



Whiteout

Author: *Gracie Williams*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: After being blindsided with a divorce, Ivy Anderson plans a Christmas getaway far away from reminders of her past. As the host of a popular murder mystery podcast, she throws herself into her work as a distraction. Intrigued by the tales of the haunting Christmas legends of Hemlock Hollow and their possible connection to a string of missing women, Ivy sets out to uncover the secrets hidden in the secluded mountain town. But as the secrets unravel, she realizes that some legends may hold more truth than she ever imagined.

When Ivy finds herself stranded in a blizzard, her salvation comes in the form of Kris Kincaid, a rugged local with deep roots in the very secrets Ivy seeks to uncover. As the storm rages outside, their chemistry ignites, drawing them into a dangerous dance woven with desire and dark secrets. But as Ivy delves deeper into Kris's world- one teetering on the edge between myth and madness- she must confront the unsettling truth that the legends of Hemlock Hollow may be more real than she ever dared to believe.

Total Pages (Source): 18

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

This is no fairy tale with a happy ending; our story was always destined to end in tragedy.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Ivy

I cradle the phone against my ear, curled up on my couch as I listen to Sam ask me for the sixth time this week to spend Christmas with her family in Chicago.

"Come on, Ivy! You know my family would love to have you for Christmas. Mom's already asking if you're coming this year.

I met Sam my freshman year of college. We shared a dorm room and have been inseparable ever since.

"That's sweet of your mom, but I couldn't impose like that. Your family should be able to spend a holiday together without me intruding."

"Impose? Are you kidding me? You are family at this point."

I sigh, twirling a loose thread from my blanket around my finger. "I appreciate it, Sam. I really do. But I don't want to force myself into your family's holiday. It's your time, you know?"

"Ivy... You wouldn't be forcing anything. We want you there."

"I know, and it means the world to me. But I'll be okay. Promise."

There's a pause on the other end of the line. I can almost see Sam's face, the way she bites her lip when she's worried.

"Are you sure? I hate thinking of you alone for Christmas."

"I'm sure, besides, who says I'll be alone? Maybe I'll meet a handsome mountain man, have a whirlwind holiday romance, and we'll live happily ever after."

Sam snorts- actually snorts! "In that tiny town you're going to? Girl, keep dreaming. If you did by chance meet a handsome mountain man, even mountain men want their women to shave their legs."

"Hey bitch! Stranger things have happened. Seriously, Sam. I'll be fine. Go enjoy your family. We'll catch up after the holidays, okay?"

"Okay, fine. Be that way." Sam teases, and I can picture her rolling her eyes. "But you promise to text me when you get there?"

"Promise. I have to get off the phone, I need to finish packing. I'm hitting the road first thing in the morning. My tiny mountain cabin awaits."

"Are you sure you're okay? Like, really okay?"

I hesitate, the thread from my blanket now a tangled mess around my finger. I'm not okay, I'm lonely. But I'm not about to confess that to her and make her worry more about me than she already does.

"I'm fine, Sam. I promise. It's been a year; I'm okay. Dirk was a user. I'm over it and ready to move on." Sam doesn't respond, and I know she's not convinced. "Give your family my love. Love you!"

"Love you too. Let me know when you get there. And try not to get murdered by some weird mountain man."

"Will do."

I hang up and set my phone down on the coffee table in front of me. My life has changed so much, last Christmas feels like a lifetime ago. Twelve months ago, I thought my life was perfect. I had a beautiful home, a happy marriage, the murder mystery podcast I had worked hard on was finally taking off and bringing in real money. Just a few weeks later, my husband blindsided me with divorce papers. He was leaving me for his 23-year-old secretary. I felt like my life turned into a bad movie cliché.

Now, here I am, a year later. I'm packing up for a two week stay in a tiny cabin in the middle of nowhere, Pennsylvania. All because I couldn't stand the thought of spending my first Christmas alone in the house I shared with my ex-husband.

Shaking my head, I push myself off the couch, refusing to dwell on the past or feel sorry for myself any longer. That life is behind me now and tomorrow I'm determined to start a new and better life. This trip will be the beginning of my fresh start.

Walking into my bedroom, I survey my half-packed suitcase. A stack of books lies on the bed, waiting to be packed away. Just because I don't have a real boyfriend, doesn't mean I can't have multiple book boyfriends. And none of them care if I shave my legs or not.

Maybe I will meet someone— a handsome brooding mountain man that will change my entire life. Yeah right.

I grip the steering wheel as I carefully navigate the winding mountain roads. The radio crackles with static, cutting in and out as I climb higher into the mountains. My GPS estimates another hour until I reach Hemlock Hollow. I've never been one to hit the road early, but the weatherman predicted a storm rolling into the area.

"Come on, come on," I mutter to myself, pressing the gas pedal a little harder. The darkening sky has me worried. The last thing I need is to get caught in this storm.

My mind wanders to the reason I'm here, driving six hours into the middle of nowhere Pennsylvania. The Hemlock Hollow Huntsman, a mysterious man said to roam these very mountains. According to local folklore, he wears a handmade leather mask. Similar to the hood executioners used to wear to hide their identities from the public. In the weeks leading up to Christmas, he seeks out those who have been nice to reward them. Leaving behind candy and sweets for them to find. But the naughty ones? The Huntsman finds them in the middle of the night to deliver their punishment, sometimes even death .

The closer I get to Hemlock Hollow, the more my excitement builds. I recall the Reddit post I stumbled upon while researching this area. The locals here genuinely believe in the Huntsman. To them, he's not just a fictional character but a real entity patrolling these mountains. And it's not just ancient history; there was a string of missing women in recent years, the latest being the young woman in 2022. Locals believe the Huntsman took her, and her body was never found. It's equal parts intriguing and chilling.

I tighten my grip on the wheel, the road ahead twisting before me like a serpent. My mind begins to wander, weaving a tale of the Huntsman and his victims. The women, nice or naughty, that he sought out and either rewarded or punished. It's an eerie thought, especially with the storm rolling in, turning the sky into a shade of dark gray.

What if the Huntsman is more than just a legend? A masked man, doling out rewards and punishments. It's exactly the kind of story my podcast listeners eat up and then ask for more.

I can almost hear the intro now: "Welcome to 'Murder, Mystery, and Myths,' where we explore the stories that no one else dares. I'm your host, Ivy, and today we're

diving into the chilling tale of the Hemlock Hollow Huntsman..."

I can't help but smile at the thought. It's a fun legend, one that will no doubt captivate my listeners. But more than that, it's a distraction from the pain of the past year. This trip is my "screw you" to my ex-husband and the life we once shared. With some of the money from the divorce, I've booked a remote cabin far away from everything familiar. A place where I can be alone with my thoughts, my research, and the quiet beauty of the mountains.

A gust of wind slams into the side of my car, snapping me back to reality. I ease off the gas, my heart pounding. The trees on either side of the road seem to close in, their bare branches reaching out like gnarled fingers.

Part of me wonders if I'm crazy for doing this. Spending two weeks alone in a remote cabin, chasing after a fictional Christmas tale. But the alternative of spending Christmas in the empty shell of a house that doesn't feel like my home anymore is unbearable.

The first snowflakes begin to fall as I pass a sign welcoming me to Hemlock Hollow. I've made it, just in time. Now all that's left is to find my cabin and hunker down before the storm hits.

As I drive through the small town, I can't help but wonder what secrets and stories are waiting here for me to uncover. For the first time in months, I feel a spark of excitement. This is going to be one hell of a Christmas.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Ivy

I pull up to my rental cabin, it's nestled in the mountains outside of Hemlock Hollow. The drive up the mountain was picturesque, the towering trees covered in snow, surrounding me on all sides. I step out of my car, the crisp mountain air filling my lungs. It's a refreshing change from the stuffy city I left back home.

An older man greets me with a warm smile from the front porch of the cabin. His face is deeply lined, and his eyes hold a kindness that immediately puts me at ease.

"Miss Anderson, welcome. I'm Mr. Hastings, the property manager." He holds his hand out to shake mine.

"That's me. It's nice to finally meet you. You can call me Ivy."

"I thought I'd get the fire going and warm the place up a bit. The winters can be brutal up here." He hands me the key, his hands rough and calloused against mine.

"Thank you, that was so thoughtful of you."

"Let's get you settled in. I'll show you around, though it's not a big place." His steps are slow as he leads me inside.

"It's perfect. Cozy. And the view is incredible." My gaze takes in the view of the surrounding mountains just outside the windows. The fresh snow blanketing the ground sparkles in the soft glow of the evening sun.

"I'm glad to have you staying with us. It's been a while since we've had any guests on the mountain."

"I actually chose Hemlock Hollow because of its history. I'm a podcaster, researching the Hemlock Hollow Huntsman for a holiday special."

"Ah, the Huntsman. Now there's a story. The owner of this cabin, Mr. Kincaid, he's a descendant of the original Huntsman, or so they say. His family has been around for generations, owns hundreds of acres up in these mountains. He might be able to help you. His home is just up the road; you'll be neighbors, the only two homes for miles."

I can't hide my surprise. "Really? Mr. Kincaid, huh? The reclusive mountain man millionaire?" I laugh lightly, picturing a mountain-dwelling millionaire. "Well, I'd love to speak with him. It sounds like he could be a valuable source of information for my podcast."

"I'm sure he'd be delighted to talk with you. It's not every day we get visitors up here. Most folks prefer the town below, with its Christmas markets and cheer. But you've chosen a truly magical place to stay, Miss Anderson. Just be careful and make sure you stay on the Huntsman's nice list. A sweet girl like you won't want any part of those punishments."

"Oh, now come on Mr. Hastings. I think I'm a little too old to fall for old wives tales. I appreciate your hospitality. I'm looking forward to my stay here."

"So am I, Ivy. You be careful up here on your own. My number is on the fridge if you need anything."

I unpack my suitcases, placing my clothes neatly in the drawers and the food I brought with me in the kitchen cabinets. It's a lovely cabin, perfect for just me. As I set up my podcast equipment on the kitchen table, I feel a tingle of excitement for

what's to come in the next few weeks.

Once I'm settled, I find myself restless. With a quick glance outside, I decide the snowfall is light enough to risk the drive up the mountain. I want to see if this Mr. Kincaid might be as interesting as Mr. Hastings implied.

I grab my keys and pull on my coat. I freeze in place with one arm inside my coat, when I swear, I see a figure of a man standing on the front porch through the window. Its face, obscured by a hooded mask, but when I look again, it's gone. I shake my head, attributing it to my overactive imagination or just a shadow and trick of the light outside.

Stepping out, I'm met with the cold mountain air. I pause, taking in my surroundings. The cabin is surrounded by tall trees, their branches heavy with snow, and the air is crisp and fresh. I lock the door behind me and make my way to my car, my warm breath forming clouds in the cold air.

I start the engine, letting it run for a moment to warm up, and then slowly back out, careful on the snow-covered driveway. As I pull away, I glance back at the cabin, half-expecting to see the mysterious figure again. But the porch is empty.

"It was just a shadow, Ivy," I tell myself. "Calm down and get a damn grip."

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Ivy

I have the steering wheel in a death grip as the snow flies around my car. The narrow mountain road twists and turns, each bend more treacherous than the last. My podcast research suddenly feels trivial compared to the very real danger I've driven myself into.

The blizzard hit without warning. A total whiteout. One minute I'm squinting at the road ahead, the next I'm engulfed in a world of white. The wind howls, battering my little car. I lean forward, desperately trying to see through the windshield.

"Shit, shit, shit, Ivy. How could you be so stupid?" I mutter, easing my foot off the gas. I'm not prepared for this. What the hell was I thinking, coming up here alone?

I feel the tires lose traction, and then the car starts to veer towards the side of the road. I turn the wheel, overcorrect, and suddenly I'm sliding, careening towards the edge of the road and the steep drop-off beside it.

Time slows. The world spins. I scream, squeezing my eyes shut, bracing for impact, waiting for the crunch of metal against a tree.

It doesn't come. Nothing.

The car stops, teetering on the edge of the road. I sit there, frozen, my hands shaking, gripped tightly around the steering wheel. I let out a ragged breath, forcing my eyes open.

My breath catches when I see a shadow looming in the blizzard outside my car window. I squint, wondering if my mind is playing tricks on me. But no, there's definitely someone out there.

A gloved hand raps on my window. I jump, then fumble for the button to roll it down.

"Are you alright?" A deep voice cuts through the howling wind. I can barely make out the man's features, but he's tall, broad-shouldered, a dark silhouette against the swirling white.

I nod, my teeth chattering from the brutal cold whipping through the open window. "I think so. God, I can't believe how fast this storm came in."

"Mountain weather is unpredictable. You're lucky I was out checking the fence line." He leans down so he can see into my window, assessing me with his gorgeous dark eyes. Damn, he has better lashes than I do.

"I'm Kris, and you must be the podcaster staying down at my rental property."

"Yes, I am. I'm Ivy Anderson."

"Well, Ivy Anderson, it's not safe for you to stay here. Come on, I'll get you somewhere warm before this storm gets worse." Kris opens my door. "My cabin's just up the hill. We can wait it out there."

I hesitate for a split second, weighing my options. Stay in a freezing car teetering on the side of a mountain, or trust this stranger?

"But my car..."

"It will be fine. I'm the only person who drives this road. There will be no one passing

by to mess with it. I'll pull your car out tomorrow. The storm should pass by then and I'll have daylight to see."

That sounds reasonable and not stabby. So that's something. Right?

I grab my bag and climb out of my car. Immediately I'm hit by a strong, icy wind gust. Kris reaches out for me with a strong grip on my arms, only releasing me once I'm steady on my feet.

"My cabin isn't far, we're almost there." He guides me through the blizzard, one hand on my elbow. I stumble, the snow blinding me, but Kris keeps me upright. After what feels like hours but is probably only minutes, a dark shape emerges from the white— a cabin.

Kris ushers me inside, slamming the door against the wind. Warmth envelops me as soon as I'm through the door of the cabin, and I sag with relief.

"Welcome, make yourself at home." Kris says, shrugging off his coat and hanging it on one of the hooks by the door. "Looks like you picked one hell of a day for a drive."

I gratefully toe off my boots, feeling the chill in my socks as I step onto the plush rug. Kris takes my coat, his fingers brushing my arm, and I try not to shiver at his touch. He hangs it up neatly beside his, then turns to me with a warm smile.

"You look like you're freezing. Come, sit by the fire." He gestures to the couch, and I sink down into the soft cushions. Kris reaches over me to pull two blankets down that were neatly folded over the back of the couch. He wraps one around my shoulders and drapes the other across my lap. The fire crackles, chasing away the bitter cold that had seeped into my bones .

"Thank you Kris. I really appreciate everything you are doing for me."

"It's no problem, Ivy. I'm happy to help." Kris adds a few more logs, then disappears into the kitchen. When he returns, he's carrying two glasses.

"I have bourbon and water. I didn't think you would want the cold water. I hope you like bourbon." He offers me a glass.

"It's perfect, thank you."

Kris settles into the chair across from me, his gaze intent, watching as I move the glass to my lips.

"Mr. Hastings called after he left you at the cabin today," he says. "He mentioned you might be stopping by to investigate the old Huntsman lore."

I nod, shifting slightly under the weight of his stare. "Yes, that's right. He said your family has a connection to the Huntsman legend."

Kris laughs, a low, rumbling sound. "That old rumor again. My family has owned this land for almost two centuries, and we know the local tales that have been passed down through the generations."

I take another sip of bourbon, savoring the warmth that spreads through me. "So, you must know a lot about the Huntsman, then."

"I know a thing or two."

This is exactly the kind of information I need for my podcast. "I'd love to hear about what you know, if you're willing to share."

"I'm sure you know the story of Santa Claus. He has his lists of the naughty and nice children. That story has been used to keep children in line and behaving for years."

Kris's lips curve into a slow, dangerous smile. "The Hemlock Hollow Huntsman is a much darker one." Kris' voice is low. "The Huntsman was a figure of fear in these parts. He was known for his strict adherence to tradition and his harsh punishments for those who misbehaved. The Huntsman doesn't punish children, and he only has one list. The names on that list will either be taught a lesson so harsh they will make damn sure their names never appear on that list again, or they will be dead before the clock strikes midnight on Christmas Day."

I shift forward on the couch, hanging on Kris' every word.

"The Huntsman is known for his distinctive appearance. He always wore a hooded leather mask, hiding his true identity. They say his eyes were dark and piercing, and his hair fell in wild tangles around his face touching the tops of his shoulders."

"I can't help but wonder why he kept his identity hidden."

Kris' gaze shifts to me as I ask the question, and I feel its intensity like a physical touch. "Some say he was ashamed of the deeds he felt compelled to do, that he hid his face to separate himself from his brutal acts. The people here were superstitious and believed he had an almost supernatural ability to know when someone had earned a spot on his list. He would appear out of nowhere, like a dark spirit, to administer his unique brand of punishment."

"That's so eerie. What kind of punishments are we talking about here? And what kind of behavior would earn someone a spot on the Huntsman's list?"

Kris' eyes darken, and a muscle ticks in his jaw. "People believed he could sense things. He hates thieves and liars, abusers of children and animals. But it was the ones

who spoke out against the Huntsman, or showed any disrespect that wouldn't live to see another Christmas season. He would appear and demand a confession. If the person refused, the Huntsman would use his whip to punish them until they screamed their sins. He also loved gathering switches from the trees and using those to strike those who he deemed... disobedient. Their skin would be welted with angry red stripes across their asses."

"Oh my God." I can't help but be both horrified and thrilled by the gruesome tale. "That's intense."

I tighten my grip on the glass in my hand. Part of me is captivated by the sinister legend, while another part is increasingly drawn to Kris himself. His rugged good looks and the way the firelight dances in his dark eyes are undeniably attractive. His broad shoulders and lean, muscular build only add to his appeal.

As I sneak glances at him, I notice the way his dark hair falls just past his chin, framing his face. There's something about his strong jaw and the slight stubble along his cheeks that exudes a wild, untamed charm. His voice is low and gravelly, and I can't help but imagine what it would be like to have his hands on me, or how that stubble would feel against my inner thighs.

When he looks at me, I feel like he was listening to my thoughts, and I find myself wishing he had. I want him to know the effect he's having on me. I shift slightly, pushing my thighs together, suddenly aware of my body's reaction to him.

What the hell, Ivy? Get it together. This is only because I haven't had sex in over a year.

I clear my throat, attempting to sound casual. "That's... quite a legend. So, do you celebrate Christmas up here? You know, with all the traditional folklore and all."

Kris sits back, the intensity of a moment ago dissipating. "Oh yes, the holidays are a big deal in Hemlock Hollow, especially Christmas Eve. That's the last night the Huntsman will deal out punishments until the next Christmas season. Christmas eve was always reserved for who the Huntsman believed deserved the most punishment. Christmas Eve is the night he kills."

"So, then there is a connection between the Huntsman and the missing women?"

"No, those are just rumors spread by the locals. Bored people with big imaginations and too much time on their hands."

"I'd love to go into town and get a feel for what it's like here. Maybe meet some of the residents and interview them."

Kris studies me for a moment. "Sure, I can take you into town. There is a Christmas carnival every year also. It draws in a lot of tourists. I'll take you if you'd like. I'm sure you would love it."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Kris

“Would you like another glass, Ivy?”

“If it wouldn’t be any trouble, I’d love one.”

Good answer.

