



Vengeful Valentine (St. Valentines)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: St. Valentines University holds a dark secret

One twisted professor.

Three masked men.

A woman to tie them all together.

A night none of them will forget.

When Kristoff agrees to take his girlfriend for a weekend cabin getaway he has two goals in mind.

F*ck his girlfriend

K?ll her to become a member

Unfortunately for Kristoff he's not the only one with murderous plans and it isn't long before the evening twists into something deeply unsettling...

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Silas

Silas's head jerked back at the force of the impact.

Positioned on his knees in a pile of grits as his foster father wailed on him. The grains dug into his skin in a painful way that he was not unaccustomed to.

They were in his "bedroom." It was a small room that he shared with his three other foster siblings, Hawk, Ace, and Ashmine. His siblings were all on their knees too, but they were just on the grits. They were not being beaten senselessly, not like he was.

"You stole"—punch—"my fucking"—punch—"beer." His father spit vitriol at him. His beady eyes unfocused, his wiry hair hanging in a greasy curtain, his belly bouncing with each impact.

Silas didn't argue. He didn't disagree. He didn't tell the asshole that he most likely drank it in a drunken stupor.

It wouldn't change anything, except maybe distract the man. Maybe shift his attention to the three Silas was trying to protect.

Instead, Silas focused on the floor below. On the uneven wooden panels that were peeling back. On the way, the grits had shifted and were now spreading across the rest of the room.

I have to clean this up again. Don't want Ashmine to step on it in the middle of the night.

To his left, Ashmine sniffled.

Silas stiffened as the blows paused.

“What’s that child ? You don’t like me beating on him? Are you volunteering?”

“She’s sick,” his foster brother, Hawk, cut in, “with a cold.”

“Oh, are you saying I don’t take good enough care of you kids? That I got her sick?”

Silas didn’t react, that was all this man wanted. A reaction .

“Jerald! Get down here!” Their foster mother’s voice pierced the uncomfortable silence and saved Hawk from misspeaking.

“Clean this shit up!” Jerald, their foster father, sneered, shoving Silas roughly onto his back before staggering towards the door.

From this position, Silas could see when Jerald paused close to Ashmine, too close.

“You won’t be a child forever, will you?” Jerald bent down licking the side of her face before stomping the rest of the way out of the room.

They all remained still as he thudded down the steps, and none of them moved until he made it the two floors down to his wife.

“It’s fucking time,” Ace snarled.

Silas didn’t move as Ace shifted haphazardly to his feet, pulling Ashmine with him and wiping her face with the back of his hand. All it served to do was dirty her cheek, but even still, Ashmine leaned into his touch. Wrapping her small arms around him as

he tugged them to the bed.

Jealousy prickled along Silas's nerves.

She was their latest foster sibling. She had been with them for two years.

But it only took three days for her to become one of them, right after she had taken her first beating.

He moved a fist to his chest, applying as much pressure as he could manage. But his joints were stiff, his body sore. Jerald had put more energy into this beating than normal. Silas felt as if he were tethered together by willpower alone at this point.

Not much longer, and then we can leave. Escape this life. But what if it's too late?

Silas lifted his other arm up, the puzzle piece around his wrist jostling. Ashmine made one for each of them, and she wore one as well.

Friendship bracelets, she had explained.

Except, all of the boys wanted more than that from her. That's why none of them could have her. They wouldn't fight over her. They may not be blood, but Hawk and Ace were his brothers.

He wouldn't do anything to threaten his make-shift family.

His head pounded a beat to his heart, his body ached in ways it shouldn't, and he was sure his ribs were either broken or at least bruised.

But Silas didn't care.

Ashmine brought hope into all of their hearts. Wrapped them all around her fingers.

She was the kindness they had forgotten existed. She was the solace they all fell into, broken and bruised after their encounters with Jerald. She was beautiful, sweet, innocent .

Young.

Hawk stepped carefully to him, maneuvering around the grits and offering a hand up. Silas took it gratefully. He smothered the groan that threatened to leave him, not wanting to worry Ashmine.

“It’s time,” Ace stated again, this time much softer.

Silas turned to him, Ace laid against the back wall on the bottom of their bunk beds, Ashmine still in his embrace.

Ashmine breathed evenly in his arms, her eyes shut.

She had fallen asleep, and Silas didn’t blame her. It was the middle of the night.

“Tonight,” Ace hissed out between his teeth.

“It’s too soon,” Hawk murmured, taking up post against their bedroom door.

Ace reached into the shirt Ashmine fell asleep in, carefully unwrapping the bandage that bound her chest down. “He’s going to notice that she’s not as young as he thinks, she’s fucking sixteen! He’s going to see her one day like this and he’s not going to stop until he gets what he wants.”

With her breasts freed from their confines it was easy to tell that Ashmine was

maturing. That she wasn't a child anymore. They couldn't keep hiding her appearance. Soon the baggy clothes, the hunching, the banding—none of it would be enough.

Ace wasn't wrong, but Silas had hoped they could push it off just a bit longer.

“You'll be eighteen in a week. We can hide out until then, say we were lost in the woods. Just like we planned to do anyways. Something, anything . She can't stay here; she's going to be hurt. Irreparably broken. ” Ace's voice broke as he tightened his hold on Ashmine, shifting her further into his embrace. “We all have money set aside. William said he would help us. We can finish school and then live the rest of our lives away from this hell. If that man touches her, I won't think, I will act. And then I will go to jail and Ashmine will be a broken ghost of who she is. Do you want that?”

William was a kind, lonely man that had lost his wife a decade back and owned a dozen cabins in the woods near them. When they were younger, the boys had wound up on his land while trying to escape Jerald's wrath. They expected William to turn them into the man. Instead, he had taken them all under his wing. William had given the boys work when no one else would, odd jobs here and there, and they had been going to him for years. Besides his foster siblings, William was the closest thing they had to family at this point and Silas didn't doubt that William would watch over them—the man had promised as much—but he was old, frail .

Ace was right though, Silas wouldn't be okay if anyone touched his Ashmine. Because that's what she was. His .

He wouldn't admit it out loud. Would deny it if asked. But he couldn't lie to himself, no matter how much he tried to.

Silas had done his best to temper his urges, to not pursue her, but he knew how he

felt. That he was obsessed with her. That she would never escape him. Even if that meant they spent their lives as friends . Silas would take it.

Silas heaved a sigh, rubbing his temples and glancing towards Hawk. Hawk had stayed silent through the entire interaction.

Hawk was nearing eighteen too, only a month behind Silas, but his countenance was that of a much older man. He was the quietest of their group but also the one that Silas would always listen to.

Hawk's piercing glacier eyes were a stark contrast to his charcoal hair. It was long but pulled back in a greasy knot.

None of them had been allowed to shower this week. They were all covered in filth, half-starved, littered with bruises and broken bones.

"It's time," Hawk agreed.

Silas didn't argue as he cast a glance around their room. They had been in this hell for years . Silas was first and the other boys joined shortly thereafter.

Silas examined Ashmine as she slept. Every breath of hers shifted her long dark hair, her small nose pointed up, her long eyelashes ghosting across her cheeks. She was small, too small .

Malnourished.

Hawk and Ace were right. If only for Ashmine, they needed to leave.

Tonight .

“We’re sticking to the original plan?” Silas whispered, continuing to stare at Ashmine.

“Gas stove and light the candles downstairs? I have the camping gear set aside so we can go into the woods, we’ll just stay a bit longer, for the whole week. Say that Jerald sent us there to better ourselves. Winter break doesn’t end for over a week. We can have our own Christmas out there.” Hawk shrugged.

“It’ll be cold for her. Bring extra bedding,” Silas declared gruffly, clenching and unclenching his hands.

This wouldn’t be the first person in his orbit to end up mysteriously dead. It was important that it looked as close to an accident as they could manage.

Jerald was a drunk asshole, but he occasionally had prominent guests over that might care if he were murdered.

Including the headmaster of the nearby St. Valentines University and several of their professors as well.

Silas rolled his head from shoulder to shoulder, stretching out his stiff neck, releasing the anxiety and tension stored there. “Ace, you take her and get us set up in the woods.”

“Wait, no, I want to help,” Ace argued, but he didn’t move or raise his voice. Still careful to not wake her.

“You will stay with Ashmine, isn’t that more important?” Hawk questioned.

Ace glanced down at Ashmine with an expression Silas didn’t want to see.

Adoration. Devotion. Obsession .

He would have to split the two of them up, but first he needed to focus on the task at hand.

“It’s settled. Let’s wait a little bit longer tonight, until they both fall asleep, and then we’ll act.” Silas was anxious at this rapid turn of events, but he was ready. They had been planning this for months, years . Waiting for him to turn eighteen, for the clock to run out. Working odd jobs, setting money aside, staying alive .

He recognized that they needed to move the schedule up, he understood what was at risk if they didn’t.

Even so, it did not ease his anxiety that they were forgetting something , that it was too soon, but he squashed the feeling down.

His pounding head was a stark reminder of what was at stake. The beatings had steadily intensified in the last few months.

How long until Jerald hits us too hard? Kills one of us?

Mind made up, he jerked his head in agreement.

It was now or never.

A few hours later Silas and Hawk walked together, away from the house they had lived in for too long. He felt the heat of the fire brush against his back. Instead of taking the driveway up to the main road, the boys marched in the opposite direction towards the woods. A specific destination in mind. A clearing they had found years

ago that they often used to escape Jerald's cruelties.

Silas staggered a bit as he walked, his left leg splintering in pain—Jerald had taken a baseball bat to it less than a week ago—but he did his best to ignore it. This would be the end of it. He wouldn't be a victim any longer.

His bones would heal, his bruises would fade, and this would all be a nightmare. One made of ash.

Silas took in his surroundings as they moved as silently as they could towards the woods. The sky was dark, lit only by the waning moon, snow covered the ground, but to his left along the forest line, a single beacon of color shone through.

A group of flowers that Ashmine had planted when she first arrived. They had grown much taller now, nearing three or four feet, and their striking purple-blue color was a contrast to the otherwise dark night.

Silas wanted to go to the flowers, to grab them and bring her a few, but then a loud cracking from behind had Hawk grabbing his hand and jerking Silas the last few feet into the woods.

Later, they would all learn that Jerald was already dead before the house went up into flames. Heart failure.

Police would find evidence of another person, a guest, in the house when the fire started. But the visitor was never found nor did they come forward with any information.

And so eventually the case was closed.

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Chapter 1

Kristoff

Four Years Later

Kristoff tapped his fingers impatiently against his desk waiting for the end of the hour. In front of him, over a hundred students scribbled in near silence as they worked through their first quiz of the semester. He was a professor here at St. Valentines University, he had been for several years. But this year he was going to become something else entirely.

A member.

All he had to do was complete his initiation.

And after this class, he would be off for the weekend on a late Valentine's trip with his girlfriend to do just that .

Speaking of... He ceased his fidgeting to withdraw his phone from his suit pocket.

She hadn't texted him, and he tried to temper down his annoyance. She was most likely still in her botany class.

Excitement crawled along his skin and seeped into his pores, causing his heart to beat rapidly and his dick to harden in his pants.

Not only would he soon be a member, but he would finally be slipping into his girlfriend's tight pussy. Finally fuck her with ruthless abandon just as he had fisted his dick to a dozens of times before.

She had told him she wanted to wait until they were away from the school, she had suggested they go somewhere secluded.

Kristoff was happy to oblige, to keep up the charade of a content, if not taboo, relationship. He had lucked out when he saw the fliers for an isolated cabin all around his classroom and the university.

And really, what was the point in dating a hot teenager if not to fuck her as he pleased?

Unfortunately for them both, he had other plans too, but he would get his fill of her first.

Sink into her pussy, her ass, her mouth.

Whether she wanted him to or not.

In fact, he hoped she didn't. He wanted to hear her scream, beg. Just as the other girls had done before. He wanted to watch as the fight left her, and then, he would keep going. Until his dick was raw and her blood coated it.

Those other girls he had broken would never forget him for as long as they lived.

And he was determined for his girlfriend to be the exact same.

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Chapter 2

Kristoff

Where the fuck is she?

Kristoff shouldered his phone to his ear, calling his girlfriend for the tenth time, walking around a crowded corner in the university's hallway. It was only midday, but it was Friday, and he didn't have any more classes to teach.

He came to a stop, seeing his girlfriend standing up to a few other students, before she bent over to pick up a piece of paper and handed it to another student that he recognized.

Emrey Winslow, a known loner that the teachers had joked about in passing. She wasn't much of anything other than the victim of bullying.

Disgust caused Kristoff to wrinkle his nose, but he caught himself, smoothing out his expression. His girlfriend's kindness, her righteousness, was another thing he despised about her.

Movement in his periphery tugged him away from the scene. There was a man watching the encounter that he vaguely recognized. The spectator was college-aged, his fists clenched tightly until Kristoff's girlfriend handed Emrey the piece of paper, at which point the stranger's entire body seemed to relax.

From this distance, Kristoff could just make out the fallen paper; it appeared to be a

sketch.

Fed up at this point, Kristoff didn't pay much more attention to the interaction before stepping lightly to his girlfriend and Emrey.

"What seems to be the problem here?" He used his authoritarian voice.

Emrey remained silent, staring pointedly ahead, her shoulders squared.

His girlfriend offered him a simpering smile. "We have it handled, no worries."

She brushed her hair back, it was freshly dyed some dark purplish blue color. He honestly hated it, but he wasn't going to tell her that.

Before walking away, Emrey whispered a soft, "Thanks."

Kristoff noticed that the man from before followed Emrey from the shadows but decided not to comment on it. Emrey wasn't his prey to worry about.

Instead, he bent down, trying to nonchalantly whisper into his girlfriend's ear. "Sweet pea, you know it's best to not get involved. I wouldn't want you to get hurt." He pushed his mostly friendly tone out.

"I know, but..." She looked up at him, whining just a bit. Her eyes were eerily dark, almost pitch black, but even still, they were soft and naive. "I just wanted to do what was right."

God she's a fucking idiot.

"Of course, sweet pea. I understand. Are you ready for our trip this weekend?" He felt the heat of someone's stare and jerked up, glancing around. He confirmed no one

was watching their interaction, but the feeling didn't subside. He returned his attention to her.

“Yes, professor.” She stood up on her tip-toes pressing a soft kiss on his cheek.

Her gentle subservient voice, her lips moving around the O s of professor, her clear innocence.

His dick jerked to attention.

Controlling his urges, he grabbed her gently by the wrist and began to drag her with him to his car. The halls were empty now, and the only people he might run into were other professors.

But in a school as corrupt as this, he doubted they would care.

His dick hurt as it stretched at the fabric of his pants, but he paid it no mind.

Soon enough he would take what he wanted.

Whether she wanted him to or not.

Because after all, Ashmine was his .

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Chapter 3

Hawk

Hawk watched as the professor and Ashmine settled into the cabin. He had set up cameras from every vantage point he could manage, checked for blind spots, and now it was time to play.

“They fell right into the trap.” Silas’s hands landed on Hawk’s shoulders as he peered up at the security feed.

It took everything for Hawk to not jump; he hadn’t heard Silas coming. He was completely deaf in one ear, but he hadn’t told the brothers about the gun shot yet, nor how it had changed him.

A door opening and closing behind him brought in a waft of the frigid Colorado air and it had Hawk turning in his seat, brushing off Silas’s hands.

Hawk was now forced to rely on his other senses to make up for his...shortcomings.

“Ace,” he acknowledged the final piece of their crew.

Their remaining brother. Their family.

Not by blood, but by a bond deeper than that.

Trauma. Years of living in the same Hell together.

Ace's critical dark brown eyes lit up in amusement as he found the screens. "They made it." He crossed his arms across his chest. He was no longer the gangly teen he had been years ago. He was stockier now, sturdier, more self-assured.

Hawk resented him for it. Resented both Silas and Ace for being better than they had left him. All Hawk had to show for their time apart was a scar and a mottled ear.

Silas's gruff voice reverberated around the shack. "None of you better chicken shit out of this. We can have our fun with her, but in the end, she needs to die. She needs to pay for the time taken from Ace. For breaking up our family. She is the reason everything bad ever happened to us."

