
PACK OF MINE
RAVEN GREY

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THE FATED CURSE TRIOLGY

BOOK 1

RAVEN GREY

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You’re already so obsessed with me, aren’t you, Kitten? - S

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TRIGGER WARNINGS

Pack of Mine is a work of fiction. None of the characters are based on real-life people and are not intended to resemble anyone.

Below are the trigger warnings. Please take your time to read these and if you need assistance at any time, hotlines are listed as well.

Pack of Mine includes triggers but is not limited to:

- Abandonment
- Addiction
- Alcoholism
- Anal
- Asphyxiation, Strangulation and Suffocation
- Blood and Gore Depiction
- Body Horror
- Bullying
- Cannibalism
- Canine Biology/Anatomy Description
- Captivity
- Childhood Trauma
- Consensual Non-Consent/Dubious Consent
- Death of a Father
- Death of a Mother
- Death of a Partner
- Domestic Violence
- Drug Use/Drugging

- Epilepsy
- Gun Violence
- Hallucinations
- Home Invasion
- Hospitalization
- Hostage Situation
- Impact Play
- Institutionalization (Psychiatric Hospital)
- Kidnapping
- Knife Violence
- Mania, Mental Health
- Murder
- Nicotine
- Power Dynamics
- Primal Play
- Restraints
- Self Harm
- Sexual Assault
- Sexual Harassment
- Somnophilia
- Suicidal Ideation

Call 988 for the Suicide and Crisis Lifeline
Call 800-656-4673 for the National Sexual Assault Hotline
Call 800-662-HELP for the Substance Abuse Helpline

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PROLOGUE

OCTAVIA

The smell of bitter herbs fills the air. My mother chants in front of a bookshelf covered in a velvety cloth; various rocks and statues sit on top of it. A part of her daily routine is to stand here and mumble a bunch of words, but she never explains what she's doing.

I watch her draw her hands through the air and smoke follows her in an enchanting way. Sometimes she calls out to God, reciting specific prayers I've heard a few times in church with my friend's families, but to be honest, I don't pay much attention to it.

It's just something that she does – like putting on your socks in the morning.

No one questions it, not even my father. We both watch her together sometimes in awe of the dedication to her craft, but he doesn't mention a distaste for it ever.

I walk around my room and get ready for school, dreading the too-girly uniform that they require us to wear. My socks slide down my calves as I squish my loafers on and I pull them back up, trying to avoid getting dress-coded.

I'm 16 years old now. A short skirt and high socks for a uniform on teenage girls was definitely made by some pedophilic principal from years ago and the tradition never changed. *Gross.*

"Let's go, Octavia!" My mother calls for me from the other room and I hear my father's heavy footsteps right behind her.

My black canvas schoolbag rests on the wall next to my bedroom door and I quickly snatch it up, rushing towards her voice that's headed into the

garage.

I’m already running behind, so I dash into the kitchen and grab a muffin off of the countertop.

“Octavia! You’re going to be late!” Her voice is slightly muffled from inside the car.

Shit.

My loafers squeak as I dash around the house, carrying the muffin in one hand and my schoolbag in the other. I pick up yesterday’s homework that I didn’t finish from the dining room table, then roughly shove the muffin in my mouth and take a large bite. It’s definitely a day or two old, the stale taste lingering on my tongue.

Huffing and puffing, I take a look in the small mirror next to the garage door and touch up my black eyeliner that’s now smudging down my cheek, wiping crumbs off my lip.

My other hand loses its grip on the stack of homework I was holding and the papers spread all over the floor, creating a mess that I really don’t have time to pick up.

I jam the rest of my pathetic breakfast into my mouth and quickly crumple up the papers into my hands in no particular order. It’s chaotic, but I don’t have another choice.

“We’re going to leave without you!” My father now yells for me too. The purr of the car engine turning over makes me work even faster.

I rush out the door and wave down my mother through the windshield, still chewing a mouthful of dry muffin.

When I reach the already moving car, I slip into the backseat and watch my parents conversate in the front. They ignore me and start talking about mundane things like groceries, what’s for dinner tonight, and how things are going at work.

As we drive to school, I fidget with my uniform and try to finish my homework I forgot to do last night. Well, I didn’t forget; I was doing other things and *chose* not to do it.

Silver Lake High School is for richer families, so I’m not sure how my parents got me in. My family is very middle class – we can pay our bills, sometimes we go on nice vacations, but I don’t wear any of the fancy perfumes or have expensive tutors like my classmates do. They boast about their maids and butlers working in their houses, their dad’s new six-figure raise, or what country club their parents are dragging them to this weekend.

But Silver Lake in general, I don't ever want to leave. The town isn't too large or too small – I'd guess around fifty thousand people or so. We have a downtown area with high-rise apartments and clubs, but we also have suburbs and recreational areas. The woods are my *favorite* part, though – most of this town is absolutely covered in dense, tall oak and pine trees. The air always smells fresh and crisp, and in the morning there's a hint of dew that adds to the perfection.

I've had a deep desire to live in the middle of the woods ever since I was a kid. The branches would be my friends and the wind would be their gossip. The isolation from society that a house so far from the city would provide… I *long* for it.

I loved going camping with my family and waking up to the smell of burning logs. It's nostalgic, comforting, homey. Silver Lake is the perfect place to live if you like to get lost in the wilderness on a regular basis.

I watch the trees zip by through the window and wish I were walking through them instead of the halls of my noisy high school. "*One day*," I promise myself.

"Octavia."

The sound of my father's voice snaps me out of my fantasy.

"Did you do your homework last night like I asked?" He starts to turn around in the passenger seat. His dark brows furrow together as he fixes his tie. My mother will drop him off at his office after she swings by my school, just like she always does.

I quickly tuck my pencil under my thigh and pretend to be reviewing it instead of actively working on it.

"Duh, of course, what do you think?" I'm trying to play it cool, but I know I've been caught red-handed. He just shakes his head and decides to not push any further.

When he turns his back to me, I finish filling out the paper. My teeth chew on the eraser as I solve the geometry problems in my head – can someone remind me again when I'll need to know exactly how much sand it takes to fill a trapezoid-shaped sandbox?

We pull up to the drop-off area and my mother turns around. She grabs my knee and blows me a kiss goodbye.

"Have a great day today, stay out of trouble. I love you more than anything in the whole world." She smiles and rubs my skin softly. Her eyes

glimmer with joy, her long brown hair bounces around her shoulders. She looks happy. It’s nice seeing her like this.

But I roll my eyes and hop out of the car. “Yeah, whatever, Mom. Bye.” That lovey-dovey shit from my parents makes me cringe. Why don’t they get that? They were my age once, too.

She sighs as I shut the door and my father waves at me as I walk into the main doors before they pull away.

The bell rings and I rush to class, the sounds of my peers chatting and laughing quickly overwhelms me. I feel so out of place at this school, and I definitely look like it too.

My classmates are all blonde and blue-eyed, well, most of them anyway. Although we only have to wear a uniform at school, they all have their own uniform outside of classes. The girls wear some kind of basic light-wash denim shorts or jeans, paired with light colored tops and the boys wear khakis with pastel colored polos or local shop T-shirts.

They’re so far from my type.

Meanwhile, my black hair sticks out like a sore thumb and my personal style is quite the opposite. I like to wear cargo pants or ripped-up black jeans with fishnets underneath. I have a collection of dark crop tops that go well with them.

I put my headphones in and play an old rap song off of my iPod, cutting off the overstimulating sounds of the world around me. I have just about two minutes to make it to class, which is the perfect amount of time to finish one full song.

My feet drag through the hallways as I watch them empty and kids pour into the classrooms. Popular girls kiss their boyfriends goodbye like they haven’t seen each other in years. The drama kids finish their fake improv scene and wave to each other as they hop into classes. The jocks chest bump and salute to each other.

And I just… walk alone. Like I always do.

My song ends and I pull my wired earbuds out of my ears, walking into the geometry class that I just finished the homework for.

Requiring a teenager to do math before 9 a.m. should be against the law. Nevertheless, I place my crumpled-up paper into the pile on my teacher’s desk and find my seat.

People sometimes stare at me, probably because I look a lot different than them and don’t have any friends, but I don’t really care. My life is full

of other joys – my family, my books, my music.

I like to read all types of things. Fantasy books always whisk me away into a new world, mystery books make me feel like a detective, but dark romance *really* gets me going. My parents have no idea that their precious little girl idolizes werewolves and villains and morally grey men.

I daydream in my classes about a dark-haired, tall, tattooed man who will live in the woods with me one day. He'll be handsome, but not *pretty*. Good-looking in a rough-around-the-edges kind of way. Our house will be surrounded by trees, filled with low-lit rooms and dark furniture everywhere.

Just as I settle into my seat, the teacher's phone ringing snaps me out of my pipe dream and she apologizes to the class for the interruption.

I pull out my pencil and textbook from my bookbag, placing them on the old wooden desk. The top is covered in doodles from past students over the years, mostly penises and hearts with initials inside them of couples that definitely didn't last past senior year.

My goddamn socks slide down my legs and I pull them back up again. This uniform will be the death of me.

"Octavia Cross, Mr. Garcia needs to see you in the front office." The teacher holds her hand over the microphone of the clunky telephone and waits for me. I sigh, putting my things back in my bag before she replies to let them know that I'm on my way.

The whole class bickers and whispers to each other as I walk out of the room. Classic.

I head down the hallway, pissed. What did I do wrong today? Is something wrong with my uniform? Was it that I was twenty seconds late to class for the fourth time?

Ugh, I can't wait till I'm grown up.

I reach the front office and push the door open. I sit down in one of the crappy plastic chairs that always pinch the back of my thighs and wait to be called into the principal's office.

My legs bounce up and down, not with anxiety, but with *frustration*. I'm always breaking the rules somehow, even when I'm not trying to. It feels like everyone has to pick on me for something, even my parents.

The principal, Mr. Garcia, opens his door and gestures to me to join him.

He solemnly walks over to his desk and sits down with a deep sigh, his head hanging low between his shoulders.

“Hi Octavia, thank you for getting here so quickly.” His voice is quiet, not the same perky tone he usually uses with me right before I get scolded. He seems down. Maybe I’m not in trouble today.

“I have some bad news for you, and I really don’t feel like I’m the appropriate person to say this, but it needs to be said.”

Oh no.

I pick at the skin on my fingers until one of them starts to bleed. I quickly stick it in my mouth and suck to taste the iron.

He seems anxious – his feet tap on the floor and his fingers fiddle with each other. I watch him for a moment, the tension building in the air.

What could he possibly say?

“Just spit it out, Mr. Garcia. You’re making me nervous,” I plead with him.

He takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly before leaning his chest into the desk and looking at me intensely.

“Octavia, your parents…” He sniffles and wipes his nose, turning his head away from me for a moment. “I’m sorry.”

“My parents *what*?”

I feel a pit building in my stomach. Bubbles start to rise and I taste vomit at the back of my throat.

“Shit, this is hard.”

I’ve never heard him cuss before; it’s off-putting to hear your principal use dirty words. Blood rushes to my ears and I rip off another hangnail, the pain grounding me enough to keep listening.

“Your parents drove together after they dropped you off, and were in a serious car accident. The firefighters showed up and had to cut them out of the car…” His words trail off and he attempts to collect himself.

Oh fuck.

He chokes on his words and his hand rests above his heart.

“Octavia, I’m so sorry. The police just called me. Your parents were found dead on the scene.”

At first, it feels like time stands still. Then, I throw up all of my stale muffin onto the floor between my feet. I feel dizzy as I stare at the chunks of it floating around in my bile on the old carpet.

Fuck, fuck, fucking fuck.

The last thing that I said to my mom was dismissive, I didn't even say that I loved her back. I never say it back because I think it's stupid. We had all the time in the world, or at least I thought we did.

Fuck.

"Hey sweetheart, get me a refill, will you darling?"

I blink twice and look down to see my combat boots standing on the pressure relief mats behind the bar. There's no more vomit on the floor, no principal in front of me. Now there's a fat guy with sweat dripping from his brow.

I'm not 16 anymore, I'm 24.

The memory of my parents fades into the back of my brain where it belongs and I slowly forget what their faces looked like that day, what their voices sounded like in the car that morning. Each time I recall the memory, it distorts more, or I forget a piece of it.

But I'll never forget the gut-wrenching conversation with my principal that day, and the years of foster care and struggle that followed. It didn't take long for me to flunk out of school, not that anyone cared if I showed up anyway.

I look up from my feet and put on a smile, wiping a tear from my cheek.

"Phew, I caught something in my eye there. Another Dos Equis, right?"

I fill up the glass with beer and place it in front of the customer, coming back to reality faster than I'd like.

They're not coming back for me. They're gone now, and my childhood died alongside them that day.

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CHAPTER 1

OCTAVIA

I fucking hate my job sometimes.

Every night is the same as the last – I take care of a bunch of drunks who have nothing better to do on a Tuesday night. They tell me the same pathetic, boring stories about their kids in school or bitch about their wives to each other. They openly throw around misogynistic comments in front of me and don't give a damn that I'm a woman listening to it. It makes my life hell for the next five hours and I go home smelling like piss, lime juice and cheap beer.

The bar is… alright. Imagine a dive bar designed for hip young people, but took a fall from grace and now caters to depressed forty-year-old men. We play a lot of dad rock and have a billiards table that's a little wobbly, but I've never seen any of the patrons pick up a pool cue. We sell a lot of beer and a couple of cheap whiskeys, but no one touches the "top shelf" stuff – it's mostly for show.

I've gotten pretty good at pretending to give a fuck about their stories, though. I put on my best pretty girl smile, bat my eyelashes, push my tits out and say, "*Can I get you another, honey?*" UGH!

None of them can see past the act and they all think I'm flirting with them. Men are a bunch of idiots. All of them.

Working here hasn't made me appreciate the quirks and habits of the opposite sex very much. If anything, it's practically turned me lesbian.

If you asked me if I looked like I work at a mediocre dive bar, I'd say yes. I'm usually wearing some kind of cut-up black tank top or a low-cut T-shirt that shows off my cleavage (for the tips, duh). I pair that with black

shorts and fishnets underneath just like I did in high school, or baggy cargo pants if it's a little colder outside.

I only wear black.

My long, matching black hair is usually tied back in a ponytail with an elastic band I keep in the cup holder of my car. I'm allowing my hair to hang loose down my back tonight, though. Some of the customers request that I wear pigtails, but I just scoff at them and call them creeps.

But when I'm not at work, I like to say that Adam Sandler is my fashion inspiration. My idea of comfy clothes is just an oversized T-shirt that I probably stole from an ex-boyfriend and a pair of panties.

The air is hot in the bar again, the poor A/C unit can't keep up with all the sweaty middle-aged men in here.

Just as I'm about to pull my hair up into its signature ponytail because of the heat, I spot one of my regulars stumbling in, already drunk as usual. He likes to pre-game at a few different bars on this block before ending his night in this shithole.

I usually have to cut him off and my boss, Jeremiah, has to drag him back outside. I'm not even sure how he gets home half the time, but we can't afford to turn him away. This bar sucks most nights, but I make decent money when the customers are fucked up, so I keep pouring pint after pint until they collapse or get kicked out.

"Hi Daryl, how's your night going tonight?" I put on that salesy bimbo smile and gesture at him to sit on one of the rusty leather barstools in front of me.

The chair squeaks under the pressure of his overweight ass settling into it.

"Oh, it's going, but you know, I'm the *happiest* to end up here with you before I get home," he smirks as he slurs through his words.

Most of the men who come into my bar are old, fat and unhappily married. Daryl is like their spirit animal.

His beer belly sticks out so far that you'd think he was nine months pregnant and Coors Light is the father. He has thinning grey hair that's always pushed to the side like a failed combover. The scent of dollar-store cologne and BO lingers wherever he sits, even after he leaves.

I pour him a beer and smile, then swiftly slide his pint over to him and he makes a gross half-burp, half-coughing noise before taking a giant swig.

I gulp down my disgust and go back to wiping down the counters, continuing on with my shift.

As the night goes on, I make small talk with my customers, refilling their pints and running their cards. On slow nights like this, I try to make the time pass faster by doing some of the closing duties while we're still open – shining the glasses, changing the ice out, etc.

I still have a few hours until the end of my shift, but my feet are already aching from standing for so long. I whip out a pack of Marlboros from my back pocket and ask Jeremiah to step out back to take a quick break.

When I get outside, the fresh air hits me in the face and fills my nostrils with a scent of dewy grass and a little bit of campfire smoke. The smell is so nostalgic, just like it was as a kid.

I used to go camping all the time, but now I don't think it's safe for a grown-ass woman to sleep in the woods by herself. One day I'll live out there, sure, but with cameras, security systems, and hopefully a tall, strong man to protect me. Maybe two, if I get lucky.

I dig in my pocket for a lighter, but I grab a couple random dollar bills from tips tonight, a tampon I took out of my purse earlier and a tube of chapstick before I finally find it.

My chest pulls in a long drag and I feel the burn go all into every crevice of my lungs. As I exhale, I watch the light wind pull my smoke with it and I squat down to give my feet a goddamn break.

I could stay here for hours and listen to the light chatter coming from inside the bar. I like looking across the back parking lot, dimly lit by a shitty street light and a couple of neon signs that flicker all night, and letting my mind wander.

After plopping down for a while and just letting the thoughts pass, I feel a chill creep up my bones. There's this sense of eeriness in Silver Lake that brings me peace. The trees, the light fog that sets in late at night, the silence.

It's almost perfect.

I toss my cigarette butt on the ground and when I make my way back inside, I'm struck by a handsome new face.

There's a young man at my bar, pretty uncommon for this part of town. His dark brown hair is wet even though it rained about an hour ago and it hangs over his eyebrows. He scratches his slightly older-than-five-o'clock shadow scruff and looks around the bar, almost confused.

Conversation quiets down and everyone's chair squeaks as they turn in his direction.

He's wearing a black button-down that shows off his chest tattoos and dark grey slacks that hug his built thighs and… something else that's large. His outfit is so unfitting for this place, making him stick out even worse than he already is.

"Welcome in, can I get you something to drink?"

He attempts to shake his hair out of his face and walks slowly to the bar. He's tall, maybe around 6'4. I can see his shirt sticking to his biceps underneath and dark ink creeps out onto his forearms as well.

Jesus, am I dreaming?

I look around the bar and I'm not the only one gawking at him. He looks like a Vogue model that walked right off set. My heart skips a beat a little – he's sexy in a way my book boyfriends are. I've never seen a man like him in Silver Lake.

Despite his obvious alluring appearance, his energy still scares me and just about everyone else in here.

His ass plops into a chair towards the far left side, water squishing out from under him as he sits down and says, "*Beer*."

I find it nearly impossible to keep that bubbly smile on my face as I approach him. It's so tense in here that I could chop up the air into a garnish for his drink.

"Well, what's your name for the tab?" I hesitantly ask.

"I'm nobody."

It's so quiet that the '70s rock that plays in the background sounds like a concert.

I make a quick prayer to God to please make someone say something to break the silence.

"Okay, one tap beer coming right up for Mr. Nobody," I murmur under my breath with an eye roll.

One of my regulars on the right end of the bar coughs and continues his conversation with another patron quietly. I swear I shake my head with relief in real life, but I might've just imagined it.

I place a pint in front of him, but he doesn't reach for it. He stares at the glass almost as if he's inspecting it for dirt.

This guy's a fucking freak.

"Leave it open or close it out?"

I attempt to hide how uncomfortable I am as he refuses to look up at me.

After a brief moment of stillness, he reaches into his pocket, slipping out a sopping wet $20 bill.

“Keep the change.” His voice is deep and so straightforward that it shakes my bones a little.

I hesitantly grab the bill and pull the towel out of my belt loop to dry it off before shoving it in the cash register.

Should I be scared right now?

The awkward energy continues while I try to make small talk with my other customers and avoid him at all costs. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see him sipping his drink while keeping his head low and mumbling nonsense to himself.

Whatever. Hopefully he leaves soon.

I can almost smell the clean sheets I threw in the dryer this morning and a hot dinner waiting for me at home. Just another hour or two.

Daryl is slumped over the bar top. He’s hardly able to mutter out the words to ask me for a refill. His eyes are halfway closed and there’s drool coming out of the sides of his mouth.

As I’m about to turn around to tell Jeremiah that he needs to kick him out, his arm swings over the bar and he attempts to fill his pint himself from the tap. I look at him with wide eyes, as this is extremely out of character.

“Daryl, what the fuck!” I try to grab the glass out of his hand, but it slips, spilling backwash and beer all over my top before shattering into a hundred pieces on the floor in front of me.

Perfect.

I take the towel out of my belt loop again and attempt to dry off, but it’s useless. I’m basically using a piece of toilet paper to clean up a pond.

While my attention is locked onto the mess, I hear a raging yell. I look up to see Mr. Nobody shaking off his fist and Daryl with a bloody eyebrow face down on my bar top.

“What the fuck? Get the fuck out of here!”

I scream at the tall stranger, throwing my hands in the air, but he hardly bats an eye. Jeremiah emerges from the back room to see what all the commotion is about.

The other customers have backed away from their seats and this Mr. Nobody creeps his way towards me menacingly.

With each footstep, I swear time slows.

My heart races and I feel a 25lb dumbbell sitting in my stomach.

He grips both hands on the bar, leans forward and peers down at me. I can fully see his height at this distance – his presence looms over me like a predator about to go in for the kill.

It's intimidating, but dare I say *attractive*?

He stares intensely, his eyes are so dark they're practically pitch black. He chuckles, wet hair dangling over his forehead.

A novel for your next quiet moment.

Find something to read on Lokepub.

"I can do whatever the *fuck* I feel like. You think a little girl like you is gonna stop me?" He grins as he speaks, a little chaos peeking through his smile. "Have you ever stopped anyone before?"

My heart is about to pound out of my chest.

The aura coming off this man is overwhelming. His lips are turned upward while he hovers over me and his pupils pierce my soul. Why am I a little wet?

He pushes back from the bar, rubs his swollen knuckles lightly and says, "Yeah. That's what I fucking thought."

I watch him slowly walk out the exit, the bell hanging over the door ringing as he turns and heads down the street.

What the fuck just happened?

Shaking my head and coming back to reality, I look around the bar and grab the towel Jeremiah handed me to clean myself up, and motion for him to drag Daryl out to the street. He probably won't even remember how he got punched in the morning.

Jeremiah disappointedly shakes his head and sighs, "Get out of here, Octavia. I can close up tonight."

Music to my fucking ears.

I head to the back and grab my coat, quickly shoving my cash tips into my backpack and snatching my car keys from the hook. I need a shower

beer, a foot massage and something to eat.



On the drive home, my mind wanders as I watch the street lights flicker and the empty roads slip by in the moonlight. I pass by a billboard promoting Silver Lake High School covered in more blonde hair and blue-eyed rich kids wearing that stupid fucking uniform and I roll my eyes. Pretentious dicks.

The full moon is so bright tonight, it lights up the trees on the side of the road enough that the branches' shadows dance on the asphalt. The street signs whizz by and I roll down my window to let some fresh air in, cold air biting my face and my hair going wild.

I live and yearn for this feeling – *freedom.*

Just a girl, her thoughts, and a good playlist in the car.

Unfortunately, some of those thoughts include the strange man in my bar tonight. The evil in his eyes, the energy surrounding him – it was intoxicating, like a drug I've never taken and a high I want to chase again.

As I pull into the parking spot, I look up at my shitty apartment building in front of me. The A/C barely works, so most people have window units. The paint on the exterior walls is peeling off and the foundation is cracking.

Damn, I need to move.

The stairs creak as I make my way up to the third floor. I can hear the wind blowing lightly down the rows of doors. It's a little chilly tonight, which makes my beer-soaked top even more miserable to be in – my nipples could practically cut glass right now.

The key slides into the lock and I open the door to my apartment. All of the lights are off, it's like a creepy cave and I love it.

I hear a rustling sound coming from my bedroom and peek my head in to see a figure tossing and turning in the sheets.

My boyfriend, Connor, said he was going to have dinner waiting for me when I got home from work tonight, but I guess he forgot.

He *always* forgets.

Remember when I said men are a bunch of idiots? *I meant it.*

I don't even know why I keep him around anymore. I mean, the sex is good sometimes, but I'm let down more often than I'm excited. If I'm

lucky, I get to finish. But more often than not, I end up grabbing my vibrator from my nightstand after he rolls off of me, then I go to town. I like to close my eyes and let my mind go deep in some wild fantasy that I'm too scared to actually pursue.

I nudge him with my knee.

"Connor, wake up! You were supposed to make me dinner, what happened?"

I'm already having a bad night, I don't need this shit right now.

He mumbles something unintelligible and I shake him around with my hands to wake him up more. It doesn't seem to be working.

Ugh.

"What! What? Who are you? Oh, hi babe," he mutters out. "I was having a really weird dream, you kinda freaked me out."

"I'll go make myself something to eat."

I start to get up and turn towards the kitchen, but he grabs my arm and yanks me towards the bed.

"Why do you smell like someone pissed on you?" His eyes are barely open and he sniffs the air. "You smell nasty."

"You know, I don't need your shit right now." My words bite him back. "You said you were gonna make me dinner, you always say you're gonna do shit and then you don't do it. I had a rough fucking night at work and I really wanted to come home to a hot meal and a nice shower, but I guess that's too fucking much to ask for, is it?"

I'm pissed and rightfully so. I jump up from the bed and shove his arm off of me. I'm so over tonight.

He jolts up quickly to follow.

"Oh, you don't need *MY* shit? What about all of the shit *I* put up with, huh?! I'm always dealing with your stuff all over the place because you're a fucking *slob*!"

I can hear him putting on a pair of boxers and his footsteps heading to the kitchen.

"Oh fuck you!" I scream at him.

I'm sure the neighbors can hear us now, but I don't give a shit. "I work all fucking night and I ask you to do *ONE* fucking thing for me, and you can't even do that?!"

He storms into the kitchen and rips the back of my shirt to turn me around to face him.

“Say fuck you to my face, Octavia. Say it to my face!”

His clutch on my shirt shifts to the front and he pulls me closer to him.

“Let me go,” I demand, sternly.

He draws me inches from his face and his eyes turn black like that stranger’s from the bar.

“Say it to my fucking face.”

I look him dead in the eyes, take a deep inhale and yell, “FUCK! YOU! CONNOR!”

My voice shakes the walls, I don’t think I’ve ever yelled so loudly before. The feeling of fully releasing my wrath onto him is euphoric.

Before I have time to react, I see his hand swing from behind his head and come down to my cheek, making a loud smack sound.

My head rips to the side and the sting immediately burns all the way down to the bones in my skull.

Did he just fucking hit me?

“Shut up, you stupid bitch.” He looks down at me with disgust, like I’m a piece of hair in his food.

I put my hand up to my cheek, still radiating with shock.

He just fucking hit me.

I push past him and storm around the house, grabbing everything of his I can see and bundling it up in my arms. I can hear him talking to me, but I can’t register a word he’s saying. My ears are ringing, my heart is pounding, and I feel like I’m about to explode like a grenade.

With my arms full of his clothes, I open the front door and throw it into the outdoor hallway.

“GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!”

I point to the door and scream. I see red. I can’t even think straight, words are just spilling out of my mouth before I can stop and think about them. My body is a lifeless machine powered by pure adrenaline.

He pushes me out of his way, grabs his car keys from the kitchen island and walks out the door in his boxers.

“You’ll be calling me tomorrow and begging me to come back. You’re a desperate, pathetic bitch, you know that?” He slams the door shut and his words hit me like a truck.

I hear a faint “*SHUT THE FUCK UP*” through my ceiling and a couple of thumps from my neighbor hitting the wall a few times.

My cheek still stings. I’ve never been hit before.

I’ve read stories of girls who get beat up by their boyfriends, husbands, or so-called lovers and of course I feel sympathy. You never think it could happen to you.

I look at my cheek in the mirror. It’s flaming red and burns at my touch. I can see where each one of his fingers was, a perfect handprint on my face. Mascara is streaming from my eyes, I look like a fucked up raccoon.

My face disgusts me and I push away from the mirror, unable to digest my appearance any longer.

I run my fingers under my eyes, attempting to wipe some of the black makeup off. The fridge calls my name and I grab the half-empty bottle of tequila and start chugging.

My eyes cross as I watch the bubbles travel from the mouth of the bottle and feel the burn down my throat.

I slam the bottle down on the kitchen counter, grab my house keys and bounce out the door.

I need to go for a walk.

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CHAPTER 2

MR. NOBODY

My knuckles fucking sting, but I'm pretty used to using them. I live for the pain afterwards – the burn down to my bones, the blisters forming on top and ripping each time I use my hands, and the blood – I love it.

It's euphoric to hit someone in the face that deserves it… Maybe even sometimes when they don't. I just enjoy hurting people, I guess. I love the flush of adrenaline through my veins, the huffs and puffs of my victim flooding my ears and their pupils dilating with fear.

Call me a sadist, call me a sick fuck, sure. Just let me whip my cock out before you get me going.

I think everyone has done something in their life that made them feel that way – a rebel, a misfit, a dishonor to their family. That feeling is like a drug to me, I chase that high everywhere that I go.

And if you haven't tried it yet, what are you waiting for?

The world has fucked up shit going on all the time – just choose something to be pissed about. It's easy once you start looking for it.

I stumble into a dark alleyway and grin. My appetite for chaos hasn't been satiated yet.

What's better than starting a fight? Someone else throwing the first punch.

I glance around the barely lit street, but I don't see much going on. I guess it's a slow night on the corner of Crackhead Street and Deadbeat Avenue. Usually this part of town is full of young rebels or older homeless people looking to pick a fight with the closest target they can find.

That's also usually me.

Nevertheless, walking around in public at night provides a different kind of peace to me. Most of the city's souls are asleep and if they're awake, they're probably drunk or high. My kind of people, am I right?

I walk and meander my way through the littered street and the flickering lights. In the distance is a great view of the lit-up skyline. Some buildings shoot up so high that I swear the penthouse owner could reach out and touch a cloud, others are wide and have various logos on them for big banks or companies.

When I was a kid, I used to love staring up at skyscrapers and guessing what each window had going on behind it – a stressed-out business owner who can't sleep? A couple that just got married and are having their first fight? Or maybe a teenage girl who's hoping to move out of her rich parent's apartment soon and find her way?

But they're just regular people to me, who probably have too much money on their hands. They wouldn't notice if some of it was gone. Easy targets.

I stretch my arms up behind my head, yawn and tuck my hands back into my pockets. I've got a long day of being a disappointment to society tomorrow.

As I start to head in the direction of my car, thoughts of the cute bartender from the shitty dive bar come to mind.

What a fucking bitch, man. From my perspective, this patron's being a dick to her, right? So I step in, put this motherfucker in his place and then what? I get bitched at for it?

She was cute though, I'll give her that. And she had nice tits. And her black hair would look good wrapped around my fist.

No, no. Shut up, horny brain. I just need to get off.

This girl should be fawning all over me, "*Oh, Skyler, you're so handsome and strong and sexy when you punch guys for me*."

And to be honest, most girls do.

They see the muscles, the testosterone, the devil in my eyes and beg me to fuck them after. But this one? Must be having a bad night or something, beats me.

Look, as long as I'm alive, the world around me will burn. In one way or another, trouble and chaos always follow me. And trust me, I used to have an angel sitting on my shoulders too, but the devil jumped over and killed her before she could have her way with me at all.

As I’m digging around in my pockets for my keys, a body bumps into me. Thinking I’m about to get robbed, I quickly turn to grab them and shove them up against the side of my car.

“Mmphffh, sorry,” a feminine voice says.

What the fuck?

I look down at busty cleavage spilling out of a low-cut top. My hands are wrapped tightly around a tiny pair of shoulders and long black hair hanging down, now painfully pinned against my front door.

Is she the bartender from earlier?

Hmm, maybe I was wrong about her.

“Well, well, coming back for more, I see.” *They always do*.

I tap her cheeks to try to wake her up, but it doesn’t render much. Her eyes are rolling back and her limp body flops around in my hands.

I shake her shoulders and try to straighten her out.

“Hello? Anyone home?”

She bounces up as quickly as a shitfaced girl can and attempts to push me off of her. Cute. She groans and starts beating at my chest.

I don’t move an inch. There’s no effort behind her strikes, she’s basically throwing peanuts at a gorilla.

“Get the fffummck offa me, *creep*.” She’s trying so hard.

“You’re gonna get hurt, you know? Bad guys come out at night.”

I smirk, bend down to look her in the eyes and release my hands from her shoulders. My lips lean in closer towards her drooping head, inches away from touching her ear. She looks so soft. Her long black hair hangs into her eyes and on her pink cheeks, like little kitten whiskers. She looks absolutely edible.

“Do you *like* getting hurt, pretty kitty?” My tongue gives her a wet lick and I nibble her lobe with my teeth.

I know, I know. I should stop playing with my food.

She burps and her head lolls back – completely passed out now. Her entire body weight, which isn't much to start with, is resting in my arms.

Damn, this little kitten should’ve prayed she landed in better hands tonight. I’m a man who can’t be trusted with his morals.

I lean in and her scent is intoxicating, to say the least. I’m getting a little high on it. She smells like… well, tequila for starters, but underneath that is a scent of warm amber and frankincense, a combination of woody but a little sweet.

The more I inhale, the harder my cock gets. My slacks are getting tighter and tighter as my manhood is begging to pop out. I groan frustratingly under my breath and tuck it into my waistband to be more comfortable.

What am I supposed to do with this bitch?

I drag her body into the passenger seat and pull the seatbelt across her until it clicks. Her entire body slouches into the car door, the left side of her neck wide open as her head rests on the window. I get another whiff of her perfume and my dick twitches in my pants.

Okay, look, I'm an asshole, don't get me wrong. I've done my fair share of sins in this world, but I'm not *that* kind of asshole. What did you think I was gonna do, rape the girl while she's unconscious?

Nah, at least not for the first time.

When I first fuck a girl, I prefer them to be awake. I like them tied up to my bed completely at my mercy. I like to hear them scream my name while I stretch them open wider than they've ever been before, bringing them to orgasm again and again.

First impressions are everything nowadays, but not a lot of girls come back to me for seconds.

I wonder why.

The car engine roars as it starts and I step on the gas, the tires squealing behind us and the smell of burnt rubber filling the air.

We drive and drive until we reach the edge of town. I turn onto a street surrounded by half-dead and tall pine trees. They reach over the road like they're trying to grab the cars right off the asphalt.

It's haunting in a way that I enjoy, but for everyone else that I've brought this way, it sends chills down their spine.

Maybe the busty bartender in my passenger seat would like it too, it would be a nice change of pace for me. I need a girl who likes my chaos, my violence, my flaws.

That's all I'm made of – *flaws.*

Women say they want a bad boy, a rebel, an asshole. What they actually want is to be disrespected and treated like an object for a night. They want someone to play out their sick, secret fantasies. And after they finish for the fifth or sixth time, they run home to their vanilla boyfriends that pet their hair and tell them everything is going to be okay.

That's not me.

I sigh and wrap my fingers tightly around the wheel. My teeth seethe at the sting, watching the skin on my knuckles pull tight and turn white, drops of blood dripping down the back of my hand.

I may be a sadist, but I'm also a masochist – pain always adds to my pleasure and my dick was already throbbing.

But there's nothing I love more than *control*. I make all of my sexual escapades call me Daddy, because I make the rules and the punishment for breaking them.

My free hand grabs at my crotch that's aching for a release. I need to stop thinking about fucking the bartender and focus on driving.

We continue down the long winding road, trees whizzing by both sides of the car and the city skyline receding further and further behind us.



When we arrive at my house, I pull her unconscious body out of the passenger seat and throw her over my shoulder. She seems to wake up briefly and lightly groans something unintelligible into my ear.

As I bend down into my car to grab my pack of cigarettes, I get a huge whiff of something sour that makes me want to puke.

Piss?

Oh no.

The leather seat has a puddle of urine and her backside is soaked. This kitten used my car as a litter box.

"Skyler? Who the fuck is that?" I hear a loud sniffing sound from behind me. "And why does it fucking reek out here?"

Great. My older brother is awake. He approaches me as he carries a half-full crystal glass of whiskey in his right hand and a frown on his face.

Meet Valentine Sterling, named after the worst holiday on Earth. He's old enough to be my dad, a big fan of top-shelf liquor, and is as stoic as a monk. This was technically his house first, but I've lived with him for the last ten years or so.

He wrinkles his nose the closer he gets to me and his eyes squint with disgust. "Is that piss?"

I sigh.

“Wouldn’t be the first time. I’m gonna send our eager-to-please brother to clean my car tonight and have it done before I drive it again tomorrow morning.”

I lug the piss-covered bartender hanging off my shoulder inside with a one-track mind to the shower.

“What are you gonna do with her?” He pokes his head around to try to get a good look at my catch, her long dark hair hanging in front of her face. I notice his stare lingers on her tits falling out of her tiny top.

“Why, you want a turn?” I grin at him.

He scoffs at my comment, waves his hand at me and walks off. I haven’t seen him with a girl on his own in a while, but he usually likes to play with my catches before they run home.

Valentine is always up my ass with questions about something. It’s always, “*Skyler, who’s the girl that’s screaming from your room? What do you mean you don’t know her name? Skyler, stop eating my groceries out of the fridge. Skyler, can you blah blah blah…*” I mock his stupid dad voice in my head.

I thought I forgot what it’s like to have a helicopter parent.

I carry her through the front door and the long hallway leading to my wing of the house, cautiously making sure urine doesn’t drip onto the wooden floor.

When we finally reach the bathroom connected to my bedroom, I start the hot shower and strip her shirt and pants off. I throw the dirty clothes into the other corner of the room, as far from my nose as possible.

She fucking *reeks*. Did she even clean off the beer that guy spilled on her from earlier? Jesus.

The steam fills the room and I carry her naked body into the tiled shower. I’m too lazy to take my clothes off as well and my cock betrays me yet again, painfully straining against my now soaked grey slacks.

The water drips down her perfect curves – she’s a fucking wet dream. Her long hair sticks to her breasts and tiny waist like a bold outline of her frontside. Her cheeks are still flushed, and the mascara that she was wearing earlier now streaks down them.

I douse her in my soap – men’s soap is probably not a great scent for a girl, but that’s all I’ve got in here – rubbing it all over her skin and especially her legs before washing it off with the shower head.

This is all too much effort for a girl I just want to stick my cock in. I think about that for a second and I swear a light bulb pops up above my head.

Actually, that's a good fucking point.

I don't have to stick my cock in her to get off tonight.

Her wet body slouches against the shower wall as I quickly rip my soaked clothes off and throw them in the pile with hers. God, even unconscious she still looks like a fucking pornstar.

The hot water pounds against my back and I feel pressure on my gums starting to ache, my desire is taking over now. I spit in my right hand and stare at her, the water flowing down her curves like rivers all the way down to the shower floor.

I wish it was my tongue licking up and down her instead.

Groans leave my mouth at the first touch of my hand, the man downstairs is getting everything he asked for tonight. I push my left hand into the shower wall above her head and lean over her perfect face.

What I'd do to be ruining her holes right now instead of fucking my right hand.

I close my eyes and my mind wanders to the deepest, darkest places I want to take her.

I think about her leaning back in my bed, hands tied to my headboard and moaning, begging me for more. I think of her screaming and calling me Daddy, covered in bite marks and scratches, her juices soaking through my sheets.

I want my brothers to watch and wait for their turn with her, ruining her one after the other. I imagine multiple creampies dripping out of her perfect pussy, all of us breeding her and taking a gamble on who the father will be.

She'd be a perfect fucking slut for us.

My hand pumps faster and faster, my fantasy continuing to play in my head. I push off the wall and squat down, using my left hand to move her hair out of the way so I can get a better look at the mascara running down her face.

She's a perfect sight right now. A perfect *ruined* Kitten, exactly as I like them. I just wish I was the reason for her swollen lips and smudged makeup.

My skin crawls, a pressure builds in my lower spine and I can feel a sweet release coming. I stand back up and lean over her again.

Her eyes, I wish they were looking up at me with tears in them right now. Her tits, I wish they were covered in bruises and my love bites. Her pussy, I wish it was swollen with my cum dripping out of it.

I stroke faster and faster until I explode all over her chest, gripping the tile on the wall above her head. Her body looks incredible covered in me.

I can't wait to have her begging for it again tomorrow.

I turn the water off and hop out of the tiled shower floor, pulling a large black towel from the rack to dry my body. Her still unconscious body waits for me, water and semen dripping down her curves. I double-check she's still breathing as her chest slowly rises and falls and her heartbeat fills my ears.

There's no chance in hell she remembers this in the morning.

After I've toweled off, I pull her limp body out through the glass door and dry her off too. She rests on the tile and I walk to my dresser, grabbing an old T-shirt and sliding it over her body. If she wakes up naked, she's definitely going to think I raped her.

I carry her over my shoulder again and tuck her into my sheets, rolling her on her side in case she vomits up the tequila I smell in her breath.

Her face rests on my pillow and her wet dark hair cascades behind her like a waterfall coming out of a black hole.

She's actually really pretty.

She has a sculpted face like she was painted by God, long eyelashes that flutter on her pink cheeks and her skin… It's unbelievably soft. I can't stop touching it.

I watch her sleep peacefully in my bed for a few minutes, drool seeping out of her mouth and dripping onto the pillowcase.

Damn, I think this is the first time a girl has ever slept in my bed. Well, when they're in it, they're usually not sleeping. Plus, they always bounce the second I'm done with them, if they escape with their life.

Just kidding. Or am I?

I bend down to her ear and hold my lips just a few millimeters away from it.

"We'll have some fun with you tomorrow, won't we?" I place a soft kiss on her cheek and sweep my teeth over her exposed neck.

"Dream of me, Kitten."

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CHAPTER 3

OCTAVIA

The rays of early morning sunlight are barely poking through the gaps between the blackout curtains and my eyes are so squinted that I can hardly comprehend anything around me. I quickly cover my face with my hands, trying to block anything that could make this headache worse.

My head is fucking spinning – am I still drunk? How did I get home?

I jump out of bed and try to walk over to my bathroom, stumbling around everywhere and gripping the walls. Jesus Christ, my brain feels like it's going to pop right out of my eyeballs.

But my eyes burst open wider when I realize I don't recognize the rug under my feet… or the walls around me… or the shirt I'm wearing.

Where the fuck did I end up last night?

Memories start to flash back and I wince at the throbbing trying to break through my forehead.

I *do* remember coming home from work, already pissed off and getting into a fight with Connor. I touch my cheek, my fingers running over the exact place his hand landed on me. My eyes tear up, but I shake it off.

Fuck him.

I *do* remember drinking my feelings away and wandering around downtown, but everything after that is gone. It appears that I have ended up at some stranger's house last night instead of my own.

To be totally honest, I'm just glad I didn't wake up on a park bench somewhere covered in my own puke.

Still spinning, I look around the room and begin to dig through the nightstands and the bed, trying to find any sign of where I am or how I got

here.

“Shit!” I grab the pillow in frustration and throw it back on the bed. How fucking trashed did I get last night?

My feet lightly thump on the floor as I walk into the bathroom connected to this room and rummage through every drawer. At this point, I don’t even know what I’m looking for. Maybe I can find some information about whose house this is or some cash for a taxi home.

I mean, it’s not that shabby of a place. It could always be worse, right? I could’ve ended up at a serial killer’s house tied up in their basement or something.

Never mind, don’t tempt me with a good time.

I spot my clothes crumpled up in the corner of the bathroom with a pair of men’s clothes on top of them.

Shit. Did I have sex last night? Why do I smell like soap? I took a fucking shower?

Jesus, I got fucked up. Maybe the last third of that handle wasn’t a good idea… or the half-smoked joint I found on the sidewalk and sparked up. Oops.

I shake my head at the thought and continue snooping around.

The bedroom is actually beautiful. It’s a mixture of a dark, robust masculine vibe with a modern twist. The giant glass windows almost touch the ceiling and come all the way down to the floor. Most of the walls are black, dark grey, or some form of stone or wood panels.

It’s kind of sexy, to be honest. Waking up in a stranger’s house doesn’t get much better than this.

The furniture is dark-stained wood and leather. A king-sized, or honestly, even larger, bed rests against a tall wall covered in interesting pieces of art that are hard to comprehend. They look close enough to real-life items, but when I focus on them more, I realize that they’re just random brush strokes. Trippy.

