch. His hand slips under my skirt and he pushes it up around my waist. The shirt around my throat loosens slightly as he drops his hand down to my panties. His fingers hook under the straps of my thong, and he viciously pulls. It cuts into my skin as he rips it, tearing it away from my body.

“When we get home, throw all these fucking things away. No more barriers.”

I nod, biting down on my bottom lip as I feel him drag his fingers through the wetness between my legs. A moan slips from my lips as he slides them across my slit, but he doesn't dare to slip a finger inside me.

“My greedy little devil,” he murmurs as his face dips closer to mine. His tongue slips out of his mouth as he traces my lips. Without warning, he draws my bottom lip in between his teeth and bites into my flesh. “The more noise that you make, the longer it's going to take for me to slide inside that tight pussy.”

Onyx licks my bottom lip, soothing my wounds before claiming my mouth with his. He's brutal and explosive and I taste my blood on his tongue. My lips move in tandem with his as he swallows me whole and inhales my soul.

He's the sinister creature that goes bump in the night.

And I'm the one he loves to torture with his wicked tongue.

### CHAPTER FIVE

#### ONYX

Wrapping my hands around the tops of Selene's arms, I abruptly lift her from my lap and push her back. She narrows her eyes at me as her ass almost lands on the dirty floor, but I don't set her down. Holding onto her, I rise to my feet, pulling her up with me. Selene opens her mouth to speak, but I slam my hand across her lips, silencing her.

"Shhh," I breathe, pulling her front flush with my body. "We're not alone anymore."

I feel Selene's body tense against mine. My heart pounds against my rib cage. No one ever fucking comes here. And I can't be sure there really is someone out there, but I could have sworn that I heard footsteps.

My mind doesn't race and the adrenaline doesn't force me into a panic, despite the dead body that I left in the other room. Will our new guest find the bloody mess that I still need to clean up? Who the fuck knows. If they do, they're now a threat. Our unwelcome guest threatens to ruin everything, to tear us apart.

I would die before I would let that happen.

The shit that Selene and I do—the shit that no one knows about—is enough to put both of us behind bars for the rest of our lives, just like Selene's father. I would never let that happen to her. If one of us were going to rot, it would be me, not her.

I can't think about that right now.

Especially not with Selene's half-naked body pressed against me and the painful fucking hard-on that I have.

It would have to be short and quick. I don't have time to thoroughly enjoy her like I had initially wanted. Just another thing that pisses me off. I didn't have a plan for what I was going to do to her tonight, but I didn't plan on getting to nut and call it quits.

It doesn't have to be that way.

I could fuck her, take care of whoever is lurking around our playground and then pick up where I left off with her.

"What are we going to do, Onyx?" Selene whispers, wrapping her arms around my back. "We can't get caught here... not with everything that could incriminate us."

I hesitate, chewing on the inside of my cheek. "We're going to do what we do best. We're going to make our little problem disappear."

She's silent as she stares up at me.

A soft chuckle rumbles in my chest. "Are you scared?" I'm mocking her, but I need a reaction from her. I want to get under her skin and burrow into her bones.

Selene pulls back, lifting her head to meet my gaze with a cold, hard stare. "No."

"Mhmm. Sounds like you're afraid of what might happen." My cock throbs in my pants and I press my hips against her stomach to let her feel it. She inhales sharply, sliding her hands underneath the back of my shirt.

“I’m not afraid of anything,” she whispers, her voice harsh as she digs her sharp nails into my skin. “Fuck you for even saying that.”

“Prove it.” I drop my head to the side of hers, nipping at the lobe of her ear. “If you’re not afraid, then let me have you right here, even if it means that we could get caught.”

She stifles a laugh. “You think that I’m afraid of getting caught with you ? I’m not afraid of getting caught with anyone or anything. I’m not the one with the blood on my hands tonight.”

Not yet, sweet girl.

“So, if someone walked in while I was fucking you raw, you wouldn’t be afraid of what would happen?”

Selene turns her head, dragging the tip of her tongue along the column of my throat. “Why don’t you slide that thick cock inside me and find out?”

Without another word, I pull away from her, feeling her nails tearing into my skin as I shove her backward. The air leaves her lungs in a rush as her back is slammed into the wall behind her. Selene lets out a small yelp, and in an instant, I’m on her, swallowing every sound that falls from her plump lips.

The kiss is brutal, and I bruise her lips taking everything she has to give me. Selene never seems to mind because she’s just as fucking greedy. Even though she willingly gives me everything she has, it doesn’t come without a price. And I will gladly pay that price every goddamn time.

With one hand around the base of her throat, I slide the other down to her ass. Slipping my palm underneath her skirt and grabbing the back of her thigh as I lift her



small body into the air. Her bare back scrapes along the broken plaster, creating more chips as she tears them away from the wall. She'll be bruised and bloody after this, but that's the masterpiece that we create when both of our flames meet.

We burn the world to fucking ashes at our feet.

Selene wraps her legs around my back, locking her feet together to hold herself in place. I press my hips against her center, pushing her further into the wall as I let go of her thigh and move my hand down to my pants. Selene's mouth is on my neck, drawing my skin between her teeth as she bites and sucks on my flesh.

It's primal and animalistic. If she were a vampire, she'd drain every last drop of blood from my body. Instead, she just gets small tastes on her tongue. We're sick and fucked up, but I wouldn't have this any other way. It's what we both need—that sick, sadistic urge that no one else can fill.

And Selene fills my cup to the fucking brim, until the blood is spilling over.

I find the button of my pants and hastily undo it before sliding the zipper down. As I pull open my jeans, I lower my hand to shove them down my thighs, along with my boxers. My dick aches and it's hot against her skin. As I hold her up with one palm under her ass, I move my other hand away from her throat and down to my cock. Shifting my hips backwards, I free my dick that was trapped against her.

Selene's hazel eyes meet mine while I hold her up with one hand and fist my cock with the other. I position it along her opening before lowering her body onto me, impaling her with my entire length. Her eyelids flutter closed, a moan slipping from her lips as I fill her to the hilt.

"Fuck," she moans, shifting her hips for relief as I keep her pinned against the wall with my cock inside her. I don't move, standing firmly in place with one hand on her

ass and the other gliding across her soft, silky skin, pinching and twisting each nipple as I move further up her body.

My hand grips her chin, pressing her head into the wall as she stares into my eyes. “You said that you weren’t afraid to get caught. Prove it to me.”

Selene stares back at me, the sinister glimmer in her eyes meeting mine. She draws her bottom lip into her mouth, biting down hard. My face drops down to hers, grabbing her lip with my own teeth as I rip it from her mouth. I taste her blood on my tongue and my cock throbs inside her tight, wet hole.

“How?” she breathes against my mouth.

Releasing her lip, I lick her open mouth as she lets out a ragged breath. “Let them hear you, baby. Let them know how good it feels when your foster brother is fucking you senseless.”

“It’s kind of hard to do that when he isn’t actually fucking me,” she retorts, challenging me with her hazel eyes. She grinds her hips against me as she wraps both of her hands around my neck.

The corner of my lip lifts into a sinister smirk. “You want to put on a show, don’t you?”

“I want you to stop fucking talking and fuck me.”

Deal.

My hand reaches her neck and I wrap my fingers around her delicate throat. Holding her in place by her neck and her ass, I slowly pull back, dragging my cock out of her. I pause, leaving just the tip in as I stare into her cold gaze.

“What the fuck are you waiting for?” she bites at me and that's all I need to begin my violent assault on her body. Selene takes it in stride, screaming out as I thrust into her—hard and vicious.

There's no give and take between us anymore. Our surroundings fade and the corners of my vision begin to close in. It's a fucking weird sensation as I fuck her senseless. Everything around us ceases to exist. It's just a game of survival, where every move that we make is driven from a primal instinct.

Selene stares back at me, fighting to keep her eyes open as I pound into her relentlessly. Her nails grip at my back, cutting through my flesh as she slides her hands under my shirt. I have her pinned against the wall, with no room for her to move. All she can do is let me have control and have my way with her.

That's the way Selene likes it. She's tough, don't get me wrong. If there is anyone in the world who has the balls to stand up to me, it's this girl. She'll go toe-to-toe and face me head-on in any challenge, but she doesn't have a backbone when it comes to me like she wants to pretend. As soon as I'm sliding inside her and playing her pussy like a fiddle, she melts in my fucking hands.

She puts her life in my hands and lets me drive her past the point of pleasure, in a pain induced haze.

“Is that all you got?” she moans, her voice hoarse and low. Her words crack as I tighten my grip around her neck. A smirk plays on my lips as I feel her swallow beneath my palm. There's just enough clearance for her to get some oxygen into her lungs, but that's only because I'm being sloppy right now.

If I were fucking her properly, she wouldn't be able to breathe.

“This what you want?” I groan, thrusting deeper into her until it feels like my dick is

going to explode. I rock against her, drilling her lower back into the fractured wall behind her. The plaster cracks and small pieces fall to the floor around my feet as I fuck her harder.

Every thrust is painful for both of us. I'm practically breaking her back, tearing her apart from the inside as I pound into her like our lives depend on it. Selene is a fucking mess in my hands, fighting against my grip around her throat as she struggles to breathe.

She withers against me, wrapping her legs tighter around my waist as she scrapes her nails against my back, leaving her mark on me, as she always does. Selene lives under my skin and flesh, hiding under my rib cage.

She clawed her way into my heart and made it her home. Now our souls are stained with each other's blood and it's a stain that neither of us will ever be able to wash out.

Selene calls out my name, her voice hoarse as a scream tears through her body. I haven't heard our unwelcome guest walking around anymore, so I can only imagine they're probably hiding in the shadows, listening to us fuck.

I don't hesitate, my cock sliding in and out of her. My hips slow as I let my assault become deliberate. Each time I draw back, the head of my dick is just barely inside her throbbing pussy. I only pause for a moment before slamming back into her with a force that would turn this building into fucking rubble.

"Harder," Selene moans, sucking her bottom lip in between her teeth again.

Blood fills her mouth as her teeth cut into her flesh. I lick my lips, wanting to taste her. The tips of my fingers brush against the wall behind her as I hold her firmly in place. Thrusting once more into her, I fill her to the brim and still as my face dips

down to hers.

A fire burns brightly in Selene's hazel eyes as she stares me down. Her lips part slightly as my mouth collides with hers. I breathe her in, stealing the air from her lungs as I taste her blood on my tongue. Her tongue twists with mine and we're caught in a vicious fight. It's brutal and bloody, but it's what we do best together.

We create a mess, all while creating a fucking masterpiece.

Our teeth clash together. It's suddenly a race to the top. We swallow each other whole, melting and molding into one. We are both the flames and together we burn, creating an inferno that neither one of us will survive.

But we don't need to survive.

We rise from the ashes, dusting off our clothes as we both transform into demons disguised as gods.

My mouth doesn't leave Selene's as I rock into her, pulling my hips back and thrusting over and over again. It's like the first time that I saw Selene kill. Her small legs straddled her victim as she violently drove her knife into his chest. Behind her brutal act was precision. Stab, release, stab, release.

There isn't nearly as much blood, but it's just as explosive. She takes every thrust as I drive her closer and closer to the edge of death. My hand tightens around her throat, completely blocking off any airflow. Selene rips her hands from my shirt and moves them back to my neck. Her nails cut into my flesh as she claws at me. Her movements alternate between attempting to crush my windpipe and trying to rip my throat out.

My fingertips dig into her skin, gripping her flesh harder. My balls constrict,

tightening against my body as I thrust deeper into her. Pain sears in my hips from how intense we're going, and I know that it's only hurting her that much more. Her pussy begins to clench around me, making my cock throb with every goddamn thrust. My hand loosens slightly, allowing her to catch a breath.

Selene opens her mouth as I lick inside, her blood mixing with our saliva. A scream bubbles from her throat, viciously ripping through her body as I shove her over the edge. She clenches around me, her body shaking as she comes. She's tumbling, fucking falling and I'm not far behind her.

I thrust once more before losing myself inside her. Warmth spreads through my groin, tearing through my body as my own orgasm consumes me whole. I fill her with my cum, still viciously fucking her as her body racks with ecstasy.

She shatters around me, her cunt constricting around my cock as I fill her to the hilt. Her pussy is dripping wet, from her release and mine. I thrust into her until every last drop of my cum is inside her. I love fucking her raw, feeling every inch of her warmth surrounding me, devouring me, drawing me in.

Birth control was never a thought between us. If there's a God that controls this life, he wouldn't be stupid enough to let two psychopaths like us create another life. And if it happens, then we'll deal with it when we have to.

Selene collapses against me as I release her throat. She wraps her arms around my neck, sinking into me as she sucks in a shallow breath of air. "You're going to kill me some day," she croaks, her voice hoarse from our volatile actions.

"I know, baby," I murmur, pulling my cock from her as I hold her in my arms. "But it will be fucking beautiful."

She mumbles something unintelligible against my chest as I lower both of us to the

ground. Selene is lost in the aftershocks of the earthquake we created and I'm carelessly lost in her. Keeping her on my lap, I pull her shirt back down over her body, covering her as she pushes her arms through the holes.

"Do you think they heard us?" she whispers, brushing her raven-colored hair from her face.

A chuckle rumbles in my chest. Her body falls rigid as we hear feet shuffling in the distance. Lifting Selene from my lap, I rise to my feet and pull her with me. She straightens her skirt around her thighs as I hoist up my pants and fasten them.

Reaching around my back, I feel the rough material against my palm as I pull the mask from my pocket. I hand it to Selene and she holds it up, lifting a brow before sliding it over her head. It's a ski mask that is identical to the one that I'm still wearing. Selene's hazel eyes meet mine, a sinister smirk forming on her lips.

"You ready to play, devil girl?" I question her, my lips curling upward as I hold my hand out to her.

Selene smiles at me with her eyes as she slips her delicate hand into mine, lacing our fingers together. "Let's go welcome our guest to our playground."

### CHAPTER SIX

#### SELENE

I follow Onyx, my footsteps light, as he leads me through the halls. We follow the sounds of our intruder, stalking them throughout the abandoned asylum. It has been a while since we've had someone show up here that we didn't bring along for our fun.

The game has shifted and now we've both become the apex predators, stalking our prey through the darkness.

"Let's split up," I whisper, jerking on Onyx's arm to get him to stop. "We can cover more ground and probably find them faster that way."

Onyx pauses, his eyes bouncing back and forth between mine. He finally nods and releases my hand before retreating into the shadows. I watch his dark form disappear as he rounds the corner and heads into one of the hallways. I turn down the opposite hallway as I hear his footsteps grow fainter.

My heart pounds erratically in my chest as adrenaline courses through my veins. It isn't often that I get this out of control, but a hunt like this is different. It is unstable and unpredictable.

Thinking back on it now, we were extremely careless and reckless. Neither of us ever think logically, but I could usually count on Onyx to be a little more calculated than he was tonight. We took a risk by ignoring the person lurking around, knowing there was a dead body for them to find. Us getting caught fucking was the least of my



concerns.

It was an exhilarating rush though, taking the chance that we did. It was impulsive and I fucking relished in it.

We can't let it happen again though. It was too fucking dangerous. If we get caught with a dead body here, every single game that we play is over.

I'm lost in my own thoughts, consumed by the voices in my head that I don't even realize what I'm doing. I end up walking into the room where Onyx left the body and I find myself standing face to face with our visitor. I have no choice but to think quickly. I don't have enough time to grab my knife without him seeing me. I have to improvise.

The guy lifts his head, his eyes wide with fright as he glances around the room. "What the fuck?"

My appearance in one of the broken windows catches my gaze. I scan my face and body, knowing that I can use it to my advantage. There's an angry bruise developing around my neck. My hair is a tangled mess, spilling out of my mask. My clothes are filthy and wrinkled from just being thoroughly fucked against a wall. Onyx left streaks of blood across my skin.

There's only one way that I can try and play this. I swallow hard, feigning terror and sadness as I turn back to the unknown man. It's time to play the damsel in distress.

My chin quivers, my bottom lip pouting as I force the tears out of my eyes. "Help me," I whisper, wrapping my arms around my chest. It's a futile attempt, as if I'm trying to hold myself together, but in reality, I'm just trying to play my part and sell it.

His brow furrows, tilting his head to the side. “Did you kill him?” he questions me, motioning to the bloody, lifeless body on the floor.

I fight the urge to roll my eyes. It’s disgusting how men just cripple at the sight of a woman who needs help. If he knew what was good for him, he wouldn’t trust me just because I have a pussy in between my legs instead of a dick.

“No.” I shake my head, taking a cautious step toward him. “There’s someone else here. He did it.” I let out a ragged breath. The guy is thoroughly confused and takes a panicked step backwards as I move closer to him. My tears soak my cheeks through my mask and my body shakes as I sob. “Please help me.”

I can feel Onyx’s cum dripping down the side of my leg. It warms my soul, knowing that even though he isn’t with me right now, I’m walking around with a constant fucking reminder of him. I wish he was watching this right now, seeing how well I’m playing the game.

“Why are you wearing a mask?” His voice is an octave higher with fright as he glances around the room again. There’s no one here but us. I swear that I can hear his heart pounding in his chest. I can smell his blood as it rushes through his veins and I’m ready to paint the room red.