When Ace had shown up on his doorstep with this psychotic plan a few weeks ago, Hawk almost slammed the door in his face. Immediately Ace confessed his anger, how he wanted the brothers to reunite, how the only way they could was if they rid themselves of what had torn them apart. How Silas had already agreed.

Even still, Hawk wasn't sure if he believed Ace, but that didn't matter. He would be going off-script.

Hawk didn't speak. He simply stood from his chair, offering Ace a curt nod before leaving.

The outside was a stark difference to the gloomy, sterile shack. Snow stuck everywhere to the ground around him, the sun's rays reflecting off of it, trees lined every piece of his peripheral. Birds chirped in the distance, but it was...it was odd to hear the sounds of nature in only one ear. As if it were cloudy, as if it weren't him hearing it at all, but a figment of who he was.

Some days Hawk questioned if he was still alive at all.

Maybe the gun hadn't missed, maybe he was buried six-feet-under, and this was all a pipe dream that was made up from the DMT surging through his brain in his final moments.

He heaved a shuddering sigh, containing as much of his sadness and grief as he could manage.

Four years ago, he was a teenager escaping from what he thought was the worst thing he would ever go through.

But then he had opened his heart, allowed a certain girl to crawl her way inside.

Fallen in fucking love with her.

Only for her to cast him aside so she could run off to her fancy school. But not before causing a tidal wave of events that led to Ace's arrest.

Led to Silas leaving town.

Led to Hawk being entirely and undeniably alone.

But now she was back.

He moved his head in the direction of her cabin. She was only a few hundred yards away. He couldn't see it through the woods, but he instinctually recognized she was there.

Even if he hadn't seen her on camera, he would have known she was.

They were connected.

A phantom limb that would awake him in the dead of night. His heart beating, his arms outstretched only to find she wasn't there. That nobody was. That he was all alone.

A cycle of pain that repeated itself day in and day out.

When she called to book the cabin, he was nearly hopeful . Maybe if she had shown up alone, he wouldn't follow through on this. He would have offered her a chance to explain herself. Allowed her back into his life. She was his after all.

Maybe, but maybe not.

He would never know, because she did come with a man to the cabin. That was the final straw.

His last remaining piece of hope melting into the abysmal misery that encapsulated his heart.

Everything had been a lie, just as Silas said.

He was forced to agree with his brothers.

Soon, she would be dead.

But not before each of the brothers enacted their revenge.

They had agreed; it was the only way they could come together as a family again. After all, she was what had broken them apart in the first place.

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Chapter 4

Kristoff

Kristoff was cold, frustrated, impatient .

But underneath all of that? Eager.

They were officially at their getaway for the weekend on their late Valentine's trip. It was already pitch-black outside, and he still hadn't gotten his dick wet.

"Come here, sweet pea. My valentine." Kristoff reached out dragging Ashmine into his lap as she passed by him. The wood in the old recliner dug into his bones, but he ignored it.

Focusing on his girlfriend's body instead.

She squirmed against him, her soft ass hardening his dick past the point of comfort.

"Professor," she murmured, her hands finding his lap, trying to escape him.

He grumbled in annoyance, tightening his hold on her instead. As soon as they had arrived at this cabin—which was nothing like the flier—she had insisted on making them food.

When he handed her the flier and told her to book their vacation he had hoped she would be smart enough to ask the correct questions. Make sure their stay would be

comfortable.

He was over it, but he would play along for just a bit longer, if only to enjoy their dinner.

He still wasn't sure how he wanted to play this out.

Did he want her to be willing the first time he fucked her? And then watch in her eyes as he went past her point of comfort? Watch the terror envelope her as he didn't stop?

Listen to her beg and plead as he did his best to break her?

Fuck .

He was excited. He could hardly contain it. He was fed up, done with this entire charade. His fingers dug into her skin, as he rolled his cock upwards.

I need her blood on my cock.

He wanted to hurt her. She was a nuisance with a sexy body and nothing else to offer.

“Professor? The food is getting cold ,” she whined, attempting to shimmy out of his hold.

He took a few calming breaths, and this time, he let her go. She squealed softly, clearly not knowing how close she had come to her demise. How there was nothing here to laugh about. But Kristoff would show her soon enough.

Ashmine spun back towards the stove.

Which was only a few feet from the recliner.

The ad had shown an isolated luxury cabin, but what they were in was more of a rustic old cottage that needed to be demolished.

However, it had certainly gotten the isolated part right.

There wasn't another building for as far as he could see, and they were so far off the main road, he doubted anyone would hear her scream.

He hoped the bed was at least in working order, but if not, he would just make do.

"Come here." Ashmine's shrill voice grated against his nerves as she set two bowls down on the unstable table that took up half the kitchen's space.

He didn't want to join her, but he decided it best to play along...for now. He wanted to eat, to have a bit of fun while she was willing. It would make it all the more thrilling when the night shifted.

Carefully adjusting his dick into his waistband so that she didn't notice, Kristoff stood haphazardly from the recliner. He walked up behind Ashmine, binding her in his arms.

She was too kind . Too stupid . Too innocent .

Even with all of her irritating habits, he was grateful he had chosen her.

She was curvy, small, weak . He felt larger than life wrapped around her.

He still remembered the day she approached him, her first day at the university, all innocent and doe-eyed asking him for help around the campus.

It was only a few days after he had learned he would need to sacrifice a woman to

become a member of their university's underground society. He had already been taking what he wanted from women for years, but he hadn't killed any. Yet.

And then she had practically fallen into his lap. A girl with no apparent family, hotter than sin, and an idiot to boot.

The plan had formed instantaneously. Except, she was too sexy for him to not sink his dick into her sweet little pussy at least once before killing her.

And when she called him professor? Well, he hadn't let her call him anything else since.

In some ways luring women to him was his favorite part and once he had his mind made up on one he wanted, he couldn't rest until he had her. But Ashmine was different than his previous obsessions. As he continued to stalk her, he realized she wouldn't go for just a fling, that he would need to take it a step further.

It had taken him longer than he expected, but after a little over a year, he managed to establish a relationship with her and here they were six months after that. How he had managed to not soak his dick with her yet was a mystery, but it wasn't for lack of trying.

Unfortunately, every time he had discerned to simply take what he wanted, she always managed to accidentally evade him.

A girl's trip. A car alarm. A nosey neighbor asking him too many questions.

Why was he outside her house so late at night? Wasn't he a professor?

Kristoff had wanted to smash the man's face in, her supposed neighbor.

To him, the stranger looked more like a criminal than Kristoff did.

“Professor,” Ashmine kvetched, wriggling free from him again.

He let her but vowed it would be the last time she would escape his hold.

He didn’t show any of his inner grievances, instead choosing to lower onto the wobbly chair at the table.

Between their food was a vase. A bouquet of dark purple flowers placed neatly inside. Ashmine had brought them in shortly after they arrived, stating how they matched her hair.

Foolish girl. I might be kind enough to throw them on you when I bury you out here.

She took up her spot across from him, beaming at him sweetly.

“Dig in!” She egged him on, watching him expectantly.

He did as she requested. Taking a bite, he had to contain himself at the overly salty flavor.

How did she fuck up pasta? It’s fucking alfredo sauce and boxed noodles with pre-cooked chicken.

Fuck I can’t wait to be done with this charade, and then I can become a member and get all the pussy I want.

“It’s good,” he commented after a few minutes, finishing the entire bowl as quickly as he could muster.

“So fast, you’ll get a stomachache.” Her typical air-headed voice swapped to a different tone. It was monotone. Lifeless.

“Ashmine?” he questioned.

Her black eyes, which had seemed so innocent and soft before, hardened as she narrowed them. Her lips curled cruelly, her entire face morphing before him. “Kristoff, are you ready to have some fun?”

Kristoff’s stomach turned uneasily.

What is going on? Why does she look like an entirely different person? Is it the lighting of this atrocious cabin?

Her eyes softened. “Silly, aren’t we going to have fun tonight? We’re finally alone together and off campus. I want you to show me how good you can make me feel.” Her shrill voice had returned two-fold.

Kristoff’s eyebrows furrowed together in confusion as a wave of dizziness hit him.

Something isn’t right .

But before he could even begin to comprehend what exactly wasn’t right , the lights of the cabin went out—soaking them in complete darkness. Not even the moon shined through the lone window.

Dropping his fork to his bowl, the clatter echoed around the small space, but it wasn’t loud enough to cover the slamming of the front door.

Jumping from the chair, Kristoff turned just in time to find three large men standing in the doorway.

Three large, masked men .

Their masks glowed an eerie green. It was the only light in the otherwise dark room.

Kristoff tried to move backwards away from them, but the world twisted before him, his vision dimming, before he stumbled to the ground.

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Chapter 5

Silas

A thud echoed around the cabin as the clumsy man inside crashed to the floor. Silas could barely make out his features from the glow of his mask.

Was he so scared he collapsed in his panic? This is who she chose?

Silas marched into the space, taking up the lead, before coming to a stop right before her .

It was too dark, her face cast in shadows. He wanted to see the terror, wanted to watch as horror crawled its slimy tendrils along her skin, wanted to know the moment she recognized him.

The front door slammed shut, but Silas didn't turn. His sole attention focused on the girl before him. The green glow from his mask sawing across her in a nauseating color.

"Turn the lights back on," Silas commanded Hawk.

He couldn't see her well enough.

A moment later they flickered on, but he didn't remove his mask, he simply watched her.

Ashmine sank back into her chair, tipping her head up, jutting her chin forward.

Her nearly black eyes met his through the mask.

A memory hit Silas like a rocket, transporting him to a different moment entirely.

“I love you.” Ashmine shook as Silas held her in his embrace. “I want to create a life with you, a family . I don’t want to ever be apart.”

Silas was twenty years old now, he was taking night classes at the local community college, working towards a career. So that he could take care of her. Of Hawk. Of Ace.

“You’re too young, you don’t know what you want.”

“I’m eighteen!” She wrestled out of his arms, stepping back towards the bed.

They were at a house-party in the middle of the woods. It was one thrown by a classmate of hers for their graduation. Silas hadn’t wanted her to go, but she had insisted.

Both Hawk and Ace were downstairs, but Ashmine had dragged Silas up here under the guise of a secret she needed to share.

“Silas, I’m in love with you. I know what you have done for me. I know about the fire. I don’t care.”

Silas’s heart pitter-pattered in his chest, anxiety scraping across his skin. He froze before pushing her back on the bed. “Oh, you think you know everything? Do you,

little girl?”

Ashmine landed flat on the bed, her hair was blonde now—she had changed the color recently—and it fluttered around her: a misshapen halo.

“Do you know what love even is? What it is to be in love with someone?” He pounced on top of her, his knees landing on each side of the mattress and his hard cock pressed down against her. His hands found her wrists, holding them above her head. “What it is to be taken by a man? To be fucked senseless?”

He expected her to cry out, to tell him off.

Not to buck up into him. Her cunt pushed into his cock.

He met her eyes. They were the same shade as the sky the night he had set the fire.

Black with just the smallest hint of light creeping through.

Ashmine was an enigma. Wrapped in the package of a small fragile teenager but tougher than he experienced most men to be.

“You think you know me,” she gritted out. “You all deem to protect me. But what if I don’t need it? What if I can hold my own if you just gave me the chance?”

She broke one of her wrists free from his hold, and in an impressive move, she yanked him by the hair, pulling his head downwards, his lips to hers.

Soft, warmth, comfort.

Home.

Family.

He wanted to rip away, but she was addicting. She opened for him and he plunged his tongue into her mouth. He attempted to retake control, but she fought him.

They were animals, hedonistic, vitriol.

As they devoured each other.

He poured years of pining, frustration, and need into her.

And she accepted every single drop.

Eventually he disconnected from her, both panting to catch their breaths. He used his free hand to stroke her cheek. It was flushed pink and hot to the touch, her silky skin smooth against the rough pads of his fingers.

“You are the most beautiful woman I have ever met. You aren’t a diamond in the rough, but an opal that shines brightest in the moonlight. You never let your pain devour you. Never allowed the world’s cruelties to intimidate you. Can’t you see why we tried to protect you? Why I don’t want to corrupt you?” Silas tampered his feelings.

Hawk and Ace swirled through his mind.

He couldn’t do this to his family. Not to them.

“I choose you,” Ashmine murmured up at him through her eyelashes.

How did she know the only words that could possibly change his mind?

“Please Silas, I want you. I can handle you. I promise. Please.”

She rolled her hips against him again.

She chose him?

That changed things. If it was her choice...surely his brothers would understand.

His mind churned with a thousand excuses and scenarios as he imagined an entirely new future.

Maybe, just maybe, he could have everything he wanted.

One with Ashmine as his wife . The mother of his children.

He rolled to the side, lying next to her.

Mistaking his move as rejection, she reached for him and grumbled, “Silas.”

He clicked on the bedside lamp. “I want to see you better.” He shifted back, hovering over her fully. Watching her face. “You choose me?” he asked.

She rolled her lips between her teeth, her eyes shifting over his shoulder, before resettling on him. “Always.”

“Little girl, I need you to understand. That this will change everything. Once you are mine. I will never let you go. I won’t allow you out of my sight. And when it is time, I will breed you and leave you barefoot and pregnant for my brothers to come home to. There will be no mistake of whose you are.”

This time when she grabbed for him, he met her halfway, pressing his lips back to

hers.

That night, she may have chosen him...but it wasn't until later that he learned it had all been a lie.

That he wasn't the only one she had been with.

In fact, Silas had been the last of them.

But that wasn't even the worst of it.

Hawk shifting in his periphery brought Silas back to the here and now.

Hawk rolled a table into the room. An operation table. They had stuffed it away in a locked hallway closet in preparation for this night.

Ace had found out Ashmine was dating this professor and they had quickly formed a plan. Acquired a run down cabin, left brochures for the professor to find. All to lure Ashmine out here. To her demise.

Next, Hawk stepped to the man that was on the ground, nudging him with his foot. "He seems to be unconscious," Hawk expelled hoarsely.

Silas's lips curled cruelly. He couldn't believe she chose such a useless partner.

But much to his chagrin, Ashmine hadn't screamed or cried out. In fact, she was surprisingly silent and still.

As if she were resigned to her fate.

“Little girl, nothing left to say? Or did you speak all of your words when you were at the courthouse? When you condemned Ace to his fate?” Silas snarled out, losing his patience and reaching out to grab Ashmine by the shoulders.

She was smaller than he remembered.

His fingers dug into her bone as he shook her, but she paid him no mind, watching over his shoulder.

She was wearing a ridiculous sundress with bright purple flowers that didn't belong here.

Silas hated it. Hated that she probably wore it for the man that didn't deserve her.

“Look at me, when I speak to you,” he roared, the sound echoing around the cramped space.

Finally, her eyes glanced up to his.

Whatever he expected to see. The terror, anxiety, unease.

None of it was present.

“Hi Silas,” she murmured demurely. “I missed you.”

Red filtered through his vision as he lifted his mask, his lips finding hers, pushing against hers with as much force as he could muster, gripping into her shoulders as roughly as he could manage, his nails breaking her porcelain skin.

He had meant to hurt her, to startle her, but instead she moaned against him.

He jumped back, putting his mask back in place.

She doesn't get to enjoy this.

"Put her on the table," he told Ace, who was still standing behind him, before turning away.

Silas was determined to kill her. To destroy what had ruined his life.

He just needed to get the message to his cock as it tented uncomfortably in his pants.

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Chapter 6

Hawk

Hawk watched as Silas kissed Ashmine.

He expected to feel outraged, maybe jealous, but not the crippling apprehension that settled into his gut instead.

She was smaller than he remembered, her cheeks hollowed, her eyes sunken in.

He wanted to be happy that she was miserable, that she was in pain.

Fuck. This is harder than I thought it would be.

Hawk grunted as he lifted her boyfriend and dragged him along the hardwood floor to the recliner, shoving him down aggressively.

Silas came to help Hawk tie the dead weight to the chair.

When they were all done with Ashmine, once she was dead, once they had all satisfied their own revenge, they agreed to dispose of him too.

Hawk shook his head from side to side, jostling out the sympathy that threatened to take hold.

He reminded himself of why it had come to this.

Why she needed to die.