A black dresser is propped up against the opposite wall, with floor-to-ceiling windows on either side of it. An ashtray rests on top of it, full of cigarette butts and I crave a smoke more than ever at the sight.

This is definitely a man cave, but it’s done *really* well. There are signs of life here, too. I spot a small pile of dirty laundry and a couple of water cups spread throughout the bedroom and bathroom.

So if someone lives here, where are they now?

My feet are freezing against the cold wood floor and I shiver, but I slowly creep out of the bedroom and down the hallway to look around the house for a phone, the owner, or maybe a way home.

The second I step out, I'm in awe.

The living room is so grand. The windows are also floor-to-ceiling and look out to deep woods. Trees wrap all the way around the house – I have no idea where a car would park or drive in here due to the density. It's green in every direction that you look.

The furniture out here is also dark and masculine, little metal accents on the edges of tables and the feet of couches shine through the sea of black and grey. A real fireplace surrounded by grey stone sits next to the front door. Old and new logs sit in it, accompanied by a pile of fresh firewood on the other side of it.

It's a little creepy seeing it empty, but I find myself a little intrigued. It's like someone took the fantasy I've had my whole life from my head and gave it to an architect. I didn't even know Silver Lake had homes like this.

Whoever lives here makes insane money or inherited this place from some kind of mafia king grandfather. It's absolutely nothing like my shitty apartment right outside of downtown.

As I look around further at the room and decor, my jaw hangs wide open. Some of the items displayed around here look like they belong in a museum or an art exhibit or something.

My feet carry me throughout the grand living room until I stand in a very moody kitchen. The cabinets, the backsplash, the countertops – did the designer get their inspiration straight from my Pinterest board? This house is a fucking dream come true, I might have to consider killing or marrying the owner so I can live here, too.

I brush my fingertips across the dark marble countertops, cold and buttery smooth. Rubbing my skin together, I notice not a speck of dust either, which is strange considering I believe a man lives here and I know men are not the most hygienic creatures to walk Earth.

There are a few dirty dishes in the sink – it looks like someone was eating a late-night sandwich and some chips. I wouldn't put it past me to snoop around someone else's kitchen while blacked out and dig up something to eat.

A few of the smaller and skinnier cabinets are calling my name. Maybe I'll find a phone so I can Uber home, or a little bit of cash so I can hitch a

bus ride.

As I sift through a bunch of random drawers, I find a whole bunch of nothing. I see some random items like little trinkets and halfway used super glue, an old pack of birthday balloons, a couple of pencils and highlighters and such, but nothing that would help me. UGH!

“Good morning, pretty kitty.”

I jump about three feet in the air at the sound of a man entering the room. It takes me a second – I can blame the hangover – but I recognize that voice. It’s that brooding creep from my bar last night.

Is this his fucking house?

“I gotta go, my breakfast just woke up and she’s standing in my kitchen.” He smirks and hangs up the phone, then shoves it in the back pocket of his dark wash jeans.

The front door starts closing behind him and the sun blinds me just before it shuts, hiding his full appearance.

I hold a hand over my eyebrow to shield from the light and as he approaches me, I can see his face in full shape now. His jawline catches in the low lighting that makes me want to trace my fingers across it, his long brown hair hangs into his eyes and wow… those eyes. They look like a dark pit of nothingness. It’s *chilling*.

His whole 6’4 of height towers over me as his hand reaches down to brush the side of my face.

“How did my Kitten sleep in my bed last night?”

I shove his hand off and push into his chest, trying to walk straight past him.

“Stop calling me that,” I grunt out. “How did I get here? This is your house?”

Maybe he’s not as bad as I thought, but I still need to find my phone and get home. If I could just…

Before I can move any farther from him, he grabs my arm and pulls me back to face him eye to eye, inching closer to me until I have no more room to scooch away.

My ass hits the counter behind me and his giant body presses into mine. He towers over me, continuing to push forward and peers down, grabbing my chin with his right hand to force me to look up at dark eyes.

Evil swirls in them, and I get lost in them like I’m hypnotized. I could sit here for hours, staring into those alluring black irises.

His arms and hands are slightly hairy, but not enough to gross me out. He's hot, grungy, and rough-around-the-edges. Tattoos of dark-shaded flowers and various animals cover his arms and his chest as far as I can see. He's my type to a T, and if this creep didn't freak me out, I'd probably be a little *more* turned on than I already am.

Oops, I mean, turned on at all.

He leans in, millimeters away from my face.

"You look *oddly* edible right now."

Gulp.

He wraps his veiny hand around my throat and tilts my head back to expose my neck. His voice is but a whisper, but deep enough to make my pulse flutter.

"I bet you taste like a *bad*, *bad* girl." He tilts down and scrapes his teeth on my earlobe, sending chills all the way down to my bare feet. "I want to know what this bad girl tastes like."

His scent engulfs me and I can smell a hint of cigarettes on his breath. This man is everything I fantasized about in high school, getting lost in my romance novels. I think I let out a small moan, and if I did, I definitely didn't hide it from him.

"Are you gonna let me have my way with you willingly, or do I need to bend you over this marble counter…"

His mouth is so close to my ear that his voice is vibrating the hairs on my neck. I try my best to hold my composure, but I'm crumbling apart like an old, forgotten building.

"…have my brothers hold you down and rip your clothes to shreds…"

Brothers?

He moves his left hand to my pantless torso, working its way slowly to the bottom of the oversized T-shirt I'm still wearing and places it right where I was praying he did.

I'm sweating in anticipation. My nipples could practically cut through this fabric, and my hips push forward into his hand.

"…just so I can know what Miss Octavia tastes like?"

He shoves his long fingers into me and I'm already soaked for this stranger. I let out a soft moan, this one I didn't try to hide at all.

Who the fuck is this guy?

He pulls out of me and I find myself whimpering with disappointment. Finger me again, strange man, and better yet, don't tell me your name. It's

hotter that way.

His right hand moves from my throat to my cheeks and he grips them tightly to force me to face him directly.

I trace his black eyes after piercing into my soul and his left hand comes up to his mouth. He sticks his fingers, now covered in me, between his lips, sucking them hard enough to hollow his cheeks.

Those pits of nothing close, he tilts his head back and he pushes his tight jeans into my stomach. I can feel the outline of his thick cock begging to burst out.

Holy fuck, it's *huge*. Did we fuck last night?

I watch him in disbelief – he looks straight out of one of my late-night secret fantasies as he slowly pulls his fingers out of his mouth, his tongue still licking them and stares back at me.

"Mmmm. What a perfect meal to start my day. I'd love *seconds*."

His hand releases his grip on my cheeks, he smirks and steps back from me.

I suddenly remember that I'm not dreaming and I'm standing in a stranger's – undeniably sexy, but still creepy – home and I have no way of getting out of here.

Snap out of the lustful daze, Octavia.

"Wait a second, you're that freak from the bar last night! Did we have sex?"

Taking another step backwards, he leans into the cabinet behind him, swallowing and wiping his wet mouth with the back of his hand.

Actually, based on what I felt going on underneath his jeans, I think if we fucked last night I'd for sure be feeling it. Right?

"*Answer me*."

He lightly laughs, brushes his brown hair out of his eyes again and looks me up and down like he'll be having me for dinner later.

Mr. Nobody's aura is full of an undeniable chaotic energy, and it makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up. The way he carries himself, the way he speaks – I can feel that he doesn't care about anything but his own interests.

It seems like he'd light the world on fire, watch it burn and roast marshmallows on it.

His malicious grin sends ants crawling around my shirt, he tilts his head slightly sideways like a dog that hears his favorite word and says, "Do you

want to go home already? We were just getting started."

As much as I desire a taste of him as well and I hate to admit it, I feel an eagerness to see what happened with Connor. I'm worried he might've gone back to my apartment, maybe let himself in and trashed the place or burned it down. He was always a little unpredictable and struggled with some anger issues.

Connor pretended that he loved to indulge in my taboo kinks with me, but after a few months of dating, it wore off. Our sex became more vanilla and more repetitive. I spent most of my time with my vibrator in a dark room, playing out my twisted daydreams behind my eyelids.

Unfortunately, this beautiful hunk of a man standing in front of me right now looks like he came straight out of one of those daydreams. It's like God watched me touch myself enough times and decided to finally do something about it.

I hear my mother's disapproving voice in the back of my head, even though she's dead. She'd take one look at this man and tell me, "*Octavia, absolutely not.*" But guess who's not around anymore to stop me?

Honestly, as much as it turns me on to think about it, I can't fuck a guy who kidnapped me and did God knows what last night. My memory is totally black after chugging tequila out of my fridge. What if he took advantage of me, and… why do my thighs clench at that thought?

But… I find myself hoping that he did, and that it won't be the last time.

Damn, I'm fucked up.

He continues to stand there waiting for my reply and I get lost in his depravity. It's dark, it's sexy – I want him to put even more than just his fingers back inside me, bend me over like he threatened to and have his brothers take turns with me.

I bite my lip and remember what he said.

He has brothers. Someone else lives here – are they as hot as he is? Are they nearby and watching this interaction?

My thighs rub together and I try to peek around, looking for any shadows roaming around the dark corners.

I don't want him to know that I like the thought of him sharing me and passing me around like an object. I don't want him to know that I've grinded on my vibrator to this exact situation countless times in my head, pretending it was actually happening.

But I have a feeling he can already tell, and I might be playing this morning out with another toy when I get home.

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CHAPTER 4

MR. NOBODY

My God, this bitch looks even sexier in the daylight. She stares at me with fear, but a bit of curiosity swims in those pretty irises too. The smell of panic on a beautiful woman's skin… It makes my cock twitch.

I sigh.

I'm not the man you take home to meet your mama. Shit, even my family wasn't a fan of my company. It didn't take long to become the black sheep – I was practically begging for it as a kid.

I'll probably never meet a girl's parents. I'd be lucky if I got to know them beyond what they like in bed. They grow frightened with the terror, and it turns me on, creating a constant negative feedback loop that never goes farther than sex. I end right where I started again, listening to the devil on my shoulder whispering sweet nothings.

My mother always did her best with what she had, though. She tried teaching me to have manners and be a kind person, but I've never been known to keep my mouth shut, my fists tucked, or my dick soft. Neither did my father.

I'm already living with the consequences of bad behavior, so why not fuck around some more? What's *actually* rewarding about having a good moral compass? I'm not trying to become the president or apply for college, so who gives a fuck?

Octavia – I learned her name from her phone that I stole out of her bag last night – tastes like a god-given right to me. There's a pull on my chest towards her. I'm convinced Satan delivered her to my car last night for some sick and twisted reason I can't explain yet.

Unfortunately, there's a pathetic man blowing up her phone begging her to come home, which makes me even less likely to drive her there. Finders keepers, *asshole*.

"So you're just gonna kidnap and rape me, then?"

Kitty has claws.

She looks up at me after glancing around the room. I'm unsure of what she's looking for, maybe an escape? Her dark green eyes are completely glossed over and I can hear her heartbeat racing. She's dripping a few beads of sweat and her sweet pheromones stream out from underneath that shirt.

Although she may claim to not be interested, her body is actually *begging* for me to touch it. I deeply desire to push my luck, but watching her deny the way she feels is equally as fun.

Intentionally ignoring her question, I push my own agenda.

"Who's Connor, by the way? He wouldn't shut up last night, I just about threw your phone deep in the forest to stop listening to the buzzing."

Immediately, her eyes widen and she turns away from me, like she remembers she has a boyfriend at home and is standing in a stranger's kitchen with his T-shirt on.

She mumbles out a soft, "*Why do you give a fuck?*" and stares at the marble countertop, playing with a ring on her index finger.

"I'm just trying to make conversation with the girl I was just knuckle-deep in."

I brush my fingers through my hair to pull it out of my eyes, cross my left foot over the right and lean backwards deep into the marble countertop.

"Or, here's a counteroffer: I can take you back to the bedroom and you don't have to say a word if you're not interested in talking."

She smiles slightly, but keeps her pretty eyes away from me. "Ew."

The quiet fills the air for a few moments and she continues to fiddle with a band around her finger, looking away. Her vibe changes from curious to closed off. I could practically scrape my nails against the imaginary brick wall around her right now.

I roll my eyes, feeling the loss in my chest already. Here it comes, *a lack of seconds*. I didn't even get a *first* with this one.

A girl finally slept in my bed and I didn't stick my dick in her. Ironic. A beautiful girl, my exact type on paper, stands in front of me and chooses the stupid white-picket-fence guy again.

A bit of rage seeps into my veins and I shove it deep down, the insecurities trying to creep out of my skin. Why do women do this? Am I just a toy to get out of their system and then toss away when the lust wears off?

“Get your clothes in the bathroom, tell me where you live and I’ll drive you there. You should be grateful some other piece of shit on the streets didn’t find you shitfaced last night.” I start to walk away from her, biting at my emotions bubbling up.

The things I would do to just cuddle a girl one time, to be able to set my fury aside and fall in love at some point in my life – I want to quiet the demon of self-hatred in my head and have something *real* for once.

Sex is great, it’s hot and fulfilling in some ways, but I carry a void in my chest everywhere that I go. I’m trying to fill a true love-sized hole in my heart with pussy.

I’ve never witnessed love, though. Such a funny word. I see it in movies and TV shows, sure. But my parents? Forget it. Whatever they had was the complete opposite of love. My mother won’t look me in the eye anymore, not that I’ve seen her in years to see if she would.

I couldn’t even keep friends around long enough to see them get married or have kids, or get to know them well enough to tell if they even wanted that life. I feel something for my brothers, but that’s not the feeling that I’m waiting for one day.

I’m waiting for someone to fucking get it. I don’t know what *it* is, but maybe one day, a twisted girl like the one standing in my kitchen will just… *get it.*

I shake my head and wipe my palm down my face, shoving those feelings back into a bottle at the pit of my stomach where they belong.

My hand digs in my pocket and I place her cellphone onto the counter, snatching my car keys up next to it.

“Go. Get dressed.”

The beep of the car unlocking shocks me back into reality and I carry my heavy legs to it. The dense trees surrounding the property creak slightly with the light breeze going on right now.

I tilt my head back, take a deep inhale and the smell of pine trees and morning dew fills my nose. This is the perfect weather for exactly what you’d expect.

I pull a pack of Marlboros out of my pocket, slide one out and put it into my lips. Patting all across my jeans, I realize my lighter is still in the car and my eyes roll again. God damn it.

What else isn't going to go my way this morning?

My red 1967 Shelby Mustang glistens in the sunlight, the shadows of the tree branches dancing across the roof of it. I've always loved classic cars, ever since I was a kid. Modern cars are so boring now, plus mine already reeked of cigarette smoke when I stole it. Now I don't feel like I'm fucking ruining it when I spark up.

I open the door and plop into the seat. Nice and clean, thanks to my younger brother who stayed up late detailing it. Tristan would do practically anything for me to look at him longer than six seconds.

Octavia walks out of the front door wearing her clothes from last night. They're a little risqué for the daytime, but I don't think she cares that much. She messes with her long black hair, walks over to the car door and swings it open. Her ass slides into the leather seat and she glances over at me, those bright green eyes drawing me in again.

"Spot me a smoke?"

I tilt backward, pull the box out of my front pocket and she leans toward me with slightly parted lips while I carefully place the cigarette in her mouth.

Fuck, those juicy lips.

Finally finding my lighter in the center console, I light both hers and with mine still resting in my teeth, I ask, "Where am I taking you, Kitten?"

"I said stop calling me that."

"Okay, *kitty cat.*"

She rolls her eyes and pulls up an address on my phone. I start the engine and she purrs, just like my pretty kitty in the seat next to me would have, if I had my fun with her last night. Her window is rolled down and her hair blows in the wind – it's a wonderful sight. She looks free.

I don't get to see any women the morning after, they've always snuck out or called an Uber home. I don't hate this view, really. Is this what the white-picket-fence guys see?

I watch her smile and let the speed of the car drive her wild. She touches the leather around the dash and seat, a smile in her eyes. She likes it, just like I do.

"I didn't rape you."

She darts her eyes over to me, a confused and almost disappointed look on her face. She takes another drag of the smoke and tucks her rowdy hair behind her ear.

“Oh, I’m sorry, did you want a pat on the back for that?” She spits out at me, a playful grin pulling up her cheeks.

“Oh fuck off. You bumped into me on the street, shitfaced and passed out before I could even get you in my car. So, I took you home and cleaned you up. Don’t get me wrong,” I grab my crotch, showing it off to her. “My cock was begging me to do heinous things to you, but I resisted. And that’s not like me.”

She doesn’t say anything, turning to look out the window again.

Okay, Kitty, this predator will bite.

“The first time you feel my cock slide in you, trust me, you’ll want to be awake.”

She shoots me a pissed-off glare, exactly the look I was waiting for, but I can see a small smile creep up her cheeks again out of the corner of my eye. I try to focus on the road while pretending to not sneak secret glances at her.

“Are you gonna tell me your name, Mr. Not-A-Rapist?”

I chuckle lightly.

“Skyler, Skyler Vale.”

“*Skyler*…” It sounds like she’s tasting my name on her tongue and I feel blood run to my dick. “You’re not too shabby for a guy who kidnaps women.”

A novel for your next quiet moment.

Find something to read on Lokepub.

Sassy, I like that.

“Okay, *Ms. Sassy*, are you gonna tell me who Connor is and why he’s begging for you back?”

I love the banter between us right now.

She giggles, seemingly enjoying it too and I think I'm finally hitting it off with someone, but the smile quickly wipes off her face. There's a long moment of silence and I think I may have struck a nerve, just as I was starting to do well with her. Fuck, I wish I could punch myself without looking even more odd than I already do.

She rests back in her seat, takes a long drag and sighs.

Hesitantly, she says, "He's my boyfriend, well, ex-boyfriend now, I guess."

Yep, there it is. Called it.

"And why is your ex-boyfriend blowing up your phone?"

"Last night, we got into a fight and he slapped me across the face, so I kicked him out without thinking twice."

No…

I punch my foot on the brakes and our bodies fly forward painfully into the dashboard. She screams and we both slam back into our seats as the car comes to a screeching halt.

"Jeez, what the fuck is *your* problem? It's not that big of a deal."

Her sentence stings like a blow to my brain. I can feel the rage building in my chest.

"What did you just say?" My vision starts to blur and adrenaline courses through my veins.

My mother comes into my room after she thought I was asleep and confesses things in my ear. I can smell the dried blood and tears on her face as lays down next to me. I hear the screams and cries through the crack under the door, and see the bruises on my father's knuckles.

I'm transported to a place I've tried so hard to forget, all of it rushing back at an impossible speed. Octavia grabs my shoulder and starts to shake me.

"Move! We're in the middle of the street!"

I watch my mother crumble under my father's unforgiving punches, the sound of her head cracking open and bouncing off the floor with every swing. Her skin splitting open and her blood pooling around her is a memory I'll never forget, no matter how hard I try.

Cars all around us start honking, but I can feel a deep pressure on my gums and the hairs on my neck stand up.

"Get the fuck out." I practically bark at her.

I don’t bother looking in her direction and stare at the steering wheel in front of me.

“Dude, can you at least pull over?”

She sounds scared and I can hear her heart beating a million times per second, but she’s pretending to be brave. She’s braver than most, already.

I try my best to lightly put my foot back on the gas and pull the car to the side of the road. Gravel crunches underneath the tires and she quickly gets out, slamming the door shut behind her.

“What’s your fucking problem?!”

Her eyes burn at me through the open window. Shit, this is really, really bad timing to have a mental breakdown. My ticker feels like it’s about to pound straight through my ribcage.

I’m fucking up my one chance.

She stomps away from the car, occasionally looks back at me, but picks up her phone to call someone. My fingers are gripping the steering wheel so hard, I’m scared I might rip through it if I squeeze any tighter. The hair on my skin grows thicker and I know I have to go.

I slam my foot on the gas, the tires kicking up a bunch of dirt and rocks towards her and I speed my way to the closest turn.

I have to get out of this car before things go wrong.

The trees surrounding the road are zipping by and I can feel my limbs start to twitch. I see more visions of my father standing over my mother while she begs him to stop, an evil grin on his drunk face as he does it and my foot pushes harder on the pedal.

I want to rip him up here straight from Hell and kill him all over again.

Octavia can get her ass beat by men if she desires, that’s her choice, but I won’t be around to coddle her through it. I can’t fucking support that.

I shut my eyes and see my father lying bloody on the floor, covered in stab wounds and blood seeping onto the tile below him. I can almost feel the knife in my hand again, the wooden handle shaking under my grip. When I open my eyes, all I see is red.

I’m running out of time.

As soon as I see an exit sign, I rip the car onto a backroad and throw it in park, dust flying everywhere around the tires. I sprint as fast as I can into the trees. There are no houses or businesses nearby, thankfully, so I quickly strip all of my clothes off and throw them into my backseat in hopes of not ruining them.

My bones start to break, beginning at my legs and slowly creeping up my back. The pain is unbearable, but I think of my mother – the way she must have felt. The sting of her head against the hard floor, her blood staining the grout a deep shade of red, her brain choosing to be unconscious to hide from the agony.

The hair on my body grows longer and thicker. I scream from the bottom of my lungs as my bones continue to snap and my hands cover my eyes.

My nails sharpen and slowly morph into claws as I fall to my hands and knees, but when I open my eyes, I see paws instead of fingers and toes.

Fuck, why does it take so fucking long?

I shake my head a few times, feel every joint in my body slide around and fuse differently as I scream once more, but this time it's a wolf howl.

My breaths expand my chest as I pant heavily and my tongue hangs out of my sharp teeth. It's done, it's over. Finally, fuck.

Pacing around in circles, I feel my paws dig into the soft dirt below me. I envision Octavia in my mother's position – getting held down and beaten to an unrecognizable pulp. I envision her coming to lie in bed next to me, her blood on my pillow as she tells me everything is going to be okay.

She's just a girl from a bar I stumbled into. I shouldn't give a fuck about her. She's not different from any other bitch I've slept with. I didn't even sleep with her!

"It's not that big of a deal." Her voice echoes in my mind.

I hope she gets hit again and realizes it's *not* nothing. It's what will kill her one day, just like it almost killed my mother. If I hadn't stepped in, I would've buried her body instead of my father's.

The wind blows in my fur around me and I sprint as fast as I can, skillfully dodging trees and leaping over bushes. It's euphoric – feeling every muscle in my body launch me forward at this speed. It's like redlining a car, but your heart is the throttle and there are no fucking brakes.

Slowing down when I reach a clearing in the forest, I howl my heart out and hope that it's loud enough. I need to talk to my brothers. I'm craving a bloodbath right about now.

A stick breaks and I see an older man in his early forties approach me, naked and soft dick flopping about. Valentine wears a dark brown leather bag around his right thigh that has an elastic band – it survives his transformations, so he has storage in either form. He coughs and brushes his

hand through his salt-and-pepper hair as he walks up to me, my head at his nipples, and gives me a pat between my ears.

We sit at about four feet tall on all fours and weigh around two hundred pounds of pure muscle and rage. While you may think wolves this size are cute, we should all wear a "*do not pet*" vest.

"What's got you all riled up this early in the day?" Valentine puts his hands on his hips.

There's a running sound way behind him, followed by a loud crash and a light whimper.

"Still learning to run, Tristan?" Pathetic.

A yellow-blonde wolf walks up slowly behind him. He's covered in dirt and small leaves, and he sits next to me to lick the side of my face.

"Good to see you too, Skyler."

I pace in circles around the two of them, unable to sit still.

"Who's ready to eat some breakfast?"

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CHAPTER 5

SKYLER

“Where at?”

Valentine is so straight to the point. I admire that about him, it makes conversations flow easily and end quickly. His emotions never seem to get in the way.

“Guys, I don’t know…” I can hear the apprehension infiltrating Tristan's sentence. “I’ve only done this once and I just got in your way last time. I don’t want to be a burden.”

Tristan Walker is a bitch-made pussy. Poor boy, I almost pity him, he has no idea what he’s doing. I think Val took him more under his wing than I did, thank God.

I’m no mentor. I can throw him in the deep end, but I can’t teach him to fucking swim.

“You’re going. What’s the point of being in the pack if you can’t *kill*?” I bare my teeth at him and his head cowers down. “Try not to *trip* on your way in.”

I pace around them, unable to contain my mixture of excitement and fury, while Valentine finds where our next victim lives and sets our course.

I watch him tuck his phone back into the leather bag on his leg. He takes a deep breath and turns into his wolf form in less than five seconds. He’s had this ability much longer than Tristan or I have, so he’s able to transform on command.

“Follow me.”

He turns to look back at us and lightly shakes his black and grey fur out like a dog shaking water off its back.

I’m grateful for my brothers. We all come from different families, so we’re not *actually* related, but they’re all I have now. Each of us has had different walks of life, some better and some worse. But we all have one part of our story in common – a fucking witch cursed us and now we can turn into wolves.

Tristan is soft, sweet, and kind – everything that I’m not. I actually hate him for it, it gets on my nerves a lot. He couldn’t hurt a fly even if he tried. He cries and wallows around the house in his sorrows. I’m not even sure what he’s upset about – maybe the loneliness, maybe the wolf thing, but I rarely see him with women.

I try to push him, especially to go get his dick wet, but he prefers to brood around in his room and be alone, I guess.

Valentine, sometimes Val for short, is the most emotionally unavailable man I’ve ever met in my entire life. I’ve never seen him cry, I’ve never even seen him angry, I’ve barely even seen him smile. He just goes with the flow of life and doesn’t seem to care.

He’s pretty handy too, he made the leather bag for himself and works on a few other projects in his workshop that he won’t show me. Any time something in the house breaks, he fixes it. He cleans like a prisoner trying to pass his cell inspection, and can cook better than anyone I’ve ever met. He’s basically our dad, a housemaid and a repairman all in one.

The sun is setting now and we all three sprint through the forest with one goal in mind – blood will be shed tonight.

The trees fly by us, the air grows colder and the moon finally comes out to play.

I have always preferred the nighttime. When the sun goes to hide, so do people’s morals.

Tell me I’m wrong – you’re more likely to drink, fuck and commit crimes when there’s no daylight to shine on your sins.



“We’re here. This is where he lives.” Valentine looks back at us and steps to the side so we have a better view of the residence.

My heart starts to race at how close we are. If I was in human form, my dick would probably be throbbing hard, but it doesn’t work when I’m a

wolf. It’s unfortunate, really.

I used to enjoy a bunch of knotted porn back in the day and it sounds fun to fuck as an animal, but beggars can’t be choosers, I guess.

“I don’t think this is such a good idea, guys…” Tristan’s head is low as he whines.

Meanwhile, I don’t think I could salivate any more. I’m dripping drool all over the dirt, creating a muddy mess underneath me.

“Get over it, *pussy*. You’re coming whether you like it or not.”

My words were meant to hurt him and it works, but Val turns a blind eye. If he did care to step in, he doesn’t show it.

We all stare up at this run-down house in front of us. There’s vines climbing up the walls, the roof is slightly slanted to one side and weeds cover the entire area surrounding it. It’s almost impossible to believe that someone lives here.

“Well, the devil waits for no one,” I blurt out, licking saliva off my teeth.

I make my way to one of the windows and peek in, no need to stand up on my hind legs. This one appears to look into a living room – there’s an old, beat-up couch missing a front leg, facing a box TV on top of a folding table. The carpet is covered in stains, there’s laundry and trash everywhere, and I can even spot a few cockroaches roaming around in the dark corners.

This guy got to fuck her and *I* didn’t? She let this bum living in a pigsty stick his *dick* in her?

Jesus, Octavia, the bar is in Hell.

I hear Valentine growling from the other side of the house and walk quietly over to him. We both peek into the window and see him, all 150lbs (if that), standing in his rotting kitchen. His lanky arms are exposed out of his muscle tank and his even skinnier legs poke out from under his old basketball shorts.

It won’t be a lot of meat, but we’ll make it work.

He flips a sloppy grilled cheese in a pan over the stove and takes a drag of his cigarette.

We watch him for a few moments and I feel utterly repulsed. This creature in front of us is just a sad, sad excuse of an individual. I can hardly call him a man.

It’s hard to imagine a beautiful girl like her with a guy like this. These are the types of boys that I steal women like Octavia from to show them a

real night of fun.

Tristan creeps up slowly behind me and his paw steps right into a stick. It snaps in half beneath him and makes a loud cracking sound that I know our prey just heard.

Valentine and I quickly twist to look at him, then back at homeboy in the kitchen. Our glowing eyes stare directly into his soul and his cigarette falls straight out of his mouth and into his grilled cheese.

Now that's just nasty.

The only thing that would make this kill perfect is if he screams and runs like a little bitch. I dare you, Connor.

He stands and stares back at us, jaw wide open and frozen in place. I watch his eyebrows pull together and fear take over his body.

"What… the fuck… is that?" His voice quivers.

We stand here for a few moments, eye to eye. Adrenaline radiates off of his body, making my nose burn and the grilled cheese begins to smoke and smells of ash.

I'm bored.

I growl and pounce through the window, glass shattering all over the floor and spraying onto him. God answers my secret prayers and he screams, attempts to cover his eyes and runs towards the door.

Don't make me excited, Connor. You're giving me exactly what I want.

I watch him fly out the door, his slides shooting off of his feet. Guess they couldn't keep up.

Turning back to Tristan and Valentine, I give them an excited grin and they know exactly where this is going.

"Let's give him a head start, shall we? It's more fun to chase after them." I shake off the glass from my fur and roll my wolf eyes.

"Five… four… three… oh, who am I kidding? I don't care to wait."

I take off running towards his footprints in the mud towards the forest and my brothers follow close by. His adrenaline leaves a perfect scent trail for me to follow, like a path on a GPS. My drool drips off of my teeth and into the dirt and air surrounding me, my paws leaving deep, cratered prints where I sprint.

How fast do you think a panicked scrawny boy can run barefoot?

Not as fast as a wolf.

It doesn't take more than fifteen seconds to catch up to him. A short hunt, but still an enjoyable one. I don't need to see any part of him to smell

that he’s attempting to hide behind a tree – does this guy realize he’s running from *wolves*?

I have over a hundred times his sense of smell. The sound of his heartbeat fills my ears. And even if he still ran, I’d catch up to him in seconds.

At least he won’t taste like grilled cheese.

I jump quickly around the side of the tree and pounce on top of him. His body is pinned perfectly under my paws and he thrashes around, attempting to free himself from my grip. Tears stream from his eyes as my teeth shine onto his face.

Daddy just caught a delicious kill for dinner.

My brothers walk over to his head and wait for me to take the lead. I stare into Tristan’s eyes, looking at my dinner’s left arm and do the opposite for Valentine. They both move towards the sides of Connor.

“Skyler, *please*. I don’t want to. We don’t even know him.”

Tristan whines at me and holds his head low.

“Shut the fuck up and do what I tell you!” I hover my head inches away from him and growl. “Grow a fucking pair, will you already?”

Connor abruptly stops thrashing around and looks confused.

“Wait, wait, wait... Can you talk? Are you talking wolves? What the fuck is this?”

Annoyed that my meal just started talking, I turn my head back to the human pinned underneath me.

“Quiet, or I’ll take your tongue first. *It’s tender meat.*” My mouth salivates at the thought.

He gulps and shuts up quickly.

“Boys, dinner is served. And Connor, revenge is best served… *raw*.”

Valentine bites deeply into his forearm, his giant teeth puncturing right through the flesh, resulting in more ear-piercing screams.

I scratch my large claws over his face, leaving a deep red mark like beautiful Octavia probably had last night.

Tristan hesitates, but he shuts his eyes and follows suit, taking a large chunk out of the other arm with his fangs.

I watch him rip the skin and muscles off the body, blood splattering all over his beautiful light yellow fur. The scene is gruesome and gorgeous at the same time.

Valentine looks up to me as he chews on a long piece of bicep meat, the life leaving our victim's eyes with each segment torn off of him.

It's beyond satisfying to watch someone die under your control, the very thing that makes them alive slowly escaping their vessel and making its way to Heaven or Hell. I should do this more often, really.

It doesn't take long for our dinner to stop screaming. My brothers may have been hungry, but I was *starving*.

I take a giant bite out of the neck, lapping up all the blood pouring out from the wound. My stomach growls and begs me to eat more and more as I devour the body in front of me.

I move down to the legs and rip into the biggest piece of meat on the body from a scrawny fellow like him – the *thigh*.

My paws hold his femur bone as I crunch and gnaw on it, like a novelty made just for me. Human bones make delicious chew toys, especially the big ones.

After I get all of the meat off, I lick my lips and stare at his pathetic soft penis in front of me.

"And now, my keepsake." I bite down into him and quickly spit it into Val's leather thigh bag. "You're coming with me."

After twenty minutes of a delectable feast, we leave just a pile of ruined clothes, guts and bones for the birds to pick at. My fur is covered in blood and I attempt to lick it off as I look over to Tristan.

His yellow fur is stained a light shade of pink and he tries to clean himself on the forest floor.

This is one of his first meals as a wolf and it can be quite disturbing how much you can eat. I remember hunting down and killing a small white bunny for my first kill, not even close to enough food for an appetizer.

Tristan reminds me of that soft bunny – *innocent*. I can't wait to slowly turn him into one of my evil companions.

Our eyes meet and his are stuffed to the brim with guilt.

"What do you say?"

I eat the distance between us and stand tall, hovering over his slightly smaller wolf body.

He cowers his pink-stained face low and turns to look away from me.

"I'm not going to thank you for killing a man." He mumbles under his breath.

Pussy.

I roll my eyes and walk over to what remains of Octavia's ex-boyfriend on the forest floor. It doesn't even look like a man used to be there.

Killing a man as a human is fun, but killing as a wolf always includes a dinnertime feast.

What? Don't knock it till you try it.

I chuckle lightly and let out a big burp.

"*Worth it.*"

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CHAPTER 6

OCTAVIA

My bare feet walk around my empty apartment. Connor’s things are everywhere – a constant reminder of the fact that he doesn’t come around anymore. He moved back into his own place. I've even thought about driving over to check in on him, but I’m still upset with him.

I glance over at a corkboard in my kitchen full of pictures of my so-called “friends”, the same people who never missed an opportunity to put me down. I never did well with women – whether they found me bitchy or annoying and lied to my face about it, or put me in some competition with them that I didn’t sign up for.

There are old polaroids of Connor and me, along with random bills I still need to pay but keep forgetting about. My fingers trace over a picture of the two of us at a park eating a picnic. We look so happy, the way we used to be before we started arguing all the fucking time.

He used to work at the bar too, which is where we met. His face lit up the minute he saw me and he had so much trouble hiding his feelings. I thought it was so cute – the way his cheeks blushed when I walked into the room and how he couldn’t stop looking down at my cleavage tops like all of the customers do.

One day, he worked up the courage to ask me on a date and invited me to a retro diner to get milkshakes. I thought it was so cheesy, but that was part of his charm. He was always so goofy. He would crack jokes just to make me smile and would look so pleased with himself when one of them actually got me to laugh.

Our first date went well, actually. I could tell he was nervous, but he did a great job at making it fun, flirting a little in between his quips. He was never aggressive, never assertive, never dominant. I liked that about him at the beginning – I felt safe with him, but sexually I needed *more*.

He was pretty against anything violent in bed, even when I begged him for it. Most of our sexual encounters were disappointingly vanilla and required me to close my eyes and imagine someone else.

I love him… *loved*. Over the last year, he changed a lot. Jeremiah caught us making out on the clock a few too many times and decided to let him go, not that he could really afford to be paying two bartenders anyway.

Plus I made better tips than him – a cute girl will always outperform a tall, skinny guy.

After he lost his job at the bar, things went downhill. He got lazy, he lost his fun sense of humor and I nagged on him a lot.

I wanted more, I wanted to see him chase a different income source and try to get back on his feet, I wanted him to make me laugh like he used to.

Our sex life took a shit and died not even a month later. He was losing himself to a depression that I couldn't help with, no matter how hard I tried. I could only watch as our relationship slowly fell apart in front of us, and he didn't care to try to repair it, which just twisted the knife.

I pull my hand off the polaroid and place my fingers on my cheek right where he slapped me.

There's no coming back from this, I don't think. He hasn't even texted me to apologize and it's been *days* since everything went down. Maybe he somehow found out that I went out drinking and ended up at that guy Skyler Vale's house, and now he's jealous or something.

Either way, it was already over, we were just delaying the inevitable.

"*Piece of shit*."

I rip the picture off the corkboard and throw it in the kitchen trash can.

"I never want to see you again."

I know he can't hear me, but it feels good to say it out loud.

My fingers snatch up a pack of Marlboros off the counter and I shake out a square, lighting it up. I scan my eyes around my shitty apartment and I exhale, the cloud of smoke fogging the kitchen.

The crappy vinyl floors are peeling up on some of the edges, my walls need a fresh coat of beige paint and the bathroom is begging for a mold treatment that my complex definitely won't pay for.

All of my furniture was thrifted or found in a dumpster. I'm pretty sure my couch has bed bugs, so I rarely sit on it. It's more for decor now.

The carpet in my bedroom is littered with stains from previous residents, the window facing the parking lot only opens half the time, and I fear if I have sex on my bed once more, the frame is going to shatter into a million pieces underneath me. I can't afford a new one, either.

My mind wanders and I daydream about Skyler, the stunning mansion in the woods he lives in, and the way his strong hands felt around my throat. He is truly dominant to his core, no question about it.

I've never actually dated a man like him, and while he freaks me out a little, something is enticing about him. He carries himself with a confidence level I can hardly comprehend, like he knows all the right buttons to push to get exactly what he wants and isn't afraid to flaunt it.

I take another drag and walk back to my bedroom, scrunching my nose at the smell of mildew coming from my bathroom.

My work outfit rests on the end of the bed, reminding me that I need to leave soon. I find myself imagining Skyler in my sheets having his way with me, pushing me around and treating me like an object. My shorts grow warmer and my heart starts to race as the thoughts of him naked sprint around my skull.

"*Skyler Vale… use me. Treat me like nothing, fuck me into the wall, break me in half with that absolute weapon in your jeans*."

I imagine what I would say to him if I saw him again and ended up underneath him somehow.

"*I'm your little toy, use me however you please*."

I catch my hands slipping down my shorts and snap myself out of it. I just met the fucking guy, but the fear he instills in me *really* gets me going. It doesn't help that he looks like a spitting image of one of my favorite book boyfriends, or at least exactly how I pictured him in my mind.

My lungs pull in another hit and I start to strip. I have to get ready for work now, or I'll get stuck in this falling-apart bedroom fantasizing about things that would make feminists' hair catch on fire.

I place the lit cigarette into an ashtray on my dresser and pull the fishnets up my legs, then slip on distressed black denim shorts on top of them. I find my best push-up bra and shove my tits into them. My nipples practically spill out the edges of the cups.

A pile of laundry on the floor trips me on my way to the closet and I find a small black tank top to slide on over my bra. My bare feet step onto the tile in the bathroom and it's cold, goosebumps shoot up my arms.

I look at myself in the mirror and adjust my top. My breasts look three times their size right now, it's kind of mind-boggling how much free surgery a good bra can do.

"*Hot*, perfect."

I blow a kiss to myself in the mirror, my black eyeliner from last night still looks good enough for today. I shake out my hair and spot a pair of platform Converse near the door and force them on, the untied laces dragging all over the floor.

As I walk around my apartment, I snag my still-lit cigarette and place it in my teeth, my keys off the kitchen counter and my mini backpack next to the door.

I'm running slightly behind, but Jeremiah doesn't really care if I'm a few minutes late. He's always been a super chill boss. But he's been even more relaxed with me since I told him about our slowly failing relationship during the last few months.

Sometimes we vent to each other when it's slow or if we're closing together. He never has anything bad to say about his wife – he's the only happily married man I know. She even comes in occasionally to see how things are going. I ask them for relationship advice often, they just seem to have it all figured out.

I lock my front door behind me and head down the stairs, unlocking my car as I lightly jog towards it. My fingers slip my phone out of my back pocket and I check the time, 7:46 p.m. stares back at me.

My keys slide into the ignition and I twist them, my music from last night starting to play again. "*Dog*" by Cobrah blasts out of the speakers and I smile. My feet push on the pedal and I back out of the spot, heading towards work. The windows are rolled down and my black hair goes wild in the wind again.

Freedom. It hits me every time.



Work is kind of slow, it's a Wednesday night, so we only expect to see regulars and maybe a random hammered stranger. Jeremiah had some work to do in the back and left me up front with my favorite customer, the beloved Daryl.

He burps and smiles at me, his eyes drifting down towards my tits as usual. A gold wedding band shimmers around his fat ring finger in the low lighting and I ask myself what kind of woman married him. Is she also a fat alcoholic, or did their relationship slowly fall apart over the years and they lost themselves in it, like me and Connor?

My curiosity gets the best of me, plus he's my only tab still open right now.

"Daryl, what's your wife like?"

I shine a pint glass with a towel in my belt loop and I feel the movement shaking my chest around a little.

He's hunched over the barstool and takes another swig of his Coors Light before responding to me.

"Do we have to talk about my wife, Octavia? I was planning on giving you a good tip today." He pushes out a wet burp again. "I come in here to talk about literally anything else."

I roll my eyes, and I can't help but pry further.

"I'm *serious*, I want to get married one day, but I want to make sure it's the right guy." My hand stacks the clean pint glass on top of the others and I lean my elbows on the bar top. "How did you know she was the one?"

He laughs and his beer belly jiggles.

"Well, there's always divorce, honey, if you fuck it up."

His lips wrap around the pint again and he shoots the rest of it back in one gulp. "Another one, please."

I snatch his glass and pour it full before I set it back in front of him and ring up another on his bill.

"Daryl, help a girl out? Pleaseeee?"

I throw on the bimbo voice and push my tits out as I lean on the counter in front of him.

His eyes look down my top again and he adjusts the way he's sitting on his stool.

"Look, kid, marriage is never perfect. You just pick the best option you have available and go for it. Then you have kids and get your dick wet maybe once a year, on your birthday too if you're lucky. And then you die."

Jeez, someone's not a romantic. He continues to crush my fantasy with every word.

"You think your parents were happy before they died? Do you think they were madly in love, fucking each other like rabbits every day?"

"Ew," I reply as I scoff at him. He takes a sip of his pint and licks the foam off his upper lip.

"I'm serious. At a certain age, you just accept your fate and ride the wave like the rest of us do. Then your kids become your everything and when they grow up and move out, you find joy wherever you can. Affairs, strip clubs, bars, etcetera."

"Then why didn't you get a divorce?"

The room falls quiet – the other two customers at the end of the bar let their conversation trail off and lock into ours. They wear wedding rings as well.

He looks at me in a way I've never seen before. The scab on his eyebrow is almost healed, but with the current look on his face, it's about to rip open again. His lips turn into a frown and he looks down at his pint, swirling the liquid around in his hand.

We sit in silence for about thirty seconds and he finally looks up from his glass to meet my eyes again. A face full of sorrow and regret stares back at me and I suddenly feel bad for asking him that.

"I chose to be miserably married rather than miserably single. An old, fat guy like me doesn't have many options out there. But a girl like you…"

I push down the guilt building in my stomach.

"You probably have guys throwing themselves at you left and right. And if it doesn't work out with that one guy you're with, Connor, right?"

I nod.

"You'll be just fine, kid."

His hand reaches across the bar top and rests it on mine, his gold wedding band laughing at me as he does it. His skin is wrinkled and has small, hairy moles on it.

"You'll have options, Octavia. And I know you'll pick a good one."

I smile and swallow down a lump in my throat. The patrons at the other end of the bar nod their heads in agreement and return to their conversation.

"Thank you, Daryl."

I open up to him a little bit about Connor – how he hit me, how I kicked him out, and how our relationship was falling apart anyways. He doesn't

respond much, just nods his head as he tips his beer back up to his mouth. Then, he brings up the stranger from here a few nights ago who punched him.

“Hey, that guy was hot, right? I mean, he seemed right up your alley, besides the fact that he punched your favorite customer.” He winks.

“You remember that?” I giggle and watch him take another swig, spilling a little on his chest as he laughs with me.

“No, Jeremiah told me. But I did watch the way you looked at him before I was too far gone, and that was not a look of disgust.”

I peer down at my untied shoes and smile. He doesn’t even know the best of it.

“You know, I got drunk that night and ended up at his house. We didn’t do anything but… I kind of wish we did.”

