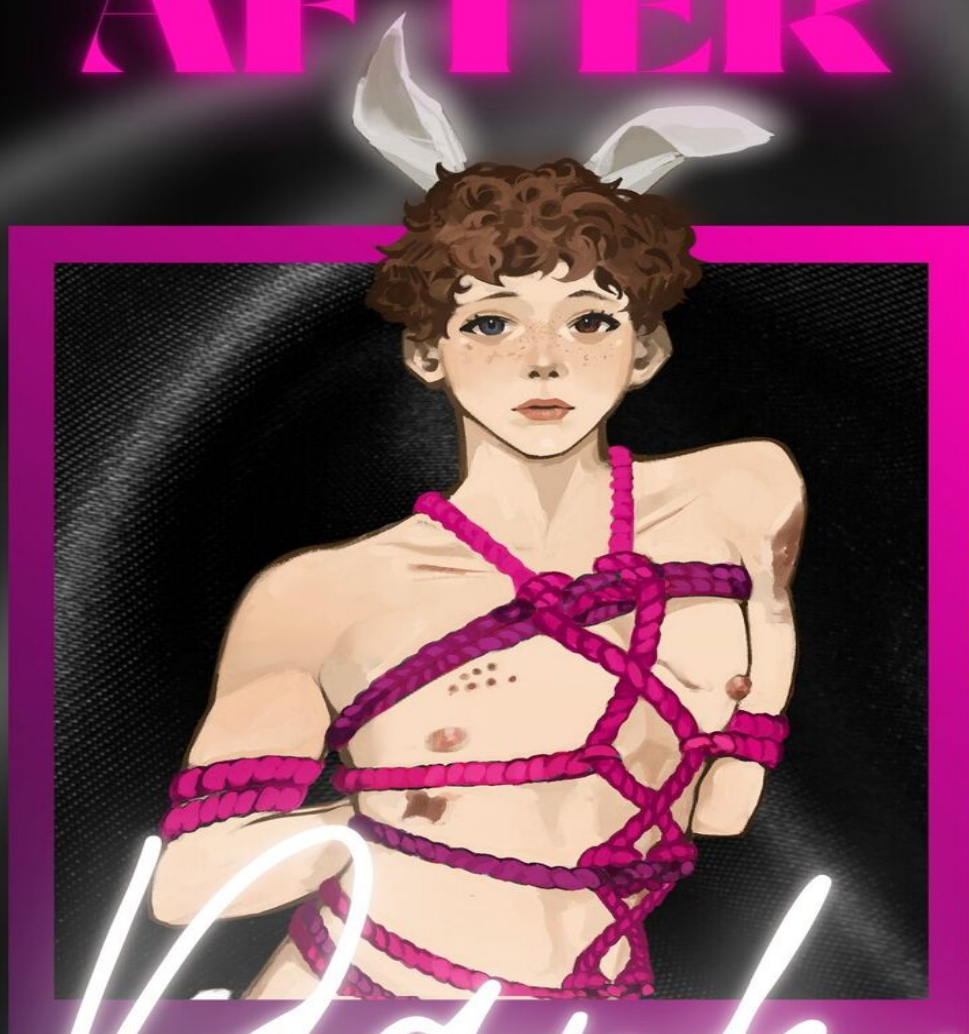


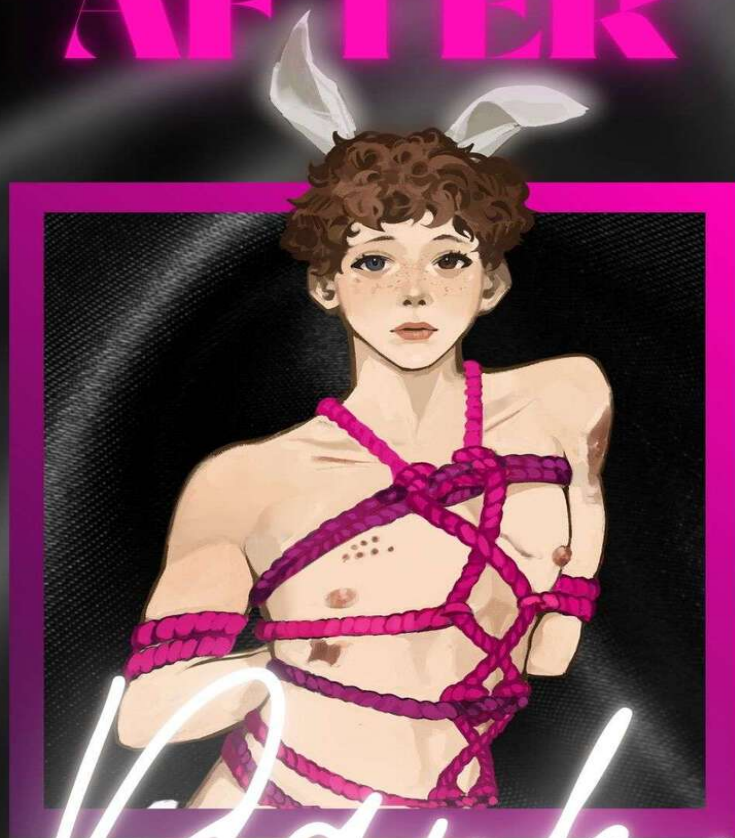
SANCTUARY AFTER



Dark

Courtney Liddell

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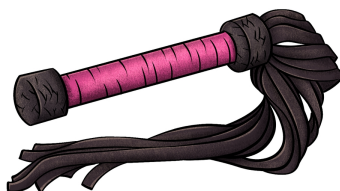
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Content Warnings



This book contains topics that are sometimes difficult for people to process. It is about a trafficking victim and his journey of healing and reclaiming a part of his life that was taken from him. The entire book discusses the heavy themes of how BDSM can be therapeutic when used properly and isn't always inherently sexual. BDSM does not replace therapy, though. Please consult a professional mental healthcare provider before using BDSM to help with any trauma or mental health conditions. I am not a healthcare professional, so do not use what I write in this book as medical advice.

Before trying anything that has to do with kink, please do your research and talk with people who have a lot of experience in it. If done incorrectly, you can not only cause damage physically to your body but mentally as well. Approach with healthy caution and ask lots of questions!

And remember, consent is the sexiest thing you can wear. Communicate with your partner throughout the entire process. Negotiate boundaries and limits. Discuss safewords and safe actions. Using a safeword at any time is your right, and you should not face shame for it! Just because your body reacts does not mean that is consent!

In the words of Olivia Benson, "By keeping quiet, you're giving him power over you."

Your mental health matters, so please don't continue if any of these trigger you. No abuse happens in the present day. All abuse mentioned is in the past.

- Human trafficking/forced prostitution
- Mentions of abuse (physical and emotional)
- Mentions of rape
- Mentions of drug use
- Mentions of torture
- Mentions of grooming and manipulation
- Mentions of gaslighting
- Anxiety and panic attacks
- Low self esteem
- Self hatred
- Depression
- Nightmares
- Exposure therapy
- Immersion therapy
- Mentions of conversion therapy
- PTSD
- Flashbacks
- Suicidal thoughts
- Mentions of neglect
- Scars
- BDSM
- DDlb
- Explicit sex scenes
- Taboo/twins
- Dirty talk
- Rope bondage

- Mentions of the current political climate
- Mentions of protests being attended

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National DV Hotline



If you or someone you know is in a dangerous situation, please know that there is help and you are not alone. There are a lot of resources out there for you.

National Domestic Violence Hotline (USA)

800-799-SAFE(7233)

Text "START"

88788



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Playlist



Just a note about the playlist: I usually add songs as I go that make me think of this story. So, keep checking it for new additions.



SCAN ME

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Terms and Phrases



BDSM: BDSM is an acronym that stands for Bondage, Discipline, Dominance, Submission, and Sadomasochism. It is an umbrella term for consensual sexual and psychological practices that involve power dynamics, role-playing, sensory play, and physical or psychological restraint.

Dom: Short for Dominant, is the partner in a consensual BDSM or power-exchange dynamic who takes the leading, authoritative role. They assume responsibility for guiding the encounter, setting boundaries, and directing the submissive partner, all within a framework of enthusiastic consent and prior negotiation.

Sub: Individuals of any gender who seek to relinquish control of their bodies and minds to one (or more) Dominant(s).

Little: A person who most often submits but not always, either through their actions in a BDSM scene or within their personal mindset by means of a power exchange. Littles can range from child-like to childish in their appearance and behavior, both in and out of the context of BDSM.

Daddy Dom: (or Daddy Dominant) in BDSM is a dominant partner who assumes a paternal, protective, and nurturing role over a submissive partner, often referred to as a "little." This consensual power exchange blends BDSM dynamics with caregiving, discipline, and emotional or financial support.

Master: A dominant partner in a consensual, authority-exchange relationship, commonly referred to as Master/slave. Unlike casual

Dominants, a Master typically holds continuous, long-term power over a submissive partner, overseeing their lifestyle, rules, and daily service with a focus on trust and mutual responsibility.

Slave: This type of sub typically offers a more complete and enduring surrender of control to their dominant partner, known as a "master" or "mistress." The dynamic between a slave and their master/mistress often extends beyond specific scenes or activities, encompassing a broader range of aspects within the partners' lives. Slavery in BDSM involves a more profound, holistic relinquishment of autonomy and decision-making power that may extend beyond the bedroom, with the master/mistress retaining ultimate authority within the relationship.

Munch: short for "Meeting Over Lunch" is a casual social gathering where people interested in alternative lifestyles, such as BDSM, fetish, or polyamory, can meet, socialize, and network.

Shibari: A Japanese word that literally translates to "to tie" or "to bind". In modern use, it refers to a traditional Japanese style of rope bondage and rope art.

ABDL: Stands for Adult Baby Diaper Lover is a diverse group of individuals that includes adult babies, diaper lovers, and those who cherish them.

TPE: Stands for Total Power Exchange. It refers to a relationship dynamic where a submissive partner willingly and continuously transfers autonomy and decision-making control over to a dominant partner across almost all aspects of daily life, including finances, daily schedules, and personal rules.