Ashmine was graduating in less than two months. He was afraid she was going to try to leave and go off to college, but she had reassured him that she wouldn't be going anywhere.

That her place in life was here. With them all.

"One day I want us to buy a plot of land and just live off of it all together. None of us ever leave, we will all just have each other." Ashmine reached out, grabbing his hand and squeezing it tightly. The puzzle pieces on their wrists clinked together.

Hawk had never taken the bracelet off since the day Ashmine had gifted it to him.

They laid in a clearing not far from the cabin they all currently shared. William had died a few months prior, but he had left everything he owned to Silas and Hawk.

Dozens of acres, all of his cabins, and more money than they had ever seen in their lives.

"What's wrong with what we have now?"

"It isn't ours." Letting go of him, Ashmine rolled over, her dark crimson hair sweeping in the breeze.

"Is anything truly ours?" he murmured, shutting his eyes and falling back. His hair dampened by the morning dew.

"We are each other's."

Hawk didn't say anything. He wanted more than anything to believe her words. To believe Ashmine meant something more than she did.

But no one had ever truly loved Hawk. No one had ever not left him. It kept him up at night; he expected to one day wake up and everyone to be gone.

It had happened time and time before.

Even now that Ashmine had been with him for over four years, he didn't believe she was a permanent fixation.

Silas spouted they were all family, but Hawk didn't agree.

Why can't I just be happy?

Ashmine's head settled on his chest and his hands reached up on their own to stroke her hair.

She was constantly changing the color of it, but he didn't care. She was beautiful in every shade.

"Hawk, I'm not going anywhere," she advised, the words muffled by his shirt. "I love you."

"Like a brother," he chuckled hoarsely before clearing his throat.

He always ended up speaking too much with Ashmine.

Growing up, he had been taught that he was too stupid to speak. That the words he said weren't worth much of anything and so he had slowly stopped communicating altogether.

When he met Silas, he hadn't spoken in over a year. It had taken time to relearn how to pronounce each word.

He had managed, but now he just preferred to remain in silence.

Except when it came to her.

"Hawk, I'm going to show you how much you are mine. And when all is said and done you can decide if my body is lying."

Hawk wasn't sure exactly what she meant until her hand found its way inside his pants. The cool tips of her smooth fingers tracing a line up and down his length.

His eyes shot open, she was watching him. Regarding his expressions carefully.

"I don't think of you as a brother. Let me prove that to you."

She did prove it to him, and only a few months later she left him, but not before destroying the rest of his found family.

His worst fears coming to fruition.

"You can take the masks off, I know who you are." Ashmine's steady voice cut through Hawk's reminiscing.

For a while he had been broken, sad, alone. He had allowed his grief and depression to consume him.

But no longer.

Now he permitted rage to carry him through his days. The need for revenge. To show her how exactly it felt to be abandoned and hurt by those you cared about most.

All traces of sympathy washed away as vines of agony squeezed around his heart.

Hawk had nothing left to lose. He didn't care if they were caught for this crime.

"You two leave. You promised I could be first," Ace grunted.

The words wobbled as they circulated the room before Hawk truly heard them. He turned away from the man that was now secured to the recliner and took in the sight before him.

Ashmine was strapped to the operation table, Ace standing over her, a knife in his hand.

Except...something didn't feel right.

"Leave her alive until we have our fill too," Silas commanded before grabbing Hawk by the wrist and dragging him outside.

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Chapter 7

Ace

Two Years Ago

Ace had been looking everywhere for Ashmine. She had been disappearing more and more, and it was starting to piss him off. He had finally gone to the last place he expected her to be.

Outside William's home. It was a cabin about a mile away from their own.

Except...why were her shoes outside the front door...

"Ace, can you come in here please." William's voice cut through his confusion.

"No! Leave him out of this! You promised!" Ashmine screeched.

Ace surged through the door without further delay, his uncertainty morphing to concern.

"What the fuck is this?" Ace growled, glancing around the room.

William rested in a leather arm chair in his living room, a small table to his right with a bouquet of dark purplish blue wildflowers that Ace recognized from outside his foster home.

But something tugged his attention from that curious fact.

Ashmine on her knees in front of William.

“I’m teaching her to be a proper woman. She’s eighteen now, she needs guidance.” William was nearing eighty, his skin discolored, wrinkles etching deep grooves into his face. “I made her a promise. If she’s good. If she entertains me. Then when I die, I will leave everything to the four of you.”

Ace’s lungs constricted.

What had William done to Ashmine? How didn’t we notice?

“Ace, it’s nothing. I just cook for him and keep him company. Do as he asks. Please, leave . Don’t tell the others, they wouldn’t understand,” Ashmine bit out, her head bowed to the ground.

Ace didn’t like this. This wasn’t right.

William curled his lips in the ghost of a smile, it only served to deepen the canyons on his face. “Oh, foolish girl, you think that’s all I wanted? No. I think I have something else in mind entirely. But after this, I’ll rewrite the will as promised.” William gestured to Ace. “You two are both eighteen now. I’ve taken care of you all for the last two years. Don’t you think you want to show me your appreciation?”

An evil gleam Ace hadn’t seen before flickered across William’s eyes.

This man had taken them in when they needed it most...had he just been biding his time?

“I was wondering when you would find us here. You are the prettiest of you boys

after all.”

Ace still stood lamely at the living room’s entrance. His shock and unease had frozen him. “Ashmine, let’s go. We’re leaving.”

“Where will you go? You are all penniless and barely legal adults. I pay for Silas’s college classes, for your homes, anything that you could possibly need. And besides all that, who would house a bunch of degenerates that stole from me and hurt me in the middle of the night?” William let out a sob. “Officer, I opened my home, and they beat me for it.”

Ace clenched his hands. “Ashmine we’ll figure it out, let’s go,” he demanded of her.

But she didn’t move. Didn’t look up.

William reached forward ruffling her brown hair, and Ace finally broke free from his petrification.

He jumped forward, grabbing the old man’s wrist in a tight hold. Ripping it off of her.

William laughed mirthlessly. “I don’t think I am asking too much in return for my years of generosity. Just put on a good show for me.”

Ace panted heavily, gripping Ashmine by the shoulders and tugging her off the ground and into his arms.

“Ah yes, just like that. You don’t even want to hear what I want you two to do first? Not before you throw away your futures?”

“Tell us,” Ashmine stated in a level tone. “What do you want?”

Ace didn't look down at her, his attention focused on the old man.

Ace wasn't sure how he had ever thought the old man nice or kind. It was evident at this moment he was evil. He was a predator.

He had lured four broken teenagers into his home.

“Well, I wanted to fuck you. To feel that tight virgin kitty around me. But unfortunately, my parts stopped working about a decade back.”

Ace stiffened, his arms constricting tighter around Ashmine.

They needed to run. To leave town. To never return.

Silas and Hawk would understand. They could all just pick up and go, it would be like this nightmare had never happened.

“But instead...I think I want to watch this boy here fuck you. Watch you bleed for him. When it's done, I'll rewrite the will as promised. That's not too much to ask for, is it? Not for my whole life's earnings?” William cackled before breaking out into a coughing fit and sinking back further into his seat.

“No!”

“Okay,” Ashmine agreed.

“Well, if this boy won't, I'll find someone else that I am sure would be more than willing to give me a show. I'm just not sure if you would enjoy it as much.”

Dread crawled uneasily out of his stomach and slithered up his throat.

For a moment, it choked him.

I can't do this to her.

When Ace was younger he had developed feelings for Ashmine, but he had forced himself to stamp them down. Every day a thousand times, he reminded himself she was family.

She was his sister.

How could he fuck his sister?

Except they hadn't been foster siblings in years .

They weren't actually siblings at all.

All he had wanted was to find Ashmine and tell her dinner was getting cold. Celebrate their nearing graduation. Only six months left. Maybe go out to one of their favorite spots and just enjoy each other's company.

And now...Ace didn't feel he had a choice. He knew inherently that if he didn't agree to this, Ashmine would still go through with it.

But it would be with a stranger.

"Fine," he agreed, loosening his hold on her.

She didn't move.

"Good, now strip ."

“Now?” Ashmine asked. “How do we know you’ll follow through? That you’ll do as promised?”

“Have a little faith, girly. Put on a good show and I’m sure I won’t have it in me to change my mind.”

“You’re a monster,” Ace commented, slipping off his shoes before pushing down his pants, boxers and all. Next, he whipped off his shirt, throwing it behind him.

Ashmine didn’t look at him.

“I am. It took you long enough to notice. This girl knew right away, didn’t you?”

Ashmine shifted away from Ace. Turning around, she dropped her pants and did away with her long sleeve until she stood in just a pair of cotton panties and a bra.

She twisted towards them.

She is perfect. She is beautiful.

She deserves better than this.

I should just take her and run as far as I can. We can make it.

But Ashmine had made her choice, and Ace wasn’t sure if she would go with him at all if he decided to stop this.

She was stubborn once her mind was made up.

“I have been around more than my fair share of ‘kind’ men. But I took a risk. I thought since you were older you wouldn’t have the energy to be as angry as Jerald,”

Ashmine said.

“Smart and sexy. Now show me that kitty and your perky tits.”

Ashmine heaved a sigh, jutting her chin out. She glanced over, meeting Ace’s stare as she undid her bra’s clasp and slipped out of the remaining articles of clothes.

“Just you and me?” she asked.

“No one else.” It was how they had stayed calm in the past. When Jerald would beat them, they would focus on each other. Ignoring the man entirely.

Ace attempted to do that at this moment.

But how was he supposed to fuck her in front of this man?

“Fuck, so hot. I would have demolished you in my youth. Well get over there boy. Worship her body. Do you know what a clit is? Put your fucking mouth on—” Another round of coughing cut William off.

Ace twisted to fully face Ashmine. Taking her in.

Her long hair landed just above her full breasts. Her nipples were already pebbled, he imagined from the frigid air that crept through the walls.

Her dark eyes met his. Her pupils were just a shade or two darker than the iris.

She lifted her lips, a reassuring smile. “This is it. And then we will be free...for the rest of our lives.”

It felt as if she was trying to relay a message to him, but he didn’t understand it.

His mind was too caught up in what was going to happen. In what he was going to do.

“We’re going to fuck, Ashmine. You understand that, don’t you? You know what Silas and Hawk will do when they find out?” He spoke the words under his breath for only her to hear.

“Then they just can’t find out. At least not until the time is right.” She dropped gently to the rug they stood on.

William finally broke free of his coughing fit. “Get down there with her before I decide to see if this pecker will work for one more go.”

Ace didn’t fight him on it again. He didn’t doubt the old man. Ashmine opened her legs for him. Her cunt on display for him.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

This isn’t how this was supposed to go.

He sank to the carpet, settling between Ashmine’s spread legs. He would ready her first, make this as painless as he could for her.

His balls tightened at the thought of sinking into her, he hadn’t fucked anyone yet. He hadn’t had the interest to. Girls in his school were boring, too put together. And in all honesty, no matter how much he shoved his feelings down, Ashmine was always the one he wanted.

He allowed himself to fully admit that here and now.

He bent down, his face finding the apex of her thighs. His tongue flicked out as he

brought a hand up to open her for him.

He hadn't done this before, but he had watched porn.

Women catered porn.

The one where it was actually about the women getting their pleasure. Because that is what turned Ace on the most.

Inducing pleasure.

At least that's what he had jacked off to the best. The look of satisfaction, the way their bodies writhed in pleasure.

Ace could admit, at this moment, he had imagined the women in those videos as Ashmine.

William stayed thankfully silent as Ashmine squirmed beneath him. He began his ministrations, licking up and down, finding which spots caused little bursts of noise to escape her. His teeth found her clit. He knew it was the most sensitive and he used that knowledge as he bit gently on it, whilst thrusting a single finger into her now soaking core.

"Beautiful." His cocked bobbed, pressing against his stomach as he continued to taste her. To play with her. To make her his.

It was everything he had dreamed of, but it was tainted, ruined by the watchful eyes of the old man.

William was tugging at the puppet strings forcing them to give him this disgusting show.

Is it sick that I am almost grateful it's me who showed up? Not Silas or Hawk? That this is probably the only chance I ever had to touch Ashmine like this.

"I'm ready," Ashmine murmured, sinking her slender fingers into his hair, tugging him up and towards her face.

"Condom." He glanced around hoping to just magically find one, instead he found the red beeping circle of a camera light over the chair William still rested in.

He wanted to tell Ashmine about it, wanted to stop.

But what difference does it make?

"Fuck her raw," William demanded.

Ace shuddered, carefully placing his hands on each side of Ashmine's head. The puzzle piece bracelet clinking as he moved, a reminder of how much Ashmine meant to him. Meant to his brothers.

They won't forgive me.

His fingers dug into the shag rug; he squeezed it, burrowing down as hard as he could as he stared into Ashmine's eyes.

"It's okay," she reassured him.

It isn't.

He couldn't move, his cock was hardened uncomfortably, but he couldn't force himself to do it.

To push into her.

He wanted to more than anything else, but this was so...

Fucking. Wrong.

Ashmine reached between them, her gentle fingers finding the tip of his cock.

He jolted at the shockwaves that rippled through him at the smallest touch from her.

“Ashmine,” he growled. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

She narrowed her eyes. “You all keep forgetting.” She moved his cock until it lined up with her entrance, and in an impressive move, she wrapped one leg around him while bucking upwards and forcing him all the way in. “I can take it, ” she mewled out.

Ace blocked out William. Erased the camera. Stamped down the lack of condom.

He focused entirely on Ashmine.

On the warmth and tightness of her. Of the static electricity that stung him from his balls all out across his nerve endings. Lightning bolts of pleasure that made him pledge to never, ever let her go.

He bucked into her ruthlessly with no rhythm and no thought of her wants.

He was a mad man that had found a moment of clarity.

She moaned with every thrust, egging him to go further. And harder. And more. More.

He needed more.

He was a broken teenager losing his virginity to the one girl he should never touch.

“Ace!”

He was a man fucking the woman he had loved for years .

He wasn't sure how long he pounded into her. If it was seconds, minutes, hours , but finally the tension that had tightened his muscles, contracted to the point of near pain, released explosively, and he let out a guttural moan as his cock convulsed inside of her.

Pure bliss.

“I'm sorry.” He fell onto her, careful not to give her his weight, but wanting to feel every piece of her naked body. “You didn't come, did you?”

“It's okay.” Her small hands reached up, cupping his face and turning it towards hers.

She placed a chaste kiss to his lips. Burning him.

“Most girls don't the first time. But that felt amazing. We'll have to try again under better circumstances.”

His heart beat erratically at the promise.

A slow round of applause broke Ace from his after cum bliss.

“Bravo, you youngens sure do it right. Go get yourselves cleaned up. Ashmine, sweetie, I'll send you the picture of the will. I had it changed a few years back for it

all to go to Hawk and Silas, but I can always add you two if you want to keep entertaining me.”

Rage percolated through the happiness that Ace felt just moments prior.

They should have just killed this man, too. Left town.

How can you both regret and cherish a moment to exactly the same degree?

Ashmine tugged his attention back to her.

She shook her head. “I’ve got it handled.” The words were barely audible. “We need to leave.”

Ace wanted to disagree, to argue, to fight, to scream.

He didn’t do any of that. Instead, he shifted out of Ashmine before offering her a hand up.

They both clothed hastily before leaving the cabin without another word or a backwards glance.

It was on the walk back to their cabins that Ashmine finally told Ace everything.

Everything that she had done.

Who she was.

Why those purple flowers had been so familiar.

How she had planted them outside their foster home and used them before.

If only she had told him her plans for William...if only he had guessed...maybe he could have warned her...

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Chapter 8

Ace

The door to the cabin slammed shut, and Ace waited just a few moments before moving.

Ace took off his mask, setting it and the knife behind him. Turning back around, he bent down and pressed his lips firmly to Ashmine's. He pulled back, but only a centimeter.

"They don't suspect anything yet. How far are you willing to let this go?" He spoke the words against her mouth.

Ashmine peered up at him, unphased.

Even though she was tied down to an operation table.

Even though she knew what Hawk and Silas had planned.

Even though she was going to be ruined by the end of tonight.