He looks up at me with a raised brow and I scoff at him again. He’s never been this interested in talking about Connor, it’s almost as if he likes the idea of Skyler.

“Kid, that freak *likes* you. I’ve never punched someone for my wife and that guy didn’t even know you. Not yet, at least.”

I hold up a middle finger at him and he chuckles, his words are beginning to slur. I shouldn’t serve him another, but if I want that big tip he talked about, I’ll have to.

My hands wrap around the towel on my belt loop and I dry off the bar top where the condensation from his pint dripped.

“Maybe, we’ll see. He’s kind of weird but… I can’t stop thinking about him.”

He shoots the rest of his drink down the hatch and slams the glass on the counter, pushing it towards the tap. I step over to it and fill it up, watching his eyes start to close as he struggles to keep them open.

Fuck, I need that tip before he passes out.

“Daryl…” I place the full pint in front of him and he springs awake but wobbles in the stool a little.

“Hmm? Oh, thank you.”

I quickly print out his tab and rest it in front of him.

“Do I still get that big tip because you love me *soooo* much?”

My elbows hit the counter again and I lean forward, showing my breasts off like dangling a treat in front of a dog. He drunkenly stares at them and

nods, pulling two Benjamins out of his wallet and slamming them on the receipt.

I blow him a kiss and slide it towards me before turning around and shoving the cash into my front pocket.

“Marry that freakk Octaviaa, whatever his nameee isss.” He burps. “He looks like a fun timeee, more funnn than you’d have here everyyy night.”

His words are so slurred I can hardly understand him.

“Skyler Vale.” Mmm, his name feels good on my tongue. “And maybe I will, Daryl. You gonna be this trashed at our wedding?”

He laughs and takes a large chug of his pint.

“Is heee gonna let youuu keep working hereee?”

I roll my eyes and watch him practically sleep on the bar now. I shoot a text to Jeremiah to let him know he’s about to be dragging 400 pounds out the door.

“When have I ever been a girl that needs permission for *anything*?”

I wait for a snarky reply, but he snores and saliva pours out of his mouth as his head rests on my countertop. Well, at least I got enough to pay my overdue electric bill on the corkboard.

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CHAPTER 7

OCTAVIA

I wake up to the sound of my phone buzzing and I force my heavy eyes to open to check the time.

2:32 a.m., *great.*

It's Monday, my night off from the bar, and I'm desperately trying to get some extra shut-eye. I frustratedly shove my phone off of the wooden nightstand and roll over in bed. Surely it'll stop buzzing soon enough.

Attempting to drown out the world, I pull the soft covers over my head and dig my face into the pillow. I sigh deeply in relief at the quiet, finally.

Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz.

My phone starts vibrating again.

In my half-awake state, I decide to ignore it yet again. It's probably just a butt dial. The comforter and pillow drown out enough sound to let me fall back asleep.

Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz.

Jesus Christ.

I reluctantly climb out from under the duvet, grab the annoying chunk of plastic on the ground and put it to my ear.

"Someone better be fucking *dying* to call me at this hour. Who the fuck is it?"

I hear a light laugh on the other end of the line and then a click. My eyes half open, I glance at the recents in my call app.

"No caller ID, huh."

I put my phone back on the nightstand and brush it off. Probably some kids doing a prank call to get a good laugh.

As I drift back to sleep, I think of Connor. I'm angry with him, I even hate him a little, but a small piece of me misses him. I miss the weight of another person's body in bed with mine, the smell of a man on the pillows next to me.

Memories of us laughing together, having fun and driving around town, doing dumb shit like throwing rocks off the bridge and watching them splash into the river all play like a movie behind my eyelids.

How could someone who disappointed me so frequently make me miss him?

All of my relationships have been this way – utterly disappointing.

I rub my fingers in my eyes and try to swipe the memories out of my head so I can fucking sleep, but it doesn't work very well.

Then goes a hard knock at the door.

I jump about six inches off the bed. I don't scare easily, or at least I think I don't, but the situation at hand is questionable.

No woman living alone wants to hear a knock on their door this late unless they called for a dick appointment or a DoorDash munchies order.

Knock, knock, knock.

Shivering a little at the loss of my comfy duvet cover, I slowly climb my way out of bed and throw a t-shirt from the floor over my head, peeking out my bedroom window.

Nothing to see there, no groups of thugs or strange cars with their lights on in the parking lot.

Knock, knock, knock.

My eyes lock on a wooden baseball bat near my bedroom door and I tiptoe out of the room slowly. My fingers wrap around the handle and my feet hesitantly carry me towards my front door. I feel like I'm going to be sick.

Knock, knock, knock.

Whoever is on the other side of the door obviously wants my attention. I pull the bat up above my shoulder and take a deep breath, preparing to swing.

Maybe it's Connor, maybe he's come back to hurt me more. Or maybe he's coming to apologize, to beg me to forgive him.

My hand shakes as it reaches for the doorknob and against all primal instinct, I pull it open towards me. I squeeze my eyes shut and wrap both hands around the bat to swing, but suddenly I can't move it anymore.

Stunned, I peep open an eye and see a tall older man with grey streaked hair through his head and cleaned-up beard. His chiseled face cuts through the low lighting in the hallway and his scruff looks like it would scratch my thighs perfectly if his head was between my legs. Silver hoops hang from his ears and chunky rings cover his fingers. He's gotta be at least forty years old.

Damn, hello handsome.

His veiny arm rips the bat from my hands and throws it on the concrete hallway ground, the sound making me jump again.

"Special delivery for Miss Octavia," he grunts out.

His voice is deep and sultry, but almost monotone. He reaches into a brown leather bag attached to his thigh and gestures for me to put my hand out in front of me as if he's going to drop something into it.

"I'm sorry, but who did you say you were?"

He grabs my hand in his and spreads my fingers open. I kind of enjoy the touch of this mysterious stranger, but I'm still suspicious as to what he's doing or who he is.

Pulling his hand out of the thigh bag, he drops something cold and squishy in my palm.

I squint my eyes and look closer to inspect what I'm holding now. It resembles a chewed-up hot dog with bite marks all over it.

"What the fuck is this? It's disgusting."

There seems to be blood on it and something sticky. I drop the item to the floor and wipe whatever was on it that's now on my skin on the t-shirt I'm wearing, leaving streaks of white on the cotton.

The unknown man looks me up and down, like he's inspecting me for something. His eyes are a soft grey color that makes me want to step closer and touch him to watch them dilate.

I don't know him from anywhere, but if I met him at a bar or on the street, I'd definitely invite him home. Older men are *always* a good time, and when they're this good-looking, they usually have charm as well as looks. Bonus points if they've been married before.

"Connor won't be a problem anymore."

He continues to look down at me, emotionless eyes staring into my soul. His face is completely still, looking absolutely unbothered.

"Huh? What did you just say?" I look back down at the phallic object at my feet.

How does he know Connor? Maybe I misheard him.

It's been a few days since I heard from him anyway. I figured he was just respecting my space and decided not to be a prick. Looking back, I should've known he wasn't that nice. A girl can only dream.

"Is that… a penis?"

I look up at this sexy stranger at my doorstep with confusion, but I already know what he's going to say if he opens his mouth.

"Is this Connor's penis?!"

The man doesn't respond, he puts his hands in his pockets and turns to walk down the stairs. His boots thump and squeak against the floor as I watch him walk away.

After a few moments, my eyes find their way back to the flesh on the concrete in front of me and I feel my stomach churning.

Connor… he's probably dead. Did that man kill him? For *what*? Because I told that freak Skyler from the bar that he hit me?

Oh my god.

I slam the door shut and run quickly into the kitchen, hand covering my mouth and profusely spew my guts into the porcelain sink.

There's no way. He must've forgotten to pay his dealer or something, or this is some kind of fucked up way for him to get back at me. It's gotta be a prank.

"Special delivery for Miss Octavia" replays in my head.

No, this was definitely intentional. It was done FOR me. Does that make me a fucking accomplice?

I open the front door again and kick the chewed-up flesh down the stairs. Maybe a stray dog will enjoy a nice treat.

Well, what now?

He's dead, he's totally dead. I shut my eyes and remember the worst times of us together – me screaming at him at the top of my lungs, throwing plates at each other and ignoring him for days. I think of all the times when I wished he was dead, when I actually said to him, "*I hope you die*."

In the heat of an argument, I didn't think about my words. I didn't think about the weight of them or how they would feel later. To be fair, I also didn't think he was actually going to fucking die.

I stand in my kitchen debating whether to call the cops or puke bile into my sink again.

Holy fuck, I'm a terrible person.

After a few moments of staring at the peeling paint on the wall, I decide to call the one person who will give me the answers I'm looking for. I know Skyler put his number in my phone when he stole it from me.

I pace around my apartment and scroll through my contacts until I find it. His name is under "Daddy Skyler."

Charming.

The phone rings a few times before I hear a man's voice that sounds almost like he's smiling.

"Yes, Kitten?"

"I told you to stop calling me that." I sigh and gulp, suddenly feeling the urge to puke again.

The words that I was ready to scream at him struggle to find their way out of my mouth and I bite my lip in frustration. I don't want to say it out loud.

"Did you… Did you do what I think you did? All for what? Because he *hit* me? You don't even fucking know me!"

I feel my heart rate picking up and sweat starts to form on my brows.

"Are you upset, Kitten?" I hear a deep but subtle chuckle. "I thought you'd be on your knees *thanking me*."

Oh hell no, this guy's insane.

"I'm supposed to be *grateful* that you fucking killed my ex?! Are you fucking insane?!"

Tears begin to pour from my eyes and I debate trying to find my way to his house again to show him how angry I actually am.

"Fortunately for you, *I am insane*." His voice is so intentional, so rich with malice.

I hang up the phone, pacing even faster around my living room and my hands begin to shake like leaves in the wind.

The anger consumes me. The pain, the loss, it's too much for my tiny body to handle all at once.

I run my hands through my hair and squat down.

Shit, I never should've got that drunk. I would have never bumped into this psycho and I never would have ended up in his beautiful mansion with his fingers knuckle-deep inside me…

What the fuck am I thinking?

The room spins around me and my eyes stream water faster than I ever thought they could. My lungs can't get enough air and I choke on my own

saliva when I try to take a deep breath.

I sniffle and wipe my nose with the back of my hand, the other one picking up my phone to make another phone call.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

I can barely get the words out to the operator.

“I think, no, I *know*… I’m sorry I can’t think straight right now.”

I stand up and walk around my living room, unable to sit still. The beat-up couch, the stained carpets, the rats running around in the walls all laugh at me as I wipe my runny nose again.

”Ma’am, are you in danger?” The operator has a feminine and calm voice.

“No, no I’m not. But I… I need to report something.” My heart feels like a prisoner breaking out of its cell. “I’m sorry I’m having a hard time saying it out loud.”

Oh fuck, my stomach is bubbling again.

“Ma’am, take a deep breath. You’re okay. Can you tell me what’s going on?”

Before I can open my mouth to say anything else, my front door suddenly busts down with a loud bang. Dust flies around the kitchen from the impact and clouds my vision.

I scream and my phone drops from my hand as I whip my head quickly to see Skyler standing in the doorway with two men behind him. One of them is the older stranger who delivered my “package,” and the other has fluffy blonde hair, not quite as tall as him and skinnier.

“Is everything all right? We heard a loud noise.” The female operator continues to pry.

I grab my phone from the floor and b-line straight towards my bedroom door.

“Please help me! I live at 1005 Bellingham Drive-”

My words are cut off as I feel a hand wrap around my ankle and my phone goes flying across the room before I fall flat on my face. I wince at the sting of my chin slamming into the ground and I hear multiple men laughing behind me.

“No, please!” I cry out and hope someone can hear me.

The giant hand drags me backwards and away from the call while my nails dig into the floor and scrape lines into the vinyl.

“I thought you would be a *good* kitty. Why’d you have to misbehave and call the cops?”

A muscular body leans down over me and pins me in an impossible escape. My hands are pulled behind my back and tucked under his waist. A large hand pushes my cheek to the floor where I squish into a puddle of my own tears.

I have nowhere to go.

Through my eyelashes full of salt water, I see a man’s boots walk over to my phone where the 911 operator is barely audible and he quickly clicks the call off.

“I’m not a good guy, Octavia.”

Skyler’s voice sends electricity through my entire body.

He pulls something out of his pocket with one hand while holding my head down with the other. I feel the fight-or-flight instinct kick in and I thrash under his body weight, but I’m too weak. He has me pinned down so hard that every move I make tires me out more and more.

“You never should’ve served me that beer.”

Fuck, now it’s my turn to die. At least I can slap Connor back in the afterlife.

I hear Skyler whisper to the man standing behind me, but I can’t make out what he said.

“Skyler, let me go. We can talk about this. Please…”

I beg for mercy. My wailing adds to the growing puddle below my chin. I can barely breathe under the pressure of him and I cough, saliva flying everywhere in front of me.

These can’t be my final words. It’s so over.

“I’ll do anything, please…” I try to make words come out through the sobs.

“Anything?” He sounds tempted.

“*Anything*. Please, please don’t kill me.” Tears burn the back of my throat and I try to swallow them down.

“How about being a good pet for *Daddy*?”

He brushes my long hair out of my face while I comprehend what the fuck he just said.

“Wha… what?”

His veiny hand leaves my face and shoots towards his back pocket.

“No, I’ll do it, I’ll do it, I’ll be your pet! Please!” Anything to prevent my death, even if it’s being a fucking whore for this freak.

He pauses for a moment and I can feel every second of anticipation. A hard phallic object inside his pants runs up and down my ass cheeks as I’m pinned under him. Is he fucking hard right now?

Not only is he crazy, but he’s also a pervert.

“It’s time to take your *medicine*, Kitten.”

His hand comes flying in front of my face and a small cloth covers my mouth and nose. I thrash my body around and scream into his hand.

“I’ll be your pet” cannot be my last words. Absolutely not. I try to speak, but the cloth goes further into my mouth.

A sweet smell fills my nose and my eyelids feel like they weigh hundreds of pounds. I’m losing this fight and I know there’s no hope for me.

As my eyes close, I see visions of Connor’s torn-up, dead body rotting out in some dense woods.

I take a deep breath of the sweetness, shed one final tear and my ears ring loudly. I try to open my eyes, but blackness covers my vision.

It’s so over for me.

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CHAPTER 8

OCTAVIA

My head feels like it’s splitting open with every heartbeat, the lights are too bright, and I can hardly open my eyes. I start trying to feel around me and my body, and remember how I fell asleep. I hope that everything that happened was just a bad dream.

Attempting to move my arms, I realize I’m bound. My eyes are still struggling to open any wider due to the sheer amount of light around me right now. Am I outside?

God, what I would do for a fucking cigarette right now.

As I come to, I realize I’m sitting. My hands are tied with what feels like rope behind me. My shoulders are screaming at me from the position they’re stuck in. My chest is also restrained, hugging the back of what I imagine is a chair. I can’t move my legs either.

I’m completely stuck.

My eyes finally open enough and I get a better view of my surroundings.

Unfortunately, I’m not outside, but now I fucking wish I was.

The room has no windows, like a basement. The walls and floor are purely concrete, and I spot a drain in the middle of the room. Why? I have no idea.

In a single chair in front of me, I see a very patient-looking Skyler.

The light that I thought was the sun turned out to be a flashlight pointing directly into my face. I look up and see a small rusty lightbulb shining down onto my chair. Classic torture room vibes.

“Good morning sleeping beauty, it’s been quite a while.” His voice echoes off the walls in a haunting way.

I watch him slowly rise out of the chair, place the flashlight on the seat and adjust his pant legs. He creeps over, taking his time with each step and my heart races faster with each one. His black combat boots thump against the concrete and as he approaches me, the shame takes over.

I hide my face away from him, looking towards my shoulder. I can’t bear to look at anyone right now. I feel so helpless.

“It seems a spider has caught you in its web…” He leans forward and rests his hands on his kneecaps to look me in the face. “Did you need some help?”

A single tear falls down my cheek. I shoot a quick prayer up to God that this is all a dream. A really odd, twisted, fucked up dream.

“Please… let me go…” I mutter out the most pathetic cry for mercy you’ve ever heard.

I’m not usually like this, I’ve actually fought quite well for myself in the past, but I can’t carry the weight of everything happening right now. My ex-boyfriend is dead, I’m tied to a chair in what seems to be a torture basement and the killer is standing directly in front of me.

I shut my eyes and shed another tear as I grieve the girl I thought I would be in the face of horror: *badass*.

I’ve been through so much in my past, I always thought I would be able to stand up for myself and fight. But sitting here now, in a pair of shoes I never thought I’d be in… all I feel is *shame*.

I’ve never felt more powerless than I do right now.

Skyler takes a step back from me and begins to pace slowly around the chair. I try to track his movement with my ears, unable to turn my head around enough to follow him. His fingers click on the back of the chair, each tap spiking my anxiety just a little bit more.

“I’m sorry I killed your ex-boyfriend…” He finalizes his haunting dance around me and comes to a halt, “But I’m not sorry for *eating him*.”

I can hear him freakishly smile as he says it, and he lets the words hang in the air between us for a moment.

“Eat?”

My voice shakes as much as my chest and I tilt my head up in confusion.

He takes his time to make it back to the front of me, his energy swirling around me like a persistent ghost.

This fucking creep is gonna kill me, too.

He leans in inches away from my face and his tongue traces around the edges of his lips as he grins at me. His teeth are perfectly white and straight, but the canines are a bit sharper and longer than the rest.

"He tasted *delicious.*"

As if he couldn't have timed it better, a heavy door creaks open behind me and I hear another pair of footsteps walk in.

"She's awake?"

This voice sounds like the stranger at my door last night. The sound of boots approaches closer and closer until they reach around to face me.

"Does she know yet?" The stranger's salt-and-pepper hair falls into his eyes slightly and he brushes it away as he looks down at me. His light grey eyes are as alluring as I remembered.

Skyler stands back up and faces the older man.

"No. Do the honors, Val?"

They both glance at each other for a few seconds and the older man (I'm assuming his name is Val now) looks over to the door behind me.

"Let's wait for Tristan."

He doesn't make eye contact with me, like I'm some object and not a person tied to a fucking chair. His voice is monotone and lacks any emotion that would be appropriate for this situation, it makes my skin crawl.

Yeah, I'm definitely about to die.

After a few moments, the door behind me opens a third time. I listen as a lighter pair of footsteps walks closer, moving a bit faster than the others and finally he stands with the other two.

He's the blonde and leaner guy from last night. He looks a little nervous, uncomfortable even, compared to Skyler and Val.

This must be Tristan.

"Hi, I'm Tristan. I'm really sorry about how last night went down." He looks down as he fidgets with his hands.

"You're really pretty, by the way. I haven't seen you in the light until now." He looks up to smile at me and it brings me a piece of hope that I didn't know I needed.

"Get your flirting in now, it won't last very long before she hates your guts."

Skyler taps him on the back of the head and shoots him a glaring look. He looks embarrassed by this interaction, like there's some kind of hierarchy here.

Standing all in front of me, they look like a highly dysfunctional family.

Skyler resembles a misbehaving older brother, always getting in trouble and teasing the siblings. Val, with his hair greying and emotional unavailability, would definitely be the father figure. And Tristan, looking up to the others and people-pleasing, reminds me of a little brother.

All three look down at me, almost like they're lost on what to do.

While I think Skyler is enjoying himself, it doesn't seem like they've been in this situation before. And for some reason, that gives me a little sliver of hope.

At least I'm not chained up with some professional woman-killers.

"Well, there's no real script to do this, but I feel like we have no choice. Skyler is enjoying playing with his food too much and it's beginning to get on my nerves."

The older man, Val, steps forward and pops a squat in front of me.

He reaches into the leather harness on his leg and I know this is the time.

I'm about to die.

I just hope that he makes it quick and painless.

I look up at the rusty light hanging above me, close my eyes and shed a tear. This is not how I expected it to end. Unlived memories flash behind my eyes of all the things I never got to do – get arrested, crash a wedding, get matching tattoos with a stranger, get fucked in the ass.

As I attempt to recall a prayer I heard from visiting church with my childhood friends, I hear a deafening crack.

I flinch, unable to cover my ears, and slowly realize that I'm still alive. Why?

My fingers and toes wiggle around and my arms can still fight at the restraints.

I take a couple of breaths and open my eyes, staring at the light above me again. Instead of death, I hear a light panting and the sound of water dripping onto the floor.

Huh? Am I bleeding?

I look down to check if I've been shot, but I'm met with the biggest wolf I've ever seen in my life. My screech echoes off the walls, burning the

inside of my ears and my chair falls backwards. Shooting pain bites up my arms as I land on them behind me on the concrete floor.

I'm definitely dreaming, and this is one of the weirdest dreams I've ever had. I blink multiple times, but I don't wake up.

Skyler tilts his head over my point of view and laughs in a truly satanic way. I can clearly see that he enjoys this chaos, he's like a demon feeding on the bad energy in here. But this time when he smiles, his canines are much longer, like a vampire's.

Tristan walks behind me and picks up the shitty metal chair back to an upright position. He shoots Skyler a disapproving look and frowns, then looks at me with his eyebrows pulled up and together, like he's saying "*I'm sorry*."

I groan, roll my shoulders slightly and find myself face to face with the wolf again, and I notice it's wearing the same leather bag around its thigh as Val was earlier.

Val… is a wolf?

I see a pile of ripped clothes and a pair of shoes that he was wearing earlier sitting on the floor next to him. His magnetic light grey eyes look the same and his fur is a soft grey with hints of black. It looks so fluffy and if I wasn't so terrified right now, I'd probably try to pet him.

"Can someone tell me what the *fuck* is happening? Are you going to kill me?" My voice shakes as I speak.

I'm nervous, but I'm also intrigued.

Val's drool drips onto my feet as he pants and licks his lips. He stands so tall that his snout is higher than my head is in a seated position.

Skyler takes one step towards me and wraps his hand tightly around my throat. He lifts me damn near into the air, my tiptoes barely dusting the floor and hangs his head over mine. I can barely breathe, my inhales are squeaky and gurgled.

"Kill you?"

His eyes are pure evil, his teeth are so sharp and haunting as he smiles down at me. I blink hard and feel tears run down my cheeks.

"No, Kitten." He squeezes harder and I can't inhale anymore.

"But I'd *love* to watch you bleed."

His words cut me like a knife and he stares into my eyes as I choke, thrashing around in the chair, attempting to free myself from his grip. My face grows hotter and hotter and my vision turns darker around the edges.

Val barks loudly and growls. “Skyler, let her go.”

He releases his deathly force around my neck and my feet drop to the floor. I cough and gasp for air, keeping my head down and my hair falls in front of my face.

Being restrained sure isn’t making breathing any easier.

Wait a second, a wolf that fucking talks?

When I catch my breath, I pick my head up and look around the room. The three of them – well, two humans and a wolf – stand in front of me and just stare.

The energy is almost… awkward.

“So, you’re a werewolf or something?” I cough lightly, my vocal cords burning as I speak. “I thought those were only in fairy tales and weird smut.”

They all laugh lightly, which is off-putting because I’ve never seen a wolf fucking laugh before.

“Skyler here has put us in an awkward position, you see,” Val speaks to me and sits on his hind legs, like a dog. “We’ve never told anyone. We usually just kill them if they find out, but…” He glances around the room. “We’ve never killed a woman.”

Skyler stares at me with a chilling darkness swirling in his black eyes.

“But someone…” Val turns to him, “…couldn’t resist a little *game* with you. And while I told him it was a bad idea, at the end of the day, I don’t lead this pack.”

“*Pack*? You’re not the only one?” I look at the others, but they don’t say anything.

“They’re a bit newer to this than I am.” Val swallows deeply and suddenly another deafening crack fills the room. I wince at the sound and shut my eyes, but when I finally decide to open them, I sit inches away from a soft and very hairy penis.

“What the fuck?!” My poor eyelids are sore from clenching them shut.

“Yeah, sorry about that. The clothes don’t come with the transformation.”

He doesn’t make any effort to cover himself initially, but after a whisper from one of the others, I hear him pick up the pile of ripped clothes and walk towards the door behind me.

Daring to peek my eyes open, I now only see Skyler and Tristan in front of me.

“Um… I need to use the restroom, how do I do that?” I feel the shame creeping back up.

Skyler struts to the back of me and I hear him pull something sharp out of his pocket, then I feel the tension around my shoulders, legs and chest loosen. I pull my arms to my lap and sigh in relief, rolling my joints out and stretching my arms across my chest.

“You can go over there.”

He points to a bucket in the corner of the room behind where I was sitting and a half-used toilet paper roll next to it.

I look to him, then to the bucket, then back to him.

“Are you serious?”

He smiles and tilts his head to the side like a dog when you say its favorite word. Tristan still refuses to look at me.

My feet carry me reluctantly over to the bucket, and I make hesitant eye contact with the monster watching me from across the room.

“Can a girl have some privacy, please?”

It was worth asking.

Skyler laughs, cracks his knuckles and stares even harder.

“Privacy is a *privilege*, and you don’t have any of those right now.”

Today I may not be physically dead, but I feel that way inside.

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CHAPTER 9

SKYLER

Octavia has been locked in my basement for a week and I've stroked my cock to her every night like clockwork.

Her scent is irresistible, and I can't get enough of it.

I wait until she falls asleep, sneak downstairs, and sit in the chair while she lies peacefully on the floor. It reminds me of our time in the shower not too long ago.

I have yet to make enough noise to wake her up, but I've debated groaning a little louder so she can pop open her pretty eyes and meet her new throbbing favorite toy. She doesn't know it yet, but soon she'll be on her knees begging me for it.

Look, I'm the fucking victim here, really. I can't control my aching manhood enough to resist, you can blame it on him.

The clock strikes 12:00 a.m., and I'm like a fucked up Cinderella, looking for a perfect Kitten and losing the few morals I have left on my way in.

I make my way towards the stairs and my pants are already getting tighter. I groan and give it a little tug, trying to relieve the pressure. The man downstairs and I already know where we're going. A sweet release waits for us just a few steps away.

The heavy thud of my combat boots follows me down the stairs, step by step, as I get closer to satisfying my lustful yearning.

As I open the thick iron door, keeping anyone in the basement trapped in there, I stretch my arms up above my head and grin. Fuck yes, this is everything I needed.

Even during the day, the room is dark due to the lack of windows. But at night, the atmosphere changes to something even darker. Something more primal, more *feral*. That might just be me, though.

I approach a rusty chair facing her makeshift bed in the corner, which is really just the largest dog bed I could find at the pet store and one pillow.

I've never kept someone prisoner before. I don't know what the fuck I'm doing. I don't want her to be miserable, but I don't want her to be comfortable either.

Her long black hair is still somehow silky and smooth, cascading across the bed and floor. She faces away from me, but I'm close enough to smell her intensely. That's all that I need.

My pants unbutton easily, my cock springing out and already itching for a release. I know this won't take long based on how fast I was able to finish every other night.

I spit in my palm and bite back a moan at the first stroke. My hand goes up and down in a smooth motion, slightly twisting at the tip while I picture her riding me, moaning my name and cumming all over my girth.

Oh Daddy, you feel so good.

I want to ride your cock all night, Daddy. It fills me up perfectly.

Daddy, breed me. Use me like a fuck toy.

I play her voice in my head and stroke slower, savoring the moment.

Daddy, I want that cum inside me. I want your brothers to watch you fuck me while you take what's really yours – my tight little pussy.

Their cocks feel so good, but yours is perfect for me. It was made for me.

I picture her long hair bouncing perfectly up and down on her tits or gripping my hands around it and yanking her head back in doggystyle.

My eyes close and I lean my head back. I'm enjoying the vision my mind is creating so much, I never want it to end. One day it might come true, but for now it'll stay tucked away behind my eyelids like a dirty fantasy.

My hand strokes faster and I imagine how tight her pussy must feel, how soaking wet she was for me when I shoved my fingers in her in my kitchen, how utterly perfect she tasted when I sucked them dry.

I need more.

I need to feel her gripping my cock and begging me to ruin her. I need to hear her call me Daddy and scrape her nails down my back. I need to see

her eyes roll back while she cums for me over and over and over again.

I need it all.

A blissful sensation brews at the base of my spine and my skin starts to buzz with energy. I feel my balls tighten and everything becomes so sensitive.

Here it comes, my favorite part of the day.

I pop open my eyes and notice the dog bed is empty, so I squint to look closer, making sure she hadn't rolled over in a weird way. From behind me, a small arm swings around and a sharp blade touches my throat.

"Well hello there, *Kitten*." I grin and continue stroking, my release still painfully close. "Where'd you get a knife?"

I hear her gulp and she slowly walks to the front of the chair, uneasiness coursing through her skin. She looks so beautiful when she's scared.

"Stop doing that." She continues to hold the tip pointed to my Adam's apple.

I tilt my head back again, keeping my eyes locked on her but giving her a better angle.

"Keep going, Kitten, *I'm close*."

I stroke faster and she lightly pushes the sharp blade into my skin, blood beginning to drip down my exposed chest and shirt.

"I said stop that!" Her voice shakes when she yells and her hands follow suit.

"More, *please*." I eat her with my eyes, wrap my free hand around hers and slice the knife across my tattooed chest.

Blood soaks my shirt and the sting brings me over the edge. I explode all over my palm, my pants and the floor between my legs, letting out a deep sigh of relief.

"Fuck yes," I mumble out.

I wipe my dirty fingers on the sleep shirt she's wearing like a towel and zip myself back up.

She looks at me with disgust and confusion in her eyes, mortified but too terrified to move. A loud metal clank makes my ears ring as the blade drops from her hand to the concrete floor.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!"

Tears run down her perfect face and she stumbles back to the bed, sitting on a blanket with her head between her legs.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did you want a taste? I forgot that kittens liked *milk*."

I stand up from the chair, my brain a little mushy still. I bend over to swipe some of my juices off the floor, my own blood dripping from the shirt to mix with it, and squat down in front of her.

As she cries into her knees, I launch forward to her throat and push her into the concrete wall, shoving my bloody cum-covered digits onto her tongue.

She gags all over them and my cock twitches. Fucking Christ, I swear I could cum again just from that.

“Were you saying something?” I push my fingers knuckle-deep into her throat and she fights it, but her body swallows around me.

Her mouth is so wet, I’d love to put more than my fingers in it.

“That’s a *good* Kitten, you love milk, don’t you?”

She stares into my eyes with anger, but her pussy betrays her. I can smell her wetness from here.

I know what women like, even if they don’t say it. It helps to have a wolf nose, too. The gorgeous woman sitting in front of me has excellent taste in men – a lack of morals with a heavy side of sadomasochism.

I sit back and pull her legs towards me so she slides off the dog bed and lies flat on the ground. She seethes as the concrete floor is unforgiving, but she doesn’t fight me.

You want this, Kitten. I dare you to fight me.

The little black panties she has on under her shirt stand no chance.

I quickly slide them off her legs and fold her thighs into her waist, pushing her perfect fucking pussy right out to me. The scent of her arousal so potently makes my head spin. She looks like a little sexual pretzel.

“Get off of me,” she pleads, but her body says otherwise.

“No.”

My bloody t-shirt continues to drip onto her legs and my hands that are holding her folded up.

I slide down to lie on my stomach, my cock about to put a dent in the floor with its stiffness and it begs me for round two.

I feel my fangs come down as her sweet smell fills my nose. She doesn’t say a word – no protest, no more crying.

She wants this as much as I want it.

My eyes lock onto her beautiful folds, even in the dark, I can still make out her perfection. I stare at her for a moment, my mouth watering at the treat sitting inches away from me.

That’s mine now.

In one swift motion, I lick her from her opening to her clit, her juices completely covering my taste buds. Fuck, she tastes like a God-given right, exactly as I remember from our first interaction in the kitchen. She leans back and moans, running her hands through her black hair.

“Fuck…” the word slips out of her mouth with no effort.

She looks fucking divine from this angle.

Her nipples poke through her shirt, her pathetic whines sing in my ears and her body rocks towards me, just like it should be.

“Such a dirty slut. You love it, don’t try to hide it.”

I lick her again, obliging her silent request. My teeth scrape against her skin and she shivers at the sensation with goosebumps popping up on her legs. I wrap my lips around her sweet spot and suck, spinning my tongue in circles and watching her back arch high for me.

Are you a good girl, Octavia?

My nails dig into her thighs and I scratch all the way down them, leaving my red marks on her. I want to mark her even more – I want anyone that dares to look at her to know that I’ve licked her, that I’ve tasted her, and that I’ve made her taste me.

She reaches one hand down and pulls my hair into her tightly, the other gripping her nipple through her shirt and tugging it sky high.

This Kitten likes pain.

I pull my mouth off of her, saliva following my lips and keeping me connected to her juices. My hands move out of the way and I bring my pearly whites up to her thigh, sinking my fangs and biting hard enough to draw blood.

She screams and covers her mouth, wincing from the pain, but her scent begs to differ. I suck her metallic taste into my throat and swallow before I take my teeth off, watching the blood drip down her leg.

My eyes shoot a glance up at her, but she refuses to look at me.

Maybe it’s her blood dripping off my chin, maybe it's the knife she failed to hurt me with, maybe it's shame in the fact she’s enjoying a stranger eating her pussy out in the basement where she’s held captive.

I don’t fucking care, I want to see that pretty face.

My hand slaps her inner thigh right on top of the bite, producing another scream from her. This time, she looks in my direction.

“That’s a good kitty. *Look at me*.”

I place my bloody lips back on her and suck her wet juices as I lick her like I'm trying to get to the center of a tootsie pop. She nods and doesn't break eye contact again.

Her green irises stare into my soul before they roll into her forehead. Her hands pull my head harder into her body and she moans louder and louder, rocking back and forth on the floor, riding my face with every lick.

"Please…" She begs me.

I suck her clit into my mouth one last time and she pinches her nipples, finishing all over my face. I feel her heartbeat on my tongue, her swollen lips pulsing and dripping down her backside.

I need to be inside there. Right fucking now.

Sitting up, I unzip my pants quickly while she soaks in her orgasm, getting completely lost in it. Her eyes stay closed and her breathing slows, like she's about to fall asleep exactly where she is.

I strip down and chuck my blood-soaked shirt across the floor as my cock leaks precum, staring at her perfect body in the darkness.

Fuck.

My body leans on top of her, combat boots and pants still on, but out of the way. Her eyes are still shut and she pants like she ran outside on a hot summer afternoon.

"*My turn,*" I growl at her.

Her eyes pop open and before she can protest, I shove my girth inside, *my* eyes now rolling to the back of *my* head.

Holy fuck. She's so tight, I barely fit it. I know I'm already pretty sizable, but she makes me feel *massive*.

"Fuck, you're so tight." I push my hips towards her and slide deeper, stretching her open with each inch. She takes me to the balls and I white-knuckle her thighs, my cock aching at how good she feels. This pussy was made for me.

"You're too big…" She pushes on my quads to fight me, but she moans as she says it.

"Shh…" I move both of my hands to her neck and grip tightly, cutting her words off. My hips pump long and slow strokes into her as I watch my length pull out of her and push back in.

Jesus Christ, she has the best pussy I've ever felt and her scent is ecstasy. I dream of her running around this mansion naked, giggling and play-fighting with me. I envision her falling asleep next to me, wrapping

my body around hers as a big spoon and listening to her breaths slow and we drift off together.

She's not just a girl from a bar I stumbled into. She's not just a girl I brought into my basement. She's not just another piece of pussy.

I shake my head to snap out of it and her piercing green eyes look up at me, filled with tears, her whole face turning red.

Get back in the fucking game, Skyler. Get your head out of a romance gutter.

I squeeze my hands around her throat harder and fuck her into the concrete wall, the top of her head banging into it with every pump.

"What's my name?"

I ogle down at her, but her eyes struggle to keep their focus as my hips thrust into her harder, driving her tiny body into the floor.

She doesn't say a peep, so I pull one hand off her neck and assertively smack her across the face, bringing her attention back to me.

"What's my fucking name?!" The loudness of my voice vibrates my eardrums.

She stares up at me, shocked, and stutters, trying to find the words.

"Sky-Skyler?"

I bring my hand back down to her face and hit her harder. The whack fills the room. Tears fill her eyes more, but her pussy grips me even tighter.

"*Try again.*"

I put both hands back on her throat, squeezing as hard as I can.

She wheezes out a weak, "Daddy…" and I watch blood vessels pop in her eyes.

Fuck yes. That's more like it. *I'm back.*

Her body starts to fight me as she chokes more, her nails clawing at my forearms and I get closer to cumming with the added pain. Her eyes fully closed, she goes completely limp underneath me and the sight is exactly what I needed to throw me straight into my second orgasm.

My balls tighten up to my body and I dump my release inside her, pulsing inside with intense sensitivity. I pant and let go of her neck, my sweaty hair hanging into my eyes. She quickly pops awake, eyes wide, coughing and scratching at her throat.

"I fucking hate you."

She looks up at me and pushes me off with any energy she had left.

“Is that what you say to all men that make you cum that hard?” I sit on my knees and zip up my pants again, peering down at her.

She huffs and puffs with a sassy attitude as she crawls back under her blanket, her leg leaving a small trail of red behind.

A combination of mine and her blood covers my neck, chest and the floor. Have you guessed what the drain in here is for yet? That's tomorrow's problem.

I stand up, my combat boots squeaking against the floor. A grin picks at my cheeks as I pick up my stained and ruined shirt on my way out.

I hope it’s not the last time I shove my cock in her perfect pussy.

Actually fuck that, I’ll make *sure* it isn’t.

I’m convinced that she was made for me… *Skyler’s pretty pet*.

I crack open the door and poke my head in one last time. She’s lying in the corner and curled up under the blankets again. I shut the heavy metal with a gentle push and blow her an invisible kiss.

“Goodnight, Kitten, see you in your nightmares.”

I almost believe that I hallucinated the whole thing, so I slap my face to make sure it’s real, but I don’t wake up.

The girl of my dreams is trapped in my basement and I have no idea what the fuck I’m going to do with her.

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CHAPTER 10

OCTAVIA

It’s been two weeks since I’ve been locked in here. The boys take shifts bringing me food and water, restocking my cigarettes and doing my laundry.

One of them went back to my apartment and grabbed a bunch of my clothes for me so I’m not wearing the same thing every day. Whenever they give me my clothes back, they’re always nicely folded and smell like crisp detergent. For a group of boys, they’re surprisingly hygienic, or one of them is a major fucking clean freak.

I lay in this dog bed at night and I think about the life I used to have.

When will I go back to that? Or better yet, will I *ever*?

My bar, my regulars. My car and my apartment. My freedom. I don’t know how long they plan to keep me here or if I’m ever going to leave.

I want to go home, but a piece of me aches to stay.

Skyler comes in here every night without fail. He thinks I’m asleep, but I really can’t sleep much at all. I stay still and listen to him stroke his cock off to me. The last few times, we’ve fucked, but we never talk after. He uses me like his own personal sex toy, then leaves with a malicious grin on his face. And somehow in my twisted brain, I fucking enjoy it.

A few nights ago, I was able to snatch a blade from Valentine’s thigh harness while he wasn’t looking, but when it came down to using it to try to escape, it was used against me.

Fuck, it was hot though. My thighs rub together as I think about it.

I’ve always been into rough sex, but Skyler’s the roughest I’ve ever had. He’s brutal and just takes what he wants. I don’t even know how to put it

into words, it just makes me *want* him. He's overly masculine and dominant and he has this deep desire for… *me*.

The morning after, Tristan came to the basement and woke me up by hosing the blood off the floor. He helped me move my bed out of the way and even tended to the bite on my thigh with an antibiotic ointment and some gauze.

We didn't speak of where it came from or why there was a mess everywhere, he just cleaned the concrete and looked at me with guilt in his eyes, but I swear I saw a bulge at his crotch.

Since then, Skyler hasn't hurt me as badly, so no one has come down to tend to my wounds. I just fall asleep all alone, almost missing his presence. I must have Stockholm syndrome or something.

The dynamic between the three of them is interesting, now that I think about it.

I ponder what Valentine said when I first got here – that he wasn't in charge. With the way Tristan seems to submit so easily, I wouldn't say he's the leader either.

That leaves one person.

Skyler fucking Vale.

He's unpredictable and hot headed. I can hear him yelling through the ceiling sometimes. He has no respect for boundaries, rules, or even other people's desires. And considering the importance of me calling him "Daddy," it only makes sense that he's the king of the jungle.

It's his way, or *no way at all*.

Valentine's stoic demeanor, coupled with the fact he's much older than the other boys, makes it seem more natural for him to lead them. He's calm and collected, but in an unsettling way. Nothing seems to shake him.

Tristan is an obvious pushover. He follows the others around like a little puppy and does whatever they tell him to do. If he protests once, he's scolded for it and shuts down without a fight.

I've been learning their schedule, keeping track of when they come down here, how long it takes between each visit, and how they get in and out.

The door looks to be made of pure iron with no visible handle on the inside. One of them is always standing in front of it when it opens, so I've never seen how it actually works. Sometimes at night, I go to touch it, but I can't feel anything in the dark. The lights are controlled from somewhere

outside of the basement, so I can't turn anything on to take a look around either.

Right on schedule, Tristan walks in the door to bring me some dinner. Tonight is a juicy roasted chicken breast, rice flavored with butter and herbs, and fresh peas with a lemon wedge on the side.

Everything they have fed me so far has been seasoned and cooked well. Whoever the chef is between them does an incredible job.

As he sets the tray down next to the bed, he softly speaks.

"Octavia, can I ask you something?"

He squats down and looks at me with his bright blue eyes, a deep sadness within them. His face is so gentle and kind – I'm not sure how he ended up with these two.

I quickly cut off a piece of the chicken and shove a large bite from the fork in my mouth before answering him.

"Yes."

He slowly reaches over to my face and I freeze with a mouthful of food, not knowing where this is going. His hand tucks some of my long hair behind my ears and the warmth of his fingertips brush across my cold skin.

I may be afraid, but not of Tristan.

He pulls his hand back with hesitancy and cracks open a bottle of water for me.

"Do you… think I'm a horrible person?"

I see a tear drip off his chin and he quickly wipes it away, turning his face away from mine. Aww.

I sit and ponder his question for a moment before replying to him.

Do I?

He hasn't ever been directly rude to me. He's been attentive to my needs and goes out of his way to make things more comfortable down here. But the fact that he's conspiring with the other two makes him pretty untrustworthy in my eyes. You are who your brothers are, or whatever that saying is.

"Tristan, I don't know you that well, but you've been very kind to me since we met." Unsure of what else to do, I continue to eat my dinner and keep my distance.

He perches there for a moment, contemplating my words.

His hands run through his fluffy blonde hair and he slides out of the metal chair and takes a seat down on the ground, his head falling between

his knees. This conversation is already uncomfortable and I really don't know what the best course of action is here.

"Are you okay?"

I'm reluctant to ask because I don't know if I desire to know him any better. He's cute, thoughtful, the type of guy that my mother would be proud of if I brought him home, but I can't help but feel he might be as unpredictable as his brothers are. Well, as unpredictable as one of them is.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out my fully charged phone and a flat white key card before setting them on the ground between us.

"I don't want to hurt you," he finally mumbles out.

He pushes both items towards me and lifts his head from between his legs. His blue eyes are filled with tears and his cheeks flushed red.

"Leave before Skyler comes in and I'll try to keep them occupied. I'm so sorry…" His words trail off and he stands up to leave.

Okay, so he is unpredictable, but not in an aggressive way.

As he walks over to the metal door, he stands to the side to show me an area to place the key flat against the surface and the latch clicks open.

He eyes me one last time, almost with regret in his face, and softly closes the door behind him.

I wonder if I'll ever see him again. Maybe I messed up, maybe I should've gone for him instead, maybe he's the one. I wish he stumbled into my bar instead of Skyler.

I grab both items and stick them under the blanket quickly. What if this is a test, and I'll be punished if I try to leave?

What if things go wrong and I end up getting hurt? I doubt I've even seen the worst of what they'll do to me.

I chew on my food and think of the way he spoke, the regret in his eyes, the tenderness in his tone. He seemed genuine, actually a little trustworthy. If I want to get back to my life, I have no choice but to believe him.

This is my chance to leave, but do I risk it?

My fork scrapes the plate clean and I place it back on the tray on the floor, pushing it away from the bed. A sour feeling floats around with my dinner in my stomach. I rub my belly, contemplating if this is really my chance to escape and trying to keep the food down.