“He made me put it on,” I whisper again as I wipe the tears from my face. I bite my bottom lip, trying to keep my expression as emotional as possible. “Please. You’ve got to help me get out of here before he finds me.”

He doesn’t move, standing firmly in place as I walk up to him. His eyes desperately search mine before sweeping over my body. “Did he hurt you? I heard noises throughout the asylum but thought it was just kids in here fucking around.”

I sniffle, nodding. “I got away from him, but I know that he’s looking for me. And

I'm afraid of what he's going to do when he finds me." For good measure, I glance behind me like I'm expecting to find Onyx standing there waiting for me.

"I forgot my phone in the car. We'll get out of here and I'll call the police so they can catch the monster who did this to you and my friend."

"What's your name?" I ask him, watching as he turns around to figure out which door to exit through.

He walks between both doors, his back still to me as he offers his name. "Ian."

As I inch closer to him, I bend down, picking up a broken piece of concrete. Ian moves into one of the doorways, peering out into the hall. He isn't paying any attention to me as I come up behind him.

"Sorry, Ian," I whisper, lifting the piece of concrete with my hands as I thrust it into the back of his skull. The blow catches him off guard, making him unsteady on his feet as he trips and falls.

He lands on his hands and knees, rocking back onto the balls of his feet as he lifts his hand to the back of his head. Blood stains his palm red as he pulls it away and glances up at me. "What the hell?"

I smile, cocking my head to the side as I shrug. "No one catches my monster but me."

Confusion forms on Ian's face as his mouth opens, but I silence him as I bring the broken concrete down onto the top of his head. The force of the blow instantly knocks him unconscious. His body falls rigid as he slumps onto the floor.

I toss the concrete away and wipe the dust from my hands on my skirt. Moving past Ian, I step out into the hallway and shove my fingers into my mouth, whistling loudly.

“You want to play, baby?”

“Where are you?” Onyx calls out in the distance. I don’t miss the urgency in his tone, and I let the sound vibrate through my body. As badly as I want this for myself, I know that Onyx needs it as much as I do. We’ve been building up to this moment and now we’re here.

Even though I want him here to enjoy this with me, it doesn’t mean that I can’t turn it into another game. Something far more ominous than we’ve ever played before.

My lips curl upward into a sinister grin. “Come and find me.”

### CHAPTER SEVEN

#### ONYX

As I walk into the room, my eyes scan the space, taking in the scene as it unfolds in front of me. Selene stands off to the side, her hands on her hips as she stares down at the guy lying on the floor. Where he fell isn't far from the dead body that I still need to discard.

This man's face is still intact, with just a small pool of blood forming on the floor underneath the back of his head. Selene lifts her head, her hazel eyes shining at me through her black mask as her wild gaze meets mine.

"Hey, you," she says, beaming as she flashes her bright white teeth at me. She takes a step toward me, her hips swaying as she saunters across the room. "I was going to move him, but I don't know if I can lift him."

I look down at the guy, watching his chest rise and fall with each shallow breath that he takes in his unconscious state. You can see through his shirt that he's muscular. Selene is small and petite. There's no way she's going to move this guy anywhere without me.

My black heart swells in my chest, pressing against my rib cage at the thought. There aren't many things that Selene truly needs me for in life. As dependent as we are on one another, she's independent as hell. She knows how to handle her own and take care of herself. She doesn't need me to do her dirty work. I'm sure that if I weren't here right now, she would figure out something to do with this guy or how to move

him.

But fortunately, I'm here. And she needs me.

“Where did you want to go with him?”

Selene looks back up at me and shrugs. “I thought about moving him over there by his friend, but I don't know. I kind of want him to wake up, but I don't want him to be able to get away.”

My eyes travel across the room, stopping as they reach a table that's broken in half by the wall. It's propped against the floor, almost in an angular fashion. There's no way to render him completely immobile, but it would suffice.

I don't know what Selene is getting at with wanting him to be awake for this, but judging by the unhinged look in her eyes, I think that this might get a little more out of hand than normal.

“You think that would work?” she asks, her eyes following mine as she motions toward the broken table.

I shrug. “We won't know until we try it.”

Selene steps out of the way as I walk over to the guy and lift his back. Sliding my arms under his armpits, I hook them around his shoulders and hoist him up. His feet drag along the concrete floor as I pull his body over to the table. Sitting him up, I position him with his back against the wooden piece of furniture. Selene walks over, helping me secure his hands behind the table as I wrap the rope around his wrists.

“Why do you want him awake?”

Selene stands upright, stepping closer to me until her toes touch mine. “You don’t remember him?”

My brow furrows as my eyes scan the guy that’s propped there, his chin touching his chest. “He’s friends with that other piece of shit?”

“His name’s Ian. We went to high school with him. He was one of the guys from the homecoming fire...”

My head snaps to the side. “What do you mean? I took care of all of them a long time ago.”

“He slipped through the cracks. He never laid a finger on me, but he was the one who came up with the idea of them taking me into the pit.”

My jaw clenches and my fingers curl as my hands roll into fists. It happened during Selene’s junior year of high school. She was different in other people’s eyes—everyone’s but mine. She was always quiet in school and didn’t bother with anyone. She kept to herself and busied herself with her artwork, which she was obsessed with.

Our school took too much fucking pride in their baseball team, and a few of the guys on the team thought that they were fucking gods. When Selene turned down their advances multiple times, they couldn’t handle the rejection and decided to take matters into their own hands.

Selene and I never went to any school functions, but one of her friends from art class insisted that she go to that fucking bonfire. I didn’t go. I was already in trouble for getting caught trying to drown our neighbor, Mason, in his pool. The one fucking time that I wasn’t there with Selene, of course shit hit the fan.

Four of the guys cornered her. She didn't stand a chance against them. Selene was usually prepared for anything, but just this once, she went with her guard down and didn't have any fucking weapons. The captain, Huxley, slipped something into her drink, and after she passed out they dragged her down to the pit and took turns raping her.

Even if she had a weapon, she wouldn't have been able to protect herself, not after being drugged and rendered helpless like that.

I found her that night, her legs covered in blood from their vicious assault. Selene didn't shed a single tear. I don't know if it was because she's so closed off from the world already that there was no way for them to possibly touch her mind, or maybe it's because she's out of her fucking mind.

Either way, after it happened, all I saw was red. Blood, fucking red. Their fucking blood coating my hands and any surface that it came into contact with. I took care of the first two that night. The next two were taken care of the following day.

Their bodies were never recovered, and I didn't give a fuck if they ever were. I would gladly rot in prison for those kills. I was careful with my disposal, and all four of their bodies were burned in the incinerator in the basement of this building. Afterward, I made sure to collect all the ash and dispose of it, along with their teeth.

No one would ever know.

Selene never went to the cops. Why the fuck would she? She just moved on, although she was pretty pissed that I took her revenge away from her. Even though it didn't affect her like you would think, she still wanted that satisfaction. She wanted to feel their blood between her fingertips, and I took that from her.

I couldn't help myself. I was supposed to protect her, to keep her safe. And I fucking



failed.

“Why didn’t you tell me about him?”

Selene shrugs. “I honestly forgot. I was in and out of consciousness, just catching pieces of their conversations. Until I saw him tonight, it had slipped my mind.”

I narrow my eyes at her, not fully trusting her words. If he had really gone to our school, she would have seen him after it had happened. Maybe she blocked him from her mind... I don’t know. There’s something off about this, but who am I to question her?

Just then, Ian begins to stir from where he’s sitting on the floor. “What the fuck?” he mumbles as he lifts his head. His eyes roll back once as he blinks, no doubt clearing his fuzzy vision. His pupils dilate, and his gaze fixes on us as he stares up.

“Get away from her!” he screams at me, thrashing against the ropes that secure him to the table.

Selene walks over to him, tilting her head to the side as she stares at him. I watch as she crouches down in front of him. “Do you really not remember me?”

Ian stops screaming, his eyes focusing on her as his body grows rigid. “How the hell am I supposed to know who you are? What the hell is going on here?”

I move closer to both of them, crossing my arms over my chest as I stand silently, watching it all unfold. This isn’t the place for me to intervene, but I’m ready to tear him apart, limb by fucking limb if needed. I want to watch the life drain from his eyes as he bleeds out on the floor.

“Sturgis High. You remember the homecoming bonfire... that one night in the pit

with your little friends.”

Ian’s eyebrows pinch together, before his eyes begin to grow wide. “Wait. No.”

“Yeah.” Selene smiles at him, nodding her head as she pats her hand against his cheek. “Now you remember.”

“I didn’t do anything.” Ian shakes his head, his eyes bouncing back and forth between the two of us. “They told me that you weren’t feeling well and asked where a good place would be to take you until you started to feel better.”

“But you knew that they took me there and raped me instead.”

I watch as the color drains from Ian’s face and Selene slowly stalks around him. She walks past me, her hand brushing against mine as she pulls the knife from my grip.

“I—uh—I wasn’t there. I don’t know what happened, okay?” Ian glances at me, his eyes pleading, as if he doesn’t know that the two of us are a team.

“Don’t lie to her,” I warn him, my voice low and menacing.

Ian swallows hard when Selene stops by his feet, staring down at him as she waits patiently. I know her well enough to know that her patience will only last so long. It won’t take much before she’s driving that knife repeatedly into his chest without another fucking word.

“I mean, I heard them talking about it afterwards, but I never heard anything else about it. They bragged, and then it faded off. I never saw you around school or anything.” Ian looks at Selene. “Why didn’t you go to the cops?”

Selene’s head tips back, soft laughter falling from her plump lips. She shakes her

head, glancing at me as she rolls her eyes. “Why didn’t you go to the cops?” she mocks, sneering as she turns back to him. “Why the fuck would I go to the cops when I can take care of shit myself?” She pauses, her lips pursed, motioning toward me with the knife. “Well, actually, I didn’t get the pleasure of doing that. This guy decided to take matters into his own hands. But now that you’re here, I can settle for that.”

“Settle for what?” Ian’s voice is high-pitched, and the panic is clear in his words. “You guys can just let me go. I won’t say anything about whatever happened to Troy here. I will disappear, and we won’t have to see each other ever again.”

“That would be nice, wouldn’t it?” Selene muses out loud as she drops down onto her knees beside him. “You know, if I were feeling generous, I would consider it. Unlucky for you, I’m not. I’m actually feeling pretty selfish. You helped them take from me, so I’m going to take from you. Need to even out the playing field here somehow.”

Ian’s body is shaking and his arms tense as he fights against the restraints. “I can pay you. I can do whatever the fuck you want. Just don’t do this. Please.”

A ghost of a smile plays on my lips as I take a step backward. I lean my back against the wall, giving Selene the spotlight and watch her work her magic. She doesn’t offer Ian another word. Instead, she drives the blade into his side. She quickly pulls it out and Ian screams out in pain.

A bright red mark grows on his shirt as his blood soaks the material, dripping onto the floor beside him. Selene lifts her leg, straddling him as she settles onto his lap. He thrashes his body around to knock her off, but Selene tightens her thighs, clinging to him as he tries to throw her off.

My cock swells in my pants, my balls clenching as they draw closer to my body. I

move along the wall, creeping deeper into the shadows as I position myself on the opposite side of the room. I can't see Ian's face from here as I stand behind the table, but I have a clear view of Selene. Her eyes find mine, winking as she lifts the blade to her lips and shushes Ian.

I watch, completely mesmerized as she grips the knife in both hands and thrusts it into Ian's chest.

He tries to yell out again, but it's murmured by a gurgling sound as his mouth fills with blood. He convulses violently, his entire body jarring as she pulls the blade out and repeats the same action. She's covered in blood, the crimson color bright on her ivory skin. Her hazel eyes are filled with a burning fire, a heated lust.

My own actions are a distant thought as I undo my pants, pulling my cock out. I fist my hand around it, stroking myself as I watch Selene plunge the knife into Ian's body repeatedly. She's vicious and fucking messy. I like her like this—completely unhinged and unfiltered to the world.

Selene lifts her eyes back to me, a sinister gleam in them as her gaze trails down my body, stopping at my cock. She watches, clamping down on her bottom lip as I continue to slide my hand along the length of my dick.

“You like what you see?” Selene's lips curl upward into a sinister smirk. “Why don't you come over here and play with me?”

Goddamn, I fucking do. She's covered in someone else's blood and has my cum sticking to the skin on the insides of her thighs from earlier.

“Don't fucking stop.”

### CHAPTER EIGHT

#### SELENE

I rise from the dead body between my legs, my eyes searching Onyx's as he steps out of the shadows, his cock still in his hand. My gaze drops down as he strokes himself, his cum dripping from the head of his dick. With a grunt he spills his seed onto the floor, not giving a fuck that it's dropping onto the dirty ground without purpose.

Wiping my bloodied hand on my skirt, I walk closer to Onyx, pushing his hand from his cock as I stop in front of him. I swipe the last bit of cum from the tip with my thumb and bring it up to my mouth. Onyx's expression is dark, his eyes filled with lust as they drop down to my lips.

I draw my finger into my mouth, my tongue swirling around it as I suck the cum off, tasting him as the saltiness coats my throat. Onyx readjusts his pants, his cock still hard as he pushes it back inside his jeans. My lips make a popping sound as I pull out my thumb.

A shiver rises along my spine as an unsettling feeling overwhelms me. It feels as though we're being watched. My vertebrae straighten as my body falls rigid and I strain my ears against the silence, holding my breath to deter any unwanted sounds.

A soft sound comes from the distance, almost like someone missed a step and stumbled. I lift my eyes to Onyx's, but he's no longer looking at me. His gaze is trained on the open door behind me, staring off into the distance.

“What was tha—” I start, my voice barely audible, but Onyx shoves his hand over my mouth, silencing me.

With one hand pressed against my lips, he wraps his other hand around the back of my neck, bringing my body closer to his as his face drops down to my ears. “Don’t make a fucking sound. Make yourself invisible and wait until I get back.” His tone is low and harsh.

I swallow hard, not liking the way that Onyx has shifted. It’s as if he thinks that I’m not capable of taking care of myself, but we both know that isn’t true. I’m Selene fucking Hayes. Onyx knows how I was raised; he knows that I don’t need him. But he also knows there isn’t anyone out there like us, with the connection that we have.

Onyx and I were designed for each other, and the last thing he’d ever let happen would be something coming between us—something that would tear us apart from each other.

He feels as though it’s his duty to keep me safe, to keep me alive. What he doesn’t realize is that we keep each other alive. It’s a mutual feeling, and if he thinks that I’m going to just stand by and let him handle shit like the fucking alpha here, he has another thing coming for him.

I nod and Onyx pulls his hand away from my mouth, taking a step away from me. He brushes past me, his feet quiet, but his stride long and purposeful. I watch him as he slips out of the room and let out the breath I’ve been holding. A few moments pass and I wait, listening as he gets further away.

This asylum is too big for him to cover all the ground before whoever else is here disappears into the night. It’s like a fucking maze, and even though we know the layout like the backs of our hands, there are many places for someone to just slip away without another warning.

Adrenaline courses through my body, my senses heightened as I head out into the abandoned hallway. It sounded like Onyx went to the right, heading toward the main corridor. My eyes strain against the darkness as I search for him, but when I don't see or hear him, I head in the opposite direction.

I do a sweep of the entire left wing of the asylum and find nothing. It leaves a restless, unsettling feeling in my bones as I head back to the room where there are now two bodies. As I round the corner, I stop short when I find Onyx standing in the middle of the hallway. He slowly brings his arms up, crossing them over his chest.

"I told you to stay in the fucking room," he growls as he looms in the shadows.

Rolling my eyes, I walk over to him, grabbing his arm as I walk past. "Don't act like I'm your submissive, Onyx. Plus, there's no way that you would have been able to cover the entire building yourself and find someone."

Onyx grunts in response, reluctantly turning with me. His footsteps are heavy as he pulls his arm from my grasp. It's unexpected when he slips his hand into mine, his palm warming the sticky, viscous liquid that coats my hand. Instead of pulling me along with him, he falls in step and walks beside me.

"So, did you find anyone?" he asks, his voice low as we step back into the crimson-colored room.

I stop, shaking my head as I look up at him. "I'm guessing you didn't either?"

"No." He pauses, his eyes scanning the room for anything out of place, but the bodies are right where we left them. "It didn't look like there was anyone here."

"Maybe it was just the wind?" I suggest, shrugging. "Or a rat or something? I think if someone were here and left in a panic, we would have found something."

Onyx's jaw tightens as his blue eyes burn holes through mine. "Maybe," he muses, entertaining my idea, but his expression gives more than his words. He thinks that there was someone out there and they got away.

"Let's get rid of the bodies before our luck runs out and the cops show up."

Stepping closer to him, I reach out, my hand resting along the side of his neck. "There was no one here, Onyx. We're careful, so we have nothing to worry about. We're untouchable, remember?"

"Just like your father was too, right?"

My jaw ticks and I narrow my eyes as I slide my hand around the front of his throat, tightening my grip. "What are you getting at?"

Onyx tilts his head to the side as he wraps his hand around my wrist, pulling it away from his neck. "We're only untouchable until we're not."

His words don't bring me any comfort as they creep into the darkest corners of my mind. My father taught me his ways of how to kill and get away with it. He fucked up when my brother literally ratted him out.