Flagrum: A whip or scourge primarily used for severe corporal punishment, torture, or capital punishment. It typically featured a short handle attached to multiple leather thongs, which were woven with sharp objects or heavier objects.

Yinz: A regional second-person plural pronoun used primarily in and around Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It essentially means "you all," "y'all," or "you guys."

Jagoff: A derogatory slang term used to describe a foolish, irritating, or contemptible person. It functions as a versatile insult, similar to "jerk," "idiot," or "asshole," and is heavily associated with the local dialects of Pittsburgh.

Mo Chuisle: (pronounced *muh koosh-la*) is an affectionate Irish term of endearment that literally translates to "my pulse."

Mo Laoch: (pronounced *muh LAY-ukh*) is an affectionate Irish term of endearment that literally translates to "my warrior."

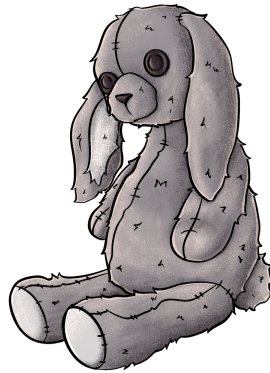
Mo ghrá: (pronounced *muh-ghraw* or *moh-grow*) is an Irish phrase that translates to "my love."

Tatuś: (pronounced *ta-toosh*) Polish for Daddy

Tatusiek: (pronounced *ta-too-syiek*) Polish for Daddy

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Dedication



*For those who thought they had to suffer in silence.
For those who were made to believe they were less than.
For those whom nobody believed.
You will carry your trauma with you your entire life.
But it's up to you whether or not you let it define you.
I hope you find your sanctuary.*

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"Healing begins when someone bears witness. I saw you. I believe you."

- Olivia Benson, Law & Order: SVU, Season 13 Ep 6

"You survived the abuse. You're going to survive the recovery."

- Olivia Benson, Law & Order: SVU, Season 13 Ep 8

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Chapter 1



There are fifteen tiles on the ceiling in my ten-by-ten room. Fifteen tiles that I've stared at for the past nine months I've been here. Fifteen tiles that are supposed to all be identical, but after staring at them for nine months, you start to notice the imperfections.

There's a crack in one; one corner is a little wonky by the window, and the design is slightly off in another corner. Not one of them is like the others, even though they're all supposed to be identical. Little imperfections that make them unique, and when you stare at them long enough, you notice, and then you can't stop staring.

You can't stop seeing those imperfections, no matter how hard they try to hide them. It's like they scream at you, "LOOK AT ME!", and you can't help but look. You can't help but fixate on it. Fixate on the fact that they're different.

Then you fixate on the fact that you were told they were identical when clearly they're not, so you feel you were lied to. Logically, you know they didn't mean to lie to you. That's just how it happens sometimes. Rarely is anything completely identical, so when you're told that they're identical, you believe them. At first, you see it. The similar patterns and the cohesive design. But when you focus and pay attention, you notice the differences they try to hide by blending in.

Because blending in is easier.

Blending in keeps you safe.

Sighing, I sit up in bed and finally look away from the ceiling tiles. Pulling my sleeves down over my hands, I swing my legs off the bed and stand up, heading for the door. It's time for my therapy appointment. I don't need to check the time on the wall clock because I've had this appointment every day for the past nine months.

My life right now is a routine. A list of things that I need to do every day. The staff of Three Rivers Rehabilitation Center laid out a list of routines for me. I have lived and struggled in this place since the day I was rescued from my nightmare.

I don't even really remember that day; I was so high. It comes in bits and pieces. The prick of the needle in my arm in the morning, another routine I was forced to have by someone I thought loved me. The euphoric feeling when the heroin hit my bloodstream, and the way my body seemed to float. Bodies floating in and out, touching me, using me, hurting me. *His* voice in my ear, threatening me to be good. To be good for Daddy. To be good for the men that Daddy said could touch me and do whatever they wanted.

And they did. They did whatever they wanted to me. My body is littered with scars to prove it. But not just physical scars, but emotional scars as well. Scars that keep me up at night or wake me from precious sleep.

Scars that I hide under baggy, long-sleeved shirts and oversized hoodies. Baggy jeans that do nothing for my figure. And that's the point. I don't want anyone to see me. It's a far cry from the wardrobe I wore before I met him. But I need to hide now. I need to cover the scars because they make me different. They make me stand out, and I can't stand out. Standing out got me into the mess I was in originally. Standing out and being

different got me noticed, and once I was in his gaze, he wasn't going to let me go. Not without a fight, anyway.

Eventually, I began to crave the escape that heroin gave me. I hated when I was sober and would beg for him to give me more because I didn't want to be present for anything that happened to me. It numbed the pain and let me float away, and that was the best gift anyone could give me. Just that slight reprieve. Then, when the drugs wore off, I was right back in hell. The pain would set in, and I would clean myself up as best I could.

Looking up at the door when I arrived, I stared at it for a moment. I was so lost in thought that I hadn't noticed the journey through the halls to get here. This door was familiar, and so was the man behind it. A man who had actually become important to me and someone I trusted when I didn't think I would trust anyone again. Doctor Alec Stone. The man who had rescued me from my hell and gotten me the help that I needed. He made sure I went to the hospital, and he visited me every single day.

Alec had eventually taken me on as his patient because I felt comfortable talking to him. He had seen me at my worst. He knew the situation of my addiction and my trauma. But he understood me because he was a dom and was into BDSM as well. He understood what it meant to live it as a lifestyle rather than just having certain kinks. Because of that, I felt comfortable talking to him about being a submissive.

He also understood why that made what happened to me so much worse. That someone I was supposed to trust more than anyone in the entire world, someone who was supposed to protect me and take care of me, had broken that trust so irrevocably. That was a different kind of hurt. A different kind of pain and hollowness. And Alec understood that. He understood how delicate the relationship between a dom and a sub was and how much the sub relied on and trusted their dom. The betrayal of that trust was unforgivable.

There was also the fact that in most dynamics, there was a level of behavior modification training that subs went through. Depending on what kind of dynamic you had with someone depended on the severity of that training. Being in a DDlb relationship, I went through a lot because I was supposed to rely on my Daddy for most things.

Suddenly breaking that dynamic and that trust was a hell all on its own. Alec and I had been working tirelessly to break that process of thinking in my mind. Where I thought it was all my fault and that if I had

just been a good boy, my Daddy wouldn't have hurt me. It was a long road of recovery, retraining my mind.

Gripping my sleeves in my hands, I raised one and knocked on the door. Hearing the invitation to come in, I opened the door and stepped inside, closing it behind me. This room was familiar, too. The plush carpet that I dug my toes in for a moment since I usually went barefoot, the windows with vining plants hanging from the curtain rod, the comfortable brown couch that I always sank into the corner on, the warm accents in the decor and the potted plants that made me feel like I was in a little slice of jungle, the desk in the corner with the filing cabinets and more plants, and the familiar face of Dr. Alec Stone sitting in his armchair in front of the couch smiling at me.

"Elias. Come in." Alec nodded towards the couch where a fluffy blanket was already waiting for me. On the coffee table in front of the couch was a mug of chai latte with oat milk steaming in it. Shuffling in, I sat down on the couch and pulled my legs up to curl next to me. I cover them with the fluffy blanket before reaching for the mug. Smiling softly as I lifted the mug and inhaled the scent of the spices. Letting the warmth flow over me and calm me down a bit. I could feel the tension leaving my body already.

It was my ultimate comfort drink, and its scent always seemed to relax me a little. Taking a sip, I couldn't help but let out a brief hum of satisfaction when the sweet and creamy tea hit my taste buds. Alec knew exactly how I liked my chai lattes. Strong chai with lots of sugar and just a dash of oat milk. It was another thing that I really liked about him. He always made sure that I was comfortable. Settling down with the mug between my hands on my lap, I look over at Alec properly now.

He's wearing his usual dark jeans, a gray button-down shirt, and a soft-looking black cardigan, barefoot as well. Alec Stone is a very handsome man. Something I noticed right away. His brown hair was longer on top and shorter on the sides; his warm hazel-colored eyes behind his gold wire-frame glasses; a clean-shaven, sharp jawline; and I could tell he works out even through his layers of clothing. He always gives off an air of comfort that I appreciate. Something about him just screamed that he was approachable.

"Ready to start?" He asks me as he flips open his notebook that's resting on his lap.

I nod and wiggle a little to sink further down into the soft cushion of the couch. This is how all of our sessions have started. He waited for me to get settled before we started. Making sure I'm comfortable before anything else.

"Tomorrow is a big day. How are you feeling about it?" I watch as he rests his right ankle on the knee of his left leg.

Tomorrow is my last day at Three Rivers Rehabilitation. I finished my nine-month program, and I'll be back out in the real world again. Although re-entering the real world will look a little different for me than for others.

Alec pulled some strings and booked me a long-term stay at his kink club, of which he's a member. With BDSM being such a core part of me, we both decided that exposure therapy would be my best option. While I want to enter the lifestyle again, there's a lot of trauma that comes with it for me. After everything I've been through the past couple of years, I'm terrified to be a submissive again. To trust someone so completely that I hand over control to them and be at my most vulnerable. But I crave it so much, too. My mind and body wound up so tight already at having to stay in control of every single thing in my life. It was exhausting. So no matter how scared I was to go back to the lifestyle, I knew I needed to do it. I *wanted* to do it. More than anything. It would also be much safer and more structured than going to a halfway house, which would have been my other option..

"Alright, I guess," I mumbled as I stared down at the mug in my hands.

"Elias."

Sighing at his stern yet gentle voice, I turn to look out the window at the garden outside while I gather my thoughts. It's sunny today with fluffy white clouds in the blue sky, and the leaves are finally growing back on the trees and bushes. Spring is finally upon us, and it's symbolic in a way that I'm leaving here right as Spring is setting in. A new beginning for the city and for me as well.