I sit with my thoughts as the time passes and my bedtime check-in approaches. It has to be a test, they're messing with me. They're trying to see if I'll run or obey and stay. If I run, I'm going to be tortured.

My phone buzzes with a text from an unknown number.

Add a novel to your reading list.

Browse Lokepub and choose your next book.

"I bought you some time. Good luck out there. I wish I had more time to get to know you better. – T."

Fuck it. It's literally now or never.

I grab the keycard and my phone from under the blanket, throw on my shoes and the warmest clothes I can find out of what they brought for me and walk over to the door.

My dinner rumbles around my stomach more and I force the unease back down my throat. I have to take this chance, I have to go back to my life. I can't live in this basement forever.

Just before I tap the flat white key to the lock, I turn around and look at my home for the last two weeks. The rusty light, the old metal chairs, the blankets thrown on top of a dog bed in the corner. I watch memories of each one of them coming down here, cleaning me up and serving me food.

I might actually miss pieces of being here, but I have to leave.

This is it. I'm getting out.

The keycard clicks the latch open and the door comes slowly swinging open towards me. I slip through the gap and pull my hood over my head, immediately walking into a set of stairs.

Looking up, I see another door, but this one has a handle and looks fairly normal. No lock in sight.

Anxiously, I drag my shaking legs up the stairs, my heart thumping so loudly that I can hear it in the eerie silence. My feet tiptoe on the wood floor and I pray nothing creaks as I put my weight on it.

When I reach the top, I grab the gold handle and turn it as smoothly as I can, peeking just my eyes around the door to see what room I'm in. It appears to be a garage. Skyler's red Mustang sits pretty on the polished concrete next to a few other random and slightly dirty vehicles.

Taking a deep breath to center myself, I debate burning Skyler's precious car on the way out. I take a quick look around for a tank of gasoline. It would be fun, but it would also be a waste of time.

Tristan's words replay in my head and I trust that he has a good enough plan to distract them, but I don't know how long I have.

I sneak again and make my way towards the final door, which has a small square window on it. The dark forest waits for me, just steps away. The trees rustle in the wind, drawing me toward them as moonlight spills between their branches.

I slide the keycard under one of the run-down-looking cars, hoping no one will find it for some time. Just before I walk out the door, I open my phone and dial 911.

"911, what's your emergency?"

My stomach drops to my feet.

Before I can answer the operator, I spot a corkboard on the back wall covered in pictures and strings, like a classic detective movie. My legs reluctantly carry me closer to it and I see newspaper clippings, old photos of men and women, even from generations ago and my eyes take it all in.

"Hello? Is everything all right?" The operator continues.

The photos have names next to them and strings link to different articles discussing sudden deaths, disappearances and local events. Some of the headlines speak of animal attacks, autopsies with organs missing, rumors of witchcraft in Silver Lake.

One of the photos catches my eye and I stand eye to eye with my dead parents. My phone drops out of my hand and to the floor as I put my fingers on the picture, stroking their faces.

"Mr. and Mrs. Cross, deceased at 54 and 56."

A red string ties their photo to some of the witchcraft articles, one even speaking of an orphan that they left behind, but her whereabouts are unknown.

"What the fuck?" I mumble under my breath.

My mom used some herbs and stuff when I was a kid, but this? Aren't witches from the 18th century or something? She just had an interesting

way of worshipping God, anything else is blasphemous.

A warm tear slides down my skin. Fuck, I miss them more than anything in this world. I know I need to get out of here, for them and for me.

I pick my phone back up and whisper to the operator.

“I don’t know where I am. I’ve been held hostage here for two weeks and I’m fleeing into some woods. The men that live here killed someone and I think they plan to kill me too. Please send help.”

I hang up, tuck my phone into the jacket pocket and pray they can find my location from my cell tower.

Then with every cell in my body, I send a signal of distress and sprint like my life depends on it.

My quads burn as they pound into the ground over and over. The trees and their offspring branches whizz past me and I don’t look back once. Owls hoot in the treetops and birds fly away as my feet stomp into leaves and dirt flings up behind me.

I don’t know where I’m going, but I’m getting as far as I can away from that house.

The air is chilly and I can see my hot breath in front of my face as I pant. Sirens wail and grow farther and farther away the further I get. I can see the red and blue lights barely reflecting off the trees in front of me and the moonlight shines a path for me through the forest.

I’m doing it, I’m escaping, it’s almost over.

I think of my parents again, trying hard to remember all the times my mother stood in front of metal statues and said a bunch of gibberish. The plants she burned, the pots of water she would pray over, the language she spoke in that I didn’t understand… there’s no way. That’s not witchcraft, that’s just… I don’t know. Religion? And what does that have to do with Skyler anyway?

Why is a random man who walked into my bar one night looking into the death of my parents?

Attempting to catch my breath, I take a quick break and rest my hands on my knees. It feels like I ran for almost twenty minutes straight, and it’s been years since I’ve set foot in a gym.

Looking around me, all I see are more trees, more branches, and more leaves. No roads, no streetlights, no houses. Fuck.

My lungs burn and I cough. I could be running deeper into the woods and further away from any living soul, and I would have no idea. But I figure if I keep going straight, I'll eventually find signs of civilization, even if it's hours from now.

Oh, how I would kill for a bottle of water right now. My throat aches from the dry, cold air and I swallow whatever saliva is left in my mouth to try to soothe it.

My feet cramp as I start to run again in the same direction I've been going. I hope for a road, a gas station, something, literally anything with life at it.

My head starts to sting, my vision goes blurry and I begin to struggle to move. Invisible restraints begin to pull at my limbs, making my knees feel weak. I close my eyes and rub my temples, a splitting headache running across my skull, but the forest floor starts to spin.

Am I about to pass out?

I fall to the forest floor as my limbs can no longer bear the weight of my existence, shaking like jelly. Panic overthrows my mind and I'm convinced I'm dying of a heart attack or worse. Before I can figure out what's actually happening, my vision turns completely black.

I'm quickly teleported into a world where I can see a forest, similar to this one, and three giant wolves standing over a body. I'm floating just above them, watching them tear and rip apart the flesh like they haven't eaten in days.

One of them has the same leather harness that Val wears every day and the others are brown and light yellow. Their colors resemble the hair of Skyler and Tristan and then it hits me.

I'm watching a memory.

I try to move around, but I'm stuck in this floating third-person perspective. I watch the brown wolf bite off a piece of the body and place it in the leather harness.

My eyes squint and just as I'm getting an idea of what's going on, I feel an intense falling sensation and wake up, vomiting all over the leaves below me. My arm wipes foam from the side of my mouth and I shake it off my skin onto the leaves. Did I just have a fucking seizure?

Patting my arms and legs to feel if I'm alive, I find that I'm back where I was, sitting on the forest floor. Dirt covers my clothes and bugs crawl

under my body. The trees around me creak in the wind and I crawl, propping myself against a large one.

The body… I noticed a small mole on his wrist that Connor had. Skyler, Tristan and Valentine…

I just watched them devour my ex-boyfriend like a delicious dinner.

My head spins as I try to make sense of what just happened. I've never had a fucking seizure before, or even passed out. I try to take a few deep breaths, my lungs burning with each one and hear the sound of leaves crunching coming from behind me.

Jumping to my feet, I run faster than I ever have and continue my way through the trees. Everything hurts, my entire body begs me to stop, but I keep pushing.

I have to get home.

My phone buzzes in my front pocket and I don't even slow down to check it. The light turns on and I squint to read it, but it's a text from a number I already have saved.

"*Did you think you could get away that easily, Kitten?*"

Fuck. I've been caught.

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CHAPTER 11

SKYLER

My hands and body drip blood all over the wooden floor, creating small red puddles around my living room. Sounds of small droplets adding to them fill my ears.

What a shame, the mansion was spotless just a few hours ago.

The sirens continue to wail outside and lights flash the entire house with red and blue through the windows. My eyes scan around the room and I see a few decapitated police officers in ripped outfits with blood spurting out of their necks. There are various limbs scattered around and bullet holes cover all over the walls.

Oops.

Octavia didn't really leave me with a fucking choice when she called the cops, you can blame this whole mess on her. At least I will.

Valentine slowly walks over to me, breathing heavily, red splatters covering his face and limbs and his clothes soaked. He drops a baseball bat covered in metal spikes to the floor and blood splashes out from the puddle it falls into. His hands run down the front legs of his soaked pants, as if he's trying to wipe them off. It isn't working.

I look behind him and see my other brother having an absolute meltdown.

"I just.. I just killed a police officer. I'm gonna go to prison forever, I'm so fucked," Tristan pants out in between short breaths.

He paces around the kitchen, running his hands through his fluffy blonde hair and turning it a light shade of pink. "I'm so fucked."

His racing heartbeat fills my ears and I can smell the adrenaline pouring off his skin. I watch his hands shake as he looks down at the blood on them.

“Relax, *barbie*.” I approach him and pat him on the back, producing a slight slapping sound. “There’s a first time for everything.”

I’m not the one you should seek out for comfort.

We all take a moment to catch our breath and admire the massacre. Blood touches every single surface of the common areas. The windows have smears of red handprints sliding down them, like Halloween decor, but it’s not October. The flashing lights create an aura that gives the room less of a horror look and more of a rave gone wrong.

There’s bullet holes in all of the furniture and the pillows where shots grazed past them have feathers spilling out.

I glance over to Valentine and pull my phone out to send another text. “Find her, and text me when you have her. Me and Barbie will come join you.”

He nods and walks out the door, no questions asked. Such an obedient brother, just the way I like it.

I spot Tristan sitting down, head in his knees and rocking his body back and forth against the kitchen cabinets.

Rolling my eyes and sliding my phone back into my pocket, I watch Valentine quickly and effortlessly transform and bolt out to the trees. A sting of jealousy runs through my stomach for a moment. I wish I could flip that easily.

Now it’s time to turn off those damn sirens.

I pick up one of the decapitated bodies and throw it over my shoulder, grunting. Damn, why are cops always so fucking fat?

My thighs burn as I carry it to one of the cars and lug it into the back. I stack a few more bodies in the trunk and passenger seat before I hop in, drive it down the small road outside our driveway and one by one, send each car in neutral down into a lake. Bubbles shoot up as they submerge and the evidence sinks further and further into the water.

The sound of the sirens fades with each vehicle drowning. I sigh in relief at the quiet, finally.

All this chasing, fighting and killing is making my dick beg me for a release. I throb inside my bloodied jeans and grin at the strain. My red-stained hand rubs my hard bulge and I feel my fangs pulling at my gums, the pressure adding to the pleasure.

Octavia, here I fucking come.

My phone dings and I get the text I've been waiting all night for.

"I got her. Sending the location now."

I hike back to the house, a pep in my step. She might not know what's coming, but I know what's coming, and we're about to have some fucking fun in the woods.

When I make it to the front door, I find Tristan on his hands and knees mercilessly scrubbing the floor with a sponge, but he's just spreading the blood around, the bright red staining everything in its path.

Pathetic.

As I approach him, my tall shadow covers his entire body and he looks away from me. Aww, what a coward.

"How'd she get out?"

I bark at him, but he ignores my question. His body slightly shakes and he drops the wet red sponge into the bucket, cowering even further down.

I sigh, pull my jeans up and squat down to his level. My hand reaches out and I place it on his chin gently to force him to look at me.

"C'mon, you know I wouldn't hurt you."

I smile my fangs at him and tilt my head sideways.

His blue, teary eyes dilate and terror covers his face. I hear his heart race in his chest again and the smell of his dread floods my nostrils.

"How…"

I hold back my wrath the best I can and grit my teeth.

"…did she get out?" My fingers grip his chin tighter.

Tears stream down his cheeks and he swallows.

"I felt so sorry for her…" His voice trails off. "She… She looked so lonely and sad down there. That's not a life for a beautiful woman."

My hands quickly leave his chin and wrap around his neck as I throw his body into the nearby wall with all my might. Stone fragments drop around his back where he hunches over and coughs, gripping his throat.

"I'm sorry, Skyler…"

No, you're not.

I feel the transformation coming, hostility building up in my chest. My lungs feel like they could breathe fire right now. My heart thumps like a

drum and my skin crawls like it’s covered in hives.

“Come with me.”

I yank the collar of his T-shirt and drag him with me into the woods behind the house. His feet dig into the dirt and leave a trail following us, like a plow in a field.

We trek together through the trees while he cries and begs for mercy. My hand keeps a firm grasp on his shirt, but his pleas don’t make me let up. His voice muffles into my ears and I get lost in the scent of dismay radiating off of him, making my cock twitch.

The moonlight shines down and brightens the forest in an ominous way. The leaves seem to tremble with distress in the light wind and I hear the quietest muffled screams in the distance. A normal human wouldn’t hear them, but my wolf ears pick up on everything.

I spot tracks that Valentine left and I check my phone to find the location pin he sent me, keeping a tight hold of Tristan still.

I’m gonna hurt him however I please, and then I’m gonna get my fucking dick wet.

As we approach, the muffled cries from a woman grow louder and I can hear Octavia kicking the ground under her legs. Tristan continues to beg and moan, pulling at my bicep.

“Look who finally made it,” Valentine grunts out.

He stands up tall with his hands behind his head, completely naked and leaning his back into a nearby tree. So relaxed. His eyes look over to Tristan, but he doesn’t express any interest in what’s happening.

I glance over to the right of him and see Octavia in a seated position skillfully tied to a tree. Tears streak down through the dirt on her cheeks and a piece of white cloth is gagged around her mouth.

He did that part just for fun, no one within miles of here would hear her. Her legs squirm and she pushes dirt around.

What a beautiful sight.

I throw Tristan to the ground and watch him crawl to her. He reaches for her as he mouths “*I’m sorry*,” and I swiftly kick him in the ribs. His body curls into a ball and he grabs at his stomach, whimpering in pain.

Octavia screams through the gag, but her words are unintelligible. Her brows pull together and she looks like she sympathizes with him.

Good.

Reaching into my pocket, I grab a cigarette out of the box and my lighter to spark up a square. The burn fills my lungs and I sigh in relief, the smoke swimming around me is my most reliable companion.

“Val, tie him there.”

I point with my cigarette to a tree perpendicular to Octavia. He wastes no time and pulls more rope out of his thigh bag, dragging Tristan over by his shirt and aptly tying him to the bark.

Tristan and Octavia’s light eyes stare up at me and power courses through my veins. I’m a fucking god right now. Valentine glances at me, almost as if asking what to do next. Everyone’s eyes are on me.

Me, me, me. Fucking ME.

Sticking the cigarette between my lips, I unbutton my bloodied shirt one by one and slide it off my arms slowly, never breaking eye contact with Octavia. Her brows knit together again and she shakes her head back and forth.

I walk slowly towards her, emphasizing each step with drama. Her eyes drop down to my bulge, then back up to my face. A grin pulls up my cheeks and I squat down to meet her eye to eye.

“Take the gag out,” I bark at Valentine without looking at him.

He marches over and unties the cloth from behind her head before handing it to me. I hear Tristan rambling to the left of me, but I don’t listen to his words.

Her deep green eyes stare up at me and I take a long drag, blow the smoke right into her face and her spit flies onto mine.

Bad kitty.

Laughing, I wipe the saliva off with my forearm, throw my half-smoked cigarette to the ground and shove my bloody fingers deep into her mouth. Her throat tightens, she gags and her eyes water as her body fights against me.

“I’m just giving you a taste of what’s to come.” I grin and watch anguish build in her face, *my favorite*. “Don’t bite the hand that feeds you.”

I pull my fingers out of her mouth and she coughs, spitting pink saliva onto the ground next to her.

“Fuck you.” She looks at me with her teeth bared, but I can smell her pussy through her pants. She’s enjoying this, but she’ll do anything to hide it.

“You wish, *whore*.” I throw the banter back at her.

Walking behind the tree with the cloth Valentine used to gag her, I tie her neck tightly to the trunk and knot it on the other side. She coughs and wheezes slightly from the pressure, and I know I've done it perfectly.

I stroll back to the front of her, taking my time, and I watch her pout and pull at the restraints tying her upper body everywhere. The rope tie pushes her tits out like two perfect mountain peaks.

In this position, she can't move anything besides her mouth and her legs.

My red-stained hands unbutton my jeans slowly, making sure to give her a little strip show. I pull the zipper down and move my jeans and boxers just enough for my cock to spring out in front of her. The man downstairs is finally getting what he's been asking for all night.

She gulps and sheds a tear, now I know she knows what's coming. All the while, her legs rub together and her pupils dilate.

Liar. You fucking love it.

Tristan squirms against his tree trunk and whines at the restraints, but his words muffle more and more as I focus all of my attention on her.

I approach Octavia and wrap my hands around the sides of her head, in her hair now. She tries to move away, but the ties are too tight.

"You can thank *him* for this."

She looks over at Tristan and back at me, eyes wide.

"Bite my cock if you want Daddy to make you hurt a lot worse. Plus I'll enjoy it, if you feel like adding to my pleasure."

She opens her jaw to argue with me, but before she can get a word out, I grip the bark behind her and I shove my cock into her anticipating mouth. Sweet wetness covers me and I groan at the feeling, pushing deeper. This is exactly what I've been waiting for all fucking night.

I didn't know exactly how this would pan out, but I knew my dick would get slobbered on whether it was from my prisoner or my eager-to-please little brother.

Tristan cries and pulls at his restraints, but his pleas only fuel my desire. I'm ruining his night and I'm about to ruin hers, too.

I slide myself out of her mouth, watching the saliva drip down onto her pants. Fuck, her mouth feels so good. Why haven't I tried this earlier?

I push myself back in and she gags and squirms, but holds eye contact with me. Her green eyes shimmer with small tears, most tantalizingly. My hips stand wide over her body and I start to thrust into the trunk behind her

head, slobber bubbles covering me and continuing to drip out of the corners of her mouth.

“That’s a good fucking Kitten, swallow my cock.”

I push my hips all the way to the tree, shoving myself deep into her throat until her lips touch the hilt of me. Spit squirts around the edges of her lips and the cloth that was holding her neck back bulges out with a beautiful view of my girth inside her.

Tears spill down her cheeks and she pinches her eyes shut as her whole body gags, making everything tighter around me.

I pull my cock out quickly and she pants, coughing and catching her breath. A sweet aroma of desire pours off of her skin and her thighs are pinched together like she’s holding her bladder.

“You’re such a slut, Octavia, you’re *enjoying* this. You can’t hide your arousal from me.” I laugh at her.

She looks up at me with hate in her eyes, but I quickly turn away to peek over at Valentine, standing to the right of me and stroking himself slowly. His hand moves up and down his shaft and lust consumes his eyes as he practically drools over her.

Pathetic little Tristan is silent now, but he pitches a tent at his waist, his hooded eyes also locked onto her.

Everyone is waiting for my next move, watching and listening to see what the pack leader will do with his catch.

I wait a moment and bask in the power of this moment.

Me, me, ME.

I placed a piece of tender meat in front of my brothers and silently requested they wait. They understand the chain of command here – *Skyler eats first*.

Always.

It’s been that way since I met Valentine, and it always will be – as long as I’m alive.

I push my cock deeply back onto her tongue and her neck bulges with the cloth around it again, a sight that could make me cum in an instant. This time she doesn’t squirm or gag, her throat opens more and she lets me have my way with her.

“Good fucking girl, that’s a good kitty.”

I take another step closer to the tree and my balls touch her soft chin. She closes her eyes, but doesn’t resist me as I pull all the way out, my tip

resting on her tongue and I push all the way back in, my hips kissing her cheeks.

Oh, fuck.

Valentine strokes faster behind me and I thrust faster in and out of her mouth, completely ignoring her as a person. She's a hole to fuck right now – a wet, aching, horny fucking hole.

My eyes lock onto the bulge moving on the outside of her neck before I close my eyes.

I'm going to fucking explode.

My skin itches and my balls tighten. I feel tension build at the bottom of my spine, my orgasm right fucking there.

"Open your throat, *bitch*."

I tightly grip her by her hair and shove my cock all the way down, letting my release shoot down her esophagus as I groan.

"You perfect fucking Kitten, drink my milk."

Fuck yes.

As I twitch inside of her, I think of the time I held myself back in my shower, watching water drip down her body so perfectly and restraining myself.

This is my debt repaid.

I open my eyes and she watches me, glassy-eyed and her pupils dilated. Her aromatic smell intoxicates my nostrils. I pull out of her mouth, zip up my jeans and squat down, grabbing her cheeks until they turn pink.

"Now it's time for the next one."

She looks conflicted and before she can ask any questions, I stand up to walk away, turning my back to her.

Valentine approaches her quickly and wastes no time before pushing his length in between her swollen lips. I listen to his groans as he uses her however he pleases.

Val loves to go second and my leftovers are his favorite, like a dog patiently waiting for table scraps.

Tristan squirms and watches him fuck her face. His mouth is slightly parted and he struggles against the rope as he tries to stand up. My tall shadow approaches him and he quickly begins to cower back down.

"Aww, it seems like you're hungry too, that's too bad. *Bad dogs don't get dinner*."

It's humorous how uncomfortable he looks right now.

He whines, but doesn’t lose sight of her. His thighs rub together, trying to bring himself any pleasure while restrained.

So. Fucking. Pathetic.

I squat down to his ear and watch them alongside him. Valentine groans and locks eyes with her, his salt-and-pepper hair hanging into his face while he looks down menacingly. His ass clenches as he thrusts into her over and over, using her just like I did.

“Do you wish you were him or her right now?”

I grab Tristan’s bulge through his pants and squeeze as hard as I can, making sure it hurts. He moans and his eyes roll back into his forehead at my touch.

“Daddy knows everything about you. You can’t hide anything from me, you fucking *bitch boy*.”

My words are harsh and are meant to sting, but he enjoys them. I know he does.

He groans as I let go of his crotch and together we watch Valentine finish on her face. He sighs and steps back, appreciating the piece of art he just made from a distance.

I stand up and scoot away, glancing at the three of them. I feel like a goddamn puppet master.

My circus, my monkeys, my everything. *Mine*. I sit up straight on my high horse and I don’t plan to come down any time soon.

It’s all for me. Everything is.

Commanding each of them to do whatever I please, silently and with my power…

It’s a high I’ll never stop fucking chasing.

Satan is the only thing below me, rotting in his burning throne in Hell and even then, I might be able to get down with some of his games.

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CHAPTER 12

OCTAVIA

Oh no, not here again.

I feel the concrete beneath my hips, my bones aching at the hardness of the floor. My bed is gone, the thin blanket doesn't provide me much warmth and there's a t-shirt bundled up under my neck for a makeshift pillow.

I'm not sure what happened to the one I had before I ran away, maybe my privileges have been revoked even further. That wouldn't surprise me, actually.

My eyes scan the room around me. Near the door, I see a pile of folded clean clothes, a food tray with an empty bowl and spoon, a box of cereal, oat milk and a pack of Marlboro Reds. No lighter, though.

The last thing I remember after I attempted to escape (and failed horrendously) is Skyler laughing manically and covering my face with a cloth that smelled sweet, which I'm assuming was chloroform.

Memories of his and Valentine's cock using me flash through my mind and I try to shake the thoughts away. I refuse to be turned on by men who have kidnapped me, killed my ex-boyfriend, and have some weird photos of my parents in their garage.

Even if they remind me so much of the fantasies I've read about and touched myself to countless times?

Fuck no. Horny Octavia, stop!

I slap myself on the cheek, attempting to ground myself.

But damn, I wasn't even close to getting away. How far are we from the rest of humanity out here? Is it time to give up and just accept my fate?

My throat still stings, my body is covered in rope burns and small bruises. I run my fingers over them and shake my tight shoulders out. I need a fucking lighter so I can smoke some of this aching away.

As if a twisted God heard my mental prayer, the door creaks open.

Tristan creeps in, head bowed and looking utterly humiliated. He's wearing an oversized dark grey T-shirt and sweat shorts, a typical uniform for him. His blonde hair hangs down into his face as he slowly approaches me.

"I'm sorry, Octavia. I'm not a great cook and the others are gone," he speaks barely louder than a whisper.

The rusty old chair in front of my makeshift bed squeaks as his weight drops into it and he continues to keep his head held low. I can't see his face at all.

I remember him yesterday, watching from his tree. He was definitely aroused and moaned for Skyler when he grabbed his crotch. Is he bisexual? I couldn't hear what Skyler said to him, but he seemed to enjoy himself.

I want to ask him what happened afterwards, how he feels about everything, but he already looks so blue today.

"Um, it's okay. Do you happen to have a light though?"

My words come out raspy and I cough a few times to clear my throat before looking up at him with green puppy dog eyes. Tristan already showed me he's a softie, it won't take much to manipulate him into getting what I want.

He digs into his pocket and tosses a lighter on the floor in front of me, refusing eye contact. The ambience surrounding him is full of sadness. I quickly regret my thoughts on manipulating him – he genuinely looks pitiful.

I light a cigarette and savor a long drag. It's been a day or two since I've had one and I've been yearning day and night for nicotine. The smoke fills the space between me and him and we sit there. Both of us think about the best way to break the silence, but we don't.

It's awkward.

After a few moments and a few drags, a whimper leaves his lips and his head falls into his hands. He cries and says some unintelligible things under his breath, continuing to hide his face in his palms. His body hunches over in the old chair.

A deep sigh seeps out of my lips.

“Tristan… look, you did your best. Thank you for trying.” I say softly, trying not to distress him any more. I’m not the best at comforting people when they’re flustered.

He crawls out of the chair and onto the concrete floor in front of me, sitting on his knees with his hands in his lap and slowly picks his head up. I gasp at the sight of him and my hand quickly reaches up to cover my mouth.

His face is beaten completely black and blue, both eyelids halfway swollen shut and covered in purple bruises. Tears well up in his puffy, gentle blue eyes and while he locks his gaze on me for a moment, my heart sinks for him.

“Who did this to you?”

I reach my hand up to touch his face, but he turns away from me. Why did I even ask? I already know who fucking did it.

The right words struggle to sort into a sentence as he lightly sobs in front of me for a few minutes. I can’t shake this gut-wrenching feeling in my chest, like I’m responsible in a way. This only happened to him because I tried to escape.

Great, something else that’s my fault. He wanted to help me, I trusted him, and it backfired on both of us.

Tristan is so different from the other two. He’s sincere and wears his heart on his sleeve, he’s openly caring in a way that almost feels feminine. How did he end up in this group? This pack, I guess, if you could call it that?

“Octavia…” He looks up at me again with his bloodshot eyes. “I would do it all again, I would do anything to please you. I would sacrifice myself day in and day out if it would bring you joy.”

What the fuck?

He rubs his hand sensually across his chest under his shirt, but I can’t see exactly what he’s doing. Even though his words already hit me like a train wreck, he continues.

“You’re too good for me, and I’m not worthy of your beauty.” A tear falls from his blackened cheek onto the floor beneath him.

His breath hitches as he says, “But I’ll be damned if I don’t try a little bit before he kills me.”

Oh.

I've never seen a man be so… submissive before. All the men in my life have been so neutral, barely even dominant enough to call a "top." I've heard of men like Tristan before, usually from my regulars who make fun of "betas" or whatever name is trendy to call them that week.

I've also heard of dominatrixes, women who like to use men like this. They're into weird fetishes too, I think. These men like to get beat, or suck toes, or jerk off with a silicone dick in their ass. I sit for a moment and wonder what Tristan likes.

Pain, for one. That's obvious.

Still unsure of what to say, I stare at him and take another drag. My mind feels confused, but this kind of devotion is definitely intriguing.

The thought of hurting Tristan doesn't really please me, nor does the idea of shoving my feet in his mouth. I don't think I'm a good fit for him, if that's what he's into.

I ponder what words to say, and decide to say nothing at all. It's awkward again.

Words come vomiting out of his lips before I can finalize an idea for my next sentence.

"Skyler is teaching me…" His words are quiet, like he feels even more shy now. "That I need to be more *selfish* and go for what I want. And Octavia…"

His hand continues to rub across his chest and I watch his fingers pinch at his skin. What the fuck is he doing under there?

He leans closer and his swollen eyes swirl with desire. I feel a little bit scared, but mostly in awe. The cigarette smoke lingers between us, just a small space now.

"I want you…" His voice is a whisper now. "And I'll take whatever you and Skyler *give me*."

Me and Skyler? Huh?

As he creeps closer, his cologne creeps up my nose. It's warm and sweet, like sugar cookies. He's the opposite of how Skyler smells, and the comforting scent really suits him.

I have conflicting thoughts, but his words oddly soothe my tense chest. I enjoy it – every word of what he's saying.

I've always had things taken from me, been told what to do and when to do it, getting pushed around left and right. I search his eyes again, and

there’s a depth of devotion in his gaze that wasn’t there before. A spark bursts inside me and I suddenly feel confident, in control and powerful.

Is this how dominatrixes feel? It’s a pair of shoes I’ve never worn before, but I don’t hate it.

“*Whatever you and Skyler will give me*.” The last sentence replays in my head. It sounds like he’s property or a pet. *Our* pet.

I know Skyler enjoys pet names, he calls me Kitten all the time and I fucking hate it. Do they have a relationship similar to what we have?

But I don’t see Skyler as my partner. He takes what he wants and has zero regard for anyone else’s needs. And that’s sexy, sure. But would I ever *choose* a man like him?

Tristan looks embarrassed, a blush fills his cheeks and he sits back, pulling away from me. He runs his soft hands through his fluffy blonde hair and stands back up, facing away from me now.

“I’m such an idiot. I’m sorry. Let me know if you need anything,” he quickly spits out.

He begins to meander away from me, but I jump up to stop him and wrap my fingers around his arm. His beaten face whips around and that stomach-drop feeling hits me again.

There’s a connection here, but I don’t know how or if I’m even allowed to explore it. I feel like I’m playing a board game, but I was never told what the rules are.

“Tristan, I… I want to sleep in a real bed, please. I want to feel normal, just for a day. I won’t run away, I promise.”

I plead and cross my fingers, hoping he goes for it.

“I…” He ponders my words for a minute, I watch him debate his response, my question floating between his eyes. “I can do that.”

He sniffles and grabs my hand, an electric shock jumping between us two and gently tugs me towards the door.

I toss my cigarette butt on the concrete floor and follow him, excited to further explore the upstairs. A small smile aches my cheeks before I can register how happy he just made me.

A taste of freedom again, that’s all I needed.

We stroll together, fingers interlinked, through the familiar stairs and doors back into the main area of the house. It’s spotless and exactly how I remembered it the first morning I was here with Skyler.

I run my fingertips across the kitchen countertop, taking note of the lack of dust again before following Tristan into his area of the house.

When I was initially here, I never noticed that there were “wings” of the mansion dedicated to each brother. Skyler’s is behind the kitchen and living area, Tristan’s is across and on the other side of the living room. I see one more hallway on the opposite side of the kitchen and wonder if that’s where Valentine stays.

The mansion is filled with rugged, masculine energy. Leather furniture, stone walls, deep wood colors, but it’s tidy. The decor feels like we should be in a penthouse, but we're in the middle of the woods. A dense forest surrounds the tall glass windows and makes the home feel even moodier than it already is.

This is a home that I dreamed of having when I was a kid – a fantasy I would revisit often to avoid whatever bullshit was going on in my everyday life. It’s surreal to see it in person, literally a dream come true.

We walk together into Tristan’s room and the vibe has a more delicate touch to it. I spot multiple fur blankets, gentler tones and pale stone accents. The floor is a lighter wood like sand, and the furniture is light grey.

His large, probably king-sized bed stands against a white marble wall.

Simple canvas art hangs from the other walls, some decorated with the same sand colored wood panels like the floor. I glance around and take it all in – the difference in the atmosphere of the room is the polar opposite of Skyler’s.

He motions for me to join him in the attached bathroom. There’s a large stone free-standing tub and a small glass shower next to it. Beautiful white tiles cover the floor and walls, giving the room a bright and inviting ambience.

He begins to fill the bath and adds various liquids and powders to the water like he’s a wizard concocting a potion.

“You can soak as long as you’d like, I’ll leave you be. There are clean towels on the cabinet next to the tub.”

He hangs his head low again as he leaves the bathroom, gently closing the white door behind him.

Immediately, I strip off my clothes and my aching feet practically sprint over to the steaming water calling my name. I have no time to waste and I want to savor every moment of being out of the basement.

The water stings my skin slightly, the warmth seeping inside of me and chasing away the cold I was carrying within. I let out a big sigh and tilt my head back, watching the steam fly off my arms and legs.

I think I just died and went to Heaven.

I soak for some time, letting the thoughts in my mind just pass by. I think of my mother, creating little concoctions just like the one I'm soaking in. Why was their picture on the corkboard? What do my parents and I have anything to do with three werewolf men?

My thoughts run around my brain and after a while, curiosity gets the best of me. I decide to invite Tristan back into the bathroom to interrogate him just a tad. Nothing too crazy though, I don't want to push my luck.

"Tristan, can you come in here?"

He immediately barges in, as if he was right behind the door and waiting for my call. He squats down next to the tub and keeps his bruised eyes and hands neatly to himself, respecting my space and nudity.

His demeanor seems nervous, and possibly a little bit lustful. I watch him do his best to avoid peeping into the water at my naked body, but the bulge at the crotch of his pants betrays him.

It's adorable.

"Is… Is the water too hot? Are you lightheaded? I can get you ice water, is that okay?"

He speaks with a tinge of worry in his voice.

He's so cute.

I giggle at his need to appease and decide to ask him my own set of questions instead of answering his.

"When do the others get back? Am I allowed to be up here?"

I massage my sore shoulders and neck, still soaking up the bliss of the bath. He watches my breasts pull just above the bubbles, my nipples barely visible. I didn't intend to tease him, but I'm having fun watching him struggle to resist.

"I… I don't know, but they said it would be a few days. And no… you're not supposed to be up here."

He anxiously runs his hands through his hair, like going against the rules is beginning to make him twitch. "Please don't tell Skyler I disobeyed him."

I giggle at him again, but he abruptly gets up and darts out to the bedroom, slamming the door shut behind him.

Suddenly, I hear heavy breathing, bones snapping and his piercing scream ripping off the walls.

I jump out of the tub and dash into the room, soaking wet and naked, dripping water all over the light wood floor.

His clothes lay ripped up in a pile and his giant wolf body is curled into a ball on top of them. He's shaking and panting relentlessly – I feel so fucking sorry for him. Tufts of blonde fur surround him and he licks his arms with his big tongue like he's trying to clean himself of sin.

"What the fuck just happened?" I blurt out, taking it all in.

"I'm sorry…" He curls further into a ball, tucking his tail into his body. "I can't control it yet."

Instinctively, I lie on the floor behind him and pet him. My hands and body are still soaked and covered in bubbles, but he doesn't seem to mind it. His trembling begins to slow with each stroke of my hand against his yellow-blonde, fluffy fur – just like his hair.

I guess petting a wolf is like petting a giant pet dog. It's as comforting for me, probably as much as it is for him.

"You're naked," he says as a matter of fact, not a question.

"Well, I got scared and didn't have time to dry off. And the last time I checked, people don't bathe with clothes on."

I continue to pet his head and he slowly unravels out of a ball, rolling over towards me now.

"You wanted to sleep in a bed – take mine. I'll sleep on the floor, it's not so bad."

He stands up and looks me up and down with his blue eyes, the lust completely gone. His paws are silent on the wood and tile as he walks into the bathroom and carries back a large white towel between his teeth. It falls in front of me and he turns away.

"Thank you…" I dry my soaking wet body off and leave the cloth on the floor next to the bed as I climb into it.

The sheets are white silk, gliding gently over my naked skin as I pull them over me. A large fur blanket covers the top of them and I pull it towards my chin, completely tucking myself into his bed.

I pray you never understand the true bliss of a mattress after sleeping on a fucking dog bed for weeks. I haven't even eaten breakfast yet, but I'm ready for a nap.

He sighs, licks his arm a few more times and curls up on the floor next to the bed.

“Sweet dreams, Octavia. I’ll wake you for lunch.” His tender voice eases me and I sink further into the bed, bathing in the silk.

My body submerges deeper into relaxation and I feel my mind dozing off. I may not be safe yet, but today I felt safe with Tristan, and that’s one hell of a start.

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CHAPTER 13

OCTAVIA

I wake up to the moonlight cascading down from the window onto the bed, the trees' shadows slow dancing on the floor around me. Tristan remains on the wood, curled up exactly where he was when I dozed off.

Damn, I slept the entire day away.

I guess I really needed it. The concrete floor surely wasn't doing my bones any justice. My stomach is growling and twisting, absolutely begging me to feed it, so I jump out of bed to wake up Tristan.

Everything aches as I leave the silk sheets and throw on the clothes I left in the bathroom earlier, tiptoeing around the sand colored wood.

Approaching him, I squat down and lightly stroke his soft fur. He yawns and stretches as he stands up to look me in the face. His sad blue eyes are full of pain, like his bruised body carried over in the transformation even though it's not visible.

"Hi, I slept too long, and I'm really hungry."

I stand all the way up and drag my heavy body to leave his room, where he silently follows me, like a big dog walking behind its owner. His paws are so gentle on the floor, almost completely silent. If he wanted to sneak up on me, I'd never hear him.

When we approach the kitchen, he nudges into my torso with his snout.

"Yes?"

I look down at him and touch the top of his head, right between his ears. His eyes close peacefully – he seems to enjoy my touch quite a bit.

"I can't cook you food as a wolf, or really at all, to be honest."

Right, duh.

“I’ll peek around the fridge for something.” I watch him as he sits on his hind legs next to the dark marble island. “Thank you, by the way.”

The refrigerator is half empty, filled with a bunch of human boy kibble like beef and rice meal prep or Greek yogurt. I decide on a Tupperware full of some kind of ground meat and veggies and begin to microwave it.

Snooping around the cabinets more, I find silverware to eat with, napkins and a glass for a drink.

“Where’s the bar?”

I dart my eyes to Tristan and he guides me to a cabinet with a mini cooler in a corner of the living room.

This fridge is stocked with wine, seltzers, mixers and juice. Fancy bottles of liquor decorate the shelf and I don’t recognize most of them, despite being a bartender for the last few years. I snatch up one of the nicest-looking whiskey bottles, place a few ice cubes in my cup and make a heavy pour.

God knows I need it.

I find my warmed-up food beeping at me and make myself a seat in a leather barstool at the island. A few bites into my food and a few sips into my drink, I realize that I’m dining all alone.

“And what do wolves eat?” I hesitantly ask, not sure if I want the answer.

“Meat.” He says nothing else, and grumpily lies on the floor next to my stool.

Oh.

I scarf my ground meat and veggies down and pour another glass of whiskey. The burn of liquor sears my throat more than usual and I savour it. I’m sure my mouth is probably bruised from how rough Skyler and Valentine were with me.

I spark up a cigarette and strut around the living room, taking in the woodland view and checking out all the leather furniture while Tristan watches me from the floor.

One glass shortly turns into three, three turns into five and before I realize it, I’m shitfaced. I found a record player at some point, probably Valentine’s considering the selection of music, and “*Higher*” by Creed blasts through the house as I dance around on the rug.

Tristan lies in the corner, his blue wolf eyes closely tracking me frolicking around the room. He doesn’t say a word, he doesn’t even flinch –

just enjoys the view.

Bliss, that's what this feeling is. Drunken bliss.

I forget what happened last night in the woods, I forget the dog bed I slept on, I forget my job and fake friends and everything about my life just over two weeks ago. The alcohol gallops through my veins and I feel absolutely weightless.

After manically dancing for the last twenty minutes, I decide I need to sit. My eyes catch a sight of a lovely black leather chair and I plop myself down, spilling my full glass onto the side table next to it.

"Ooopsss."

Shit. I'm way more drunk than I thought I was. Tristan approaches me and rests his canine head in my lap.

"Gooddd puppppy." My words are coming out so much sloppier than they sound in my head.

I close my eyes for a minute or two to rest, enjoying the euphoric feeling of poison coursing through every inch of my skin.

This life really isn't too bad, if they'd let me out of the basement. Maybe it's just wishful thinking, but I could see things turning around and me living happily upstairs with my captors forever.

Or I'm just drunk and stupid.

My body melts into the chair and I start to see visions of two wolves pacing through a forest. The fuck? Did I fall asleep?

The forest has trees just like the ones surrounding me now. My brows knit in confusion, I try to get a closer look, like I'm trying to read small print, and suddenly I'm jolted forward into a third-person view. I'm no longer seeing things behind my eyelids, I'm actually floating in the sky above them.

The wolves speak to each other, but I'm too far away to hear what they're saying. I force my limbs to swim through the air to get closer and realize I recognize them.

It's Valentine and Skyler, but how is it possible that I can see them right now?

"You're going to have to tell her when we get home." The grey wolf says to the brown one.

"Fuck you, Val. Who's in charge here? I'll do as I please." Skyler grits his teeth and growls, but he doesn't budge.

I swim closer and they continue to walk through the dense thicket without a word to each other. The silence is awkward and chilling.

Can they see me? Where am I?

My body begins shaking, the edges of my vision start to blur and my lungs feel like they're being squeezed to a pulp. The wolves walk further and further away from me until they're just ants now and I shoot out of the vision back into the living room.

What the fuck?

I gasp and my shaking hands grab at my chest, trying to catch my breath. Tristan's wet canine tongue licks my face repeatedly and he stares at me with concern.

"Holy fuckkk, what just happened?"

I rub my temples deeply. My head is pounding and my words are still slightly slurred.

"I don't know, it looks like you had a seizure or something. Are you epileptic?" He looks troubled.

"No… Not that I know of."

My vision starts to clear enough to see straight and I try to stand up, but I quickly stumble to the floor. The room violently spins around me and I seem to have forgotten that not only is something probably wrong with my brain, I'm also drunk.

"I need to tell you something, Octavia…" He stands over me and nudges my body to help me sit up. "It can't wait any longer."

I try to focus on him, but I'm convinced I'm riding on a carousel and it's not slowing down.

"Can it wait till I'm not drunk, please?"

I think the meat and veggies aren't sitting well.

His wolf paws pace around the living room and he breathes heavily – I can feel his anguish from over here. His body shakes like a newspaper on a windy day and he refuses to sit still.

"I… I can't carry this guilt any more." He speaks as softly as a whisper and I can't tell if he's talking to himself or me anymore.

"Tristan, not now."

My stomach bubbles up and I can feel the bile in the back of my throat.

"We killed your boyfriend, Connor. And then we ate him. I'm so fucking sorry."

I cover my mouth and sprint to the kitchen. My dinner and drinks pour into the empty sink and I rinse the tap water on my tongue to wash down the horrendous taste.

At least the room stopped turning.

“Yeah, T. I kinda figured that when Val showed up at my door with his penis.” I sigh and spray my vomit down the drain. “I also have prophetic seizures now I guess, so that’s cool.”

Fucking Christ, maybe I should convince them to take me to a hospital or something. That counts two unexplained medical episodes now.

He begins to hyperventilate and suddenly a loud crack fills the room. Tufts of blonde fur pop into the air and he cries in the fetal position into the rug.

“Fuck,” he pants out like he’s in pain.

I slowly approach him and he stands up, naked and glorious in front of me. God damn, I didn’t realize how fit he was under his clothes.

He’s lean – the veins on his arms easily pop out and roll as he rubs his hands over them. His cheese grater abs and defined chest are covered in black and blue bruises.

He has no tattoos and his pale skin and blonde hair glow in the moonlight, a strange contrast to his dark purple splotches. Small and circular scars cover his chest and upper stomach, but I can’t figure out what they’re from.

The music comes to a halt as the record finishes and we stand awkwardly in front of each other. He makes no effort to cover his cock as it hangs at my belly button, begging me to look down at it.

When I’m finally brave enough, I take a peek and watch it swell the longer that I stare.

He’s not nearly as big as Skyler – in girth or in length, or even as a whole person – but it curves slightly upwards and I just know it would hit all the perfect spots. I fight a desperate ache to wrap my hands around it.

“I’m sorry.” He looks down at me and his bright blue eyes shine with reflections of the kitchen lights.

My mouth drools looking at the man in front of me, even damaged as much as he is.

Connor was nothing like these men around me, physically but also mentally. I begged him for more and he gave me less each time. The constant disappointment, the pain of the abuse, the grief…

“*I’m glad he’s dead*.”

The words slip out of my lips before I realize I said them. Oops.

Tristan stares at me, confused, his brows tightening as he says nothing. We sit in the awkward silence for a moment, each wondering what the other is thinking.