Unlike most barns, ours had a basement. My father kept his victims down there, until they met their untimely death. They were all predators, like him, but he was always at the top of the food chain. Their bodies were always disposed of in the woods, where he had a large burn pile. No one had ever suspected it, especially with our two hundred acres of land that we lived on.

One night, my brother followed my father into the basement of the barn. We still don't know how he actually got down there because my father was always diligent about keeping the doors locked to make sure that no one would find him and his



extracurricular activities.

My brother watched him take another man's life that night. I should have been there. I should have taken care of him right then and there to protect my father and his legacy. Instead, I was locked away in my room. I pulled a knife on some asshole at school and was grounded. My father was pissed about my stupidity and how I could have gotten in a lot more trouble than that.

Either way, I wasn't there. My brother saw what he did and like a coward, he ran and called the fucking cops. He didn't even bother to tell our mother, who honestly probably would have had the same reaction. They weren't like my father and me. They would never understand it.

The cops showed up before my father had the chance to get the body into the woods. They scoured our entire property and ripped apart our fucking house. Of course, they found his workshop underneath the barn, along with the ashes in the woods, which they were able to test for DNA. And they found his trophies.

With every victim, my father removed the pinky finger from their left hand. After removing the flesh and bleaching the bone, he kept the middle bone from their fingers. The cops found the small tin that he kept them in, which helped them to identify his victims and sentence him to death.

I never went to see him. It was always part of our agreement. If I were to get caught, he would take the fall if he could, or I would plead insanity. If he was ever locked up, I was never to see him again. After his arrest, our family lived under constant scrutiny. We were looked at like we were fucking specimens.

The last thing I needed was to be tied to him in that way—by the invisible thread that connects us, that made us the same.

Even though my father had his trophies—a compulsion he couldn't fight against—he encouraged me not to follow in his footsteps, but I couldn't help myself. Instead of keeping something that had physical evidence that could help identify them, I always kept it simple.

I drop down to my knees by Ian's dead body and push his head forward as I reach for the back of his shirt. My hand slides along his clammy skin until I feel the tag on his shirt. I pull it out, grabbing my knife with my other hand as I cut it off.

Sliding the material between my fingertips, I glance up at Onyx as he watches me. I usually keep the tags from their shirts or another article of clothing. If I can't find a tag, I cut off a small piece of their clothing. Onyx finds it peculiar, but at least it's not as easy to identify as a fucking body part.

“Why don't you ever take anything of theirs?” I ask him, the thought randomly floating in my mind. I always found it strange, that he didn't have the same compulsion that I had.

“Because I already take everything that they can give me.” He tilts his head to the side. “I take their lives.” Onyx pauses, pulling up his sleeve, revealing the one tattoo that I've always questioned. “I add another line as a reminder.”

Along the inside of his forearm are small black lines. They resemble a count of some sort, but he would never indulge in my curiosity until now. I never knew what they represented, and when I watched him carve the lines with black ink and a needle into his skin before, I thought it was just something he did to feel something... anything.

I was wrong.

Those are his trophies.

### CHAPTER NINE

#### ABEL

The bark from the tree scrapes along my skin as I press myself against it. Neither of them saw me and I was able to get out before I was found.

I finally found her.

I've spent so many years looking for her. It wasn't easy, but there's a sense of pride that fills me, knowing that I've finally accomplished what I set out to do after I turned eighteen. She fell off the grid, there weren't many records of her after high school, but I still found her. She was the sole reason why my family was destroyed, why the ground was ripped out from underneath my family's feet.

My memories of Selene are fleeting, but one has always haunted me. I knew from that moment that I would one day have to end her the same way I did him.

Selene was always off, and our parents both knew that there was something wrong with her. Mother always kept me under her wing, doting on me like I was the only child that mattered. But then again, she never had a close bond with Selene. Selene was closer with our father, and that man despised me.

He was never actually cruel to me, but he was uninterested. Neglectful in the ways that a father should bond with his only son. Selene was the fucking sun and moon in his eyes. I never understood why they were so close, especially when he was so closed off and indifferent, but it was just another similarity between the two of them.

The night that I found my father killing someone opened my eyes to something that I had never experienced before in life. There was something cold about the man, but I never took him for a murderer, much less a fucking serial killer.

I was still young, so I didn't fully understand. I didn't understand the death threats that we started to get and the way that we had to hide. I didn't understand why Selene hated me more than anything in the world until the night that she tried to kill me.

"You ruined all of this. You took him from me, and now you're going to pay for it." Her words were cruel as she shoved me back under the water with her hands around my throat. I never knew my sister to be so violent, but the look in her eyes was maddening.

I breathed in a mouthful of water, the chlorine filling my lungs as she viciously pulled me back above the surface.

"What am I supposed to do without him now? He was teaching me everything that he knew, until you came and fucking ruined it. I need to carry on his legacy, and it starts with you."

I don't know what happened after that, except waking up in the hospital after she almost drowned me to death. Our mother found us in the pool and realized what Selene was doing. I never saw her again after that day. I never knew where she went. My mother refused to speak of it, only telling me that Selene was gone and I was safe from her now.

We moved out of the state after that, and it was as if Selene had died... until I found out the truth—until I found out where she was.

Selene was never gone, and I was never actually safe.

My mother may have forgotten about her, but she haunts every inch of my mind. And now that I've found her, I won't stop until she's finally gone. Only then will I be able to breathe. Only then will I finally find some peace and be able to live my life without thinking about the bitch who ruined it.

If it weren't for her, maybe my father wouldn't have been doing what he was doing that night. I know that's not true. The bodies and the evidence from years before Selene was even born suggest otherwise. There was a sickness in his mind, and Selene inherited it from him.

I was the lucky one. I had my mother's genes, and after all the shit with Sirius, she even had me genetically tested to see if I had the 'serial killer gene'. Thankfully, I didn't. I had hoped that Selene didn't either. Maybe she was just off, maybe she lost her mind after the trauma we experienced with our lives being ripped to pieces.

But I was wrong... and Selene just confirmed what I had always really known.

She's just as sick as our father, and she must be dealt with.

### CHAPTER TEN

#### ONYX

Selene helps me lift both bodies onto a stretcher, piling them on top of one another. I secure them to it with the straps before wheeling the stretcher out of the room. She stays back with all the cleaning supplies that I brought in from one of the storage closets. We never do our dirty work outside these walls, so it has always been important to keep the supplies that we need here.

Even though this place is abandoned and there would be no way to connect the bodies to us, the last thing that we need is to leave even the smallest piece of evidence. Covering our tracks is of the utmost importance, and Selene knows from experience that we cannot get caught doing what we do.

I take the bodies down into the basement and slip them into the incinerator before turning it on. It's always a risk because the smoke could draw attention, but it was never anything that I had ever been truly concerned about. The asylum is in the woods, far enough from civilization that no one would question the smoke.

People are always burning shit around here, whether it's trash or a bonfire with some friends. Some of us just decide to burn bodies instead.

To each their own, right?

We don't live anywhere near a big enough body of water that we could easily dump them in, where no one would ever find them again. Plus, burning seemed to be the

easiest way of taking care of them. I know it was the way that Selene's father taught her, so it's the method that she clung to, but she took it even further.

She was fucking obsessive with cleaning. She would come back the next day and suck up the ashes in a vacuum cleaner before disposing of them three towns over in the lake there. I never questioned what she did. I know it's something that Selene needs to do to feel safer.

After flipping on the switch and wiping down the stretcher, I head back up to the room, finding Selene on her knees, viciously scrubbing the floor. I grab another pair of rubber gloves, slipping them on as I drop down beside her to help. We work in silence, scrubbing every last piece of evidence from the room.

I lose track of time, but once we're done cleaning and walking out of the building, the sun is beginning to crest the horizon. Selene and I walk deep into the woods for about fifteen minutes until we get to one of the roads that borders the property line. We continue across the empty street, hand in hand until we reach an abandoned garage.

We slip inside the building through a broken door and I push open the large bay door. That's one of the nice things about this area. There are so many empty buildings and places to hide. We found this garage a few years ago. I don't know who it belongs to, but it's where we store the car while we take care of business. The last thing I need is something with my fucking name on it pointing toward us at the asylum.

I press the button on the key fob to unlock the car as Selene walks around to the other side and slides inside. I jump into my seat and quickly pull the car out of the garage. Then, I get back out and close the bay door, making it look like we were never even here.

Selene's silent on our way back to the house, staring out the window lost in her warped fucking thoughts.

“What’s going on with you?”

She glances over at me. “I honestly don’t know. I just feel off right now, like something isn’t sitting well with me.”

A frown forms on my lips as I direct my attention back onto the road. “Where is this coming from?”

“I don’t know. I know there was no one there, but I can’t shake the feeling like we weren’t alone. You said it yourself about my father and look what happened to him.”

I reach out to her, taking her hand in mine. “Don’t get in that headspace, baby. You know that we don’t do that kind of shit around here.”

It’s as if my words instantly sink in. Selene’s eyes grow clearer, and she shakes her head like she’s shaking away the thoughts. It isn’t often that either of us gets affected by things like that. We live from one god complex to the next. And with the way that she’s looking at me right now, I know that she’s feeling that energy as it courses through her body.

“You were wrong when you said that we’re only untouchable until we get caught.” She pauses, the corner of her lips tilting up. “You and I aren’t my father. We’re both smarter and more careful than he was. We won’t get caught because there’s nothing for us to get caught with.”

“I know,” I tell her, gripping the steering wheel with one hand, spinning it as I turn into our driveway. Pulling the car up to the iron gates, I slide the window down and reach out to the small keypad. Instead of punching in the code, I hold my thumb up to the fingerprint reader and watch as it scans my print. It lights up green, a quiet beep sounds and the gates slowly open.



As I pull through the gates, I look back at Selene. “What we did tonight was risky and I need you to remember that we can’t go around doing shit like that. We have a system in place and that’s what keeps us untouchable.”

Selene scoffs, her nostrils flaring as she rolls her eyes at me. “It looked to me like you were enjoying it.”

“I never said that I didn’t,” I snap back at her, my hand tightening around hers. “Just remember, we sit at the top of the food chain, and if we want to keep it that way, we need to check ourselves every now and then.”

“Yes, daddy.” Her voice is sweet, but I don’t miss the way that her lip curls with her snarl. Selene isn’t one for being reprimanded, and it has a way of bringing out her vindictive side. We’re one and the same—twin flames with the darkest souls. We’re both energy feeders, and it doesn’t take much for each of us to bring out the darkness in one another.

“Keep running your fucking mouth, and I’ll show you who your fucking daddy is when you’re suffocating with my cock shoved down your throat.”

I tear my eyes away from Selene, feeling hers still on me as I whip the car down the winding driveway through the estate. Trees line the blacktop, creating a dark, eerie canopy that you drive through to get to the main house.

After I turned eighteen and got Selene out of that hellhole house that we were living in, I found out that my biological family was actually fucking loaded. My mother had died during childbirth. My father was married to his career, which is why he gave me up and I ended up in the foster system. He didn’t give a shit about me, but that’s water under the bridge.

He passed away and left me an entire fortune. I’m talking about amounts of money

that you couldn't even fathom. I was his only heir, so it was rightfully mine. Since Selene and I were living on the streets at the time, it couldn't have happened at a better time.

My financial advisor has my money in places that I don't even know about, making me more money as Selene and I continue to live our lives the way that we see fit. With that money, I was able to buy Selene the fortress that we live in—the only place that was dark and fitting for the god that I worshiped.

The morning sky is cloudy and hazy, with the threat of rain looming in the air. I pull the car up to the massive house. We had it painted black, and Selene picked out the gargoyles that sit upon the roof. It's a Victorian-style mansion that looks more like a small castle. From the outside, it looks as if it's haunted, but the only two things haunting that house are Selene and me.

I hit the garage door opener, pausing the car outside as the door slides up. Pulling the car inside, I press the button again as I park next to Selene's. She hops out without another word as I kill the engine. I climb out, following her into our house. As she opens the door, our two Dobermans bound through it, gathering around her.

Most animals don't like either of us, given that in every situation, we're ultimately the apex predators. These two dogs worship the ground Selene walks on, tracking her every movement. It's a strange phenomenon, watching two vicious animals that would rip an intruder's throat out cower around her.

She's never laid a single finger on them and given that we both satiate our needs in an evolved way now, neither of us is considered a threat to the two beasts. We got them mainly for protection and to guard the property, but over time, I've watched Selene grow fond of them. I told her that they didn't need names, but she insisted.

She doesn't develop attachments with anyone or anything; but it's purely ego-driven.

She wouldn't bat an eye or shed a tear if either of them died at any given moment. The only purpose they serve is to build her throne higher, putting her in the sky where she belongs.

Selene pats both of them on the head with as much affection as she can muster before heading to the laundry room. I follow behind her, narrowing my eyes at the two dogs as their gaze meets mine. They both take the same stance, lowering their massive heads as their shoulders rise slightly, the hairs on their backs standing on end. Each begins to snarl, flashing their sharp canines at me as low growls rumble from their chests.

This is the effect that I have on them. Not only do they see me as a threat to them, but I'm a threat to Selene. If only their brains were complex enough to understand that Selene's just as fucking insane.

"Enough," Selene growls back at them, her tone low in warning. "Both of you, go lie down."

Diesel and Khan both cower at her tone, each giving me the side-eye as they trot through the house and lie down by the front door in the foyer. I look back at Selene, finding her with a smirk on her face as she strips out of her clothes and tosses them into the washer.

"They really don't like you."

I shrug. "They're fucking animals. I don't need them to like me. They're lucky I don't kill them."

"You wouldn't dare," she retorts playfully as she stands naked in front of me. My cock instantly grows in my pants. I peel my shirt off my torso and toss it into the washer with her clothes. Selene's hazel eyes scan my body as I strip off my pants,

freeing my erection for her to see.

“Wanna bet?”

She shakes her head. “No, because I know you. You actually would, even though you know that I like them.”

“You like the purpose that they serve in your life, Selene. Don’t go soft on me and act like they’re your fucking children or some shit.”

“Whatever.” She drops the lid to the washer and turns away from me, her perfectly taut ass now in full view for me to see.

“I’m going to go shower. Join me if you want.”

She’s about to take a step away from me when I stride behind her, wrapping my arms around her waist as I hoist her up. “If I want? Don’t play like that, baby. You know that you want me to join you.”

Selene wiggles in my grip, turning her body around to face me as she straddles my waist. Her pussy is hot and slick against my abdomen. She brings her face down to my ear, nipping at my lobe. “Whether I wanted you to or not, we both know that you can’t resist following me wherever I go.”

“And I’ll follow you to the ends of the earth, until we drop down into the deepest pits of hell.”

Selene wraps her arms around the back of my neck, her sharp nails digging into my skin. “We’re already there, baby.”

### CHAPTER ELEVEN

#### SELENE

Rolling over onto my side, I stare at the empty spot where Onyx was when I fell asleep. He's never been much of a sleeper—he can operate on just a few hours like it's nothing. I, on the other hand, can sleep like the dead. Once my mind finally shuts off, it's game over. While I can go without much sleep like him, I go through spurts when I need at least ten hours to feel like I'm rested.

The black curtains are still drawn closed in our room, and not a single ray of sun shines through. I have no idea what time it is, since we don't have any clocks in the room. It's not like it matters anyway. We didn't get home until after the sun had already risen and didn't fall asleep until late in the afternoon.

Grabbing the sheet from the bed, I pull it along with me as I climb off the mattress and wrap it around my naked body. The room is pitch black, much like the shadows in the asylum, but I don't need light to guide me. I know every inch of this house and can navigate it through the darkness.

I step into the hallway, and it's almost as dark as our bedroom, except there's a soft glow from the nightlights installed along the baseboards at the bottom of the walls. My footsteps are light, and the floor is cold under my bare feet. The house is silent as I walk down the winding staircase, looking for Onyx.

Stepping into the foyer, both dogs lift their heads, their eyes instantly on me. They're right where I left them earlier and where I've trained them to stay during the night. If

anyone were to get through the gate and try to enter, the dogs would stop them as they came into the house. Or, with how light of a sleeper Onyx is, he might get to them before Khan and Diesel even had the chance to.

“Good dogs,” I murmur as I pat both of them on the head. I can feel their eyes on me as I head down the hallway, deeper into the house in search of him. I already know where he is, but sometimes he surprises me and is just lurking around like he belongs in the shadows instead of in bed with me.

I walk through the kitchen that opens directly into the dining room. A set of French doors is on the far wall of the massive room, hanging slightly ajar. Pushing them open, I feel the chilly night air as I step out onto the back patio. The light breeze blows through the silk sheet wrapped around my body, swirling around my ankles.

A shiver ripples through my body, and I wrap the sheet tighter around me as I pause at the top of the massive stone steps. From here, I look out over the lower patio that wraps around the custom-built pool that we had installed with a cascading waterfall. The property is massive, but this is my favorite part of the entire estate.

And I know that it’s Onyx’s favorite too.

It’s where I can always find him when he can’t sleep.

I walk down the stone staircase, watching the pool’s colors illuminate the water, changing every few seconds on a timer. As I reach the edge of the pool, I stop and stare out into the water, my eyes scanning the surface for him. Not seeing Onyx above the water, I know that means he’s under it.