I push myself out of the chair I was sitting in and stand in front of Ivy. She looks up at me, unsure of why I'm standing in front of her. I make her nervous and she looks a little frightened. It makes my dick hard.

"I need your glass, Ivy."

"Oh," she shakes her head. "Of course, sorry."

"I'll be right back."

I made sure our glasses were slightly different; I couldn't risk fucking this up. Mine has a design etched into the glass on the bottom, that's the only difference. I didn't put anything in her first drink, just straight bourbon. I wanted to talk to her before she lost consciousness. In Ivy's second glass, I'm adding an extra ingredient- Rohypnol. I know some people might not see this as the most romantic way to begin a relationship, I get it. I just don't have the time or patience to deal with getting to know someone. And then comes all the damn feelings. I know she is meant to be mine, so why waste our time? It was fate that brought her here to me, not some fucking podcast.

I think back to the moment I saw her step out of her car, the way the snow clung to her dark, red hair. That pull that I felt to her, it's unmistakable. She's the one I've been waiting for.

Ivy is sitting on the couch exactly where I left her, her legs curled under her, looking around at the cabin.

"Here you go." I hand her the glass of bourbon, letting my fingers brush against hers, lingering just a second longer than necessary.

She takes the glass, her smile brightening the dim room.

"Thanks again for the drink. Your cabin is incredible. I love all the wood and the fur throws."

She takes a sip, and I watch her closely. Her soft lips wrapping around the rim, her eyes closing briefly in satisfaction. She has no idea what I've slipped into her drink.

"It's so warm and inviting. It must be nice to live up here, away from everything."

"It has its perks being up here alone." Like right now. "So, tell me about yourself." I settle back into my chair, watching her intently.

"Well, I'm 32 and a podcaster. I have a degree in broadcast journalism. I met my best friend, Sam, in my freshman year of college." She takes another sip, no doubt tasting the oak and sweet notes of vanilla in the bourbon. She's completely unaware of the drug now swimming through her veins. "I live in a suburb of Cleveland. No pets, no kids. That's about it. I'm pretty boring."

"No husband?" I prompt, already knowing the answer I checked into who she was the day she booked her cabin reservation. Her cheeks flush at my question, and a ghost of

a smile crosses my lips. It makes me want to find out what the rest of her creamy white skin looks like flushed that same color.

"No... I'm recently divorced. He had a few problems." Her voice holds a hint of sadness, but I'm not interested in her past. I have plans for her future.

"Problems?" I am curious what she considers problems.

"He had a problem keeping his dick out of his secretary."

I almost snorted the sip of bourbon I had just taken. This fiery little thing is more entertaining than I expected.

"I can see how that might be a problem. And the other problems he had?"

"It took me a while to realize it, but Dirk didn't marry me because he loved me. He just wanted his foot in the door at my grandfather's law firm. Once he was in and they made him a partner last year, he no longer needed me. So, besides the problem with his whore seeking dick, the other problem he had was that he is a giant asshole."

Her words make me smile. An angry little thing, isn't she? I love it when they have a bite to them, it's always more fun.

"So, he used you to get what he wanted?" I lick my lips slowly, savoring her words like I would the taste of her sweet skin. "That's a shame. You seem like a catch."

"Thanks, I guess. Live and learn, right? I'm starting over, and so here I am. Doing my podcast, putting one foot in front of the other. Sometimes a girl just has to take care of herself."

Her hand shakes slightly as she brings the glass to her lips. She takes a long drink of

her bourbon, and I know the drug is kicking in. Her eyelids start to look heavy. I lean forward, resting my forearms on my thighs, studying her. I do not want to miss a second of this.

"Are you okay?" Keep her talking. Now, this is the part where some might call me a monster, but really, I'm saving her from the real monster.

"I'm fine. Just a little tired. It's been a long day." She's trying to convince herself more than me.

I push myself up from my chair and stand in front of her, reaching out to take the empty glass from her unsteady hands. She offers no resistance, and her eyes drift shut, her chest rising and falling in a slow, steady rhythm. The drug is working fast. I set the glass down on the table and gently take her hands in mine, pulling her up from the couch. Her body sways towards me, boneless and pliant.

Perfect.

"I've got you Ivy, just relax." I pick her up and cradle her soft body against my chest, inhaling the scent of her hair. It smells like snow and something fruity... cherries. I breathe it in, and my cock fucking throbs with the need to claim her. I want to brand her as mine, but I know I have to be patient. Tonight is only the beginning.

"Time for bed, Cherry." I carry her out of the living room, and into my bedroom. I step inside and kick the door shut with my foot. I carefully lower her down onto the bed. Brushing a lock of dark, red hair from her face, my fingers lingering on her soft skin.

Her head lolls to the side, exposing her delicate neck. "Fucking perfect, and you're finally right where you belong."

She looks so innocent and peaceful lying there. I'm tempted to tear her clothes off and bury myself inside her, but I promised myself I'd wait. Patience, she's not going anywhere now.

Stepping away from the bed, I leave Ivy and walk back out into the living room. Her bag is on the floor, right where she left it next to her boots. I dump the contents of the bag onto the counter, sifting through her personal items. I find her phone, scrolling through until I find her contacts. I spot Sam's name and then Dirk's. I add them to my own contacts, just in case. I turn the screen off on the phone and set it back inside her bag, tucking it in like it never left.

Next, I lift her wallet, flipping it open. A few bills, one credit card. I stuff everything back inside, ensuring it looks untouched. As I stuff the wallet back into the bag, I catch a glimpse of a small box beneath her wallet— oral contraceptives. I toss the box into the trash, burying it under other trash so it's not visible. Those won't be needed anymore.

I set her bag back exactly where I found it. I think another drink is in order to celebrate my girl's arrival. I pour three fingers of bourbon into my glass, the amber liquid sloshing against the sides as I head back to the bedroom.

Once I'm sure she's in a deep sleep, I can finally touch her. I want to map out every inch of her body with my hands and mouth. I need to make sure she won't remember any of this in the morning, or if she does, she'll think it was all a dream. A blurred fantasy. But for me, tonight will be a night I will never forget.

I stand in the doorway of my bedroom, my eyes fixed on the woman sleeping in my bed. Her chest rises and falls in a slow, steady rhythm. Her red hair spills across the white pillow like blood on snow. I step into the room, closing the door softly behind me, and pad across the wooden floor in my bare feet.

"Ivy," I whisper, reaching out to shake her gently. Her body doesn't stir. I knew she wouldn't, but I needed to be sure. This is the moment I've been waiting for.

My body is on fire as I undress. My cock is so fucking hard it's almost painful, just from thinking about what we are going to do together. I fold my clothes neatly and place them on the bedside table. I chuckle to myself as my eyes flick to the stack of clothing I've folded with precision. My obsession with neatness and order is almost laughable when compared to the wild, chaotic need I feel on the inside to claim Ivy.

I down the last of the bourbon, setting the glass on a coaster I keep on my nightstand. I climb onto the bed, the mattress dipping beneath my weight, and lie down beside her. She's so fucking beautiful. I trail my fingers along her jaw, down the smooth column of her neck, and over the curve of her shoulder under her sweater. Her skin is soft and warm, and I want to mark it as mine. I want to see my handprints bruising her porcelain skin. I want to taste every inch of her.

I lean down, my breath ghosting over her ear, and whisper, "You're mine now, Ivy. There is no turning back after tonight." My lips brush against her skin as I speak, claiming her with my words and my touch.

Lying beside her, my mind starts to wander to all the things I want to do to her. I want to fuck her mouth, force her to take all of me, gagging on my length. I'll hold her down, my hand twisted in her hair, as I thrust into her throat. I'll fuck her face until she's a beautiful, drooling mess. Gasping for air with tears streaking her cheeks.

Then I'll flip her over, bending her over the edge of the bed. I'll spread those creamy white thighs apart, baring that tight little cunt to me. I'll tease her with my fingers first, rubbing her swollen clit, slipping my fingers inside her, preparing her for what's coming. She'll be so wet, dripping for me.

Then I think about tying her wrists above her head, binding her with ropes to the bed

so she can't move. I'll blindfold her, so she has to rely on her other senses. No sight, only touch, taste, and sound. The sound of my cock plunging into her tight hole, the feel of my tongue lapping at her clit, and the taste of me on her lips.

I have to undress her; I can't wait any longer. I remove her socks, placing a soft kiss on each bare foot. I trail my hand up her calves, along her thighs, then I untuck her shirt from her pants. My knuckles graze the warm skin of her flat stomach. Her breath hitches as my lips find the hollow of her throat, and I know she's dreaming of me and my touch.

Slowly, I push her sweater up, revealing a simple, white lace bra. I pull the cups down and her breasts spill over the tops of the cups, and I pull one stiff nipple into my mouth, sucking gently. I get lost in the moment, my tongue lapping slowly.

Moving my mouth to her other breast, I don't miss the slight shift of her body. She's responding to my touch, she's loving this. Her nipples are rock hard, the tips brushing against my tongue as I tease them with gentle strokes.

She wants this as much as I do.

I want to take my time, but the need to possess her is too strong to ignore any longer. Slowly, I unbutton her jeans, then pull the zipper down. I pull her jeans down her legs, taking her panties with them, and toss them aside. I pause, taking in the sight of her naked body, exposed and vulnerable.

I lower my head, inhaling her scent. It's a mixture of something that's uniquely her and the sweet smell of cherries. My dick twitches against my stomach, and I groan at the torture I'm inflicting on myself. I start at her ankles, placing soft kisses along her calves, savoring the taste of her soft skin. My fingers skim along her thighs, spreading them wider and I blow gently, my breath tickling her sensitive flesh. A soft moan escapes her throat. I smile against her skin.

My girl is needy.

I work my way up, my hands roaming over her body, caressing every curve, burning every inch of her into my memory. I place my hands under her knees, spreading her open wide, and taste her for the first time. Her sweet, tangy flavor explodes on my tongue, and I groan my satisfaction.

I flick her clit with the tip of my tongue, feeling her body shudder in response. I lap at her eagerly, my hands gripping her thighs tightly, holding her in place as I feast on her. Her soft whimpers fill the room. I suck her clit between my lips, swirling my tongue around it.

Her body stiffens slightly as her orgasm builds. I don't stop, licking and sucking, wanting to drink up every last drop of her pleasure. Her thighs tighten around my head, and she moans softly in pleasure as she comes for me.

I force myself to pull away, my face wet with her arousal. I crawl up her body, settling in between her thighs. Hovering over her, I lower my head to capture her mouth with mine. I growl low in my throat knowing she's tasting herself on my lips. My grip on her hips tightens.

I can't wait any longer, I need to know what it feels like to have her pretty pussy stretching around my cock. I line myself up, the head of my cock pressing against her entrance. I want to plow into her, but I take a breath to calm myself. Slowing down to savor this moment between us. I'm taking her for the first time in our bed, the place we will lay together for the rest of our lives.

I sink into her, slowly, feeling the heat of her pussy envelop me. "So fucking tight," I groan. Her walls clench around me, milking my cock, and I have to grit my teeth to stop myself from pounding into her. I give myself a moment to adjust, resting my forehead against hers, our breath mingling.

She's perfect. I feel like I could slide into her forever, burying myself balls-deep, and she'd swallow me whole. I withdraw almost completely, then thrust back into her, a little harder this time.

"You feel so damn good, Cherry," I grit out, my hands gripping her hips as I begin to move. I can't hold back anymore, and I start to thrust into her, my hips slapping against hers. I watch the way her tits bounce with each thrust. I dip my head down to take her nipple into my mouth, tugging on it with my teeth. She tastes like sin, and I need to make her mine in every way possible.

Her pussy grips me like a vise, and I know I won't last much longer. I fuck her hard, my balls slapping against her ass with each deep thrust. I reach between us, rubbing her clit with my thumb. She's so wet, her juices coating my hand, and I groan at the feel of her slick skin.

"Come for me again, Cherry." I flick her clit with my thumb, rubbing in tight circles, feeling her body start to shake. Her walls tightening around my cock, and I know she's close. I slam into her, driving myself as deep as I can go, and feel her legs begin to shake.

I can't hold back anymore. My balls draw up tight, and I explode inside her, my cock twitching as I spill myself into her. I bury myself as deep as I can go, wanting to imprint myself on her soul the same way she's imprinted herself onto mine. She's a part of me now just as much as I am a part of her .

Collapsing onto her, I breathe in her sweet scent, feeling her soft body beneath me. I know I should pull out, but I can't bring myself to do it. I want to stay connected to her; our bodies joined together as one. I nuzzle her neck, my lips brushing against her skin.

She feels so good, my cock is still half hard inside her. I shift, reluctantly pulling out

of her slowly. She gasps softly, her body instinctively protesting the loss. I chuckle softly, "I know baby, me too."

I run my hands down the sides of her narrow waist, enjoying the way she squirms, even in her drugged state. My hands continue their descent down her body until I'm dragging my fingers through our combined juices. I love seeing my come dripping from her cunt. With two fingers, I push my come that has leaked out back inside of her. I want it all inside of her, to seep in and brand her from the inside.

I curl my fingers upward, stroking that spot I know will send her over the edge. Her body shudders, and I thrust gently, feeling her pussy clench around my fingers.

"So responsive," I murmur, unable to resist licking my fingers, tasting our flavors mingled together on my tongue. "So, fucking good, Ivy."

I push both fingers back inside of her, then trace her plump lips with the tips of my fingers. I lick the mixture from her lips and groan when her warm breath skates across my tongue.

"Do you want to taste us, Cherry?" I push my fingers past her lips and into her mouth, swirling them around her tongue. "Do you taste how perfect that is? How fucking good we taste together?"

Pulling my fingers from her warm mouth, I spread the slick mixture of us and Ivy's spit across her lips and down her chin. I drag myself away from her and head into the bathroom.

Turning on the faucet, I wait for the water to heat up, grabbing a clean washcloth and a towel from the stack inside the cabinet. When the water is warm enough, I soak the washcloth, wringing it out so it's not too wet. I need to take care of her, she belongs to me now.

Back in the bedroom, she stirs slightly as I wipe her clean, a soft whimper escaping her lips. I freeze, afraid I might've hurt her, but then she settles back to sleep. I toss the used washcloth into the hamper in the corner of the room and grab the dry towel. I move slowly and carefully, drying her delicate skin with gentle strokes.

After I finish drying her off, I adjust her clothing, pulling up her pants and tucking in her shirt just how it was before. I can't resist kissing her one more time. I brush my lips softly against hers. "Goodnight, Cherry. "

Carefully, I pull the blankets up, tucking her in snugly. Just as I'm about to leave, I turn back for one last look, committing her sleeping form to memory. I take a deep breath, pulling her cherry scent into my lungs, and then I force myself to turn away.

I quietly dressed myself in the clothes I had neatly folded on my bedside table. Unable to resist one more touch, I lean over the bed and brush Ivy's hair back from her face, placing a soft kiss on her forehead. "I'll be on the couch if you need me. Sleep well sweet girl, and dream of me. This was just the beginning of our forever."

I make my bed for the night on the couch, pulling the same blanket over me that Ivy was using earlier. I smile when I notice it smells like her cherry scented skin. I reach for the remote, and turn on the TV, but I'm not really watching it. My mind is still in my bedroom with Ivy. Replaying every touch, every moan, every taste. She's the one I've been waiting 40 years for. The woman I've always been destined to be with, to breed, to marry, and now she's all mine.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Ivy

My head is killing me. The bright morning light streaming through the window feels like hot needles in my eyes. I groan and slowly sit up, but the room starts spinning, and my stomach churns. Oh no, I'm going to be sick. I spot the open bathroom door just in time and rush over, falling to my knees as the contents of my stomach empty into the toilet.

What the hell happened last night? My mind is a blur. I remember arriving at Kris's cabin, relieved to be safe and out of the blizzard. He offered me a drink and we talked. The bourbon was strong, and I remember feeling relaxed, too relaxed. I must have passed out, but I only remember having two drinks.

I stand shakily, my hand gripping the bathroom counter for support. My throat burns, and my mouth tastes awful. I rinse my mouth with water from the faucet, wishing I had a toothbrush. I step out of the bathroom, my eyes scanning the unfamiliar bedroom. A movement from the doorway catches my eye, and I freeze.

"Good morning, Ivy."

Kris stands by the bedroom door, a hint of a smile on his face. He looks far too composed and awake- the exact opposite of how I feel right now, and it irritates me. I'm still dressed in yesterday's clothes, my hair a mess, makeup smeared across my face, and I feel like death ran me over with a truck and then backed up to do it again.

"How are you feeling? A little rough, I'd wager."

I nod, my throat too dry to speak. My eyes dart around the room, taking in the rustic cabin, the warm fire in the corner, and the comfortable bed.

"Here," he says, offering me a glass of water and a bottle of aspirin. "This will help."

I take the glass with a nod of thanks, downing the cool water in greedy gulps. It soothes my throat, and I feel a little more alive .

"Better?" Kris asks, his eyes holding a spark of amusement.

"I don't know what you find so funny, Kris. There's no way I should have a hangover like this. How did I even end up in your bed?" I ask, narrowing my eyes at him.

Kris leans against the door frame, his arms crossed, looking entirely too relaxed for my liking. "You were starting to pass out on the couch. I carried you in here so you'd be more comfortable."

"You only gave me two drinks, right? I shouldn't have been that drunk."

"Yes, Ivy, just two. I thought the same thing. But then again, I don't know your tolerance. You're a small woman and that bourbon is pretty strong."

I throw my hands up in exasperation. "So, I'm not crazy then? Something is definitely off here."

His face softens, and he steps closer, his expression turning sincere. "No, you're not crazy. I'm sorry if I gave you too much. I didn't mean for this to happen."

"It's fine, Kris. I'm fine." I take a deep breath, trying to shake off the lingering effects of the alcohol. "I just want to get back to my cabin, if you can point me in the right direction. I desperately need a hot shower and a toothbrush."

Kris nods, "Of course. Let me just grab my coat, and I'll drive you down to your cabin. It's still snowing out there, so I haven't pulled your car out of the ditch yet."

As Kris turns to leave the room, I call out to him, "Hey, Kris?"

"Yeah?" He pauses, glancing back at me over his shoulder.

"Thank you."

Kris pulls his huge 4x4 truck into the driveway of my rental. "Do you want me to come in and start the fire for you?" he asks, his eyes scanning the exterior of the cabin. "It probably burnt out sometime in the middle of the night."

"If you wouldn't mind, that would be great."

As we step inside, my heart stops. The place is a mess. My suitcases lay open and empty on the floor. My clothes that I had folded and neatly put away in the dresser before I left. are thrown everywhere. The kitchen cabinets hang open, their contents spilled across the counter.

"Oh my god," I gasp, my hand flying to my mouth.

Kris grabs my hand, pulling me behind him protectively. "Let me check the bathroom."

I watch as he cautiously moves through the rooms. Was I robbed? I touch my neck, realizing that the necklace I always wear is gone. I left it on the nightstand beside the bed before I left to go to Kris's house yesterday. I ran to the bed searching both the nightstands and the floor around the bed.

"My necklace... it's missing." My voice shakes as the realization sinks in. "It was a

gift from my mother."

Kris frowns, "Keep looking, maybe it just fell under the bed or something. I'm going to take a look around outside just to be sure no one is out there."

I nod mutely, feeling vulnerable and violated. The idea of someone being in my space, touching my things, it's terrifying. I'm suddenly thankful that my car ran off the side of the road last night. What if I would have been here alone when they broke in?