"I'm scared." Turning my gaze to him, I can see the understanding in his eyes. While my recovery here was hard, this will be harder on my mental health. But I'm determined to do it no matter how much it scares me.

And it fucking terrifies me.

"What scares you the most?" Alec jotted something down in his notebook before looking back to me expectantly. He waits for me, never pushing for an answer right away as I go through my thoughts.

"To fail. To end up back here. To disappoint everyone." I bite my lower lip for a moment before taking a sip of my tea to buy myself a moment of time. "I'm mainly scared of falling back into routines and behaviors that led me into this mess to begin with. I know what you're going to say, Doc. It wasn't my fault, and I know that. I do. But I don't want to miss the red flags again. Because looking back at everything... there were definitely red flags even in the beginning. But I was so enamored with him I ignored them all. I want to explore my submission again, but I don't want to lose myself in the process."

Alec just smiled at me and nodded. "And that self-awareness is why I think you're ready for this next step in your recovery, Elias. When I first started seeing you as a patient, you were adamant that everything was your fault. Jack's voice was still in your ear, telling you that if you had just been good, he wouldn't have had to hurt you. But now you know it wasn't your fault at all, and you recognize you want to be better for yourself. The fear of disappointing people is natural, especially for a submissive. It's ingrained in you to want to please. Before, you would have done anything to please others. You would have ignored all the warning bells and red flags, regardless of whether it was safe for you. Now, you know and understand that you can say no. That you don't have to please everyone. And you will not do this alone, either. We'll still have our sessions, just in a different location this time, and not as frequently as here."

I couldn't help but flinch a little at the mention of *his* name. I tried not to think about it, and hearing it out loud always had me tensing. Like saying his name would summon him. I haven't uttered his name since I entered rehab.

"I'm proud of you, Elias. You've come a long way and put in a lot of work to get to where you are now. I believe you're ready." I looked up at Alec when he said that he was proud of me, and I couldn't help but smile softly for a moment. It felt good to hear it, and I could feel my shoulders relax a little at the acknowledgment of how hard I had worked to get to this moment.

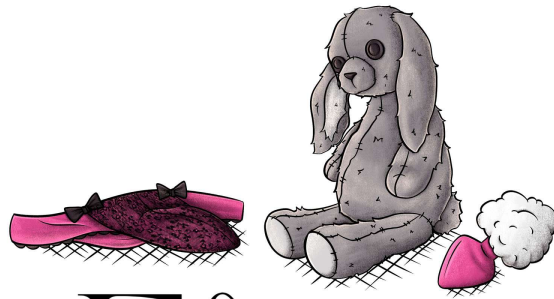
"Yeah..." I knew that the next step in my recovery was going to be even harder. Exposure therapy was going to bring up a lot of memories and

emotions. Facing everything again and confronting what had been done to me would cause panic attacks and nightmares. But I was ready to face it. I was ready to reclaim a part of me that had been stolen. A safe space that was tainted. I squared my shoulders and nodded as I looked up at Alec.

"I'm ready."

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Before



Elias



|| **O**of! Sorry! Oh my god, sorry!" I giggled as I turned to face the person I had run into. It was Easter weekend, and my kink community was hosting an Easter egg hunt at someone's house. We were a smaller community, but I loved it. I had so many friends here and we always had the bestest events. We didn't have a set location, so we relied mainly on renting clubs out or using other members' houses. But I loved it.

There were a bunch of other subs running around the large backyard with baskets looking for Easter eggs the doms had hidden for us. And of course, the doms made it extra hard for us by hiding them in sneaky places. They were always trying to do that to us. Sometimes they would even be in someone's pocket! How silly was that? But I was the bestest egg hunter ever, and with my fluffy bunny ears on my head, I was ready to kick some ass and find the most eggs! I was determined and had my eye on the

prize! Which is how I ran into someone while running to get more eggs. Oops.

"It's all right, little one. Just be careful where you're going."

I looked up at the warm chuckle and deeper voice, and my eyes widened as I took in the man standing before me. Wow. Oh, boy. I was suddenly speechless, which was an impressive feat for me since I was a yapper and would talk and talk and talk. He had to be new because I didn't remember seeing him at any of the munches or events, and I would have remembered. He was *gorgeous*. Like, my body is ready, gorgeous!

He was significantly taller than I was, which wasn't that hard when I was only five feet six inches in height. But I made up for my lack of height in attitude, I was told. He had dirty-blond hair that hung to his shoulders, but he kept it pulled half up in a small ponytail. Just think of the slutty man-bun he would have! Um, YUM! His eyes were a warm chocolate brown that I could just melt into and made me think of the hot chocolate I would make on wintry nights. His face was clean-shaven with a sharp jawline and full lips that were lifted in a smirk that made my knees weak a bit. I bit my lower lip and wondered what they would feel like on my skin. I bet they were really soft.

He was wearing jeans, brown boots, and his sweatshirt looked really soft in baby blue. On the front was a picture of two chocolate bunnies. I appreciated he chose something on par with the theme. That was very important. One had a bite taken out of his bottom with a quote that said '*My butt hurts,*' and the other had his ears bitten off with a quote that said '*What?!*' I couldn't help but cover my mouth and giggle at how silly his sweatshirt was. I was a sucker for a silly shirt.

"Well, at least someone appreciates my sweatshirt. I thought it was quite funny as well, but my cousin thought it was dumb." The man said with a glint of amusement in his eyes and a smirk on his delicious-looking lips.

I couldn't help but gasp at the audacity of his cousin. "This right here is prime Easter humor, sir! Your cousin just doesn't know what they're talking about." I moved to juggle my basket, so it hung from my arm, so I could pull my shirt down a little. I pointed at the design on my chest. My shirt featured a raccoon in bunny ears that stated, '*Bunnies are overrated. Stay feral.*' Flashing my brightest smile up at him with a giggle. "I should know. I'm very well-versed in Easter humor."

It made my heart giddy when I saw him laugh again as he took in the image and the phrase. It was one of my favorite holiday shirts. I had a bunch of them for each holiday, and it was hard picking between this one and my zombie Jesus one.

"I can see that. And are you feral, little one? You seem like a sweet little thing to me. I bet you're as sweet as candy."

"Looks can be deceiving. I am the most feral of everyone here! I will literally bite a bitch." I bared my teeth and growled to prove my point, which earned me another chuckle from him. The sound of it was so deep and warm, and had me getting all wriggly and fuzzy inside my tummy.

"Hmm, I can see that now. A feral little minx, aren't you? Maybe you need a leash around that pretty neck of yours. A firm hand to keep you in line." His grin turned wolfish as he reached forward and ran his finger down my neck gently, making me shiver and bite my lower lip again to hold in a whimper. "What's your name, little minx?"

I shifted on my feet a bit while I looked up at him with my mismatched eyes of blue and brown. I had always loved my eyes. They were different and rare, and always ended up getting me whatever I wanted. Which I would never use to my advantage. Nope. Never. I don't know what you're talking about.

"Elias, sir. But everyone calls me Eli."

"Well, Eli, maybe later on, once the games are over, we can play and then get to know one another a little better. Maybe I could buy you dinner? Would you like that?" His brown eyes raked over my body from the toes of my black and white Converse, up my long legs in pink leggings, to my yellow oversized t-shirt I had tied around my waist to show off my figure. Flaunt what your mama gave you, right? Finally, landing on the fluffy blue rabbit ears nestled in my reddish-brown curls.

I really wanted to play with him. Even though we had just met, he was gorgeous, and I wanted to feel his hands on me. But the offer of dinner afterward really sold me. He didn't just want to fuck me; he wanted to get to know me. I nodded and smiled shyly at him. "I'd really like that, sir."

"Eli! Come on! There are more eggs over here!"

Looking up at the sound of my name, I saw my friend, Rose, waving me over as she bounced on her feet. I smiled and waved back at her. "I'm coming!"

"Go on then, little minx. I'll find you after the egg hunt, and you can show me all the ones you've collected."

Grinning, I turned to run over to my friend before stopping and turning back to the man. I didn't even get his name! Silly me! That was an important piece of information that I would need if I were going to be screaming it later.

"Oh! What's your name, sir?"

Pushing his hands into his pockets, he just smiled at me for a moment.

"I'm Jack."

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Chapter 2



Elias

Stepping out of Alec's car after he parked in front of the club, my eyes were wide as I took it all in. It was huge. Larger than I had imagined, and it was intimidating. A large beige stone mansion with large black-trimmed windows and a gray roof stood in front of us. The driveway was long and lined with trees; it ended in a circle around a water fountain that had lily pads and fronds inside. I bet it even had some fish, if I got close enough to look. Alec parked in front of the stone steps that led to the black double doors.

We were outside the city limits, and you could tell from all the land and trees. The house sat within a small forest. It was quiet and peaceful as I looked around and listened to the birds in the trees. I wondered what the backyard looked like. If it was open or all wilderness. Either way, I wanted to see it. I had always loved the outdoors, and this place seemed like a little paradise while still being close enough to the city to go in.

I had no idea a place like this existed right outside of Pittsburgh. I had grown up here. I thought I knew the city like the back of my hand, and yet it still surprised me with its hidden treasures. That's why I loved this city so much. No matter how much you thought you knew about it, it always ended up surprising you with something new.

Pulling the strap of my backpack higher on my shoulder, I swallowed nervously as I just stopped and stared up at the large house. It was a gorgeous house, and I could tell that it was designed to seem welcoming. With the stone's warmer colors and the landscaping around it, the area was designed to welcome people in and make them feel comfortable. But I knew I was going to struggle here. I knew I'd have to put in a lot of work, and I was nervous and scared. But I was also ready for this step and to try to get back to the boy I used to be before I went through hell.

"Ready to go in, Elias?"

Blinking for a moment, I turned to Alec, who was holding my duffel bag in his hand. Since he was a member here and was going to be working with me here, he naturally offered to drive me. It was nice because I felt comfortable with him and had a friend with me when I took this step in my recovery. I nodded and followed him up the steps to the front door. Alec opened it and let me in, and my eyes took in the entryway. Oh, wow. It was just as warm and inviting inside.