Neither of us can drown our demons, so instead we’ve learned to swim with them. Sometimes Onyx gets tired of swimming and decides he would rather drown. I know that he would never actually do it. He loves himself too much to actually take his own

life. But that doesn't mean he isn't going to push the limits.

He likes to toe the line between life and death. To deprive his body of the one thing that it absolutely needs until he's on the brink of losing it all. Only then does he come to the surface, when he's forced to make the choice between living and dying.

Even though he's as fucked in the head, and as fucking sick as I am, he chooses to live every damn time.

As my eyes reach the deep end, not far from the waterfall, I see Onyx's midnight-colored hair just below the surface. I drop the sheet from my naked body, letting it pool on the pavers around my feet as I arch my back and I push off the edge. My arms instinctively extend above my head as I break through the surface of the water, diving into the depths with him.

My body glides through the warm water as I swim to the bottom of the pool. The light changes to red—Onyx's favorite color—and it stays that way as I open my eyes to face him under the water. I reach out for him, my hands finding his face as the minerals burn my eyes. His expression is filled with peace and there's tranquility in the silence beneath the surface.

Onyx's eyes open, and he meets my gaze through the red water. I don't know how long he's been under here, but it looks like he's close to reaching his limit. Even though his expression is peaceful, his eyes are glazed over and it's clear that his body is starving for oxygen.

I don't attempt to get him to the surface to breathe. That's not what he needs from me. What he needs is me, right here. I follow his lead, my hands still clutching the sides of his face as I wait for him to be ready.

What we have is strange. There's a constant struggle, a pull for power and control

between both of us. He claims that he'll follow me into the depths of hell, but he doesn't know just how fucking far that I would go for him. His god complex is just as bad as mine, but our obsessions are unholy and they run even deeper.

I wouldn't just follow him into the depths of hell. I would burn for an eternity in purgatory for my broken half.

I would literally die for him.

Onyx's hands reach for mine, pulling them away from his face as he laces his fingers with mine. Another moment passes as we drown in the silence before he plants his feet on the bottom of the pool and pushes upward, pulling me along with him. It feels like an eternity as we glide through the water, and I'm not quite sure if I'll make it to the top with him.

We finally break through the surface and the air instantly chills the skin on my face—a stark contrast to the heated water that we're floating in. I desperately suck in a breath, filling my lungs with as much oxygen as I can get. Onyx looks unfazed, but his chest rises and falls in rapid succession as he attempts to catch his breath.

“I woke up and you weren't in bed,” I tell him, treading water until I'm wrapping my legs around his waist. Onyx treads water, his hands feeling like silk against my skin. “I figured that I would find you out here.”

His lips tip upwards. “You always know where to find me, little devil.”

I wrap my arms around his neck as he moves us closer to the waterfall. Onyx is already hard, his cock brushing against me as he guides us through the water. It spills over my head, pushing my hair into my face. Reaching up, I brush it away as Onyx leads us into the cave that is hidden behind the waterfall, built into the rocks.



It's our own space, a little hideaway for us—even though there's nobody to hide from here since it's just us and the two dogs. Onyx glides through the water until he reaches the side of the small pool and sits down on the underwater ledge, a built-in bench that stretches around the perimeter.

I settle on his lap, straddling his thighs beneath the surface as I link my hands behind his neck. Onyx's palms find my ass and he kneads his fingertips into my flesh as he pulls me even closer. My pussy slides over the length of his cock, but he doesn't slip inside. I drop my face down to his, our lips colliding in a crazed rush.

We're caught in the moment, lost in our own little world, driven by a primal need, craving that connection. It's a need that neither of us understands, one that doesn't make sense in our warped minds, void of any attachments—except to one another.

Onyx bites down on my bottom lip, his teeth cutting through my flesh. I can taste my blood on his tongue as it snakes into my mouth, sliding over my own. He's here to take no fucking prisoners and to turn the pain into pleasure.

His lips are brutal as they move over mine, draining the oxygen from my lungs, taking everything that I have to give. That's the way it is between us. Give and take doesn't exist. Onyx never asks; he takes what is his and has his way with me however he pleases. And I let him, because even though it seems like I'm submitting to his brutality, he's giving me everything I need.

By submitting, I'm actually in control. I'm not letting him take without consent, although I wouldn't be opposed to that.

Onyx fists his hands in my long black hair, wrapping his fingers around the wet locks and pulling my head back as he presses his mouth against my neck. His tongue strokes the column of my throat, his teeth nipping at my flesh as he continues his assault against my skin. I roll my hips, grinding my bare pussy against his cock.

A low moan slips from his lips and he growls against my skin as he pulls my hair harder. I can feel the tension against my scalp, the pain erupting across my skull. I moan into the darkness of the night. The water around us is still illuminated red from the lights in the pool. It creates a facade, like we're fucking in a pool of blood.

Water laps around my torso as I glide over him, my nails digging into the skin on his chest while I slide my hand further down, dipping below the surface. Wrapping my fingers around his length, I hold his cock, positioning it against my center as I lift myself upwards. Onyx's mouth lands on my breast, one hand releasing my hair as he kneads my other tit in his palm.

His teeth clamp down against my nipple, drawing it into his mouth as his tongue swirls around the pebbled piece of flesh. I inhale sharply, sucking the air between my clenched teeth as I lower myself onto him. His cock is fucking thick, and it feels like he's splitting me in two as I take in his entire length.

Onyx's mouth slides back up my chest, one hand fisting my hair as the other slides down to my ass. His touch is volatile as his fingertips dig into my skin, leaving his mark over every inch that he touches. I slowly lift myself back up, the inside of my pussy stroking his length as I start fucking him.

This isn't usual for him. He doesn't always let me have control, and it won't be long before he's topping me from the bottom or flipping me around to have his way with me. Not that I would object. I like when he's animalistic like this, when he's filling that primal need.

He jerks my face back to his, his mouth capturing mine as he digs his fingertips deeper into the flesh of my ass. His hand is creeping closer to the center of my buttocks, and I grind against him as he begins to lift me up and down. Every time he drops me back down on his cock, I can feel him in my fucking ribs, filling me to the brim.

His lips are brutal against mine and it turns into a fucking frenzy, like we're both in a race to see who can get to the top first. We're a mess of saliva as he thrusts his tongue into my mouth, his teeth clashing with mine. It's fucking chaos, but that's the way that we like it. Everything we do is filthy and painful.

Onyx releases the hold he has on my hair, sliding down to grip my ass. He lifts me up with both hands, pausing when just the tip of his dick is inside of me. I look down at him, his darkened expression staring back at me with a sinister glint in his eyes. His lips curve up into a smirk, and he quickly spins me around to face the other way before dropping me back down on his shaft. A cry slips from my lips as he fills me in a rush.

One hand grips my ass, while he grabs my wrist with the other. "Touch yourself while I fuck you," he murmurs against the back of my neck as he pushes my hand in between my thighs. "Play with that pretty pussy until I make you come."

Obedying, I press my fingertips against my clit, rolling and massaging it beneath my fingers. His hand disappears from my wrist, and I turn back to glance at him, watching as he pushes his forefinger into his mouth. His tongue swirls around it, making it slick with his saliva before he draws it back out, his lips creating a popping sound as he releases it.

His other hand creeps further toward the center of my ass, spreading my cheeks as his fingertips bruise my skin. Using his free hand, he turns my head back to face the other way before dropping it below the surface. He moves without hesitation, bringing his slick finger through the water as he presses it against my asshole.

A low moan slips from my lips, and I grind my hips against him, simultaneously working my fingers against my clit. I meet every thrust as he begins to move with me, lifting his hips to drive his cock deeper into me. I relax against his touch, taking a deep breath as he slides his finger into my ass.

The pressure builds within me and it's more than I fucking expected. He fills both of my holes, simultaneously fucking me with his cock and his hand. His finger slides in and out of my ass at the same rhythm that his cock moves in and out of my pussy.

It's a race to the top and I'm fucking winning. But it will be Onyx who actually pushes me over the edge. He's always the one who gets the final call, who drives me past the brink of pure ecstasy.

I'm coming apart as he fucks me senseless, his grunts and groans and my cries and moans filling the air. The water around us splashes against the edge of the small pool as it moves to the rhythm of us fucking. He's relentless, his touch is brutal as he thrusts harder and harder into me. His finger moves at the same speed, stroking the inside of my ass as he spins his hand with every stroke.

My head swims, my vision blurring as he pushes me closer to the edge. I feel his tongue start at the middle of my back, just above the surface of the water as he drags it along my spine, stopping at the base of my neck. "Your pussy is like a vice grip around my cock," he growls as he bites at the skin on the back of my neck. "I can feel how fucking close you are right now."

"What are you going to do about it?" I moan, applying more pressure to my clit as I circle my fingertip around it.

"I'm going to take what's mine," he growls, his teeth clamping down on my shoulder as he thrusts into me with such force, it takes my breath away. "Your pleasure belongs to me, little devil."

I press back against him, feeling his balls beginning to constrict underneath me. My pussy clamps down, clenching around him as my ass tightens around his finger. "So, fucking take it," I moan, breathlessly as he rips me apart.

Onyx pounds into me and I'm lost, free falling as I completely shatter around him. He splits me in two, spilling his cum inside me at the same time. His warmth fills me as a moan slips from his lips and he thrusts into me one last time.

"Goddamn," he breathes, pulling his finger from my ass. I let out a ragged breath, feeling his arms as he wraps them around my body. His cock is still inside me as his cum leaks around his shaft and drips from my pussy, mixing with the water. He spins me around on his lap and I collapse against his chest as he holds me. "You're the only thing that makes sense in this world."

I turn my head to the side, resting it against his collarbone as he slowly strokes my soaking wet hair. "Promise me that you won't ever leave me. I don't know if I can live through another loss." Like my father, I don't add.

"The only way I'm leaving, is by your hand."

I swallow hard, nuzzling against his skin as he presses his lips against the top of my head. We're both apex predators, capable of surviving in this world together. We've been coexisting like this for so long, thriving together. The only way either of us is leaving this world is by the other's hand.

I can only hope that he kills me first...

### CHAPTER TWELVE

#### ONYX

Selene fell asleep in my arms in the pool. I don't move for a while, feeling my skin becoming pruned as the water laps around our naked bodies. It was well after midnight when I slipped out of bed earlier, and I was only down here for about twenty minutes before she came down and found me.

When I can't sleep, I find peace in the water—specifically below the surface. It always starts out with swimming laps across the pool and ends with me on the floor of the deep end, pushing my body's limits until it feels like every organ is going to give out.

Selene understands it and never questions me about it. I know she has her own sort of abandonment issues after the way she lost her father, especially considering how close she was with him, even though it's difficult for her to develop any type of attachments with people.

That's the thing about the two of us that makes no sense. We were both diagnosed with multiple mental disorders, but the one that stood out the most was antisocial personality disorder. It's essentially the nice way to diagnose someone as a psychopath nowadays. That word alone comes with its own stigma and instant judgment from the outside world, which doesn't understand the inner workings of the mind.

If you're diagnosed as a psychopath, people ultimately assume that you're some type

of murderer or serial killer... and well, if the shoe fits, you might as well fucking wear it, right?

It's unusual for people who are like us to become attached to anyone or anything. I think in some fucked up way, maybe stemming back to childhood, Selene was desperately attached to her father. He was her lifeline and it's probably because she was essentially a replica of him. She was his prodigy, his legacy, and her ego ate that shit up.

He helped her understand herself when no one else could make any sense of her. With him, she didn't feel alone because she didn't have to be anymore.

Then when he was taken from her, her entire world was turned upside down. Until she met me. Call it fate, call it destiny; we were meant to be together. It was like staring into a distorted mirror, another fucked-up version of myself.

Where I am calculated and controlled, Selene is unhinged and sporadic. We complement each other. And the only way to make sense of it is us being twin flames, two halves of one whole. She was the missing piece in my life.

We complete each other because we are the same person. Over time, we've become so dependent on one another, it's like we've formed the same attachment that Selene had with her father when she was a child. And I get it—I totally do—but I also know how unhealthy it is.

Life isn't guaranteed, especially when you're living from one adrenaline rush to the next, one kill to another. The life we live is risky as fuck, and it wouldn't take much for us to lose all of it. It wouldn't take much for us to lose everything, including each other.

The air is cold on my wet skin as I lift Selene in my arms and climb out of the red lit

water. Opening one of the fake rocks, I reach inside and pull out a massive towel to wrap around her naked body. We had that installed because it makes it a lot easier to have shit accessible with the way we both operate.

Especially on nights like this, when we're both naked in the pool and it's fucking cold out. Selene nestles her head in the crook of my neck, wrapping her arms tighter around me as she murmurs something against my skin. I don't know what she says, but I carry her into the house without another word.

As I step through the French doors, both fucking dogs are right there. Their lips curl upward, a low snarl coming from their chests as they eyeball me. "Fuck you both," I growl back, ignoring their threats.

They won't fucking touch me, not unless Selene gives them the go-ahead to attack. Both dogs circle around my feet, their necks outstretched as they smell Selene's legs and feet wrapped around my torso.

"See? Your master is fucking fine," I assure them, before pushing past both of them and heading toward the stairs in the foyer. The wooden floor is cold beneath my feet as I carry Selene upstairs and head back to our bedroom.

The bed is still a mess of pillows, with the comforter ruffled after she climbed out and rushed to find me in the pool. I walk over to her side and lower her down into the spot where she was lying earlier.

"Come back to bed with me?" she asks softly, her eyes peering up at me as I pull the comforter back up to her chin. Reaching down, I brush a piece of hair away from her face. She appears so innocent and pure; the thought of what she's capable of is such a stark contrast to seeing her lying in bed right now. "Please?"

Even though I'm not tired, I still give her what she wants and climb onto the mattress



behind her. Scooting across the bed, I tuck myself under the covers, lying with her back pressed against the front of me, wrapping my arm around her torso.

There's an unusual tenderness between us, and it's vastly different to our usual violence. Selene isn't what she's perceived to be, and if anyone knew the truth about her, they wouldn't understand. She isn't her demons, she has just learned how to coexist with them in the same way that I have.

Two serial killers who come equipped with a tragic past, multiple mental diagnoses, and god complexes that could never be eradicated. No one understands her like I do. Seeing this tender side of her shows that she doesn't completely fit the psychopath mold; she obliterates it and makes her own place instead.

She's made her own place inside my rib cage, rooted right inside my rotten fucking heart.

She might be a monster, but she's my monster.

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

#### SELENE

Things between Onyx and I have calmed down. We satisfied our needs long enough that we've gone a few weeks without another kill. I don't know if it has to do with the thought of getting caught hanging over us like a dark, ominous cloud. Either way, neither of us has expressed any need to scratch that itch. To draw blood and paint it on the walls.

Instead, we've been spending our time buried in one another and following through with the mundane routines of life. We're both in a weird state where we aren't sure if we want to cross that line, but it's only a matter of time. Sooner or later, one of us is going to get restless, and we're going to have to do something about it.

And it will awaken the monster inside the other. Together, we're a fucking hurricane, leaving nothing but destruction in our wake.

"Where are you going?" Onyx questions me from his spot on the massive couch in the living room as I walk through the kitchen. He leans forward, sitting up straighter before getting up. My eyes rake over his body as he rises to his feet. His naked chest is covered in tattoos, but free of any clothes. A pair of black joggers hug his hips, revealing the deep V that disappears beneath his waistband.

"I need to go to the grocery store and get some food. I don't know if you noticed or not, but we're almost out of everything."

Onyx raises an eyebrow as he strides toward me. “So, we’ll order some food like we always do.”

I shake my head, realizing he’s not following what I’m getting at. “No, I need to go to the store.”

His eyebrows pinch together, not picking up on the social cues as usual. Neither of us ever fully does, but I at least learned how to mask it better after everything my father taught me.

“I’m getting bored and just want to get out of the house. I know we can order take-out, but I need to do something.”

I guess it was me who was going to get restless first.

Onyx narrows his eyes slightly, a sinister gleam swimming in his bright blue irises. “You’re going out on a hunt without me?”

“Did I say that?” My tone is clipped, the agitation growing. “I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing.”

“So, you’re going out without a plan?” Onyx clicks his tongue, shaking his head. Leave it to him to always be so fucking calculated. “Why don’t we settle on a target before we go hunting? Then we can do the proper work we need to do first.”

“Why can’t you ever be spontaneous and sporadic with me?” I ask him, crossing my arms over my chest as both of the dogs stride over to me. Diesel sits down beside my feet on the left as Khan occupies the space to my right.

Onyx chuckles lightly, ignoring the growling sounds coming from both dogs as he steps closer to me, reaching out to tuck a stray piece of hair behind my ear. “Because

that is what's going to get us caught Let me be your guiding light. The devil on your shoulder."

I stare back at him, my body tense, but a sigh slips from my lips and my shoulders relax. I let my arms fall down by my sides and pat both dogs on the tops of their heads, letting them know that it's okay. "You have someone in mind?"

"A few," Onyx shrugs, a ghost of a smile playing on his lips. "I'll let you pick who we're going after first, though."

Taking a step away from Onyx, I drop my purse down onto the black quartz countertop and follow him down into the basement. We step into one of the rooms that is set up like an office, but let's be real, neither of us are doing any actual work in this room.

"What have you got?" I ask him, standing behind the chair as he sits down and logs onto the computer. When we were younger, Onyx became fascinated with computer type shit in school. I don't know how exactly he learned coding and hacking, but either way, he's damned good at what he does. Like black market money level good.