Kris returns a few minutes later, "The lock on the back door is busted off. There isn't any way to fix it, I'll have to get a new lock and replace the door frame. It will be a few days before I'll have everything I need to fix it."

"What am I going to do? My necklace is gone, and..." My eyes fill with tears as the reality hits me. "Now the door can't be locked and I'm here all alone."

"Ivy, I want you to stay with me. You can't stay here alone, it isn't safe. I'd feel better knowing you're somewhere secure. Come back to my place with me. It's bigger, and I have the extra space. You can stay with me until I can fix the door and it can be locked."

I glance around the cabin, "But my podcast—"

"You can still record your podcast from my place."

"What? No, Kris, I can't impose on you like that." I feel like a burden, barging into a complete stranger's life.

"Hey." Kris lifts my chin with his finger, forcing me to meet his eyes. "It's a genuine offer because I want you to be safe with me. My cabin is bigger; I have an entire

guest suite you can use. Or if you'd be more comfortable, I can stay here on the couch until I get that door fixed. Whatever you want, no pressure."

His concern for me softens my resistance. The idea of being here alone in this cabin makes my skin crawl, but the thought of staying with Kris makes me nervous. I barely know him, but the alternative is going home early, defeated. I bite my lip, unsure of what to do.

"Ivy, it's not an imposition. Please, let me help." Kris's thumb gently strokes my jaw, his touch sending a rush of unexpected desire through me. "I just want to make sure you're safe."

I hadn't expected such kindness, and the fact that he seems sincere makes my decision even harder. I just can't shake the feeling that something is off.

"Okay," I hear myself whispering. "I mean, if it's really no trouble. I'd feel safer with you until the lock is fixed."

The corner of Kris's mouth turns up into a smile, and he steps closer, invading my personal space in a way that makes my heart hammer in my chest. "It's no trouble at all."

For a moment, I think he might kiss me. I hold my breath, not sure if I should lean in or step back. But then Kris straightens, his hand dropping from my face.

"Good. Let's get your things, and we can head back up to my place. We don't want to be out on these roads any longer than we have to." He takes a step back, giving me space, and starts to gather my things, neatly folding my clothes and placing them back into my suitcase.

As I watch Kris move around the cabin, I feel like I've known him forever, yet we've

only just met. It's strange, but there's something about him that draws me in, and I find myself wanting to know everything about him.

"Hey, Ivy?" Kris calls out, interrupting my thoughts. "You okay?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. Just grateful that our paths crossed."

As we pack my things into the back of Kris's truck, I can't shake the feeling that maybe I'm making a mistake.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Kris

That was almost too easy. All it took was a little nudge- a broken lock here, some scattered clothes there. And now look, she's already decided to move in. The blizzard played its part well, sweeping in at just the right moment. Now she's here, in our cabin, where she was always meant to be.

The missing necklace though... that's a problem. One I'll need to address soon. The necklace wasn't there when I trashed the place early this morning before Cherry woke up.

For now, I've put her in the guest room. I don't want to scare her off. It's better if she thinks she has a choice whether to stay here with me or not. I want her to feel that she is in control of her situation, and to be comfortable here in her new home.

She's been rummaging through her things for a while now. I've been watching her from the couch, just a casual observer, as she frantically digs through her bag. I know exactly what she's looking for before she even speaks.

"You've got to be kidding me!"

She's so cute when she's frustrated.

"Kris, you haven't seen a little white box with pills inside, have you?"

I pretend to give her question some thought. "No, I haven't seen anything like that. Are you missing something?" No need to worry, you won't be needing those anytime

soon.

"I can't find my birth control. I know I packed it; it must have fallen out while we were walking through the blizzard last night."

"There's a small pharmacy in town. Maybe you could pick some up there."

See, I'm not a total dick, I can be helpful. But... It's only because I know that's not an option. I've already taken care of that too this morning. The owner owed me a favor. Those pills won't be in stock anytime soon for her.

"Don't worry, Ivy. I'm sure it's no big deal. I can take you into town tomorrow, and we can check."

She waves off my offer, downplaying her concerns. "It's fine, really. I've been on birth control for years; it's more of a habit than a need at this point."

Ah, Cherry. If only you knew.

"Only if you're sure. It's no problem to take you into town. I have to go anyway to pick up the materials to fix the door to your cabin."

"I'm sure Kris. Thanks again for taking me in today and taking care of me last night. I'm sorry I've caused you so much trouble."

"Don't mention it, it's no trouble at all. You needed help, and I was happy to provide it. I'm going outside to get some more wood for the fire. It's getting a bit chilly in here."

I step outside, drawing in a deep breath of the cold mountain air. My eyes lock onto a small rabbit beside the wood pile. Its fur is standing on end, its body frozen in terror

as soon as it senses my presence. It knows its place in this world at the bottom of the food chain, always running and looking over its shoulder. It's nothing but prey, destined to be hunted, killed, and devoured by the stronger predators. I can practically taste the metallic tang of blood and the primal thrill of the hunt coursing through my veins. The chase, the capture, the fear, I live for it. The primal need inside of me to dominate and conquer.

When I begin to walk toward the woodpile, the rabbit bolts into the underbrush at the back of the clearing behind my cabin. Its small body is a blur of gray against the white snow.

It's your lucky day bunny, I think to myself as I gather logs, stacking them in my arms. I toss a glance back toward the cabin, wondering what Ivy's doing inside. I might have let the rabbit run away, but I can't say the same for Cherry.

Coming back inside my cabin, the warmth hits me as soon as I open the door. Ivy stands in the kitchen, rummaging through the food we brought back from her cabin.

"Hey," I call out, setting the wood down by the fireplace. "Are you hungry?"

"I'm starving now that the hangover isn't so bad. I didn't eat yesterday, I wanted to make it to the cabin before the storm hit. I planned on making dinner once I got settled in. That might be why the bourbon hit me so hard last night."

"Yeah, that could be. I can make us some lunch."

"Absolutely not! I can whip something up for us," she says, her voice brightening as she turns back to the fridge. "It's the least I can do, you are letting me stay with you and invade your space."

I hop onto the kitchen island, watching her as she bends over to dig through shelves

stocked with condiments and leftovers. I love the way her leggings cling to her curves. Tight around her thighs and accentuating her every curve. Her ass is a work of art.

“Just let me know what you need,” I say, feigning casualness while heat rises within me. I think about how fucking good she felt sliding my cock into her last night. I know taking her ass would feel even better.

She stands up straight, holding a carton of eggs in one hand and some shredded cheese in the other. “I can make us an omelet. Do you have any veggies?”

"Yeah, peppers and spinach on the top shelf in the back. There is some ham in the drawer at the bottom. I'd like some in mine if you wouldn't mind." I hate meat in omelets, but if it means I can stare at her perfect ass a little longer as she bends over, I'll suffer through it.

“Perfect.” I whisper to myself as she bends down to open the drawer, or so I thought.

"What was that?"

"Nothing, just excited for this omelet. I'm starving." My gaze lingers on her as she moves about the kitchen, grabbing pans and utensils with a certain grace that captivates me.

“So... about last night...” she starts hesitantly.

I lean forward slightly, intrigued by where this is going. “Yeah?”

“I’m really grateful you brought me back here and opened your home up to me.” She pauses to crack an egg into a bowl.

"Stop thanking me , I was happy to help. I'm just glad you weren't hurt, and that I was in the right place at the right time to get you somewhere warm. Knowing you're safe in my home is all the thanks I need.

"I guess so. It just feels strange waking up in someone else's house like this."

Not just any home, Cherry. Our home. You'll get used to it.

I hop down from the counter. Coming up behind Ivy, I put my hand on the small of her back. "Excuse me Cherry, I'll grab you a cutting board."

Fuck.

Her head snaps in my direction. "Cherry?"

"Yeah, you smell like cherries. It's fucking delicious."

I can't help but feel satisfaction at the sight of Ivy as her face flushes and that pretty shade of pink begins creeping down her neck. I want to reach out, to feel the heat radiating off her skin. Her breath hitches the closer I get, and I can't resist closing the distance between us. I slide beside her, my arm brushing against hers. She doesn't move to give me room like I thought she would.

"Do you always hover and crowd everyone in the kitchen?" She's teasing me, this is a step in the right direction.

"Only when there is a beautiful woman that I can't stop thinking about touching around," I reply smoothly. I lean in a little closer, my body brushing against hers, as I grab a cutting board from the shelf. My fingers brush against her hand, and for a moment, I linger there, letting our skin connect.

She glances up at me through her thick lashes. “You’re laying it on thick.”

I smirk, enjoying this game of cat and mouse we’ve started. “Am I? I thought I was just being honest.”

She swallows hard, and I can see that tiny flicker of desire ignite behind that cautious exterior she shows to everyone. It feels like an invitation. A smile plays on my lips as I pull back slightly to set the cutting board down on the counter.

“What else do you have in mind besides omelets?”

She swallows hard and fiddles with the egg carton like it's suddenly too complicated to handle. “Just lunch.”

Her nervousness is adorable. She turns away slightly to chop some vegetables but not before I catch that small smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. She likes this.

“Lunch is great,” I say softly, letting my breath brush against her ear. “But what about dessert?” I lean back just enough to gauge her reaction. Her breathing quickens, and she licks her lips. She’s turned on.

“Are you okay?” She doesn’t look at me, focusing intently on the egg she’s whisking.

“Yeah, just—”

“Just what?” I nudge, tilting my head toward her, giving her space to back away if she wants. But she doesn’t move. She leans into me instead.

“I don’t know. It’s just... All of this feels new. I don’t do well with new.”

“New can be good.”

“Yeah?” She finally looks up at me, those wide eyes searching mine as if she’s trying to decipher some unspoken truth hidden in their depths.

“Yeah Cherry, you’re safe with me.”

I wait for her to pull away, for that wall of uncertainty to come crashing back down. But it doesn't happen; she stands firm, our bodies pressed against each other .

“What if I don’t want to be safe?” The words spill from her lips before she can catch them.

That sounds like a challenge. She's got no idea what she's stepping into with me- the real me. “Tell me what you do want.”

The kitchen is quiet except for the soft crackle of the fire drifting in from the living room and our breaths mixing in the air between us. Her fingers tremble slightly as they wrap around the whisk again.

And just like that, everything shifts in an instant; my instincts scream that now is right.

“It’s okay if you don’t know what you want or how to ask for it. We can find out together.”

I slide my hands around her waist, pulling her against me. Her curves fit perfectly against my body. She's shy, but I can tell there's more to her; she wants to take risks, wants to be adventurous.

She bites her lip again, and my eyes are drawn to the plump, pink flesh between her teeth. I want to kiss her, to suck on that lip, to taste her. But I hold back, letting her make the next move.

“I’m not sure.”

“Sure about what, Cherry? ”

Her eyes darted around the kitchen, everywhere but at me. “I want to be bad.”

I smile at her choice of words. She might be 32 but she's inexperienced and I fucking love it. My fingers begin to walk up her body. “Tell me what happens when you’re bad.”

“I don’t know. I’ve never...”

“Never what?” I prompt, my fingers reaching her neck, massaging her sensitive skin there. “Never been bad?”

She shakes her head, her eyes closing at my touch. “Not like I want to be.”

“Like what?” I pause, my fingers stopping their motion. “Spit it out, Cherry.”

“I’ve never had rough sex,” she whispers, the words tumbling out in a rush.

Hearing those words makes my cock even harder. I tighten my fingers on her neck, making sure she feels my grip. “What exactly does that mean?”

Her breath comes faster now, and her chest rises and falls with each breath. I move my hand down, sliding the loose fabric of her shirt off her shoulder, exposing bare skin. Goosebumps form under my touch. “I’ve never been... restrained before. Never been marked. ”

There it is. Her desires laid bare for me to feast on. I dip my head, my lips brushing her ear as I whisper, “Tell me more.”

“I’ve read about it and seen it in movies. Sometimes I even imagine it. Being tied up, helpless, at the mercy of someone else. To be taken without consent, without choice. To be used, to be owned.”

She pauses, her breath shallow, and looks up at me as she continues, “I want to be dominated, possessed by someone who truly wants me.”

I shove her against the counter, gripping her wrists and holding them firmly behind her back, my body pressing against hers. My hard cock strains against my jeans as I ache to be inside her.

“You like it when I manhandle you like this?” I growl, my lips close to her ear, my teeth grazing her earlobe.

“Yes.”

The admission sends a rush of power through me. “You like feeling helpless?”

“Yes.” She moans as I nip at her neck, drawing out a small whine from her. “I want you to use me, Kris. I want to be yours.”

I bring her wrists together, lacing my fingers through hers, and holding them tightly behind her back.

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

Her whole-body shudders from my breath on her skin, but her eyes are daring me to back up my words with actions. Good, because I have no plans to back down now.

I give her a small, crooked smile, enjoying this dance we're doing. "Turn around and face me."

For a moment, I think she might refuse, but then she obeys. Fuck, she's perfect.

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes."

"Things are about to get a little less safe for you, Cherry. Clothes off, now."

At my command, she strips for me, pulling her sweater off and revealing a black lace bra. My eyes rake over her body, taking in her taut stomach, the curve of her waist, and the slight swell of her hips. She's gorgeous. Slowly, teasingly, she slides her leggings down, stepping out of them to reveal matching black panties.

Stepping closer, I place my hands on her waist, my thumbs grazing the delicate skin just above the edge of her panties.

"Perfect," I whisper. Then I lift her and set her down on the kitchen counter, the cold surface making her gasp.

I grab a roll of butcher's twine from the drawer beside me. It's coarse against my fingers as I ball it in my fist, ready to use it against her soft skin.

"Hands together and hold them out to me." She slowly laces her fingers together and stretches her arms out towards me. I bind her delicate wrists together with the twine and pull it tight. Her eyes flare wide as I take the end of the twine and loop it over the cabinet door behind her. I pull the twine tightly around the bottom of the door and secure the end to the handle on the front of the door. This pulled her arms up and back, forcing her chest to arch forward. Her breasts strain against the cups of her bra.

I see her swallow, that little pulse in her neck jumping. "Are you okay?"

"Yes."

It's a lie. And I fucking love it.

I keep her arms pulled tight over her head as I unhook the front clasp of Ivy's bra. I grab a handful of her tits, giving them a rough squeeze, and tug on her nipples, pulling them taut .

I reach for a tangerine sitting in a bowl on the counter. I hold it up in front of her face. "Open."

She does as she's told, her lips parting to allow me to place the fruit between her teeth. The tangy citrus smell fills my nostrils as I watch her bite down. Her eyes plead with me, the innocence gone, replaced by a wildness that matches my own.

I quickly but carefully bind her ankles, using more twine, securing them to the handles of the lower cabinets. Her legs are spread wide, her feet resting on the edge of the counter, leaving her exposed and open for me.

I step back to admire my handiwork, taking in the sight of her bound and helpless. "You look so fucking perfect like this. All tied up, ready and waiting for me. You're all mine and nowhere to go." She's at my complete mercy now, and I plan to exploit that.

"I'm going to make you feel things you've never felt before. You're going to be my good girl and take it all for me, aren't you?"

She nods her agreement.

"I know you will."

Her eyes widen as they follow my gaze to the knife block on the counter. A devious smirk spreads across my face as I pull out the largest knife .

Her hands tug at the twine, testing its strength, wanting to move, to touch me, but I have her helpless and restrained just where I want her. Keeping one hand on her stomach, I palm the giant knife from the block and run the sharp edge down her cheek. Her eyes flutter shut, and she stiffens beneath my touch. I bring the blade to her neck, pressing the tip just under her chin, forcing her to arch back, baring her throat.

"You did say you didn't want to be safe, didn't you?" I remind her.

She whimpers, and I drag the knife down her body, slowly, watching her as she twitches and goosebumps form in the wake of the cold metal. Her eyes are transfixed on the knife, anticipating my next move.

"Eyes forward. Don't you fucking dare look away."

I want to see how far I can push her, how far she'll let me go. The last thing I want is for her to see me roll the knife in my hand, to know what I plan to do next.

I watch her throat work as she swallows, her eyes fixed on me. But then, unable to help herself, her gaze dips, wanting to see what I'm doing with the knife.

I grab her face with my free hand. "Did I tell you to look away?" She begins to shake her head frantically. "Keep your eyes on mine. You won't like what happens if you disobey me. This is your last warning."

She nods quickly, her eyes meeting mine once more. I continue down until the tip of

the blade ghosts over the lacey edge of her panties.

She squirms, a soft moan escaping her throat. I roll the knife in my hand, grabbing the flat edge of the blade tightly. I pause, letting the rounded end of the handle rest against her clit, teasing her. "You like that? You like feeling my knife against your pussy?"

Her hips begin to move, grinding herself against the handle. Fuuuuck .

I move the handle of the knife up and down her pussy, over the thin fabric of her panties. Teasing her, until her arousal soaks through her panties, leaving a dark spot against the fabric. My cock is throbbing and aching to be let free, but not yet. I'm not done playing with my Cherry.

"You're so wet. Your pussy is dripping. You want more, don't you?"

She whines in response, her eyes pleading with me. I can tell she's trying to hold back, but I want to see her lose control. I need it.

I use the sharp blade of the knife to slice through the fabric of her panties, exposing her to me. A patch of red curls covers her pussy, and I can see her clit peeking out, begging for attention.

I bring the knife handle to her entrance, coating it in her arousal. I push the handle inside her, watching her face as I begin to fuck her with it, sliding the handle in and out of her tight cunt, twisting and turning it to hit just the right spot to make her squirm.

"Keep those legs open wide for me. I want to see that pretty pussy fucking my knife."

I take one of her nipples into my mouth, sucking gently and then I bite down. She

cries out from behind her gag and tries to close her legs around me. I let go of the blade of the knife to stop her by pressing a hand to her inner thigh. My other hand goes to her throat, and I squeeze until her eyes go wide.

"Ah, ah, ah, Cherry. You don't get to deny me what's fucking mine to take." I bite down on her nipple again and she cries out. "These tits are mine." I grab the blade of the knife and shove the handle deep into her dripping cunt. "This pussy is mine." Moving my hand down I gather some of her arousal on my finger sliding it down to her asshole. I circle her tight hole slowly with my slick finger. "This ass is mine, and when I want to fuck it, I will. Will you put up a fight? No... You'll be a good girl and let me, won't you?"

I tighten my grip on her throat, prompting her to answer me. She nods and as she does her saliva mixed with the juices from the tangerine drips down her chin. I start at her neck just above my hand and lick the juice from her skin.

"That's my girl. You belong to me now, Ivy. Don't fucking forget it."

She's soaking wet, and all from a simple knife handle. She's loving every second of this, and it's driving me fucking wild. She moves against the knife, wanting more, desperate for something- anything- to fill her. She's starting to lose control, writhing beautifully under my touch. I know she's about to come at any moment. Not yet sweet girl... not yet .

I want more than her to just beg for release. I want her tears. I need to edge her, to push her to the brink just to pull her back again. I want to completely break her until I'm the only one who can put the pieces of her back together.

Her legs are spread wide, those red curls between them glistening. I lean down, removing the knife from her pussy and inhaling her scent. I press my lips to her clit, sucking and nibbling on the hard bud. She moans around the tangerine, her hips

bucking as I add my fingers to the mix, curling them inside her, searching for that sweet spot.

I remove the tangerine from between her teeth and withdraw my fingers from her pussy. I bring my fingers, slick with her come, to her mouth.

“Taste yourself,” I press my fingers against her lips. Her tongue darts out, licking and sucking her sweetness from my fingers.