"They need to know I can handle them," she murmured. "They have this image that I'm an angel that turned to a rat in a blink. They need to hurt me before they understand the truth. Then there can be no doubt of my intentions. That when I told them I chose them, I meant it. I just meant all of you. I choose you all."

“I know.” He stroked her face adoringly.

Two years ago, he had pushed her to Hawk and Silas. He thought if they had her, if they sunk into her, they would understand.

That she was meant for all of them.

Except, then he had been arrested and never had the chance to explain. And so Ashmine was left with two angry men that thought her a cheater, a liar, a deceiver .

“Remember if it is too much, I will stop it. The button is below you to alert me, I know your safeword. But I won’t let them kill you. I am stopping it, if it gets that far.”

“No.” Her eyes darkened even further, becoming voids that swirled against her pupils.

A steady thread of her intentions.

“Ashmine. They can’t kill you. You never did anything wrong for fuck’s sake! All you did was try to keep us all safe. To keep us all protected. You only turned to the Headmaster after you didn’t have another choice. It’s not your fault we were caught. We were going to get in trouble either way. Your testimony did nothing to change that, if anything it only served to shift the reasoning. To help us get away with murder.”

“But they were my murders. I committed them. Now rough me up before they return. Bite me, bruise me, make them jealous. But don’t fuck me, then they won’t touch me. It will be too much like the past.” She shut her eyes, relaxing back onto the table.

It was heady when she relinquished all control to him. He wanted nothing more than

to sink his cock into her.

But it wasn't the time.

"They thought you cheated on me." Ace smiled around the words. At the hypocrisy. The irony.

If they would just listen to the truth, it wouldn't have had to come to this. But by the time Ace got out of jail it was too late to explain. They hadn't read or returned a single letter of his either.

Silas and Hawk preferred to bury their heads up their own asses than listen to the truth.

They thought Ashmine had made a fool of them all. That she was the fissure that broke them apart.

That wasn't the case at all.

She was the connective tissue.

The blood in their veins.

The heart they didn't deserve.

Silas and Hawk felt scorned by Ashmine. As if she had cheated on them. As if she had filled them with empty promises. As if she had betrayed them all.

In their minds, Kristoff was the last straw. It was why she and Ace agreed she needed to "date" him. They chose him due to his darker motives, and then they lured him to the woods.

He would be the final piece of this night.

“Fine.” Ace didn’t agree with her sentiment. “I won’t stop them unless you say so.”

It was a lie.

He wouldn’t let his brothers kill her.

He wasn’t quite sure what they had in mind, but knowing his sick, twisted brothers?

It wouldn’t be good.

He shifted down the table, his mouth latching onto her neck, sucking and biting.

“Fuck, that feels so good.” Ashmine arched as best she could, but her restraints did their job.

“Hush, you better not let them know you’re enjoying it.”

“Just you Ace, you can know. I love you.”

The words stabbed him as he continued his assault on all her exposed skin. Sucking and biting as he went. He was immensely satisfied to leave his mark on her.

It had been too long.

He would gladly spend a decade in prison if it meant at the end of it, Ashmine would be waiting for him with open arms and soft lips.

Just as she had been eight months ago.

She had made a deal with the devil for him and he was determined to repay her.

No matter if it meant going against his own wishes.

Because this night...

The cabin, the revenge, the murder, even the masks .

The entire plan.

It was all Ashmine's.

Chapter 9

Silas

Silas impatiently paced outside. “What the fuck is taking them so long?”

Hawk didn’t react, leaning casually against a pine tree in his peripheral.

Silas rounded on him. “Don’t you care if he kills her before we get our revenge? What about your plans?” he snapped at Hawk.

None of them knew each other’s intentions. Just that they wanted their revenge.

Hawk startled, as if shocked, before lifting the mask up and uncovering his face. He exhaled, his breath fogging for a moment before disbursing into the crisp night air.

“Ace won’t betray us. He was hurt the worst, but he wants us together again.” Hawk shrugged.

“Well, I’m glad you fucking think so.” Silas was angry, livid. But it wasn’t at Hawk.

Seeing Ashmine had left him on edge. Off-kilter. Out of control.

He didn’t like it.

“Time’s fucking up,” Silas grumbled before stomping back towards the cabin. Just as he went to storm inside, Ace opened the door.

“Missed me, brother?” Ace beamed at him.

Silas took in his appearance. His clothes weren’t disheveled and there wasn’t any crimson coating him.

"What did you do?"

Ace cracked his neck. “Go on in, she’s ready for you.”

“What about the man?” Silas grunted. They hadn’t discussed his role in this yet.

“He’s out cold, we can handle him after.” Ace shrugged, knocking against Silas as he made his way outside. “Don’t break our promise.” He threw the words over his shoulder.

Silas ignored him.

Marching into the cabin, he bypassed Ashmine and made his way to the kitchen sink. He opened the cabinet underneath and shoved a few things aside until he found what he was after.

His surgical bag.

“You can remove the mask, Silas.”

“That’s funny.” He laid the bag on the wobbly kitchen table, pushing the bouquet of purple flowers aside. He had watched Ashmine bring these inside, observed as she gifted them to her fucking boyfriend .

The sod was such an idiot, he had somehow knocked himself out in his fright.

“I thought you couldn’t go any lower. But then you decided to date a professor at the school you sold your soul for? Just couldn’t wait to leave us, could you?” He retrieved what he was looking for.

Gloves.

He made quick work of tugging those on before moving onto the next item he needed for his plans.

Speculum.

And then another.

Forceps.

“You might not know this, but I work at the local hospital now. They were graceful enough to let me borrow some things.” Silas’s heart beat in excitement as he found the last item he needed.

Fabric scissors.

She would need to be naked for this next step.

This woman had sent his brother to jail.

She had broken his heart.

She had made him into a fool.

She had stolen the promise of a family.

“I also was able to peruse some records. I saw you had an IUD put in a few months back.” He spun suddenly, brandishing the scissors.

Again he expected begging, screaming, pleading.

Maybe even just questioning what he was going to do to her.

But she remained silent.

Watching him with a dark intensity.

It infuriated him.

She shifted and a clinking noise pulled his attention. On her left wrist hung the puzzle piece bracelet they all had, and it caused a wet slap of annoyance to hit him in the face.

Why is she still wearing that?

Pushing that thought aside, for the first time since stepping into this, he examined her fully.

She was skinny, too skinny .

Blotched swollen skin, developing into bruises lined every inch of her skin; Ace's work.

Her face gaunt, scars he didn't remember adorned her cheek, her lip, above her left eye.

Where did those come from? What is going on with her? She left for the university

just as she wanted. She doesn't get to be pitied for it. It was HER choice.

He reached forward, his free hand wrapping around her hair that was hanging below her. It was dyed a dark purple blue, reminiscent of the flowers on the table.

The thought whipped him back to reality.

He leaned over her lips as if to kiss her, but instead pushed his masked forehead against hers. Forcing her to look him in the eyes.

“You promised me a future with you. Vowed that you would be mine. You lied to me, Ashmine.”

“I didn't. Just as I will continue to tell you. But you won't listen to me. Won't hear what I have to say.” Her voice was steady. Devoid of any inflection.

“I don't fucking want to hear it! Your sweet lies broke me once before, but not again!” he snapped back.

Without further hesitation, he used the scissors to cut her disgusting dress.

He started at her chest and, maneuvering around the restraints, cut all the way to the bottom.

She was bare underneath.

Her cunt on full display, inches from him.

He threw the scissors behind him before reaching below the table and adjusting the stirrups.

He grabbed one of her feet tightly, shoving it into the stirrup, tightening the strap, and repeating with the other.

He worked in silence as he retrieved the speculum, forcing it into her, spreading her open for him.

Again he expected tears. Begging. ANYTHING.

But she fucking moaned.

He growled his frustrations, doing his best to ignore her cunt that was spread literally open for him. The way it caused tendrils of desire to snap at his balls.

“Are you even mad at me, Silas? Or are you just hurt?”

“I don’t know what you’re playing at.” He spun, grabbing the forceps, before positioning them between her spread legs. “But the only one that is going to be hurt tonight. That will be in pain”—he shoved the forceps into her core without any warning—“is you .”

Her only reaction was to arch off the table and let out the tiniest of mewls, it wasn’t enough.

He wanted, no, he needed to make her scream.

Silas vowed then and there.

By the end of tonight, he would make her do just that.

No matter what it takes.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:51 am

Chapter 10

Ashmine

F uck.

Why did something that was supposed to hurt?

That should make me cry out in agony?

Feel. So. Fucking. Good.

I guess I always did enjoy pain with my pleasure.

It was no wonder I fell for them all.

I just couldn't help myself.

I hoped they wouldn't kill me, but if they did, I was ready to die. My life had been empty without my three men.

Without my three foster brothers.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:51 am

Chapter 11

Silas

Silas found what he was searching for deep inside of her. He clamped down on her IUD string and tugged.

Ashmine didn't react even as it dislodged from her, and he growled in annoyance as he pulled the tool, IUD, and a bit of blood out of her cunt, throwing it all to the floor.

"Fine. You want to pretend to be tough? To be some bad girl? I guess that means you can handle whatever I do to you, doesn't it?" Silas kept the gloves and mask on, instead doing away with his pants and boxers in one fell swoop.

Next he roughly removed the speculum, tossing it away.

He jumped up onto the table, hovering over Ashmine.

The green mask glowed against her, nauseatingly.

"Why aren't you scared?" he screamed the words in her face, but still...

She didn't react. She didn't even flinch.

Instead, her full lips curled upwards into a smile.

Even now, skinnier than she should be, tied down to a table, covered in bruises.

Ashmine was beautiful. Soul-suckingly so.

And he couldn't deny it.

Maybe he wasn't angry.

Maybe, just maybe, she had bruised his ego, hurt his feelings, but she also had broken apart his family.

And it was for that reason that he felt no remorse, no want to be gentle.

He balanced on one hand, his other coming up to cup her cheek. "You said you chose me. You promised me a family. You won't live long enough to fulfill that promise, but I want to live out the fantasy. Without the birth control, I want to fuck you so hard and deep that my cum has nowhere to go but your womb. And when it's Hawk's turn? There won't be any space for him inside of you. His cum will spill out of you onto the floor. I wonder if he'll make you lick it up. If he doesn't, I will . Because after all, you are our dirty filthy whore aren't you, little girl ?" He shifted, aligning his cock with her cunt, before thrusting as hard as he could into her.

He hoped she bled. He wanted her to scream.

But she was dripping . His cock slid in with little resistance, but then it was a warm vice grip suctioning him to her.

A memory attempted to break into this moment, but he wouldn't allow it. Wouldn't let his intentions falter.

This wasn't an angel. This wasn't his future.

This was a past he needed to soak in acid, until nothing of it remained.

With his intent solidified, he closed his eyes and allowed himself to enjoy her.

He beat fervidly into her pliable body as desire heated an inferno in his gut. The slow burn intensified as she released a wanton moan.

His eyes flashed open, meeting hers.

Undeniable hedonistic passion flickered in their depths.

He loved it.

He hated it.

He wanted to bleed the life out of her.

He wanted to fuck her for the rest of his days.

The hand that had been on her cheek shifted to her neck, gripping it and using his hold there to rock into her. His desire percolated into every breath.

Static. Electric.

Licentious.

“Silas,” Ashmine choked out.

Her throat moved against his hand, reminding him that he was in control of this moment.

But still, she didn't even sound scared .

She was enjoying this, and that threw him one step closer to insanity.

She was just his to use. Abuse. Fuck mercilessly.

He didn't want her to come. He didn't need her to enjoy this.

Silas lost all rhythm and rationale as he desperately pounded into her. He needed to reach his peak. He needed to fill her with his cum. He needed to exact his revenge.

Except...

His balls constricted as he fell face first off the ledge. His cum spurted into her. Simultaneously, Ashmine tightened around him, her body tensing and then quaking.

He knew what that was.

She had come. She had liked this. She had enjoyed it.

It drove him mad.

"You make no fucking sense! You shouldn't enjoy me using you like this! I knew you were a cheater, I thought you might be a whore. But how many men have dumped their cum into you like this and you enjoyed it?"

She swallowed against his hand, and he loosened his grip just a bit, not even deigning to remove himself from her. He wanted to soak his cock inside of her. Let Hawk feel it as he fucked her.

"Just you three. You are the only ones," Ashmine let out raggedly.

He didn't believe her. "Oh, really and the man passed out on the chair?" Silas jerked

his head in the direction of the idiot in question.

Kristoff.

What a stupid fucking name.

“We haven’t done anything. He’s going to be my next victim,” Ashmine stated in a level tone.

But they didn’t make any fucking sense.

Silas bent down, but this time when he did so, the necklace that had been tucked carefully away fell forward.

Ashmine’s attention went to it, she laughed caustically. “Silas, you aren’t here to kill me. You’re here to make me yours.”

The puzzle piece dangled between them before he shifted to stuff it back into the shirt he still wore.

“You’re wrong.” He threw himself off of her, none too carefully. He tugged his clothes back on without a backwards glance and stomped out of the cabin.

Her words swirled uneasily in his chest before dropping heavily into his gut.

He didn’t want to admit it, but Silas felt more alive than he had in years.

But would that be enough to have a change of heart?

Chapter 12

Hawk

Silas threw open the cabin's door, the vibration shaking the ground.

Hawk looked up, kicking off from the tree. He hadn't spoken a word to Ace, and he still didn't as he passed Silas.

Silas grabbed him by the shoulder, stopping him in place. "Don't kill her without us."

Hawk shrugged him off.

To be honest, he really didn't care much about his brother's opinions anymore.

At one point they meant everything to him.

But then everyone left him. Again .

And maybe Ace wasn't fully to blame, but he broke into the evidence locker at that police station with Ashmine. They both got caught. Ace made that choice with her.

Who the fuck breaks into a fucking police station? Were they trying to get arrested?

Hawk stamped the cyclical thought down, shutting the door to the shack and glancing around.

The man was still passed out in the recliner.

What the fuck? Had he hit his head or something?

His attention shifted to Ashmine.

Silas's work was evident.

Naked, sticky, bruised .

Her legs were spread, feet strapped to stirrups, cum leaking from her swollen cunt.

It caused an uncomfortable array of feelings to prickle along his spine.

His body reacted on its own, his dick deciding it enjoyed seeing her like this, but his mind didn't agree.

Hawk would play nice—exact his revenge on Ashmine, but he had zero intentions of reuniting as one happy family again.

He had changed. Irreparably so.

“Hawk, is that you?” Ashmine's voice was steady as it ricocheted around the small space.

He shifted from foot to foot.

He hadn't told his brothers that he had brought a gun. It was hidden, tucked into the waistband of his pants and covered with his jacket. The weight of it pressed against the small of his back as he walked to the operation table.

He did his best to ignore her naked body. He did away with his mask; it was throwing him off-kilter, somehow managing to affect his hearing.

Or maybe it was all in his head. But he didn't like the gimmick. She knew who they were.

Obviously .

“Silas already forgave you, didn't he? It was evident. He doesn't want me to kill you,” Hawk murmured as he undid her straps. “You're not even scared of us. And Ace? I'm not sure he was ever mad at you. Even if this crock shit plan was his.”

Ashmine didn't fight him. Instead, she laid limply as he finished untying her. When he was done, he grabbed her roughly by the forearm and dragged her with him to the other room.

The bedroom.

She spoke from behind him, but he couldn't hear her. It was too low, from the wrong side.

It was infuriating. After only a few more steps, he threw her on the bed and slammed the door shut.

He stared down at her.

She didn't look good exactly. She was still beautiful, but there was evidence that the last few years had not been kind to her.

It pleased him that she hadn't had it easy.

He pulled the gun from his waistband and dropped it onto the bed in front of her.

Hawk squatted down before her, gesturing to it. "I'm not here to forgive you. I just want to play a game. Have you ever put a gun to your head before, Ashmine?"

He moved his long black hair aside to show his ear better. It wasn't too obvious, but he could tell the moment she saw the damage.

Her face whitened. The first reaction he had seen from her since they had arrived.

"Because I have."

Chapter 13

Ace

“What do you think Hawk has planned?” The more time that passed, the more Ace’s anxiety grew. He tried to distract himself, glancing around the area they stood in.