He enters the secure browser that keeps his IP address blocked and logs into the local police department's record system. He searches through some files, finally landing upon one of the ones he was looking for.

"This guy, Maxwell Dunlop. He was accused of raping multiple girls, all around the age of thirteen, first starting with a young girl in his neighborhood. The man has money, so none of the charges ever stuck. I stumbled upon this one, but I'm sure he's working to get it removed from existence."

"So, you found him before he could slip off our radar." I step beside Onyx's chair, my brow furrowing as I inch closer to the computer screen. "I think I know him."

Onyx glances over at me, his face void of any expression except curiosity. “Tell me what you know.”

“Not much,” I shrug, still staring at the computer screen as my mind begins its journey down memory lane. “I was young. He was some sort of friend of my dad’s. I don’t remember much about him, honestly. I just remember him being around occasionally, and he gave me the creeps. He never laid a finger on me though; my dad would have chopped his hand off and fed it to him if he tried shit.”

“You think that your dad knew about him?”

I squint at the screen before standing upright, tearing my gaze from Maxwell’s picture. “I would like to think that if he knew, he would have taken care of him. But then again, if he served some sick purpose in my father’s life, he would have kept him around until he didn’t need him anymore.”

“Want to see the other two that I found?”

I nod, giving Onyx a small smile as he directs his attention back to the computer screen and taps on the keyboard, getting into the files for the other two men he found. I listen to him as he explains what they did and how they got off. The men we target are typically pedophiles or rapists. People who think they can take what they want and get away with it without any consequences.

It was something my father instilled in me, but I was too irrational and fucked up, occasionally targeting innocent people. After I was raped at that stupid bonfire, it became more about vengeance, all the while fulfilling a need. Onyx never had a system, but he developed one after that night.

Before that night, he would kill anyone, without a second thought or blink of an eye. They didn’t have to be guilty in his eyes to deserve death. They literally became a

means to an end. An itch that he had to scratch, and that person just so happened to be at the wrong place at the wrong time.

As Onyx goes through the other two files, I can't seem to shake the thoughts of Maxwell from my head. I may not specifically remember everything about him or all of my encounters with him, but I remember the way he made me feel. After seeing his picture and studying his face, I can remember one particular experience I had with him.

My father was showing him some of our racehorses in the barn. I don't know what they were actually doing out there, but that's how they played it off. My father had just introduced me to his world, and I was still trying to come to grips with the fact that I was accepted and there was nothing fundamentally wrong with me.

I was out in the woods, stalking different animals to kill, but I returned frustrated. I was almost a teenager, if I remember correctly. My mother had called my father into the house for a few moments after I had found them in the barn.

Maxwell started with asking me questions about the horses. My father had been prideful and boasted to him about my excellent riding skills. I never got into the racing scene but I had a horse of my own that I competed with doing mundane show jumping. It wasn't something I was necessarily passionate about but striving to be the best helped to feed my ego, so I enjoyed it to a degree.

It wasn't long before the conversation shifted into something that left me uncomfortable. Maxwell had a thing with being touchy-feely, and I can't forget the way he ran his fingers through my hair and stroked the sides of my face, talking about how I was such a beautiful little girl and he couldn't wait to see what I was going to grow into.

The conversation was wildly inappropriate but oddly innocent in its own way, as he

never made any actual sexual comments or advances toward me. He left me feeling extremely unsettled and threatened, and it wasn't sitting well with me. I had grabbed one of the tools we used to clean our horses' hooves and clutched it in my hand, ready to attack, just as my father walked back into the barn.

I quickly scurried away without another word. When my father questioned me about it later, I brushed it under the rug, acting as if I wasn't affected and that Maxwell didn't do anything. Afterwards, I'm sure I wasn't really feeling much about it. In that moment, I wanted to fucking kill him for making me feel threatened, so that was the real reason why I was feeling out of sorts and restless.

I told my father the truth about my unsuccessful hunt in the woods and how that left me feeling frustrated, on top of all the internal turmoil I was already dealing with due to my impending step into puberty. My father was understanding and found something to satisfy my need—something that wasn't Maxwell, the real reason behind my restless feelings.

“Let's save the other two,” I tell Onyx, breaking free from my thoughts of the past. “I want Maxwell taken care of.”

Onyx stares at me for a moment, no judgment or emotion visible on his face, just understanding. He doesn't question my reasons; instead, he prints out Maxwell's picture and begins to devise a plan, writing down any pertinent information we need to begin our hunt.

I take a step away from the desk, feeling my heart pounding erratically in my chest as adrenaline courses through my veins. We have a system: researching and stalking before going in for the kill. It takes time, and right now I need to dial myself in before I do something impulsive—like snatch this mother fucker in broad day light and kill him in the middle of his fancy kitchen.

Onyx wipes the computer clean, deleting any evidence, and powers it down. He grabs the paper with Maxwell's picture and everything that he wrote down, folding it as he hands it to me.

"I know you said you wanted to go to the store, but how about we go see what this grimy piece of shit is up to instead?"

I smile back at Onyx as he stands up from his desk. "Let's go hunt."



### CHAPTER FOURTEEN

#### ONYX

We've been sitting outside of the office building that Maxwell owns and works in for the past four hours without catching sight of him. Selene called his office from a burner phone, pretending to be someone from his doctor's office, and found out that he's been in meetings all day.

We can't leave now, though. Part of the process involves stalking and tracking our prey's every move—learning their routine and every aspect of their life so we can avoid any unwanted conflicts. We can't risk something fucking it all up; it's better to know what we're getting into before we fully immerse ourselves in it.

"How long do you think until he comes out?" Selene asks, shifting impatiently in her seat. If there's one thing that differs between the two of us, it's that she struggles with control and restraint. Me, on the other hand, I have no problem lying in wait as long as necessary.

I glance up at the glass building, my eyes scanning the windows, trying to see if I can spot Maxwell through any of them. But with the glare, it's hard to see. I would be willing to bet that, since he owns the building, he's situated on the top floor—somewhere he can sit high above everyone else and look down on them like the peasants that they are in his eyes.

"I don't know. I don't know his whole meeting schedule," I tell her, grabbing my bottle of water from the cup holder. I unscrew the lid and take a swig before setting it

back down. “Patience, Selene. We’ve talked about this before. Didn't you get your impulsive bullshit out with Ian last time?”

“Fuck you,” she growls at me, rolling her eyes as she crosses her arms over her chest. “The impulsivity is more of a rush. And this shit is fucking boring. We could just slip inside and leave him dead at his desk.”

“Don’t be a fucking idiot,” I snap at her, pushing my seat back as I kick my feet up on the dashboard. “Seriously. You really want to try and get away with that kind of shit?”

Selene shrugs, turning to look out the window in the opposite direction of where Maxwell is. Sometimes her attitude and this shit grate on my fucking nerves, and it takes every ounce of willpower I have not to snap her fragile fucking neck.

I love her in every way that I possibly can, but sometimes she’s so fucking aggravating.

“You see that car that’s parked two behind us?” Selene says quietly, staring into the mirror by her window. “That black sedan. It pulled up not long after we parked and has been there the entire time.”

My breath catches in my throat, my senses heightened as I discreetly glance into the mirror to my left. “Did you notice anyone get out of the car?”

“Nope,” she says, matter-of-factly. “I haven’t been watching it the entire time we’ve been here, but I noticed it when it pulled up, and that it’s still there. Can you see anyone in it?”

I’m instantly irritated. If there’s one thing Selene is good at, it’s noticing things that I miss sometimes. When I’m focused on what I’m doing, I can slip up and not pay

attention to my surroundings, but it doesn't happen often. This is one of those moments where she's under my fucking skin and shaking up my normalcy.

"Why the fuck didn't you tell me when you noticed the car?"

Selene glances at me, her lips pursed as she shrugs. "I figured that you would have noticed it too."

I run a frustrated hand through my messy hair. "If you see something, just fucking tell me in case I don't notice."

She smiles sweetly at me. "Of course, daddy." The sarcasm is heavy in her words, and I don't miss the bite in her tone.

"Let me take you in the backseat and you can call me daddy all you want," I tell her, my voice low and hoarse as my cock grows in my pants.

There's something about killing with Selene that has a way of sending blood straight to my dick. There's a sensual aspect to what we do together, never mind the fact that I'm usually hard whenever she's in my presence. If there's one thing we don't lack, it's chemistry and an insatiable sexual appetite for one another.

"What about Maxwell? And the car?"

I look back in the mirror. "It doesn't look like there's anyone in the car."

"I'm going to go look." Selene's hand is already on the door handle, pushing the door open before I can stop her.

I close my eyes, inhaling deeply as I wrap my hands around the steering wheel, imagining that it's her fucking throat. I tighten my grip, squeezing it until my

knuckles are a stark white. Her impulsivity is literally going to be the death of both of us.

She should know better than to do something that could draw attention to us, especially if there's a chance that we are being followed right now, by God knows who.

Opening my eyes, I watch in the mirror as she strides down the sidewalk, heading directly toward the black sedan. When she gets closer to it, it abruptly pulls out of its spot along the curb and whips onto the street, directly into oncoming traffic. Another car blares its horn at the sedan, and I hear its engine rev as the driver presses down on the gas and speeds past us.

What the fuck?

I tear my eyes away from the mirror, watching the black sedan as it races down the road. My eyes scan the back of it, looking for a license plate but there isn't one on the damn thing. Its tires squeal as the driver runs a red light, whipping it through the intersection before turning down another street and disappearing behind a building.

Selene gets into the car, her face red and her eyes wide. "What the fuck was that? I thought you said there was no one in the car."

"The windows were tinted, so it was hard to be sure. Why the fuck are you mad at me? You're the dumbass who got out of the car and decided to go investigate. What did I tell you, Selene? You're going to get both of us killed if you keep pulling shit like this."

"Whoever it was, they didn't want me to see their face. They pulled into that spot not long after we got here, almost as if they followed us. And as soon as I got close, they took off before I could see them."

My stomach sinks and the dread sets in, mixing with the high I was just feeling from our hunt for Maxwell. Suddenly, he doesn't seem as important, and what we're here for doesn't really matter. There's something else going on now, something far more dire and pressing that demands all of our attention.

After that night at the abandoned asylum, when we thought we heard something, like someone was watching us and we found nothing... there's no way this is a coincidence. The person in that car followed us, which means they've been watching us—I just don't know for how long.

My eyes meet Selene's. "They followed us here."

"Someone was at the asylum, weren't they?"

I swallow hard over the knives lodged in my throat. "I think there might have been."

"Did you see the license plate?" she asks, turning sideways in her seat. "I wasn't able to see the face of the person who was driving."

I shake my head. "There wasn't one."

"So, it wasn't a cop then," she muses out loud. "We'll find out whoever the fuck it is."

I stare back at her, my eyes shifting between her hazel irises. For the first time in my life, I think I know what fear might feel like, and I don't like it. You know what they say—animals react out of fear.

And I'm going to kill that motherfucker when I find them.

### CHAPTER FIFTEEN

#### SELENE

The ride back to the house is sobering. The high from chasing after Maxwell no longer lingers in the air. Onyx suggested we put that little mission on the back burner, and I couldn't agree more. As lovely as it would be to spill his blood, it's way too risky now, especially knowing that someone is definitely following us.

I don't know what they saw that night. Maybe they didn't see everything that happened with Ian, and only saw the other body that was there. Both of us had masks on, so it's not like our faces were visible to the person lurking in the shadows.

Either way, we're in a fucking sticky situation now. This is when the hunter becomes the hunted, the predator becomes the prey. And this cannot fucking happen.

There is too much at stake. We've come too far for this to all go to shit just from one little slip-up like this. And in reality, it all comes down to me and my lack of impulse control. If I could just stop being so goddamn careless and learn a little bit of self-control, this wouldn't have happened.

Ian had to be dealt with, regardless. He had somehow followed the other guy there and found his body, which was on Onyx. I can't put all the blame on him though. We got carried away with each other, wrapped up in our warped little game, and forgot the importance of taking care of shit first. We should have disposed of the body and cleaned up the evidence before indulging in our unholy obsessions with one another.

Onyx pulls the car into the garage, but when he gets out, he doesn't even bother going into the house. I stay in the passenger seat, staring blankly at the wall. I understand his frustration and agitation with me right now, but I don't think it's fully directed at me.

We both fucked up, and now we both have to figure out how the hell we're going to deal with this.

We have absolutely no information to work with. There isn't a name pinned on the mysterious person following us. We don't have a goddamn thing to tie them to the asylum, just a sound and a feeling. Having a license plate number would have been helpful, but even then, it could have been a stolen car.

We're completely fucked, and I don't know how the hell we're going to get out of this mess we've gotten ourselves into.

Onyx heads out of the garage, his form disappearing as he walks around the outside of the house. I don't have to ask to know where he's going. He's going to the place where I can always expect to find him when his mind is troubled like this—the only place he can find silence and sort through the madness in his mind.

I slowly climb out of the car, feeling the tension hanging heavily in the air. Instead of exerting my anger, I bury it deep inside and gently close the door rather than slamming it. Inside the house, the dogs stay silent; they've been trained not to bark. If anyone were to try and break-in, they wouldn't expect to encounter two vicious animals because they don't make a sound. They don't draw attention to themselves. They make themselves invisible, lurking in the darkness until it's time to attack.

Perhaps it's time to resort to true animalistic measures. It's time to take a page from their playbook.

I walk around the side of the house, heading toward the patio when I hear the surface of the water breaking. As I pass the outdoor sectional at the back of the house, I see Onyx's clothes in a pile by the edge of the pool. Instead of jumping in after him, I sit on the edge and dip my legs into the water.

Onyx doesn't sink to the bottom at first. Instead, he gets into form and swims the length of the pool. His face breaks through the surface as he comes up for air before diving back under. Pushing off the side of the pool, he swims the length again with the same perfect form he had on the swim team back in high school.

I watch, mesmerized by the way his body glides through the water. He only uses his arms periodically, sweeping through the changing colors as he kicks his feet. Each movement is deliberate. There isn't anything uncalculated about the way he maneuvers through the water, pushing his body to extreme measures as he takes the turmoil out on himself.

This isn't unusual for him, but most of the time it happens in the middle of the night, and by the time I get down here, he's already sinking at the bottom of the deep end. It's not often I get to see him in action, actually swimming through the water like this.

When we were in the foster home, we didn't have a pool, but Onyx was obsessed with water and swimming. I always assumed it was some kind of outlet for him, something that was harmless to others, when in reality he wanted to drown his enemies in the waters he swam through.

I used to go to the pool with him, staying for hours into the evening instead of going back to our abusive home, just watching him as he trained. Not long afterward, his swimming took a sinister turn, when he realized he could push his body even further by sinking to the bottom and holding his breath.

There was something so captivating about it. The first time that I saw him do it, I



thought he was drowning, but then I noticed that he wasn't moving. There was no panic or desperation to break through the water's surface. He was at peace, floating at the bottom of the pool as he held his breath.

Anyone in their right mind would have panicked and dove into the water to pull him out before his lungs filled with the chlorinated water. Not me though. Luckily for both of us, I've never been in my right mind. Instead of diving in after him, I sat on the edge of the pool and simply watched him until he eventually came up for air.

It wasn't long before he had me in the pool with him. I understood the allure behind what he was doing, but I wasn't as invested in it as he was. I was invested in him though, so despite it not being my thing, I stayed and indulged in it with him.

The most important thing was always being there for each another, and I was too obsessed with Onyx to ever consider turning and walking away. We followed each other down the darkest of halls, always playing into the desires of whatever the other wanted.

Now, the game has shifted. It isn't even a fucking game anymore. This is real fucking life now. This is a matter of life and death.

And I can promise you that when it comes down to it, it will never be Onyx and my death.

Whoever dares to threaten us, to destroy everything that we've built—they will be the ones to die.

Instead of sinking to the bottom when he finishes his laps, Onyx swims over to me. His head breaks through the surface as he grabs the edge of the pool beside my leg. I watch his chest rise as he sucks in a deep breath before pushing his wet hair away from his face, with small droplets falling down and landing on his cheeks.

“Feel any better?” I ask him softly, pushing my feet through the water as I kick them back and forth.

Onyx stares at me, his bright blue eyes shining under the sun hanging in the sky above us. “Fuck no.” His nostrils flare as he takes another deep breath. I tear my gaze from his, watching the shifting hues of colors around his body in the water. “I don’t know what else to do.”

“Did you want to go down to your place, where you think best?” I question, leaving any judgment out of my voice, because there isn’t any to have. I know what Onyx needs sometimes, but I don’t know what else to suggest right now. “I will join you, if you’d like.”

Onyx shakes his head, the droplets from his hair landing on my legs. “I don’t know if that’s going to help at all,” he says, his voice low and the sincerity thick in his tone. “I honestly don’t know what the fuck we’re supposed to do right now.”

“I know,” I agree with him, nodding slowly. “We’re in a situation that I don’t think we’ve ever been in before, but I think I might have an idea of how we can handle this.”

Onyx tips his head to the side, brushing his hair back once again as the water drops down the sides of his face. “How the fuck are we supposed to find this guy?”