I pop the tangerine back into her mouth, then I bring my hand down on her pussy with a loud smack . Her eyes widen, and she bites into the tangerine, her eyes watering at the sting.

“You like that?”

She nods, her eyes never leaving mine, daring me to do it again.

"Yeah, you like this. Being tied up and helpless, at the mercy of man who can give you exactly what you need, what you crave."

Reaching behind her, I grab a wooden spoon from the utensil holder. Bringing the spoon down, I smack it against the inside of her thigh, leaving a pink mark behind. I do it a second time, making her jump.

“Hold still for me, Cherry. This is for your own good.” Each strike is harder than the last as I pepper her thighs with welts.

“Open your eyes, Ivy. I want you to see this.” I order, striking her again directly on her clit. She moans, her eyes flying open as she bites down into the tangerine. She looks so fucking sexy with her lips wrapped around the fruit. I bring the spoon down harder against her pussy, making her jump and causing more juice to dribble down

her chin.

God, she's fucking perfect.

I move up her body, removing the tangerine again, desperate to hear her cries. Her lower lip quivers, trembling beneath my touch. I nip and suck on the lip, tasting her mixed with the sweetness of the tangerine. She whimpers, wiggling against her restraints.

She whines as I draw back. I reposition the spoon in my hand, then I strike her left nipple with the back of the spoon, over and over until the peak darkens to a deep rose and stands at attention.

"You have the prettiest tits, do you know that?" I trace the outline of her breast, lowering my mouth to her swollen nipple, drawing it into my mouth, and sucking hard. I repeat the motion over and over, giving her right nipple the same treatment. She whimpers, her body thrashing against her restraints.

I turn the spoon and run the thin end of the handle down her stomach and between her legs. I press it to her clit, moving it in a slow circle, loving how she moans and bucks her hips trying to get more pressure.

"Please, Kris. I need... Oh god, I need—" She arches her back, pressing her body against the spoon, desperate for some kind of release.

"Need what? Tell me what you need, and maybe I'll give it to you." Her mouth opens, but no words come out. "Don't hold back on me now, Cherry."

She cries out, unable to bear the sensation any longer. She needs release, and I intend to be the one to give it to her... but only after she truly breaks for me.

She meets my gaze, "Please, Kris. I need to come. Let me come for you. Please."

Tears finally spill from her eyes, and it makes my mouth water. This is what I've been waiting for. To see her to give in to me completely, raw and vulnerable.

"Good girl. There is no turning back now." Not that she'd ever want to.

I reach for the knife on the counter and cut the twine binding her hands and ankles. I grab her hips, lifting her up easily and turn her to face the counter. Placing my hand on the back of her neck I push her down, bending her over the counter.

I use the toe of my boot and kick her ankles apart, spreading her wide, and she obliges without hesitation. Her body is flush against the counter, and she arches her back, pushing her ass out towards me. My lips curve into a vicious smile as I undo my belt buckle, loving how she obeys every unspoken command I give her.

Grabbing a fistful of her hair, I pull her head back and nip at her neck, tasting the salt of her skin. "You're doing so good for me, Cherry. You're taking everything I give you and begging for more."

Her back bows further, inviting me to take her as I slide my jeans down my thighs. My hard cock springs free, the tip pressing against her ass. She gasps, and I push her head back down on the counter, loving how she presents herself to me, so eager to please.

I thrust forward, my cock sliding deep inside her in one fluid motion. She cries out, her body trembling as she takes every inch of me. My hand grips her hip roughly, the other still holding her down on the counter by the back of her neck. I begin to move, thrusting into her tight heat. Her pussy clamps around my cock, and my breath hitches at how fucking good she feels.

I pull out and ram into her again, hearing the slap of our skin. My balls tighten with each thrust, my need to come rising, but I hold back, wanting to draw out her pleasure. She moans, her voice echoing through the cabin, desperate and raw .

I bite her earlobe, "You're taking my cock so well. Your tight cunt was made for me." I reach under her, rubbing her clit, determined to drive her insane.

“Don’t stop,” she pants between breaths. “Please don’t stop.”

“You’ll take what I fucking give you, and you'll say thank you for it.”

I pull out and let go of her hip only to bring my hand down on her ass with a loud smack .

She cries out, the sound echoing through the cabin. I raise my hand, about to bring it down again, when she speaks up.

"Please..." She's begging, her voice hoarse from the gag and her cries. "Please, I need to come."

I smirk, loving how desperate she is, but I'm not done playing with her yet. "Say thank you."

She blinks at me, confusion clear in her eyes, but then understanding dawns, and a look of horror crosses her face. She shakes her head, denying what we both know she wants.

"No, I won't."

I raise an eyebrow, my hand still hovering in the air, ready to deliver another smack to her ass. "Won't what? Tell me how much you love my cock? How thankful you are

that I'm giving it to you?" I lean down close to her ear, and whisper, "Say thank you, and I'll let you come."

She whimpers, shaking her head.

I pull back and bring my hand down once more. Harder this time than I had before. A perfect red handprint decorates her lush ass. "Last chance. Say thank you, or we're done here. I'll tie you back up and you can watch while I finish myself."

I can see the internal struggle playing out on her face, but finally, she gives in. "Thank you." Her voice is little more than a whisper.

I grin, leaning over her I wrap my hand around her throat. "Louder," I order.

"Thank you!" she cries out.

Fuck , that's hot.

"Good girl," I praise, releasing her throat and moving my hand down between her legs. I find her clit and rub it in tight circles, teasing her.

Her legs shake with need as I thrust back inside of her, she cries out, trembling against the counter as I bring her closer to the edge. "Come for me. Now, Ivy."

My words are like a trigger, and she does as she's told. Her body convulses as she falls over the edge. Her pussy pulses around my cock, her release coating my length. I growl, my balls drawing up tight as I thrust into her a few more times, riding out her orgasm before I spill my own inside her with a groan.

I grip her hips tightly as I fill her with my come, burying myself as deep as I can go.

Fuck, it's even better when she's awake.

We're both drenched in sweat, breathing heavily. I lean over her, resting my forehead against her shoulder as I catch my breath. Her chest heaves against the counter, her body still trembling with aftershocks.

"That's my girl," I whisper against her skin, pressing soft kisses to her back. "You did so fucking good for me."

I slowly pull out, and my come starts to drip out of her, coating the inside of her thighs, but I catch a good bit of it with my thumb, smearing it over her ass. I slap her ass, leaving a red handprint over her creamy white skin to match the other cheek. "There you go. Wear that as a reminder of who you belong to now."

Her breath hitches, and she looks back at me over her shoulder, a mix of emotions flashing in her eyes.

I step back, taking in the sight of her. Her hair is tangled, her lips are swollen from my kisses and bites, and my come coats her ass and thighs. Her body is dotted with pink marks from where I struck her with the spoon. She looks thoroughly fucked. The devil on my shoulder urges me to keep pushing, to keep playing, drawing out her pleasure and pain for as long as I can.

"I can't believe you just made me tell you thank you for giving me your dick," she huffs rolling her eyes and I can't help but laugh.

Oh, she's feisty. I like it.

I grab her by the throat, squeezing gently, and pull her back against my chest. "Roll your eyes at me again and next time it'll be a lot fucking worse for you than just saying thank you and a few smacks to your ass."

She gasps, her eyes widening as I trail my hand down her body to cup her pussy. I gather some of my come that's still dripping out of her, then bring my fingers to her mouth.

"Open up," I command, and she obeys, sticking out her tongue and taking my fingers into her mouth. She sucks on them, cleaning them of our combined juices.

I smirk, satisfied. "You're fucking welcome, by the way."

Her eyes darken at my words. "Does that thought scare you, Cherry? Knowing it can get worse?"

She whimpers, a soft keening noise that goes straight to my cock, making it stir with interest. "I-I don't know. Maybe."

"It seems to me that you could benefit from a firm hand to guide you. To show you your place."

"You'll do as I say, when I say. You'll learn to obey my every command, and in return, I'll give you more pleasure than you ever thought possible. Tell me you understand."

She whimpers, her body relaxing against mine. "Yes, Kris. I understand."

"Good. Now, finish making our lunch."

She moves to pick up her sweater that had been tossed on the floor.

"No Cherry, I want to watch you make my lunch just like that. Naked, with my come dripping down your thighs."

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Ivy

I'm finally alone in my room in Kris's cabin. I need some time to myself to process everything that's happened today. This morning feels like a lifetime ago when I woke up in Kris's bed with the worst hangover of my life. I know I should be focusing on my podcast, but I can't stop thinking about Kris and the way he makes me feel.

I step out of my clothes and reach for my favorite cherry scented lotion. I begin to rub the creamy lotion onto my legs, and that's when I see them. Pink, circular marks dotting my inner thighs, souvenirs from Kris and his damned wooden spoon. I know I shouldn't like him marking me, and I didn't- I fucking loved it. A thrill races through me as I trace the raised edges of the marks with my finger. The memory of his hands on my body, his breath on my skin, and I want more of it. More of him.

I continue working the lotion into my skin, my fingers gently gliding over my curves. I picture Kris's dark hair falling across his face as he looks up at me from between my legs. His mouth turned up into that seductive smile that he wears so well. My breasts feel full and sensitive as I caress them, teasing my nipples between my fingers.

I think back to earlier as my hands move up my neck. My core clenches and I feel the same rush as I did when Kris's hand tightened around my neck.

I close my eyes, remembering how his dark eyes watched me. I can almost feel the weight of his body on mine, his fingers digging into my skin, leaving his mark on my body. Claiming me.

A part of me wants to resist him, to maintain control. Another part, a deeper, hidden

part, yearns to let go. To submit. I know Kris is a complex man, with a dark side, and I find myself drawn to that untamed, unpredictable side of him. I ache for his touch again, his dominance, the way he made me feel. No one has ever made me feel the way he has. The feelings of fear and desire mixing together inside of me all at once. It's like a drug, and now I crave it.

My hands pause, mid-caress, when I hear a noise coming from the closet inside of my room. It startles me, and my hands slowly fall away from my body. I stand there frozen in place, listening for any movement .

"Hello?" My voice sounds small in the quiet room.

No answer. Just silence. It's probably nothing, just the wind outside. But something about it sets my nerves on edge.

I quickly wrap my robe around myself, cinching it tightly at the waist. I take a hesitant step toward the closet. My heart pounds in my chest as I reach for the doorknob. Slowly, I turn it and swing the door open.

The closet is empty except for a few coats and a pair of boots sitting on the floor.

I feel foolish for overreacting, but I swear I can feel someone watching me. I feel the urge to go to Kris, needing reassurance or maybe just the comfort of his company. I make my way to his room and knock softly on the heavy wooden door.

"It's open," his deep voice calls out, inviting me in. I step inside, feeling a little awkward. I find him in bed, a book in his hands.

Kris looks up from his book, "What's wrong Cherry?" He sets it aside, his eyes roaming over every inch of me, and I realize I must look like a mess.

I feel ridiculous now that I'm standing in front of him in his room. I'm like the child that needs someone to check for monsters under their bed at night. I might as well ask for a damn flashlight while I'm at it.

"I'm sorry, it was probably nothing. I just thought I heard something in my room, coming from the closet. I checked, and there was nothing. I just can't shake this feeling like I'm being watched. I'll let you get back to your book. I shouldn't have bothered you."

But Kris doesn't make me feel like I'm being dramatic or overreacting. Instead, he gets out of bed, takes my hand, and leads me back through the hallway to my room.

"I'll take a look."

Back in my room, he checks every corner, the closet again, and even inspects the window, ensuring it's locked tight and the curtains are drawn closed.

"Everything looks fine. But if it makes you feel better, you can stay in my room."

I chew my lip. "I feel so stupid. I'm sorry I dragged you out of bed for this."

"Hey... don't do that. The last thing I want is for you to feel uneasy while you're staying here with me." His words are kind, and the temptation to stay close to him is so strong.

I decide to stay in my room. After what happened with Kris today, I need a little distance between us and time to myself.

"I think I'll be okay here. Thank you for checking the room. I promise not to disturb you again."

Kris cocks his head to the side, "Ivy, you're not a bother. If you need anything, I want you to come to me. All right?" He turns to leave, but only makes it a few steps before stopping. "I'll leave my door open, you're welcome in my bed if you change your mind."

I swallow, feeling a mix of need and uncertainty. Kris sees my hesitation, stepping closer, he kisses me softly. "Goodnight," his warm breath ghosting across my lips. I feel his lips curl into a smile against my skin. He turns to go, leaving me standing here, wanting more. He walks out without another word, shutting the door behind him

Crawling into bed, I wrap myself in the soft comforter, trying to get comfortable. Grabbing my phone from where it's charging on the nightstand, I put in my AirPods and play one of my favorite calming playlists. I need to clear my head, stop thinking about Kris, and let go of the paranoid feelings that I'm being watched.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Huntsman

I wait, my patience wearing thin as I listen for the soft sounds of her breath, signaling she has fallen into a deep sleep. Quiet as death, I emerge from the shadows of her closet, my tall frame filling the space. My boots scuff lightly on the hardwood floor as I make my way to her bed. The sound seems to echo in the small room, but she doesn't stir.

I want to strangle her for what she's done. Betraying me by whoring herself to Kris fucking Kincaid. I saw what she did. The leather of my gloves creak as my hands clench and unclench at the thought. I'm fighting an inner battle. I want to wrap my hands around her delicate throat, feel her fear, and watch her beautiful eyes go wide.

I stand over her, my anger building, looking down at the stupid bitch sleeping peacefully in her bed. She has no idea of the danger she's in or the rage she's unlocked inside of me. Her pale skin almost glows in the moonlight. I imagine sinking my teeth into that soft flesh, marking her as mine. She's a challenge, a wild creature that needs to be tamed and punished for her disloyalty.

My eyes trace the curves of her body beneath the sheets. Even now, after her betrayal, my body responds to her. It's an infuriating desire that only adds fuel to the fire of my burning fury.

The anger I feel toward her, and myself for still wanting her is palpable. Yet, I can't deny the need I have for her. I remove one glove, then slowly, I pull back the blanket, exposing her sleeping form. My breath catches as I untie the belt of her robe, revealing her soft skin, my eyes trailing over her curves.

I see the marks on her body, the bites and scratches left by Kris. It fuels my fury and my desire. I want to make those marks my own. My gloved hand tightens into a fist at my side as I use my bare hand to stroke myself, my eyes never leaving her body.

The more my pleasure builds, the hotter the anger inside me burns. Yet I can't deny the need I feel for her. It's a battle between my instincts and my fury. I want to own her, but I also want to tear her apart for betraying me .

As my release builds, I think of how I'll mark her, taint her with my touch, and defile her while Kris watches, helpless. I finish myself off on her chest, not caring about the mess. I smear my release across her skin, marking my territory over the traces of Kris.

I almost want to wake her, to see the fear in her eyes as she realizes what I've done, but I resist. Instead, I slide my finger through the mess on her chest, dripping down her tits, and then I rub my come across her lips. When I'm done, I gently pull her robe back over her body, careful to cover her, erasing the evidence of my transgression.

I should kill her. A sinister smile plays on my lips as I imagine her, lifeless, her eyes wide and beautiful even in death. Whether she's dead or alive, it doesn't matter to me. Her body will be mine to take. At least in death she'd be mine alone, and I could have my way with her without worrying about her betrayals. I could keep her forever, preserved in death, untouched by anyone but me. But first, I'll make her pay. I'm going to punish her for her sins against me.

But not yet. My release only served to stoke the fire of my desire and anger. The rage and need coursing through my veins war with one another, each vying for dominance. I yearn for a different kind of release now, one that only death can bring .

I need to kill.

The need to kill is a beast inside of me, a savage, snarling creature that demands blood. I head toward town, eager to scratch the itch. The moon is full and bright, guiding me through the night as I make my way to the only place in this podunk town I can get a drink and a willing cunt, The Topsy Elk.

At the bar, the usual sluts hang around, their eyes shiny with greed, hoping to latch onto some poor bastard to finance their drink-fueled nights. It's always the same pathetic game. The men with their wallets and the women with their gaping holes, each trading one for the other. At least here, everyone knows the rules.

My eyes land on the bar stool where Tori sits, waiting for me. She's one of the smarter whores, she knows how to play the game. After a while, they all get too attached, and start demanding more from me. But not Tori. She's the perfect fuck toy. Always ready and eager, happy to let me do whatever the fuck I want to her body, and never asking for anything in return .

I sit next to her, signaling the bartender for a drink. Tori leans into me, pressing her tits against my arm, a practiced move that should feel like affection but falls flat. I'm already thinking about how I'll fuck her, rough and hard.

In the back of my mind, there's a buzz, a voice that urges me to go to Ivy. The idea of her being with Kris, maybe even fucking him again, it provokes the beast inside of me. But I push the thought away. I'll deal with her later.

For now, I stand, taking my drink with me, and jerk my head at Tori. She knows the drill. No words, no pleasantries. She follows me to the back of the bar and into the grimy bathroom, locking the door behind us.

It's fucking disgusting in here, but Tori doesn't care. She's already on her knees, tugging at my belt. The bathroom stall is cramped, and reeks of piss and vomit. She's a messy bitch, but she knows what she's doing. It's one of the reasons I keep coming

back.

My eyes roll back as her tongue teases me. It's almost like she's starving, and my cock is her favorite meal. But I need more than what I can get in this bathroom.

"Eager little slut, aren't you?" She looks up at me, her eyes shining with lust and something like adoration. It makes me sick. I grab her by the hair, relishing her small gasp of surprise, "Come on, lets go to your place."

"Really, you want to spend the night with me?"

I roll my eyes at her dumbass question, "Unless your lips are wrapped around my cock, keep your fucking mouth shut before you make me change my mind."

I drag her out of the back of the bar and walk the block down to the town's only trailer park. Her high-heeled boots click on the pavement as she struggles to keep up with my long strides. In the quiet of the trailer park, the buzz in my head grows louder. In my mind I can see Ivy, tied up on Kris's kitchen counter. The monster inside me starts to rage.

Tori's trailer is worn out and overused, just like her. Knowing exactly where I want her, I step inside, and lead Tori straight to the kitchen.

I shrug off my coat, pulling the rope out of the inside pocket before I toss it over a chair. Her eyes go wide, and for a moment, I think she might refuse. But then, she licks her lips, misunderstanding my intentions. "Oh, honey, you're kinkier than I thought."

"Strip," I order. Tori's eyes flick to the rope and back to me, but she obeys, slowly removing her clothes. My gaze rakes over her body, taking in her soft curves.

I push her toward the kitchen counter, ignoring her whimpers as her skin scrapes against the hard surface. I lift her up, sitting her ass down on the counter. After I bind her wrists with the rope, I secure them to the upper cabinet door just as I watched Kris do to Ivy.

I secure her ankles to the lower cabinets and when I step back, she looks like a mirror image of Ivy tied up in Kris's kitchen earlier.

I grip her throat with my hand. "You like this, don't you, slut?" It's not a question. Her eyes, wide with excitement and fear, tell me everything I need to know. She's mine to do with as I please. And she knows it.

I grab a knife from the sink. It's dirty, but what the hell do I care? It's about to get a whole lot dirtier. I see the fear in her eyes as she realizes what's about to happen. The thrill of it rushes through me, fueling the rage that's been building ever since I saw Ivy with Kris. Tori begins to shake her head, her eyes fixed on the knife in my hand.