I take a hesitant step closer to him to touch his stomach and his bruises. He lets out a restrained groan, and the deep sound makes my knees weak.

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I place both of my hands on his jaw, turning his head each way and inspecting him. His cock grows stiffer and pushes into my belly, begging me to place my small hands on it next.

“I want to know… what you feel like.” His eyes are hooded and filled with desire, but he stands completely still, hands by his sides like an obedient soldier. “Skyler and Valentine know, is it… *my* turn yet?”

Fuck, his words hurt me, but damn, do they turn me on like a light switch.

Poor Tristan, he’s right. He was tied up, forced to watch. He’s been the kindest and sweetest to me, of course, he deserves to be reciprocated.

Fuck it.

“Yes, it is.”

I stand up high on my tiptoes, grip my fingers into the back of his blonde hair and pull his lips into mine. They’re soft, puffy and trembling with anxiety.

He moans, his mouth widening for me to kiss him deeper and his voice coats my tongue. The sweet smell of freshly baked cookies pours off his skin and floods my nostrils, making me moan back into him.

The softness of Tristan is appallingly different from Skyler or Valentine. He’s enchanting, like Prince Charming.

He wraps his pale hands around my waist, pulling me closer to him. Our tongues explore each other and they tango together in each of our mouths.

I want more, I want to *feel* him. I want to thank him for everything he did for me, for the pain and the sacrifice he made, for being so compassionate with me today and every day.

“Am I hurting you?” Nervousness makes my lips tingle.

Carefully, I rub my hands over his chest and arms, attempting to avoid the dark bruises. My fingers trail over his sculpted shoulders and softly brush over the odd circle-shaped scars. He shivers and seems to enjoy my gentle touch there.

“You could never hurt me.” My eyes close as he places both his hands on my blushing cheeks and cradles my face.

I know he means physically, but I think he also means deeper than that. He’s so adorable, so sympathetic, so innocent. Seriously, how did he end up here?

My hands slowly slide down his chest, then his abs, and I pause at his V-line. This guy goes to the gym often and it’s so obvious.

He throbs in front of me – the physical restraint he’s forcing himself to do manifests in his cock. I can see the veins pumping blood through him and he waits patiently for me to touch him, like he wants the tease to last longer.

Anxiously, I lower my hands to his manhood and as soon as our skin makes contact, his lips part with a soft moan and his neck tilts his head up to the ceiling.

He keeps his hands at his sides like he’s waiting for permission to do anything else, but his body absolutely melts at my touch.

Tristan is my candle wax and I am his flame. The sounds coming out of his desperate mouth make my panties so fucking slick.

In silence still, I begin to stroke him slowly, watching precum drip out of the tip. He’s already so into it, and we’ve just started.

His fists clench at his sides and he groans, his abs clenching with anticipation with each one of his shallow breaths.

The restraint… It's so fucking *sexual.*

“Octavia, can I *please* touch you?” He says through gritted teeth.

His voice catches me off guard, but when he finally looks back down at me with hooded eyes, I shyly nod at him.

Yes, Tristan, please fucking touch me.

Without wasting any time, he grasps my shirt and yanks it over my head, taking in the view of my breasts and peaked nipples.

He paces back a few steps from me and gazes at my body in awe from head to toe like a piece of fine art. My exposed skin freezes from the cold air and I resist the urge to cover myself up.

"Octavia… you are something else. You are… fucking *everything*."

A blush kisses my cheeks again.

He strolls backwards and lounges into the black leather couch behind him, his legs spread and his cock standing up tall. Delicious.

He rubs his fingers along his open jaw and his wide stance requests me to "*come and get it.*"

I feel a longing unlike anything I've felt before. There's a vibration in the air that genuinely pulls me towards him, like a force that I can't control.

"Tristan…"

I need him inside me. *Now.*

My bottoms go flying off my lower half as fast as I can snatch them and I practically pounce onto his awaiting lap. The string pulling on my chest is tightening like my spine is, itching for a release that can only be undone by his touch.

He tugs me into him and his swollen lips plant kisses on my neck and chest, the feeling sending electricity down my back and I moan for him.

"Octavia…"

All we can say are each other's names.

He continues to softly brush his lips all over me and my naked body grinds on top of his crotch. I work carefully to avoid touching his bruised ribs and eyes, but I'm on the edge already and he hasn't entered me yet.

"Please… Can I please fuck you tonight?"

The politeness, the tender touch he has, the energy in the room right now – I'm overwhelmed.

His hands lightly stroke across my skin while he patiently waits for a reply. I close my eyes and push my mouth into his, needing more of him immediately.

"Yes, *please*."

A part of me enjoys the tease, the desire reeking off of him right now while he begs for me, but I can't wait any fucking longer.

My hand grabs his curved length and slides it all the way in where I'm already soaked for him.

"Holy fuck," he grunts out with pleasure.

The back of his head pushes into the couch and we moan in union. I move up and down slowly on him, his cock hitting all the right spots in this position. He picks the weight of his head back up and digs his fingers into my long hair, shoving his tongue deep into my mouth.

The passion takes over his body and he grips my hips, pushing me up and down on him faster and faster. He can barely kiss me anymore as his lips hover over mine, filled with groans.

I've never felt intensity like this before – like a long-lost lover from a past life. My body responds to his touch like he's the commander of my spaceship. Everywhere his fingertips brush sends sparks across my skin.

"Tristan…" I can't even speak.

My hands reach up to his neck and I bite hard into his shoulder. Pleasure covers every inch of me and I'm unsure of how to contain all of it in my body.

He slides down on the couch, cradles my hips above him and pulls me forward to lie flat on his chest while I straddle his thighs.

"Your pussy feels like it was *made* for me."

He reaches down to push his soft fingertips onto my clit and his words right in my ear bring me closer and closer to sweet release.

"I'm gonna…"

My words miss their train ride to my lips and he knows exactly what to do. One of his hands grips my ass, the other spins in circles on my nub and he pounds his curved cock into me, hitting my g-spot harder with every pump.

I can't take it anymore, and I cry out, my loud moans probably vibrating the large glass windows as he continues to fuck me through my orgasm.

His hips rock unbelievably fast, the speed feeling impossible. My eyes try to look at the inside of my skull and every one of my limbs feels like Jell-O.

"Octavia…"

He slows, grips my ass with white knuckles and grinds my body back and forth on his length. I can feel him throbbing inside me, itching for his turn.

With a deep breath brushing my ear, he speaks again.

"Please…"

My sensitive clit rubs on his blonde and trimmed pubes with each movement, making my legs twitch.

“Yes, Tristan?” I await his request.

“Please… let me cum for you.”

Shaking off my orgasm, I push my body up and grab his face, tilting my head to tongue-kiss him deeply. I could die happily with my mouth on Tristan’s.

“How bad do you want it?” I egg him on. We both sweat and pant into each other’s faces.

His eyes flutter and he grits his teeth, twitching his cock inside me.

“*Please*… more than anything.”

I heavily debate denying him, just to see if he would obey me. He continues to grind my hips slowly on him, riding the edge.

“*Fill me up, baby*.”

And like a dog listening to a command, he pumps into me harder just a few more times and I feel his cock pulsate inside me, a warm liquid pouring out as he pulls out.

We lay there together for a few minutes, my head on his chest and covered in each other’s juices, breathing heavily in silence. I moan as he runs his fingers through my hair, about to put me back to sleep.

“Octavia, I’m gonna fall in love with you if we do that again.”

He closes his bruised eyes and I let his words dangle in the air between us. I don’t know what I just felt, but it was fucking magical. And I *definitely* want to do it again, so it seems he’ll be falling for me as much as I’ll fall for him.

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CHAPTER 14

OCTAVIA

I unfortunately had to go back in the basement – what happened last night will be me and Tristan's dirty little secret. As I said, I'm not sure what's allowed and what's not. But seeing the way the "pack leader" tied Tristan to a tree, then made him watch while he and Valentine used my face, I don't think anyone makes decisions besides our lord and savior – Skyler.

I'm a little afraid to disobey him, but there's something about it that sends an exhilarating rush through me. I've never been one to listen, to comply and just take what life throws at me.

I refuse to sit and wait like a fucking *pet*. My entire life has consisted of breaking the rules, even with my parents before their car accident.

I acted better with them, sure. But after their death, it felt like I had nothing else to live for. I flunked out of my classes, lost the few remaining friends I had left, and spent my days kicking rocks and causing mayhem around Silver Lake.

I was placed in foster care and the system tossed me around in homes that I didn't last very long in. The parents would always hate me – I remember having so many meetings with social workers where the families begged for me to go somewhere else. They would whisper warnings to my replacement parents that I was a nuisance, to be careful with me, and so on.

As a 16-year-old, that was fuel to the flame. Of course I wanted to act out, I was running on teenage hormones and freshly grieving the death of the only two people who truly cared for me.

Looking back now at 24, I probably could've made things a little easier for everyone. They were only trying to help me, but accepting it never felt

right. I was trying to force my rage into a mold of me that didn't exist, like a dress that was two sizes too small.

Memories flash back to the picture of my parents in the garage here, the serial killer-esque corkboard covered in strings and news articles.

What the fuck is that all about?

I can't wrap my head around why they're so invested in this witchcraft thing, and why my parents are linked to it. I haven't read much about witches and wizards besides the occasional mention of it in school when they taught us about the Salem Witch Trials.

My mother may have dabbled, but she wasn't like *that*. That's insanity.

I grab a cigarette and use the lighter that Tristan left behind to spark it up. My mind is too heavy right now and I need a distraction. I know I can't ask them about it, I don't know if I even want the fucking answer.

The old light hanging from the ceiling illuminates the creepy room that I've learned to make my new home.

I feel that I've outgrown this, but I don't necessarily want to go back to my old life anymore. I get fed three meals a day here, have sex often, my clothes are cleaned, and my smokes are restocked. This pack is starting to grow on me – I *definitely* have Stockholm syndrome.

Skyler is hot, dominant, and ruthless in a way I can't seem to resist. He fulfills a deep sexual fantasy for me, maybe even a small romantic one too. He looks like he just stepped out of one of my dark romance novels, bringing my daydream book boyfriend to life.

Tristan is sweet and kind, cute too. He's gentle and caring, but a pretty emotional guy. He lets his feelings get the best of him, or decides to squish them down and make everyone else happy. Besides that, he would make a great boyfriend. To be honest, he's someone I would take home to meet my parents if they were still around.

Valentine is intriguing. Even in the midst of Skyler's chaos, he remains grounded and collected. It's impressive and sexy, I itch to know more about him. Plus I like the way his cock felt in my mouth, maybe just a *little*.

I've had a thing for older men before.

Tristan cracks open the thick iron door and peeks in, just his bruised face. "They're home. Please don't say anything about last night."

I scoff and roll my eyes at him as I blow a smoke circle out. Does he think I want to get punished as well?

"What about last night? I don't remember anything happening."

He smiles and creeps behind the door. I take a long drag and watch the smoke float around the room. It dances under the dim ceiling light and mesmerizes me.

Skyler and Valentine open the door this time and carry undeniable rage on both of their faces. They march forward, maybe expecting me to be in bed instead of walking around, and they don't stop until they're about a foot away.

I look Skyler dead in the eyes, take a drag as I lean in, inches away from him and blow my exhale directly into his face. "Welcome back, honey. How was your *girl's* trip?" I smile at him mockingly.

His brows knit together and his hand wraps around my throat as he shoves me into the concrete wall behind me. His grip is tight and catches me by surprise, my eyes widen and I drop the lit cigarette to the ground. I smell campfire smoke as it burns a hole in one of the blankets on my bed before extinguishing itself.

"Tell me who the fuck you *really* are." His hand constricts and I can't breathe anymore. I claw at his arm, attempting to tug him off of me but it's no use. He's too fucking strong.

"Hey, ease up. You're gonna kill her." Valentine steps behind him and places his ringed hand on Skyler's shoulder lightly.

He obviously isn't a fan of being told what to do. Skyler quickly drops his death-clutch on me and whips around to land a nasty punch on Valentine's face.

"*Shut the fuck up*. She fucking *knows* and she's toying with us, toying with me."

He points in Valentine's face and as he whips back around to look at me, his fangs hang low, his skin is growing hairier and his eyes are completely bloodshot.

He looks more animal than human right now.

My heart is about to break free from the cage of my ribs – I have no idea what's going on or what I'm supposed to know that he thinks I know.

"What are you talking about? I'm Octavia, *Octavia Cross*. That's who I am. I'm just a girl you kidnapped, but apparently you have pictures of my dead parents on your weird ass corkboard in the garage. What the fuck is that about?"

Oops. It slips out before I can bite my tongue.

His breathing picks up, his nails grow long and he screams a deafening echo into the room before his bones begin to break one by one. He falls to his hands and knees and I watch his body sluggishly transform from man to wolf.

It's painfully slow compared to Tristan's and Valentine's. I can hear every crack of his bones, every realignment of his joints. A tear falls down my cheek and I don't even realize I'm crying for him.

I pity his transformation, it looks utterly torturous. Chills jump up my arms and I rub them away, trying to imagine how painful this must be for him.

With a final roar, his clothes rip to shreds and his dark brown fur-covered body paces around in a circle. His eyes are dark, pitch black like a midnight sky. His wolf form is quite a bit larger than Tristan's as well as Valentine's. He continues to breathe deeply, seemingly still in distress.

My mind wanders a bit and I think of last night, how peaceful and happy I felt upstairs. I miss the soft fur blankets and the bathtub, I miss Tristan's gentle touch.

Skyler's rugged voice brings me back to reality.

"Say your last name again, Octavia. What is it?"

I watch his wolf body stride around Valentine and he eyes me like prey, making me feel like a piece of meat he's about to kill.

"It's *Cross*, Octavia Cross. Are you talking about my parents? Why is a picture of them in your garage? Were you stalking me? Was this all a plan?" My voice cracks and I feel tears catch in my throat, wiping more from my face.

He growls animalistically and I know the sound will haunt my nightmares. If he wanted to kill me, he could easily do it in seconds. His head is level with Valentine's chest, his body level with his ribs. He has to be at least six feet long.

"Do you see what I am, what I've become?" He ignores my questions. His voice is deep and chilling – there's not a hint of tenderness to it.

I hesitate to answer, the words can't seem to find their way out of my throat. I stutter, but nothing of any importance makes it out of my lips. Valentine just stares at me blankly and allows everything to happen in front of him. He doesn't seem to have a single care in the world right now.

"DO YOU SEE, OCTAVIA?!"

Skyler screams and leaps towards me, his giant, deadly paws on either side of me and his snout inches away from my face. Saliva drips down from his sharp teeth onto my clothes. My body begins to shake and I feel adrenaline pump through my veins, my heart sinking into my stomach.

“I see…” I hesitate to turn away from him and I sound like a pipsqueak. “I see you.”

I’m scared, and he can see that. But I refuse to say it out loud.

He pulls his paws off the wall and begins to pace in circles around Valentine again. We sit in silence for a minute or two, both of them with their eyes on me.

I think I’m going to die tonight, for real this time.

Skyler pauses on one side of him and sits on his hind legs.

“Your mother did this to me. Your last name, your bloodline – it finally connected.”

What?

His words hit me in the chest, but I feel confused.

“Your mother did this to me, to Valentine and to Tristan. *You* are the reason we’re like this.” He lets the words sink in and sits patiently.

His wolf form is disturbing. It’s not charming like Tristan’s, or sleek like Valentine’s. It’s like a Halloween costume meant to scare children… and adults. Nothing about the way he looks right now is cute or comforting.

Saliva continues to drip from his giant teeth and his face is twisted, his dark pink gums poking through every time he talks or growls.

I’m genuinely scared of him, and it’s not the fun, flirty kind of scared.

“No… that’s not possible.”

More memories quickly flash through my mind of my mother pouring various liquids into cauldrons, lighting paper on fire and chanting around our house.

I never understood it, I was too young and naive. Our house always smelled of incense and we had weird traditions, but I always just thought she had an odd way of worshipping God, Spirit, whatever. My mother wouldn’t do this, she wouldn’t curse anyone.

“Yes. Your mother was a witch, and she cursed each one of us,” he blurts out as if he could read my mind. They both stare at me, but I notice Tristan slip his head back out the door with his head down.

“No, that can’t be true. My mother would never do that. She was a good person, she took care of me, she couldn’t have done something like this…”

I shake my head and slide down the wall, my hands run through my long hair, scraping across my scalp. “No, it’s impossible…”

My body begins to shake, my jaw clenching up. I try to open my eyes and see a disarrayed view of Skyler and Valentine still, but my eyesight bounces like an earthquake.

Fuck, it’s happening again. I’m losing control.

I crash to the floor and my shoulder aches from the fall. I can’t move, I can’t speak, I can barely even cry.

As I close my vibrating eyes full of tears, a vision of Connor’s rotting body takes over my sight. The view slowly zooms into his corpse.

I see birds picking the flesh off his bones, maggots filling his ribcage and moss growing around his skeleton. I can’t control my movement in the dream this time, but I progress closer to his body.

The sounds of the birds chewing and flapping around, the disgusting noise of maggots tunneling through his organs, and the wind blowing the grass around him overwhelm my ears. I try to scream but nothing comes out. I even try to close my eyes, but when I open them, I’m still here staring at him.

“Connor, I’m so sorry…” I don’t even know if *sorry* is the word I’m looking for. I feel so lost, so hopeless.

Everything always seems to be my fault, just the way it was when I was a kid. Every person in my life could find a reason to be angry with me, to blame something on me, and all I could do was take it.

I fought when I could, where I could, but that just made matters worse. At some point, I just accepted that I would be the villain in everyone’s story.

“I never wanted you to die. I said some horrible things, I could’ve been a better girlfriend, but I never wanted you to get hurt.”

The birds continue to pick at his flesh, pulling strings of it off and swallowing it down. Not a single living thing pays attention to me, it’s like I’m not even really here.

“I’m sorry, it’s all my fault. Everything is always my fault.” I watch the bugs crawl around his bones, the squelching sound of their little bodies moving makes me nauseous.

If anyone’s cursed, it’s me. It’s fucking *me*.

The vision I’m stuck in distorts, and one of the birds locks eyes with me. It doesn’t say anything as we stare deeply at each other, its black eyes

not blinking. I don't feel threatened or scared, if anything, I feel comforted. The spirit around it feels familiar.

"Who are you?" I ask, but it just continues to glance at me. "Why are you showing me this?"

It looks away and goes back to picking away at its dinner, unbothered by my presence again.

Tears pour down my face and suddenly I feel my body convulsing on the floor. I attempt to make it stop, but fighting it just makes it worse. Something wet pours out of the side of my mouth and I try to swallow, but I can barely breathe.

Goddamn it, I'm seizing again. My vision is still blurry and shaking, but I see Skyler and Valentine in the same position, just watching over me menacingly. My body begins to slow and my eyesight clears.

"Well, that explains a lot," Skyler spits out and laughs. His saliva-covered teeth disgust me as he smiles and his eyes are filled with malice. He looks like the devil incarnate.

I wipe the foam and tears off my face and sit upright. My hands run up and down my arms as I try to ground myself, shaking off the seizure.

"Fuck you." My lungs try to fill with air, but I cough out some foam and my insult doesn't come out as mean as I intended it.

They both remain completely still and watch me, waiting for my next move. Not a single ounce of empathy radiates off of them, their energy is empty. I wonder if they're even people anymore.

I miss my life a few weeks ago, before I met any of these fucked up men. I miss my shitty bar, I miss my apartment and my vibrator, Hell, I even miss Daryl. Is anyone even looking for me? Or do they just assume I'm dead?

"So tell me, Kitten, did your witch mommy teach you how to unbind a werewolf curse?" Skyler walks closer to me, his twisted wolf face is something straight out of my nightmares. "Or are you good for nothing at all and we should just kill you right now?"

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CHAPTER 15

SKYLER

Anger rips through my body every single day.

I hoped and hoped that it wasn't her, but alas, it was. After more than three years of research for a cure with Valentine, three years of searching for the person responsible for this hell… It was her fucking mother. Why did it have to be connected to *her*?

Octavia was lost in the foster care system after her parents died. Somewhere between switching homes a few times a month, dropping out of high school and being a menace to society, she became invisible to the government. Whether they couldn't keep track of all the records or something, we don't know. But shortly after going into foster care, her existence disappeared off the face of the earth.

We couldn't find anything. No documents, no jobs, no social media. She just vanished.

The night that I met Octavia was the night that we lost all hope of finding a cure. Valentine and I stayed up looking through stolen records we got from the local hospitals and law offices in the area. He's pretty well connected, but even with his access to special contacts, we found jack shit.

After tireless hours of reading and searching, we just gave up. It had been years since each of us had been cursed and ultimately, it felt hopeless.

I stumbled into that shitty dive bar shortly after a long run through the forest. I had just turned back to a human and found some wet clothes in a pile behind a Macy's. It looked like an employee had tossed them away and they happened to fit me perfectly, like a match made in Hell.

Her smell… it drew me in. I couldn’t resist. She reeked of an alluring scent that felt God-given.

On top of that, she didn’t look like she belonged in that bar at all. She belonged in my bed, screaming my name and begging for mercy. Her long hair should’ve been bunched up in my fists, her green eyes staring up at me, her perfect breasts covered in bruises.

She belonged *here*, trapped in my basement and cumming all over my cock every night.

I felt a draw to her unlike any other before I could even explain it, but then…

She had to go and be the biggest kick in the teeth, just as I was starting to learn how to make it work with a girl. Her mother… the years we spent tracking down her only child and never found her – she was twenty minutes away, working at a dive bar, right under our noses.

The stairs creak as I head down to the basement. I scan my keycard and tuck it into my back pocket as I slip through the iron door.

The basement has turned into a crystal and oddities shop. Valentine, Tristan and I brought in bookshelves full of books, an altar with a cauldron, herbs and candles – pretty much anything a witch could need to break a curse or hell, even start a new one.

Octavia has been working day and night. Studying, casting, throwing shit into a pot and saying a bunch of crazy words. I’m not sure. I don’t know shit about shit when it comes to this stuff.

I approach her and she flinches. *Mmm*.

We haven’t had any fun since I found out. The venom, the hate that I feel… It completely consumes me.

I want to fucking kill her.

I want to rip her limbs from her body one by one and break each one of her bones slowly so she understands a fraction of what I feel every time I flip. I want to see her bleed for me.

“I’m still trying…” Her voice trails off. Dark circles hang under her eyes and I’m glad.

“Yeah, just try *harder*.”

I stalk around her in a slow circle and watch her every movement. She continues to read from an old, battered book and toss random herbs into a pile underneath a candle.

“What do you want from me, Skyler? I’m doing my fucking best.” She spits out.

Bad kitty. Also, not my name.

“I want to be a fucking human, *witch*.”

“These books don’t read themselves, you know. Maybe you could be more useful and help me instead of fucking off all day doing God knows what.”

Very bad kitty.

I pause, waiting a minute to let her feel like she got a dig on me, then I creep up closer behind her and tuck her hair onto her opposite shoulder, exposing her fluttering pulse in her neck. My lips brush her skin like paint and her breath hitches, slowing whatever the fuck she’s doing.

The composure she was holding together has now crumbled like a tower into me. She can try to hide all she wants that she doesn’t miss this – these sassy interactions with me – but I can fucking taste her desire in the air.

My hand wraps around her throat and I pull her body back into my chest, resulting in a squeal from her lips.

Her posture tightens and I can smell arousal pouring out of every orifice on her skin. Fuck, I don’t want her to feel pleasure, I want her to feel *fear*. I want her to be *afraid*.

I squeeze tighter and place my lips right next to her ear.

“If you can’t fix me, Octavia, *I’ll fucking kill you*.”

She whimpers slightly and starts to fight my restraining hold on her.

“It won’t change anything and it won’t cure my curse…” My fangs come down and I bite her earlobe hard enough to taste blood.

She thrashes under my grip and wheezes a bunch of nonsense out.

“But it’ll bring me immense pleasure to watch you slowly *die* for me.”

I let go of her throat as she chokes and coughs all over the altar, her heart beating a million miles a minute. She whips around to shoot a hateful glare at me and doesn’t say a word, but terror floods her eyes.

Skyler - 1, Octavia - 0.

I let out a laugh and head out towards the iron door. That surely should motivate her to work faster.

The metal locks shut behind me and I climb back upstairs to the main living area. Last week we installed cameras in the basement so we could watch her every move. No more running. No more hiding. Our catch wasn’t escaping again.

I pull up the video feed on the TV and kick back on the leather couch, light up a cigarette and keep an extra close eye on her for the rest of the night.



I wake up in a jolt from a bad dream, my body jumping two feet in the air, but I settle back down when I see Octavia sleeping peacefully on the screen. The moonlight pours in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, making the living room carry a deep and sensual vibe.

"Fucking Hell, what time is it?" I mumble to myself.

3:48 a.m. glares back at me on my phone screen.

Well, I might as well make a drink while I'm up and can't fucking sleep.

The bar is always stocked with goodies since Valentine is a big drinker. I think he drowns his emotions with a tall glass of whiskey – maybe that's why he's so damn cold all the time.

Well, now it's *my* turn. I drag my fingers across the bottles and sing *eenie, meenie, miney, moe* until I land on one with an old black wax sealing the top. The liquor pours into a heavy crystal glass and I notice that it's a little more empty than the last time I drank it, a scent of Octavia seeping off of it.

Interesting.

I pace around the living room, glass in one hand and bottle in the other.

"What are you doing up so late?"

Tristan scares me half to death as he sneaks into the room. Seriously, how does he do that?

"None of your fucking business."

I take a swig of my drink and sink back on the couch, resting the bottle down on a side table. Nervous energy ticks around him like a grandfather clock as he eyes the particular handle of whiskey I have.

Ah, so he knows something.

Tristan Walker has always been such a fucking pushover. He goes along with what everyone says and even when he tries to stand up for himself, he gives in so easily. The boy is gonna have to grow some balls at some point in his life or learn to comfortably live with mine dragging across his forehead every day.

He sits across from me in a chair on the other end of the leather sectional, but he doesn't pry any more. His outfit consists of a pair of dark blue boxer shorts, pink and white scars on his chest and a near-fatal lack of confidence.

We sit in silence together and I sip on the whiskey, swirling it around my glass while he sulks in whatever's got him stirred up today. His head starts to hang low and he looks stressed, like he's having an argument with himself inside his skull.

"Just spit it out."

I laugh and watch him suffer the consequences of his own thoughts.

"I… I can't." His voice is quiet and cowardly.

Showing little interest in him, I lean into the back of the couch, light a smoke and patiently wait for him to grow the courage. His fingers run through his blonde hair and he shakes his head multiple times.

Whatever the fuck is on his mind, it's bringing him close to a transformation. He's either gotta talk about it, or accept the fate of the flip.

"I don't bite, Tristan, unless you *ask* me to."

I smile and show my pearly whites to him, but as soon as his blue eyes say hello to mine, his head bows again.

"I… I needed a taste of her. Everyone got their turn but me and… I was so desperate when you two were gone." He grabs his crotch tightly and leans back into the back of the chair. "She felt so good, so perfect. I understand it now…"

His sentence struggles to find an end and his eyes shut tightly. "I shouldn't have done it in the first place… I want *more* now."

He rubs his crotch that's straining against his boxers now and I watch, occasionally sipping the liquor and blowing smoke in pretty circles into the air. Aww, pathetic.

His fingers run over the circular scars on his chest and pinch them, like he's remembering where each of them came from. For a moment, I think he's about to just jerk off in front of me without a care in the world, but that's not Tristan.

He's more pathetic than that.

I sit up quickly to approach him and he flinches, instinctively shielding his head with his arms. Holding back a laugh is impossible, and my humor only makes him cower more. My legs bend and I squat in front of him, meeting him at eye level.

After a moment, he finally opens his eyes and looks up at me, dread painting his face into a twisted piece of art.

Two in one night? I'm on a lucky streak.

"Did you *really* think I didn't know about that?"

I scratch my scruff.

"Wha… What? How did you know?" He still looks anxious, but relieved in a way.

I want to say, "*I can smell her fucking pussy on the couch, asshole. The whiskey bottle is half empty, and a dying guilt covers your face. Do you really think I'm that stupid?*"

But I decide to fuck with him instead.

"I told you, I know *everything*, Tristan."

My large hands forcefully shove him into the back of his chair again and he gasps, the relief quickly wiped off his pretty face. My entire body hovers over him, like a predator taunting his prey right before the kill.

So. Fucking. Pathetic.

His boxers are still pitching a tent and it draws my eyes. I stick my lit cigarette in my teeth, set my half-empty drink on the table next to him and grab the edges of his waistband before ripping them off his pale legs and onto the floor.

He tries to cover his shaking naked body, so I grab his wrists and hold them with one hand above his head. My other hand catches spit from my mouth and wraps around his hard cock.

"You can't lie to me, *bitch boy.*"

His lips part, pleasure-filled moans escape his lungs and his eyelashes kiss his cheeks. This is exactly what he wanted, but tonight won't play out in his favor. I'll make sure of that.

His cock twitches in my grip, begging me to squeeze harder. I stroke him at a painfully slow rate and keep his hands up and away, high above his head. Not that he would've fought me on anything, ever.

I love to watch Tristan's slender body melt for me. My lungs take a deep inhale and I blow smoke into the air around him.

"How good did she feel?" I mumble through the cigarette in my teeth.

He doesn't answer, so I tighten my grip enough to hurt and he shoots open his eyes to look at me, confused.

"Huh?" He questions me, which is a mistake. I pull my hand off of his length and he whimpers desperately at the loss of my touch.

I know he knows better, he should be paying close attention to every word that comes out of my perfect mouth. I pull my cigarette out and ash it on his chest. That should remind him.

“Did I fucking *stutter*?”

He winces and his face shows signs of distress, but desire absolutely *reeks* off of him. I told you, my little pet would do anything for me to look at him longer than six seconds.

He can deny that he’s enjoying this, but I know the truth. Liar, liar, balls on fire.

“She… she felt so tight, so *wet*. Her moans were so fucking perfect, her skin was so fucking soft. Her pussy ached and clenched as she came all over me and… I can’t fucking stop thinking about it.”

That’s better.

I wrap my fingers back on his cock and he groans, making my lips pull into a grin. My hand strokes faster, watching his every move closely.

“Your pleasure comes from me, little brother, not from anyone else. I’ll take it away and give it back to you whenever I fucking *feel like it.*”

His pupils cross and get a great view of the inside of his skull as he thrusts his hips into my squeezing palm, his body shaking with anticipation. Will I let him cum, or will I make him wait?

“Skyler…” Words are barely making their way out of his moaning mouth. “Please… I’m *begging*.”

“That’s not my *fucking* name.” I rip my hand off of him again and he cries.

“*Daddy*, I’m sorry, Daddy.” He apologizes with a side of blue puppy dog eyes.

Smoke fills my lungs with another deep inhale and I exhale it directly into his squinting eyes, smiling like a freak and stroking him again.

“What are you begging me for, Tristan?”

His entire body squirms around the chair and he tries to fuck my hand, pumping his ass up and down. His pitiful whimpers make my pants grow tighter by the second.

“*Please*, Daddy, you know what I want.”

He looks up to me with begging blue eyes, an open, panting mouth and sweaty blonde hair. His misery almost makes me reconsider my already made-up decision.

I know *exactly* what he wants, but ruining Tristan's night will give me what I need to get some sleep. *Control over everything*. Plus, hearing him beg for it only brings me more gratification.

"Beg me." I pull my hand off and slap him across the face, his saliva flying through the room.

He continues to twitch in my grip and groans.

"*Please* let me cum, Daddy. *Please* let me cum for you tonight."

His pleas entice me, but I'm too enthralled in making his balls as blue as his irises to consider it too much. I let go of his hands, shoot the rest of my drink down the hatch and shove the scolding orange tip of my cigarette into his scarred chest.

He flinches and his eyes flood with tears, but he doesn't fight the pain. His skin sizzles and I watch it boil over, the putrid smell of burning flesh filling the air. This searing will only add another to his collection.

"*No*."

I let out a deep sigh and place my put-out square into the ashtray, squatting on the floor in front of him.

The sight is so beautiful – his face is covered in a burning desire for more, for *me*. The new wound on his chest will remind him of yet another time I rejected him. He whimpers and mumbles unintelligible things, but they're muffled as I get lost in my sadistic thoughts.

"Sit on your fucking hands."

I bite my lip and watch him obey, his brain fighting every instinct in his body to touch himself. How long will he last?

Tristan is a good dog, he'll behave, but it's incredible to watch his restraint. It's similar to watching an animal do a new trick you taught them – you feel proud and satisfied. He's a good pet, just like I'm training Octavia to be.

I give him a soft kiss on the forehead and walk behind his chair, my hand tracing over his fresh burn and scratching it open with my fingernails. He seethes his teeth, but his cock twitches.

See? A good dog.

"Daddy, *please*, please change your mind."

I listen to him grunt and moan as I walk towards my wing of the house. His absolute *need* to listen destroys him from the inside out as he squirms around in the seat and whines for Daddy.

I keep walking and stop just before my bedroom door. “Go to your room. And if you cum tonight, I’ll never let you touch her again.”

I hear him sigh and slowly stand up, putting his boxer shorts back on. His feet frustratedly stomp back to his wing.

“*That’s a good boy*, Tristan.” He doesn’t acknowledge me, but we’re wolves. I know he heard me.

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CHAPTER 16

SKYLER

Nine years ago, when I was 19 years old, I became less of a human and more of an animal. I became part wolf.

But my violent tendencies didn't start after a certain event, I was born this way. As long as I can remember, I've always been drawn to the dark side. Maybe I was cursed before I was *actually* cursed.

I was always a torment to my parents and my peers growing up – stealing little girls' dolls and ripping their heads off, hunting the nearby squirrels for sport and showing them off to teachers, just thriving on chaos.

Haha, what's changed?

No one ever wanted to be friends with me, and that was fine. I knew I was better than them anyway. As I grew older, I became more selfish, more volatile, and started trying to see how far I could push people before they said no. I'm not a gentleman, and yet women can't seem to keep their fucking hands off of me.

Most women will say they don't like dangerous men, 'til he's tying them up in his bed and making them relentlessly cum harder than their goody-two-shoes boyfriends ever did.

Why would I ever change? I get *everything* I want. Sex, money, drugs. You name it, I've tried it. I have no shame in what I've done for pleasure. What's the point in living if not for a little fun and games?

The only thing I've missed is *romance*, and that single chance for me has slipped away.

The girl I thought I could finally love just became my *enemy*.

The only other woman who ever cared about me for something beyond sex was my mother. But eventually, I became a pill too bitter for even her to swallow.

Octavia is the type of girl that my mother would've loved to meet, if she could bear to look at me anymore. She'd tell me she was proud that I found someone to contain me, at last.

My mother was weak, but I know she wasn't always like that. I think she used to stand tall, have power and crave it the way that I do, but my father stripped her to her core. By the end of things between them, she became this woman I didn't recognize. She let him walk all over her, do whatever he wanted with her.

He beat her regularly, like a part of his nightly routine was to make her feel small and hopeless. I see the same weakness in Tristan and it's disappointing.

My father would berate her for the littlest things. Sometimes the dinner was too hot, sometimes she forgot to buy his favorite brand of shirt when she went to the store, and sometimes there was no reason at all. My father was a violent man and had no issue flaunting that.

One day when I had come home from school, my mother was finishing dinner in the kitchen. She was making one of her signature dishes – chicken and dumpling soup. I was starving and ready to dig into a nice big helping of it.

Then my father stumbled in through the front door.

He looked intoxicated, his glassy eyes crawled over us like a snake studying its prey and deciding which one to sink its fangs into first. His coming home drunk was usually a sign of the start to a bad night for the whole house.

My mother greeted him and did her best to pretend she didn't smell the whiskey on his breath. And of course, he had something to complain about seconds after sitting down at the table.

Today, the food was too *salty*.

He shoved his chair backwards, hobbled his way over to my mother at the stove as she was already flinching, cowering at each one of his heavy footsteps.

I could feel the anger in my chest build up like lightning waiting to strike, but I sat still and watched their interaction from afar.

His fists swung down and beat her head down into the stovetop, her skin sizzling on the flame. The smell of burning flesh filled the room and I watched my mother scream for mercy until she was no longer conscious.

Her body crumbled to the floor and one side of her face was blistered in boiling burns. He stood over her, proud and strong like a true piece of shit. At this point, I had never stood up to him before, but that day I saw red.

My feet rushed me over to him and it felt like everything went into slow motion. I swung and hit his cheekbone, his drunken body taking a moment to catch itself. He tripped over my mother's body on the floor, blood dripping down his cheek. His eyes were full of evil, they were pitch black, just like mine now.

I am my father's son.

I shoved his body into the cabinets behind him and swung relentlessly, barely aware of anything besides red splattering onto my face and my knuckles splitting open. The steak knife my mother was using to cut up dinner caught my eye and I quickly snatched it off the counter. I shoved the blade into his chest repeatedly, slowly feeling his resistance against my attack start to break down.

I didn't even realize until I stopped that I was smiling the entire time, a true maniac at heart.

My father died that day and my mother survived, but deep down she died with him. She became a walking shell of a human. Her own son killed the man she still loved somehow, and a piece of her could never accept that, I guess.

I skipped town before they could pin me for the murder, and I haven't spoken to her since. I hear what she says about me through the grapevine: that even though my father was a horrible man, she resents her son. Even though I finally stood up for her and took matters into my own hands – I still wasn't good enough for her to love me.

After the death of my father, I didn't have much left in me in a sense of morals. I stole, killed people, took drugs and went off of the rails in every fucking direction possible.

I was constantly living to experience my next dopamine hit.

One day, I bumped into an older woman on the street while I was drunk. It was around 6 p.m.; the night had just started, but my multi-day bender was ending.

She stopped and looked at me. Her eyes were intense, a burning in her soul coming through them. Her energy felt like karma itself. She touched my shoulder and said something. I couldn't understand it, it was in a language I'd never heard of before. My skin began to burn like hot coals and I felt ungodly nauseous.

When she let go of my shoulder, she turned and walked the other way, never to be seen again.

I brushed it off as a one-off crazy interaction with a meth head off the street and continued about my night. I drank, I partied, I searched for my next high. That's all I cared about.

Eventually all that drinking caught up to me and I got into a bar fight. An idiot decided to push me too far and I hit him. We traded blows for a little while, but I ended up on top of him. I kept punching him while he was down and I didn't stop until his face became distorted and all his features bent the wrong way. Then, two burly men grabbed me and threw me to the street.

I walked to the back of the building the bar was in, stumbling into the trees and looking for someone else to blow my steam off on. Suddenly, my body began to ache, I felt like I was going to throw up. My skin was itching and my teeth began to grow and hurt my lips.

I had no idea what was happening, so I clung to a tree and dug my dirty fingers around in my mouth. I thought I had taken some crazy LSD or shrooms and was hallucinating the whole thing, but my teeth were really growing bigger and sharper.

Hair grew denser on my skin, my fingernails stretched into claws and all I could do was watch.

Then the agony came. My hands and feet broke first, making me fall to my knees with an ear-piercing scream. Each and every bone in my fingers and toes broke one by one, *slowly*. I could hear every crack as my hands and feet transformed into paws.

The fury built up in my body felt like it was escaping through my pores. The world felt smaller and my vision distorted around me.

Next were my legs and arms, *crack, crack, crack*. I tried to scream, but it was the howl of a wolf instead, and my body continued to break. Limb by limb, bone by bone, I transformed into my most hated version of me – an animal.

Settle in with a love story.

Head to Lokepub for more romance novels.

I was stuck in this form for six days. I ate birds and small mammals when I could get my hands on them, and slept on the forest floor behind the bar.

Rage consumed my body every time I opened my eyes. I was ugly, cursed, reduced to a creature and not a human. And I despised every minute of it.

Silver Lake is full of forests just like that one, you could get lost in them for days if you wanted to. I'm lucky enough now to live in the middle of one similar to the first one I transformed in, hidden from the world again.

On the final night, I howled into the sky, cursing at God in my head. I figured I was stuck this way forever – my crazy, debaucherous lifestyle was over and I was being punished.

I was a bad dog and my time to be crated had dreadfully arrived.

A set of soft footsteps approached me from deeper in the woods. Let me tell you, the super sense of hearing and smell is something that takes a long time to get used to. I wish more people wore deodorant.

I heard a predator near me, maybe a bear. It sounded large, I had no idea what I was getting into. Anguish took over my body and I felt useless – a soul stuck inside a giant weapon with no idea how to use it to defend myself.

Suddenly another version of me, but black with specks of grey around its eyes, was walking towards me. No teeth were showing, I couldn't smell any aggression coming from it, but I was still wary.

"Hi, I'm Valentine Sterling."

What the fuck, it can talk? He sat on his hind legs like a dog waiting for a treat.

I hadn't talked yet, could I talk too?

"Hi. I'm Skyler Vale." Holy shit, I can.

His eyes looked me up and down and I'm sure he could hear my stomach growling, but he didn't mention anything about it.

"How long have you been a wolf?"

He seemed calm, cool and collected. Like it wasn't out of the ordinary for two giant wolves to be talking to each other.

I debated lying, but I figured he would see right through it.

"Six days. And it fucking sucks."

He sat up, walked in circles around me slowly, as if he was inspecting my body.

"Have you transformed back yet?"

His words surprised me. What did he just say?

"Hold up, You're telling me I can turn back? I'm not stuck like this forever?"

I watched him pace around me some more.

He sighed and sat back down in front of me.

"Well, as far as I know, you can transform back, but you're going to be *part* wolf forever."

He seemed older than me, darker grey fur covered his snout and the way he spoke was smooth like molasses.

"How long have you been uh… like this?"

I hesitantly asked, unsure if I actually wanted to know.

"Twenty years."

Fuck.

We both sat in silence and his words cut through the air between us. Twenty fucking years. There really was no hope for us, was there?

"Uh, how do I transform back?" Anxiety ripped at my skin again, trying to creep out.

"It might take a while until you can control it, but for now, follow me to my house and I can try to help."

His voice sounded confident. I was fucked and I had no other choice than to trust him.

And so I did, I followed that strange wolf home.

Fast forward to today and we have lived in his mansion deep in the woods since then. He built it by hand, including the basement to contain himself and then eventually me, for the transformations.

Valentine is a quiet guy, and hasn't told me anything in depth about his past. But as I grew up, he seemed to submit to me easily and went with the flow of wild antics. At least he never spoke against me otherwise. I can't pinpoint a day when I became the man of the house, but here we are now.

Nine years later, I still can’t control my transformations, but I’ve recently been learning more of why and when they happen. I tend to flip when I get extremely agitated, more than I am day to day. Or a trigger – like Octavia getting beat that reminded me of my father’s abuse.

One day I’ll get a hang of it, maybe even my emotions too, but that day is not today.

Or even better, one day I won’t be a fucking wolf anymore.

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CHAPTER 17

OCTAVIA

The last few weeks have been extremely exhausting, but I’m horned up more than I’ve ever been before. My mind wanders to the deepest fantasies from my dark romance books, trying to remember the smut scenes. I play out the slutty words I can recall behind my eyelids and touch myself, but it’s not nearly as satisfying as riding Skyler’s tongue like a bull.

I fucking hate him, and I miss him.

I haven’t been played with in weeks – he refuses to give me any sexual attention or let his brothers sub in for him. Occasionally, he comes down here to check on my progress toward a cure, but there's no more fun in the sheets for me.

I’m being punished for something that’s not even my fucking fault, really. My mother did it, or so he claims, but what does that have to do with me?

My lungs burn with a deep sigh.

I know that there’s zero chance of me returning to my old life and seeing my shitty apartment ever again. My freedom is lost, like sand in the wind.

I watched it slip away right through my fingertips with every decision I made, even playing along sometimes. I think of my night with Tristan, when I ran away and got caught, Skyler was coming down here every night and stroking his cock to me… I fucking *enjoyed* it.

Jesus, it might not be my fault that they’re wolves, but it’s my fault for falling for them.

People must miss me. They *have* to. My manager Jeremiah at the bar, my neighbors, my friends that I'd hang out with if I had nothing else to do – why haven't they come looking? Do they all think that I'm gone forever?

I light up a cigarette and walk around the basement, blowing circles of smoke in the air and pondering my thoughts.

Studying all these books feels pointless, I'll just end up dead anyway – either dead to the world or actually dead.