“I don’t know exactly, but just hear me out,” I start, pausing as I figure out how to word this without sounding like I’m completely batshit crazy. “I think we need to do what we trained the dogs to do, you know, in case an intruder breaks into the house.”

Onyx’s brow furrows. “You’re telling me that we need to be like those fucking beasts in there?”

I roll my eyes at his abrasive attitude. “Just listen. We trained them not to bark, right? So they just hide. Instead of stalking out their prey, they wait for it to come to them before attacking. They don’t do anything to draw attention to themselves.”

“Okay,” he says slowly, rising from the water as he lifts himself to sit beside me. “Go on.”

“We know virtually nothing about whoever is following us. What we do know is that we need to stop them. That person is currently the one who is on the hunt. They’re searching for us, stalking and watching us like we would with any of our victims.”

“So, are you suggesting we just do nothing instead?” Onyx’s eyes fix on mine, narrowing as his lip curls up in disgust. “No, we have to be proactive. We have to get ahead of this shit before it comes and bites us in the ass.”

I purse my lips, tilting my head to the side as I stare back at him. “And how do you suggest we do that? If you have any ideas, anything at all that you can bring to the table, I have no problem hearing them out. I’m honestly open to a better suggestion than mine because I don’t like the idea of doing nothing any more than you do.”

Onyx glares at me, his expression dark as he sighs. “I don’t have any ideas. We don’t even know what the motherfucker looks like, so how the hell am I supposed to have an idea of where to start.”

“So, don’t shit on my idea when there literally isn’t a better one. We have to wait for him to seek us out again, to find us, and then that’s when we can take action and attack. Until then, we don’t have any leads or know where the hell to even start.”

“Are we supposed to go about our normal business?” Onyx asks, finally getting on board with my idea as he realizes that our options are limited. “Wouldn’t that be too risky to keep doing the shit that we were doing?”

Reaching down, I grab the bottom hem of my shirt, lifting it up as I peel it from my body. Onyx's eyes are on me, growing darker as I rise to my feet and strip out of my clothes.

“We don't do anything for now. We need to bide our time, let him come for us. And then when the time is right, we'll draw him out and into the asylum. When we know he's going to take the bait and follow us without a second thought.”

Onyx stares at me, his mind processing my words as I turn away from him and dive into the water. Holding my breath, I dive down to the bottom, touching the floor with my fingertips before swimming back to the surface. As I break through, I open my eyes, seeing Onyx as he climbs back into the pool.

“We need him to think that he's in control, like he's the one holding the cards and we're playing into his hands.”

“Like what you do with me,” he muses out loud, a sinister smirk forming on his face as he moves into the deeper water, swimming directly toward me.

I bite down on my lower lip as he swims around me, circling his prey. “You going to show me otherwise?”

Onyx pauses in the water, wrapping one hand around my throat and the other on my hip as he pulls me flush against his naked body. His erection presses against my stomach, and I instinctively wrap my legs around his torso as he tightens his grip around my neck.

“I'm going to show you who has the real control here.”

### CHAPTER SIXTEEN

#### ONYX

There isn't a single part of this that I like. We're both restless, tensions are high, and no amount of fucking will do anything to minimize it. The blood lust is growing, the need to do what we do best, and we can't do a damn thing about it.

Selene's still in bed and I'm sitting at my desk, absentmindedly scrolling through the police station's records. The list of men we could easily take out keeps growing, but there's nothing that either of us can do about it right now. For all we know, the cops could be onto us too, although there haven't been any disturbances here at home, so I think we're safe... for now.

Every time we've left the house, whether to run mundane errands or to just go for a drive, it doesn't take long before we notice a car tailing us. Or, maybe our paranoia is just growing. Sometimes, though, things are too coincidental to be a mere fucking coincidence.

"What are you doing down here?" Selene questions me, her melodic voice breaking through my thoughts as she slips into the room.

Pushing away from the desk, I spin my chair around to face her, finding her standing naked, with just a sheet wrapped around her body as she hovers in the doorway.

"I don't know. I was just looking at shit to try and keep myself busy."

“You’re getting restless, aren’t you?” she asks, walking further into the room, not stopping until she positions herself on my lap, her legs straddling mine.

I scoff, shaking my head. “You can’t tell me you don’t feel the same fucking way right now. This wait is agonizing. I don’t know how much more of this shit I can take.”

“So, we make our move tonight.”

My eyes meet hers in a rush as I reach up to brush her long midnight-colored hair away from her face, tucking it behind her ears. “Tonight?”

Selene nods, a smile touching her lips as she plants her palms against my bare chest. “We’ve waited long enough. It’s time that we draw him out of the shadows and finally deal with this.”

“You know that it’s Halloween tonight, right?”

“Even better,” she smiles brightly, a sinister twinkle in her eyes. “We’ll take him back to where this all started so we can finally eradicate the problem.”

“How are we going to draw him there? What if he isn’t watching us tonight, if he’s preoccupied with something else?”

“It seems like we’re the only thing he’s occupied his time with,” she says with a shrug. “Plus, if you were going to peg a murder to take place on a certain day, wouldn’t you suspect someone would do it tonight, on Halloween?”

My brow furrows as I mull over her suggestion. “Yeah, but we’re not like that. We don’t do things on specific dates like that.”

Selene cups the side of my face as she tilts her head, bringing her mouth closer to mine. “He doesn’t know that and what he doesn’t know won’t hurt him.” She pauses, her lips brushing against mine as they curl upward. “Or will it?”

A groan vibrates in my chest as Selene grinds her bare pussy against my cock through my sweatpants. The fact that we’ve been starving ourselves of one need has only fueled this one to grow with such intensity. I could fuck her senseless and she’d be ready to go again after slipping out of her euphoric coma.

Grabbing her hips, I lift her up, placing her on her feet in front of me. The sheet falls away from her body, pooling around her on the floor. My eyes scan her body, covered in various marks from my brutal touch. Bruises pepper her skin, bite marks painted across her flesh. She lets me leave my mark on her every goddamn time as I root myself deep inside her bones.

The damage that I’ve inflicted on her isn’t enough. I need more. So much fucking more.

Rising to my feet, I pull my knife from my pocket, flipping the blade out. I rest the sharp tip against her collar bone, slowly dragging it along her sternum. “You want to play a game, little devil?”

She sucks in a shallow breath. “What kind of game?” Her voice is hoarse, full of lust as she gazes at me, with gold and green hues swirling in her irises.

“The kind where we find another way to satiate our needs. The kind where we can still indulge in the darkness without risking getting ourselves into any kind of trouble.”

I slide the blade underneath her tits, bringing the sharp edge up to her pebbled nipples as I glide it across her flesh. She inhales sharply, her chest rising and falling in rapid

succession. My eyes are glued to her neck, watching her pulse pounding underneath her skin.

“You want to hurt me?” she breathes, not making a move toward me, but she isn’t making a move away from me.

“So fucking badly,” I growl, sliding the knife further down her stomach. “You want to bleed for me, baby?”

My blade reaches the bottom of her stomach, resting just above her pubic area. Turning the knife in my hand, the tip presses into her skin. Selene takes a step toward me, applying more pressure to the sharpness as it digs into her flesh, not deep, but enough that a small bead of blood forms around the tip of the knife.

“Only if you’re going to bleed for me too.”

I pull the knife away from her flesh as a small trail of blood seeps from the tiny puncture wound. Stepping closer to Selene, I cup the side of her face with one hand, my knife in my other as I grab her hip, pulling her flush against me. I slide my hand around the back of her neck before thrusting my fingertips along her scalp, grabbing a handful of her hair.

She lets out a low moan as I jerk her head backward, exposing her delicate throat—my favorite part of her body. I bring my face down to the base of her neck, licking my lips before pressing the tip of my tongue to her skin. Selene moves against me, her chest rising and falling with each shallow breath as I drag my tongue along the column of her throat.

Gripping her hair with one hand and her hip with the other, I back her against the desk as I bite at the skin just beneath her jaw. My cock throbs, pressed against her torso. I release her hip but keep hold of the knife handle as I shove everything off the



desk, even the computer. That shit can be replaced later. Right now, I just need to be inside her with my fucking blade slicing through her skin.

I let go of her hair and slide my hands around to her ass, gripping her cheeks as I lift her up and drop her on the desk. Selene wraps her arms around the back of my neck, bringing her lips to mine as she thrusts her tongue into my mouth. She's as brutal and volatile as me. I want her to bleed but I know that my little devil is out for fucking blood too.

My hands find her shoulders, fingertips digging into her flesh as I shove her back down onto the desk. The air leaves her lungs in a rush, and I hear her gasp as I pull away, settling between her thighs. Instead of placing my mouth against her throat, my knife finds its way there, my blade resting against her pulse that beats erratically beneath the cool metal.

"Make me bleed," Selene breathes, her eyes hooded as she gives me a sinister smirk. "I want to see my blood on your skin."

My tongue darts out, licking my lips as my cock throbs inside my pants. My blade kisses her skin, the tip cutting through the top layers as I slowly drag it down the side of her neck. My eyes are fixated on the way the scratch turns into an angry red wound, small beads of blood forming along the line.

Selene gasps, the sound turning into a moan as she wraps her legs around my hips, her wetness from her pussy soaking through the material of my pants.

Jesus fucking Christ.

We've done knife play before. I've fucked her with a loaded pistol pressed to her temple, but this is a completely different experience. I don't know how to explain it. Maybe it's our fate hanging so precariously in the balance right now that makes this

so sensual.

I continue to drag the blade further down her body, letting the sharp edge dig in, leaving marks all across her flesh. Selene grinds her pussy against me, needing the friction as she's getting restless craving her release.

Bending over across her body, I slide my mouth against her wounds, my saliva mixing with her blood on my tongue. With every swipe, Selene presses herself harder against me, my cock throbbing with every movement she makes and every sound that slips from her lips.

"Fuck, I need to feel you inside me, baby," she breathes, withering under my touch. "I don't know if I can wait any longer."

A low chuckle vibrates in my chest as I slide the knife across the bottom of her stomach. "I think you forget who's in control here, Selene. I control you, I control your pleasure. I'll tell you when it's time for you to come. And when I'm ready to fuck you, I'll slide deep inside that tight pussy and fuck you until your heart spontaneously combusts in your chest."

I stand up straight, pulling my knife away from her skin. My hands find her thighs and I peel them away from my body as I take a step back. Selene lifts her head, her eyes wide as she stares at me, unsure of what's coming next.

Turning my knife to the side, I press the flat side of the blade against her glistening pussy, smiling as her juices coat the silver piece. "I want to slide my knife inside you and fuck you until you bleed."

I pull it away, repositioning it so the tip presses against her center. Selene's head falls back, panting as she moans loudly. I just barely slide it inside her, careful to keep the blade from cutting her open. It's an urge I need fight because I know that if I start

with something like this, I'm not going to stop until she's bleeding out on the fucking desk.

I pull it away from her pussy and drop down to my knees. Abandoning the knife on the floor, I grip the insides of her thighs, spreading her legs wider as I push my face to her center. I drag my nose along her wetness, inhaling her scent. My nose presses against her clit for a fraction of a second before I pull away.

Selene mumbles something in protest, but my mouth on her pussy silences her as I slide my tongue across her center. Her legs fight against my grip as she attempts to clamp them around my head while I fuck her with my mouth. I lick and suck, tasting every fucking inch of her. My tongue settles on her clit, flicking and rolling the small bud around as I apply different degrees of pressure, driving her closer and closer to the edge.

She grinds against my face, her hips fighting to buck against my grip as I continue my assault with my tongue. She's a mess of breathless moans, her hands gripping at my hair, pulling on my wavy locks as the pleasure spreads through her body.

I can tell she's getting closer every time I roll my tongue over her clit. I suck it in between my teeth, biting down as she yells out, my name falling from her lips in a chant. Releasing one of her thighs, I reach down to the floor and grab my knife.

Selene wraps her free leg around my head, keeping me close as she grinds her soaking wet pussy against my mouth. Flipping the knife around in my hand, I tighten my grip around the blade, feeling it cut into my palm as I bring the opposite end up to the center of her cunt.

A gasp slips from her lips as I press it against her wet hole before sliding it inside her, pushing it in until my bloody fist is resting against the outside of her lips. Selene shifts her hips as I pull out and thrust it back inside her.

I fuck her with the handle of the knife, and the metallic tang of my blood hits my tongue as I swipe it across her clit. My blood mixes with her juices, and she cries out as I push her closer and closer to the edge. Pressing down on her clit once more, I roll my tongue over her flesh and shove the handle of the knife back into her as she splits in two, breaking apart for me.

My name is a prayer on her lips as she screams out to the gods above. Her orgasm tears through her body and she loses control, coming hard around the handle of the knife as her pussy clenches around it. It's like a fucking earthquake with the way that her body shakes and writhes under my touch. I lap at her juices, drinking every fucking drop as I slowly pull the knife out of her.

Her legs fall away, hanging over the edge of the desk as she pants breathlessly, struggling to catch her breath. I lick her pussy until she stops shaking and I slowly stand up. Selene's eyes are dazed as she watches me push my sweatpants down and step out of them.

The tip of my cock is wet with precum as I position myself between her legs, my erection pressing against her tight hole through my boxers. I bend over her, bringing my body down to hers as I plant one hand on the desk beside her head. Still clutching the blade of the knife in my other hand, I bring it up to her face, my blood dripping across her skin as I press the glistening handle against her lips.

My eyes trail across her chest and her neck, covered with droplets of my blood as it stains her skin. I lift my gaze to Selene's, her eyes searching mine as I press the handle harder against her mouth. Her lips part slightly, a ragged breath escaping as I slide it in.

“Suck.”

### CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

#### SELENE

I open my mouth wider, my pussy clenching as he slides the handle of the knife inside. Obeying him, I wrap my lips around it and swirl my tongue as I suck my juices from the grip. I close my eyes to savor this sensual moment between us, feeling the warmth of his blood as it continues to drip onto my neck.

“Good girl,” he murmurs, slowly pulling the knife from my mouth. I open my eyes, finding his gaze on mine, darkness swirling in his deep blue irises. He stands up slightly, pulling me up into a sitting position as he takes my hand, palm up, in his. He presses the wet handle of the knife into my palm. “It’s your turn now, Selene baby.”

My breath catches in my throat, adrenaline surging through my system as he hands control over to me. I told him I would bleed for him if he would bleed for me, and he wants it just as badly as I do. It’s a different kind of blood lust, a thirst that I fear I’m never going to be able to fully quench after this.

I take the knife from Onyx, and he flattens his bloodied palm against my chest, warming my skin with the viscous liquid. There’s an unwarranted urge to take the blade and slice it through the side of his neck. I would never actually kill him—not by choice—but the urge is there. The difference between Onyx and my victims is that I don’t need his blood on my hands, not in that way at least.

This is a different kind of need. It’s like he’s my canvas, and our blood is my medium. I want to paint him a masterpiece, something that would be worthy of

hanging over the mantel in our house.

I rise to my feet, standing directly in front of him with our toes touching and his bloody hand on my chest. His legs part as I press my body flush against his, the knife still dangling in my hand. I want to make him bleed, but I don't know that I want to hurt him.

"Hurt me, little devil," he murmurs into my hair as he wraps his arms around me. It's as if he can read my thoughts without me even verbalizing them. "I want to bleed for you."

I swallow hard over the shards of glass lodged inside my throat. "I'm afraid to do it," I whisper, my lips brushing against his bare chest as I plant my face against his flesh.

Onyx smooths my hair down my back. "What are you afraid of, baby?"

"I'm afraid that once I start, I won't be able to stop." I pause, a ragged breath slipping through my lips. "I know that I won't be able to stop, and I'll end up killing you."

"Kill me," he breathes into my hair, his hard cock straining through his underwear, pressing against my stomach as he shifts his weight on his feet. "If that's what it comes to, I want it to be you who does it."

"Fuck you," I growl at him, abruptly shoving him away from me. As I take a step back, I raise my hand, slapping him across the face. "Fuck you for encouraging or even suggesting that as an option. You know we're in this together."

A wave of darkness passes over Onyx's features, a storm brewing in his ocean blue eyes as he glares down at me. "Slap me again, and I'll make sure you fucking regret it."

“What are you going to do?” I challenge him, slowly raising my hand, my palm still burning from the previous contact.

Onyx meets my challenge with his eyes, silently pushing me to do it. Fuck around and find out. Accepting his unspoken dare, I pull my hand back and swing it forward. Just as I’m about to make contact with the side of his face, he wraps his hand around my wrist, halting my action.

He pulls me against him, his grip tightening around my wrist as he holds me in place. Taking my chances, I slowly raise my other hand, knife in my grasp as he brings his mouth down to my ear.

“I tried to give you the chance to be in control, but that’s over now.” He clamps down on the bottom of my lobe with his teeth. “We’re doing this my way now,” he says through his clenched teeth.

I bring the knife up, pressing the sharp blade along the side of his neck. He freezes, his body falling rigid as his cock throbs against me. I hear his breathing growing shallow and he slowly releases my ear. “What are you going to do with that?”

I hear him groan as I press the metal deeper against his skin, carving the surface away with the sharpness of the blade. Pulling it away, I run my finger along the mark I made, feeling his warm blood beneath my fingertip. “Whatever the fuck I want.”