It was pitch black minus the lights that shone through the lodge’s windows.

This building and all the land around it was technically Ashmine’s, but she had given Ace the money to purchase it. He had done so a few months back, trying his best to cover his ownership.

Her steady flow of money was the only consolation for being forced to go to that corrupt university.

Ace thought her life would have improved due to her familial relationship with the Headmaster, but that hadn’t been the case at all. It became a different type of abuse that Ashmine had endured the last few years...and Ace guessed he didn’t even know the half of it.

Silas remained silent, his attention focused on the cabin’s door.

Ace rolled his shoulders before clenching and unclenching his fists.

It was freezing outside, but he paid it no mind, his thoughts focused on something else entirely.

He trusted Ashmine to take care of herself, but she hadn't been around Hawk in years . When Ace found Hawk after he got out of jail, he wasn't the same man Ace remembered.

There was an emptiness, a glassiness , to him. As if he were no longer fully present. Hawk had always been quiet, but now he was practically silent altogether.

“What happened to Hawk while I was gone? You never told me,” Ace griped, kicking his foot into the back of Silas's knee.

It finally gained his brother's attention.

“I wouldn't know. I left a day after you were convicted.”

“You left him alone?” Ace muted his shout as best he could.

Rage and dread stemmed in his body and spread quickly, enveloping him entirely.

“You abandoned Hawk? You left him alone? Don't you remember the last time he believed we left him?”

It was before Ashmine had joined them, Ace and Silas had gone to the forest to play without Hawk. When they came back, Hawk's wrists were a bloody mess. He said it was an accident, but Ace knew what self-infliction looked like.

Silas heaved a sigh. “He's a fully grown adult man, he knows I didn't abandon him.”

“Oh, is that fucking right? Did you two stay in touch? Did he talk to you every day?” Ace's vision blurred as his hysteria intensified.

“Well, no, but...” Silas's tone turned unsure. “He couldn't have, I mean. I told him I

just needed out of this town. Needed a break from all the reminders of you and her .
This is her fucking fault after all.”

“You’re a fucking idiot. You both are.” Ace threw his phone at Silas, a specific video preloaded. “Watch that. I’m not leaving them alone any longer.” Ace began running across the clearing.

As soon as his fingers touched the doorknob...

Bang!

A gun shot rang out from inside.

Chapter 14

Hawk

Hawk kept his focus on Ashmine, watching her with an analytical intensity.

He tugged his shirt off, dropping it over her head. She struggled for a moment before covering herself with it.

Hawk didn't want to see the marks Silas and Ace had left behind. Nor did he want to see the cigarette burns that littered her stomach, the long scars that came up over her shoulders. Gifts from Jerald.

"Do you believe in fate, Ashmine? Do you believe that maybe we were all too broken to ever be anything but wastes of space? That we all pretended to live these different lives, but at the end of the day we were meant to end up like this?" He reached forward, his knuckles brushing against her lips. "But don't get me wrong, I'm angry with Silas and Ace too."

He shoved his fist against her teeth, forcing her to open her mouth a bit. Her gaunt eyes stayed on his.

"Things are uncomfortable when made to do something they're not used to." He dropped his fist, hand falling to the gun between them.

Hawk cleared his throat, swallowing a few times before continuing.

“I wasn’t meant to be loved. I was meant to be used and abused and cast aside. And for a while I learned to live with that, but then you came along. You made me fall in love with you. You broke me apart. And when all was said and done, I tried to turn to Silas, but you had hurt him too badly and he ran from me too. I didn’t want to read the letters Ace sent. He wanted me to forgive you. But I couldn’t. You made us uncomfortable. Brothers shouldn’t be in love with their sister. ”

He gripped the gun with one hand and reached into his pocket with the other.

“A few months after you went away to the university. When Silas was gone. When Ace was behind bars. I bought this gun, I took it home with me. Back to the cabin we had all lived in before, except now I was alone. You all had given me a false sense of security.”

He lifted the gun, shoving it into her mouth this time. Forcing it as far into it as it could go.

She made a noise that sounded almost like a moan. But it couldn’t be. She wasn’t sick like they were. Ashmine couldn’t be enjoying this .

Her eyes were shut now as he choked her with the barrel.

He clenched his hand around the item from his pocket as he continued this story.

“I kept the gun with me at all times, with just one bullet in it. When life became too unbearable and the creeping loneliness threatened to drown me, I would flip a coin. If it landed on heads I told myself I would fire a shot. And I did. Over the course of a month I fired five shots. When I landed on heads the sixth time, when I still hadn’t heard from Silas, when Ace was still in jail, when you were still away at that school, I agreed with the coin. It was time. But unlike the other five times, when I pressed the gun against my temple and went to pull the trigger, this fucking bracelet distracted

me.”

He threw the item in his hand at her, his attention shifting to her wrist, to the bracelet wrapped around it.

Why does she still wear it? A reminder of who she was?

She opened her eyes, whipping her attention down towards what he had tossed.

The puzzle bracelet she had given him years ago.

“I missed. Instead of dead, I was deaf. You kept me alive, kept me in my suffering even in your absence.”

He pushed the gun even further down her throat, and as she choked on it, he pulled the trigger.

Chapter 15

Ashmine

L ife was short and then you died.

The gun clicked in my mouth.

Empty.

Thrill, exhilaration, adrenaline set fire to my skin, soaking me in its heat.

Silas had already started this night in an enjoyable, albeit expected, way and now Hawk was pushing me past limits I had never gone before.

Why was I soaked at the thought of my possible demise? That these men held my life in their hands?

Ace would be angry. He was the softest of the three, the sweetest. He covered it in tattoos and hardened muscles, but he was a teddy bear.

One that had quite literally taken the fall for me. Forced me to testify against him.

I had, but with the promise that I would do whatever it took to get him out early.

Hawk pulled the gun from my mouth and I swallowed a few times, catching my breath.

The metallic flavor left in its wake was enjoyable and I licked my teeth.

I examined Hawk carefully. The news of his attempted suicide, while heart-wrenching, wasn't too shocking. I knew how desperately he never wanted to be alone, but he didn't give me any choice.

"It's your turn now," Hawk instructed. "Tell me a story. And when you are done, I want you to put this gun to my head and pull the trigger."

He rammed the weapon into my hand. The cold metal scratched against my skin, but I paid it no mind.

"Once upon a time..." I began.

Hawk grumbled, but I waved a hand dismissing him.

"I promise it'll be a good one." I shifted up the bed, leaning against the headboard. I wanted to make this quick, get to the point of it. "Once upon a time, there was a girl that didn't feel anything . Not a single normal emotion she was told that others had: pain, love, remorse . What was empathy? What was sympathy? What was agony? For a while she simply went about her days wearing a mask and calling herself normal. " I bared my teeth.

Hawk's brow furrowed. Clearly he hadn't expected this, but he didn't interrupt me again.

"She was pretty, sweet, kind, innocent. Others saw her as an angel, but that wasn't true at all. She was a monster. A monster that wanted to hurt anyone who crossed her. But then came along three boys. For some reason, the monster took an interest in them. Wanted them . Loved them. Was in love with them. But the three boys called her sister and forced her to behave. Shoved her into a box labeled na?ve and left her

there to wither away. She knew all too well how to play make believe and so she went along with it.”

I licked my lips, biting down on the bottom one hard enough to draw blood. The copper flavor was a welcome reminder that my heart still beat in my chest.

“This little monster had learned from a young age how to dispose of those that hurt her. How to act as prey to attract even the deadliest predator. First there was her father, a drunken asshole that needed to disappear. When she had rid herself of him, she fled her home in search of a better life. Instead, she ended up in foster care. With no records and no family, she was tossed from home to home, a nameless girl. Some homes were good, others not so much. But the little monster didn’t care. She knew how to protect herself. And eventually when she found her way to Jerald’s home, she decided on a name. There were three boys there. Ace, Silas, and Hawk. And when she met them? For the first time in her life, she felt something. She was determined then and there that they would be hers and she would be theirs. And so she called herself Ashmine. A name made from the product of her environment, taken from a distant future.”

I pointed the gun at Hawk.

“So, to answer your question, Hawk? Yes, I believe in fate. I believe that we make our own. Are you ready to listen to the rest of my story now? Or do you need to hurt me? Do you need to fuck me raw? Do you need to shoot me first?”

Hawk’s mouth opened on an O but I didn’t wait for a response.

My patience had run out, it was time.

I fired the gun in rapid succession over his shoulder.

It took three more clicks to get to the bullet.

Bang!

Chapter 16

Ashmine

Hawk jumped the smallest fraction as the bullet lodged into the wall above him.

A few moments later, Ace stormed into the room, the door bouncing off the wall from the force.

“Ace, I’m fine.”

Ace didn’t pause. He continued his path until he pulled back his fist and crushed it into Hawk’s jaw with all his strength.

Hawk’s face whipped to the side from the impact.

“You brought a fucking gun! Did you plan on shooting her? You would have regretted it for the rest of your very short fucking life,” Ace heaved angrily, his chest rising and falling aggressively.

Silas stepped into the room next, taking in the scene. He raised a phone in his hand, shaking it in my direction. “What is this?”

My attention flickered between the three men. Ace inclined his head, Hawk’s mouth curved downwards into a frown, Silas’s face flushed with emotion.

“It’s a video of Ace and I losing our virginity to each other. And if you keep

watching, it's a video of me committing murder.”

“Murder?” Silas spluttered in shock.

He had always been the one that wanted me to be “protected” the most. I loved that fact about him—he made me feel safe , but it wasn’t necessary.

I could hold my own.

“Are you all ready to listen now? Have you finished throwing your temper tantrums?” Cocking an eyebrow, I tapped the barrel of the gun to my temple. “We don’t have much longer until Kristoff wakes up. You all painted me as a villain in your stories...and I am one. But not for the reasons you think. There was a reason I went to the university. A reason I was forced to leave.”

Silas still appeared to be in shock, the phone dangling haphazardly in his hand. The screen was black now, but I could guess what he had seen. What he had heard. The video was from the day William had forced Ace and me to fuck each other. It was the beginning of the end.

“The Headmaster, the one that used to go around Jerald? Well, it turns out he had a vested interest in me. Enough to blackmail me.” I mimicked the gun going off against my head. “Apparently, I was his long-lost niece.”

A whoosh of air left Silas as he slumped back against the wall, but Hawk didn’t move at all, instead staring me down with his icy intense eyes.

Chapter 17

Ashmine

One Year — Six Months Ago

“Y ou are sentenced to two years,” the judge announced, his voice booming around the nearly empty courtroom.

I only had a moment to catch Ace’s sepia eyes. He mouthed “wait for me” before two armed guards dragged him away.

Silas and Hawk stood loudly, ten feet to my left, before storming from the room together. Not sparing me any of their attention.

Gathering my wits, I followed them.

Knowing that Ace was going to be sent away and seeing it were two different beasts. But we didn’t have any other options.

Well. There was one. One that would have him released early.

I just needed to speak to Silas and Hawk first.

Racing after them, I finally caught up at the bottom of the courthouse stairs.

“Stop! Listen to me!” I screamed at them.

Silas didn't pause, but Hawk did and I lunged for him, wrapping my arms around his bicep.

"I love you all, don't you get it?" Emotions were slithering around my body in uneasy webs. I had never felt this overwhelmed by them before.

But I had never truly cared about anyone before these three men came along.

"You cheated on Ace. You were with him and then you fucked me," Hawk stated levelly, wrenching him free from my hold.

"I never—"

"And then you told me you chose me. Made me think I meant something to you. But you were just playing us all, weren't you?" Silas snapped, his typically green eyes darkened by his rage. "I thought you were my family. But that isn't the case at all. You were just a whore who played us all."

"I do choose—"

The Headmaster of St. Valentine's University took that opportunity to join us, walking up from the street. "Come along, girl. We have much to discuss."

"You heard him. Go along and play house with another man. This one is older, but maybe he'll take care of you the way you need. Clearly, we weren't good enough." Silas didn't give me any time to argue or disagree.

He marched away, Hawk in tow. Neither looked back as they made their way down the street.

I wanted to scream that I never lied, that I did choose Silas. Just as I chose Hawk and

Ace. That I wanted them all. Needed them all. But instead, I remained silent. I would fix this, but not right now.

Once they were out of view, I finally turned to the Headmaster.

“Really?” I asked. “I told you I would go to you. Why are you here?”

“I don’t take orders from girls . If you had listened to me in the beginning when I told you the police had the evidence of your murders ,” he whispered the word through gritted teeth, glancing around, “if you had done as I said then, you wouldn’t be in this mess.”

He tugged on me to follow him towards a car waiting on the road.

I didn’t want to, but at this point, I no longer had a choice.

This man’s aura was coated in darkness. He presented himself as a proper part of society but it was clear that he was just as evil as my father. It made sense, since they were brothers.

Sliding into the back of his limo, the Headmaster settled across from me, knocking on the glass behind him.

“First you kill Jerald which, by the way, was idiotic since those boys lit up the house shortly after.” The Headmaster had been there the night the house went up into flames. He had seen what the boys did, but he didn’t want to be involved, choosing to remain silent.

I heaved a sigh, it wasn’t my finer work. But I hadn’t known my brothers were going to act, I just knew that I didn’t have long before Jerald crossed the line. I had hoped injecting the monkshood in his beer would do the trick, but then he had lost the

fucking beer. By the time he found where he had put it, a week had passed.

The timing had been all off.

“Then you kill William the exact same way. Sloppy, sloppy,” the Headmaster tsked. “But really. To be caught on tape. I had asked William to keep an eye on you. To send me video updates. Unfortunately, he hadn’t understood my intentions and took to his own proclivities. I was going to come retrieve you myself, you were finally eighteen, but then I guess you saved me the effort of tying up another loose end.”

The Headmaster reached forward pushing my pink hair back.

“You’ll need to dye this before we arrive.” He turned his attention outside to the approaching school that would be my new home for the next however long. “I thought telling you about the video and the evidence the police had would be enough, but no, you still wanted to do things on your own. And so, you broke into the police station, tried to do away with the proof. And you both got caught. Ace was smart to have you blame him. It shifted their attention, and I guess you did succeed in destroying the evidence after all. Good job getting away with two murders.”

The Headmaster leaned his head back, letting out a full belly laugh.

“You are my brother’s daughter. He made a mess of everything too, but at least you listened in the end. I’ll get that boy out in less than a year if you stay on your best behavior. Keep your head down.”

“Why do you even care?” He hadn’t brought up how I killed his brother. I wondered if he even knew. My guess was he did.

The Headmaster seemed to be all knowing with his fingers in as many pots as he could touch and ties to very prominent individuals.

“You wouldn’t understand, but blood is important.”

He was right, I didn’t understand that. To me blood was blood.

But choosing to keep someone in your life? Despite no relations? That was what I thought was the most important.

“Okay. I’ll dye it,” I agreed as the vehicle came to a stop. “St. Valentines? Not Valentine’s?”

“Shut up, I didn’t name the fucking place. Now get out and ready yourself.”

Tomorrow would start my first day as a student at this backwards ass university that was known for its plethora of suspiciously missing students, its dark past, and a Headmaster with no soul.

But I would do it, if only to be reunited with Ace just a bit sooner.

Surely Silas and Hawk would come around, and if they didn’t, I would just have to make them.

Chapter 18

Ashmine

Hawk didn't fight Ace or lash back; he simply heaved a shuddering breath before stepping further back from the bed and taking up post next to Silas at the door.

I could see the hesitation, the confusion.

The need to flee.

Hawk was a runner. An escaper. I hadn't expected Silas to leave him alone, hadn't expected the outcome of the series of events that led us all to this moment.

But I would pivot. I would put our family back together. Whether they wanted me to or not.

Silas moved mechanically, opening the phone in his hand and starting the video over again.

"Watch this." He thrust it towards Hawk, before giving me his full attention.

Finally.

Almost two years later.

Nearly two fucking years since Silas looked at me with anything besides pain.

Instead he was confused. His hands flayed on his pants, his head angled.

The mask, still in place.

I wonder if he would keep the mask on if he knew I picked them out. That I had given them to Ace earlier this week to distribute to the other men to wear. That it was another cog in my scheme for tonight.