I grab her face, squeezing her face between my fingers, shaking her head roughly. I force her to look me in the eyes.

"You don't get to tell me no. You asked for this, remember?"

"No, I didn't ask for any of this." She whines, her eyes now pleading, reflecting the moonlight streaming through the kitchen window. I walk back to my coat, my boots thudding on the dingy linoleum floor.

From my coat, I pull out my mask and a long, red wig, the same deep shade as Ivy's hair. I stuff the mask in my back pocket for now. Back at the counter, I place the wig on Tori's head, arranging it to mimic the way Ivy's hair falls around her face. With each touch, I can feel my need growing stronger. I need to punish her for what she did.

"That's better," I murmur, gently brushing the hair from her face. I run my fingers through the soft curls.

The blade glints in the dim light as I drag it lightly down her body, tracing the same path I'd watched Kris take down Ivy's body. The metal dances across her skin, leaving a faint, reddish line in its wake. I know she can feel it- the edge of the blade, the steel against her flesh. She has no idea who she's about to fuck.

I pull my brown leather mask from my back pocket and pull it over my head. Tori's eyes widen in recognition. When she starts to cry, I grab a dish towel, shoving it into her mouth to muffle her pitiful sobs.

"Shut the fuck up." Spittle flies from my lips as I lean in close. "You wanted to be bad. You asked for it rough. You wanted to be owned. Marked. Dominated. I'll show you what it feels like to be owned. Only good girls get rewards, bad girls get punished. And you've been so fucking bad."

I fist a handful of her hair, snapping her head back. "Haven't you!" I scream in her face. "You betrayed me!"

I know she can see the madness inside of me, and it only excites me more. My body hums as I bring the blade to her soft belly. Slowly, I press the tip into her flesh, and I begin my work.

Her muffled scream vibrates against my hand as I cover her mouth, the vibrations sending pleasure surging through me. I feel her sobs, her body shaking with them. She can try to beg all she wants, but I don't give a fuck. She brought this on herself.

"I'm giving you what you wanted. You begged for this. You wanted to be marked."

I use my body to hold her tightly against the cabinet. Slowly, I bring the knife back to

her skin. This time, I press deeper, wanting to leave a mark that will last.

"Fuuuck." I curse as I watch the knife slice across her skin. My cock strains against my jeans. My body craving the release that comes with the kill.

"You should see your face, the fear in your eyes. It's so fucking beautiful." With each word, I slide the knife across her skin, leaving trails of crimson.

When I'm finished, I drag the blade up her cheek, collecting her tears as they run down her face. I lick the blade of my knife as I admire the work of art before me. The taste of her salty tears mixing with the metallic tang of blood on my tongue is almost enough to make me come.

It's a goddamn masterpiece. Her body strung up like wild game waiting to be gutted. 'WHORE' carved into her stomach, shining bright red like a glowing neon brand of shame. It's beautiful.

"Perfect," I whisper, tracing the marks with my finger lightly.

I unbutton my jeans and pull the zipper down. I pull my cock out, placing the knife on the counter within reach. I graze my fingers over the peaks of her tits, dragging my nails down her soft flesh, scratching her with my fingernails. I position myself between her legs, stroking myself. My hand tightens around her throat as I thrust into her.

"I know exactly what you are. You're a filthy whore who'll spread her legs for anyone. You'll let anyone fuck you, won't you?"

When I bite her ear, she lets out a muffled scream, her body shaking uncontrollably. I can feel myself getting closer. There's so much fear in her eyes; it's intoxicating. The perfect little plaything .

I continue to fuck her through her sobs, rough and hard. Music to my fucking ears. My knuckles turn white as I grip her thighs for leverage. I'm about to come when images of Ivy being fucked by Kris flash in my mind and my hands tighten around her throat.

I pull the gag from her mouth when I see the life begin to fade from her eyes, and it only makes me harder. I can feel my release building, tightening my balls. Her body starts going limp and I tighten my grip on her throat, reveling in the power I have over her. With one final thrust, I come, grunting my release as she takes her last breath. I hold her there, still inside her, our bodies frozen in that moment.

Her eyes are open, staring blankly at the ceiling. The fear has faded, replaced by nothingness. I lean back, pulling out of her, and wipe myself off with the dish towel before stuffing it back into her mouth.

I put my mask back into my coat pocket and begin to straighten my clothes. Her body will be found by morning, letting everyone know the punishments have started early this Christmas season.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Ivy

I wake to the sound of knocking on my door. I throw the covers back and drag myself out of bed. When I open the door Kris is there. "I made breakfast if you'd like some."

"Thank you, I'll be right out." I need to pull myself together. A few minutes of splashing cold water on my face and running a brush through my hair, and I feel slightly more human.

As I step into the kitchen, the rich scent of freshly cooked pancakes greets me. Kris stands by the stove, flipping one with ease. He's shirtless, his jeans hanging low on his hips. His dark hair falls slightly over his eyes, and he glances up at me when I walk into the room.

He has already poured me a cup of coffee, and there's a stack of pancakes with butter and syrup waiting for me on the table .

My gaze drifts to the counter where he had tied me yesterday. My core clenches at the memory of him inside of me and I feel my face flush.

Kris catches me looking at the counter and raises an eyebrow, a devilish grin spreading across his face.

"You look hungry this morning."

"I am. I'm so glad you made pancakes. I can't think of anything I'd want more right now." I try to match his smartass comment with my own. I sit down at the table

across from him and pour syrup on my stack of pancakes. I take a bite, the warm, fluffy pancake melting in my mouth.

"Oh my God, these are amazing," I managed to get out between mouthfuls.

Kris takes a seat, watching me eat. I feel like he's seeing right through me. "I'm glad you like them. It's been a while since I cooked for someone."

"Well, I'm glad to be that someone. You know, I think this is the best breakfast I've had in a long time."

As we finish our pancakes, Kris starts clearing the dishes. "I'm planning to head into town after I get the kitchen cleaned up. I need to get the materials to fix that door to the rental cabin. Would you like to come with me?"

The mention of going into town certainly caught my attention. I've been mostly cooped up here in Kris's cabin, and the idea of exploring Hemlock Hollow and maybe even gathering some information for my podcast is exciting.

"I'd really like that. I'd love the chance to just walk around and talk to the locals. Maybe I'll discover some interesting gossip for my podcast."

"I can guarantee you'll find Hemlock Hollow interesting. It's not your typical small town."

"I can't wait to see it."

Forty minutes later, Kris pulls his truck into a parking spot in front of an old hardware store.

"Do you mind if I skip the hardware store and walk around town a bit?"

Kris opens his door, pausing to turn around and look at me.

"Not at all. Take your time. It might take me a while to get what I need. I'll find you when I'm finished."

I get out of the truck and wander down the street, taking in the small-town charm of Hemlock Hollow. The main street is lined with quaint shops all decked out in Christmas decor. There's a cozy-looking bookstore, a bakery with mouthwatering aromas wafting out, and a vintage clothing store that piques my interest.

As I walk further, I notice a small crowd gathering a few blocks down. My curiosity draws me toward them. As I make my way closer, I notice a sheriff's car blocking the street in front of the crowd.

A woman in the crowd turns to her friend and whispers, "It's happening again- it's the Huntsman. He's back."

The Huntsman? Here? No. It's all a work of fiction. A tale passed down from generation to generation, weaved of fear to keep the people on the straight and narrow. He isn't real.

I push my way through the growing crowd, trying to get a better view. I nudged a bystander standing beside me. "What's going on?"

"The Huntsman is back to pass judgment on the people of Hemlock Hollow. Haven't you heard the stories?"

I turn to the bystander, my eyes widening. "What do you mean, 'he's back'?"

Just then, my breath hitches as I see a black body bag, being wheeled out on a stretcher. Two men load the body into the back of a van with "Coroner" printed on

the side.

"Oh my God, what happened?"

The bystander, her eyes still glued to the scene playing out in front of us, replies, "The Huntsman has started his killing spree early this year. He's never taken a life before Christmas Eve, but it looks like he's breaking tradition this year."

The bystander's words echo in my mind. "The Huntsman is back to pass judgment." But it can't be. It's just an old legend, a scary story. My mind flashes to Kris. There's no way... But a seed of doubt has been planted. I need to find out more.

"Can you point me in the direction of the sheriff's office?" I ask the woman standing next to me

"Walk back to the bakery and take a left. It's a block down on the right."

"Thank you," I say and back away from the crowd, my eyes fixed on the van until it turns the corner and disappears from view. As I make my way through the crowd, people's voices buzz around me, speculating about the identity of the victim and the meaning of the Huntsman's early appearance.

I walk briskly, retracing my steps. I find the bakery and then take a left. I spot the sheriff's office down the street on the right, just like she said.

I step inside, the bell above the door jingling to announce my arrival. I walk through a short hallway and then straight into a cramped office space. A large desk sits in the middle, dominating the room with a couple of offices in the back. An older woman sits behind the desk, her eyes leave the computer screen she was focused on as I approach her.

"How can I help you, Miss?"

"Hi, I'm Ivy Anderson. I'm a podcaster, and I'm here in Hemlock Hollow doing some research. I understand there's a lot of history and tradition in this town."

The woman regards me cautiously. "That's true, Miss Anderson. What is it exactly that you want to know?"

"Well, I couldn't help but overhear some folks talking about the Huntsman. It's quite a tale. I'm curious if there are any records or, perhaps, any actual sightings?"

"I can't claim to know all the details, but I do know it's a story that's been passed down through the generations. A sort of boogeyman of Hemlock Hollow, meant to keep people in line."

I take a seat in the chair in front of her desk. "But what about recent sightings? Has anyone ever actually seen him?"

Her expression shifts, becoming more guarded. "Now, that's hard to say. People claim to have spotted him from time to time, but it's hard to separate fact from fiction in small towns like these."

"And the body I saw being taken away? Is this the work of the Huntsman?"

Her eyes narrow, "I'm sorry, but we can't comment on an ongoing investigation or give out any information at this time. If you have any tips or information, feel free to leave your contact information, and someone will be in touch."

"Of course." I pause, hesitating before I decide to push a little further. "Could you at least tell me, is the Huntsman real, or just a legend?"

"All I can say is that the Huntsman is very real. He's been a part of this town's history for as long as anyone can remember. Now, if you don't have any more questions, I'll need you to please exit the building. It's my lunch break and with the sheriff out on a call, I'll have to lock up the building."

"Thank you for your time," I say, turning to leave the building. But an idea forms in my mind, and I push open the door to the sheriff's office without exiting. The bell jingles above me, masking the sound as I duck into the bathroom. I'll wait for her to leave for lunch and then take a look at what she was doing on her computer.

I don't have to wait long. Soon, I hear the front door open and close, followed by the turn of the lock. I step out cautiously and peek around the corner to make sure the coast is clear. Seeing no one, I hurry over to the desk. Moving the mouse, I bring the monitor back to life.

I gasp, my hand flying to my mouth. Staring back at me from the computer screen is a woman, her deep red hair falling around her face. She sits on a kitchen counter tied to the cabinet. A dish towel stuffed in her mouth, and the word "Whore" carved into her stomach.

Goosebumps spread across my skin as I recognize the position she's staged in. It's the same way Kris had me tied yesterday on his kitchen counter.

"Oh my God," I whisper, backing away from the desk.

I need to get out of here, now. I rush out of the sheriff's office, nearly colliding with a man entering the building. I mutter a quick apology and continue down the street, my mind racing.

I can't believe what I've just seen. The image of that woman, bound and marked, is seared into my brain. Could it be Kris? We barely know each other, but a killer? No, I

don't think so. He was there this morning, and he offered me his bed last night. Surely, he wouldn't have done that if he planned on sneaking out to murder someone.

I quicken my pace, practically running down the street to the hardware store to find Kris. I need to see him, to confront him about what I've just seen.

I replay our encounters in my mind. The more I think about it, the more convinced I become that this couldn't be Kris. He's intense, yes, but there's a difference between passion and malice.

But what if it's not Kris? What if someone has been watching us? My blood runs cold as I recall the figure, I thought I had seen through the window of my cabin the first day I arrived. The broken lock on my cabin door. Could it be the same person? Someone jealous of our connection, or perhaps someone with a sick fantasy?

As I turn the corner, I spot his tall frame standing outside the hardware store, loading a large box into the back of his truck. Relief floods through me at the sight of him. He looks up, his dark eyes meeting mine, and a smile spreads across his face then falls into a look of concern.

"Cherry, what's wrong?"

"I need to talk to you."

"What happened? You look terrified. Did someone do something to you?"

I shake my head, "No, no one did anything to me. It's what I just saw. I just came from the sheriff's office. There was a body found, a woman. She'd been marked by the Huntsman." I pause, searching his eyes for any sign of recognition. "I saw a photo of her on their computer. She was tied up, and the way she was positioned..."

"Go on."

"She was tied to a kitchen counter, exactly like you had me yesterday. I need to know, Kris. Were you home all night? Did you leave at any point?"

"No, I didn't leave. After I left your room, I went to bed. That's where I stayed all night until I got up and made us breakfast."

"Whoever it was that broke into my cabin, what if it's the same person? What if he's been watching us? What if this all ties back to the missing women?"

Kris pulls me into a tight embrace. "Don't worry, you'll be fine, but we need to get back to my cabin."

"Oh my God, what do we do? Should we go to the police? Tell them someone's been watching us?" My heart is hammering in my chest as I start to panic.

"No, we're not going to the police. I'll fix the door to the rental, but I want you to stay with me, please. It's safer for you."

"But why is it safer? I don't understand what's going on here."

"Listen, I don't know what's going on either, but I'm not leaving you alone until I find out what's happening."

"Kris, I don't think you understand. The woman in those photos, it can't be a coincidence the way she was tied up. She was posed exactly how you had me tied up yesterday. She had a red wig on, the exact same shade and style as my hair." I pause a moment, trying to keep my emotions in check as I recall the details of the photo. "There was a towel in her mouth gagging her. Then someone carved the word 'Whore' into her stomach. It was horrific."

"That's why I need to get you back to my cabin. I can protect you there. I won't let anything happen to you, Cherry. You have to trust me."

"I do trust you, Kris. I just... I don't know what to think anymore. This town, the Huntsman, it's all so much to try and wrap my head around. I feel like I've stepped into one of the stories from my podcast, and I can't tell what's real and what's not. It can't be a coincidence that a woman was posed like that."

He leans closer to me across the truck seat. "I'm real. This pull to you that I feel is real. The rest, we'll figure it out. I won't let anything happen to you; I promise."

His words, though comforting, do little to calm my nerves. Is Kris hiding something? Or is he genuinely trying to protect me? My eyes dart to Kris, searching for any sign of the Huntsman. But the man sitting next to me is just Kris. No, it's not him, he was home with me all night.

Someone is watching me, watching us, and he's pissed.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Kris

What the fuck is my brother thinking?

Breaking tradition and killing before Christmas Eve? It's unthinkable. Centuries of carefully maintained ritual, and he's ready to throw it all away because of his petty jealousy.

I don't give a fuck how pissed he is that I got to Ivy before he did. She's mine, and it's going to stay that way. The memory of her soft skin, her bright green eyes, the sounds she makes when she comes, they all play in my mind like a slideshow. No, he will never lay a finger on her, and I'll do whatever it takes to make damn sure of it. I won't let him take her from me.

With every new generation born of our family, it brings a new Huntsman to carry on the family secret. The weight of our legacy is almost unbearable at times. And yet, I'm not the one who carries the burden.

The only reason he's the Huntsman is because he was born two minutes before I was. Two minutes that have defined our entire lives. The job is always passed down to the eldest male born in the next generation. Two fucking minutes, and I'm left in the shadows cleaning up his messes, while he wears the mask.

My twin brother Nick stands before me, his shoulder tense and fists clenched at his sides. For a moment, I think this fucker might actually take a swing at me. But he just shakes his head, continuing to pace the floor.

"You know she should've been mine, Kris. I'm the Huntsman. It's my right." I can almost feel the pent-up rage in every word he speaks. "You got to her first, but I'm not going to sit back and watch you take what's rightfully mine."

I step closer, matching his intensity. "You know how it works, Nick. The eldest takes the mask, and the younger supports him. Our roles are clear, and they're not changing. As for Ivy, she's not something to be claimed or traded. She's a person, and she chooses."

"Chooses? Please, don't make me fucking laugh. We both know how you let her choose. It's about power and control with you, and she's under your spell now. But I'm telling you, I won't let it stand. I should be continuing the family lineage, not you. That right is mine."

I grab him by the collar, pulling him close, my words a low growl. "You touch her, and I'll fucking end you. There will be a next generation, but you won't be the one to create it. Our duty is to the family, to keep the Huntsman name alive. It's always been that way, and one impulsive act won't change our legacy. There just has to be another generation to take over. It doesn't matter who creates it, only that there is one. And that will be happening soon."

I release him with a shove, my anger simmering. "Get the hell out of my sight, Nick. Don't make me repeat myself. She's off-limits to you. If I find out you've gone near her, or you've been watching us again, there will be hell to pay."

As he stalks off, I know this isn't over. Nick's not one to back down, and his obsession with Ivy is a dangerous combination. But she chose me, not him. I'll do everything in my power to keep her safe, even if it means protecting her from my own brother.

I hear the basement door close that leads outside, signaling my brother's departure. I

sit down in an old wooden chair, my gaze fixed on the mask. Its dark leather surface reflects the flickering light of the basement, almost like it's staring back at me.

I hear the basement steps creak behind me, and my head snaps up. Ivy stands at the bottom of the stairs, her eyes wide, taking in the basement scene. The mask. The whips. The tools of my family's dark trade.

Fuck. I forgot to lock the door. In my rage and haste, I'd left it ajar, and now she's seen it all. There's no hiding the truth anymore.

"Ivy, I can explain."

But before I can begin to explain, she bolts up the stairs.

She's running from me now? She can't be fucking serious.

I chase after her, my boots pounding on the wooden stairs. She's faster than I expected, and it only makes the chase more exciting for me. She might actually challenge me. She's scared, and that adrenaline is fueling her. I slip on the top step, and she gains more ground.

Ivy probably thinks she can get away, but there's no escape for her. Not now, not ever. This is forever.

"Cherry, stop!" I yell. "I know you're scared, but you don't understand. Just calm down and let me explain. You can run all you want, but I'm going to find you. I'll always find you."

She disappears around a corner, and I know she's trying to find a place to hide. I slow down, a smirk forming on my face. This game we're playing? It's my favorite.

"You've got thirty seconds to come out from wherever you're hiding. After that, if you make me look for you, you will be punished. You have no idea what game you're playing little girl and the monster you're playing with, and it turns me the fuck on."

I lean against a wall, arms folded, waiting. I know how this game goes. Thirty seconds is more than enough time for me to find her if I want to. But I'm curious to see if she'll take the bait. Will she stay hidden, or will she come to me? Either way, I'm going to enjoy every second of this.

My heart's racing, and my blood's pumping with adrenaline. Nothing gets me harder than the hunt.

I glance at my watch. Twenty seconds left. I hear the soft whimpering of her breath. She's close. Trying to remain silent, but her fear betrays her. I close my eyes, relishing the moment.

"Fifteen seconds." I push off the wall, starting to move in the direction I heard her whimper come from.

"Ten seconds, Cherry. Tick tock."

I hear that damn adorable whimper again. This time, I can tell where the noise is coming from. I can't help but smile as I slowly make my way toward the pantry door. My fingers play along with the wooden surface, a soft tap echoing through the silent house. I give her one last chance to come out on her own.