Onyx releases my wrist, his hands finding my hips as he hoists me into the air and sets me back down on the desk. I twirl the knife in my hand, watching him as he stands in front of me, the blood dripping down the side of his neck. “Tell me what you want from me.”

“Take off your boxers and sit down on the chair.”

He follows my order, stripping off his underwear as he takes his seat on the chair in front of me. I hop down from the desk, mimicking his actions as I press the tip of the knife against the skin on his chest, slowly dragging it down along his torso, leaving cuts all over his flesh.

His knees part as I step in between them, dropping to my knees in front of him while I continue to move the knife lower and lower on his body. He's rock hard and his erection is directly in front of my face. Ignoring it, I focus on the wounds that I leave on his skin, my fingers trailing through the beads of blood, painting his body red.

As I reach his groin with the knife, I move it closer to his dick. With my free hand, I grab his shaft, slowly stroking him as I bring the tip of the blade to the base. Onyx sucks in a sharp breath when I drag it along his length, the tiny blood vessels breaking as I introduce oxygen to his blood.

"Jesus fucking Christ," he groans, dropping his head back as I wrap my lips around the tip of his cock. With the knife still in my hand, I move it away from his body and slide my mouth down along his length. I inhale his scent before his dick slips into the back of my throat.

My lips don't reach the base of his shaft as I feel the tip of him pressing against my throat. Gripping with my hand, I begin to stroke him in tandem with my mouth as I pull back. My tongue swirls around him and my lips create a suction as my head bobs, moving up and down.

Onyx slips one of his hands into my hair, gripping it tightly at the base of my neck as he pushes my head down further onto him, the tip of his cock ramming into the back of my throat. The movement causes me to gag and cough, choking around him. My eyes begin to water, and I can feel saliva dripping down my chin.

His grip is firm on the back of my head as he holds me in place with his cock down



my throat. “Remember what I told you, baby? I was going to show you who your fucking daddy is, while you suffocate with my cock shoved down your throat.” He pauses, his lips curling upward into a sinister smirk as I look up at him through my lashes. “How’s it feel now?”

He doesn’t let me move. My lungs constrict as they’re starved of oxygen. I attempt to breathe in through my nose, but it doesn’t work with his cock down my throat, blocking off my airway. I try to shift backward, but Onyx pushes his length in further. Tears stream down the sides of my face as I violently choke.

My saliva runs down my chin, dripping onto the floor by my knees. The oxygen deprivation has my head swimming, my peripheral vision growing blurred and black as the edges begin to move inward. I hear Onyx murmuring, but I can’t focus on his words as it sounds like he’s miles away right now.

I know this feeling. I’ve felt this feeling when I’ve tried to stay under water with Onyx for as long as he does.

This is what dying feels like.

Onyx tightens his grip on my hair, but instead of continuing to hold me in place, he jerks me away from his cock, just as I’m about to pass out. I fall backwards, unable to get my hands under me to brace myself for the fall. As he leaves my mouth, I inhale deeply, feeling the air pass into my lungs.

I expect to hit the floor, but instead Onyx holds me up by my hair. My skull is on fucking fire, burning as he pulls roughly on the strands. The pain doesn’t even faze me at this point. All my body cares about is inhaling as much oxygen as possible.

Onyx hauls me to my feet, his hand leaving my hair as he grips my hips. “You know that I wouldn’t kill you,” he breathes, nipping at my bottom lip while my heart

pounds inside my chest. “I’ll only ever push you to the brink of death, before pulling you away from the edge.”

He spins me around, and I stumble, my body imbalanced and still trying to recover from the oxygen deprivation. He shoves me down until my stomach is on the desk, and pushes me forward with his hips until my thighs hit the edge of the cool wood.

My palms are on the desk as I turn my head to the side, my breathing finally slowing. Onyx plants one hand above the temple on the side of my head and the other on my lower back, just above the base of my spine. He forcibly enters me in one violent thrust, his cock filling me to the fucking hilt.

I cry out, the pain mixing with the pleasure as I finally come to my senses. Only then do I realize I dropped the knife at some point and completely lost control when Onyx reminded me of who really runs shit here.

His fingertips dig into the skin on my skull as he pounds into me relentlessly. He strokes my insides, each thrust a brutal delight. I wasn’t sure how this was going to go, but I know if I told him to stop he would. And I would never do that.

It doesn’t take long before he fucks me senseless. I’m screaming his name, my pussy clenching around him as he continues to thrust into me. My orgasm tears through me, just as savage as his volatile touch. Our surroundings begin to fade as I’m sucked into an overwhelming vortex of ecstasy.

My body rides on a wave of euphoria until Onyx is yelling out my name, his orgasm hitting him with full force. He loses himself inside me, filling me with his cum. He doesn’t stop, pounding into me until every last drop is left inside me. I close my eyes, my heart pounding in my chest and my breathing erratic as I suck in a shallow breath.

He slowly pulls out of me, a rush of cold air instantly replacing the warmth of him

behind me before I feel his cum dripping down the insides of my legs.

“Are you good?” His voice is rough and hoarse, but his touch is gentle as he brushes a piece of hair away from my face. He runs his fingers under my chin, stopping as he feels for my pulse.

I slowly lift my eyelids, lifting my head as I attempt to move my body on the desk. My muscles scream out in protest, every fucking inch of my body on fire. I revel in the pain and bask in it as I push myself to turn over. I sit up, scooting toward the edge of the desk as Onyx sits down beside me.

“Selene, tell me you’re okay.”

I look at Onyx, the panic heavy in his eyes. It’s not often that he shows emotion like this, but he must truly be concerned if I can read it in the blue hues of his irises. “I’m alive.”

“Obviously,” he rolls his eyes, running a frustrated hand through his tousled hair. “Are you okay, though? You know that I wouldn’t actually kill you right.”

I stare back at him, feeling no fear, because the only fear I’ve ever truly felt was when I thought that he might be ripped from my grasp.

“See, that’s the thing that should probably scare me the most... Even if you kill me, I would be happy to die by your hand.”

### CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

#### ONYX

Selene is quiet as we race down the streets, heading to our hunting grounds. It is time for us to draw our stalker out of the shadows and take care of this problem once and for all. We both crave the normalcy of how our lives once were—the fucked-up routines we were caught up in before. And now, it is time to eradicate the headache that threatens to ruin everything that we have built.

I drive my car down the dark roads, deeper into the woods where street lamps don't exist. My mind knows the layout like the back of my hand, and I cut the headlights as we edge closer to the abandoned garage. My eyes catch sight of the small break in the trees, and I drive through it.

Selene climbs out of the car and pushes open the garage door for me as I pull inside. She pulls it back down, plunging me into darkness as I kill the engine. I move carefully to ensure that I'm quiet as I leave the vehicle and slip out of the small building through the broken side door.

I find Selene standing with her arms crossed over her chest as she shifts her weight on her feet, waiting for me. "You ready, baby?" I ask her as I reach out for her.

Selene drops her arms away from her chest, her hand finding mine. "I'm ready for this to be fucking over."

"Me too, baby," I murmur, squeezing her hand as I lead her through the opening in

the trees.

We head across the empty street and dip into the woods that surround us on either side. There isn't a defined trail leading to the asylum, but we've made this trek so many times we don't need one. We just head in the general direction, carefully making our way through the wilderness until we find another break in the trees.

"You didn't see the car following us or anything?" Selene asks as we step closer to the massive building. "How are they going to know where to find us?"

My hand slips into my pocket, finding the small device I found on the undercarriage of my car. I pull it out, showing the tracker to Selene. "They will know exactly where to find us."

Under the moonlight, I don't miss the way Selene's eyes widen as she desperately searches mine before narrowing them. "How the fuck did you get that?"

"I found it under my car before we left the house. I don't know how or when it was placed there, but I figured we could use it to our advantage instead of him thinking that he would be one step ahead of us."

"Good," Selene nods, her footsteps growing more urgent as she strides toward the door, pulling me inside the asylum. "Let's get this mother fucker."

She pulls me through the darkness, until we slip into one of the rooms. It's a different room than we were in the last time we were here, but it's one that has all the supplies we need. As much as both of us would like to enjoy this, this needs to go smoothly and quickly.

We need to handle this shit and get the fuck out of here. I don't know if this person is working alone or if there's anyone else we need to be worried about. For all we

know, the cops could be involved, but I think the chances of that are slim. The tracking device wasn't police-grade, but it was definitely high-tech, most likely from the black market.

Selene walks over to a stretcher, similar to the one we use for transport down to the incinerator. "So, are we just going to sit here and wait for him to show up?"

I watch her as she circles around it, her fingers dragging through the thin layer of dust. "Do you have a better idea?"

Selene pauses, her head lifting as her eyes meet mine. "Actually, I do have an idea. I don't know if it's going to work or not, but it might be better than us just lingering around here. Plus, we don't know anything about our enemy, so how are we supposed to know he doesn't have a different plan? I know we think we're always one step ahead, but what if we're wrong?"

"So, what are you suggesting then?" I ask her as she walks over to me, her toes meeting mine as she stops in front of me. Her hand darts out, reaching into my pocket as she wraps her fingertips around the tracking device.

"What if we leave the tracker here in this room, but we don't stay here? He's obviously going to follow the device, but what if it leads him to a dead end? We can wait somewhere else for him, draw him in with the tracking device, and then we would have him cornered."

I watch her, carefully chewing the inside of my cheek as she flips the device over in her hand. A small red dot blinks. Whoever is following us is tracking us now. The damn thing is probably pinging our location. Selene's plan could work, though. If it ends up being a trap, at least we wouldn't be the ones cornered in this room. If shit goes south and we can't handle it the way we need to, we could easily escape instead of being caught.

“That could work. Where are we going to wait?”

Selene takes a step away from me, spinning on her heel as she strides back over to the stretcher. She tucks the small tracking device under the thick pad on the gurney and turns back to me. “I think that we should split up?—”

“Fuck that,” I growl, ultimately shutting it down before she can elaborate on the plan. If there’s one thing that I disagree with, this is it. Nothing good can ever come from splitting up and that is always the place Selene’s mind goes to first.

“It worked last time,” she snaps, reminding me of when Ian showed up and Selene was the one who caught him after she blatantly disobeyed me. “It could work this time.”

“And what if it doesn’t?”

Selene turns to face me, shrugging. “Then we will deal with it if it comes to that.”

“What did I tell you about being impulsive?” I ask her, my hands rolling into clenched fists as anger runs rampant through my bloodstream. “This is a precarious fucking situation, Selene. We need to have an actual plan and not be stupid.”

“It is a plan.” She tilts her head at me, her manic eyes burning holes through mine with her crazed stare. “We will stay close, but far enough away that we can cover more ground separately if we have to. It will work. I promise you. It worked with Ian, just fucking trust me on this, okay?”

I shake my head. No fucking way. I don’t fucking trust her on anything when it comes to something like this. Selene isn’t calculated; she’s as unhinged as they come. But, like the facade of control I give her when I’m burying my cock inside her, I’ll let her have it now too. “Fine. We stay close. And if shit goes south, we go back to my

plan.”

Selene smiles, her lips revealing her bright white teeth. “I’m going to hide out in the room two doors down to the left. You want to go to the right?”

My nostrils flare as I sigh. “Fine. But you stay by the doorway where I can see you. Got it?”

Selene rolls her eyes, shaking her head dramatically. “Fine.”

Neither of us says another word as we slip back out into the abandoned hallway and take our positions in the different rooms. There are three rooms separating us, and I don’t fucking like it. I don’t know how to explain it, but something feels completely fucking off about this.

I can see a fraction of Selene’s form lurking in the doorway. She slips deeper into the room, only the top of her head visible from where I’m standing. Straining my ears against the silence, I listen, waiting and hoping that this fucking plan works. Selene shifts her weight impatiently as she stands down the hall.

My body stiffens as a smell touches my nostrils. I inhale deeply, my brow furrowing as I take in a deep breath filled with smoke. In the darkness, it’s hard to see if there is any, but the air around me is growing thicker. I can’t see a fire anywhere, but something is fucking burning in here, and the smoke threatens to swallow us whole.

An ominous sound begins to vibrate through the building— a set of alarms, almost like a siren, but it doesn’t make sense. There’s no fucking alarm system in this building that works anymore. It has to be coming from a speaker somewhere... but we don't have any speakers here.

The smoke spreads quickly, the hallway becoming less visible as it grows thicker. My



heart pounds in my chest as I begin to lose sight of Selene. We're not alone anymore. I don't fucking like it. I need to get to her now. Whoever followed us here has their own plan and we need to get the fuck out of here.

"Selene." I call into the darkness. I wait for a moment, stepping out into the hallway thick with smoke when I realize I can't see her anywhere. "Selene!" I yell, my voice echoing down the hallway as I call out for her, but all I get is fucking silence.

The smoke burns my eyes, filling my lungs as I walk down the hallway. It's harsh, causing me to take a deep breath and exhale around a violent cough. As I reach the room where Selene was hiding, my stomach fucking sinks. She's not here.

We thought that we had the upper hand—that we were in control—but we were fucking wrong.

He was one step ahead of us.

And now he has Selene.

### CHAPTER NINETEEN

#### SELENE

The smoke is so thick and I can't see a goddamn thing. The sound that echoes through the hallways is piercing my ears and it feels as though my brain is about to combust. I know Onyx is down the hall to the right, but I need to figure out where the smoke is coming from.

That was the whole purpose of us splitting up. I don't want to put him in any danger, so it's better if I'm the one who goes looking. I know we're no longer alone here, but I can't let him get to Onyx.

And I'll die trying to stop him, if I have to.

I head down the hallway in the direction where the smoke is coming from—the opposite direction of Onyx. I should tell him my plan and include him, but I know if I go to him he'll shut it down before I even get the chance to explain it.

I can't let that happen. I need Onyx to see that I'm just as capable of handling things. Plus, I was the one who fucked up with Ian. I'm the one who got us into this mess, so it's only right that I handle it. Even if it means just finding the source of the smoke and whoever started it. There's a weird sense that I need to right my wrongs.

The smoke grows thicker the further I walk down the hall. When I round the corner, I see the flames and realize I'm fucking trapped. There's an entire inferno burning at the end of the hallway, destroying everything that it comes into contact with. The fire

is spreading rapidly, consuming the rotting wood of the building as it crumbles beneath the flames.

This place wasn't built to be able to withstand something like this, especially after being abandoned for decades. Just because we came here frequently doesn't mean we were taking care of the building. In all honesty, this place burning is doing everyone in this town a service, except for Onyx and me.

I know there isn't anything I can do to stop the fire at this point. It's going to just keep spreading and swallow the entire asylum whole. What I need to do is get to Onyx. I need to find him so we can get the hell out of here. There's no way we can follow through with what we came here to do.

But then again, I think our stalker is one step ahead of us. I notice the square speaker sitting in the center of the hallway, and it begins to make sense. Someone planted that here to distract us with the dreadful sound. And the same person who did that also started the fire. I don't know what his prerogative is, but we need to get out of here before we get ourselves killed trying to handle the situation instead.

I spin on my heel, my feet moving quickly as I break out into a jog, heading back toward the hall where Onyx is. Thanks to him, I hold my breath, careful not to inhale in too much of the thick smoke that surrounds me.

As I go to round the corner and head down the hall, I'm jerked backward by a pair of large hands on my shoulders.

"What the fuck?" I snap, spinning on my heel and ducking out from under the pair of hands.

His hazel eyes stare back at me, and I can't miss the look of disapproval on his face. "I knew you would be here, Selene."

“No shit. You were tracking us, asshole.”

A soft chuckle slips from his lips as he wraps his hands around my throat and hauls me backward, my back slamming into the fractured wall. My nails dig into his hands as he lifts me from my feet, holding me in the air. “It wasn’t easy to find you, but I’m so glad that I finally did. I don’t think you realize how long I’ve been haunted by you.”

I kick my feet, struggling against his grip as he tightens his fingertips around my throat. My foot connects with some part of his body, but it doesn’t affect him. I can hold my breath, but I don’t know how much longer I can last. My body is already low on oxygen, and I can feel the effects beginning to swirl around in my brain.

I don’t know what the fuck this psychopath is talking about. He’s somehow connected to my past, and I run through the list in my head, trying to figure out where the fuck he’s from. Maybe he’s the son of someone I killed, but I don’t know how he would be able to connect me to that. There’s literally no evidence out there—that I know of—that links me to any of my victims now.

“Come on, Selene. I know you’re smarter than that.” He pauses, his face inching closer to mine. “I don’t want to be like him. Honestly, I’ve tried to do everything in my life to not be like him. But I know I have to do this. You and Sirius are both like a fucking invasive disease. This is the only way to cure the world of the sickness that you plague everyone with.”

My eyes narrow, the realization hitting me deep in the fucking chest. “Abel?” I mouth the words, unable to make a sound.

My goddamn brother. The one who ruined it all. The one who put my father on death row. The one that I tried and fucking failed to kill when we were younger.

The corners of his mouth lift. “Hey sis.”

### CHAPTER TWENTY

#### ONYX

I can hear their voices as I head deeper into the thick smoke. The blaring alarm makes it difficult to make out the man's words, but I catch pieces of what he's saying. He rambles on about Selene, calling her an invasive disease, and I hear him drop her father's name. But I don't hear her say anything back.

Whoever the fuck it is, he knows Selene. That's the whole reason why we've been followed—he was looking for her the entire time. We thought there was a connection between Ian and our stalker, but we were both wrong.