Even if I *did* find a cure, if I *did* find a way to make them human again… what would they do with me after? Would they keep me down here forever? Would they make me their sex slave? Would they kill me?

My future looks bleak, but I still feel this gnawing desire to help. After everything Skyler has done to me, I *still* pity him. I pity the curse that he claims my mother put on him, I pity the darkness that follows him everywhere he goes like a ghost, I pity the loss of life in his black eyes.

I still care for Tristan and I want him to live a normal life. I don't know everything he's been through, but he seems so tormented by this curse. He doesn't deserve it.

Valentine is still a mystery to me, but he seems to have also lost his life to this. The emotionless look he carries with him, the stoicism, the lack of care for the world… It's easy to see that he's been through some shit.

I've sat here and read countless spells, history books on werewolves and curses, even looked through the research that Skyler and Val did before they met me, but nothing is adding up. The old curses don't even match the type of wolves these guys are.

Ugh.

Maybe I could think clearer after an orgasm, I'm still all worked up anyway.

I take one long final drag and put my cigarette out in the ashtray, walking my hot and heavy body to the bed. And yes, I have a real bed now and not just blankets and a dog bed on the floor. My hands will have to work overtime for the lack of a vibrator that I miss so much.

Sweat already drips from under my breasts and my breathing picks up in pace. Even though I haven't been with anyone but my hand for the last three weeks, my body is practically ready to unravel in just a few seconds.

The camera that faces my bed has a red flashing light, signaling someone has the feed pulled up and is watching. I don't care anymore, I need release. Whoever they are, they can enjoy the fucking show.

I strip my clothes off one by one, teasing the camera just a tad to let them know that I'm aware they're being a pervert. My clit throbs and anticipates where this is going, my skin tingling and goosebumps rising on my arms and legs.

I slip under the covers and my hand crawls down to my sweet spot, producing a singing moan throughout the concrete room. Fuck, I needed this. I know I'll be able to focus more once I'm finished.

The thought of Skyler eating me like his last meal was the perfect thought to get me started. I try hard to remember the feeling of his tongue working circles around me, licking me up and down so perfectly, his hands around my throat and taking the breath straight out of my chest.

The memories of his cock stretching me wide, his evil black eyes hovering over my face as he pushes me to the edge of consciousness and his teeth drawing blood from my skin all flood my mind like an ocean of pleasure.

My fingers work in faster and faster circles, my eyes shoot into the back of my head and I secretly wish it was him making my head spin instead. I wish he was touching me, licking me, fucking me. I wish his chaotic energy swirled around the bed with me and drew me in closer. I wish his thick cock was splitting me in half and making me scream out for mercy.

My free hand reaches up to my neck and I choke myself. My throat misses the pressure of his large hands against it. I'm aching for him, touching myself for him, cumming for him – and all he does is treat me like an object to fuck.

Why do I love it so much?

I feel my sweet release building in my lower abdomen. My body aches and I moan again, his name slipping through my lips this time. It's so close, it's right there, just a little more pressure…

The metal door creaks open and the sound of heavy boots stomping on the floor strips it all away. No, no, no. I feel the orgasm I was chasing slip away.

I don't even try to hide what I was doing, I'm sure whoever just walked in already got front-row seats to my fun little show. My hands rest on my naked body under the covers and I sigh frustratedly.

"Skyler told me to give you this," a deep voice grunts out.

Valentine? He rarely talks to me when he comes down here. It's usually just "*Here's your breakfast, here's your dinner, sleep well.*"

I pull the sheets up higher as he approaches me and I look up at him, curious but still annoyed.

“Give me *what*?”

His tall body inches closer to the bed and in response, I scoot into the corner as far from him as possible. I have no idea what he’s about to do, but his cold and lifeless tone is too eerie to be comfortable.

He begins to slowly strip, holding eye contact with me. His light grey irises pierce right through me and there’s not a flicker of emotion on his face.

“Valentine?” I ask, confused.

He ignores my remark, kicks off his combat boots, then slides off his dark wash jeans and finally his black T-shirt. I never realized how built he actually was, even at his age. Grey sparse hair covers his defined pecs and ripped arms that flex as he moves. Veins trace up and down his slightly older skin on his forearms and my pussy aches just a little.

Valentine is surprisingly a very attractive man, despite being as empathetic as a pair of tweezers sitting on your bathroom counter. His energy is wise, like he knows everything there is to know, but is humble and maybe a little selfish enough to keep it to himself.

I’ve had a thing for older men in the past, when I was 18 and 19, I slept with a lot of men in their late thirties and early forties. There’s something about that charm, that older, more traditional style of romance that just did something for me. Even now, it still does something, mostly something below the belt.

My eyes trace up and down his naked body, his cock standing proud and hard. It’s girthy, possibly thicker than Skyler’s. I’ll have to feel it to know.

There’s no curve to it, no weird markings or anything out of the ordinary. It’s maybe seven to eight inches long, not quite as long as Skyler's but not as small as Tristan’s. Grey pubes grow wild just above the shaft, a very primal, manly look that I like.

It’s not my first time seeing it, it’s not even my first time tasting it, but I have an inkling it’s about to be my first time *feeling* it. My mouth waters at the thought of him sliding into me.

He crawls onto the bed and gently peels the sheets off of my naked body. I shiver slightly, but allow him to enter my personal space. He’s not rough like Skyler, he’s not as soft as Tristan, but he looks like he *really* knows what he’s doing.

“I’ve been given specific instructions.”

His voice is deep but gentle and his breath smells of liquor. He kind of reminds me of the regulars at my bar, but if they were fit and *way* more attractive.

He swiftly puts both of my wrists into one of his hands covered in silver rings and lifts them above my head, making me feel even more exposed than before. I have nowhere to hide and I know I’m giving Skyler a hell of a pornstar experience right now through the cameras.

A part of me feels shame and another part of me feels hate.

I want him to hurt, I want him to regret not touching me for weeks. I want him to *miss me*.

And I know exactly how to do it.

Valentine’s lips reach over to meet mine and they’re soft. They taste like whiskey and mint. The flavor draws a moan from me that he catches on his tongue. His teeth gently bite my bottom lip as his free hand caresses my breasts.

“Val…” I softly moan out his name as his facial scruff gently scratches my upper lip and chin.

He’s playing me like a fucking instrument.

My pussy is begging for attention and I don’t feel like waiting any longer for the orgasm I was chasing before he walked in. He may have been given specific instructions, but I wasn’t.

Skyler should have put it together by now, I’ve never been known as someone who follows the rules.

I quickly rip my wrists free from his tight grip, grab his cheeks with both hands and kiss him deeply. I angle my head a little sideways to reach further, our tongues melt between us and he moans into me, playing right into my game. His ringed hands caress up and down my naked body, the sting of the cold metal making me even more eager.

I pull away slightly and stare into his light grey eyes, hooded and dilated, gazing right back at mine.

“Make me fucking *cum*.”

He eyes me for a moment and I watch him decide to disobey Skyler in real time. His light irises flicker with rebellion and his thick brows furrow. My words activate something ballsy inside of him and he kisses me deeply again, aggressively pulling my aching body on top of his.

Mmm, cowgirl. That’s sure to make Skyler jealous.

I shove his girth into me, so wet already that it slides in with zero resistance. My tits stick straight out and he reaches up to cup them, watching me rock my body back and forth on him.

“Holy *fuck*, you feel so good,” he grunts out. “You grip me so perfectly.”

My head falls back and my moans fill the room again as his thick cock hits that deep, perfect spot. Damn, I’ve missed this.

I turn my head and look up to the camera, giving it a dashing smile. I know he’s watching me. I want him to see. I want him to ache like I’ve been aching for weeks. I want him to miss this as much as I did.

My body grinds on Valentine back and forth, my clit rubbing against his pubes. The sight makes me burn even hotter – I truly forgot how much I loved older men. Grey hair anywhere is a bonus in my book, always.

“Fuck, Octavia, you’re perfect.”

His grunting voice fuels my red-hot burning flame. He sits up with flexing abs and his aged hand wraps around my throat, making me feel small in his large grip.

Valentine knows what kind of girl I am and isn’t afraid to play along.

“You’re the best I’ve ever had, *Daddy*,” I egg him on. “You fill me soooo perfectly.”

His eyes widen with shock, the name catching him way off guard. He knows what I’m doing, yet his cock twitches inside of me. Who’s the pack leader now?

I could do this all day, Skyler Vale.

Our mouths meet again, my fingers running through his black and grey hair and pulling him deeper into me. I might be trying to exaggerate the passion for the sake of a show, but there’s still a great connection underneath all of that. Valentine is sexy as hell and I don’t want this to be the last time that we fuck.

The red light continues to blink on the camera every time I check it. I hope he sees every inch of me sweating and panting for another man, calling him exactly what I know will get under his skin.

“*Daddy*, you’re stretching me out so wide. That cock is so big, so hard for me.”

I smile as I moan, imagining Skyler all pissed off in another room. I check the camera one last time and it still blinks with that red flashing light.

“Fuck me harder, *Daddy*.”

Another twitch inside me.

I pull his muscular build on top of mine as I feel a release coming, our bodies in a deep missionary now.

“Fuck me through the fucking mattress.”

Valentine happily obliges, his right hand around my throat again and his left hand working impossibly fast circles on my clit. His girth pumps in and out of me, slamming the entire bed into the concrete wall with loud bangs.

Damn, he really does know what he’s doing and I don’t know what he’ll break first – me or the pathetic wooden bed frame.

“I’m so close, don’t stop.”

I look up to the camera and my eyes roll back before I can focus on it a second longer. Everything turns to mush in my body, my vision blurs and my legs shake, but he keeps fucking going.

His fingers move up and dig into my sides, his canines turn to fangs and he looks more wolf than man. I know he’s close, too.

“Fill me up, *Daddy*. Give me that fucking cum.” Every time I call him the forbidden nickname, his cock grows harder.

He fucking likes it.

I scratch my nails down his chiseled back and he throbs inside me, a warm liquid swimming around. His lips meet mine and his fangs pull back into his gums, normal teeth sucking on my bottom lip now.

Perfect.

We hold each other for a minute as he pants and his heart pumps into my breast below him. His fingers caress around my thighs and torso, sending chills up and down my legs and arms again.

When he finally pulls out, a souvenir of him drips out of me and onto the sheets. I push my fingers into my pussy, look up at him, then the camera before licking and sucking them clean.

“Mmm. Am I *Daddy’s* good girl, or what?” My voice vibrates around my fingertips.

Valentine looks a little nervous, but satisfied. Without a word, he slips his clothes back on. It’s a shame he can’t stay, he looks fun to cuddle.

He turns to look at me and watches me lying there naked, playing with his semen, yet remains completely silent.

I shoot him a smile and he doesn’t smile back.

Stubborn old man.

Then, to my surprise, he leans in, kisses my forehead, and turns away. I think I found the limit for Valentine's romance. The sound of his boots walking out of the door reminds me that I’m all alone again.

I may have got what I was looking for, but a piece of me fears what repercussions will come once Skyler decides to touch me again.

Oh well, I guess I’ll just have to keep fucking around and finding out.

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CHAPTER 18

SKYLER

It takes a lot more to hurt the fucking devil, Octavia.

All she did was make me want to see her less, give her less, and make her crave me more. I give it another week before she's crawling desperately on her knees, begging me to fuck her.

Two can play at this game, and she won't win.

I shut off the TV and walk through the hallway to my room, fantasizing about all the things I'll force her to do to make it up to me. There's a debt now, Octavia.

My cock bulges in my dark jeans and I tuck it into my waistband frustratedly, not wanting to deal with that right now.

Tonight is a beautiful, clear night, the full moon really coming out to shine. When I open the door to my bedroom, shadows of the tree branches next to my window play on the dark floor like kids at a playground. I can still hear a fire crackling in the common area as I climb into my soft sheets, ready to turn in for the day.

I spark up a cigarette and lie down, eyes locked on the paint on my ceiling. The smoke flies out of my lungs and around the room, waltzing alongside the demons that follow me every day. I take another drag and my mind wanders.

She called him Daddy, and she did it on purpose because she thought it would hurt. Jealousy is a bitch of an emotion to try to manipulate, but I'll give it some effort nevertheless.

Attempting to turn my pain into pleasure, I grip my throbbing crotch again over my jeans, debating if I really want to dedicate an ounce of my

cum to that bitch right now.

I stick the cigarette in my teeth as my hands pull my aching dick out of the button and zipper, starting to motion up and down in slow strokes. My eyes close and I picture her calling *me* Daddy, her cumming on *my* dick, and moaning *my* name.

I stroke with mind-altering intent, trying to rewire my brain, but inevitably, boredom takes over. Do you know what men with no soul like me do when they're bored?

Fuck someone.

And since my little sex toy downstairs pissed me off, I decide to go out instead. Can I really be considered a cheater if I never asked her to be mine to deal with in the first place?

No, the answer is *no*.

It's not hard for an attractive guy like me to get pussy in one night. The tattoos, the muscles, the dark hair and eyes – they *always* seal the deal.

I sigh deeply, take another hit of my square and tuck myself back into my jeans. An inkling of reluctance creeps up my neck, but I push it down before throwing on a pair of combat boots and heading towards the garage.

My red Mustang shimmers under the fluorescent lighting, practically begging me to take it for a drive. If my appearance failed, which it never has, most girls fall for the classic car. I barely even have to get out of it before their panties are slick with sexual interest.

I twist the key in and start her up, speeding down the creepy road to downtown. It's a Friday night – it won't be challenging to find a hot babe looking to get railed by an asshole like me.



As I approach the city, I see countless women in their tiny black dresses, six-inch high heels and caked-on makeup flaunting around in the streets. They laugh at their girlfriends' crappy jokes and stumble on the sidewalk drunkenly.

Easy prey.

I rev my engine, pull past a group of girls in short skanky outfits and stick my tattooed arm out the window.

"Having all that fun without me?"

They all giggle and glance at each other, then a blonde one with bouncy curls, lip filler and oversized tits approaches my car door. Not really my type, but it'll do.

"Well, hi handsome, I'm a biggg fan of classic cars." Her voice is slurred and flirty.

Told ya. It works every time.

"Come inside and feel the leather, it was *made* for your perky ass to sit in it."

I rub my hand on the passenger seat next to me so my veins pop out. Women love that.

She enjoys my humor and struts around the front, her heels clicking on the asphalt on her way. I can tell she's drunk by the way her ankles work overtime to keep her upright. Her petite hands open the passenger door and the leather squeaks as she plops into the seat.

She smells of cheap Victoria's Secret perfume and tequila – I have to force my nose not to crinkle with disgust. Tequila is fine, it reminds me of Octavia the night that we met, but the perfume makes her smell like a hooker and not the good kind. Is there a good kind of hooker?

We meet eyes and I shoot her an interested glance – a bit of that evil grin and hooded, dark eyes. She giggles and burps.

"*Ready?*"

I wrap my hands around the steering wheel, flexing my biceps.

It's not hard, honestly. I don't know why men struggle so much with picking up chicks. Just go to the gym, wear well-fitting clothes and treat them like objects. If you look like a dick, you gotta act like one, too.

"Always." She shows me her pearly whites.

I slam my foot on the gas, the pedal touching the floor and a squeal that matches the sound of the tires burning escapes her mouth as we fly down the street. Bystanders yell at us for being noisy, but we both don't give them any time of day. Her big boobs jostle around with every bump we go over and she boasts a big smile with her fake lips.

They'd look good wrapped around my cock.

We drive around for a little while, watching the nightlife blossom and drunk people stumble around just like she was. She shoots a flirtatious look over to me every few minutes, admiring my arms and chest.

I can smell the desire steaming off of her. I wish it was more like Octavia's, but I swiftly push those distracting thoughts out of my skull.

Tonight is not about her.

After I've got the bimbo right where I want her, I pull over to the side of the road away from all the commotion and place my hand on her bare thigh. Her blue eyes fill with lust and she grabs my wrist, guiding my fingers under her short dress.

"I'm a *bad* girl who likes *bad* boys," she says in that sultry voice again and smirks at me. She has no panties on. What a whore.

I'm not a fan of her idea of flirting, which is just throwing herself at me relentlessly, but it's getting the job done and that's all that matters tonight.

I grab her long blonde hair and yank her body over the center console, forcing her head inches from my crotch.

"Then show me how much of a *bad* girl you are."

She eagerly unbuttons my jeans, whips my pulsating cock out and immediately takes me in her wet mouth. She moans playfully while enveloping me in her juicy lips.

"That's a *good fucking slut*."

I wrap my hands around the headrest and lean back to relax, closing my eyes and letting her do all the work to get me going.

Look, I'm a monster who may have crawled out of my cave with specific intentions, but she's the restless whore who put my fingers up her slutty dress. I'm just giving her what she wanted – to be an object for the night.

She bobs her head up and down and makes those fake pornstar gag noises and moans. The sounds she makes turn me off and I roll my eyes, shoving her head further onto my length so she shuts the hell up.

Initially, she hesitates at the aggression, but after a few hip thrusts in her throat, she relaxes and obliges.

Be a good pet for me, will you now?

"Choke on my cock, you dumb fucking whore."

I think I may have struck a nerve when she slips her mouth off of me, but she looks up with watery blue eyes full of desire. Her big fake lips are swollen and covered in her slobber.

Ugh, I'm getting bored again.

"Fuck me like a *dumb whore*, then." She slides her dress up to her waist.

Fine.

I grab her petite body from the passenger seat and place it onto my lap, her back to the steering wheel and her voluptuous tits in my face. My hand

wraps around her throat and my death-grip rips her weight into me. I force my tongue into her mouth as she chokes.

Fuck, this is better.

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She kisses me back while I suck in her small breaths. She grinds her folds on the top of my shaft and her high-pitched moans fill the car. I need to be inside her, ripping her apart.

I need to take my anger out on her.

My right hand grips her pulse harder and my left hand slips my girth inside, her pussy soaked and clenching for me already.

I growl and my fangs pull down. Truthfully, I should be holding them back, but I can just pretend they're a Halloween costume or something if she asks.

"Fuck, you're a perfect pet for me to ruin tonight."

I slam her small frame onto me over and over, using her like a personal fucking fleshlight. The sounds of her juices splashing on my thighs fill my already sensitive ears.

Her moans grow weaker, but her pussy tightens like a fist and her body shakes at my ruthless thrusts.

"Yes, Daddy," she wheezes out.

No, don't say that right now.

The cursed memory of Octavia calling my older brother that name crashes through my brain and nervous system. I feel hatred down to my bones.

I hear her moaning, bouncing up and down on Valentine's cock, staring right at the camera. I see her passionately kissing him and pulling him closer.

My fingers dig deeper into the stranger's skin, bouncing on me as I think too much.

She fucked him like that on purpose. She fucked him with fake enthusiasm and she knew I was watching, taunting me and teasing me.

The bimbo claws at my arm around her throat, gasping for air. Her lips turn blue and her eyes bloodshot. Who cares?

I need to forget Octavia.

I need to forget the way I feel for her.

I need to not feel anything at all.

I thrust into her harder, bashing her body up and down on me with all my might. My head shakes and my eyes clench shut as I try to fuck the image of Octavia out of my mind.

Just a little harder, just a little faster. I know it'll distract me the way I need it to.

Her body thrashes around, her nails draw blood from my forearm and I squeeze uncontrollably as I feel my release coming. The pain fuels my orgasm with gasoline and I'm so close, I'm so close to forgetting her.

Fuck you, Octavia. *FUCK YOU.*

I pump one final time into her, my eyes sink back into my skull and my fangs come down further, my juices filling her like a donut and pouring out the sides.

It almost worked, but as soon as I came, I remembered everything again. Octavia's voice echoes through my mind and I shut my eyes, trying to wash the image off the back of my eyelids.

I can't ignore her, no matter how hard I try. Her existence has its teeth sunk in deep into me and no matter what I do or attempt to do, I can't stop running back to her. I'm a rat stuck in a maze, and all points lead to Octavia.

It almost feels… No, I can't say that. I don't believe in *fate*.

If fate was real, was my mother fated to almost die to the abuse of my father? Was Valentine fated to be a wolf by himself for twenty fucking years? Was I fated to meet this woman that I can't fucking stand right now, yet I feel myself falling harder for her every day?

Fuck *fate*. I'll make fate my bitch, how about that?

My hand releases from the stranger's neck and her body goes limp on top of me. She's small, but her full dead weight on my chest feels like a grown man. I shake her, slap her across the face and try to wake her up, but she doesn't move an inch.

Her chest stops moving up and down, her eyes, mouth and nose bleed, her throat shining with a black and purple handprint that fits mine perfectly. I listen closely for the sound of any life, but it's dead silent in the car.

Shit.



I arrive at the house, with the bimbo and her big tits bouncing around in my trunk.

Valentine and Tristan may have never killed a woman, but this isn't my first time. I've never done it on purpose – it's always been an accident. It's just that sometimes my desires take over and I go too far.

I have a small graveyard of mistakes, this one counts as number eight.

When I first started *really* giving in to my appetite right after my father died, I didn't know how to be gentle. I guess I still don't. Women are toys that break easily. *Easier than you think*.

After I was cursed, it got worse before it got better. When I get excited, *really* fucking excited, I lose control and I forget that they fall apart like the dolls' heads I used to rip off.

I need a girl who doesn't want me to be gentle…

I need a girl that doesn't break.

I need the girl in my basement.

I *need* her.

FUCKING SHUT UP!

Jesus, I can't fight the grip she has on me anymore. It's so over for me.

When I get home, I'm giving in. I'm throwing all my cards on the table. I fucking fold.

"You win, *asshole*." I curse at God, Satan, whoever's listening as I sit in the car. "What's the point in fighting it anymore?"

I give up, Octavia. I'm *yours*. So be it. Now you'll have to deal with my shitty attitude for the rest of time. Tie my soul to yours or whatever, I don't care – it's easier than burying another body.

A large sigh seeps out of my lungs. This place has been abandoned for quite some time. No one wants to buy a home where someone was murdered. My mother moved away just after I killed her lover and then our

shitty house just rotted over the years, taking any warmth left in my heart with it.

I don't bury bodies at the mansion in the woods, I bury them *here*, where my sins first began. It feels right to keep them together, I'm not sure why. Maybe it's my way of showing that I care or something.

Occasionally I come back here just to feel something, to sulk in the memories of being a naive kid.

I never knew what I was getting into, did I?

I snatch the girl's body from my trunk and toss her on the ground next to the other graves. She rolls around lifelessly in the dirt and I kick my foot out to stop her from running away, metaphorically speaking. My hands wrap around the shovel I left here from last time and I start digging a new six-foot hole.

Could probably do five feet for this one, actually.

The dirt is soft and easy to manipulate, but I'm running out of time. I've already been out much later than I planned and I have to get this done before everyone wakes up, or they'll ask me where I've been.

My body aches and every muscle burns as the sun starts to rise. I rush to finish burying her, arguing with some holy spirit the whole time under my breath, but I get it done in under an hour.

The fresh soil stares back at me and I toss the shovel to the side, panting and squinting back at it. I hear the voices of the last girls I killed frolicking around in the trees, taunting me. Their souls are stuck here alongside mine that was sold to the devil the day I was born.

"The fuck you looking at?" I spit on the grave and get back in my car.

I need to get home and rest. Bad guys need sleep too.

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CHAPTER 19

OCTAVIA

I got a new job.

And every day is the same as the last – I chain-smoke cigarettes and try to decipher these damn old, rotten books. I speak a bunch of shit in some voodoo language, hoping for a spell to feel right, but it never does.

I'm never getting out of the basement.

Skyler hasn't come to see me even once since the whole Valentine and calling him "*Daddy*" incident.

I find it odd that I miss his presence, I have feelings for him deep in my chest that I can't deny, but…

It would never work.

He's an *asshole*, he locked me down here, so he's also a kidnapper, and we would butt heads all the time even if he *wasn't* a fucking criminal.

And if that wasn't enough, he fucking murdered my ex-boyfriend and God knows who else. At least he hasn't killed any women.

I only know our sexual chemistry, and even though it's through the roof, sex won't sustain an entire relationship. You need more than that – depth, emotional connection, real love and care for each other.

Does Skyler have *any* emotions besides fury and lust?

Maybe I could teach him – I can be patient with him and demonstrate to him how to be gentle, kind, and caring. I can show him how to love a woman, he just has to let me through his violent barricades.

My conversation just about two months ago with Daryl creeps into my head, how I joked about marrying this fucking guy. What was I thinking? Look at everything that's happened since then.

What an unruly daydream.

I shake the thoughts away and get back to work. I start flipping through the pages of a black tome to find the "*Cryptid Creatures and More Spells*" section of it.

Quickly scanning the paper, I look for any mention of werewolves, just like I have been doing for all the books up to this point. But something catches my eye about this one.

My cigarette ash drops onto the page and my fingertips brush it off as I read closer.

No, no, this one won't work.

This pack isn't immortal, not that I'm aware of. I need a ritual for mere mortals.

Aha!

My eyes laser in as I read the text three times over just to make sure I didn't misunderstand it.

Holy shit. I can fix them.

Tristan enters the room with steaming breakfast on a tray in his hands. His energy is refreshing every time he walks in – a soft and sweet vibe to flush away the anger raging through this entire house.

"Tristan!" I jump up and down and grab the tray from his hands, set it on the altar, and lunge forward to hug him deeply.

He grips me back, but looks unsure of why we're touching at all.

"What's all the excitement for?" His sweet blue eyes stare into mine with hope. The bruises have healed completely, he's back to his perfect pale skin everywhere.

Fuck, he's so cute.

I pinch his cheeks and quickly squish a kiss into him, my smile so big that I can barely purse my lips. Oops, I couldn't help myself.

When I pull away, his eyes are wide with shock.

"I have a cure! I can fix you!" I grab the dusty book and hold it above my head, jumping up and down. "I can fix you, Tristan. All of you."

His eyes start to fill with water and he wraps his fit arms around me. The smell of his coconut shampoo soothes my nostrils with every inhale, his fingers grip into me intently and I can feel him smiling against my shoulder.

After a moment of peace with him, I realize how much I've missed this – genuine and kind human connection. Skyler doesn't know how to do that.

Speaking of the devil, he walks in as well.

“You have a cure? Bullshit, let me read it.”

He aggressively snatches the book from my hands and rips Tristan off of my body, gripping the back of his shirt. “Get it together, *pussy.*”

And just like that, it’s gone. My moment of human connection.

Valentine creeps in and says nothing. He hangs a step behind Skyler, peeking over his shoulder, but not intruding. Tristan persists with a stare towards me, not giving the book any of his attention and mouths, “*I miss you.*”

“This might work, we’ll try it tonight.”

Skyler’s daunting voice kills the celebratory mood and he turns to stomp out of the room. His energy is different, but I feel an invisible string pulling my chest towards him.

“Wait,” I quickly spit out and try to catch him by nabbing at his back.

He whips around and his previously evil eyes now look dead inside. His eyebrows sit still, his face completely blank. The dark pits of nothingness that I used to find intriguing, sexy even, are gone. The longer I look at him, the worse I feel.

“I… Um… Why don’t you come down here anymore?”

I want to put him on the spot while his brothers are still here, plus I’m a little bit afraid to be alone with him right now.

He waits for a moment and it looks like he tosses a couple responses around in his brain before speaking. I couldn’t have a clue what he feels right now, though. The reckless and chaotic energy that used to follow him everywhere he went is gone, he just feels empty and off.

He feels like Valentine.

“Just do the damn ritual, Octavia. Why do you care who serves you your meals, huh?”

I don’t say anything, I just watch him stare me down with hatred. The invisible thread that connected us starts to twist and pull painfully at my heartstrings.

“You’re *nothing*.” He gulps, like the words taste bitter on his tongue. “You were never anything to me, just a pussy to fuck and a witch to break my curse.”

I feel the string connecting us break in half, right then and there. If he intended to hurt me, it fucking worked.

I try to tell myself he's falling for me and he's just protecting himself and his feelings, but it's not working. All of my coping mechanisms quickly fall apart beneath me.

I suddenly regret all the teasing I did, the staring at the camera and taunting him. I regret our banter, the little games that we played. I took it too far, and it's my fault.

A deep guilt eats away at my insides and I tear up. There's a lump in my throat that's impossible to swallow down.

He watches me for a moment, then turns on his heel and pushes out of the room without saying another word. Everyone follows him, like a true king of the jungle.

My feelings of abandonment boil up and the gut-wrenching feminine rage steps in to protect me. The pain of every guy that's ever used me just for sex, the liars and the cheaters and the abusers – it's being squashed down with generational levels of fury.

What the *fuck* did I like about him in the first place? And why the *fuck* am I helping him?

I throw the items on the altar across the room, trashing everything in sight. The herbs go flying, candle wax spills on the tabletop and book pages ripple through the air.

Skyler Vale's demon-infested mind took me as his final victim, and now there's nothing left to rot inside him.

The red light on the camera flashes and sends an annoying reminder of my submissive position here.

He has access to me 24/7, and I have access to him when *he* feels like it. He fucks me when *he* feels like it, feeds me when *he* feels like it, then throws me away like garbage when *he* feels like it.

I'm expected to be a good pet and just take it.

Fuck that.

His undeniable need for control completely destroyed me and anything we had between us.

Maybe I made it up. Maybe he lied, and he never felt anything for me. I swear I saw it in his eyes, I felt it in my chest – was it all a fucking facade?

I'm doing this ritual and then I'm getting the fuck away from here, as far as I can run. I never want to see him again, especially when he can't use his animalistic side as an excuse for his disgusting behavior anymore.

~

I can't tell time in the basement, but I know it's late in the evening because Valentine is here to collect me like a tool in his workshop.

He gestures for me to place all of the things I need for the ritual into his thigh bag and says absolutely nothing.

I've had time to cool down and reflect, but I'm feeling so many things all at once that I can't even pick an emotion to talk about. My heart hurts, I'm full of regret and shame, but I also swallow a pit of anger in my stomach, boiling up again.

"Valentine…" I feel utterly pathetic and my words practically trip over their own feet, making their way out of my mouth.

He looks down at me and his grey eyes pierce me even deeper than the humiliation I already feel.

Goddamn, he looks good though, it's distracting. His scruff catches in the low light and his jawline is sharper than the edge of a knife. This man aged like fine wine and I want a tall glass of it.

I palm my face and wipe away my blush from looking at him. Back to the subject.

"Am I really nothing to Skyler?"

Embarrassment spews out from every pore on my body and I cower down, unable to hold his dreamy eye contact. Sitting here in this dark room, alone with my thoughts all day – it's broken me. I feel empty and exhausted, looking for any ounce of hope from this old man.

He places his aged fingers on my chin and tilts my head up to look at him again, but his words confuse me further.

"Quite the contrary, actually."

We look at each other for a moment, exchanging words without speaking anything. There's a sparkle in his eye, one that I hadn't seen before. His touch on my skin feels soothing, calming, grounding. I don't feel this with Tristan or Skyler.

It feels like the world stops turning, all of my problems fade away and the only thing I can focus on is his gentle grip on my chin.

My heart aches for this – this grounded and protected sensation.

Feeling brave, I stand up on my tiptoes and push my lips into his, wrapping my hands up around his neck. He pulls me into him, but in a gentle and tender way. We deepen our slow, thoughtful kiss by tilting our

heads and the passion between us grows with every second of our tongues caressing each other.

My body naturally leans further into him and I shiver at his ring-covered hands running up and down the small of my back. I swear I hear soft jazz playing in the background.

Magic, that's what this is. This kiss is fucking magical.

He slides away from me and rests his hand on my cheek, stroking his thumb across it.

"Val…"

"Shhh…" He quiets me.

We keep our eyes locked on one another, compassion exchanging without anything vocal. He puts both his hands on my blushing cheeks and sets his forehead onto mine, closing his light eyes.

There is nothing in the world that could pull me away from this feeling right now. Absolutely nothing. It's just us, floating through time and space. I listen to his slow breathing and inhale his cologne, mixed with a taste of whiskey on my lips now.

Fuck, I love this. I never want it to end.

I picture a life with Valentine, a life of protection and peace. I envision him cooking me breakfast in the morning, watching him create in his workshop, and lying on his big, muscular chest at night.

My hands rest on his pecs as he pulls away and opens his eyes, my body aching at the loss of his touch.

"You are way more than an object to me, and to everyone in this house. You are *everything*. Do you trust me, Octavia? Do you trust what I'm saying to you?"

His words bring tears to my eyes and suck me out of my daydream, and before I can say yes, he's gently tugging me out of the basement and up the stairs.

God damn, I needed that. I needed that more than I needed fucking oxygen.

I try to repeat his reassurance in my mind over and over again. The whole reason I'm doing this, the whole reason I'm helping them, is because I saw a future here. I saw something with all three of these brothers – the life in the woods I've always dreamed of.

I still crave that, despite everything that's happened here. I still want *this*.

When we step outside, the other two boys are waiting for me. The full moon is so bright, almost blinding, and I realize I haven't seen the beauty of nature in weeks. I glance around at the trees surrounding them, the light fog in the air and inhale the smell of grass and dirt.

Fuck, I missed being outside. I only hope I can see sunlight soon, as well.

"Let's get going," Valentine mumbles as he wraps his hand tightly around my bicep.

Yeah, right, like I'm going to try escaping right now. It would be fun to run from all three of them, though.

We march together through the foggy forest, eventually reaching a small clearing in the woodland. Everyone silently agrees this is a great place for the ritual, the aura surrounding us filled with anticipation. Valentine lights a small campfire and places my necessary items on a large rock near it.

I pull the folded paper from the book out of the pile and begin reading the instructions out loud to them.

"Okay, I need all three of you to stand facing me, near the fire." I point and direct them, feeling out of place to be the one in control.

"I'm gonna create this concoction over the flames in the brass bowl, and then you'll all have to drink it."

I throw the ground-up herbs and holy water into the dish and rest it next to the hot coals. It begins to boil as I proceed with reading the instructions out loud.

"Oh, shit."

I missed the fine print.

They all look concerned, and Skyler blurts out a stern, "What?"

"This won't work, I'm sorry…"

Fuck. I can't believe I missed this.

"It needs you all to be in *wolf* form."

The forest falls completely silent and the crackling of the firewood acts like crickets in the stillness.

Valentine strips his clothes off until he's naked and transforms in a matter of seconds. He glances at his two brothers with a blank face and shrugs.

"You've gotta figure it out someday, why not try now?"

Skyler and Tristan gaze at each other with confusion and a hint of frustration.

We all wait for a few more minutes in the awkwardness and I observe them, standing there patiently with their arms on their chest like they're waiting for *me* to do something about it.

What are they looking at me for?

Wait, I have an idea.

Memories flood back of Skyler growing furious with me in the car when we first met, kicking me to the street and speeding off in his old Mustang. When he turned in front of me in the basement, he was also agitated, almost uncontrollable.

I remember Tristan turning after being a people-pleaser, abandoning his own desires for mine and Skyler's, trying to obey even though it went against what he wanted. He turned back when he finally came clean and put himself first.

It clicks, and I know exactly what to do.

"Tristan, you fucked me so good that one night that you let me go upstairs, I miss the way your perfect cock felt sliding in and out of me."

They both carry a look of shock with wide eyes, and turn to face their brother instead of me.

I strut over to him sexually but keep my eyes locked on Skyler, watching his rage boil up right in front of my eyes. His face turns from surprised to pissed, his brows furrowing and his pupils dilating enough to turn his irises into that dreaded shade of black.

My hands run up and down Tristan's chest, taking my time, and I kiss his neck while I stare at Skyler.

"Dare I say, you fucked me the best out of all three of you?"

I grab Tristan's cock through his sweats and fake moan, to which Skyler starts to lose it. He crosses his arms again like he's trying to play it cool, but I see his chest rising and falling faster and his face twisting in every direction.

"Will you pleaseeee fuck me like that again? Will you pull me on your lap, slide my ass up and down on you and make me cum on your cock all fucking night? I want to feel that again – you filling my pussy with your juices."

Tristan grunts uncomfortably and I grin, watching Skyler's body hair grow thicker. His fangs pull down and with a final lick on Tristan's neck, his brutal transformation begins.

Skyler’s bones break slowly, painfully slow. It’s so hard to watch him, every single crack looks like a world of agony. Valentine and Tristan’s transformation takes about three seconds, while Skyler’s takes almost two whole minutes.

The cracks shred his clothes, his face morphs into a demonic, gutted wolf and when he’s finally finished, he looks as if he’s ready to rip me and Tristan into tiny pieces like the cloth surrounding him.

Shoving my fear down, I gulp and say, “Good, now you.”

I turn on my heel to face Tristan directly, my back to the nightmare fuel behind me. He looks nervous – exactly where I want him to be.

“Tell Skyler how you feel about me.”

His cheeks turn a hot red and he shakes his head, hiding his face away from both of us. I hear Skyler laugh and scoff behind my back while Tristan’s fists clench at his sides.

“Oh, come on, I know you can do it. It’s not that hard now, is it?”

He tries his best to energetically push me away, but his body starts to betray him. It twitches with each second he remains silent and I see his blonde arm hair grow thicker as he rubs his hands up and down them. This is going so well.

“You’re not already in love with me after just having sex *once*, right? That would be *embarrassing*.”

He shakes his head to lie again and fists his fluffy hair nervously, but his body can’t contain it anymore.

An ear-piercing crack floods the forest and his clothes rip into a destroyed pile of cotton.

Three wolves now sit in front of me, patiently waiting for the next step. Each of them is so different, so far from one another, but they come together as a family, a *pack*.

A pack of mine.

I command them where to stand and begin the chanting part of the ritual. The voodoo words make the air around us vibrate and I feel sparkling energy escaping every inch of my skin.

Flames on the fire shoot up and almost consume the potion bowl. I quickly drag it away and continue the chanting.

My eyes trace across the flames to the wolves in front of me, all locked onto my next move. Memories of all three of them spin around my mind, distracting me from the ritual.

I see Skyler driving me around in his Mustang, my hair blowing in the wind around my face and a cigarette hanging out of my mouth while he tries to hide a smile.

I see Tristan, drawing me a bath, helping me escape, and laughing at my jokes as I dance around the living room like a fucking maniac.

I see Valentine, holding my head to his and running his hands up and down my back, the passion between us undeniable.

The contempt I feel for Skyler, the betrayal and abandonment, it all fades away. I want a life with all of them. I want to run around with them in these woods behind the mansion. I want to fall asleep next to them, cuddling up with their fur.

I want to be part of their pack.

Power fills my veins, I feel every hair on my body stand up high as my eyes roll back. Rainbows of color flash around behind my eyelids and my legs feel like they lift off the ground.

I think I'm a fucking God.

It's working, I can feel it working.

Suddenly my body starts to shake and the powerful force inside of me quickly dies. Nausea cuts through my stomach and bile burns at the back of my throat. My life force feels weaker and weaker, escaping me faster by the second.

Something's wrong, very wrong. What did I do wrong?

Fuck!

I try to open my eyes, but the world starts to spin, my feet lose their balance and my vision goes impossibly blurry. My eyelids weigh a hundred pounds and my lips can't form the sentences to cry for help.

No… I was so close.

My daydream about a life with the boys fades, my fantasy leaving just as quickly as it came. It'll stay just that forever… *a fantasy*.

How could I be so dumb? It would never work. I read about these types of relationships in my books, but that's why they're written in fiction.

They're not real.

My heart aches, my legs finally give out and I collapse to the forest floor, convulsing. I taste blood on my tongue and feel a single tear drip down my cheek, but I can't move my arm to wipe it away.

The last thing I hear is paws running towards me and suddenly I'm in a pit of bleak hopelessness, just like Skyler's demonic black eyes.

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CHAPTER 20

SKYLER

Her small frame violently shakes on the forest floor. The fire burns out and foam spews from her mouth like a rabid animal.

The anger, the hatred, the desire to kill that I felt, it all slips away as I watch her helplessly seize in the dirt. She's my girl, my Kitten, my everything, as much as I wanted to deny it.

Regret consumes me whole.

I wish I did so many things differently. I wish I didn't play games with her so much, I wish I didn't walk away from her when she reached out, I wish I didn't fuck that dumb whore last night.

I wish, I wish, I wish.

I wish I wasn't so fucked up. I wish I could show her I care.

But I can't do anything, I can't help her in this form.

I'm not only a piece of shit, but I'm also a *useless* piece of shit.

Valentine transforms back to human and rolls her onto her side, keeping her from drowning in her own saliva. Everything happens in slow motion, but I feel the wrath quiet down in my body.

My skin itches, like there are tiny pieces of dust all over me. I glance down at my paws and the claws begin to shrink back, the fur growing sparse.

Holy fuck, I'm transforming.

Closing my eyes, I think only of *her*, praying to any God that would listen to me to keep her alive. I have to apologize, I have to make it up to her.

My snout shrinks into a nose, my paws into hands and my body slowly morphs back into a human, but it doesn't hurt this time.

When I'm finished, I look down at my nudity and shoot a thank you up to the sky. I sprint over to her and place her head in my lap, petting her soft skin gently and a tear drops from my cheek onto hers before I realize I'm crying.

Damn, I'm *crying* for a girl.

Valentine peers up at me and Tristan struts over as a wolf still, both of them wide-eyed and silent.

Please, live.

I rock my body with her, mumbling nonsense. God, why did I say all that stupid shit? I didn't mean it, I just wanted to protect her from my disgusting heart.

From this, I wanted to protect her from *this*.

"She's not waking up, we need to take her to the hospital." Valentine's voice snaps me out of the ball of emotion that I am.

He attempts to pull her from my lap, but my fingers refuse to let go and they grasp tighter into her trembling skin.

"*Skyler*, let go. She needs help," Tristan attempts to soothe me.

I miss her stupid smile, her green eyes rolling with annoyance when I say something corny, the way her black hair cascades on the sheets when she sleeps. I miss the smell of her, the scent that gets me a little high, that makes my cock twitch. I miss watching her work from the CCTV, the way her tongue traces across her lips when she's completely focused on a task.

FUCK!

I can't lose her, and I can't handle the emotions in my chest. I feel like I'm about to combust all over the forest floor.

A sob escapes my mouth as Valentine picks her up and carries her towards the house quickly. I dig my palms into my teary eyes and give maximum effort to my breathing.

I can't lose her.

She can't be another girl in my graveyard, she can't fucking die. She can't lie next to them, forever a haunting reminder of my sins. She's not one of them, she's not a mistake. She's so different.

I need her.

I need her laughing in my car, bantering with me. I need her running around the mansion, play-fighting with my brothers. I need her lying in my

bed every night, sleeping as peacefully as she did the first evening she came home with me.

Fate, God, whatever you are – suck my asshole. This feeling utterly sucks. And give her back to me.

I look at Tristan, his eyes are watery as well, pity painting his face. I want to hug him, I want to be comforted.

“Is this… what love feels like?” I feel disgustingly weak as I say those painful words.

My heart’s about to pop out of my ribcage as I speak, tears burn my throat and I completely crumble apart. I should feel embarrassed, but I don’t, I feel *connected*.

“I… I feel the same way,” he mumbles.

He quickly transforms in front of me and squats down to offer me a hand to stand up. I grab it and we stand face to face, both crying like wusses.

We’re naked and it’s awkward, but I don’t feel the deep, dark hatred for the world anymore. A small amount of the weight I carry with me daily is lifted off of my shoulders standing here, nude in the forest with Tristan.

We wrap our arms around each other, my fingers desperately gripping into his soft back. It feels soothing, like how a mother should feel.

This might be the first hug I’ve ever had.

We’re skin to skin, I can feel the scars on his chest push into mine. My soft dick pushes into his stomach, his hands clench into my back muscles, and a sense of homeliness washes over me.

I feel safe, almost. Safety is a new sensation for my soul.

“Let’s go save her,” he says with tears in his eyes.

I pull away, grab his bicep and sprint towards the house, searching for the nearest set of clothes we can throw on before hopping in the back of Valentine’s car in the garage.

Her parents’ tattered Polaroid photo haunts me from the corkboard on the wall, speaking to me through the windshield.

Save her.

She’s lying on her side in the backseat and still seizing. I place her head on my lap again and brush her black hair with my anxiously trembling fingers. Tristan slides in the passenger seat as Valentine zips out of the garage and we fly down the street to Silver Lake Hospital.

“Please live, please wake up, I can’t believe I did this to you,” I whisper to her and my tears drip on her beautiful face. “I’m so sorry.”