The beige stonework followed us inside, on the walls. Looking up, I noticed brown beams on the high ceiling. The floors were warm brown hardwood, with a soft cream rug in front of the door that matched the theme of the walls and beams. Next to the door was a desk with two doors behind it. I gathered that this was the reception area where people signed in.

Through an arched doorway of the same stone, the ceilings opened up even more, and there was a staircase curving up to the second floor made from the same hardwood flooring. Walking through with Alec, I turned and saw that the second floor was open as well, with a black wrought-iron railing that matched the one on the staircase. Large windows let in natural light, and the warm colors flowed throughout with more runner rugs and potted plants. Tilting my head back, I noticed the ceiling was the same wood that was on the floor, while the walls that weren't stone were a light beige. The house was gorgeous and I could already feel myself relaxing a bit.

Alec stood off to the side and let me take everything in. "It was designed to promote warmth and comfort. So that everyone who walked in knew this was a safe space for them."

Smiling a little, I nodded. It made sense, and it was a lot different from other kink clubs I had been to before. Everything in those was dark and intimidating. Usually, with red lights mixed in. It always made me feel as if we had to hide in the shadows. Like we couldn't live our authentic lives in kink out in the open. That we had to hide it away in the dark. It never made sense to me and always irked me a bit. I appreciated the route that they had taken with this one. Focusing on comfort to put people at ease when they came in. Letting them know they didn't have to hide who they were.

"Hence, the name The Sanctuary. My brother and I wanted anyone who walked through our doors to know that they were safe here to explore whatever they wanted."

I turned at the voice and watched as two identical men walked down the staircase. Well, identical was a stretch. It was their faces that were identical, not their style. One was more casual, in a black Henley shirt that hugged his muscular arms, dark-wash jeans that fit him perfectly, and black boots. While the other was wearing a pair of dark-gray slacks with a black belt, and he had on a white button-down shirt instead with black dress shoes.

Both were tall, well over six feet, and they clearly worked out. With how their biceps were filling out their sleeves, it made me wonder what the rest of them looked like. Did they have abs? Did they have chest hair, or did they wax? Their black hair was short, shaved close on the sides and back in a fade, with it left longer on top and styled to look artfully messy. Both had black stubble lining their chiseled jaws, and as I stepped closer, I saw their eyes were the bluest blue I had ever seen. Like sapphires surrounded by thick lashes. They were breathtaking, and I found myself swallowing a bit as my mouth went dry and I moved to stand closer to Alec. They both radiated dom energy, and it made me nervous while also making my stomach flutter with butterflies.

"Elias, may I introduce Lincoln and Lucas O'Neil. The founders of The Sanctuary, who are immense pains in my ass." Alec smirked at them while the twin wearing the button-down rolled his eyes, and the one wearing the Henley just laughed and moved to punch Alec's shoulder.

"Oh, shut up, dick. You love us."

Alec chuckled at him, "That's debatable some days."

I watched the exchange while I stood slightly behind Alec. I wasn't sure what to make of Lincoln and Lucas O'Neil. They seemed nice enough, but also intense, which made me nervous as I watched them. I clutched the strap of my backpack and wished that I had my stuffie in my arms that I could hug instead.

"Linc. You're scaring the poor boy. Tone it down." The brother wearing the button-down shirt spoke and stepped forward toward me. He smiled softly for a moment, and his eyes were gentle. I liked him instantly, and it had me stepping out from behind Alec a bit more. "Hello, pet. I'm Lucas. We're thrilled you're here. This loudmouth is my brother, Lincoln. If you can't tell us a part, just ask. We're used to it so you won't insult us or anything."

I eyed him for a moment before looking at Lincoln, who was smiling as well. Lincoln seemed to be the louder of the twins and the more boisterous one. He moved to crouch a little, so he was about my height. Like something you did for little kids, and it made me long to go into little space, but I pushed that feeling away before it sent me into a panic attack. Little space wasn't safe for me anymore, and I didn't need these men to see me falling apart over something so stupid when we had literally just met.

"Sorry if I scared you, little one. I tend to get too excited about things and have been told that I don't have an inside voice. Alec has told us a lot about you, and we're happy that we can help you find a safe place again. We have your room all set up for you. But if you need anything at all, you can come to us. Do you prefer Elias or Eli? And what are your pronouns? My brother and I go by he/him."

I blinked for a moment, caught off guard by the questions. The only one who had ever asked me that was Alec when we first started our therapy sessions. I wasn't expecting it from these two, but I couldn't deny that it put me a little more at ease. I appreciated they asked because I hated going by Eli anymore. It just made me think of the bad times and put a sour taste in my mouth. I had even gone back and forth about changing my name entirely. But in the end, I had just gone with Elias. It didn't erase the shyness I was feeling, but it let me step out from behind Alec.

"Umm... I like Elias now and... and my pronouns are he/him... sir."

Lincoln kept eye contact with me as I spoke softly to answer him. He smiled then, and I saw how it made his eyes sparkle more. They were so pretty and expressive. "Good boy. And you don't have to call me or any other dom here by a title if you don't want to. We're laid-back here, and you do what you're comfortable with. But we don't expect it."

I let out a little breath, thankful for that bit of information. Using honorifics with people still made me uncomfortable, but I assumed the kink club expected it. Finding out that it wasn't was a relief. I wasn't sure when I would be able to use honorifics again, but I wanted to. His praise had my stomach feeling warm, too, with tingles. I had a praise kink before, and that seemed to have not gone away as I smiled softly at him. Why did it feel so good to be called a good boy?

Lincoln stood up and clapped his hands together before nodding. "Alright, this way to your room. We gave you the best one from the lot, with all the fluffy blankets and pillows. It looks out onto the backyard with a small balcony and has an ensuite with a deep bathtub. Luke and I have the same type in our room, and it's heavenly. Especially when you turn the jets on." He looked at me and winked, making me blush before he and Lucas took the lead to walk up the staircase to the second floor.

While we walked, I looked around and took everything in. The stone seemed to have stopped on the staircase, and now the walls were a warm cream color. Along the hallway were doors that had what appeared to be screens on them. Lucas caught me looking at him and smiled.

"These are our playrooms. We themed each playroom to a different kink, and some are larger than others, depending on what you seek. There's impact play, medical play, needle play, watersports, sensory play, pet play, ABDL, wax play, TPE, and interrogation. We have some basic rooms as well, with beds, toys, and kink furniture. But those tablets on the doors are the sign-up sheets, the schedule, and the rules for each room. Inside the room is a panic button too, in case anything goes wrong and someone needs help from a monitor."

Listening to Lucas as he talked about the different rooms they had was a bit overwhelming, but I was also happy to see that they took safety seriously here. They seemed to be open to a lot of different kinks. My brow furrowed for a moment, though, when I had a thought. "What about ropes?" Before what happened to me, I loved rope bondage. The feel of the ropes wrapped around me was like a warm hug, calming my mind. I hadn't done a

lot with rope bondage, but I had wanted to explore it more. My head turned to Lincoln as he laughed and put his arm around his brother, making Lucas roll his eyes again but smile softly.

"That's because this one right here loves rope so much that he didn't want just a small room to do it in. There's a large room downstairs that used to be a ballroom, and he renovated it to be his rope haven. You can literally find anything you need for shibari in there."

I couldn't help but smile at the sheepish look on Lucas's face before he was shoving his brother off.

"Logistically, it made sense. I needed taller ceilings and more support for suspension bondage, and the bondage web is a bitch to take down and put back up all the time. So I wanted a place where it could stay up permanently. Plus, with the amount of different types and colors of rope, I needed a proper place to store them all, so I needed more space."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Keep telling yourself that, Luke. You're just a nerd when it comes to ropes." Lincoln leaned in and left a smacking kiss on his brother's cheek, which made me giggle a bit. I was so surprised by the giggle that I covered my mouth with my hand and blushed as I looked away. I didn't giggle anymore.

"Hey, no hiding, little one. One thing we love the most here? Giggly little boys." Lincoln smiled at me before he led us up another flight of stairs to the third floor.

Lucas walked a little ahead of us down the hallway to the left. "These are our guest rooms. People can book them at the reception desk or online on our website. Yours is down this way. The last one on the right. You have a corner room. We thought you would like the extra light." Coming to a stop, he pointed out the door before motioning to the one next to it. "This one is mine and Lincoln's room. If you ever need anything, day or night, just knock on our door." Taking a key, he unlocked the door and pushed it open, motioning for me to walk inside. Stepping past him, I walked into the room, and my eyes widened as I took everything in. I was not expecting to get something this nice and this big.

The same theme of warm browns and creams followed me into the room, and the first thing I saw was a pair of double doors leading out to a balcony with trees in view. On the balcony was a single lounge and a small wrought-iron table with a chair.

As I walked further inside, I looked down at the plush rug under my feet before looking at the large king-sized bed that was off to my right. It had a cream-colored comforter and a pile of pillows in different shades of brown, with even a few orange ones thrown in. It looked like a cloud, and I couldn't wait to bury myself in all of those pillows.

At the foot of the bed was a faux-fur blanket that looked super soft, and I just wanted to wrap myself in it. There were nightstands made from a warm wood on either side with lamps on them. In the corner between the one large window and the double doors to the balcony was a soft-looking lounge chair with more blankets and pillows on it. Turning to the other wall, there was a long dresser with a large television mounted on it and a door on each side.

Stepping forward, I opened one door to find a walk-in closet. Closing it, I went to the second door and opened it to find the ensuite bathroom. Stepping inside, I noticed that they also used the stone from downstairs on the walls, which almost made it seem like a hidden grotto instead of a bathroom.

The shower was large and had multiple shower heads; I would need to figure out how to use them. It also had a bench seat and looked like it could fit at least four people in it. The bathtub was a spa style with jets, and it had a little waterfall feature on it I could see. The spa-style bathtub also featured the same stone. A large, black-framed window was next to it, looking out onto the backyard. I was already longing to fill the bath with bubbles and light some candles before sinking into it.