Inhibitions waned when we wore our masks. We felt powerful. Stronger.

I hoped it brought them the confidence they needed.

“The Headmaster of St. Valentine’s niece? How? Why didn’t he take you with him sooner?” Silas spit out.

“He was waiting until I turned eighteen, he didn’t want to deal with me before that. But since I am his blood, it is his ‘duty’ to keep me close.” I laughed sardonically.

That whole university was a cesspool of fuckery.

Hawk’s face twisted as the video played out. His eyes widening, his nose flaring, his breath turning erratic.

It was the shortened version, but the original audio was still on it.

It was the video the Headmaster, my uncle , had sent me shortly after William’s untimely demise.

“But instead...I think I want to watch this boy here fuck you. Watch you bleed for him. When it’s done, I’ll rewrite the will as promised. That’s not too much to ask for, is it? Not for my whole life’s earnings?” William’s voice came from the phone’s

speaker. From the video they watched.

Hawk's hands began to shake.

“You came here for revenge. Because I cheated on Ace. You heard us talking about me losing my virginity to him. Well, here's the fucking video. And if you keep watching? You'll see that I poison William. You'll then see me watching him die and doing nothing to stop it. And I don't regret it,” I spoke evenly, willing my emotions to not seep into my voice.

Silas remained silent, his green eyes darkening as he watched the rest of the video with Hawk.

Ace moved to the bed, tossing his mask onto it before falling down beside me and wrapping me in his arms. “They're listening to you. They aren't running.” He nuzzled against my neck. “Does that mean I don't get to chase you through the woods?” he purred against my sensitive skin.

My stomach clenched in desire. My sweet, steady, psychotic Ace. He was the only reason I hadn't gone insane at that university.

“I never said that.” I leaned further into his embrace and reached into his pocket, retrieving a vial.

It was time.

As carefully as I could, I coated both my palms with the liquid inside. Years of building up my immunity would hopefully pay off.

Silas's attention found us with a desperate gleam. He would be the easier of the men to convince, but I had run out of patience.

I was ready to act.

“She didn’t put me away on her own,” Ace advised. “We both got caught trying to cover her tracks. I helped on my own accord, knowing the consequences. I made her testify against me, threatened her . The Headmaster promised to shorten my sentence, to make her charges and the evidence of her past crimes fully go away. She just had to go to that school.”

“Why didn’t you tell us?” Hawk whispered, his voice cracking.

“Would you have believed me? You thought I was cheating on Ace. That he wasn’t aware of my falling into bed with the both of you. Newsflash you idiots. It’s not cheating if none of you are in relationships!” I screamed the words, jumping from the bed. I ignored the soreness that throbbed between my legs, the stickiness that coated my thighs.

Evidence of Silas’s mark.

They all leave their marks in different ways.

I moved. Slow careful steps until I stood right before Hawk and Silas.

Craning my neck, I examined them both.

Hawk’s mask was gone, but Silas still hadn’t removed his.

Reaching up, I wrenched it off, and he allowed me. It was the first time I had seen his entire face in person since the courthouse. He was just as handsome as I remembered, just as rugged, but now an unkempt beard wrapped around his jaw.

I lifted both my hands. My left cupped Silas’s cheek, my right found Hawk’s.

I held them both there, glancing between them.

“I am a broken girl. A twisted woman. My soul is marred by the crimes of my past, but I don’t regret it. The only piece of me that has ever felt something is when I was with you.”

Hawk tried to break from my hold, but I didn’t let him.

“All of you. You fucking idiots, I want to be with all of you. Why is that so difficult for you to understand? You all thought I would break apart our family, that I would come between the bonds we built. But there was always another option. Ace was the first to understand and now it’s time for the both of you to, as well.”

Hawk wobbled underneath me, the poison finally soaking into his skin. Silas shifted uneasily before his knees buckled.

“What have you done?” Silas bit out.

“You two thought you came here for revenge? Well, you did.”

Botany class had in fact not been a waste of time. My hands dropped from their skin before I wiped them on the shirt I now wore; they were tingling, but there was no other evidence of the poison affecting me.

“For mine .”

Chapter 19

Hawk

Why can't I feel anything?

Hawk tried to move, to shift, to do anything . The last thing he felt was Ashmine's hand on his cheek and then numb. He tumbled to the ground unable to stop himself. His face was smashed into the carpet, he couldn't discern how his body was but he knew it wasn't right .

"Get them set up in the living room, we want to give them a show after all. I'll go check on Kristoff, if my calculations are correct, he should be waking up now." Ashmine hummed from nearby, Hawk was able to see her feet as she stepped over him towards the door.

He couldn't move. Couldn't stop her.

Couldn't ask her questions.

The video was burned into his eyes. Hawk thought William had been a saving grace. That the funds from him were what would keep their family together.

To learn what Ace and Ashmine were forced to do...

To learn why Ashmine had lost her virginity to Ace.

He had been so angry when he heard them talking about it. He had run to Silas right away. To only then find out she was sleeping with Silas, too?

And then less than a week later she was testifying against Ace?

Hawk hadn't wanted to hear her explanation. Hadn't wanted to listen.

"Oh brothers, it didn't have to come to this. But you two were always so hardheaded." Ace chuckled acerbically a few minutes later.

Hawk's vision shifted as his body was moved. Ace dragged him unceremoniously out of the room before tossing him into a chair.

And that is where Hawk remained. His line of sight directly on the operation table.

It was closer to the ground now, easier to see that Kristoff was lying strapped to it.

A naked Kristoff.

Hawk turned his attention anywhere but on the man.

Hawk supposed after Kristoff, he might be next. Maybe when she was done with what she had planned, she would direct her rage to Hawk and Silas.

They would deserve it.

Hawk was so caught up in being abandoned—left alone—that he ran at the first sign of conflict.

I'm the problem.

The thought was a startling realization. Hawk had never allowed himself to be happy. He was always perpetually waiting for the worst to happen. Living life with bated breath and crippling, paralyzing anxiety.

Similar to how he felt now.

Except, this paralysis hadn't been caused by him.

He flickered his eyes towards the movement in his periphery.

Ace was lugging Silas onto the chair placed next to him.

Apparently, this would be the show.

Ashmine slapped the man—Kristoff—on the operation table.

“Wake up!” she screamed into his face. “You fucking rapist, come back now! It’s time for us to have some fun.”

Hawk couldn't do much other than watch as the sight unfolded before him. His hearing caused her voice to bubble uncomfortably around his skull before her words landed.

Rapist?

Ashmine walked to the kitchen, filling up a cup of water before throwing it directly onto Kristoff's face.

That must be fucking cold.

Evidently, it was frigid enough to work, because the man came to in a spluttering,

coughing mess.

“What the fuck? What’s going on?”

“I don’t know, Kristoff. What is going on?” Ashmine’s voice turned sickly sweet as she bent forward.

For a moment Hawk thought she would kiss him, but instead, she stopped a few inches away.

“The Headmaster knows something is amiss at his precious university. Dead girls? Missing professors? I told him I would help out, get close to some of the more nefarious characters that worked there. It didn’t take too long to find out about your extra curricular activities.” Her hand lashed out, grabbing Kristoff’s cock. “Unfortunately, I have no plans of turning you into my dear old uncle. I think I’ll just have my fun with you and then disappear.”

She twisted, her fathomless eyes finding Hawk’s. She curled her lips cruelly, and for a moment, Hawk felt as if he saw a devil.

A sexy, irresistible devil.

Hawk still couldn’t feel anything , but he knew if he could, his cock would be hard in his pants.

Ashmine smirked at him. “I am going to kill this man. And then I am going to fuck you both once your dicks are in working shape. I hope you men are ready. I am not the sweet girl you thought me to be.”

“What the fuck? You’re wrong! I’m just a professor! I’m your boyfriend. We love each other,” Kristoff squawked.

Ashmine squeezed on the man's junk harder and harder until he could no longer speak.

His words turned to desperate broken pleas.

"The peeler?" Ashmine asked, releasing the man.

Ace moved into Hawk's line of sight as he handed her a metal potato peeler.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" Kristoff continued to blubber.

Ashmine twisted the peeler in her hand, her lips curling cruelly. "I know your plans, and you are a fucking idiot. You've been trying to rape and kill me for so fucking long. Let me show you how it's done you incompetent fool."

Ace walked around the table, leaning over it. "Remember me?"

"You?! The neighbor?" Kristoff squelched, trying to break free from his restraints. "You set me up!"

"Oh, shut the fuck up." Ashmine jerked the peeler forward and, with Ace's help, maneuvered underneath the babbling man.

"What are you doing? What is this—stop! No!" He sobbed at the end before he started screaming.

"How does the peeler feel in your ass? Not good, huh? Similar to how those girls felt? Probably about the same size too. Except your cock can't twist like this." Ashmine snickered over the man's screams as she moved.

Holy fuck.

Hawk internally cringed in phantom pain, imagining being peeled from the inside.

That has to fucking hurt.

Ashmine continued to giggle as she alternated twisting and pushing the peeler into Kristoff's ass.

Kristoff's screams slowly died away and turned to distressed broken sobs.

"You wanted to break those women? To make them remember you for the rest of their lives? Well, you're going to remember me for the rest of yours. Which won't be very long." Ashmine left the peeler in him as she rolled him onto his back again.

The noise Kristoff let loose as it was lodged fully into him was animalistic.

The sound of a dying creature.

A lamb being torn apart by a wild animal. A pig sent to the slaughter. A weak man meeting his deserved end.

The restraints allowed just a bit of wiggle room on his body, but his arms and legs were secured too.

This man wouldn't be escaping her.

Hawk marveled at her. He should be disgusted, creeped out.

Instead, he was impressed. Opening his eyes to see her in an entirely new light.

She wasn't some woman that thought herself too good for them. That ran off into the sunset looking for her white picket fence.

No.

Ashmine is insane.

Perfectly so.

“The animal trap next,” Ashmine told Ace.

She turned to Hawk and Silas, appraising them.

“I told you. I can handle my own. I’ll wrap this up soon. And then we can all have our fun.”

Hawk’s heart beat aggressively in his chest. He couldn’t feel it, but it was so loud it echoed around him.

But it wasn’t thumping in anxiety.

No. It was because he was excited .

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Chapter 20

Silas

My little girl. My sweet Ashmine.

My foster sister.

She is a murderer.

A torturer.

Hot as fucking all hell.

Silas stared on as Ashmine took a contraption from Ash's hands. A metal trap that looked straight out of a dungeon.

Silas wanted to be angry, enraged. He was sitting in a fucking chair unable to move.

Because of Ashmine.

But the video. Ace's words. Ashmine's explanation...

It delivered to him a moment of clarity. That he had assumed. When she said she chose him, he thought she meant just Silas.

Not that she had chosen them all.

But she was right. She had never elaborated. Never promised Silas exclusivity. He couldn't continue to hold this anger, this grudge over something she hadn't even done.

Silas was enraged when he found out Ace had taken her virginity. Thinking they had chosen to cross the boundaries on their own. Thinking she had chosen him as her favorite.

But that wasn't the case at all. Ashmine hadn't had a choice. And when she did, she chose them all.

How had I never thought of it that way?

He didn't particularly love sharing, but it was Ashmine. And after all, it was his brothers he was sharing her with. He didn't realize how much of a difference it would make. But it was somehow...even better.

"Next, it's time to take your offending appendage. And then we can wrap this all up. You aren't the main event tonight. Just a tool I am using to prove a point. A useless, broken tool that needs to be ripped apart and thrown away," Ashmine informed.

She carefully adjusted the trap in her hand, putting Kristoff's flaccid penis into its metal teeth.

For a moment, a flash of jealousy prickled against Silas's skin that she was touching another man's dick but then she pressed it down.

This was torture.

"No! No! No!" Kristoff uncontrollably wept. "Please! I'll do whatever you want. I'll tell you about the other members. About the secret society. The ritual. I don't know

much, but I'll tell you everything that I do!"

Ashmine paused, her face twisting, somehow softening. "Oh, you will? Everything I want to know?"

"Yes! Yes! Just pl—"

Kristoff let loose a bloodcurdling scream as she pushed the trap against the tip of his limp dick.

It came down, severing the appendage and he began to bleed freely from the gaping wound.

She laughed, a full chest and belly noise. "A rat and a rapist. There's nothing I want to hear from the likes of you."

Ace handed her a final weapon. A sharp filleting knife.

"You've served your purpose."

She swiped the blade across his neck.

He tried to scream again but it was a gurgling noise that was trapped by his broken throat.

Silas's mind was at war.

He wanted to look away.

To watch closer.

To examine every piece of this moment.

To black this out from his memory.

How had he never seen it? How had he never known?

Ashmine was different. Her brain chemistry was wired in a unique way.

She wasn't normal.

She was perfect .

Silas knew at that moment. No matter how or why. He would have her again.

She would be his.

Even if he had to share her with his two brothers.

Chapter 21

Ace

Ace leaned across the now dead Kristoff, paying him no mind.

He pressed his lips firmly to Ashmine's, wrapping his fingers into her silky hair.

He had suggested she dye it the same purplish blue color as the flowers she used to kill Jerald and William.

Monkshood.

This entire series of events had left him hard, hot, and so goddamn horny.

Her soft lips were at odds with the harshness of her tone moments ago.

She broke free from him. "Get rid of him, I want you. Fuck! I need you Ace. You two are going to watch and as the paralytic wears off, you're going to join us."

Ace didn't need to be told twice, he shoved the table with Kristoff away, using the wheels to push him right out the front door.

It isn't like anyone's here to find him.

When he returned, Ashmine had shed the shirt Hawk had thrown onto her. She straddled Hawk's lap fully naked, her breasts pushing against the man's chest.

Ace twisted, watching Silas's eyes carefully. At the beginning of this, he thought Silas would be the most difficult to convince, to bring into this relationship .

But contrary to that, for as much as Ace could tell, Silas appeared hungry. As if he was enjoying the show Ashmine provided even if she was on another man.

On her other foster brother.

Now the only man Ace really needed to worry about was Hawk.

And maybe himself.

Uncomfortable prickles stabbed across his nerves.

She was his.

Ace stalked forward before wrenching her off Hawk's lap and throwing her to the floor. A dimple formed on Ashmine's face as she smiled up at him through a curtain of hair.

"Is that right, Ace? Are you jealous I was giving them attention? Maybe you'll have to work for it."

Ace's dick was steel in his pants as he ripped them and his shirt off, ignoring his brothers entirely.

He jumped on top of Ashmine pinning her to the ground. "You wanted to show them you can handle us all. That we won't be too much for you."

Her left hand broke free from his confines and she used it to stroke his cheek. "Oh Ace." She bucked, wrapping her leg around him, before flipping their positions. "Am

I too much for you?” she laughed.

Before he knew what she was doing, she sunk down on him.

All the way fucking down. Her pelvis slamming into his. His dick covered in dripping heat.

They hadn't fucked since before he had gone to jail. A way to stay true to their family.

She hadn't wanted to make anything worse, and Ace understood. But he wasn't going to say he was happy about it.

Her cunt was his fucking home and he needed to live in it to be happy.

Ace knew Silas had fucked her earlier. The evidence was clear on her thighs, but he didn't care.

She began to bounce as she circled her hips, her ass slapping against his thighs. Her hands found the tops of his shoulders as she dug in.

“Take what you want from me,” he snapped raspily. Ashmine could use him however she chose. He was hers to use. Ace owed her as much. He had taken her virginity, pushed her to go for his brothers too soon, came up with the idea to break into the police station, and he never told her about the camera.

Never warned her she was being recorded.

It was how she was blackmailed in the first place.

Ace had a million regrets in life. From how he was raised to who he became. But they

all washed away with the realization that if it weren't for his choices, for the decisions he made, he never would have ended up here, butt ass naked, balls deep in the woman of his most beautiful nightmares.

“Ace,” she groaned as she swirled down on him again.

His name on her lips was lighter fluid to the fire that burned across him.

This cabin wasn't well heated, but to him, it was scorching .

His hands came up between them. One moved to her pointed pink nipple, rolling it between two fingers before pinching down hard. He repeated the same action with his other hand, but on her clit.