The twenty-minute drive feels like the longest car ride of my life, even speeding way over the limit. Trees and cars fly past us and I watch her twitching face in my lap, her brain destroying itself by the minute. I wonder what she feels, what she’s seeing right now, if she can even comprehend a thought.

Can she see me crying over her fading body? Can she feel my regret and how sorry I am?

The tires on the car squeal like an animal as Valentine whips the car into the emergency entrance and I pull her body out of the seat, carrying her like a dying princess. I dash inside the lobby and up to the nurse’s area, screaming for help. My guttural voice echoes off the walls, my throat sore from the yelling. Saliva flies from my mouth and it still doesn’t feel loud enough.

Her body continues to shake in my arms and her eyes are slightly open, but rolled all the way back so all I see is white. Foam and bile drip to the floor from her pretty lips.

“SOMEONE! ANYONE! HELP!” I scream again.

A doctor finally approaches me and a group of nurses brings a stretcher, placing her convulsing frame on it. Before I can say goodbye, they wheel her away, taking my heart with her behind those goddamn swinging doors.

I watch the world around me in slow motion. This can’t be the last time I see her, this can’t be how she thinks of me before she dies.

“Sir, who is this girl? We need any information about her you can give us.”

The doctor holds a clipboard and motions for me to sit down in a nearby chair, patiently waiting for me to speak.

I’m panting, my brain struggles to form coherent sentences and all I see are memories of her. I focus on my breathing, slowly walk to the chair and plop down, the sounds of sirens and beeping alarms in the emergency room snap me out of my head and back to reality.

My heart drops into my stomach, and I hunch over, my throbbing skull resting in my hands.

I fucked this up so bad. I blew it, it’s over.

Even if she lives, she’ll hate me. She’ll remember me as a guy who pushed her past her physical limit, who treated her like an object, who never

showed how much he cared.

Some of my last words to her were "*You're nothing*." Jesus Christ, I'm an asshole.

How could anyone like her love someone like *me*?

"She's… my girlfriend."

Liar. You wish, freak.

The demon in my ear pushes his self-destructive agenda as the doctor looks at me with sorrow, but he asks for more information.

"Has this ever happened before? Do you know anything about her medical history?"

I hesitate and realize I know nothing about her – her birthday, her favorite color or food, her childhood life aside from the records we found, anything.

I don't even know her and I *love* her.

"Sir?" He places his hand on my back and bends over as he tries to look at my miserable face.

I can't help her. I'm so fucking useless.

He continues to speak, but his voice merges into background noise and I stand up, walking straight out of the hospital doors. They click shut behind me and I feel weightless, like I'm not real anymore. The world around me bubbles, my vision distorts and I try to shake it off, but it doesn't go away.

I can't do this. I can't handle this pain.

The night sky above me is full of stars, not a single cloud in the sky. I look up at them and send another silent prayer to whoever lives up there, to give me another chance.

One more chance, and I can fix this. I can show her how I feel, I can be vulnerable. I can be more than a piece of sadistic meat walking around this planet, looking to get high on something.

I shut my eyes and run my fingers painfully through my hair, gripping the roots until I feel a sting on my scalp.

I'm going to fix this, I promise, Octavia.

I open my eyes and spot Tristan and Valentine standing near the curb, patiently waiting for me. I approach them and they both gently place their hands on my shoulders and pause, waiting to see what I'll do next.

My mouth shakes and I swallow, shoving the tears in my throat down.

"I… I love her. And I can't help her."

Saying the words aloud brings out a sob from my chest and they both rub my back as I cry into their chests.

I've never felt this before, I've never been this powerless in my entire life. It's no wonder I've never done this, it feels fucking *horrible*.

Valentine whispers into my ear as they hold me. "I'm sorry, Skyler, but we need to leave, she's been a missing person for over two months now. They're gonna question us when they find out who she is."

Reality comes back to hit me in the face, my eyes widen and I realize he's right: she's had no interactions with society, no sunlight, no real life. She fell off the face of the Earth, of course, people are looking for her.

And she's had… nothing. We stripped her of everything, *I* stripped her of everything, and she *still* chose to help me.

Fuck, I'm the worst. I should just accept my spot in Hell, shouldn't I? Would she be happy if she killed me when she wakes up? *If* she wakes up?

Guilt merges into every cell in my body and I question every decision I've ever made.

I'm a horrible person, and for once, that doesn't feel like something to brag about. I'm not surprised she hates me.

My whole life I've been avoiding this feeling, this gut-wrenching care for someone, this *guilt*. I've emotionally curved away from anything more than sex and humor, attempting to protect myself from the pain. I've been afraid of *feeling* my entire life, and that fear created a disgusting monster.

We all climb back into the car and Valentine drives us to a side road nearby, turning the lights off to keep us in the dark. We sit in silence, the sound of distant sirens all around us while we wait.

I'm not sure what we're waiting for, I'm just lifelessly following Valentine, but I know we can't get caught in there.

Tristan switches on the stereo and we listen to a station reporting that a missing person has been found, in critical condition at the hospital. News reporters and cars pour into the parking lot, waiting their turn for her, just like we are.

I want her to live, and I want to tell her everything.

I want her to know that I'm in love with her.

She's not just another girl, Octavia's the one.

And I royally fucked it up.

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CHAPTER 21

OCTAVIA

I swim around in a pit of nothingness, looking for anything at all, but it's like I'm floating around in space and all the stars have gone home.

"Hello?!"

I shout out, but my voice just echoes further into the black void.

I'm all alone, and I'm stuck here. The ritual didn't work, that's for sure, and I've found myself trapped in an alternate reality with absolutely nothing.

The boys… what did they do? Did they leave me in the woods to rot and die like Connor? Am I dead?

"Hello there."

I jump at the sound of a gentle woman's voice. It's warm and sultry. I feel a wave of nostalgia and a sense of comfort, but I can't pinpoint where the sound is coming from. It's nearby, like it's in my head, but I can't see whoever's speaking.

"Where am I?" I hesitantly ask.

The voice waits for a moment but finally replies to me.

"You're in my mind."

"Your *mind*?"

The femininity sounds more and more familiar, but its angelic undertones make it much harder to recognize.

"Octavia, I miss you so much."

Her words hang in the air for a moment and my stomach sinks. I know exactly who this is.

"*Mom*…?"

I swear I can hear her cheeks pull into a smile and I feel a calming warmth, like a deep hug after a hard day.

“Mom, *fuck*, I miss you too. So much has happened, and I keep having these seizures where I can see things, like prophetic dreams. I think they’re linked to some kind of magic.”

I don’t hear her anymore, but words keep spewing out of my mouth.

“I met these guys, they’re kind of crazy. I mean, they’re hot and all, but sometimes they freak me out.”

How do you tell your mom you’re dating werewolves?

Then I remember the corkboard in the garage, the photos linked to the witchcraft articles, and everything that Skyler said before the ritual. I feel a bit of rage build in my stomach, but I push it down to enjoy time with my mother.

“Mom, my life is insane right now. I wish you were still around so I could show it to you, you’d love one of the brothers.”

One of the brothers. Jeez, I sound like a whore, but I keep going.

“He’s really sweet and kind and gentle. Someone you’d pick for me, honestly. You might not like the other two, though. But…”

I realize I’ve been talking her ear off and haven’t heard a word from her.

“Mom? Where’d you go?”

I float around the empty space to keep looking for her and see a tiny glimmer of light coming from far away. I do my best to b-line right towards it, not sure what I’m hoping for, but there’s a bundle of optimism in my chest.

Maybe she’ll show me how to break the curse, as an apology for screwing them over. Or maybe she’ll tell me she didn’t do it at all.

My muscles burn as I swim faster, pulling myself towards the scene in front of me until I can see it more clearly.

It’s my childhood home – the kitchen table light glows out of the window and I see a silhouette of an older woman sitting at the table, drinking a cup of steaming tea.

“Mom…”

I strain myself more and more through the air that seems to be growing thicker, harder to move through like honey. My lungs burn and I pant, giving it my all.

When I finally arrive at the front door, my feet sink into the ground like gravity kicks in again.

It looks exactly the same as I remember it, maybe a little bit cleaner. I peek into the window and see her still sitting there, waiting for me.

As I open the door, all of the nostalgia hits me like a brick. The smell of burning herbs, a scent similar to the ones I've been using the last few weeks, the moody lighting from candles all around the house, the darker-toned decor and wall paint – I feel safe, comforted, and peaceful.

I missed this.

I find my footing and move towards the kitchen to see the back of my mother's head, her hair perfectly curled with small braids wrapping the front pieces back. Streaks of grey that she used to dye when I was younger highlight her age now, and wrinkles waltz across her aged arms.

"Mom, I'm home."

I carry my aching legs closer and take a seat across from her, reaching out to grab her hand resting on the table. She's real, she's here, I can touch her. I'm not just making it up.

Does that mean I'm dead, too?

She looks up and takes a sip of her herbal tea, eyes glittery and full of motherly joy.

"I've been waiting for you." She smiles as she speaks and places her porcelain cup down, wrapping both hands around mine. "I need to share some things with you, Octavia."

I wipe tears from my cheeks and try to bask in the moment. I felt so angry with her, but all of it slips away.

So much time has passed and I'm so grateful to sit here in front of her, touching her again. My mind races with so many things to say that I'm not even sure where to start.

I glance around our kitchen and it's stocked with my favorite snacks as a teen. Dinner seems to be cooking in a pot on the stove, and I can faintly hear my father working on a project in the other room.

"Mom, I'm so sorry."

I feel the tears coming up again and I try to hold them back.

"I should've been more grateful for everything you did for me, and I had no idea. The day that you died, I should've said that I loved you back. Because I did, and I still do. I've been so fucking lost without you."

"*Language*."

"Sorry." Oops.

She smiles and nods, taking another sip of her drink and giving me the space to pour my guts out.

“The last few weeks have been especially hard. I've been confused and even hopeless at times, but I have these deep, crazy feelings and I don’t know what to do with them. These men that I met, I’m scared…”

Her finger touches my lips to shush me and her irises stare deeply into mine. They swirl with a rainbow liquid that creeps me out a little, making eye contact feel odd. I try not to get lost in them and listen to her words.

“I’m going to help you, but I have to be quick.” She pulls her warm finger away from my mouth and continues.

“I know what you’re going through, I know everything that’s happening, and it’s all going according to plan.”

Confusion fills my chest and I feel my brows furrow.

“What? What *plan*, Mom? What do you mean?” She holds her finger up again, her polite way of asking me to shut the hell up.

“My plan for you, for your life.”

She takes a sip from her cup and clears her throat. Suddenly the homely comfort fades and her aura turns uneasy and hesitant.

“Years and years ago, even before you were born, I heard direct orders from God. And I followed through with them. I listened to His orders.”

She tears up and swallows an obvious lump in her esophagus.

“I first met a young boy, he was just 13 years old. He was eating ice cream with his family at a park and I was told to go up to him, place my hand on him and recite a prayer.”

The papers, the pictures on the corkboard in Skyler’s garage, it all comes rushing back. This must be what she’s talking about. I want to bring it up, but I bite my tongue and try to give her the same space she gave me to speak.

“I had no idea what I was doing, I was just listening to God. I was told that this boy would be your mate, one of your *fated* mates. He would change your life. I walked away and I never saw him again.”

Valentine…

More books to choose from.

Look up **Lokepub** on Google and find a novel you like.

“The next boy was almost twenty years later. God reached out to me again and I thought to myself, ‘Another one?’ I bumped into him while he was drunk and on a bender in the city. I did the same thing, followed the same orders, and he told me this fated mate would change your life. Then, I never saw the boy again.”

Skyler…

Her voice breaks and she sniffles, but continues on.

“Just before our accident, God told me, ‘One more. Just one more.’ I found this young boy at a college party, sneaking out the back door and crying, walking into the dense forest. I touched his shoulder, recited the prayer and walked away.

“‘This is the final mate, you’ve changed her life,’ I heard the voice tell me. I never saw him again.”

Tristan…

“And then…” She tears up. “God removed my physical way of watching you grow up. But after our accident, I was able to watch over you – how you interacted with these fated mates for you, what you’ve been through. I’ve seen it all, and honey, *I’m so sorry.*”

Her words rattle me to my core. Anger curdles in my stomach and I stand up, shoving the wooden chair back behind me.

Skyler was right. She *did* do it, she *did* curse them. I was hoping he lied, that it was all a way to manipulate me.

She cursed me alongside them.

Resentment tries to break free from my chest and I struggle to hold my rage back.

“I know you were trying to do what you thought was right but…” Goddamnit, here it comes. “You ruined my life! And theirs! You know that, right?!”

She cries into a napkin and cowers down. I want to pity her, but I don’t. Wrath takes over my physical vessel.

“You hurt your own daughter, and you hurt three innocent strangers.”

She doesn’t respond, and I can feel the venom on my tongue.

“You weren’t speaking to God, Mom, you were speaking to the fucking *devil*.”

I turn away from her and look out the window into the emptiness.

Fuck. There’s nothing out there for me, there’s nothing worth going back for. I’m probably dead anyway.

So what the fuck was it all *for*?

“Octavia, I need you to hear something.” Her voice is quiet, cowardly now.

I whip around and yell, unable to control the volume of my voice. “What?! What else could you possibly have to say?!”

She stands up and grabs my arm, pulling me to look back at her rainbow eyes. When I turn around again, I don’t see my mom anymore. I see the face of a woman in a nurse’s outfit, yelling at me but no sounds come out of her mouth. A bright light shines behind her and my body begins to shake like an earthquake.

“Mom?”

I feel a twinge of pain behind my eyelids and my childhood home behind her begins to fade away, slowly merging into hospital walls and fluorescent lights. Pictures of our family fall off the walls and get sucked into the black hole behind it as it consumes our house bit by bit.

I watch everything crumble around us – the dinner on the stove, the snacks in the open-faced cabinets, the familiar ache of the past engulfing this place by the second.

Before the world completely fades away, her face twists and morphs into a demonic figure, its black claws wrap around my arm, but it has the voice of my mother.

“You will die trying to cure them.”

I wake up in a jolt, shooting straight up. The room is filled with doctors and nurses staring at me. My heart is racing, I’m panting and I feel wires and tubes connected to me everywhere.

I cling to the sheets, looking around the room for any escape.

You will die trying to cure them.

“I have to get out of here, they’re going to find me. They’re going to find me and kill me.”

My head spins and my anxiety spikes through the roof. I can’t fucking breathe and they’re all just looking at me. The machines beep and their tense voices all overlap, and I’m over here losing my fucking mind.

“They’re gonna…kill me… trying to fix themselves…” I’m so out of breath, I can barely speak.

The doctors rush around the room and yell at each other, nurses start grabbing random syringes, and other medical staff run forward to pin me down to the hospital bed.

You will die trying to cure them.

I have to leave, I have to run, I don’t want to die for them.

I rip off the wires connected to me, the IV stings and bleeds as I yank it out of my arm and try to shove the staff off of my tired body.

You will die trying to cure them.

No, NO!

I don’t want to die for them. I don’t want this.

I want to be free, I want to go back to my old life and just work at the stupid bar, serve drinks to my fat regulars and sleep next to my shitty boyfriend. I want to press rewind on this horrific episode of my life.

Freedom – a funny feeling that I haven’t had the pleasure of encompassing in the last two months. If I ever wake up from this never ending nightmare, I’ll surely never find it again.

“Please!” I scream and try to run out of the room, but I feel a sharp pinch on my arm and I crumble down to the tiled, white floor.

Can I just go back to when things were simple? I take it all back, I don’t want this stupid fantasy made for books anymore. I’ll give up my freedom for some normalcy – things may not have been perfect but they worked for me.

I’m selfish, aren’t I? For wanting something more?

I’m selfish for not appreciating the things I already had – a set of loving parents that I couldn’t say how I felt to, a roof over my head that kept me warm despite its moldy walls, a boyfriend who disappointed me but I could’ve married and had children with, ignoring his occasional violence.

“Please… they’re going to kill me…”

My words trail off and my vision goes black. It’s over, I’m so fucked. I’m actually so fucked.

I should’ve just settled for average. A girl like me with dead parents, bundles of emotional trauma and a screw loose, chasing a dream that could never be real?

I was unrealistic for thinking I’d ever be capable of anything more than… bland.

Werewolves, witches, curses and cures – I wouldn't be surprised if I hallucinated the whole fucking thing and I've got a brain tumor or something. I live on Earth, not in some paranormal romance book where dreams come true.

I'm just a 24 year old girl looking to run from her past, waiting for her twisted Prince Charming and her kinky happily ever after.

Delusional, that's what that is. And I'm a dumb girl for ever believing in it. A dumb, probably dead girl.

My mother's cursing voice waits for the blackness to take over, the noises to fade and she says one last time:

You will die trying to cure them.

Yeah, I fucking get it.

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CHAPTER 22

SKYLER

I’m getting fucking antsy just sitting here. I can’t take it any more.

My knees bounce up and down in the backseat while Tristan and Valentine sit silently in the front, just staring out the car windows and listening to the radio.

And I’m back here losing my goddamn mind.

My brain feels like a shaken soda that’s about to pop. I run my fingers through my matted hair, pulling it again and wincing at the pain.

Please don’t fucking die, Octavia.

Tristan reaches his hand back and places it on my shaky knee, attempting to comfort me. It’s cute, but it’s not really working.

“She’s gonna be okay, we just have to wait and see what happens.” His light blue eyes glow in the LED lighting of the hospital sign. “She’s gonna be okay.”

I fucked it up so bad.

“I’m such a piece of shit…” I murmur under my breath and continue to spiral into my thoughts.

My eyes close and I see visions of her seizing over and over, her mouth wide open and foaming all over the dirt. My heart aches to beat out of my chest – I want to rip it out with my fist and tell it to fucking shut up.

“Let’s go home and watch the news, we’re probably not gonna see her for a few days.” Valentine turns the lights back on and starts to drive the car away.

“A few days?!” I scream at him and grip the back of his seat.

“Calm down, *Hulk*. Let’s go home and have a drink.”

I have to tell her how I feel, I have to make this right.

I've fucked up for so long now, she can't die thinking that I hate her.

"Capishe?" He drives further from the hospital, the lights fading farther and farther out of my sight.

No, not fucking *capishe*. There's no chance I'm sleeping tonight, not one bit.



Valentine's car pulls into the long driveway and he swiftly parks in the six-car garage. We all three trudge our way into the living room and pour drinks for ourselves before plopping down into a chair or the sectional.

For a few minutes, it's completely silent. No TV, no record player, no ambient noise, just the sound of ice clinking around in a glass when someone finally takes a swig.

"I think I'm in love with Octavia." I decide to break the silence with a crushing sentence. "And I've never been in love before. I don't know what the hell I'm doing."

Valentine spins the whiskey around in his glass, admiring it, and bites his lip. His facial expression remains completely unreadable.

Tristan chugs down his fruity vodka cranberry cocktail and bashes the empty glass down on the side table, almost breaking it.

"I'm not doing this. I'll be in my room if you need me," he spits out as he quickly walks away and slams his door behind him, leaving me and the brick wall of a human to drink away our sorrows, or lack thereof.

"Valentine, do you ever feel… *anything*?"

The liquor burns my chewed-up lips as I shoot back the rest of my whiskey, standing up to pour another one. I grab a random bottle, filling up my crystal glass with a heavy pour.

I need to numb some of my feelings right now.

He ponders my question for a second, or maybe ponders answering it at all.

"...Yes." He doesn't elaborate any further than that.

Great talk. I roll my eyes.

"Val, I've known you for over ten years, you're fucking family to me. Tell me one time you've ever felt *something*."

I make my way back to my chair, but before I sit down, I place a jazz vinyl on the record player, just to ease the awkward silence in the room.

He adjusts the way he's sitting and takes another sip. A pack of cigarettes falls out of his pocket and he pulls one out, lights it up, and takes a deep inhale.

Okay, we're getting somewhere.

"I didn't know you smoked."

"Only when I don't want to feel." He takes another drag.

"What are you feeling?" I pry.

He tilts his head back and stares at the ceiling, blowing the smoke out and scratching his grey and white scruff. He watches it spread around the air for long enough that I think he forgot I asked him a question in the first place.

"I was in love, once."

Well *damn*, I didn't expect that.

I give him the space to choose to say more or to leave it at five painful words, not wanting to push my luck too far. We sit in silence for many minutes, listening to the soft melodies of a saxophone and spacing out.

Just as I'm about to give up hope on him, he speaks again.

"Allison Grace was her name. I was young, dumb, and a little reckless. She didn't know what I was, and I didn't even fully understand it myself." His raspy voice soothes my ears and I bite my tongue to let him talk.

"We dated for a few months. I took her on beautiful trips and she even met my family. I thought I had found my forever, my *person*."

Valentine has never opened up like this before. I sit as still as a statue, afraid that if I move even an inch, I might scare him from continuing his story.

"One night, we went out drinking. I took her to this wonderful country bar, where we danced and drank all night. It was something out of a modern rom-com movie, just perfect."

He spins his drink around and shoots the rest of it back before heading to the bar for another. This one is a heavy pour. He swallows back his entire glass, makes another one, then slides back into the sectional.

"Val…"

I watch his features crumble, his stoic mask finally breaking away. He continues to drink his glass of sorrows and take long drags off his cigarette, but I don't know if he's capable of finishing the story.

“*Shut up*.” He glares at me and his words have bite. “*Don’t pity me*.”

I hold my hands up to surrender, sloshing a little bit of my drink on the rug. I might’ve poured too much.

He sighs.

“A random asshole flirted with her in front of me and pushed me around. I felt a transformation coming. I knew when I felt heavy emotions, I would tend to flip. I was still getting control of it and hadn’t mastered the timing yet, so I excused myself and went out the back door.”

He takes another long drag, blows the smoke straight out in front of him and swallows. I watch his Adam’s apple bob before he speaks again.

“My body abandoned me that night. I had never lost control like that before, but I just broke. I felt feral, uncontrollable, utterly insane. I’m not sure why it was different that time.”

A tear slips from the corner of his eye, but he doesn’t wipe it, just lets it fall down his cheek as he stares out the window. It looks like he’s remembering everything so vividly.

“And… she walked out there looking for me, saw me in the worst moment I’ve ever had. And…”

Oh, fuck. I know where this is going.

He sucks in a final drag, the bright orange tip hitting the butt of the cigarette. He holds in the smoke with a seethe of his teeth, puts it out in an ashtray on the end table next to him, and finally exhales.

“I… I had to kill her. She was panicking, she was trying to call the cops, she saw the monster that I truly was. I didn’t know what else to do.”

“Val, you can stop.” I never thought when he finally opened up to me, I would ask him to close back down.

He ignores me and keeps going.

“I don’t know what I was thinking. I could never be in love, not with a human at least.” He gulps. “At the end of the day, my instinct to survive was stronger than my feelings were for her, and… that has broken me ever since.”

I sit in silence, unsure what to say next. I stare at him while he continues to gaze forward, reliving the memories of that night.

“I’ve closed my heart off since then. I learned how to not let things get to me, in hopes that maybe one day I’d be good enough – good enough at controlling my emotions until I meet a female version of me, someone who

could see that I'm not an animal, someone who would understand what I had to do. It's been almost thirty years of this…"

"Octavia…" I drunkenly taste her name on my tongue.

"*She gets it*."

He says everything I need to know in three words. *She gets it.*

She gets us, she gets him, and I think she even likes it. When I snooped around her apartment to bring her things here, I found a bunch of werewolf smut books, dark romance art on the walls, and crazy sexual fantasies she wrote about in a journal.

"She gets it." Damn, it feels good to say it.

I chug the rest of my drink and lean back in the chair, shutting my eyes and remembering the addictive scent of her. That perfect aroma never went away, and it couldn't hide behind a metal door or concrete walls.

I can't help but feel everything played out the way that it was supposed to. The night I met her at the bar, the smell that radiates off of her that makes me unravel, the invisible claws she has dug into my back – how could it be anything but fate?

Fate is a son of a bitch, but that's about all that explains it. Still, she deserves better than this pack of fucked up half-human-half-animals.

"Skyler, you're the only one who ever resisted it." He makes me eat my words. "Me and Tristan were on board from the get-go."

Damn. I hate to admit it, but the old man is right. I led my pack astray.

And without another word, Valentine stands up drunkenly and wobbles over to his wing of the house. He doesn't look back at me, but I throw up a hand to wave him goodbye.

All alone in the living room, up late, drunk and lonely. What does a man do at this hour?

Yearn.



I stumble my way towards my little brother's room, feeling my buzz pretty strong now. That last drink almost threw me into a wasted sleep.

I don't want to be alone tonight, I just need *someone*.

My knuckles knock on his door, but no one answers. I decide to just let myself in because *why not*, and I hear his shower running. Steam seeps out

from under his bathroom door, and I sneak up to it to see if it's unlocked.

It is.

I slowly twist the handle, the warm air and smell of his coconut shampoo pulling me in closer.

"Skyler?"

He stands shocked in the shower, dripping wet and soapy everywhere. Without saying a word, I begin to strip my clothes off one by one. His eyes roam over my body, but he stays in place like a museum artifact.

I stretch my arms up high above my head and let out a relieving groan, pulling my torso tight and giving him a great view of my bottom half.

Exactly as I wanted, he begins to tighten up and distress takes over his whole body. Tristan is easy to manipulate, and it's even more fun to do while I'm intoxicated.

I open the glass shower door and slip in, intentionally ignoring the naked elephant in the room. My hands run up and down my nude body and I soak my hair under the shower head, groaning at the pressure of the hot water on my scalp.

Please, wash away tonight.

He stands still like a statue, but his stiff cock twitches.

"Skyler?" He asks again.

"Yes?"

I offer him a teasing voice and tilt my head back under the water, my fingers running through my hair.

"What are you doing… in my shower?" His voice shakes slightly. So cute.

I hesitate to respond, unsure if I even want to hear the answer come out of my lips. If I say the words out loud, they become real, and I have to deal with them later.

Nevertheless, in my drunken state, they find a way to slip off my tongue.

"I was lonely."

I open my eyes and look into his desperate blue irises, his wet blonde hair hanging into them.

"Oh…" He seems to relax a little, but his pulsing cock does not. He looks down shamefully when my gaze locks on his manhood. "I'm sorry, don't look at that."

He tries to cover himself with his hands, but I pull them up above his head while I stare.

“Don’t lie to me.”

I push his soapy body into the glass wall and wrap my hand around his throat, his eyes widening with fear.

I glare at him for a few moments, basking in the scent of his adrenaline and the sound of his pulse fluttering in his neck for me. Even through the fear, desire overthrows the kingdom of his body and he can’t hide it from me.

I need more.

My lips aggressively smash into his, kissing him deeply as he pushes back into me. His moans fill my ears and echo beautifully in the shower, like an opera singer. I grab the circular scars on his chest and twist the skin around, enjoying a side dish of sadism with our main course of passion. He winces, but his tongue thrashes against mine.

Mine. My little brother from another mother is all *mine*.

He wraps his soft, smaller hands around my face and he pulls me closer, his hard cock pushing into my wobbly quads.

Our lips hang over each other as we pant, embracing both of our loneliness together. Saliva connects us and we both refuse to wipe it away.

“Skyler…” He opens his puppy-dog blue eyes with wet eyelashes and holds my face close to his. “All I’ve ever wanted was to be *your pet*.”

“I know.”

“But now you have *her* and…” He looks hurt and turns his saddened face away from me. His next sentence is but a whisper.

“You don’t have any purpose for me.”

“You’re *wrong*.”

I violently grab his body and turn us around, smashing his chest and hard cock into the tiled wall. My hands run through his blonde hair and I force his chin up against the wall, exposing his neck to me.

His whimpers make my entire vessel light on fire.

More…

My fangs come down and I bite into his neck, stroking myself behind him and using the soap from his body as lube.

“Skyler…”

That’s not my name.

He moans and puts his hand above him and in the back of my hair behind him, pulling me into him again.

“I want to feel you…”

“You want *this*?”

I slide my throbbing girth up and down his cheeks, parting them and teasing him with it. My ankles wobble with a lack of balance underneath me.

Fuck, I need to get off and go to sleep.

“Please, I would do *anything*.” He attempts to stroke himself, but I catch his wrists and pull them above his head, holding them there tightly with my left hand.

“Anything?”

“*Anything*.”

I slide the tip in, stretching him out slowly. And my God, it’s an impossible fit. His hole feels like a hard fist clenching me with all its might. He’s so fucking tight, this is going to take a while.

“Daddy…”

Don’t think of Valentine, don’t think of Valentine.

He moans and arches his back, pushing himself further onto me and I slide in a little deeper. We need more lube, but he doesn’t seem to care.

“I’ve dreamt of this for years.”

Fuck, my head is back in the game.

He moves his small frame up and down the tip of my shaft, grinding back and forth on me at his own slow pace.

It takes every ounce of my self-control not to fuck him through the tiled wall. The cells in my muscles literally explode with restraint.

“Daddy…”

I don’t know what he keeps saying my name for.

“Tristan, I…” My teeth grind into each other, the intensity of limitation becoming overwhelming.

“You’re so fucking big, Daddy. I can’t count how many times I’ve imagined how you’d feel inside me, stretching me wide.”

Jesus fucking Christ. He’s making this so much harder than it already is.

“Fuck, I can’t take it anymore.”

I shake off my self-control and shove myself into him all the way to the hilt, feeling his ass cheeks touch my hips. The constriction around my shaft

makes my eyes roll into the back of my head and I groan animalistically in his ear.

“I want to use you,” I growl out. “Don’t make me hold back, little brother.”

“Use me, *please*.”

His fingers try to grip the stone on the wall as he anticipates what’s coming – he’s watched me fuck before.

I take what I want, and I get it.

I let go of his hands and put my right one around his throat, the other on his hip, and pump strenuously long strokes in and out of his backside. His ass is so fucking tight that it’s practically pushing me out, but his moans fuel my drive and the demon inside me begs me to go faster, harder, rougher.

“Use me, Daddy.”

Fuck it.

I thrust into him ruthlessly, shoving his body into the unforgiving wall. He groans, but pushes his hips back into me. I don’t have to be a mind reader to see he wants more.

“That’s right, I am your fucking Daddy, *no one else*.”

I pump into him harder and harder, his cheeks clapping against my hips and the water in between us. His hard cock slams into the tile over and over again, but he doesn’t touch it.

Good boy, Tristan.

My grip around his throat tightens and he wheezes, his eyes only showing their whites and he pushes his backside even faster into me. At this point, he’s doing all the work and it feels fucking *incredible*.

“Please fill me up, I’m begging you,” he squeaks out like a mouse.

Oh, fuck.

I put both of my hands on his hips and thrust into him with full force, showing no mercy to his hole. This is exactly what I needed – destroying someone else to get off tonight.

“Daddy, please, make me your pathetic little cum dumpster. I’m nothing, tell me I’m *nothing* to you.”

He’s wrong, but I’ll lie for the thrill.

“You’re fucking *nothing*, Tristan, just a hole for me to fill whenever I please.”

And with that, my balls tighten, my fangs bite into his neck again and I empty myself into him, throbbing the entire time.

Pathetic whines sing off the shower walls and he pants, his wet eyelashes kissing his blushed cheeks.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“Holy fuck, I should’ve done that way sooner,” I breathe into his ear.

I’m so lightheaded from the steam, the drinks and my roaring orgasm, I think I might pass out if I stay in this shower any longer. He pulls himself off of me, my slightly bloody cum dripping out of him and slipping down his shaking thighs.

“Your turn now?”

I take a deep breath, trying to slow my heart rate and look down, but he’s soft. My brows knit together and I look back up at his face, which is tomato red.

“I… already came.”

His juices stick to the wall and drip down the tile.

Without touching himself? Wow. I’m actually impressed.

I pull him in for a deep kiss, tilting my head to reach the back of his throat with my tongue. The hot water pounds on my back, the energy of his unadulterated obsession for me and warm steam surrounds us.

“Can we cuddle?”

He tugs away from my swollen lips, looks up at me with those big blue eyes and I can’t help but laugh.

“Yes, we can cuddle, Tristan, just let me smoke first.”

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CHAPTER 23

OCTAVIA

I fade in and out of consciousness often, but it's impossible to tell how much time has actually passed. When I'm fortunate enough to be awake, I get small glances of the room I'm locked in.

The walls are white and everything is soft – padded furniture, an open shower with no curtain or door. I'm served food on a cardboard tray with no utensils, and the time staff spends in the room is limited.

I'm about 90% sure I'm in a psychiatric wing.

Screaming "*They're coming to kill me*" probably wasn't the best choice of words in a hospital, but in their defense, I was also losing my fucking mind, so…

Most days I can't even finish my dinner before they knock me out again. I fight them every time they try – my dreams aren't much better than my reality right now, both of them equally terrifying.

I just don't want to do this anymore.

I daydream of the life I used to have, before I met the boys.

I daydream of smoking cigarettes in the back of the bar, laughing with my regulars and Connor, going for long drives in my car.

I daydream of being in nature, in the sunlight, having my freedom back.

Even if I escaped here, I would be a prisoner again. I'll always be a threat, a *tool* even, to the boys. They'll keep me trapped forever, and I refuse to be kept in a box, even if it's as pretty as their residence.

My fantasy of a tall, dark and handsome man in our house in the woods didn't include me living underneath it in a basement, being forced to

research werewolf curse unbindings and getting manipulated left and right by three impossibly handsome men.

My thoughts quickly overwhelm me and I start to pull at the roots of my hair, attempting to ground myself. It doesn't take long for the nurses that watch me all day and night to notice that I'm spiraling. I hear the door creak open and it sounds just like the door of the basement of the mansion.

They're going to kill me to save themselves.

I'm nothing to them, am I? Just an item they would keep around for months, hoping I'd be useful one day.

I'm an object to them.

I'm not even human.

My fantasy comes crashing around me once again, making me realize how utterly fucked my real life is right now.

Is it even real? Did I make up the whole thing and this is just some bad dream? Am I bound to wake up from a coma someday soon?

"No… no…" I shake my head and try to pull the thoughts out through the roots of my long hair, but it doesn't work.

I slam my eyes shut and see visions of Connor's rotting corpse in the forest and mine beginning to decay right next to it, a match truly made in Hell.

"NOOOO!" My scream rips off the padded walls, hurting my ears.

I glance down at my wrist and see a bright blue band labeled "*HARM RISK*" and rip it off, just before the nurses pin me down to the bed again.

I look up at them and plead, losing all hope by the minute.

"Please, don't you understand? I'm going to die. They're coming…" I feel a pinch in my arm and words become harder and harder to form. My eyelids grow heavy, my tongue twists into a knot and my limbs turn to mush.

"*Please…*"

Their grip on my skin fades and I sink deeper into the mattress, floating straight through it and into the pit of nothingness again, the place that haunts me while I'm asleep.

I'm in Hell when I'm awake and I'm in Hell when I'm asleep.

I just want it to be over, I just want it to stop.

Please, someone, make it stop.

My body aimlessly floats in the blackness, like a lone object lost in space, but without the stars. Every time I look for a sliver of life here, I find

absolutely nothing.

I'm trapped with my thoughts, like a lucid nightmare that I can never wake up from.

My legs curl into my chest and I lie on my side in the fetal position. Tears drip down my cheeks and float into the air around me in zero gravity.

"Please… someone make it stop…"

I don't even know who I'm talking to or if anyone will ever hear me, but it's worth a try.

My body shakes and I cry until my entire face hurts, accepting the fate of my perpetual loneliness. Tear bubbles flutter around me, the only company I can apparently entertain in here.

A voice quietly whispers, catching me by surprise.

"*Octavia…*"

It's as quiet as a mouse's squeak, its words are hard to even comprehend. I sniffle and listen closer for it.

"*Octavia, come here*."

I sit up and swim around, trying to pinpoint where exactly it's coming from. The vast nothingness surrounds me in every direction and just as I'm about to give up hope, it speaks again, but much closer.

"*I can help you*."

Whatever it is or whoever it is, it's invisible, but I'm sure that I'm next to it. I can hear the voice clearly enough now that I squat into a seated position and cross my legs, waiting for it to speak again.

A touch of a tiny hand brushes across my back. I can feel a figure of energy around the size of a small child next to me, but I still can't see it.

"*You want to die, don't you?*"

It's small and the soft voice sounds young and feminine. Their hands brush up and down my arms soothingly while I hang my head low, not mentally strong enough to reply quite yet.

"*Octavia, I can help you…*" It circles me like a predator stalking its prey.

I sigh.

"I just want it to stop. How do I make the wheel stop turning?" I mumble under my breath, my brain exhausted.

The voice I'm talking to seems to siphon away my life force, feeding on my energy like a vampire.

"*I can stop it, you just need to do one thing for me*."

It continues to pace around me slowly.

Memories flash through my mind of my childhood, laughing and running around the house, my father chasing right on my tail. I see glimpses of my mother at her altar, lighting incense and wafting the smoke around the room, the smell filling my nose.

A smile creeps up my cheeks while a tear falls down.

I see visions of myself eating ice cream with my parents, the milk dripping down my sticky adolescent fingers and the sun beating on my back. We're all laughing and enjoying the sunshine outside together. I miss it.

My mother… I hate her for what she did to the boys, for what she did to *me*. But she's my mother, they're my parents, and I miss them every single day.

I wipe the tear off my cheek and open my eyes to see the child version of me standing right in front of me. Her hair is in cute pigtails, wearing a little black dress that I remember my mother hemming when I was six. She hated that I only wanted to wear black or grey and we constantly fought about it.

My arm stretches out long to touch her, but it phases right through.

"Are you real?" I hesitantly ask.

"You miss them, don't you want to join them?"

Child me stares at me with devious intentions, her head tilting slightly to the left in a creepy way.

A sob wrecks out of me, and a burning in my chest makes it hard to breathe. I run my fingers through my hair, wracking her question around my skull.

Of course I fucking miss them. My head nods up and down, but my lips stay sealed shut.

"It's been hard, hasn't it?"

I nod again.

"*Everyone who's ever loved you has either died or abandoned you.*"

Her harsh words cut through me like a knife, but I know they're true. I pull my knees to my chest and my head falls on them. I can't physically curl up enough to feel the comfort that I need right now.

"Death follows you everywhere you go, Octavia, and now it's your turn to give back to it."

I continue to nod my head silently, showing that I agree but I have no energy for words.

“I will guide you when you wake up, just don’t forget to listen for my voice.”

Child me reaches forward and touches my shoulder one last time before vanishing into the darkness, leaving adult me to sit in my endless loneliness once again.

My words come out as a wheeze, but I push them out with all my might.

“*I’m… ready*.”

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CHAPTER 24

SKYLER

My body snuggles into Tristan's warm back and I tug him closer to me. The smell of his sweet skin makes me want to crawl inside of him and die there.

I savor the feeling of a human body against me, realizing I've never done this before. The girls I brought home would never want to cuddle and they'd always rush out the door crying.

My whole life, no one has really appreciated me, not even myself. My violent tendencies always got the best of me and begged me for more. I was never able to slow down and smell the roses, or whatever that saying is.

I've spent the last five nights in Tristan's bed, attempting to fill an Octavia-sized hole in my chest with a cute blonde boy. It works sometimes, but not always.

We watch the TV for updates on her condition and where they're keeping her, but they don't say much.

I ache for her, my body craves her here again. I would do anything to have her back home, her intoxicating smell filling the room and her pretty green eyes shining under the lights again.

My restlessness drags me out of bed and I spark up a square, pacing around the room. I don't want to wake Tristan up, so I throw on a pair of my shorts and creep into the living room.

The news channel is on 24/7 but it's muted sometimes so we can try to sleep. I grab the remote and slightly turn up the volume, blowing smoke into the air and plopping onto the leather sectional behind me.

"*BREAKING NEWS: PSYCH PATIENT ON THE LOOSE*" blares through the screen and the cigarette falls out of my mouth and onto the

floor.

Octavia… What did they do to you?

A picture of her flashes on the screen. Dark circles hang under her bloodshot eyes and her hair looks like a rat's nest. Her skin is covered in scratch marks, some are still bloody. Tears are suspended on her cheeks, her face frozen in terror.

You only shed tears for me, Kitten.

My heart explodes like a nuclear bomb in my chest and I feel the possessive rage creeping back up my spinal cord. I stomp out my smoke, currently burning a hole in the rug and throw on a nearby sweatshirt, pulling the hood over my head.

Attempting to soothe my apparent *soulmate* from across town, I try to send her telepathic messages.

What? If fucking fate is real, maybe magic is, too.

I'll bring you home, Octavia.

My Mustang's keys rest on the kitchen island and I snatch them up, rushing out of the front door with a manhunt on my mind. The engine revs loudly and I slam my foot on the gas, kicking up dirt and smoke into the air. Burnt rubber makes my nose itch and I crinkle it at the intensity of the smell.

I'm coming, I'm coming for you.

I shoot a silent prayer up to God that she can hear me and speed dangerously fast into the city. My thoughts race as quickly as the tires beneath me, and I zoom past other cars on the road. Horns blare all around as I zip in and out of lanes, pedal to the floor.

I have no idea where to look, but I figure Silver Lake Hospital will give me a good head start.

I almost forgot that I'm a wolf. I can track a scent for miles.

My car hops the curb into the parking lot and I slam on the brakes, the scent of smoking tires assaulting my nostrils again. I barely throw the car in park before slamming the door shut behind me and running straight into the trees behind the building.

I can smell her familiar amber and frankincense just barely, but a path illuminates in front of me and I chase it like a GPS.

This is it, this is the high. The hunt for prey, the thrill of the chase.

I attempt to shake off a transformation, but I feel it coming on purely out of excitement. My skin itches, the fur poking through my clothes. My

teeth pull down and I drop to all fours.

Fuck, at least I can run faster.

My bones break, but I don't feel the pain. I only hear my own heartbeat and my body morphs from human to animal in a matter of seconds – my fastest transformation to date. I leave my shredded clothes in the dirt and sniff the air deeply, finding her scent again.

The trees whiz past me as I zig-zag through them, a single target on my mind. My paws thump into the ground, in time with my racing heart. Drool drips out of my lips and flies into the air surrounding me.

I'm coming for you.

Her scent grows stronger and stronger, I know I'm close now. I slow down to a walking pace and sniff the air again, pinpointing exactly which direction she's running.

I turn right and bingo! That perfect, addictive scent I've adored since we first met draws me in.

My body goes numb as I sprint and follow her light footprints in the dirt, she's so close now, she has to be right around the corner-

"Skyler?"

I come to a screeching halt and slide through the dirt, attempting to stop my speed. Mud covers my legs and paws and I pant heavily.

Dear God.

Her skinny body shivers in the cold air, a hospital gown barely covering her goosebump-covered skin. Her face is sunken in like a living skeleton. The scratches covering her arms and chest are worse, some actively bleeding into her gown.

I attempt to approach her, but with each step I take, she takes three steps backwards. Terror floods her eyes and it's the only time I've wished she wasn't afraid of me. She pulls out a gun from behind her torso and points it at me, her hand shaking uncontrollably.

"Octavia…"

I whisper to her, but she continues to back away with each one of my footsteps.

Her green eyes flood like a lake and she shuts them tightly, tears dripping down her cheeks now. I push forward still, slowly creeping closer to her.

"Stop right there, or I'll shoot."

Her voice shakes as much as her hands do.

She backs into a tree trunk and her eyes widen as she realizes she can't walk away anymore without turning around. I stop pushing forward into her space and sit on my hind legs, about ten feet from her.

"Octavia, put the gun down and let's talk."

She shakes her head violently and shuts her eyes, aiming the barrel straight into my forehead.

A woman tortured by her own mind. Valentine would get it.

"You'll just manipulate me. You'll… you'll just bring me back to the basement and make me kill myself trying to fix you…" Her head turns like she can't watch what she's about to do.

While her eyes are squeezed shut, I inch closer to take advantage of the few seconds I have, stepping as quietly as I can through the mud.

She sobs, the gun shaking uncontrollably in her hands. I can see the pain take over her body and now I know exactly how she feels. Her heart breaks in front of me, and I empathize harder than I ever have before.

I just need a chance to tell her that I understand.

"I refuse to *die* for you, to *die* for your cause…" She opens her eyes and faces me again, breathing heavily. Terror reeks from her pores and breath, making my nostrils burn.

I stare down the barrel of the gun and don't say a word.

Fucking fine. If this is what she wants, if this is what she truly desires…

I will die for her.