Across from the bathtub was a single vanity sink with a mirror. Around the bathroom were a bunch of plants as well, completing the feeling of being in a hidden grotto. It was the most gorgeous bathroom I had ever seen. The entire bedroom suite was more than I had expected, and it made me a little emotional as I took everything in.

I stepped out of the bathroom to find the three men who were with me in the bedroom waiting.

"This... this is really nice. Thank you."

Lincoln and Lucas smiled at me as Alec was setting my bag on the bed. Alec stepped forward and squeezed my shoulder. "We'll let you get settled. We're thinking dinner around five thirty tonight, so just meet us in the kitchen then. It's to the left of where we came in. You won't miss it."

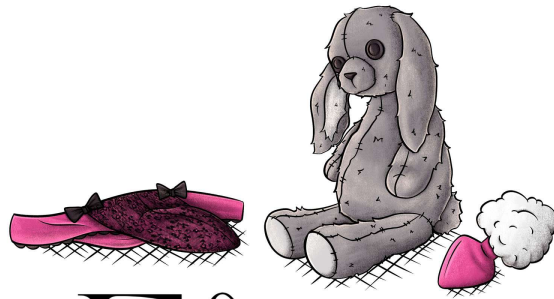
I nodded and smiled a little, thankful for the chance to collect myself and recover from so much change. I appreciated that Alec was giving me that because with everything going on today; I didn't want to people right now. I just needed a moment to breathe.

Lucas left the key to my room on the dresser, and they all left. Once I was alone in my room, I went to my bag and dug my bunny stuffie out. Hugging her close, I kissed her head and set her in the middle of the pillows on the bed so that I could unpack the rest of my things.

"Well, we're here, Whisper. We did it. The first step."

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Before



Elias



Lying in the grass of Deacon's backyard, I hummed happily, feeling the warmth of the sun soaking into my skin. There was laughter in the distance mixed with music from the pool party that Deacon was throwing, and it was a perfect day. He was one of the original doms who started my small community, and he often let us use his house for events since he had so much space. Today was a kick-off to summer with a cookout, and I was deliciously warm soaking in the sun after playing a game of keep-away in the pool.

Rose and Nick were chatting away next to me, making plans for the big Pride event in the Northside that was thrown every year. It was a multi-day event with a picnic, prom, vendors, performers, and a parade. The area was a gorgeous park where we usually had a large group, with food and blankets to sit on, while we hung out and just enjoyed the festivities. Deacon mentioned that our community would also have a booth this year to

recruit new members. We were all excited about that. Having more members would bring in more money from their fees, which we could then save to buy a location. Something we had all been hoping for.

"Eli, are you even listening to us?" Rose giggled as she poked my cheek, making me scrunch my face. Squinting against the brightness of the sun, I looked over at them with a lazy smile. They were my two best friends. I spent more time with them than anyone else, well, besides Jack lately. We had spent so much time together lately, and I was so happy. He treated me as if I were a prince. Even just thinking of him had me feeling all kinds of giddiness.

"Yeah, I am. You were talking about having a face-painting station at the booth for people. I can sunbathe and listen at the same time. Multi-tasking at its finest, my friends!" I stuck my tongue out at her while Nick just laughed and popped a grape into his mouth.

"It's going to be so much fun! Ask your Daddy if you can help us."

Rolling my eyes, I shook my head. "He's not my Daddy. We've just been playing, that's all."

It was a bit of a sore spot because we hadn't yet labeled what we were. I mean, I called him Daddy, and he really liked that and I loved pleasing him. We just hadn't had the official conversation about what we were to each other. If it was just a play dynamic or if we were boyfriends.

The unimpressed looks from both of my friends just made me pick up a grape and throw it at them, which made them fall into a giggling fit. Nick sat up and wiped his eyes as he got his giggles under control.

"If he's not your Daddy, then I'm a strict Master. Come on, Eli! That man adores you. He's had heart eyes ever since you met him at the egg hunt. He waits on you hand and foot."

Rolling over onto my stomach, I couldn't help but smile more. "He is pretty amazing, isn't he? And ohhhh myyyy goooodddd, the scenes we've had!" I fell over dramatically with my arm over my forehead. "My toes still curl every time I think of them!"

That had my two best friends giggling even more.

"Eli! Sweetheart, come here. I need to apply more sunscreen to you before you burn up like a little lobster."

Sitting up, I turned and smiled when I saw Jack standing on the top step of the deck. He was wearing a pair of black swim trunks and was

holding a bottle of sunscreen, and I was practically drooling at the sight of him. His broad body and his biceps were delicious. He had more of a dad-bod but I loved everything about his body.

"Coming, Sir!" Looking back at Rose and Nick, I winked at them before getting up and running back to the deck with their catcalls and whistles following me and making me blush. My friends could be ridiculous, but that was something I loved most about them. They always made me smile and laugh, and we had the best time together.

Getting to the deck, I hopped up the steps, making Jack chuckle a little and reach out to ruffle my reddish-brown curls, causing me to giggle even more. He was such a Daddy. He always had a way of pushing me further into my regression. I mean, I wasn't complaining at all. I tended to be more of a twenty-four seven Little when I could be.

"Come on, you little goofball. We don't need you burning up."

"But I already put on sunscreen, Sir!"

He lifted an eyebrow at me as we walked over to one of the loungers. What was it about when a dom lifted their eyebrow at you and it just had your tummy tingling and your lip magically appearing between your teeth?

"Yes, you did. When we first got here. But you've been in the pool since. Don't argue with me, little minx. Now sit."

"Yes, Sir." I sighed as I plopped down onto the lounge, and he popped the cap off the sunscreen to put some in his hands.

"And besides..." Jack leaned in to nip at my jaw, "I thought you loved it when I got my hands on your tight little body." He moved to run his hands up my chest, where he rubbed his thumbs over my nipples, making me gasp and squirm a little as little sparks of pleasure coursed through my chest.

"O-ohh... I do, Sir. Very much."

"Hmm, that's what I thought, little minx. Lay back."

I did as I was told and lay back on the lounge, stretching my body out for him like I was his very own lunch platter, and the hungry look in his eyes said he thought the same thing. I looked up at him while I pulled my lower lip between my teeth and batted my eyelashes at him.

His hands moved over my chest and stomach, rubbing the sunscreen into my skin, occasionally teasing my nipples in the process, making me squirm. He loved to tease me, and I knew he was enjoying

himself right now. Next, he did my arms, and then my legs. He was very thorough as the tips of his fingers pushed under my short swim shorts teasingly. The smirk on Jack's face told me he knew exactly what he was doing, and that he didn't miss the way my cock was hardening in the tight material of my swim shorts. I gasped as I felt his fingertips grazing my sac before he pulled them away.

When he was done, he twirled his finger to tell me to roll over. Biting my lip more, I moved until I was lying on my front. My hard cock now trapped between my body and the cushion of the lounge. His hands moved to my shoulders, and he kneaded the muscles there, making me moan a little. I was already a little lightheaded from his teasing as his hands moved down my back and over my ass, squeezing the globes in his hands and pressing forward, making me grind my erection against the lounge. The pleasure that coursed through me from the friction had me whimpering.

"Oh... oh gosh..." I moaned from the stimulation of it, and he just chuckled as he leaned in and nipped at my earlobe before tracing the shell of my ear with his tongue.

"Are you regretting coming to get more sunscreen now, sweetheart?"

I shook my head as I ground my erection against the lounge more.

"N-no, Sir."

"Good boy."

His voice vibrated through his chest and into my back as he leaned down against me before pulling away and letting his hands slide down my back. His hands came down to rub over my ass then moved to pull my bottoms down, and before I knew it, he had spread my cheeks and his warm, wet tongue was pressing against my hole, making me bury my forehead against the cushion of the lounge, and a moan ripped from me as I pressed back against him.

I wasn't a stranger to exhibitionism. I had always liked it when people watched me so I was fine with him teasing me while we were out in the open with all our friends around us. It felt good having eyes on us right now. The slight mix of embarrassment with how amazing his tongue felt pressing into it was a heady cocktail, and it had me grinding my hips back against his tongue before grinding against the lounge cushion.

He sucked and licked at my hole like it was his favorite meal, and when the muscles were loose, he pushed his tongue inside of me as I lay there moaning and rocking my hips against the lounge to get friction on my leaking cock. He stretched me out with his tongue and controlled the movement of my hips with a firm grip.

"That's it, little minx. Are you going to cum for me?"

I whimpered as he spoke against my hole before pressing his tongue back in. Nodding as I felt my orgasm building and building. My balls drawing up against me and the tingling at the base of my spine and stomach as my pleasure built and built.

"Y-yes... oh fuck... yes, sir! Please, may I cum?! Please, please, please!"

I felt the vibrations of his moan as he gripped my ass cheeks and rocked my hips against the lounge more while he licked and nipped at my sensitive hole.

"Cum for me, love. Cum from your Daddy's tongue deep in your hole."

Hearing his words made my eyes roll back. It was the final push I needed, and I couldn't stop my orgasm from ripping through me as I clenched around his tongue and cried out as I started to come.

"Daddy!!"

Chapter 3



Taking the mug of fresh coffee from one of the consensual domestic slaves, Raven, in the kitchen, I leaned in and kissed their forehead. "Thank you, pet."

"You're welcome, sir. Let me know if you guys need anything else," Raven said softly as they handed mugs to my brother and Alec as well.

I had a very fond spot in my heart for Raven. They were one of the first members to have signed up for the club, and when I first met them, they were completely lost. They were questioning their gender identity, their career, their living situation, pretty much everything. It was a hard time in their life, and I was happy that we could give them a place to explore everything and figure their life out. I watched them blossom as they found a love of TPE and domestic servitude. As they explored it more with

experienced Masters and slaves and how they realized it was their core kink.