She convulsed around him.

“Bite it,” she commanded, not stopping her rhythm but inclining her other breast to his face.

He leaned up, closing his mouth around the soft skin, his tongue lashing out to find and play with her nipple as his teeth latched down.

He clamped his jaw, biting hard while his hand on her clit pinched as much as he could.

Her bouncing became erratic, and he thrust up as best he could into her. It was all he needed, his nerves alight with years of pent up neediness.

She was everything he had ever wanted. She was his soul. She was the darkness he would always run towards.

Ashmine. She was his. She was all of theirs.

Unused energy skirted through him in pulsating waves as he trembled below her doing his best to not lose himself too soon.

“Fuck!” she screamed.

Fucking finally .

He let go of years of agony, neediness, longing as he came deep inside her.

He only had a moment of pure bliss as he stared up into her deep hypnotic eyes before she was ripped off of him.

Chapter 22

Hawk

Pure hedonistic need pulsed deep in Hawk's gut as he watched the scene play out before him.

As Ashmine rode Ace for her own enjoyment.

The feeling beat its way past his numbed nerves.

Ecstasy marred her face, her eyelashes fluttering shut, the tip of her tongue sticking out as she concentrated on her pleasure. Hawk remembered that look. She had made it for him when she sunk onto his cock in that clearing all those years ago.

At least she had until he had forced her to roll. Slammed her into the ground. Cemented his love into her.

Hawk expected jealousy's cold tendrils to wrap around his throat, but they were absent.

Contrarily, Hawk just wanted to join them, to take her and grab her and sink his cock into her. Show her how much he hurt. How much pain he had gone through in their time apart.

He was angry, livid. But that rage was no longer pointed to the woman naked in front of him riding their brother.

No, it was directed at himself. At Silas.

Hawk had done to Ashmine what, to him, was the most unforgivable act.

They hadn't listened to her, no matter how many times she tried to explain. They had shut her down and abandoned her.

Perhaps we all deserve a fresh start. Maybe we can begin that here.

Even still, she needed to prove she could handle them all first.

Hawk willed his body to cooperate, he craved to show Ashmine how much he still loved her. But first he had to let loose onto her body. To claim her as Ace and Silas had done.

After a few more moments, prickles began to pop up along his skin, deep in his body. The sign of him regaining feeling. At first just the top half was functioning, and he used the newfound movement to turn to Silas.

Silas lurched in his chair, his legs kicking out.

Hawk inclined his head before angling it towards Ashmine and Ace.

Join them?

Silas jerked forward.

They were in agreement then.

It only took a few more minutes, but Hawk could now feel the majority of his body again.

“Fuck!” Ashmine screamed.

The word was a beacon, and it lifted Hawk off his chair. Not waiting for Silas, he lunged forward, grabbing Ashmine clean off of Ace.

He ignored his brothers as pure animalistic depravity took over his frontal lobe.

Hawk pressed his fingers into her cool soft skin, digging into her hip bones. He carried her with him until he made it to the small kitchen table.

He shoved the vase off and all other offending items, he flipped her over it and threw down his pants.

He didn't give her a moment to breathe or understand what he was doing before he shoved his cock as aggressively as he could into her used cunt.

“Fucked by your three foster brothers. A dirty fucking whore, aren't you?” he grumbled harshly.

Their cum had left her soaked but he found himself enjoying it. He spanked her bare ass as hard as he could. “You think you can take all of us?”

He continued to smack her ass until it turned pink in the shape of his hand.

For a moment he thought maybe he had gone too far, but then she began rocking back into him, meeting him thrust for thrust. It caused him to go even deeper into her. He swallowed hard, keeping his urges under control.

With his free hand, he grabbed her by the hair, yanking her head up. He bent over her back, biting into her neck over the mark Ace had left behind. “You like this? You like being fucked like a dirty girl? Our little fucking foster sister. And you're taking it so

goddamn well.” He was speaking more now than he had in last year combined. She brought it out of him. She made him want to hurt her, to use her, to love her . But love would only bring him more pain.

Except...Ashmine had already proven she wasn't soft. She was a fucking murderer. A sexy, capable, powerful woman.

Silas moved to the other side of the table, freeing his cock. He fisted it a few times, and Hawk raised an eyebrow before focusing back on the task at hand.

Hawk shifted her a bit further on the table, letting her hair go and trailing his hand along the back of her spine until he made his way to her ass, his fingers skirting the tight rim of muscle.

“Open your mouth for him. Show us what you can do. Show us we can be a happy little fucking family. If you can prove it, I'll believe you and agree to this.” He meant it. Though at this point she didn't owe them anything. She should just kill Silas and Hawk and run off into the bloody sunset with Ace.

But Hawk hoped she was still set on being a family.

All of them. Sharing her.

Silas readjusted until he was pushing his cock into Ashmine's mouth.

Hawk spit onto his fingers and began to push one into the tight rim muscle he toyed with.

She jolted a bit beneath him, but then as he shoved it in further, she started to moan loudly, her throat vibrating around Silas's cock. He rolled his hips steadily as he pushed further into her ass. A moment later, he added another finger, stretching her.

“You need to take all three of us, don’t you? Well, they already came in this cunt, but I’m going to leave my mark in here. Have you leaking our cum everywhere. Show the world that you are ours.”

That was the warning he gave her before pulling out of her entirely. She whined in displeasure, but then he readjusted the head of his dick and burrowed into her ass.

He reached below, finding her clit and rubbing it as he inch by inch made his way into her.

It was tighter. More constricting. Smoother. She was choking his dick, but it was so fucking good.

“Look at you take me. You’re doing so well, aren’t you?”

She garbled around Silas’s dick, leaning further onto Hawk’s.

Slowly swallowing him.

It was pure unadulterated bliss . Once he was fully seated he pumped small short bursts into her.

One.

This is everything that I have ever needed.

Two.

Does she realize that she will never escape us now?

Three.

I will kill her if she ever runs from me. And then I'll force us to the grave together.

Four.

She is perfect I fucking lo—

Silas grunted, freeing his cock from Ashmine's lips. Just in time for her to let out a wanton scream. She pulsed around Hawk and it wasn't a moment later that the dam released.

He came in her ass, but he didn't pull free. He wanted to soak her in it. To keep it in there for as long as he could until he became a part of her.

Did she know that she would never be leaving our sides again? She won't be going back to that fucking school.

"Hawk," Ashmine murmured, catching her breath from below him. "I'm sticky."

Hawk grumbled but pulled gently from her before wrapping her in his arms.

"I missed you Ashmine. I missed you so fucking much." He lifted her up, cradling her. He wanted to be as close to her as possible. He would live inside her skin if he could.

Now that the misunderstanding was cleared up, he could feel all the emotions that hid under his sadness and anger.

He loved Ashmine, he had been in love with her since the very beginning.

Shame burrowed into his gut. Of how close he had come to ending it all. But even then, she was there to stop him.

“I love you too. All of you,” she replied breathlessly. “Now stop, before my insides turn to goo. I missed you two idiots, but there’s a shower here and I need one before we figure out our next step. I promise I won’t go anywhere, but you two have to agree to the same.”

Hawk looked down to see she had narrowed her eyes at Silas.

“We won’t leave again.” Silas inclined his head. He cast his eyes towards the door. Towards where the body lay outside. “What are we going to do with the man? ”

Ashmine giggled, snuggling further into Hawk. “Shower first.”

Happiness pilfered its way into Hawk’s heart. He hadn’t felt this much joy in too long.

Ace appeared from down the hall, a billow of steam behind him.

“Water’s ready for you.” Ace ignored Silas and Hawk, his entire focus on the woman in Hawk’s arms.

Hawk didn’t care. They would need to figure out where they stood, how this would work, where they would go.

But Hawk knew one thing for certain. Ashmine would be stuck with them all from here on out.

They had come to this cabin expecting revenge. Expecting to hurt and kill her.

Hawk walked carefully to the bathroom, not wanting to jostle Ashmine. He was sure she was sore and littered in bruises. In their marks.

Instead, they would leave together. As they were meant to.

As a family.

Chapter 23

Ashmine

I was warm, dried off, and laying across three men's laps on the small couch in the living room of the cabin.

My three men.

"Do you understand now?" Ace asked as he focused his attention on me, his hands finding their way into my hair.

"We do," Silas said as his fingers trailed across my naked stomach leaving goosebumps in their wake. He leaned against Hawk. "I'm sorry brother, I didn't mean to leave you the way I did. I wasn't thinking. I should have known better."

The men were all clothed, but I deemed to remain naked. For now, at least. I had another plan in mind for later.

"I know you didn't, it's in the past. We can't leave each other again. We need each other," Hawk muttered.

"I'm sorry to you too, little girl." Silas fingers flexed across my stomach, shifting downwards. "But I want the baby you promised me. I will be filling you with my cum until this is swollen with my child."

I chuckled. "And what if it's Ace's or Hawk's?"

“Then it will still be mine. But why did you even have that IUD? If you have waited for us...” Silas asked.

“Because I knew it would set you off. If you removed it, I knew there was hope.” I hummed softly. Contentedly.

Silas grumbled but didn’t say anything else.

“I missed you all. Every day was an uphill battle to simply make it to the next. I held onto the hope that I would reunite with you two. That you would both make it back to me again.”

“What’s the plan now?” Hawk rested his arms across my legs, his striking blue eyes meeting mine.

“We leave.” It was time for us all to find our way outside of this horrible town and all the memories that came with it.

“How?” Silas’s voice was stern, critical.

“With what money?” Hawk cut in. “I understand now why you didn’t want to use William’s.” His voice broke in the middle.

“Ashmine has been funneling her uncle’s money away,” Ace said on my behalf.

He was correct. I knew that we would need to facilitate our escape. Knew that William’s money would be traceable. Knew that I would need to stash money away that wasn’t as easy to follow.

Plan ahead.

“We have money,” I agreed. “We can leave. Have a fresh start, not let the demons of this town overpower our future.”

“The body,” Silas commented.

“We’ll bury it. Nobody knew about my ties to Kristoff. If he goes missing, they won’t look for me. And if we go missing together? They’ll just blame the university. It has a history of mysterious disappearances. They won’t look too hard.” The only one that might want to find me would be my uncle. But I guessed he wouldn’t risk his reputation for it. He hadn’t even made it public that I was his niece.

“Look”—Ace’s hand was massaging my scalp now—“we’ll figure it out. We always did before. And at the end of it, we all have each other.”

“Okay.” Silas relaxed back into the couch. “Where are we going?”

“Florida!” I exclaimed. “I’m tired of this snow.”

“Wherever you go, I will follow. From here on out you won’t be able to escape from me.” Hawk’s words landed in my heart.

I loved my sweet boys. Loved being fucked by them. Loved killing with them. Loved being wrapped in their orbit of insanity.

My attention shifted in the direction of one of their masks.

“There’s one last thing I want to do before we bury the body.”

Ace smirked; he already knew what I had in mind.

“Ashmine...” Silas warned.

“Will you three be my Valentines? And ch—”

“It’s not Valentine’s Day,” Hawk said, cutting me off.

“Yes, we will be,” Ace agreed, reaching over and lightly punching Hawk.
“Continue.”

The sun would be rising in the next few hours, and I wanted to do this before it did.

“Will you three be my Valentines and chase me through the woods in masks?” I cackled, jumping off their laps and into a pair of stolen pants and jacket. “First one to catch me gets to fuck me!” I exclaimed.

I didn’t wait for a reply, maneuvering into my shoes before running out the door. The cold air slapped me in the face, but I paid it no mind. Ace had already gained his bearings and was throwing on the closest mask.

“Here I come! You better run or I will throw you back in here!” Ace yelled from behind me.

Too close.

Side stepping the operation table, I sprinted towards the forest.

Adrenaline pumped through my veins with every slap of my shoes against the snow-covered ground.

My plan had worked.

My family was back together again.

We would figure this out.

For all our imperfections and insanity, it was what would keep us together.

After all we'd been through, I deserved to have some of the fun we'd missed out on for too long. To be chased in the woods by three masked men and fucked against the trees and snowy ground.

By my three Vengeful Valentines.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:51 am

My breath was visible as I panted as silently as I could in the woods. My bones ached, I was bruised all over, and my cunt felt used . I had run as far as I could manage, but I had quickly lost the last of my energy. Instead, I now hid inside a large oak tree; its hollowed out base provided a minor reprieve from the crisp air.

I wondered who would find me first. What they would do to me.

My core pulsed in want, need . I had dreamt of this, of my men chasing me and taking me as they pleased.

Happiness . It was an odd feeling that I was not well acquainted with, but I let it wrap around me in its warm embrace.

Hope . It washed down my spine, swirling in my gut, before cycling through to my heart.

When this all started...Ace had been my first. He had been forced to take what I would have willingly given.

I had fallen to Hawk next. His broken soul morphing and churning against my own. He was the most uneasy of the brothers.

Silas had come last. I had to wait until after I graduated. I knew he wouldn't accept me otherwise.

But once he had...once I had fallen to each of the brothers, I knew there was no turning back.

I thought Hawk and Silas had understood what I meant when I told them I chose them. But no matter now—we would be bound from this night, through blood. Through love. Through trauma.

My three puzzle pieces that made up the hole in my chest.

We would have our happily ever after, and we wouldn't let anything split us up again.

I wouldn't allow it.

A branch snapping from nearby caused me to freeze. I didn't exhale as I closed my eyes and allowed my other senses to take hold. The cold seeped into my clothes, the smell of fresh pine, and the whistling of wind all wrapped around me, but nothing to indicate one of my men had found me. After a few minutes, I opened my eyes and leaned out the tree's hollow.

Only to come face-to-face with a green glowing mask. I startled back, into the scratchy bark behind me, hissing at the contact.

The bright light was blinding as the man stepped closer, his head angled down.

“Found you.” Ace lunged forward. “It's fucking cold out here. I need something to warm my cock up.”

He maneuvered both my wrists above my head in one of his hands, and I fought him in a mock play. I wanted him to be rougher. To push me past my limits. To take me and claim me.

As if reading my mind, he shoved me mercilessly further into the tree, his free hand reaching between us, into my pants, landing on the heat between my legs.

I squirmed as his cold fingers flicked against the sensitive area there.

“You are perfect.” He rubbed my clit with short thrusts of his fingers into my core. “You are so fucking wet. This is what you want isn’t it? To be used by the three of us?”

I moaned, arching further into him.

“Hush, if you’re too loud they’ll find us before I’m ready,” he whispered fervidly as he continued to play with my cunt.

I closed my eyes and, for a moment, allowed myself to just feel.

The rough pads of his fingers as they swirled against my clit. The harshness of his hands as they tightened his hold on my wrists. The hardness of his cock as it pushed into me through his clothes. His metallic scent that left me in ruins.

Ace was the sweetest of my men. The softest. But he was also the most loyal, psychotic. He hadn’t been phased when I told him my plan for tonight, instead he had been excited.

My pleasure built as he continued to play with me, teasing me to just the cusp of an orgasm before flicking his fingers back.

I grumbled as he withdrew his hand entirely from me, but before I could make my disagreement more known, he was whipping his pants down, and then mine. His hard cock bobbed upwards for just a moment and then his strong hands found my hips to lift me.

His cock slid into me with little resistance as my legs wrapped around him. My arms linking around his neck, my head falling to the crook of his neck. He bobbed me up

and down a few times before spinning us, my bare ass no longer against the tree, now it faced the bitter air outside.

Pleasure wrapped symbiotically with the chilliness that seeped into my skin. The frigid air chilling my scorched nerves as he continued to lead me to my pleasure. Slowly, lethargically.

He was in no rush, taking his time and drawing out every thrust.

“I missed this. How you feel. The soft noises that escape you. Your impatience.” His voice was silky, fluid, with a harsh bite. Reminiscent of the man I knew Ace to be.

Ace and I had only fucked a handful of times before everything went to shit. And even less by choice. And after he was out, he agreed to wait until we reunited with the others.

One of his bulky hands moved to my ass, playing with me there. “Hawk got his first. What will Silas’s be? Will you give him your first child? What if I do it first?” Ace grumbled jokingly, but I could hear the jealousy.

We may have all come to an understanding, but I knew there would still be kinks to work out.