As I round the corner, I hear the words that shock me straight to my fucking core.

“Hey sis.”

Selene had told me about her brother, and she never spoke of him with any fondness. She hated him for everything he had taken away from her. I'm silently thankful for him because if Selene would have succeeded in killing him, she would have never fallen into my lap.

Or should I be more grateful for her mother for being the one who found them and the one who ultimately sent her away?

Either way, Selene's brother lived states away. He was a piece of her past, but he never seemed relevant. I didn't think he would ever become a threat. Now as I inch

closer to them, I see how he has her pinned against the wall, her feet dangling as she loses the energy and fight to push him away.

He got rid of Sirius and now he's here to do the same to Selene.

I don't know what this kid is capable of, but I do know if I don't intervene soon, he's liable to kill her. It's hard to make out her face through the thick smoke, but I can see the fight leaving her body. Her movements are slow and she's struggling to stay conscious right now. Reaching into my pocket, I pull out my knife and grip it tightly in my fist.

He doesn't hear me as I approach, creeping up behind him. Selene's eyes are on me, but it's hard to tell if she actually sees me. Given her current state, I wouldn't be surprised if she thinks she's hallucinating. I pause, watching as Selene's pale face changes color and her eyes begin to bug out.

He's so fucking close right now.

My dick throbs in my pants as I lift my arm and bring my hand down in a rush, driving the butt end of my knife into the back of Selene's brother's head. The blow throws him off balance, causing him to stumble to the side. His hand leaves Selene's neck, and she collapses to the floor in a rush, crying out as she struggles to catch her breath through the polluted air.

Her brother looks up at me, confusion mixing with his sinister expression. "I should have known you wouldn't be far behind her."

"You should have taken me out first," I snarl, my lips curling upward as I drive the end of the knife into his temple, successfully rendering him unconscious with the blow. I watch as he drops to the ground, his head bouncing off the concrete, before I drop down to my knees in front of Selene.

Her hands are loosely around her neck as she violently coughs, struggling to catch her breath with the thick smoke in the air. I glance back and forth between her and her brother lying on the floor. I need to get her somewhere safe, where she isn't inhaling the poison into her lungs. But I also can't run the risk of losing him.

We need to end this once and for all. Here. Tonight.

"Is he still alive?" Selene croaks, her voice hoarse and rough as her hazel eyes meet mine.

I nod. "Just taking a little nap." I pause, sliding my hands under her arms in an attempt to help her to her feet. "We got to get you outside or something."

Selene shakes her head, batting my hands away. "Don't worry about me," she mutters breathlessly as she shifts onto her hands and knees. "I got myself. Just get him somewhere away from the fire, because I'm not done with him yet."

I understand what she's trying to say and as badly as I want to fight against her, I know how Selene operates. It's a nice thought to think I have control over her, but there's only so much I really do have. It would be smarter to focus on her and get her to safety, but this time I need to go with what Selene has already decided.

It's easier than fighting with her and her brother will finally be taken care of.

Selene is smart and stays below the smoke as she crawls down the hallway. I watch her until she disappears, her form swallowed whole by the thick air. Hopefully she makes it outside and catches her breath enough to come back in here and take care of this shit.

My mind is already made up. If she's not back in ten minutes, I'm ending this motherfucker, with or without her.



I slowly rise back to my feet and stalk over to Abel's unconscious body, lying on his side on the floor. I tilt my head to the side as I peer down at him, attempting to figure out how the hell I'm going to move him. He isn't very big, but there's a noticeable contrast in size compared to Selene. Even though they have the same genes, he's not nearly as small and dainty as she is.

Leaning down, I grab his feet and lift them up, his legs feeling like sandbags. I position his feet, pinning his ankles between my arm and my side, and begin to drag him along the ground. It takes most of my strength to move his dead weight, but I'm able to get him down the hall and to the last room on the right—the one right next to the exit out of here.

It's the last room the fire will reach. Even though it doesn't have all the supplies we need to do this properly and cover our tracks, it doesn't fucking matter at this point. The fire is going to swallow this place whole, and if we don't get out of here soon, it's likely to take us down with it.

As I pass the room that we were originally set up in, I stop and grab one of the packs that has zip ties in it. This is going to be rushed and we'll have to improvise, but it is what it is. It's all part of evolving. You must be open and adaptable, ready to change on the fly without second-guessing yourself.

Selene and I are the apex predators. This is what we do. We have to evolve to stay at the top of the food chain.

I drag Abel into the room and push the door shut behind me. A metal chair sits in the corner, and his feet thud against the concrete floor as I head across the room to grab it. It's a struggle, but I manage to lift him into the chair and secure him to the metal structure with the zip ties.

His head bobs, rolling as his chin brushes against his sternum. I must have gotten him

good—that and the smoke inhalation—because he’s still passed out. I swallow hard and thrust my fingers under his jawline, feeling for his pulse. It’s thready and weak, but it’s there. I let out a breath of relief as I realize that I didn’t kill him.

I reach into the pack, pull out a rag and wrap it around my fist as I head over to the windows. The room isn’t completely filled with smoke yet, but it won’t be long before it looks like the rest of the building. Clenching my hand into a ball, I thrust it through the glass, shattering it as I break each window open.

The cold air from outside rushes in and I inhale deeply, feeling the contrast between the fresh air and the toxins we’ve been breathing in. I glance down at the watch on my wrist. Selene has two minutes before I fucking end this shit.

Just as the thought crosses my mind, the door bounces open, letting in a rush of smoke as Selene strides in and shoves it closed behind her. Her face is dirty and her hair is a fucking mess, but I’ve never seen anything quite as majestic as her—especially in this moment, with bloodlust coursing through her veins with such force.

“You switched rooms on me.” She scowls, brushing her hair out of her face. “I went outside to catch my breath and when I came back in, you weren’t there.”

I shrug, a smirk forming on my lips as her attitude sends a rush of blood straight to my balls. “We’re pressed for time. Unless we want to burn in this fucking place, we needed to be as close to an exit as possible.”

Selene raises an eyebrow as she motions to the broken windows behind me. “Pretty sure the other room had those too. Looks like the same thing as a door to me.”

“Okay, Selene. Next time, I’ll let you fucking handle everything.” I roll my eyes, brushing past her as I stride over to her brother. “Now, if you’re done throwing your

little temper tantrum, can we please take care of this shit?”

Selene walks over beside me, stopping in front of her unconscious brother as we both stare down at him. “I should have killed him when I had the chance.”

“If I remember correctly, you tried.”

She glances over at me, her eyes blank, before turning back to him and slapping him across the face. “Wake up.” Her voice is stern, but he doesn’t move as she glares down at him. Selene spins on her heel and marches over to the pack I brought from the other room. She reaches inside, then walks back over, cracking the smelling salts in between her fingertips before holding them under her brother’s nose.

It takes a few moments and a couple shallow breathes before he lifts his head in a rush. His eyes are wide and bloodshot as he inhales sharply, glancing around the room as his surroundings come back into focus. “What the fu—” His voice stops short as his eyes land on Selene.

A ghost of a sinister smile plays on her lips as the darkness creeps into her blank stare. “Hello, little brother.”

### CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

#### SELENE

“It has been a long time, hasn’t it?” I ask Abel, staring down into his hazel eyes that mirror mine. There’s only one difference though. While mine are blank and void of any emotion, his are filled with terror. “It looks like you’ve gotten yourself into quite the predicament here, huh?”

“Fuck you, Selene,” he spits at me. “I don’t know how you’re my blood. You don’t know how badly I wished while growing up that I was adopted—that it wasn’t true, that my father wasn’t a notorious serial killer and my sister wasn’t a total fucking psychopath.”

I watch Onyx from the corner of my eye as he yawns. This is about as boring to him as watching a reality TV show. Listening to my brother drone on about his sad, pathetic childhood, it sounds like a damn reality show.

“You know, if you wouldn’t have called the cops, nothing about your life would have changed,” I remind him, sliding my hands into the front pockets of my pants, wrapping my fingers around my knife. “You would have never known about what was going on with dad and we wouldn’t be in this position.”

Abel stares back at me, his eyes wide with disbelief. “Are you that delusional, Selene? You can’t honestly believe that he wouldn’t have eventually gotten caught. I was doing the world a fucking favor by getting him locked away on death row.”

I click my tongue, shaking my head at him with a frown forming on my lips. “No one would have known a thing if you had just minded your own business and not gone looking where you didn’t belong.”

“Jesus Christ,” Abel lets out an exaggerated breath, his eyes glancing at Onyx. “Can you please talk some goddamn sense into her warped head?”

I tilt my head, looking over at Onyx with an amused grin. A low chuckle rumbles in his chest as he looks back at me. “Do it.”

I watch as a sinister smirk pulls on Onyx’s lips, and he nods at me. He’s encouraging but I know he’s ready for this shit to be over. Winking at him, I pull the knife from my pocket, flicking the blade open as I turn back to Abel.

He inhales sharply, his body wiggling in the chair as he fights against his restraints, as if he’s going to break free. “What? No. Come on, Selene.”

“What?” I ask him, stepping closer as I bring the blade underneath his chin, letting the sharp edge rest against it. “I’m just finishing what I should have done a long time ago. It’s all finally coming full circle.”

Abel swallows, his throat moving against the blade as it nicks his skin. I watch a small bead of blood form along the small slice. “I’m your brother. You can’t do this to me.”

My brow furrows. “But you came here to kill me, didn’t you? So, let’s not pretend like our blood ties mean a fucking thing.”

“You’re a fucking parasite, Selene. You plague and taint everything with your darkness, and you don’t stop until everything ends in bloodshed. You’re exactly like him. I know that it’s not your fault, but you’re just as sick as he is. This is the only way to cure the illness.”

“That’s so touching,” I murmur, moving the blade across his throat, stopping as I reach the other side. I press the tip just above his jugular vein, the cold metal digging into his flesh. “It’s like you think you’re God or something—like you can just take matters into your own hands like that. You want to know a secret, though? Dad thought he was God too.”

Abel narrows his eyes at me. Gone is the frightened look that once consumed him. It’s replaced with anger, anger at knowing that what I’m suggesting is the truth. “I am nothing like him.”

“Jesus Christ, Selene.” Onyx’s breath slides past my ear. “Can we hurry the fuck up here?”

The cadence of my laughter fills the room, growing louder and more maniacal as I drop my face down to his. “You’re right. You’re nothing like him because you only think that you’re God. Dad was God, and now I’ve claimed the throne that was rightfully mine.”

Abel opens his mouth to speak, but I’m done. There’s nothing else he could possibly say that would mean a damn thing. Even if the cops showed up right now and circled us in this dusty, smoke-filled room with guns pointed at me, it wouldn’t change the outcome.

It wouldn’t stop me from slitting his fucking throat.

Digging the tip in further, I press the length of the blade along his neck and effortlessly slide it through his flesh, opening him from one ear to the other. Abel gasps, his mouth still open as the blood begins to seep from the open wound. It pours down the front of his body, soaking his shirt with the deep red liquid. Arterial blood spurts from his throat, splattering across the room and my face.

The fire roars just outside the door as the room starts to fill with more smoke. As it

swirls around us, I stare at the blood pouring from Abel's throat. I'm mesmerized, completely transfixed with the way it paints the front of his body.

"Selene, baby," Onyx breathes against my ear. "We need to get the fuck out of here."

I shake my head at him, lifting my gaze to Abel's eyes as I tuck my knife back in my pocket. Blood sputters from his mouth as his bottom jaw bobs. The terrified expression on his face mixes with the look of hypovolemic shock as the color drains from his skin. "I'm not leaving until I know that he's dead."

"There's no way he's getting out of here." Onyx wraps his hands around the tops of my shoulders, attempting to pull me along with him.

I break free from his grasp, my gaze not leaving Abel's. "I want to watch the life drain from his eyes. I want to feel his soul leaving its vessel."

Abel gargles, choking on his blood as he attempts to take a breath. His throat is split wide open, his trachea severed as the crimson liquid flows into his airway and fills his lungs. His gaze doesn't leave mine, and I watch as the terrified look quickly dissolves into a blank stare.

His eyelids flutter, and he sputters once more as I watch as the life drains from his eyes. Deep down, I know Abel is still alive. I haven't felt his soul leave his body yet. I stay in the same place, my feet cemented to the floor as the blood continues to squirt from the exposed arteries in his neck. The time between each sputter grows longer and longer, like a pregnant pause, until there isn't any blood left for his body to expel.

I close my eyes, inhaling deeply through my nose as a sense of peace washes over me. I don't feel the heat from the fire that roars as it tears down the door leading to the hall. My blood whooshes past my ears, and I can feel it.

It's finally done.

I'm finally free from the threat that I should have eradicated so many years ago.

"Selene." Onyx's voice is loud and harsh as he barks at me over the sound of the fire spilling into the room. "It's over. We need to fucking go. Now."

The urgency behind his demand and the sound of his voice pull me from my trance. I turn around, my gaze meeting his icy blue irises. There's not a trace of happiness on his face. Instead, I see something in his expression that I've never witnessed before. Rather than the typical satisfaction or euphoric look in his eyes, he looks genuinely concerned.

He doesn't allow me to respond or even give himself a chance to speak another word. Instead, he wraps his long fingers around my wrist and drags me behind him, leading me directly to the broken window. It took longer than it should have with Abel; I fucked around and wasted critical time. The fire that was spreading through the building quickly caught up with us, and our usual exit is consumed by the flames.

The window is our only way out now.

Onyx stops as we reach the window. "You're going out first."

It isn't a request, it isn't a question. It's a simple demand, and there's nothing that I can say to argue or dispute it. His mind is made up; and he will gladly burn alive in that building if it means that I make it out alive.

He wraps his arms around my thighs, hoisting me into the air as he shoves me through the window. There's nothing gentle about how he handles me or gets me out. Broken shards of glass cut through my pants and slice my flesh as I'm thrust through the shattered window. Air leaves my lungs in a rush when I tumble onto the ground.

The force of the impact knocks the breath out of me. Bloodied and bruised, I roll onto my back, placing my hands on my chest as I stare up at the night sky and watch the



smoke curling into the darkness. I struggle against the pressure in my diaphragm, fighting to suck in a deep breath. It fucking hurts, and my throat burns, constricting as my body screams in protest.

A thud beside me catches my attention. I glance over and see Onyx lying on the ground next to me. His arms are scratched and cut open, just like mine, from the broken shards of glass.

His chest rises and falls rapidly, his face dirty from the dust and ash that surrounded us in the building as he stares down at me. Onyx managed to land in a better position, so he didn't knock the wind out of himself like I did.

"You good, baby?" He asks, his voice soft and tender as he reaches down to cup the side of my face. His touch is gentle, a complete contrast to the way that he shoved me out of the burning building without a second fucking thought.

That's the thing about Onyx. He might be a monster, but he's my monster. His edges are jagged and rough, and there isn't a single part of him that is kind to anyone, except me. He might be brutal and rough, but with me, there's always a tenderness lurking in his shadows.

"I've never been better," I breathe, feeling my body finally allowing the air to pass into my lungs without fighting against me. Onyx's hands find mine on my chest, lacing his fingers through mine before pulling me to a sitting position.

We both turn to look at the asylum as it goes up in flames, crumbling before our eyes. There was always a weird sense of attachment to this place. We had so many firsts here—separately and together. It was our playground. It belonged to us. And now it's fucking gone.

"What now?" I ask Onyx, my eyes fixated on the flames dancing in front of us.

Onyx squeezes my hand lightly. “You know, we never really needed this place. It was a part of our evolution and now, we no longer need it. It served its purpose.”

I look over at him, catching the sinister gleam dancing in his bright blue eyes as he stares back at me. That’s the thing with people like us—once a purpose in our lives is served, it becomes obsolete. It’s no longer important. And Onyx is right. We’ve evolved. The asylum was a crutch, and this is the universe’s way of pushing us forward.

Quickly rising to my feet, I tug on Onyx’s hand, pulling him up with me. “You know, it is Halloween tonight.”

Onyx raises an eyebrow, a ghost of a smile playing on his lips. “And we got rid of our little problem...”

My lips stretch wide, a soft chuckle bubbling out. “You want to go celebrate?”

“What did you have in mind?” He asks, as we turn our back on the burning building, along with our past as we step closer to the forest—closer to our future.

With my free hand, I reach into my pocket, pull out my knife and flick open the blade. A sliver of light from the full moon above bounces off it, briefly illuminating Onyx’s face as I twirl it around my fingers. “I think it’s time we have some fun now.”

It all happens so quickly. Onyx’s hand drops from mine, and he swipes the knife from my grasp as his other hand clamps down over my mouth. The blade is pressed against my skin, just beneath my jawline, while his chest is pressed flush against my back.

“You want to play, little devil?” He breathes against my ear, slowly dragging the blade along my skin. My heart pounds in my chest, and Onyx’s erection is pressed against my lower back as adrenaline courses through my system.

I nod, my head bobbing against his hand. The movement causes the knife to nick my skin, and warm liquid trickles down the side of my neck. I clench my legs together as the warmth spreads between my thighs. Pressing my ass against Onyx, I feel how fucking hard he is beneath me as I grind into him.

Onyx drags his tongue along the shell of my ear, nipping at my cartilage. “Run.”