"Time's up." I pause, letting the anticipation build. But just as I'm about to open the door, the knob turns, and there she is. Ivy slowly reveals herself, her beautiful red hair falling over her shoulder, those bright green eyes looking up at me.

"Come on out, Cherry. We need to talk." Her hand trembles as she takes a hesitant

step out of the pantry. I take her hand in mine, ignoring her flinch. I can tell she doesn't want me to touch her, but that's just too fucking bad. I'm not giving her a choice. This is for her own good. I lead her to the couch, my hand firm on her lower back.

I sit down first, and she moves to sit at the other end, trying to put distance between us. I'm not having any of that. I pull her down onto my lap, one arm secure around her waist. I pull her back, close to me, feeling her soft body press against mine.

"Now, look at me, Ivy," I say, using her real name to ground her in the reality of who I am. It's important she doesn't forget that this isn't some game. "I know you're scared, and I know you have questions. But we're in this together now, and you need to trust me." My voice drops lower, taking on the tone that I know gets under her skin. "You can try to run and hide, but I'll always find you."

As I speak, my free hand begins to trace patterns on her bare arm. "You feel this too, don't you? This connection between us? It's too strong to deny or run from. It's destiny, Ivy. You and me, together."

My thumb brushes her full lower lip, and I lean in closer, my breath mingling with hers. "I know I scare you. But you also want me. Admit it."

In this moment, I crave her honesty more than her submission. I need to hear the words from her lips—confirmation that this isn't just about power and control, but about desire and passion that consumes us both.

Her eyes widen at my touch, and she licks her lips nervously. "I... I do want you, Kris. God, I want you so much it scares me. But I can't just ignore what I saw." She swallows hard, her eyes darting away from mine. "Those photos... the things you did... I can't be with someone capable of that."

My arm tightens around her, a silent signal that she's not going anywhere. "It wasn't me, Ivy. It's my brother, Nick. The Huntsman." I take a deep breath, willing myself to remain calm. "I know I should've told you sooner, but I didn't want to scare you away. My family has a dark secret, and I wanted to protect you from it."

She stiffens in my arms, and I continue, determined to make her understand. "The Huntsman has always been a part of our family's history. It's a role that's passed down from generation to generation. Nick's the current Huntsman, and he's the one who did what you saw in those photos. But I'm not like him, Ivy. I would never hurt you."

"Your... brother?" She repeats, her voice shaking. "I don't understand. Why are you hiding this from me? And if he's the Huntsman, what does that make you?"

I pull her closer, "I'm the one who keeps the Huntsman in check. I'm the shadow behind the mask, making sure he never goes too far. And I would never let him near you, Ivy. You're mine, and I'll do everything in my power to keep you safe."

She turns her head, her eyes searching mine. "Why should I trust you? You lied to me about this, what else are you hiding?"

I brush a stray lock of hair from her face, my gaze intense. "Listen, I have a dark side. I can't deny that. I love the thrill of the hunt, the chase, I love the thrill of capturing my prey and making them mine. I love the scent of fear mixed with desire. But I would never truly hurt you, Ivy. That's where my brother and I are different."

As I speak, her body relaxes against mine, her breathing slows down. "No more secrets."

Leaning in, my lips hover just above hers. "I promise. From now on, you'll know every dark secret that's hidden in my mind."

She puts her hand on my chest stopping me from closing the distance between us. "If you want me to stay then I need you to show me."

"Show you?"

"Show me your dark side, I need to know I can handle the darkest parts of you. Show me what you like."

A smile slowly spreads across my lips. She has no idea she's serving my favorite meal to me on a silver platter. I'm going to savor every damn bite.

I lean in close to her ear, "Run."

Confusion flickers across her face, but then realization dawns, and she jumps into action. Grabbing her coat, she bolts out the front door, her boots crunching in the snow.

"That's it, run, little girl," I whisper, my eyes fixed on the door she just fled through. I take my time, strolling to my bedroom. There's no rush. Ivy has nowhere to go on this mountain that I won't find her.

From my dresser drawer, I select a favored whip, the leather soft and supple in my hand. I finger the braided strands, anticipating the bright pink marks it will soon leave on Ivy's delicate skin.

Stepping outside, I pause on the porch, taking in the beauty of the snow-covered landscape. My eyes follow Ivy's tracks, leading straight into the woods.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are."

Ivy

My heart pounds in my chest as I sprint through the snow-covered woods, the cold air burning deep in my lungs with every inhale. I'm grateful I thought to grab my coat as I ran out the door, but the wind still cuts through me. I shouldn't be doing this. I should be running in the opposite direction and away from this mountain as fast as I can. But I'm not. I'm running through these woods excited and terrified at the same time.

I can't explain the connection I feel to him. Kris has this way of making me feel like I'm falling into a world I can't escape when I'm with him. I try to fight it, to resist, but I'm not sure I want to anymore. I know I should be cautious, but there's something wild and untamed about him. It's like I'm under some kind of spell, drawn to the danger that lurks beneath his surface.

I pump my arms harder as I race through the deep snow, my breath forming clouds in the freezing air. I know I have a good lead on Kris, but I want him to catch me. I want to find out what he'll do. I want him to show me the dark side of him that I know exists.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are," Kris calls from somewhere in the distance, his voice carrying through the stillness of the woods. My heart rate picks up, and I feel a rush of adrenaline course through my veins. I push myself faster, my feet sinking deep into the snow with each step.

I'm gasping for air, the cold nipping at my cheeks as I glance back over my shoulder. The woods stretch out endlessly, the trees looming over me. Each step becomes a

struggle. I can feel the burn in my legs, but I push myself to keep running. The low branches of the trees scrape against my face, and I can't help but let out a cry of frustration.

Before I even realize what has happened, I'm falling. I stumble forward, my arms flailing as I try to catch myself. I tripped over something hidden beneath the snow. My ankle twists painfully, and I fall hard, the impact knocking the wind out of me.

I lie there for a moment, dazed and struggling to breathe. The snow is cold against my cheek, and I can taste blood in my mouth where I bit my tongue. I know Kris is getting closer every second I lay here .

I have to get up.

I push myself up onto my hands and knees. My ankle is killing me, and I can feel it swelling inside of my boot. I'm scared, truly scared, for the first time since I arrived in Hemlock Hollow.

What the fuck is wrong with me that I'm turned on by this?

I'm all alone in the woods with a man I barely know, a man who might have impulses darker than I even imagined.

I scramble to my feet, ignoring the pain. I need to put some distance between us. I force myself to walk, gritting my teeth against the pain.

I know I can't outrun Kris now, and I start to panic. I limp forward, my ankle sending shooting pains up my leg with every step. I know I don't have much time. I have to find a hiding place. I know I can't keep this up for much longer.

Up ahead, a jagged alcove in the rocks catches my eye. I dart toward it, tucking

myself inside just as I hear Kris's voice echoing through the trees. "Cherry! Come out and play."

A thrill runs through me at the thought of him prowling these woods like a predator hunting his prey.

I crouch down low, pressing my back against the cool rock feeling the chill seep through my clothes. There's hardly any snow in here; it's almost dry. My heart pounds in my chest as I hold my breath, straining to listen. He won't find me if I stay quiet.

A moment stretches into eternity as silence envelops me, broken only by the whisper of wind outside. My heart is in my throat as I hold my breath, cowering in my hiding spot.

Then, a hand shoots out, grabbing my ankle and yanking my leg out from under me. I cry out, falling forward and catching myself on my hands. Before I can scramble away, Kris is on me, his body pressing me into the hard, cold ground.

"This wasn't a bad hiding spot, Cherry. It could've been better if your tracks didn't lead right to it and your red hair wasn't waving like a flag in the wind from behind the rock."

"Kris," I wiggle, testing his grip, but he doesn't budge. Instead, he leans closer, his breath tickling my ear.

"Scared, Cherry? Or excited?" His hand slides up my leg, and I suppress a gasp. I shouldn't like this. I should be pushing him away, fighting this, but my body betrays me, wanting more.

Without warning, he flips me over, onto my back.

"I owe you a punishment, Cherry. Do you understand why?"

I nod, biting my lip.

"I need to hear it. Tell me why I have to punish you." His eyes bore into mine, demanding an answer.

"Because... because I ran from you and didn't let you explain," I stammer, feeling a mix of shame and arousal.

He pulls out a whip from inside his jacket, and my breath catches in my throat. "Since you came out on your own earlier, I'll only give you five strikes instead of ten. Do you understand?"

My mouth goes dry as I nod wordlessly. I contemplate the sting of the whip against my skin. Part of me craves the release that comes with the pain.

"Pull your pants down to your knees and get on all fours," he commands, his voice leaving no room for negotiation

I do as he says, my fingers trembling as I unbutton my jeans. I lower my pants, exposing my bare skin to the cold air. I feel vulnerable and exposed, positioning myself on the ground, but a part of me likes it.

With a swift motion, Kris brings the whip down across my ass. The crack of the leather fills the air, and I cry out, my body instinctively tensing at the sting. I feel the heat of the blow spreading across my skin, and I know the mark of the whip will be there for days to come.

"Count, Cherry," Kris prompts me, his voice steady.

"One," I whisper, steeling myself for the next strike.

I hear Kris move behind me, the crunch of leaves and sticks under his boots breaking the stillness of the moment. He steps into my line of sight, holding an icicle that glimmers in the dim light.

"Stick out your tongue." He brings the icy stick to my mouth, moving it slowly across my tongue.

"Make sure it's smooth," he says, his eyes locked on mine.

Then, he moves behind me again, and I feel the chill of the ice slide across my skin, tracing the same path that the whip took across my ass. The icy cold against my hot skin feels amazing, and I can't help but let out a moan.

He brings the whip down again, and I cry out, my body jerking at the impact.

"Two," I choke out, my eyes squeezed shut as I surrender to the pain.

The whip falls again. I can feel the heat rising on my skin, the sting of the leather.

"Three. "

The icicle returns to my ass, gliding across my skin. The cold ice soothing the burn and numbing the pain. I'm a mess of conflicting sensations—pain, pleasure, fear, and desire all rolled into one. I'm burning up with anticipation, my skin still stinging from the strikes. I arch my back, pushing my ass toward him, silently asking for more.

Then Kris moves the icicle lower, teasing the sensitive skin of my inner thigh. A shiver runs through me, and I instinctively spread my legs wider.

The icicle stills for a moment, and I hold my breath. He begins to trace the icicle along my folds, the wetness already gathered there betraying my arousal.

"You're so fucking wet," Kris whispers, his hot breath fanning over the sensitive skin of my neck. His fingers gently spread me open, leaving me fully exposed to the cold and to him.

He holds the icicle just outside my entrance, teasing me, never quite giving me what I crave. "Please."

Kris chuckles, "Please what, Cherry? Tell me what you want."

"Please, I need more," I plead, my cheeks burning with shame and desire.

I feel the icicle push into me slowly, inch by inch. I gasp at the sensation— it's so cold that it's almost painful, but it only heightens my arousal. I push back against it, wanting it deeper.

The icicle twists inside of me, sending shocks of pleasure throughout my body. This mix of extreme sensations is overwhelming. But then it's gone, leaving me feeling empty, aching and wanting more.

"If you want it back inside you, you're going to have to beg me for it."

"Yes, please, I want it," I say almost breathlessly, my hips moving involuntarily as I grind against his hand. I'm so close to the edge that any little touch could send me spiraling over.

With a devilish smile, Kris obliges, slides the icicle slowly back into my pussy. I cry out, the sensation of being stretched and filled, even by something so thin and cold, is immense.

He pulls the icicle out slowly, torturously, then inserts it again. In and out. A steady rhythm.

"Please, Kris," I beg, needing something more, something to push me over the edge.

I'm so lost in the sensations Kris is creating inside of me; the crack of his whip startles me. This time, it lands on the back of my upper thighs, just below where he is teasing me with the icicle. Instead of pain, I feel a wave of pleasure that takes my breath away. I let out a moan, wanting more, needing to feel the whip again.

"Count," Kris reminds me, his voice pulling me back into the moment.

"Four."

He brings the whip down again.

"Five," I choke out, knowing the punishment is over. But I'm not sure I want it to be. I want more.

All my senses seem heightened. I become aware of every nerve ending in my body. I ache for his touch, craving more of the sensations he's invoking in me. I want to feel his hands on me, possessing me.

Every part of me wants to be claimed by him, taken by him. If I was being honest with myself, I wouldn't care if he was the Huntsman, or not. I'm in too deep now. I want to explore this side of myself that I never knew existed.

"Naughty girls need to be punished, but they also get rewarded if they please me. And Cherry, you've fucking pleased me."

I whimper, a mix of anticipation and apprehension coursing through me. I have no

idea what Kris will do next, and that excites me more than anything .

"Spread your legs wide for me." His fingers trace the path of the whip while he fucks me with the icicle, sending shivers through my body. "Do you know how sexy you look like this, spread out wide for me on the ground? My marks across your pretty little ass. So willing to take your punishment and eager for more?"

"Yes," I whisper, my cheeks flaming with desire and embarrassment.

"Good girl," he murmurs, his fingers still reverently caressing the marks left by the whip. "Now ask me for your reward."

"Please, Kris," my voice sounds desperate even to me, as the icicle withdraws. "Can I have my reward?"

Kris continues to weave this spell over me. Time seems to stand still as he explores my body, leaving no inch of exposed skin untouched. I'm alive, trembling on the edge between pleasure and pain.

His fingers ghost over my slick folds. Mixing my arousal with the melting ice. I gasp, my body reacting to the lightest touch.

"Ever since the first time I laid eyes on you I've wanted to live inside this pussy," Kris growls, his hands grasping my hips.

"Please," I beg, feeling desperate and wanting him more than I thought possible.

"Use your words, Cherry. Tell me what you want." He circles his fingers over my clit, bringing me closer to the edge.

"I need you inside me." I beg shamelessly, my fingers digging into the icy ground

beneath me. His touch is electric, lighting up every nerve ending, and I crave more.
“Fuck me, Kris.”

I feel his hard length press against me, “Yeah? You want my cock inside that tight pussy?”

“Oh God, yes,” I whimper.

"You've been a very good girl for me, Cherry. It's time for your reward." He slowly pulls the icicle from my pussy, sliding it up to my ass before circling it around my tight hole. "Have you ever been fucked here?"

"No."

"Good, I'll be the only one who ever will." I hear what's left of the icicle clatter to the ground and then his fingers are digging into my hips, pulling me back towards him as he positions himself behind me. "I'll save that treat for another time."

He begins pushing inside of me in one smooth motion. I cry out, my body arching back against him. His cock is so thick and warm, every inch of him stretches me in the best possible way. It's a stark contrast to the cold icicle, and I moan at the feel of him moving inside of me.

"Fucking hell, you feel so good," he groans. "Is this what you wanted? My cock buried deep inside you?" Kris grinds his hips as he pulls me back onto him, controlling the rhythm. "You like that, don't you? Feeling me stretch you open?" I can feel every inch of him as he slides in and out, filling me completely.

"Yes," I whisper, my breath catching in my throat. "I need more. Please, Kris."

He pulls out almost completely, leaving me feeling empty, then thrusts back into me,

hard. His hips slam into mine, his body claiming mine with each powerful thrust. The world around us melts away, leaving only the two of us, consumed by each other.

"Oh, fuck, Kris," I moan, my body moving in rhythm with his.

His grip tightens, almost painfully, as he drives into me again and again. I can feel the rough edges of the whip marks brushing against his skin, and it only fuels my desire.

"This tight pussy was made just for me, wasn't it?" His voice is strained. "Tell me it's mine, Cherry. Beg me to use your pretty little cunt."

"It's yours, all yours," I pant, my words coming out in desperate gasps. "Use me any way you want. Just keep fucking me, please."

"Fuuuck, you take it so well. You're gripping me so tight. I bet you're hoping I'll fill that sweet cunt with my come, aren't you?" He groans, his hands sliding up my body, his fingers tangling in my hair. He pulls my head back, pulling me back so my body is flush against his as he continues to fuck me. The movement exposes my neck, and he bites down gently, sending shivers throughout my body.

"Kris," I moan, my body moving with his, our rhythm perfectly in sync. "I need—"

"You need what? Tell me, Cherry."

"I need to come," I admit, my cheeks flaming. "Please, make me come."

"Not yet, baby. I'm not done feeling you wrapped around my cock."

Kris thrusts into me, his hips slamming against me. The force of his thrusts rocks my body forward with each stroke. He fucks me with a primal need, like he can't get enough of me, and it's driving me wild.

"You feel so goddamn good. I could fuck you forever." Kris whispers in my ear, his breath hot against my neck. I feel his teeth sink into the sensitive skin of my neck again, and I cry out, the sensation shooting straight to my core.

"Yes," I cry out, my body on fire. "Kris, I need it. I'm so close."

"Not yet," he teases, slowing his thrusts. "I want you to beg for it."

I'm so wound up that the pause almost hurts. "Please, Kris. Please let me come."

"Good girl. That's what I like to hear."

With a few more sharp thrusts, he pushes me over the edge. "Come for me, Cherry. Let me feel it."

My body listens to his command, and I give in to the pleasure. My orgasm crashes over me, wave after wave of pleasure rippling through my body to my core. I cry out, my nails digging into the frozen ground beneath me, leaving crescent-shaped marks in the earth. My body is his to command, I'm unable to do anything but surrender to him. My inner walls clench and tighten around him, refusing to let go.

"I'm not gonna last," Kris grunts, his breath catching as he teeters on the edge of his own release. "I'm gonna fill you up, Cherry. Gonna mark you as mine." I want to tell him that he already owns me, that my body is his to do with as he pleases. Then, with a few more thrusts, his body tenses as he follows me over the edge. "Fuck, that's it, take it," he grits out, his release flooding into me.

Kris collapses on top of me, his body covering mine possessively. I can feel his heart pounding against my back, his warm breath ragged in my ear.

I can't speak, my body still throbbing with the aftershocks of my orgasm. The cold

ground beneath me is forgotten, my entire being focused on the connection between our bodies. We stay like that for a moment, catching our breath, our bodies still connected. I feel boneless, sated and thoroughly fucked, but I still ache for more. More of this, more of him, and I don't think I'll ever stop now that I've experienced Kris Kincaid.

He eventually pulls out of me, and I feel his release start to leak out of me. He presses a soft kiss to my neck, while using his fingers to gather it and push it back inside of me.

"Come on, let's get you back to the cabin. You have to be freezing." He helps me up, his arms wrapping around me possessively. I lean back against him, still feeling dazed by the intensity of what we just shared.

I take a step forward, and pain shoots up my leg, causing me to stumble. I've forgotten about my injured ankle in the midst of everything that just happened .

Kris grabs my arm, steadying me. "What's wrong?"

"I tripped when I was running earlier. With all the snow, I couldn't see what I tripped over. I think it's just a sprain."

"Let's get you back to the cabin. We'll get some ice on that ankle."

As we make our way back through the snow-covered forest, I lean on him more than I'd like to admit. The pain in my ankle is sharp, and I can't put much weight on it. Kris doesn't seem to mind, though, and he supports me easily, his arm wrapped securely around my waist.

Back at the cabin, Kris helps me inside and sits me down on the couch. He grabs a first aid kit and begins carefully wrapping my ankle.

"Kris, will you tell me more about the Huntsman? I ask, my curiosity getting the better of me. "How did it all begin? Why would your family start something like this?"