The realization hits me – my entire life I've destroyed lives, killed innocent people, and ruined their futures.

I owe a debt to the universe. If that's my death, so be it. I stand before my God, my Goddess, the only person I could ever worship.

Octavia, I would die for you.

Before I can muster the courage to speak, she mumbles a few words I can barely understand and her grip tightens on the trigger.

Fuck. I love you, Kitten. I'm sorry.

The gun fires and the sound deafens my sensitive ears, a ringing taking over now. I squint and brace for the impact, but I don't feel anything.

I look around and no blood drips from me, nothing hurts.

What?

My eyes lock on Octavia, her hands still shaking. The gun smokes and drops out of her hands, but her eyes look at something other than me.

I trace where she’s staring and spot a yellow wolf bleeding into the dirt to the left of me.

“Tristan!” My heart sinks into my stomach.

I pounce over to him and inspect where he was shot, anxiously trying to get an idea of how bad it is. There’s so much blood that I can hardly see where it’s coming out of. My tongue licks at his fur and he winces.

“Tristan, why the fuck did you do that?”

I lick him intensely and find the wound, pushing my paw into it, attempting to slow the bleeding.

“I said…” His words are so faint, he’s losing too much blood.

Fuck. This is so bad.

Valentine sprints up behind me and nudges his snout into him, trying to keep him awake.

“…that I would do anything for you…” He coughs and wheezes the words out, his blue wolf eyes shutting.

Octavia screams and runs in the other direction.

“Do not let her leave!”

I bark at Valentine, the sound of police sirens growing closer by the second. My focus jolts back to the wolf beneath me.

“Tristan…”

Blood pours out around my paw and I slowly morph from wolf to human, watching my much smaller hand try to plug the hole in his shoulder.

I strain my entire body to pick his heavy weight up off the dirt, throwing him over my shoulders and he winces again.

“I’m going to save you, *I promise*.”

My brain harnesses some kind of superhuman strength and I sprint with him on my back towards my car in the parking lot. I’m not nearly as fast in human form, but my bare feet dig into the ground and lunge me forward step by step as fast as I can.

When I reach the parking lot, his pulse grows weaker and weaker in my ears and I know I’m running out of time. I throw a large rock into the bushes away from me, attempting to distract the many police vehicles away from my car.

They fall for it and shout at each other, pointing into the treeline opposite to me.

“We’re going home, everything is gonna be okay.”

I quickly open my car door and toss his wolf body into the back, slamming the door shut and jumping in the driver's seat. He wheezes and coughs blood onto the leather, his heartbeat in my ears slowing by the second.

My tires squeal off the pavement and we go flying down the road, cars whizzing by again and honking at me. I quickly glance in the back to check on him and he doesn't seem to be breathing. The deep red fluid keeping him alive pools on the seat and drips onto the floor mats.

"Stay with me, Tristan!" I put my hand behind me and shake his body, but he doesn't reply.

FUCK!

No one else can die for me. I don't deserve this, this kind of grand gesture from the brother I've used and abused, treated like a piece of trash the entire time I've known him.

He deserves better than someone like me.

When we finally reach the house, I drift the car into the gravel driveway and snatch him out of the seat as fast as humanly possible, carrying his lifeless wolf body through the front door and sliding him on the marble kitchen island.

My mind races and I frantically look through the medicine cabinet for the skin glue and pour half the bottle onto his wound, hoping to keep the blood inside him while I do CPR.

I flip his body onto his backside and push into his chest repeatedly, opening his snout and blowing mere human lungfuls of air into him.

"Tristan, you can't fucking die."

I push as hard as I can into his chest, tears running down my cheeks and landing on his red, bloodied fur.

His body jolts around with each movement and his eyes show no sign of life, just rocking around the table with every compression.

I blow into his mouth a few more times, giving it my all.

No one else can die for me, *please.*

I pant and put my hands on my hips, completely out of breath and running low on adrenaline, staring at his empty wolf vessel on the countertop.

Fuck. FUCK!

The demon in my head shows me an image of his body buried in my backyard full of my other mistakes, his corpse rotting alongside everyone

else I’ve fucked over.

No…

My feet kick into the cabinets around me and I throw everything off the kitchen counters, screaming and cursing at God. The intensity of rage I feel bubbles up inside me unlike it ever has before and I transform back into fucking wolf.

I sprint around the living room, destroying everything in sight and my body transforms back into human, then back to wolf rapidly. My screams rip paint off the walls as my entire body breaks repeatedly, over and over again.

My eyes shut and I see the shovel waiting for me at my childhood home, the six-foot grave sucking in Tristan’s bloody body.

NO!

I feel my bones cracking, my joints sliding around and my skin crawling with agony. The furniture around me rips and shreds as I run through it – feathers flying everywhere from pillows and glass shattering from side tables.

Tears spill from my eyes as I slow down to lie on the floor, stuck constantly transitioning between two forms.

He died for me.

My little brother, my perfect, sweet and caring little brother fucking *died* for me.

When he said he’d do anything, this isn’t what I thought he meant.

My transformation finally finishes and my naked human body aches in the fetal position. Every inch of my body burns with guilt as it consumes me like a raging wildfire.

“Tristan…” His name sneaks out of my mouth like a prayer.

Fucking Christ, I’m horrible.

I’ve ignored, bullied, abused and now *killed* the one person that’s been consistently kind to me, even when I didn’t deserve it – *especially* when I didn’t deserve it.

He’s taken the scraps I’ve given him over the years and turned them into a literal dying obsession for me, and I just let it happen. I walked all over him however I pleased, feeling like God.

And now he’s dead, and I can’t fix fucking anything, not even myself.

I hear a wet cough behind me and a voice comes from the dark marble countertop.

“Jeez, Skyler, you’re so *dramatic*,” Tristan wheezes out and coughs again, his wolf form cracking and now his human body shivers on the island, covered in blood and dirt.

I shoot up from the floor and approach him. He’s pale, even more than usual and his blue eyes are filled with tears.

I rest my hand on his cheek and smile, sniffling my nose. “And you’re so fucking *stupid*.”

By some grace of God or Satan, Tristan Walker was spared. I’ll be in debt to the Universe forever.

“I’m sorry. I’m so fucking sorry.”

“For what?” He coughs and tries to sit up, but I push him back into the countertop.

Yeah, for what, Skyler? How do you apologize for the last couple of years of your life?

“For everything, Tristan. For…” Words are nearly impossible. “For being the *worst*.”

“You’re not too shabby.”

Somehow, he finds a way to smile through everything. I wish I could steal some of his positive energy and inject it into my veins like a drug.

Purity – a high I’ll never feel like he does, no matter how hard I chase it.

But I’ll be damned if I don’t try.

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CHAPTER 25

SKYLER

I hear Valentine grunting as he drags a very pissed Octavia by her bicep through the front door. She's kicking and cussing at him, but despite her efforts, he's still able to wrangle her into the living room.

She pushes into his chest one more time and I can't even comprehend exactly what she's saying because it's coming out so fast.

"Jeez, I'm getting too old for this." He looks at me and jokes.

Octavia glances around the room, her eyes tracing over the destroyed furniture, broken glass and fluff covering the rug. When her eyes finally lock with Tristan's, her hand flies up to cover her mouth and tears absolutely flood her face like a broken dam.

I can see the regret from here, the guilt that shoots through her skin. Her eyebrows pull together and a sob wracks out of her chest.

I trace her tiny feet with my gaze as they hurriedly carry her towards him at the counter and she pays no mind to me, shoving right past and placing her palm on his arm.

My heart sinks – I watch her grieve what she's done while she stands over him. She wipes her tears with her forearm and sniffles, wrapping her small hands around his face.

"Tristan, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you," she says with a shaking voice.

Yeah, she meant to hurt *me*.

He looks up at her and reaches for her hands, pulling her grip away from his face with a small cough.

"It's okay, I forgive you. You're too pretty not to forgive."

He flirts with her, even in this state. Crazy.

“I love you, Tristan. I’m sorry.”

Fuck. There it is.

Of course she loves him and not me.

She fell for the gentle blonde boy. He’s been perfect with her, even from the beginning. He didn’t want to kill Connor, he didn’t want to kidnap her, he didn’t even want to look at her once she was locked up here.

Who was I kidding? I’m nothing compared to him. I’m a heartless piece of shit who doesn’t know how to love. I’m a shell of a human. Why the fuck would she ever love someone like *me*?

I snap out of my spiralling thoughts and take in the destructive scene around me.

The couch and chair cushions are gashed wide open, with stuffing spilling out of them. Shreds of wood and broken glass from the tables spread across the floor, the metal frames are the only thing remaining. Spilled liquor covers the rug, the pile of trashed furniture, and the wooden floor as it stinks up the room.

Look at what I did. Look at the mess I made. *Tristan would never do that.*

Octavia continues to dote on him while Valentine also watches them closely with his arms crossed. Her hands run up and down his body and I listen to her apologize relentlessly.

That bullet was meant for me. I shouldn’t even be here right now.

I feel a deep, painful throb in my chest, my stomach starts to sour and I think I’m about to puke on the floor. Adrenaline rips through my veins and my mouth begins to ache, my canines begging to pull down.

Overwhelmed with emotions, I back out of the room and turn into the garage hallway. I grab a set of dirty sweats from the laundry room and walk outside to smoke.

The last cigarette shakes out of my pack and I anxiously stick it between my lips, hands shaking.

She wanted me dead.

With a sigh, I light it, pull in the longest drag I possibly can and blow the smoke straight into the cold air. It burns my lungs, distracting me from the pain of my own mind.

I wish I could rip my heart out of my chest and give it to her. I wish I could somehow show her how I feel. Not that it really matters now, anyway.

She loves him, and not me.

I'm in love with a woman that doesn't feel the same way.

The trees creak in the wind and the moonlight begins to hide – morning is my least favorite time of day. I don't need the sun to highlight my sins and make me feel worse about myself right now.

The front door shuts and Valentine walks over towards me. He squats down with a heavy grunt that really shows his age and sits on the gravel six inches away.

"Here, you *old fuck*." I pass the cigarette to him and he takes a long drag, sighing at the end of it.

We both sit in silence for a few moments, enjoying the cold air and trying to ground ourselves. My mind gets lost in memories of her and I shut my eyes to swim around in them peacefully.

"You know we all feel the same way about her, right? How's that going to work?"

His scratchy voice shocks me out of deep thought and brings me back to a reality I currently hate.

I snatch the burning cigarette back from him, shoot him a glare and watch the sun start to creep over the horizon, turning the sky a light shade of orange.

Asshole.

My eyes catch a glimpse of them through the large windows – *a perfect couple.* A black cat and her golden retriever boyfriend. It's a match made in Heaven, and with me it'd be a match made in Hell.

"Do you think she loves us too, and not just him?" The uncertainty burns like acid as it comes out of my mouth.

Valentine sighs, pats his knees and stands back up. He doesn't turn around to say goodbye as he walks towards the front door.

Guess that was too much emotion for him.

I flick my cigarette into the gravel and head back inside, following right on his tail.

Octavia continues to caress Tristan and they talk, paying no attention to us. He smiles when he looks at her and his eyes light up when she touches him.

I take a deep inhale and drag my aching bones towards them in the kitchen. My hand reaches out to her, but she flinches away from me.

"I don't want to hurt you." I say as softly as I possibly can. "*I promise*."

Terror fills her face and Tristan grabs her hand, reassuring her.

The orange sun shines through the windows and lights up her skin beautifully – she's literally glowing. I wish I were the one holding her soft hand, making her smile.

She swallows and looks like she ponders saying something, but gulps down her words instead.

"Go get some rest, you must be exhausted." I give up on waiting for her to speak and motion her off to Tristan's wing of the house.

The energy of the room is awkward and too quiet for comfort.

I turn on my heel and walk towards my room in the opposite direction. I just want to sleep the last few days off.

No one objects my silent decision and I shut my door behind me, hoping and praying she's still here later tonight. My blackout curtains hide the dreaded sunlight and I crawl into bed, emotionally and physically wounded to my core.

Her smell fills the house again and I take another deep inhale, the perfect sensation to drift me right off to some much-needed sleep.



When I wake up, I stretch my arms wide across the bed, yawn and glance around the room. Everything looks the same, but my door is cracked open.

Odd.

I listen closely for anything at all, but the house is almost completely silent.

My feet sneak out of my wing and into the kitchen where I find Octavia in an oversized shirt, glowing in the fridge light and drinking a beer. It's dark outside again and she doesn't notice me yet.

I tiptoe closer to her, watching her like my prey I'm about to catch. Her lips wrap around the bottle and she takes a big swig, digging around for something.

She sighs and shuts the fridge door that I'm hiding behind, giving up her hunt, but I win mine.

"Late night snack?" I grin and lean against the counter.

She gasps and spills beer on her shirt.

“Skyler…” Her nervous hands grip the countertop behind her, dread filling her bloodshot eyes.

Normally that would turn me on, but I’m not interested right now.

“Octavia, please let me talk to you,” I plead with her desperately.

She gulps and sets her bottle on the island. The scratches on her arms have scabbed over and her face looks a little more lively, aside from the redness around her eyes.

“They told me you would kill me… to cure yourself. All of you.” Her voice is quiet, like a mouse that’s embarrassed.

“And I saw my mom, she admitted to everything she did. She cursed all three of you…” She sniffles and wipes her nose.

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“I wanted to *die,* Skyler. I wanted to escape my mind, and they just kept drugging me…” She does her best to hold back a sob and hangs her head low.

Before she can run away, I approach her, wrapping my hands around her tightly and pulling her into my chest. She doesn’t fight me, but she doesn’t hold me back.

“I don’t want you to die.” My hands stroke her back and I let her cry into my shirt while her arms hang limp at her sides.

I try to relish the warmth of her body and our first hug, but she pushes off of me and her face twists with confusion.

“Why are you being so nice to me?”

I swallow harshly and feel the emotions rage against the back of my teeth, but I’m not brave enough to say the words. I try to open my mouth and speak, but nothing comes out.

Goddamn it. Now I’m the one without balls.

We stand in silence, the hum of the fridge in the background. She looks at me impatiently, tapping her foot and waiting for me to say anything at all.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” She turns away from me, heading back to Tristan’s room.

Fuck. I’m fucking this up.

I grab her arm and rip her towards me.

“Just go with me.”

I only know one way to show her my heart: one final and dramatic gesture to show her how I really feel about her.

I drag her to my Mustang parked in the driveway while she fights me the whole way.

“Where the fuck are you taking me?!”

Her fists beat into my chest and she tries to resist sitting in the car, but I force her tiny body into the passenger seat.

This better work.

I lock the door behind her and get in the driver’s side, one specific location on my mind.

We drive and drive, the moonlight enchanting the empty roads. She huffs and puffs, staring out the window and sitting as far away from me as possible.

When we finally arrive, I pull her out of the car and throw her over my shoulder, to which she kicks and screams at me like a child getting dragged to the doctor’s office.

What a fucking brat.

I carry her towards the deteriorating house, through the rotting wood fence and my feet squish in the mud.

“Fucking put me down!” She yells.

My hands wrap around her waist and I sling her over my shoulder onto the ground where her bare feet sink deep into the wet soil in front of mine.

“Where the fuck are we?” She looks around the backyard.

I’m nervous and I’ve never felt this level of vulnerability before – this unfamiliar feeling chills me to the bone. If I fuck this up any further, I might have to kill the only love of my life so she can’t tell anyone else about it.

Visions of my mother and father flash across my eyes like a movie trailer. I see the blood, the boiling skin of her face, the knife in my hands all over again.

“This is where I grew up.”

Her face jolts back to mine and she looks up at me, horrified. Her green eyes search my face for any emotion.

When she doesn’t find anything, she glances around the yard more, eyeing the abandoned house that’s caving in and vines growing up the walls. The foundation is cracked and breaking off into small pieces on one of the corners, making the whole house lopsided.

Do it, you fucking pussy.

The fresh pile of dirt stares at me, egging me on. My throat feels like a lump is stuck in it and I can’t breathe. I’m fucking panicking.

“And that,” I point at the pile that looks different from the rest and sigh. “Is a grave.”

She glances at it, then back to me.

“Who’s grave?”

Remorse utterly consumes me, my rib cage feels like it’s going to fall out of my chest. Memories of that night race around my mind. I see the bimbo’s lips turning blue, I feel the jealousy that I felt all over again and my jaw clenches up.

“I don’t know her name.” I spit it out quickly before the demon in my ear can tell me to lie.

“*Her?*”

Anxiety spills out of my pores and I feel like I’m going to vomit all over my feet. Valentine told her we’d never killed a woman before and I ate my words, breaking that promise. I’m such a piece of shit.

“She’s one of eight.”

“*Eight?!*”

“Eight. And I…” The words get stuck in my throat again. “I killed all of them.”

She looks at the other graves, neatly lined up like a grim parade, then grips her chest and leans forward to dry heave over the ground.

Fuck. This is hard.

“I brought you here because I need you to know, I need you to see…”

She vomits bile and beer onto the dirt. Her body shakes and she hunches over, keeping her gaze towards the brown soil.

“…that, Octavia, I’m a monster. I’m the worst person that I know.”

She spits on the ground and finally looks up at me with teary eyes.

“I don’t deserve you, I don’t deserve anything.”

Do it. Fucking do it.

I pull a large knife from my back pocket and pass it to her with the blade facing me. She grips it with shaking hands and her brows twitch with

turmoil.

I feel every emotion I've ever felt in my entire life at this moment. Guilt, fear, shame, hate, anger. They crash into my body like waves in the ocean.

This is the only way. I have to do this.

I slowly drop to my knees in front of her and hold her hands with the knife in between them to my throat, the sharp edge poking my skin already.

"Octavia, if you believe that I deserve it, if this is what you desire…" As I gulp, the blade scrapes my Adam's apple. "It would be an *honor* to die for the only woman I have ever loved."

I pinch my eyes shut and a tear spills over my cheek.

This is it, I'm doing it. I'm being vulnerable, I'm sacrificing it all, I'm giving someone else the power for once in my miserable life.

"The Universe has a debt that needs to be repaid."

I slowly drop my hands off of hers and pull them together behind my back, leaving me completely at her mercy.

When I open my eyes, she stares back at me, the blade shaking and scratching my skin with her every movement. She keeps the knife at my throat, debating whether to let me live, or kill me and bury me next to my sins.

"*I love you, Octavia*."

The hardest words I've ever carried finally leave my lips, and my body trembles at the relief.

The moonlight shines around her, creating a beautiful halo effect. My eyes burn from the tears and I stare up at her – a fallen soldier at the feet of an angel.

My angel.

"And if you decide I deserve to live, I promise that I will spend the rest of my dishonorable life proving my worth to you."

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CHAPTER 26

OCTAVIA

What the fuck did he just say?

I hold the blade at his throat, tiny drops of blood dripping down his inked chest already. My heart races, my ears ring, my mouth tastes rancid and I think I'm going to heave again.

What the fuck?

But… It's a beautiful sight to be honest – Skyler Vale on his knees for *me.* His dark eyes shut and his wet eyelashes stick to his cheeks. The scruff he always keeps is slightly longer, the stress of the last few days showing its physical effects on him.

I should kill him. I should kill him for all the torture, deceit, and lies he put me through, I should kill him for what he did to these women.

But… I know that I don't have the strength to swing the knife.

My heart flutters like a bird in a cage and I close my eyes. Visions take over my mind and I watch him cry over my seizing body in the forest, carrying me into the hospital and saying *'she's my girlfriend.'* I see him confess his feelings for me to his brothers, the three of them bonding over a connection to a single woman – me.

I told you they would change your life.

My mother's voice echoes in my brain, like she's the one showing me this.

I watch Skyler hold Tristan's body for days, tears spilling down his cheeks and onto the white sheets. I see Valentine tell his love story and drink with Skyler, saying *'she gets it.'*

Then I hear the little girl's voice in my head.

“Everyone who’s ever loved you has either died or abandoned you.”

I shake my head and tell her, *“No, you’re wrong.”*

When I open my eyes, I see him staring up at me, those dark pits of nothingness begging for mercy with every blink. The knife drops out of my hands into the dirt and I jump onto him, my arms wrapping around his neck.

“I love you too, Skyler.”

He sighs and hugs me tightly, almost knocking the wind out of me.

I’ll have to teach him to be more gentle.

After everything that’s happened, everything between us and between me and the other boys, I know that I love him.

I don’t love him despite his flaws, anger and violence.

I love him *for* them.

I attempt to peel off of him but he pulls me in tighter. We hug for a few moments while the leaves on the trees around us rustle, the crickets chirp and rain begins to dribble down.

He finally lets my tender body go, but he remains on his knees and places his big hands around my waist. His eyes shimmer as he looks up at me and I watch a painful peace take over his face.

“Can I *please* take you home to fuck your brains out now?”

His familiar demeanor eases my stress.

“Yes, *please*.”

Before the words can finish coming out of my mouth, he stands up and throws my body over his shoulder like a caught prize as I giggle and hold onto his back for dear life.

We walk over to the car and he places me into the passenger seat, his hand quickly finding its way to my throat.

I can see desire in his eyes, a deep lust that he seemed to be fighting for some time while we were separated. I missed it.

We hold eye contact for a few seconds, staring at each other, connecting with no words.

His lips crash into mine and our tongues twist together. His heavy breath fills my ears as he groans and pushes my neck into the headrest, making the grip on my throat even tighter.

Fuck, I missed being manhandled.

Fireworks explode between us, primal and consuming, as if fate wrote our shared moment long before we met. Oddly enough, I think this is our first kiss. I’ve given him everything but the romance of our lips touching.

Visions of his childhood flash around my mind like I'm living his memories myself. His emotions flood through me, giving me insight on what he goes through every day. I can feel the fabric of our souls intertwining, our hearts melding into one, and our bodies sighing in relief as we finally release the tension between us.

And I understand him now – I see just a fraction of the way he sees me and feel a small portion of the way his body aches for me.

What was I thinking? I couldn't kill Skyler Vale even if I tried.

God has a funny way of making me hate him enough to wish death upon him, but something always gets in the way.

Interesting.

Our first kiss comes to an end and he pulls away with a smile, shutting the passenger door and walking around the car to the driver's seat.

As he sits down, an evil grin covers his face. He can't hide how excited he is no matter how hard he tries. His hard cock bulges from his pants and taunts me, begging me to touch it.

There's no way in hell we're making it home.

I lean over the center console as he starts the car, and the way the engine purrs fuels my desire. My hands finagle with his sweats, attempting to pull exactly what I'm looking for out for some fun.

"Daddy, I can't wait."

His stiffness springs out and he groans as he begins to drive us down the street. I lick my lips and wrap my hands around the base of him, holding it steady for me.

Before I can go at my own pace, his right hand takes a fistful of my hair, shoves my mouth down and I gag.

"*Fuck* Kitten, I can't wait either."

His head tilts back into the headrest and he grunts loudly, drowning out the sound of cars whizzing by us. I slide my tongue up and down his shaft while small bumps in the road push him deeper into me.

Take control, use me, please.

He doesn't hear my silent prayer, so I pull my mouth off of him and tease the tip with small kisses, hoping he gets frustrated with me.

But he doesn't.

He squirms in agony and I watch him fight his natural instincts. His hold on my hair loosens and he puts both hands on the steering wheel with a death grip like he's trying to focus on anything other than me.

The vibe throws me off and I slide back into my seat, frustratedly crossing my arms.

“Skyler? Are you in there?” I spit out, cracking a joke.

He gulps and his cock twitches, glistening with slobber under the passing streetlights. I can see words wracking around his brain, but he chooses to bite his tongue instead.

His fangs pull down with frustration and he white knuckles the steering wheel, pedal to the floor. We speed down the road, practically flying. I can’t see the speedometer but I’d guess we’re easily going over 100mph.

He finally decides to speak, but grits his teeth as he does it.

“I don’t want to hurt you like I hurt those women.”

I watch him twitch, actively fighting his violent tendencies, but that’s *exactly* what I’m looking for. My hand reaches across to his seat and I grab his cock, staring up at him.

“I *want* you to hurt me.”

He takes his eyes off the road and looks down at me, fangs hanging low and his mouth slightly parted. I can see him debate my request, looking between the road and me below him.

“Fuck it,” he grunts out.

His hands wrap in my hair again and this time he forces my head all the way onto him, his girth stretching the back of my throat open. I gag, but my inner walls ache.

He holds my head still, groaning as he thrusts his hips into my face. Slobber bubbles out of my lips and I can’t breathe, trying to push off of his legs.

His grip is unforgiving – he listens to me choke and I know he feels me claw at his thighs, but he continues to use me as he pleases.

Holy fuck, I might pass out.

His hand pushes me down with all his might, shoving him fully down my throat and holding me there for a few seconds. The world starts to turn black, I see stars burst in my vision and I fight against him, the back of my neck on fire.

He finally releases me and I rip my head off of him, gasping for air and coughing as saliva flies all over his crotch and the car.

“Fuck Kitten, your throat feels so good, I just can’t help myself,” he pants.

And there it is – that's exactly the Skyler I needed. I lean back over to him and try to push him into my mouth for seconds, but he pulls me by my hair back into my seat.

"Ah ah," he says like he's training a dog. "We're home now."

The tires squish into the gravel driveway making a crunching sound and when we come to a stop, he swiftly turns the key and switches the car off.

His cock stands tall and my pussy is soaked, dripping down my bare thighs. This oversized t-shirt isn't hiding anything.

"I want to ruin you, *properly*." The grit of his voice makes my skin crawl.

I eagerly pull at the door handle, trying to get out of the car and inside for some overdue play time, but he yanks me by my hair back into the seat.

"Sit, *pet*."

Oh, fuck, I feel a sense of euphoria as he calls me *his*. My juices create a slip and slide underneath me on the leather seat.

He exits the car and walks over to my door, holding eye contact with me through the windshield the entire time, his eyes penetrate down to my soul. The devil that always followed him, *it's back*.

His veiny hand clicks the lock and grabs my hair into a ponytail as he shoves me onto all fours outside. My bare knees scrape into the sharp gravel and I wince, the shame taking over.

"That's a good kitty, now *crawl*."

Before I can comprehend what's happening, his muscular arms yank my hair through the driveway and I'm forced to move forward, following his lead.

He doesn't even look down at me, just drags me forward at his pace like a cage master until we reach the front door.

"Skyler?" I glance up at him, not even sure what I'm asking for.

"That's not my fucking name," he says with a bite, looking forward still.

His left hand unlocks the front door and pushes it open, pulling me in with him and my knees and hands thank me for walking on a smoother surface.

Tristan peeks around the corner of the far hallway, the blistering gunshot wound on his shoulder sticking out like a sore thumb. We make eye contact and I turn as red as a tomato, my embarrassment consuming me.

"*VALENTINE!*"

Skyler's voice echoes off the walls and makes my ears ring. I try to cover them with my shoulders since I'm still on all fours, but it's no use.

Tristan walks over and sleepily scratches the back of his head as he yawns.

Valentine emerges from his hallway, looking very irritated. He slowly walks towards the three of us and both of their eyes are on me while Skyler pays me no attention.

Fuck, I'm steeping so low.

I'm not even a girlfriend anymore, I'm a *house pet.*

"Who's interested in fucking our new *pet*?" He pulls my hair and tosses me into the middle of the three of them, they all stand tall and peer down at me like an object.

Skyler squats down and, with no warning, shoves two thick fingers into me.

"Aww, you're so wet. Do you like being my *pet*? *Our* pet, Octavia?" His voice holds a condescending tone, making me feel even more ashamed as I moan into the wooden floor.

He finger fucks me ruthlessly, my juices making a splashing sound against his hand.

"Daddy, please…" the words seep out of my mouth before I can think about them.

He slides in a third, drawing more moans out of me.

"Please *what*?" He continuously fingers me, my pussy throbs and clenches around him.

Fuck, I need more. I need his cock inside me.

I hesitantly look up to see Valentine and Tristan pulling their clothes off, their pants getting caught on their stiff members.

"Please… please fuck me."

He rips his fingers out of me and points with slickness covering him to his bedroom door down the left hallway.

"*Crawl*."

I shamefully walk on my hands and knees across the dark wood floor, keeping my head low to hide my red face from them. The cold air blows on my exposed bottom half and gives me goosebumps all over my arms and legs.

They can all see how wet I am as I crawl in front of them. Their eyes burn holes into me and I hear one of them lick their lips.

I love it. I love the embarrassment, I love the heat on my cheeks, I love how small I feel.

"That's a *good* kitty."

When we all reach the bedroom, I instinctively sit on my knees at the edge of the bedframe, my skin grateful that I'm on a rug now.

The three of them stand around me, all naked now. Their muscular builds all glow in the low lighting and their eyes are hooded with an appetite for me.

I'm terrified, but I'm more turned on than I've ever been before. This is something straight out of one of my book fantasies.

"Get on the bed," Skyler commands us like our puppet master, telling each of us exactly where he wants us to go. We all happily oblige, enjoying his sexual power play.

I climb onto his giant bed, my hands and knees sinking into the plush black comforter beneath me. I stay on all fours and face away from them, but I get to listen to Skyler's orders.

"Tristan, come get Daddy wet before I fuck her." His voice is so baritone, so commanding and confident.

Holy fuck, I'm quaking in anticipation.

"Val, I want you to *taste* her."

Scratch that, *now* I am.

Without question, I hear Valentine drop to his knees behind me and wrap his big hands under and around my hips. He drags me to the edge of the bed, resulting in a light squeal from me.

His tongue licks all the way from my clit to the top of my ass cheeks, touching every surface with devious intent.

"Holy fuck…" Words are barely forming in my mind and I swear my eyes cross.

He continues to lick me like a popsicle on a hot summer day. His tongue slips into my ass, slightly penetrating it. Jesus, he's good with his tongue.

I try to focus on anything at all, but there's so much happening around me. I hear Tristan slobbering on Skyler's cock, both of their moans filling the room. Fuck, I wish I could see.

Valentine's mouth sucks on my sweet spot and I feel a release coming. I grind up and down on his face, pushing my whole body onto him, begging him for more.

“Please don’t stop…” I can barely finish my sentence as he sucks harder, gripping his hands painfully into my skin.

Oh, fuck. I’m cumming.

I can hear Skyler brutally facefucking Tristan, exactly as he did to me in the car earlier. My head swims and my body turns to mush.

“Ah, the first of many tonight,” Skyler evilly smirks.

Valentine pulls off of me and stands back up, walking around to the front of me.

Finally, I can see something.

My juices cover his salt and pepper scruff and I can taste myself as he leans down to kiss me passionately.

I moan into his mouth and reach my arms up to pull him closer, but a large hand comes up behind me and rips them away from him, holding them tight behind the small of my back.

I don’t hear Tristan’s gagging anymore and the room falls oddly quiet. I have not a clue as to what’s happening behind me.

“Val, lay down and use her face.” Skyler sounds extremely close now.

I feel a giant phallic object sliding up and down my slit, teasing me with it. Before I can get any words out to beg for it, Valentine lies on the bed in front of me and pulls me towards him.

I’m getting ripped around like a dog toy to these wolves and I fucking love it.

His chest hair and pubic hair are grey, the sight making me drool harder than I already was. He props himself up with a pillow, his aged abs flexing in front of me and he pushes my mouth onto him.

I’ve never had a threesome, let alone a fucking foursome before. My veins fill with excitement, but a little bit of anxiety. My head bobs up and down on Valentine with his hands on my hair and I feel someone climb on the bed behind me.

“*Fuck*, Kitten, your pussy is so pink.”

Skyler, please fuck me. Please.

He hears my silent request and slides his girthy cock into me, my mouth tries to moan and Valentine’s length slips deeper into my throat. I gag on him and he pays me no mind, grunting and using me for his pleasure.

Skyler pulls out and slams back into me, pushing me onto Valentine again. Each time he thrusts, I get pushed back into him – a true spitroast.

I feel a wet finger rub my second hole and gently push in, stretching me open slightly. I'm so fucking full, *everywhere*.

In the heat of it all with my mind melting, I remember that Tristan was also here. Where is he now?

I open my eyes and try to look around, but I don't see him.

Skyler thrusts into me mercilessly, Valentine tilts his head back and his grip on my hair tightens. Fuck, I'm close again.

Through the sounds of everything, I hear a faint whimpering from the corner of the room.

"What a *good* fucking boy you are, watching Daddy fuck her," Skyler's voice says behind me. "How's the view from over there?"

Tristan whimpers, but I can hear him stroking his cock quickly. "Daddy, I love it." He groans and strokes faster.

Fuck, there it is.

I moan loudly through the cock in my mouth and my legs shake. There are so many sensations happening all at once.

Skyler slows his pace behind me and I'm assuming he signals Valentine to do the same as they both ease off.

Everyone moves around the room like a shift change. Skyler struts over to the front of me, yanking my body towards his end of the bed. His girth stands eye to eye with me, covered in my juices. He's so big, how does he even fit?

Valentine lies on his back next to me and pulls me on top of him, just like the sex we had in the basement.

I slip onto his cock, stretching me open once again. Skyler slides himself into my mouth, my eyes meeting his and he grins down at me.

"Come here Tristan, come fuck her ass."

Oh shit, I've never done that before. But I'm so enveloped in pleasure that I barely even care, my eyes on Skyler's abs and chest in front of me as he uses my throat slowly and I taste myself.

I feel the weight of another body joining the bed, then I feel it straddle Valentine beneath me, inching closer and closer. Tristan leans in and kisses my back as I bounce up and down on Valentine and bob back and forth on Skyler.

He spits in his hand and strokes his cock, pushing it up against my ass.

His mouth leans close and he whispers, "Can I *please* fuck you, Octavia?"

My eyes roll back, deep in the pleasure happening everywhere. I can't even answer him with my mouth full.

"Tristan, Daddy says it's okay."

Skyler pushes his head away from my ear and I feel him slowly enter me, the pressure building between him and Valentine's cock almost becoming too much.

He moves slowly and patiently, probably the perfect person to be back there. Moans escape his mouth as he takes his time, working it inch by inch until his hips touch mine.

I take it back, *now* I feel so fucking full.

Skyler pulls out, my slobber connecting us, dripping all over the duvet cover. He squats down in front of me and grips my cheeks, holding my face inches away from his.

"How does my Kitten like all three holes filled?"

His words on top of everything else going on send me over the edge and I feel a release coming. My eyes roll back again and Skyler takes quick note of this, commanding them to pump faster.

"Make her cum again, make her cum all over you two."

He holds my face still as Valentine and Tristan pump faster, almost in unison. I can barely think straight – I swear the wrinkles in my brain are unfolding.

Skyler stands back up and shoves his cock deep down my throat, groaning and grunting.

I don't even gag, I don't even fight it, I just turn to a pile of mush. Drool pours out of my mouth as I let my jaw hang. My entire body melts into them and I cum harder than I ever have before.

I love it.

Skyler's balls tighten and he dumps his release into my throat. I swallow every drop of it while I look up at him, tears blocking my vision.

Tristan pumps a few more times, grunting and whining as his load fills my ass, then Valentine paws my tits and sucks on them, his moans muffled by my skin in his mouth as his cum pours into my pussy.

They both sigh and pant, pulling out of me slowly. I lay flat on Valentine's chest and semen drips out of me from both holes and onto him.

Skyler peeks over my shoulder and notices, looking at Tristan now.

"Aren't you gonna clean up the mess?"

Without hesitation, Tristan eagerly licks it all up like a puppy drinking out of a bowl. His tongue traces up my tender backside as well and sends shooting pleasure up my spine.

“Good fucking boy.” Skyler pats his head like a dog.

Tristan lies next to Valentine, looking over to me with a cheesy smile on his cheeks. Skyler falls onto the bed behind me and runs his big fingers up and down my back.

The three of them surround me, panting and breathing heavily. A deep romantic energy swirls around the room, creating a feeling of a fucked up family.

I bask in it and slowly realize, after everything I’ve been through…

This is my home.

They may be a pack of wolves, but they’re a *pack of mine.*

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CHAPTER 27

SKYLER

Our existence hidden in the woods with Octavia is a dream come true. I spent my whole life chasing a different high when the one that would be the most fulfilling was twenty minutes away at a shitty dive bar.

Silver Lake is a town full of nobodies. All of the women are basic, boring, and they crumble under the slightest touch. Octavia doesn't break, in fact, she even begs for *more*. My mismatched jigsaw piece was looking for me out there, serving drinks to old farts and dating all the wrong men.

It's been a few weeks since we brought her home from the hospital. She spends most of her time jumping back and forth between me and Tristan's room for cuddles or orgasms. Valentine doesn't push, but I can tell he itches for alone time with her as well.

I'm still unsure why she doesn't pursue him, maybe because he's so fucking reserved, but I don't pry. I get my time with her and that's all I care about, really.

Octavia told us about her mother in the dreams while she was unconscious or seizing, how each of us is a fated mate for her.

Yeah, fuck you, *fate*. But I was right, wasn't I?

She walked us through the trauma she endured in the psych ward, the drugs they filled her with and the visions she couldn't escape. I debated going back and slaughtering all of them just for touching her, but I really don't need to get into any more trouble with the law right now. We've all been laying low in the mansion while Valentine works through a way to clear our identities.

He mentioned that it was a little more challenging than usual with Octavia being in the news and all, plus there was video footage of us entering the hospital.

I've watched him pace around on the phone for hours. He talks with loads of different people, then shoots me a glare if I watch him and hides in his room like I can't hear through his door.

I'm just letting him handle it.

But aside from that, I think I can speak for all of us when I say we don't give a flying fuck about being wolves anymore.

I thought being a part animal would cost me my entire life – turns out it introduced me to the beginning of it.

If that's the price to have her in our lives, so be it. I can live with that.

Tristan and I have been practicing our transformations together – he still pisses me off to no end and I force him to be honest with himself. We like to see how fast we can flip it on and back off. I think we're starting to get the hang of it, but we're not as speedy as Valentine yet.

I trace Octavia with my eyes as she frolics around the living room with Tristan and they play a game of tag. A cigarette hangs from my lips as I take another drag, my pupils locked on her every movement. Smoke engulfs me and warms my lungs with every hit.

The furniture is still a fucking wreck, as it has been for weeks. I'm not sure what's taking Valentine so long to clean it up. He's usually beyond impatient and works day and night to fix things and put them back exactly where they started. I think he has OCD or something. The typical sounds of him hammering away in his workshop late at night drive me mad, but it's been oddly silent.

Octavia and Tristan swiftly move around the broken glass and torn-up pillows, a boasting smile on both of their faces. It's so nice to see her happy and thriving, especially with my little brother.

If you would've asked me a few years ago to picture this right moment right here – a beautiful woman who could stick around and throw my banter right back at me, jumping around my living room and smiling, not covered in terror…

I would've eaten your *stupid* face off.

Tristan rushes by the barstool I'm sitting in and taps me on the shoulder.

"Skyler, you're it!"

I grin and slip out of the chair slowly, my boots thumping into the floor when they touch it. They both look at me like kids at a playground, hands out to their sides and ready to run.

“Fine, but we play outside, where we can *really* run.” I point towards the giant front door and they gaze at each other, like they’re debating on telling me no. That word is not in my vocabulary.

My eyes trace them as they both shrug their shoulders and walk out the door.

“Alright, I’ll give you a head start, but remember if you get scared…” I stretch my arms up above my head and shake my body out as I warm up my muscles. “The scent of fear will make you a hundred times easier to find.”

They both giggle and sprint, their bare feet kicking up dirt from the forest floor beneath them. I watch Tristan run to the right and Octavia to the left, their scents already leaving trails behind them.

“Five…”

I crack my knuckles.

“Four…”

I can still hear their footsteps running from me.

“Three…”

Octavia giggles softly about thirty feet from me.

“Two…”

I feel my fangs push at my gums with excitement of the chase.

“One…”

Tristan pants and his scent lingers behind a tree.

“Watch out, Daddy’s coming.”

I toss my cigarette on the ground and dash straight towards the direction of Octavia’s laugh, her little footsteps racing again on the soil. The thrill of hunting her like prey is making my primal instincts impossible to ignore.

Tree branches whiz by my face and I cut through the forest like I’m splitting lanes in traffic. The sound of her breathing heavily is too loud to hide from my sensitive wolf ears.

I slow down and pinpoint her location, like a ping on a map.

“Oh Kitten, you’re so bad at hiding. I can hear you from a mile away.”

She laughs again and runs towards Tristan’s direction. My feet push with force into the ground and launch me closer and closer to her. She’s surprisingly fast, but I’m *faster.*

I could catch her if I wanted to, but I’m enjoying the chase too much.

Tristan grunts and I hear him trip over something maybe forty feet or so from us. A soft "*shit!*" sings in my ears and I decide to follow him instead.

Easy prey.

I hear him attempt to get up with anxious scattering, dried leaves and branches crunching underneath him. But every second longer that he takes, I fly on my feet closer to him.

"Tristannn, I'm gonna get you!"

My lungs pant and I see him between the trees now, stumbling to get back on his feet and brushing the dirt off his shorts. His head snaps in my direction and fear widens his eyes, the sight making my cock throb.

I launch on top of him at full speed and knock us both painfully to the hard ground. He laughs underneath me and tries to shove me off, but fails miserably.

"Tag! You're it," I spit out between breaths.

He smiles and blushes as I sit on top of him, his chest moving rapidly and his bulge twitching.

Octavia breathes like a dog who just played fetch and approaches us, her hands on her knees.

"You two look like you're having a bunch of fun without me," she says with a smile. "Care if I jump in?"

I climb off of Tristan and my teeth fade back to normal. We both look down at him on the Earth and he turns as red as a tomato again. His shorts and shirt are covered in dirt and sweat. I smell desire seeping out of his pores, not that he could hide the desperation in his face anyway.

I hear a distant set of footsteps, but they're skillfully quiet. My head snaps back behind me and I try to lock in on the sound, but it's impossible. Who's out there?

"What?" Octavia walks up behind me and rests her hands on my back. She attempts to catch her breath.

"I hear someone, but I can't tell where they are."

Apprehension begins to radiate off of her and Tristan. The sun fades behind the treetops and makes the forest a little more haunting.

The footsteps now sound like more than one pair, but I can't even pick up on a smell to find them. It sounds like they're all around us, inching closer like a predator.

I pull Octavia to my chest, preparing to protect her from a bear or a cougar or something. Her heart thumps like a drum and she death-grips my

t-shirt.

Damn, even *I'm* a little afraid.

Tristan cautiously stands up and slides closer to me too, his heart rate picking up as well.

"Hello?" He calls out to the trees.

The footsteps approach us closer and I have no idea which direction they're actually coming from. My neck turns to my left and right, but I don't see anything.

"*Boo*."

We all three jump and Octavia screams, the pitch making my ears painfully ring.

A black and grey wolf with a brown leather thigh bag walks up to us.

"Valentine, you scared me half to death!" Octavia puts her hand on her chest and sighs in relief.

He sits on his hind legs and licks his wolf lips.

"I heard you all run outside. I was curious what was going on."

"We were playing tag, but it's getting kind of dark. We should probably go back," Tristan anxiously says as he tries to fix his ratty blonde hair and wipes more soil off his arms.

Valentine stands back up and marches in circles around the three of us like a meal he's about to eat.

"You just missed the fun, Val." I run my fingers through Octavia's black hair possessively. "Tomorrow, we'll play again."

He seems disappointed with my decision. I watch him pace one more lap around us and settle down on his hind legs again.

"Fine, but don't forget to invite me. I may be old, but I can sprint faster than any of you."

Octavia treks towards him and plants a gentle kiss on his cheek.

"Sure, Val." Her small hands pet the grey fur around his face and she grins. "Just don't have a heart attack or break a hip."

He ignores her banter and locks his light eyes with mine, a look of pure joy flooding over him. My older brother, the man who bravely took me in and assisted me in working through my darkest battles, has finally found a reason to smile.

And I must say, it's a good fucking look on him.

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AFTERWORD

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

I lived by this quote for quite a few years, applying it to a version of myself strictly physically. I spent the last half of my life believing that I was only a reflection of what I looked like in the mirror, but I was so very wrong.

Writing Pack of Mine showed me that there is so much depth to my darkness, and I'm far more capable than I thought I was.

If you have an idea, if you have a spark of creativity and passion to back it up – fucking go for it. Don't let the facade of self-doubt hold you back, ever. You are limited to what you believe you're limited to. And when there's no one left to reassure you – what will you be left with?

Choose to keep going, choose to push forward, and most importantly, choose to be kind – even to yourself.

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