Now they were one of the people in the house that the other subs went to for advice. Raven was like the mother hen of the house, always fussing over everyone. They were in a very healthy TPE dynamic with a close friend of ours, which, in turn, led to a new living situation for them. They worked here at the club, organizing cleaning and cooking schedules for us, and settled on the fact that they didn't land in one gender or another and were proudly non-binary. I was so proud of their journey, and that I could witness it and be a friend who supported and helped them.

Leaving the kitchen and walking through the living room towards the other side of the house, I smiled when I saw a group of brats giggling on one of the couches with nail polish surrounding them. "You get nail polish on anything but your nails, your asses have a date with my paddle."

Four heads whipped over to me when I spoke with wide-eyed expressions. Isaac put his hands on his hips and huffed. "Your favorite kink is rope, sir. Not impact play. And besides, some of us like paddles."

That little shit. Stopping in my tracks, I turned to look at him with an eyebrow raised. I could see him swallow for a moment once my attention was fully on him.

"I never said it would be play, kiddo. And if you think I'm not up to par to turn your ass red, then I'll let Linc do it."

The smirk that was on Isaac's face dropped when he looked over to Lincoln, who was smiling wickedly and wiggling his fingers at him in a little wave. I could see the slight panic in Isaac's eyes when he realized how fucked he was.

I may have come to be known as the Master Rigger here, but my brother was a master at impact play. He had even taken some anatomy classes with me, so he knew more about the muscles and nerves in the body. He was also a sadist, just like me, and we loved to see little brats cry.

Consensually, of course.

"I'll go get some towels to put down!" Imani announced as she got up and ran to the hallway by the bathroom. When she came back with an armful of towels, I took a sip of my coffee and nodded approvingly. She may be a brat as well, but she was a good girl. A fiery spirit with a kind heart. She was always the first one to volunteer when we did our monthly charity weekends.

"Good girl. I think Raven is baking cookies. You can go and tell them I said to plate some up for you."

Four bright smiles turned my way before Isaac got up and ran to the kitchen, yelling back to me, "Thank you, sir!!! Raven!!! Mister Lucas said we could have some cookies!!!"

Chuckling and shaking my head, I turned with Lincoln and Alec towards the office Lincoln and I shared. I loved to tease and torment the brats in the house any time I got the chance. Not as much as my brother though, who had fondly come to be known as a bratty top.

Alec had an office right next to ours since he offered free therapy sessions for members on the weekend. It was something that we really wanted to do when we started the club. Especially when things were so expensive nowadays and some people didn't have the luxury of health insurance. We didn't want anyone to go without the help they needed, so when we met Alec not long before we opened our doors; it was kismet. He offered his services to the club, and we waived his membership fees. Win fucking win.

Walking through the door of our office, I went and sat behind my desk while Lincoln plopped down onto the leather couch against the wall, and Alec shut the door. Once Alec was sitting in the chair on the other side of my desk, I set my coffee down and turned towards him. We had a lot to talk about. He had already told us some things about Elias, but he hadn't been able to share everything because of patient/doctor confidentiality.

"Alright, I know you've told us that Elias has been through a lot, but that boy looked terrified when he walked in here. What else can you tell us? If we're going to be helping with his exposure therapy, then we need to be prepared."

Lincoln nodded from where he was sitting on the couch, agreeing with me. We wanted to help this kid, but we had to know how far we could push him and what his potential triggers were. From the little time that I spent with him just now, I could tell he already had issues with his confidence and self-worth.

He was shy and hiding in more ways than one. Not only had he been hiding behind Alec when we came downstairs, but his clothes looked three sizes too big for him. Another defense mechanism, I was guessing. I could tell he was wary of anyone new as well. The look in his eyes reminded me of a stray dog who didn't trust anyone.

"I actually talked to him about this before we left to come over here, and he agreed I could share things with you, and he signed a consent form for that. I have it in his file on my laptop and I'll email it over to you two so you have it as well. He understands that you two need to be informed about his past so that the exposure therapy can be successful." Alec sipped his coffee before setting it on the table and leaning back in his chair.

"A friend of a friend invited me to a private kink party last year. I had met them a few times before, so I figured, why not? When I got there, I knew it wasn't my scene. There were drugs pretty much everywhere, and everyone was drunk. But something told me to stay, and I'm glad that I did. Twenty minutes after arriving, an older man came out of the bedroom, walked over to another guy, and handed him a roll of money. I thought it was drug-related until I glanced into the bedroom. The guy had left the door open, and what I saw sickened me. As a trauma psychologist, I've heard a lot of things from patients and colleagues. It's part of my job to be prepared for things like this, but seeing it in person firsthand? I still get murderous when I think about it."

I watched as my friend rubbed his hand over his mouth for a moment. I could tell that this would not be a run-of-the-mill abuse case. This was going to be a lot more than that, and dread dropped in my stomach at the thought of that sweet boy going through something so horrible.

"So, like I said, I looked into the bedroom. I saw someone lying on the bed. It was Elias. He was naked and tied to the bed with cuffs on his ankles and wrists. His torso showed bruises, his lip had split, one eye was blackened, and fresh cuts bled on his thighs. There was a switchblade lying on the bed beside him with blood on it. The fucker who came out had been cutting him while he raped him. And I know it wasn't consensual because I saw heroin on the bedside table and track marks on his arms. His eyes were glassy and unfocused, but there were tears running down his cheeks." Alec took a shaky breath and ran his hands over his face as he relived the moment.

My stomach churned, and I could feel the anger bubbling up as I listened to it. Glancing over at my brother, I could tell he was feeling the same from the way he balled his hand into a tight fist and clenched his jaw. This boy wasn't just abused; he was trafficked. They kept him drugged and tortured him. My heart broke for him, and I wanted to just bundle him up in

a blanket fort and take care of him. I wanted to chase all of his fears away and let him just breathe.

"I didn't want to do or say anything right away, even though I knew I had to help him. There were a lot of men there, and it was just Andre and me. It was a dangerous situation, and we didn't want them to be tipped off and either hurt him more or get him out of there. We knew we had to help him, though. So, we made our way out and left the party. Andre drove a few blocks away, and I called nine-one-one. Since I've worked with the police before as a trauma psychologist with victims, they let me stay and help them once they had the other men in handcuffs and the victims with the paramedics. Turns out, though, that Elias was the only victim there. There were other submissives there and even some prostitutes, but he was apparently the entertainment at this party. The guy, Jack Alastor, was Elias's boyfriend and was pimping him out. He was also, supposedly, his Daddy dom. I found that out later once I was seeing Elias as a patient."

"Jesus fuck. Are you fucking kidding me with this shit?" Lincoln leaned forward on his knees as one of them bounced. He was a hothead, and I knew he wanted to go after this guy right now. We took our roles as doms seriously. Especially since we were both daddy doms. Submissives trust us to lead, guide, and protect them. They trust us to care for them when they're at their most vulnerable, and for someone to take advantage of that and hurt someone who seemed like such a sweet boy... it was unforgivable. I could practically feel the rage coming from Lincoln as he ground his teeth and cracked his knuckles.

My brother looked over at Alec as he tried to control his anger. "Please tell me the fucker is rotting in a jail cell."

Alec nodded as he sighed. "He is. He's awaiting trial right now, but it's taking a while. You know how the court system is. They were also waiting for Elias to heal from his injuries and complete his rehabilitation program so he could testify. Jack was keeping him drugged, so he was more compliant. He had a lot to heal from physically as well as dealing with his addiction. Broken bones, internal bleeding, lacerations, old breaks that needed to be re-broken and set properly, malnutrition, detoxing... it was a lot. It took him three months in the hospital before he could start his program at rehab. That's when I started therapy sessions with him every weekday."

I hated hearing about what this poor boy had gone through, but I knew we needed to hear it so we could help him. We needed to understand all the ugly details so we knew which triggers to look for and how far we could push him with this. After taking another sip of his coffee, Alec continued.

"Once we started therapy, I really saw what had happened to him, and we started working on it. Jack had infiltrated the kink community that Elias was in, and he started grooming him. From the moment they met, Jack had been grooming him. He love-bombed him. Complimenting him and buying him gifts. Seemingly saying all the right things. Elias told me they entered a dynamic and a relationship after just a month or so, and the first year had been amazing. Jack was doting and caring. Was always spoiling him and treating him like a prince. He even asked him to move in with him, which Elias did. After the first year, things changed. Jack started criticizing him slowly. Pointing out little things and just planting seeds of doubt. He started making him distance himself from the kink community they were in and Elias's friends. He even made him quit his job. A few months into the second year, he hit him for the first time. Things only escalated from there until one day, he was forcing Elias to sleep with his friends, then it was strangers who were paying Jack. Elias told me he had tried to leave a couple of times, but each attempt landed him in the hospital until fear ultimately prevented further attempts. By that time, he just wanted an escape, so when Jack offered him drugs, he took them. Once he took them, Jack kept forcing him to take them. He started letting men abuse him and even torture him. One of the Johns strapped him to a St. Andrew's cross and whipped him with a flagrum, leaving scars on his back.

Throughout all of this torture and all the healing, he misses being a Little. He's a lifestyle submissive, and he misses the freedom and safety of being able to go into Little space. Which is why I suggested exposure therapy to him and thought of here. He'll be safe here, and with my office here, I'll be able to continue our sessions together. It's also peaceful out here, and he needs a place where he can just decompress and breathe. I'm not going to lie and say that I haven't gotten attached. He's like a little brother I never had, and I just want to see him happy and succeed. I know you two will monitor him when I'm not here and make sure nothing happens to him. He has extreme anxiety right now, for which I have given him a prescription. He also has trouble sleeping because he has nightmares.

He's used to a routine with rehab and from years of being abused, so entering the real world is going to be tough for him, and I'm expecting setbacks. But, I think he can thrive here and finally heal."

After Alec finished speaking, I could only let out a breath and run my fingers through my short, black hair as I leaned back in my computer chair. We had to help Elias, no matter what. That was the reason Lincoln and I had opened The Sanctuary: to give people a safe place. There were so many horror stories about people getting into the lifestyle and ending up in dangerous situations. With the influx of interest in BDSM through books and different media, anyone could say that they were a dom or a sub, but not know how to do it properly, which led them to be hurt. Predators took advantage of people and tried to hide it behind the label BDSM, and it wasn't just doms; we had seen it with subs, too, who took advantage of people. We had seen doms and subs who were equally hurt, but subs were a little more vulnerable when it came down to it.