Kris pauses for a moment, his hands stilling on my ankle. "It goes back generations. My great-great-grandfather was the original Huntsman. He had a need to kill, to punish. He enjoyed the hunt, and he found an outlet for his urges. It was in his blood, just like it's in mine."

I swallow, my throat suddenly dry, and he continues. "The first time he killed was on Christmas Eve. It doesn't take long in a small town for the locals to start telling stories and spreading rumors. And so, the Huntsman lore began. It also served as a way to cover up his... extracurricular activities. They made him into a mythical figure, a warning to keep everyone in line. But the truth is he was just a man with a darkness inside he couldn't contain."

I wince as Kris finishes wrapping my ankle. The pain is throbbing, but it's already starting to feel better. I shift my position on the couch, and Kris places an ice pack on my ankle.

"Better?" He asks and the genuine concern he has for me is obvious.

"Yeah, thank you. I think it's fine, I'll just be sore for a few days." Needing to know more I ask, "And your family... they all had the same urges?"

He meets my eyes and nods. "When he noticed the same tendencies and urges in his son, he passed on his knowledge and the Huntsman identity. It's been passed down through every generation ever since."

"So, the Huntsman of Hemlock Hollow is very much real. And I'm his latest prey."

"Prey, plaything, lover... You can call it whatever you want, but that's not fucking happening. My brother isn't getting his hands on you. I've made it clear to him you're mine and nothing will change that. "

"This is a lot to take in."

He smiles, his eyes softening a little. "I know. It's a lot."

"So, what now?"

"For now, you need rest and to let that ankle heal. Anything else we can figure out later."

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Kris

I watch Ivy from the corner of my eye as she takes in the sight of Hemlock Hollow all decked out for Christmas Eve.

"Everything looks amazing. I've never seen so many Christmas lights in one place before." Ivy's voice is filled with awe.

I love her innocence. I love that I'm the monster that gets to strip it all away even more. Piece by little fucking piece.

The Christmas carnival is an annual tradition where the main street of Hemlock Hollow is transformed into a Christmas wonderland. The road is closed to traffic, making way for vendors, food trucks, and games lining both sides. Christmas carols float from speakers, mixing with the noise from the crowds of people.

I park my truck in a nearby lot and walk around to Ivy's side, opening the door for her. She takes my hand as she steps down, and together we make our way into the carnival.

"This is incredible, Kris. Thank you for bringing me." I pull her close to me as we walk down the sidewalk. I breathe in her cherry scent that I've become addicted to.

"How about we play a game? Your pick."

Ivy's eyes light up, "That sounds fun."

This was going exactly as I had hoped. "Let's make it a little more interesting, then. If you win, we do whatever you want. If I win, we do whatever I want."

"Anything I want?"

It's adorable, really. The way she perked up. She thinks she actually has a shot at winning.

"Yeah, anything you want, Cherry." Little does she know; I have no intention of losing this game.

"Okay, let's do it." She looks around, eyeing the different game vendors set up along the street. "I want to try the axe throwing."

She's so fucked... literally.

"You better prepare. Because when I win, I plan to fully take what's mine. And I won't hold back."

I watch her as she steps up to the axe-throwing booth.

"Let 's see what you've got." I hand the carney ten bucks then take a step back, giving her room.

She lets the first throw go. I have to admit, it's cute watching her try. The axe falls short, clattering to the ground a few feet in front of the target. A guy behind us snorts.

I feel a rush of protectiveness for Ivy. Hell, I bet I can throw axes blindfolded better than she can. But this dumb fuck doesn't get to have an opinion about my girl. He's a dead man, he just doesn't know it yet.

The guy, full of liquid courage no doubt, steps closer, his gaze flicking between Ivy and me. "Hey man, your girl here's wasting everyone's time. Why don't you let me show her how it's done?"

I take a step forward, moving between Ivy and the drunk prick, blocking his path.

"Back off, she's with me." I intentionally keep my voice calm, but there's an edge to it, a warning.

"Oh yeah? And what if she wants me to show her a thing or two? Maybe she'd like to spend some time with a real ma-"

My hand wraps around his throat, cutting him off. I press him against the wooden post of the game booth, feeling the vibrations of his Adam's apple as he tries to speak. My fingers tighten, just shy of cutting off his air completely.

"Listen carefully," I say, my voice deadly quiet. "This woman is mine. When you disrespect her, you disrespect me. Do you understand what that means?"

He tries to shake his head, but my hand around his throat is restricting most of his movement.

"If you value your life and would like to enjoy what you have left of it, you will apologize to my girl. Then get the fuck out of my sight. When I see you again, I will fucking kill you."

The man sputters out an apology, his eyes darting between Ivy and me. I let go, and he stumbles backward, clutching his throat.

He doesn't need to be told twice. He turns and hurries off, disappearing into the crowd.

I turn to Ivy, "It's still your turn."

"Kris, you didn't have to do that. It was fine."

"No, it wasn't fine. He disrespected you. Nobody fucking disrespects you. Come on, I'll show you how to throw that axe."

I guide her towards the target, positioning her so she's facing it squarely. She leans forward, her arms outstretched, the axe in her right hand. Her body is pressed against mine as I move behind her, my arms wrapping around her, one hand on top of hers on the axe, the other on her waist.

"Keep your eye on the target," I say in her ear. "Follow through, then let go."

My hands move in unison with hers, guiding the axe as she pulls her arm back, then propels it forward. The blade slices through the air and sticks into the wood with a satisfying thunk.

Her body jerks back slightly, a mix of surprise and excitement. "I did it!" She turns in my arms, full of pride.

It wasn't her that did it, but I don't tell her that. "You did great, Cherry. But now it's my turn."

I throw my first axe with confidence, the blade embedding itself in the wood just off-center. My second throw hits the bullseye, dead center.

"Looks like I win." I flash her a smile, one that shows I know exactly what I want.

"Now I get to pick what we do."

She raises an eyebrow, a playful smile on her lips. "Okay, what would you like to

do?"

I step closer, my hands finding her hips. "My favorite thing to do at this carnival since I was a kid. The funhouse."

Her eyes light up. "Really?"

With my hand grasped tightly around hers, I'm already leading her away towards the flashing lights of the fun house. "It's this way."

"Why was the funhouse your favorite thing to do here?" I take a minute to decide if I want to reveal this much of myself to her.

"Going in there was like walking into my own mind. Things look ordinary on the outside, but once you're inside, you enter this space where everything's twisted and strange. It gets hard to separate what's real from what's not. And when you hit those mirrors, they show you versions of yourself you didn't even know existed."

Ivy remains silent the rest of the way. We make our way through the crowded street toward the large red and white striped funhouse at the end. It stands tall, the entrance gaping like a hungry mouth, a string of colorful lights twined around the poles. We can hear muffled screams and laughter from within.

I pay for our tickets, and we climb the few stairs to go inside. The first obstacle we come to is the spinning tunnel, a feature I've always enjoyed. I place my hands on Ivy's waist, guiding her as the ground rotates beneath us.

The tunnel twists, a vortex of flashing lights and dizzying effects. Her body is pressed tightly against mine as we lose our balance. I use the opportunity to savor the feel of her curves against me. Laughter escapes us both as we topple out, grateful for the solid ground under our feet.

Then we're moving again as we stumble our way through the tilted room, clinging to each other for balance. Then we're at the barrel vault, and I grab Ivy's hand, sprinting through the moving barrels. I laugh as she stumbles, righting herself and pressing on.

Once we are both through, there is only one thing left to do, and it's the part I've been waiting for. The Hall of Mirrors.

I step inside the dimly lit area, the endless reflections making the space feel infinite. Ivy spins around, taking in the different versions of herself.

My favorite part, the reason I've always loved this funhouse: the endless reflections make it the perfect place to trap someone, to make them mine. I step closer to Ivy, my hands sliding around her waist, drawing her back against my chest.

"Kris?" Her voice is filled with questions, but not fear.

"This is what I really wanted to do with you. "

I pull Ivy behind me, weaving our way deeper into the maze of mirrors. I spot the exact mirror I'm looking for. It's a trick I discovered as a kid: moving a certain panel changes the layout of the maze. What was once a dead end becoming a small, enclosed space.

I step closer and give the mirror a gentle nudge. It slides easily across the floor. "Ladies first."

She steps inside and I follow, pulling the mirror shut behind us. Ivy spins around, her eyes wide as she takes in our new, confined surroundings.

I take a step towards her, "It's just you and me now."

Then my mouth is on hers. My hands slide up her body, one tangling in her hair, the other gripping her hip. She moans into my mouth, her hands clutching at my shirt.

I lift her up, pressing her against the mirror behind her. Her legs wrap around my waist as I grind my growing erection into her. My hands explore her body, palming her full breasts, then sliding down to squeeze her ass.

Loosening my grip, I let her feet fall back to the ground. My fingers find the hem of her shirt and slide underneath, my hands gliding up her soft skin. "I need to feel your skin against mine."

"Kris, we can't do this here. Someone will hear us."

I've already made my decision, and it's non-negotiable. "I don't give a fuck if they hear us, see us. I'm taking what's mine. You said you'd be a good girl for me and not fight me when I wanted to take your ass, didn't you?"

She gasps, "Here?"

"Yes, right here, it's perfect. I've waited long enough to take what's rightfully mine—the one place no other man has been. I want to watch you as I claim the last untouched part of you— the part that is only mine and always will be. I want to see my cock disappearing inside you, inch by perfect inch. I'll watch your face, see the shock in your eyes when you realize you love it, and you can't get enough. I won't miss a moment of it—the sight of my cock stretching that tight little hole, the sounds you'll make, or the way your body submits to mine."

She bites her lip, torn between her desire and the fear of the unknown. Her eyes meet mine and she gives me a small nod.

Thank God, holding someone down while they are struggling and trying to fuck them

in the ass at the same time is exhausting. I don't have the patience for that shit today.

I push her back against the mirrors and kiss her. My hands work quickly, tugging her shirt up and over her head. I unclasp her bra, and her gorgeous tits spill free, the nipples already tight and begging for my attention.

"Goddamn, they 're flawless." I admire her tits, the way they fit perfectly in my hands. "Like they were made for me."

I pinch and twist her nipples between my fingers and watch her bite her lip to stifle her moans. I want to hear her, want the whole damn funhouse to hear her, so I squeeze her nipples harder and give them a sharp twist. Her voice echoes off the mirrors around us.

"That's it, let it out. I want to hear how much you like it."

I move to her jeans, unbuttoning and pulling the zipper down slowly. I pull her jeans and panties down together, freeing her round ass. I almost lose my control seeing her like this, needy for my touch, her pussy already glistening with her arousal. My teeth tug at her earlobe, my voice a rough whisper. "Such a dirty little secret you've been keeping. You're so wet, Cherry. Did thinking about me fucking your ass make you this wet?"

Her fingers dig into my arms as I squeeze and massage her ass cheeks. I kick her pants away and push her legs apart with my booted feet, spreading her open for me. She's panting now, her body pressed back against the cool glass as I lower myself to my knees.

I lean in close and breathe her scent in, my breath grazing across her sensitized skin. My fingers find her clit, teasing it, circling it, making her moan. My tongue traces her slit, tasting her. I'll never get enough of her taste. She's so fucking sweet and

addictive. I feast on her, my tongue sliding deep inside her wet cunt.

Without taking my eyes off hers, I reach into my back pocket, pulling out a candy cane. Her eyes go wide as I unwrap it, popping the sugary treat into my mouth.

"Turn around," I guide her to spin so her ass is right at my eye level. I skim my fingers over her backside, watching the goosebumps rise on her creamy skin.

"Bend over, hands on the mirror." She obeys just as she always does. Pulling the candy from my mouth, I drag it down her back and over the luscious curves of her ass. I pause, holding the candy just above her entrance, and spit on her ass, watching my saliva slide down her crack. Gathering some spit on the tip of the candy cane, I push it forward, slowly sliding it inside her.

I love hearing the whimpers that escape her lips as I start to move the candy cane inside her. Withdrawing it almost all the way out, I push it back in even deeper. Fuck, the sight of that candy cane in her ass and her forehead pressed against the mirror is enough to make me come.

But I want more of her, I want it all. I press my finger into her dripping pussy. I tug the candy cane free, and my finger easily slips inside in its place. Her head lolls back, mouth falling open with a soft moan .

"See how good this feels? How much tighter it is? Now imagine it's my cock sliding in and out of you."

I tease her hole with my finger for a few moments, before adding a second, stretching her wide. "Soon it's going to be my thick cock stretching you like this. Filling you up."

I rise to my feet and take a step back. I tear off my shirt and toss it to the side. Next is

my belt, unbuckling it and pulling it free from the loops.

I move to my pants, pushing them down my legs. My cock springs free, hard and throbbing. I stroke myself a few times as I take in the sight of her ass, presented perfectly for me. But I want to watch her face the first time I fuck her ass.

"Turn around."

Her eyes are wide as she takes in my body, my cock hard and ready.

"Get down on your knees."

She complies without hesitation, her eyes never leaving my cock.

I step closer, "Suck my cock. Get it nice and wet."

Those full, pouty lips of hers wrap around my cock, and I groan, tangling my hands in her hair. She takes her time, teasing me with her tongue. Her hands grasp my thighs as she bobs her head, taking me deeper.

"That's it, Cherry. Suck it good."

When I can't take it anymore, I pull her off with a pop and gently lower her onto her back on the floor below me.

She looks up at me, I can see she is nervous. It's so fucking sexy I can barely stand it.

I kneel down, positioning myself between her legs. I place my hands behind her knees and slowly push her legs back, baring her to me. The blush that stains her cheeks only adds to how perfect she looks.

My hand caresses her inner thigh, and her legs fall open willingly for me. My thumb teases her sensitive skin, before brushing over her clit.

I gently rub circles around her clit, teasing it with each sweep of my thumb. Her breath hitches, her eyes closing as she lets out a throaty moan. Moving my hand down, I slide a finger inside her, crooking it, searching for that little spot that will make her crazy.

Her body jerks at the contact, her hips bucking up off the floor. I smirk, loving how responsive she is to my touch. I press down on that spot deep inside her, feeling her walls begin to tighten and pulse around my finger. Her ass, on the other hand, remains tight, clenching around nothing but air. That's about to change.

I pull my fingers out slowly, her arousal coating them. I position myself at her entrance and stroke my cock, using her wetness to slick my length.

Inch by inch, I watch mesmerized as I disappear inside her, relishing the velvety heat of her ass. "So damn good." I continue my steady push until I'm fully inside, balls deep in her ass. "Fuck, baby, you have no idea how good your ass feels. How damn pretty you look right now with my cock buried inside your ass."

Her body tenses around me as I stretch her. I groan, wanting to thrust into her and take her hard, but I force myself to stay still, giving her time to adjust.

"Breathe, Cherry. Just relax and let it happen. It'll feel so fucking good."

Her hips begin to move, a subtle roll back and forth, testing it out. I keep still, letting her get used to the feeling. But not for long.

Gripping her hips, I begin to move, pulling out almost all the way, then sliding back in. Slowly at first, my thrusts gain speed and intensity, each thrust a little harder than

the last as I bounce her on my cock. Her breath comes in pants, her moans flooding the small space.

I start thrusting hard and deep, slamming into her. Her body slides along the floor with each powerful stroke, her palms pressing against the cool glass to steady herself. The sight of her tits bouncing with every thrust is mesmerizing.

I glance up, watching our reflection, surrounded by endless clones of ourselves. It's just as I imagined, but even better.

"Oh God! Harder, please!"

"That's my girl, taking everything I give you and begging for more.

I grip her hips tighter, my fingers digging into her soft flesh, knowing it will leave bruises. My pace quickens, the sound of our skin slapping together filling the space around us. I feel her body respond, tightening around me.

"Fuck, Kris. I'm close. Don't stop." Her voice breaks as she speaks, showing just how close she is.

That's what I've been waiting for. She's writhing beneath me, her body responding to my cock buried deep inside her ass. I reach down, my hand moves between her legs, my fingers finding her clit.

It takes only a few seconds of this dual assault before her body jerks and she's coming around my cock, her ass clenching and releasing as she rides out the waves of her orgasm. Her moans and cries fill the funhouse, an intoxicating mix of pleasure and pain.

I move my hand back to her hip, gripping it as I continue to thrust into her, riding out

her orgasm with her and fucking her through it. I feel my own orgasm building, an intense heat spreading through me

I slowly pull out of her. She feels so good, but I have other plans. I lean back against the mirror, stroking my cock as I watch her. "Stay just like that, legs spread for me."

Her hair is wild and tangled, lips swollen from my cock. Her tits are flushed, and I love the sight of my fingerprints on her skin, knowing they're my mark on her. Her eyes, heavy with desire, follow my every move.

I stroke my hard cock, my eyes locked on her as I fist my shaft. Her chest is heaving, tits rising and falling with each breath. She wants to see me come and I'm happy to give her what she wants.

"Watch me, Cherry. Watch me come all over your pretty pussy." I stroke myself faster, pumping my cock as I watch her face, knowing my words and actions are seared into her mind.

"You've been so good for me, taking my cock so perfectly. But there's one more thing I need from you. I need to see you touch yourself.

Her hands move obediently to her body, one sliding down to her clit, the other to her breast, palming the full curves, and giving it a gentle squeeze.

I watch her fingers work her clit, her body already primed and ready to go again. She moans and her hips buck up off the floor.

"Good girl, touch yourself. Get yourself off while I come all over you."

Her hand moves faster on her clit, circling, applying more pressure. Her eyes squeeze shut, and she lets out a cry, her fingernails digging into the sensitive flesh of her tits. I

watch, transfixed, as her body trembles through her orgasm, her pussy clenching, begging for my cock back inside of her.

That's when I let myself go. I grit my teeth, every muscle in my body tight as I pump my cock harder, faster. My release crashes over me, and I jerk, thick ropes of come landing on her pussy and stomach, coating her. It's the hottest damn thing I've ever seen. I take in the sight of her, covered in my come.

Without breaking eye contact, I lower my fingers to her pussy, swiping through the mixture of our fluids.

"My mark, Cherry. No one will ever mistake who you belong to now." I spread our cream all over her, rubbing it in, making sure every inch of her is touched by me.

I lean down, pressing a hard kiss to her lips. "You're officially marked as mine now. All. Fucking. Mine."

Ivy

I stretch out on Kris's bed, listening to sound of the shower coming from the adjoining bathroom. A lazy smile spreading across my face as I think back on our night at the carnival.

My gaze lands on the open closet door, a thin line of light cutting through the darkness inside catches my eye. That's odd, all the lights are off inside. I prop myself up on my elbows, squinting at the strange glow emanating from the back wall.

I get up from the bed, the wooden floor cold under my bare feet. Inside the closet, his clothes hang in neat rows - mostly flannel shirts and jeans. I push aside Kris's clothes and that's when I see it: a crack of light along the back wall, where the wooden panels meet.

I run my fingers along the seam. It takes me a moment to realize that it's not just a seam—it's a door, slightly ajar. My heart pounds in my chest as I push gently on the panel. It moves silently on well-oiled hinges, opening just enough for me to see there's some kind of room behind it.

I reach to push the door open. Everything in me screams this is wrong, that I'm violating Kris's privacy. I hesitate a moment, listening to the sounds of the shower drifting in from the bathroom.

I have to know what is behind this door. With a deep breath, I swing the door open, revealing a mostly empty room with a lone cabinet and another door. I move towards the cabinet first.