“You wouldn’t dare,” I challenged Ace.

He laughed acerbically. “Sometimes you forget, I am not the kind man you think me to be.”

That was the only warning I got before his lackadaisical soft motions turned to chaotic snaps of his hips. His cock pushed deeper than it was prior, causing my toes to curl and my nails to dig into his skin.

“I want to destroy you. To show you how it felt to be apart. To keep you trapped with me. Tied by blood and cum and the chaos of my fucking soul. I fucking love you, Ashmine.” His erratic motions kept me from finding my release, too sporadic, but the pleasure was a vibration that pounded in my gut, threatening to spill out onto him.

The pressure turned to a need to...pee? Something I had never felt before. But I didn't fight it, instead I let it flood me. Let it consume my nerves. I used one of my hands to push between us, pinching my own clit as he pulled all the way out to slam back into me again.

“Ace!” I screeched.

I spasmed, a full body contraction as a flood of wetness left me, ecstasy skittering across my nerves. A tsunami. This had been a tsunami. He had pulled and tugged and teased me, taken me all the way out to sea. And now I was crashing down. An uncontrollable wave as I squirted on him and convulsed on his cock. His fingers dug into my skin as he found his own release.

It was bliss .

“That's not my name.” Silas's voice was a husky whisper in my ear as he stepped in behind me. He didn't bother with pleasantries as he yanked me off of Ace's cock and out of my cozy tree hollow. “From now on out, you are mine to fuck, to breed .”

I didn't— couldn't —fight him. Not that I wanted to. He twisted me in his hold until we were face-to-face. I had one moment to observe Silas's attention hyper-focused on me before his length slid into me. I gasped in surprise, my eyes finding his through the glowing mask.

Ace grunted, but didn't say anything.

Silas stepped further away from the hollowed tree. He carried us two dozen feet to a nearby clearing, his cock still inside of me, my ass bouncing up and down on it as we went. His cock served to hold most of Ace's cum, but I could feel some trickling out. Freezing in the bitter weather.

I knew I had to be cold, but I didn't feel it. I was too wrapped up around Silas, intoxicated in his presence.

My back hit rough bark again as Silas leaned me against a tree at the edge of the clearing. The pleasure mixed deliciously with just a bite of pain.

"Our prey ? You want to pretend to be our prey after showing us that you are in fact the predator? I'll play this game with you, little girl. But you better be ready for it," Silas warned, and even though his face was covered, I could hear the mirth in his tone. Knew that he was smiling beneath.

Turning my head to the left, I watched Ace as he leaned back against another tree nearby, his pants were pulled most of the way up, leaving just enough space for his cock to remain uncovered. His hand came up to slowly stroke his length. The show was hypnotic and for a bit I just watched him. Ignoring Silas entirely.

"You're too late. She squirted on my cock. I came in her. What if the baby is mine? What if they have my personality?" Ace taunted.

Silas's grip shifted, and I dragged my eyes back to Silas's. He growled, clearly annoyed, his fingers digging painfully into my thighs. Shoving me further into the tree, he rolled his hips upwards driving into me. Staking his claim.

I welcomed it, welcomed our connection. Welcomed Silas's rage.

His anger burned fiery and fast.

It was addictive.

He was aggressive as he worked me over, leaving no space for softness. Silas was hardened muscles, sharp angles, harsh feelings. His cock a barb as it pierced me over and over again. At the beginning of this, I had deemed to run to be chased through the woods. But now I couldn't force myself to fight.

I didn't want this to end.

“ Fuck !” Silas exclaimed.

He readjusted his grip. Forcing one of my legs to wrap around him and pushing the other up between us. The new angle stretched me onto the cusp of pain, but Silas kept pounding into me masking the discomfort with pleasure .

He bent down, his mask pressing against my ear.

"You are mine, little girl. I may have fucked up before, but I won't again. I accept your terms. I will share you with my brothers. But your first child? It will be mine. I will make sure of it. You have my fucking heart. All of its broken pieces, I hope you know what you have gotten yourself into." He paused to thrust frenetically into me. "Because we won't be going anywhere."

His words slithered across my skin and dug into my veins before finally worming their way into my heart. It beat loudly in my chest, attempting to escape.

I wanted to rip open my chest and show him what he did to me. Prove to him my devotion so that he would never leave me again. But I had already decided to give Silas the child he wanted. An inescapable tether.

In my periphery, another green glow joined our foray.

"But can you handle me?" I cackled. Releasing my leg from Silas's waist. Wriggling against him, I managed to fall to the ground, his cock coming free.

Twisting, I jerked away from the tree and towards the clearing. I made it five steps before I was thrown onto the ground. I landed heavily on my hands and knees, the snow cutting bitterly into my skin, a reminder of where we were.

"This has been so much fun to watch. But it's time, the sun is rising. Show us how you can take us all." Hawk's guttural voice vibrated its way straight to the neediness that still had its claws in me.

Too much time apart had left me insatiable. I demanded them all. But I wouldn't make it easy.

At this point, the sun's glow was attempting to pierce through the trees surrounding us, but it only served to make the space we were in more eerie. The streaks cutting haphazardly along the snow that clung to the ground were blinding, and for a moment, I paused—discombobulated.

"Get under her," Hawk commanded as heavy stomps approached.

"My cock nearly froze when you jumped off it." Silas sounded livid. Merciless .

Gaining my bearings, I started to crawl, attempting to put space between us, but a large hand tangled into my long hair, holding me in place.

I hissed out my discontent.

"Where do you think you're going?" Hawk tugged my head up.

I didn't have time to escape; the next thing I knew, two sets of hands were lifting me

and placing me on top of Silas. Silas reached between us, guiding his cock into my sore cunt.

"Fuck! That's cold," I exclaimed, my hands latching onto Silas's shoulders, my nails creating crescent moons on his skin.

"Fucking told you. You won't be going anywhere else now." Silas thrust up from below me.

Ace's familiar laugh joined us as a third set of hands landed on my body.

"Ready to be stuffed?" Ace slapped my ass. "Fuck Hawk, was it as good as it looked? Sinking into her tight ass?"

"Yes," Hawk bit out. He moved until he stood to the right of me, his length was in my line of sight, inches from me. "Open your mouth."

I didn't comply.

Huffing in frustration, Hawk bent down to squeeze my face, his other hand forcefully lowering my jaw. "You bite and I'll make you pay for it."

I had half a mind to argue with him, but then he was shoving his cock all the way to the very back of my throat, successfully cutting off my words. The silky length filling my mouth in a heady way. I loved being used by my men. Loved showing them I could take it. All of it.

"Good, just like that." Ace hummed behind me. "Silas, rub her clit. I need help working my way inside her with you in there already. She's stretched so fucking tight."

Silas grumbled, but a moment later the rough pads of his fingers found my sensitive clit.

I groaned my appreciation around Hawk's cock. I knew what was next. I wasn't sure how it would go, but I trusted Ace. He would stretch me as I needed.

"Aren't you happy I brought lube?" Ace chuckled.

I had told him I wouldn't need it. That I would handle them all on my own...

A moment later, I heard the squeezing of a bottle before a slippery intrusion pushed against my rim of muscle.

"Wow, this is just slipping in now. Can you even feel my finger?"

Ace pushed it towards Silas's cock, and I let out a garbled scream around Hawk's, careful not to press my teeth into him.

"It's time, stay still everyone. Let's fill our little foster sister up. Have her take all of us at once." Ace withdrew his finger, and a moment later, the tip of his cock pressed against my entrance.

My confidence waned quickly as he stretched me past the point of comfort.

I began to wriggle, trying to escape off Silas. Trying to free my mouth from Hawk. Trying to not let Ace ram his dick into my ass.

"No," Hawk stated calmly with a dark and heavy intensity. "You are going to take him, and you're going to fucking like it."

Hawk pushed me back and further onto Ace's cock. There was just one split second

of pain, before it was nothing but liquifying pleasure.

"Fuck, she was already so fucking tight. But with your cock...she's squeezing me." Silas didn't let up his rubbing on my clit, but his free hand came up to my neck, stroking it before squeezing it gently.

"Do that again, I can feel it," Hawk demanded.

Silas complied, tightening his grip on my neck until black dots began to streak across my sight. My nerves focused on how I was feeling.

How Silas's cock was buried deep inside my cunt.

How Hawk was everything I could taste and breathe.

How Ace was filling my ass. Pushing my boundaries to their limits.

This wasn't just a tsunami. This was a complete and utter devastation . A ruination .

I would never– never –be escaping these men.

And they would never escape me.

I wouldn't let them.

Ace snapped his hips hard and fast, burrowing deeper, the movement pushing into my G-spot.

Silas squeezed my throat as I screamed around Hawk's cock. Swallowing around the head of it buried in the back of my throat, drool dripping out of my mouth.

"Wrecked." Hawk ripped his dick out of my mouth before coating my face with his cum.

I shut my eyes as it landed on my eyelids, my lips, my cheek.

"Good girl, just like that." Silas used his grip on my neck to push me up and down. Fucking me aggressively from below before a guttural noise came from his chest and then he stilled. His heat filled me, a stark difference to the cold that we were enveloped in.

Silas let go of my throat and I collapsed to his chest. My cum soaked face burrowing against him there.

"Hold her like that, this is a better angle." Ace pulled all the way out of my ass before plunging back in. He did it a few more times until he moaned and convulsed. But he pulled free before he came inside me, instead he soaked my ass cheeks, my back.

"Mine," Ace grumbled.

"I won't be wasting any of my cum. From here on out it is all going into this tight cunt of yours," Silas advised.

Hawk bent down, plucking me from Silas's arms, his mask now on the ground. His lips curled upwards, his eyes alight in amusement. " Mine ."

Hawk wrapped me in his arms as he made his way back to the cabin, ignoring the protests of the other two men. His puzzle piece dangling on his wrist.

When I gave the bracelets to these three, I knew they would be mine for the rest of my life.

Now that they had shared me, that I had shown them I could handle them all, I hoped with all my mottled heart that this would work. That they wouldn't be going anywhere...

And if they tried to. I knew exactly how to make sure they couldn't go far...

“Yours,” I murmured to my men as my eyes fell shut and I soaked in my bliss.

After tonight we would be headed to Florida and I had no doubt we would live a long and very interesting life together.

The End...

Three Months Later

Warmth spread throughout my nerves as they slowly came to life. Rough fingers traced along my skin, slowly meandering along my sides before moving towards my front. I expected them to go south, but instead, they crawled across my bare stomach. Stroking my skin there.

“Silas,” I grumbled blearily. My eyes fluttered open to find the man above me, perched on the bed. He balanced, naked, on his knees between my thighs. His full attention on my stomach.

He didn’t stop his exploration as he continued to soothe my bare skin there, the smallest of bulges poking upwards from my pregnant belly, and he cupped it adoringly.

Hawk groaned on my left, wrapping his arms tighter around me in his sleep. My eyes were drawn to my right, to Ace. He was breathing evenly, but I could tell that he was awake. It was in the way a wrinkle formed between his brow, how his leg tightened around mine, pulling it further towards him.

Wedged. I was fully wedged between these three men.

I opened my mouth to speak, but Silas put a long finger to his lips. His other hand continued its pathway along my stomach.

He began to hum a soft melody that I didn’t recognize.

“Are you going to keep waking me up every night?” I asked when he was finished.

I attempted to shift out of Hawk’s arms only for him to constrict tighter around me. Even in his sleep he wouldn’t allow me to go anywhere.

“I have to sing to my child. She needs to recognize me when she is born,” Silas explained as if it made the most perfect sense.

“She?” I cocked an eyebrow, but I couldn’t do much more. I was laying on my back, nearly star-fishing, fully naked.

“Go back to sleep, you need to be well rested.” Silas’s large hand shifted, covering my belly. “This baby is mine. I can feel it, and she is going to be a beautiful girl that resembles her mother.”

“And what if we have a son? And he’s not yours?” The questions fell from my lips.

Silas’s bright striking eyes bored into mine. “Then I will love him just the same. He will be the beginning of our family. And make no mistake,” Silas spoke softly against my skin as he jumped forward, his lips just above mine.

I felt his hard cock push into me slowly, stretching me in a delightful way.

“Any child you bear, will be mine.” He rolled his hips, thrusting short bursts into me. His hair tickled my nose as he continued.

My tender nipples brushed against his scratchy chest as he undulated his hips, pressing down into me, a pit of neediness forming deep in my belly.

One of his hands came up to cup my face, and then his firm lips were pushing against mine. He tasted hot, animalistic, passionate, bitter . He separated, but only just a bit,

his cock stilled, resting inside of me. “This is something I should have said to you years ago. I love you, too. I will create a life with you, a family. And we will never, ever be apart again.”

He jerked us for a moment, tearing me out of Hawk and Ace’s restraints and flipping us until I landed on his chest, his cock still buried inside.

Both of the men grunted their displeasure but didn’t say anything.

“Now go to sleep like this. Let me stay inside of you.”

My head rested on Silas’s comforting chest; his cock still buried deep inside. “I can’t sleep like this.” I shifted, trying to escape.

Hawk’s arm found its way to my back, his large hand covering it, pushing me further onto Silas. “Go to sleep, let him have this or we will have to deal with his grumpy ass,” he murmured groggily.

Ace remained silent, but his leg reached out, finding mine and tangling together again, keeping me in place.

Silas’s arms wrapped around me, pushing his cock further into me. “Go to sleep before I fuck you senseless.”

I wanted to argue, to tell him to do just that, but then he was humming that damn lullaby again and my eyes fluttered shut on their own.

Five Years Later

“Why did we move to this godforsaken state?” Silas barked out as he tossed the body into the back of their car in their garage, before wiping his brow.

“We’re going to have to move soon if you all keep going around killing everybody,” Hawk chimed in from the doorway, his arms crossed.

“He was a child predator!” Ashmine whisper-yelled, softly shutting the trunk of the car. “He kept coming by our house.”

Silas stroked her back soothingly with one hand, his other moving up to caress her swollen stomach.

Ace laughed to himself. Silas hadn’t been joking about wanting a family. But after the first, after how hard it had been on Ashmine’s body, Silas had told her no more.

Ace loved that she never listened to them; it was why she had brought them all together again after all.

Ashmine was pregnant with their third child now, nearly eight months along, and she had just killed a man. Ace smiled fondly at Ashmine. She was just as chaotic as ever, except now she had more to be protective over.

Ashmine was right though; they lived in the middle of nowhere in Florida, there was no reason for the man to continue coming by their land. Every time with a different excuse. Ashmine’s suspicions guided her to look into the stranger. She learned of his

prior arrests, and it pushed her to take matters into her own hands.

“You were supposed to call us before you had him over,” Hawk chastised, still standing in the doorway that led to the main part of their home. To where their two children slept soundly upstairs.

“Where is Lily?” Ashmine asked. “Is she still asleep?”

Hawk grumbled, “Yes, I kept the little ones entertained and tucked them into bed.”

“Good.” Ashmine leaned back further into Silas’s arms before turning to Ace. She quirked her lips at him. “I’m sorry I meant for them both to be gone, but when he came again, when I saw him outside of our windows so late at night, I knew I couldn’t keep waiting for him to make his move. I sensed he was nearing the end of his hunt.”

Ace shrugged his shoulder. She had gone off script, but he could understand. The man deserved to be put down. “No one will look for him here, and if they do, I will ensure there is nothing to find.”

Ashmine shrugged out of Silas’s arms before launching herself at Ace.

“You know I love you? And how you’re always on board with my crazy plans.”

“I love you too, silly girl.” Ace chuckled as he rubbed the tip of his nose against hers. Soaking in her warmth, her love, her affection. She was everything he had ever wanted.

His eyes flashed to Hawk, to the puzzle piece he proudly wore, to Silas’s dangling around his neck, to Ashmine’s on her wrist. He felt the weight of the one wrapped around his wrist, too.

Over ten years ago, a young girl fell into their lives, wriggling her way into their hearts, branding herself into their very souls. It had taken time, understanding, and one sadistic night to work out the kinks, but since they had, Ace wouldn't trade it for anything.

Ace squeezed the woman tighter to him. The mother of his children, his very purpose for living, the reason their family had found each other again.

Ash mine .