"We'll let him decompress for a few days and get familiar with being in a new place before we plan the first session. We'll also have him fill out the application and the kink and limit list, so we know what we can do and what we have to work on. Once that is done, the three of us can get together and plan an exposure scene for him to see. I'll talk to Gar and Raven and see if they can help with it. Something tame to start with, I think." I nodded as I ran through what would be the best way to go about this.

Planning something would prevent me from spiraling as I thought about all the horrible things Elias had endured. It pulled at my Daddy heartstrings.

"While he decompresses, we can set up a schedule for him, too. When he has to get up in the morning so he's not spending all day in bed, what time he has to take his medications, mealtimes, and bedtime. If he can't sleep, that's fine, but he has to at least try," Lincoln said from his spot on the couch.

I nodded, agreeing with him, while I eyed him. I could tell that he was hanging on by a thread right now. His knee was bouncing, and he kept cracking his knuckles. My eyes flicked to his tense face, where I could see him clenching his jaw. I needed to get him into the gym to calm him down before he blew up.

Alec let out a breath, and his shoulders relaxed a little.

"Thank you. I agree with all of that. I'll get the application, kink, and limit list printed out if one of you can make a schedule for him."

"You don't have to thank us, Alec. We're family, and that's why we opened this place. We'll all take care of him here, and even when he falls, we'll make sure it's a soft landing." Finishing my coffee, I stood up from the desk. "Linc. Come on. We're going down to the gym. You need to hit something."

Alec smirked and chuckled a bit, standing up as well. "I'll leave you two to it then. Have fun. Don't break anything."

Lincoln grumbled a little bit, which had me rolling my eyes while we all walked out of the office. My brother and I were moving towards the basement stairs, where the gym was, and Alec was going to his office to get things printed out for Elias. I was determined to help this boy. But I knew I would have to keep myself under control as well. Elias was just my brother's and my type, and he needed to focus on healing, not on two doms who found him beautiful and already felt protective of him.

Maybe I needed to hit something, too.

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Chapter 4



Walking down the stairs to the basement, Luke and I turned right to head to the gym we had installed. We both enjoyed working out, and it just made sense to put one here for us and our members to use. There was different equipment for cardio and stamina, as well as weight training. We had punching bags hanging from the ceiling and an open space with a wall of mirrors for yoga, and even a barre for dance. My favorite part, though, was the sparring ring. While we had mats for usual sparring and training, I had a small fighting cage installed for more intense sparring when I needed my head to be quiet.

Grabbing the spare workout clothes from our lockers, we both changed into loose shorts. Luke and I didn't talk while we changed or as we walked over to the storage closet. I grabbed my four-ounce T3 sparring gloves and started pulling them onto my hands, making sure the velcro was snug against my wrists. Looking over at my brother, I had expected him to

grab the focus mitts, but my twin was grabbing his own pair of sparring gloves and pulling them on. Reaching out for a mouth guard, I bit into it for a moment before turning to walk towards the cage, rolling my shoulders.

It wasn't often that Lucas and I sparred. Usually, he was the one holding the focus mitts while I hit him. However, after our discussion with Alec concerning Elias's experiences, I wasn't surprised that he wanted to hit something too. Anger raged inside me ever since we left our office. If that piece of shit wasn't in jail already, I would have gone to find him myself.

Opening the door to the cage, I stepped in and bounced on my toes a little while I rolled my shoulders and my neck, trying to loosen up a bit before we started. Reaching behind me, I grabbed my foot and pulled it behind me to stretch a bit while I waited for Luke to be ready. I pushed the mouth guard farther into my mouth until it fit against my teeth, then reached behind my back and grabbed my shirt to pull it off. Tossing it over the wall of the cage, I watched Luke walk into the cage as well.

Luke wasn't as hot-headed as I was. I was the more impulsive twin. I was the louder twin. The one who was always getting us into trouble growing up. I grew up hearing people say that I didn't have an inside voice, and honestly, they weren't wrong. Luke was not an angel, though, and he wasn't quiet either. He could be just as loud and boisterous as I was, but he wasn't that impulsive either. He was more analytical in his actions, while I was more instinctual. I acted out of emotion rather than logic, and that had gotten me into plenty of trouble before. Luke balanced me out and could pull me back.

It's honestly why I got into martial arts. It gave me a place to put all of my emotions. When I was fighting or training, my brain would quiet down instead of racing with all the thoughts and feelings I was having. It gave me an outlet, just like BDSM did. They both calmed my mind and body in different ways. They were both something that I needed. I put my all into both of them, and while I couldn't be a professional Daddy, I could be a professional MMA fighter. Until my injury, anyway.

Lifting my fists up as I got into a proper stance, Luke and I started circling one another on the mat. I could feel the tension radiating off both of us. The information we had gotten from Alec had set us both on edge, and we both needed this, it seemed.

Watching my brother as he watched me, I could tell the exact moment he was going to strike from the slight twitch in his left eye.

Bringing my hands up, I blocked the kick he had aimed at my side and grabbed his ankle to twist him around and toss him to the ground. Lucas grunted as he landed before he recovered quickly and pushed up to his feet again.

It was on after that first strike. We were a blur of fists and kicks as we took our frustration out on each other. There was nothing technical about it either. We just took our anger out on each other. Just picturing the abuse that gorgeous boy had gone through made me sick to my stomach with rage. He seemed so sweet. He was shy, but I could see a little spark in his eyes when Luke spoke to him, apologizing for me. A brief spark of a fun and boisterous Little whom I wanted to draw out and get to know. Would he be a sweet thing, or a brat who pushes our buttons? With how closed off he was, there was no way to tell, but I wanted to find out. We had only just met him, but I knew he was special.

I also wanted to find his ex and beat the living shit out of him. Prison was too good for him for what he had done to Elias. I wanted to make him suffer. Drag it out and torture him the way he had tortured Elias.

Landing a blow to Luke's side, he grunted and retaliated with a hit to my stomach. Coughing from the hit and how it had forced the air from my lungs, I growled and lunged at him. Hitting him a few more times, I jumped back and growled.

"Goddamnit! A flagrum, Luke. A fucking flagrum! Do you know the damage you do with that?! That's not a kink, that's plain torture. Even extreme pain sluts don't use an actual flagrum! Fuck! I want to find that fucker and use it on him instead. He has no right to call himself a Daddy. No fucking right!"

My twin watched me as I ranted and yelled. Just the thought of that poor boy going through that had me seeing red. Elias was shorter than us and smaller. He was lithe and elegant, whereas Luke and I were broad and muscular from years of training. I admired him even more now for surviving something like that and *still* wanting to be in the BDSM lifestyle. The strength it took was admirable. This beautiful boy had lived through hell, and he was still here trying to be involved. Trying to find the beauty in submission as he did before. Trying to connect and open up to people who thought the same. I knew I would do everything in my power to make sure he succeeded.

I hadn't noticed my brother sneaking up on me until his ankle caught mine while I was distracted thinking about Elias, and I went down with a grunt.

"Fucker!"

He was on me in an instant, wrapping his legs around my waist to hold me down. He went for my neck to put me in a headlock. If he did that, then he was sure to win this round, but I didn't make the pros for nothing. Using my strength, I grabbed him under the arms and got up on my knees. With his legs still around my waist, I slammed him down onto the mat and pinned him. Grabbing his wrists, I pinned them above his head, and we just lay there and stared at each other for a moment while we panted.

He could have gotten out of the hold easily, but I could tell that the fight had drained out of him. Leaning forward, I rested my forehead against his and closed my eyes, taking in a shaky breath. His hands broke free from my hold, and one wrapped around my back while the other cupped my cheek. I leaned into the touch for a moment. Luke always had been able to calm me with just a simple touch. It was grounding and had the fight slipping out of me.

"We'll help him. We'll make sure he knows that he's safe here with everyone. That he's safe with *us*," Lucas spoke quietly while he held me.

I nodded and opened my eyes to look into his. The exact same blue as mine, with the exact same face. There were some slight differences, but we were identical. Two halves of one soul, and I knew I could never live without him. It's what ultimately made the rest of our family cut ties with us. Once they had found out the extent of our relationship, they told us we either had to stop or lose them. We couldn't stop even if we wanted to. No matter what they did to us or how hard they tried, we would not give each other up. Lucas was mine, and I was his, and being with him was as easy as breathing. It was natural to us, but apparently not to everyone. We lost our family, but we created a new one here that accepted us.

I wanted Elias to find that family here as well.

"I want to take care of him, Luke. I want to take all of those fears that he has and wipe them away so he can be the carefree Little he was meant to be."

"I know. I knew the moment I saw him you were going to be drawn to him. I am too. He's exactly our type, but we can't, Linc. We can't muddle his mind and confuse him while he's trying to heal. We can be there

for him as shoulders to lean on and mentors... but that's it for now. We can't pursue him."

Pushing off him, I moved to stand again so I could pace. I needed to move right now. Pulling at the velcro of the gloves, I tossed them aside and ran my hands through my hair, which was damp with sweat. We couldn't pursue him. I knew he was right, but I wanted him. Something inside me screamed that he was meant to belong to us. I couldn't describe it, but when I knew something was mine, I tended to fixate on it, and I was already starting to fixate on Elias.

Luke stood up and removed his gloves as well. Coming over to me, he grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me to him. His lips met mine in a slow kiss that was meant to distract me from my racing thoughts. Once I had settled, he pulled back slightly and just looked at me.

"I didn't say we couldn't ever pursue him, Linc. We just can't right now. He needs to heal. He needs to know that he's safe here and that he can find a community and a family here without worrying about two dumb brothers trying to woo him. I know you have a hard time with this, but be patient."