When I open it, I find only one thing inside, a black ceramic box. I pick up the ceramic box first, turning it over in my hands. All the air whooshes out of my lungs when I read the inscription on the side.

Nicholas Kincaid, June 16, 1984 - November 4, 2023

Everything Kris told me about his brother was a lie. A dead man can't be the Huntsman. It has to be Kris.

What's behind the other door? I'm across the room and reaching for the new door's handle before I even realize I'm moving.

I open the door and take in my surroundings. I'm staring into my own bedroom through the wooden slats of my closet doors.

Oh my god. The noises I heard from my closet the other night, it was Kris. He's the one who has been watching me.

I have to get away, but where can I go? I could go to the police, but what would I even say? I have no proof that he's done anything wrong. If I try to run, he will find me. Damn it, I need to think.

I start to panic when I hear the water shut off in the bathroom. I leave everything as I found it and close the door. I run as fast as I can to Kris's bed, jumping under the covers and pulling them up to my face. I close my eyes, pretending to be asleep just before he steps out of the bathroom.

I lie perfectly still as Kris slides into bed next to me, his warm body pressing against mine. My heart pounds so hard I'm afraid he'll feel it through my skin. I focus on keeping my breathing slow and steady, fighting every instinct screaming at me to run from this bed, from this house, from this mountain.

My car's finally out of that ditch. Once he's asleep, I'll slip away into the night. Never look back. Delete my podcast episodes about the Huntsman. Forget this whole nightmare .

Minutes crawl by like hours. I count my breaths. In. Out. In. Out.

The bed shifts. Instead of drifting off to sleep, Kris slowly shifts his weight and carefully gets out of bed. As if he's trying not to wake me. I hear fabric rustling- he's getting dressed. His footsteps cross the room. They pause beside me. His lips brush against my forehead, gentle and tender. It takes everything in me not to flinch away from his touch.

"No one disrespects you," he whispers.

My blood turns to ice. What does that mean? Who is he talking about? Questions swirl through my mind, but I force myself to stay still, to keep breathing evenly.

His footsteps move away. The bedroom door opening and then closing with a soft click. I crack one eye open, confirming I'm alone. What the hell was he talking about?

I wait, listening for any signs of Kris's movements throughout the cabin. I leap out of bed at the tell-tale sound of the front door. I throw on clothes, not caring if they are mine or even backwards. I run to the front door, slipping on my boots. Grabbing my coat and keys, I glance out the window.

The second the brake lights of his truck disappear out of sight; I dart out the front door and into the freezing air. My hands shake as I try to fit the key into the ignition.

The engine roars to life and I peel out of the driveway, gravel flying in my wake. I speed down the winding mountain road, not daring to look back. I have to get as far

away from Kris as possible.

I keep my lights off, keeping distance between us to remain out of his sight. The fresh snow reveals his tire tracks. Coming to the end of the winding mountain road, I pause. Turning left would take me through Hemlock Hollow, far away from this place. Far away from Kris. I could go back home, delete my entire podcast on Hemlock Hollow, and pretend none of this ever happened.

Kris's tire tracks turn to the right. I start to turn left, then stop in the middle of the intersection. Where would he go if he wasn't heading into town? Frustrated with my own lack of self-preservation and overwhelmed by curiosity, I whip my car to the right, following Kris's tracks.

I can't believe I'm doing this. I should be going the opposite direction, putting as much distance as possible between Kris and me. But here I am, chasing after him.

This is the part in the horror movie where you start screaming at the screen. Telling them to get out and run while they still can. How could I be so stupid? Here I am ignoring every instinct I have to turn and run. Because I can't.

Why can 't I just let him go?

I'm terrified of him, yet I can't fight this hold Kris has over me. I follow his tracks for a few minutes before coming across his truck, parked at the end of a driveway leading to a worn-down farmhouse. I drive past, parking my car further down the road, out of sight.

I backtrack through the snow to the farmhouse. The fallen snow muffles my footsteps as I move around the house. Peering through the window, the dirty glass reflects my face back at me. Seeing nothing inside, I make my way around the side of the house. My blood runs cold when a man's scream pierces through the air.

As I round the back corner of the house, my breath catches in my throat. The Huntsman stands in the middle of a small yard, his breath forming clouds in the frigid air. He's not alone.

There's a man, completely naked, tied to a clothesline post. His screams fill the air around us. I recognize him as the man Kris threatened at the carnival earlier.

"Please! I didn't mean any disrespect! I swear I didn't know!" He pleads. He looks terrified, his eyes wide and his body trembling.

I press myself against the house trying to make myself as small as possible. Hidden from the scene unfolding before me. My hand flies to my mouth, stifling the shocked sounds threatening to escape.

Kris's face is hidden behind his mask, but his eyes are cold. He raises a hand, and in it, I see a leather whip. My stomach flips, and I feel a tug of conflicting emotions. I'm horrified by what I'm witnessing, and yet... there's a part of me that's drawn to it. To him. I can't move. I'm rooted to the spot, unable to tear my eyes away from Kris.

The whip cracks through the air like a gunshot, landing on the man's back. Kris moves with practiced precision. Crimson welts rise on the man's fair skin with each snap of the whip. Blood starts to drip down his body, staining the white snow beneath him.

"Admit to your sins." Kris's voice coming from behind the Huntsman mask causes my core to clench. I imagine him towering over me, his dark eyes flashing with the same intensity.

My throat goes dry as the man starts to cry, his body shaking with sobs.

"I'm sorry! I didn't know she was yours. I swear, I didn't know! Please, don't kill me!

I'll do anything!"

Kris, dipping his head down to meet the man's eyes. He slowly shakes his head, the leather Huntsman mask moving slightly with the motion.

"You knew, everyone knows. You disrespected her anyway. For that mistake, you will pay with your life."

I know I should run. Or at least, hide. My feet feel like lead, rooted to the spot as if they've taken on the weight of the situation. I watch, as Kris begins to whip the man mercilessly.

The man's pleas for mercy turn to screams of pain. My vision blurs as the snow swirls around me, adding to the surreal nature of the scene. Kris's arms move with a graceful, rhythmic motion, each stroke of the whip landing with cruel precision. The man's back is a mess of bloody welts and torn flesh.

This can't be real. I'm watching a horror movie, and any moment, I'll snap out of it. I'll wake up in my bed, safe and sound. But the icy wind on my cheeks and the sore, frozen toes tell me this is no dream.

I flinch at each crack of the whip connecting with the man's bloody body.

Kris takes a step back, raising his arm. The whip slices through the air, wrapping around the man's throat. Holding the man's head still with one hand, he reaches down with the other withdrawing a knife from within his boot. Kris brings the knife up to the man's forehead and begins carving. The man's screams reach a fever pitch. I can see his legs shaking beneath him, barely supporting his weight. When Kris steps back, I see it—an "H" carved into the man's forehead.

Kris tugs on the whip, pulling the man's head back to expose his neck. The blade

flashes in the moonlight. With a smooth motion, he draws the knife across the man's throat, slicing through flesh. Blood sprays, coating the snow in a crimson haze. The man's body goes limp, crumpling to the ground.

Silence.

Kris stands still for a moment, admiring his work, his chest heaving. His head turns slowly in my direction. His dark eyes find mine, where I'm standing hidden in the shadows.

"Did you enjoy the show, Ivy?"

Huntsman

I smile behind my mask as Ivy takes off terrified, running into the woods. She should be afraid, her decision to run only postpones the inevitable.

I take off after Ivy, my rage mounting with every step. Her footprints are easy to track in the fresh snow, leading me deeper into the woods. The icy air sears my lungs, but I welcome the pain, a reminder of the betrayal I have suffered. She chose him over me, again. Her choice has sealed her fate. Now, she will learn the true price you pay for disloyalty.

I spot a flash of red through the trees. Her deep red hair stands out like a beacon against the snow-covered landscape. My footsteps crunch loudly in the frozen snow, alerting her to my presence. I hear her panicked cries as she glances back at me, her eyes reflecting the terror she is feeling inside. Her chest heaving, her breath forming cloudy puffs in the freezing air. She's running for her life, but all I can focus on is the beauty of her face flushed with fear.

"There is nowhere to run, Ivy."

She pushes herself to run faster. Her panic only serves to turn me on more. Her fear excites me. I want her to run, to fight. With each desperate glance over her shoulder, my need to punish her grows stronger.

I pick up my pace, closing the distance between us, determined to claim what's rightfully mine. In one swift motion, I reach out and grab her by the arm, pulling her back forcefully against me.

"Shhh, Ivy." I whisper in her ear. "Save your breath. You'll need it for all the screaming you'll be doing later."

Her eyes, wide with terror, lock onto mine as I spin her around and force her back against a tree. I hold her there, trapped within my grip, my arms caging her in. Up close, I see the fear in those beautiful eyes, and it only fuels my desire to possess her, to devour her fear, devour her.

She frantically scans her surroundings for an escape, but there's nowhere for her to go. These woods, this mountain, it all belongs to me. And so does she. Soon, she'll be mine in every sense of the word.

"Please, don't do this," she pleads, her voice shaking. "Just let me go."

I chuckle, the sound muffled by my mask. "You won't be going anywhere."

Betrayal. That's what fuels my obsession with making Ivy pay. I saw it all—her deceit, her lust for Kris. In that moment, I knew I had to make her pay, to teach her a lesson she'd never forget.

"You thought you could get away with betraying me again, didn't you, Ivy? Thought I wouldn't find out. But I saw everything—every depraved moment. You, taking a cock in your ass, begging for it. I watched the way you moaned and writhed beneath him, screaming for more like the filthy fucking whore you've always been. Now it's time for you to pay for your deception."

She whimpers, a mix of shame and fear. I tighten my grip on her, my gloved hand sliding down to grasp her hip possessively.

"Was it worth it, Ivy? Was his touch so much better than mine?"

I rip her shirt open, revealing her bare tits underneath. She tries to cover herself, but I push her hands away. Her chest heaves, and her nipples pebbling in the cold air.

"Don't try to fucking hide yourself from me. "

"Kris please..."

I grab her by the jaw, my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her face as I shake her roughly. "Don't you dare utter that bastard's name to me! You're mine, Ivy. And I intend to make that very fucking clear to you."

With my free hand, I tear at her pants, shredding the fabric to expose the pale skin beneath. I want to brand her, see my mark on every inch of that perfect body. I push myself against her, reveling in the feel of her naked breasts pressed to my chest, her legs tangling with mine. She gasps as she feels my need, my desire, pressing hard against her.

"You don't need to do this," she whimpers.

I chuckle darkly, and my hands begin to wander, exploring, leaving bruises in my wake. Her skin is like a canvas, and I want to paint it with my possession.

Removing my pants, I shove her down, not caring about the snow and frozen ground beneath her. She cries out in surprise and pain, and I feel a rush of satisfaction as I see the fear in her eyes intensify.

I pin her down, feeling her squirm and struggle beneath me. Her movements only arouse me further. My gloved hands grip her slender throat. She claws at my arms, her eyes wild with panic, but there's no escape. Her thighs squeeze mine in a desperate attempt to resist and deny me what's mine.

I thrust into her and feel immediate gratification. I own her completely now, mind, body, and soul.

With each thrust, I tighten my grip on her throat, watching her eyes roll back slightly as she struggles to breathe. It fuels me, knowing I'm the only one who can bring her to this edge of bliss and torment.

"You're mine," I snarl. "Mine to punish. Mine to fuck. Understand?"

She nods frantically, her eyes shining with tears. "I understand."

"Beg me to stop," I demand between harsh, primal grunts. I want to hear her beg for my mercy.

A single tear escapes the corner of her eye, and I catch it with my thumb, rubbing it into her skin. "Shhh, don't cry." I whisper against her open mouth. "Don't waste your tears. Save them for when you truly have something to cry about."

"Kris!" She cries out, "Kris, stop!"

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Kris

"Kris! Kris, stop!" I freeze, I'm struggling to process what's happening. It's like I'm a bystander watching the scene play out from outside my body.

We are in the woods, in the middle of a clearing. Ivy lies beneath me, the cold snow-covered ground at her back. My hands are tight around her delicate throat, and I can feel her struggling to breathe as I fuck her. Pounding into her with a primal urgency.

Who am I? But I know deep down exactly who and what I am.

With a roar of denial, I tear the mask from my face, the leather straps cutting into my flesh. The cold night air bites at my skin, but I hardly notice as I battle with the monster within me. The dark, twisted part of me that is fighting for control.

The night before comes back to me in flashes. The carnival, the fucker who disrespected Ivy, and then... nothing. How did we both get here? The last thing I remember, I was in my bed, Ivy by my side. Now, here we are, my hands on Ivy's throat, as I fight the monster urging me to punish her, to kill her.

You know you want to punish her. She's a naughty girl.

My mind feels fractured, like two opposing forces are waging a war within me. I hear Ivy's pleas, but the voice inside is louder, urging me to finish what I started. It promises release and satisfaction if I just squeeze a little tighter. But something holds me back.

Ivy is mine, and I would never hurt her. But the Huntsman, he's a part of me too, and he's not going away. We're at war with each other, fighting for control over my body, my actions, and Ivy.

The voice of the Huntsman whispers in my ear, taunting and goading me to continue, to make her pay for her betrayal. The urge to squeeze, to feel her throat crush beneath my fingers, it's so strong.

The realization hits me like a punch to the gut. I don't know who I am. It's like I'm meeting myself for the first time, and I don't know which man is real.

My movements slow, but my dick is still hard inside of Ivy. I know I should stop, but I can't. The line between Kris and the monster inside of me is blurring, and I'm not sure which one of us is truly in control.

I let go of Ivy's throat, my breath ragged, my body still vibrating with conflicting desires. I see the fear and confusion in her eyes. It mirrors my own internal chaos. I want to explain, but how can I when I barely understand myself? I've been trying to protect her, but from what? From myself?

I lean over, my forehead resting against hers, our bodies still entangled. "I—" The words catch in my throat, stuck between apologies and confessions. I don't know how to make sense of this moment, but one thing is clear: neither side of me will ever let her go.

You can't let go of her, she's yours.

She's caught in the middle of a battle of two halves of one man. He won't leave me, not without taking what he wants. I know I can't ever let her walk away, but I won't let him have her either.

I can't explain, so I don't. Instead, I kiss her, desperately trying to convey my conflicting emotions. The struggle within me is evident in my kiss, and I pull her close, not wanting to let go, but I know I have to.

"Cherry, forgive me," I beg, my voice raw. "I thought I could protect you from the monster, but I was wrong. So wrong."

I slowly begin to slide my cock in and out of her, feeling the sweet pleasure and the bitter taste of impending loss. With each thrust, I know I'm losing her. I want to keep her here with me, but the voice whispers in my ear, reminding me of the only way out for Ivy.

"One last time," I whisper, my lips brushing against hers. "I need to feel you." My voice is gruff. I barely recognize it as my own.

My hand slides down her body, finding her sensitive clit, and I rub it gently, wanting to bring her pleasure even as I know I'm sealing her fate.

As she arches beneath me, and I feel her body tighten around me. My hands slide up her throat, my grip tightening with each slow thrust. I watch her face, the pleasure and the fear mixing in her beautiful green eyes. When she comes, I hold her close, feeling the warmth of her release. My hands gently caress her throat, wanting to soothe the marks I know I'm leaving.

"I'm sorry, Cherry," I whisper, leaning in to capture her lips in a desperate kiss. "I'm so fucking sorry."

My lips claim hers, tasting her, memorizing the feel of her soft mouth on mine. I want to imprint this moment in my memory, to remember the feel of her lips, the taste of her breath, and the way her body responds to mine.

I deepen our kiss, my thrusts becoming more urgent, driven by the need to make this last. I want to brand myself into her memory, to leave an indelible mark on her body and soul. To become a part of her that she'll never forget, even as I know I'll soon be taking her life.

I can feel her struggling, but I can't stop.

"I'm sorry, I can't let you go, but I can't let him keep you either."

I feel her body go limp and I lean over, kissing her cold lips, cradling her close as if she's sleeping. I know I should feel horrified, but instead, a dark sense of satisfaction washes over me. I've claimed her, and now no one can take her away.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Ivy

My heart pounds in my chest as I lie here, feeling the snow beginning to melt beneath my back. His breath forming clouds of frost in the air. The moon reflecting off the snow makes his face almost glow above me.

I can see the conflict raging within him, the battle between his desire to possess and protect me, and the urge to unleash the darkness that threatens to consume him. Kris's hands tight around my neck, his cock moving inside of me. I can see the pain in his eyes as he watches the life drain from me.

"I'm sorry, Cherry. I'm so fucking sorry."

I try to speak, to tell him that I'm not afraid, but my voice fails me. As his thumbs press into my throat, cutting off my air supply, I feel a strange sense of peace wash over me. My struggles cease, and I gaze up at him, seeing the torment in his eyes .

"I'm sorry, I can't let you go, but I can't let him keep you either."

My vision starts to darken at the edges as my lungs burn for oxygen. He's killing me, but I know he's doing this to protect me, sparing me from the monster.

"Forgive me," he mouths, and I see the tears glistening in his eyes.

As my consciousness starts to slip away, I feel a strange sense of acceptance. This is no fairy tale with a happy ending; our story was always destined to end in tragedy.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

Sam

The Cleveland Herald

December 15, 2025

One-Year Anniversary of Ivy Anderson's Disappearance Approaches

Cleveland, OH — As the holiday season draws near, friends and family of Ivy Anderson are left with unanswered questions and a growing sense of despair. It has been nearly one year since the beloved podcaster vanished during a research trip to Pennsylvania.

Ivy, known for her engaging storytelling, last communicated with loved ones in December 2024. She excitedly mentioned her plans to explore Hemlock Hollow, a remote area in the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania. Her enthusiasm faded into silence when she failed to return home after the New Year.

“I just don’t understand how someone could disappear like this,” says Samantha Harris, Ivy’s best friend since college. “She had so much going for her—her podcast was gaining traction, and she was finally stepping out on her own after the divorce.”

Authorities recovered Ivy’s car and personal belongings from a cabin rented through a travel service. Richard Hastings, the property manager, reported that she never checked out as scheduled. “Everything was left behind. It’s like she just vanished.”

The Allegheny County Sheriff’s Department continues to investigate her

disappearance but has not yet found any leads or suspects. “We urge anyone with information about Ivy’s whereabouts or anyone who may have seen her in the area to come forward,” a department spokesperson said at a recent press conference.

As Christmas approaches, Ivy's family hangs onto hope while grappling with their fears of what may have happened to her. “We’re trying to stay positive, but it gets harder every day.”

Anyone with any information regarding Ivy Anderson is encouraged to contact the Allegheny County Sheriff’s Department at (555) 123-4567.

I sit in my car, the engine idling, the snow swirling around me. The newspaper lies open on the passenger seat, the headline staring back at me: "One-Year Anniversary of Ivy Anderson's Disappearance Approaches." I came all this way, one last desperate attempt to get some answers.

I take a deep breath and step out of the car, making my way up the path to the front door. My heart pounds as I lift my hand to knock.

The door opens, "Can I help you?"

"I hope you can. I'm Sam- Sam Harris. My best friend, Ivy Anderson, stayed in a rental cabin nearby last year. She's been missing for a year now, and I'm just trying to find out what happened to her. I need to know if you saw her, if you can tell me anything."

The door opens wider, revealing a tall, muscular man with dark hair and intense eyes. "Please, come in and we can talk. I'm Kris Kincaid. "