Huffing a little laugh, I looked at him and rolled my eyes. "That's like telling a brat to drink their water. They take it as a challenge to do anything but drink water." I smiled when I saw Luke laugh at my little joke. God, how I loved his smile and how it lit up his face. I brushed my thumb across his cheek for a moment. "But I know you're right, and I'll try."

Luke smiled and smacked my ass playfully. "Good boy."

I growled while he laughed and shoved me away before I could get my hands on him and make him pay for that comment. Grabbing his gloves and mine, he opened the door to the cage and stepped out.

"You keep that up, I'm going to take out my frustration on your ass later."

Luke looked back and just smirked as he tossed the gloves back into the closet. "Who says that wasn't always going to be the plan? I know you, Linc. The two ways to work your frustration out are fighting and fucking, and I can offer you both. Now come on, we need to shower before we get some lunch. If you're lucky, I'll suck your cock so you're nice and relaxed."

Smirking, I followed him out of the cage a bit faster than I originally was. Grabbing my phone from where I left it on the bench, I sent

a text to the subs who signed up for cleaning duties around the house to ask if they could give the fighting cage a wipe down. Once that was done, I followed my other half out of the gym.

My eyes stayed glued to his ass as he walked in front of me. God, it was such a nice ass, and I couldn't wait to sink into it later. I was lucky that Lucas sometimes liked to bottom.

It didn't take us long to leave the basement level and head up to our room on the third floor. Neither one of us said a word as we walked into our bedroom and made our way to the en suite bathroom. My bare feet padded across the hardwood flooring of our room until they met the grey slate tile of the bathroom floor.

My blue eyes raked over my twin's body as he hooked his fingers into the loose shorts he was wearing and shoved them down his legs along with his boxer briefs. Saliva pooled in my mouth as I took in his glorious backside, and I just wanted to spread him wide and feast on him like I knew he liked. Palming my hardening cock through my own shorts, I couldn't help but groan at the image that played in my mind of him pressed against the tiled wall and his breathy moans echoing around the room.

Luke looked back over his shoulder at me with a smirk on his lips as he reached in and turned the water on to heat up.

"Are you just going to stand there fantasizing about my ass, or are you going to join me in here?"

The fucker. It was as if he could read my mind. We had always been like that ever since we were kids. Like we knew what the other was thinking. Twin sense, we called it. We were always in sync with one another. Even finishing each other's sentences without realizing it sometimes. It just cemented in my mind that we were destined to be together. No matter what anyone thought about our relationship, I knew he was my soulmate. That he was *mine*.

Shoving my shorts and underwear down my legs, I stepped out of them and took the few steps to the shower. Grabbing him by the throat, I slammed him against the shower wall with a growl before my lips crashed into his.

His lips parted immediately for me, and my tongue plunged in to devour him. His taste flooded my tongue as we both groaned. He brought his hands up to tangle in my hair as he pressed his body against mine. Luke's hard planes of muscle matched my own as the hot water ran over our

already heated skin. I would never get enough of the feel of his lips on mine and the taste of his tongue.

Biting at his bottom lip hard enough to have him hissing, I smirked and kissed along his stubbled jaw, nipping at the flesh like I knew he liked. The rasp of his stubble pricked at my lips and made them tingle more.

"Goddamn... I'll never get enough of you." Luke murmured as he gripped my hair tightly in his fists.

Moving my way down to his neck with a smirk, I kissed and sucked at the flesh hard enough to leave a mark on his olive skin. My tongue brushed over the abused flesh to soothe the sting, but I know he likes it. My brother always liked a little pain with his pleasure. He often let me test out my new impact toys on him that I make in my leather shop out back.

My mouth continued its journey down his chest, which had a light smattering of dark hair on it that matched my own. Taking his left nipple into my mouth, I ran my tongue around it, bringing it to a peak before biting it between my front teeth and pulling slightly, drawing a moan from him as he tugged on my hair and arched into the touch.

Fuck, I loved how responsive Luke was.

Doing the same to his other nipple, I continued my path down over the valleys of his stomach, nipping at his skin with my teeth before I was kneeling in front of him. He looked down at me with hooded eyes before chuckling and tugging on the wet strands of my hair.

"I thought I was the one who was supposed to give you a blowjob."

I just smirked at him as I gripped his hips in my hands.

"Who said I was giving you a blowjob?"

Spinning him until he was facing the tiled wall of the shower, the sound of his laugh filtered through the sound of the water hitting our bodies. I ran my hands over the toned globes of his ass, my thumbs dipping into his crease and teasing him for a moment. Luke grunted and looked back at me.

"Stop fucking teasing me and shove your tongue in my ass already."

"Tsk, ts, tsk... so impatient."

A growl ripped from his chest before a sharp sting ran along my scalp when his hand found its way into my hair again and he pulled.

"I'm not a little sub you can provoke and tease, Linc. Now eat my fucking ass, or I'm taking yours, and last time I checked, we didn't restock the lube in the shower after you used it all."

Sitting back on my heels, I groaned as my eyes closed. Looking up at him with my signature smirk, "Don't threaten me with a good time."

Usually, I don't bottom. Not unless Luke was in a particularly primal mood and we would dabble in some CNC with each other. He was the only one I would ever bottom for.

Before he could answer, I spread his cheeks and rushed forward, flattening my tongue over his puckered hole, causing him to moan and melt against the shower wall. Gripping his ass hard enough to leave bruises from my fingers, I *feasted* on him. His masculine scent filled my nose while his taste exploded on my tongue. I licked and sucked at him until his muscles relaxed, and I could press my tongue inside him. His moans and gasps filled the shower as he pressed his hips back to meet my tongue.

I loved eating him out. I would gladly stay here all damn day if he let me. But noooo. He had to be the responsible one and remind me we had actual work to do and a club to run. What was the point of having a sex club if we couldn't have sex all the time? It was rude, if you asked me.

Reaching between his legs, I palmed his balls, rolling them in my hand before tugging on them gently for a moment.

"Fuck, Linc. So... fucking... good."

I continued to press my tongue in and out of him while I played with his balls. My thumb was rubbing against his perineum, causing a deeper moan to come from his parted lips, humming against his skin in approval at the noises I was drawing from him.

I could feel his hand moving rapidly over his cock as I continued my meal. His moans and gasps were getting more erratic, and I knew he was close by how his body tensed up a bit. Doubling down on my efforts, I was rewarded a few moments later when I felt his hole clench and flutter around my tongue as he cried out when his orgasm slammed into him. Licking over his quivering hole one more time, I leaned back and looked up at him with a self-satisfied grin.

"Jesus fuck, Linc. How are you so good at that?"

I couldn't help but laugh as I stood up and pressed a kiss to his shoulder.

"Lots and lots of practice, mo chuisle. You good?"

Lucas snorted before he nodded and turned around. "Yeah, I'm good. Just give me a moment."

Laughing more, I couldn't help but lean in and capture his lips in a slow kiss. My thumb brushed along his jaw as I pulled back to look into his blue eyes. I know that he and I are identical, and maybe it's a little narcissistic of me since we have the same face, but he is so beautiful. I never get bored looking at him.

There was a reason I called him mo chuisle. It was an old Irish term of endearment that meant '*my pulse*'. People used the term for the one who made their heartbeat, and Luke had always been that person. I don't care what anyone thinks about our relationship. I don't care how taboo it is and what people will say when they find out. Lucas will always have my heart and soul. I feel like my heart doesn't beat if I'm not with him. I would rather cut off my damn arm than give him up. Honestly, it would probably be less painful.

Watching as Lucas turns around in my arms and smirks before he sinks to his knees, I can't help but grin and run my fingers through his wet hair. He looks up at me before flicking his tongue over the slit of my hard cock.

"My turn."

Gripping my cock at the base, he keeps eye contact with me while he runs his tongue along the ridge of the corona. His tongue flicks across the two dydoe piercings I have on top, making me shiver slightly from the sensation.

His lips wrap around the head of my cock while his tongue flicks over the slit. I groaned as my head fell back a bit. His mouth is always like heaven. Hot and wet with the perfect amount of suction.

Gripping his hair a little tighter as he continues to just flick his tongue against me, I growl as I look down at him.

"Now who's fucking teasing?"

The mischievous glint in his eyes as he looks up at me has me gripping his hair tighter, making him groan. Before he can pull off at all, I thrust forward until I hit the back of his throat, making him gag a little from the force.

His eyes hardened into a glare, but he didn't pull off at all. I chuckled before starting to thrust into his mouth more. Lucas rarely had a gag reflex unless I forced it out of him, like just now, so once he was expecting it and relaxed his throat, I let loose.

With my grip tight in his hair, I fucked his mouth roughly. He was probably going to have a sore throat afterward, but we both knew he would love it. He would love the soreness that reminded him I was there.

He gripped my hip with one hand while his other cupped my balls and rolled them in his hands, tugging on them and making me moan even more.

"Goddamn, Luke, your mouth was made for sucking cock."

He moaned around my cock, sending vibrations through my skin and making my balls draw up as I could feel my orgasm building with each thrust.

Holding his head with one hand in his hair, I moved my other hand to hold the side of his head, and I used his throat. His tongue pressed on the underside of my cock every time I pulled out. His cheeks were hollowing with the suction he was giving. If it wasn't for the water on him, I knew I would see tears dripping down his cheeks and drool down his chin.

"Fucking look at you. So eager to get on your knees for me, brother. Practically begging me to fuck your throat. And you take it so," *thrust*, "fucking," *thrust*, "good."

I could feel the pressure at the base of my spine and the tingling in the pit of my stomach telling me I was close. I panted as I thrust once, twice, three times, before moaning deeply as my cock swelled, and ropes of my cum filled his mouth and throat. Watching him and the way his eyes fluttered, he groaned as he tasted me.

Luke swallowed me all before he pulled off of me. Running his tongue over my sensitive cock head, he grinned as I shivered from the overstimulation. Standing up, he pulled me into a rough kiss, and I moaned as I swept my tongue into his mouth and tasted myself on him.

Pulling back with a soft peck on my lips, he brushed his nose against mine.

"Better?"

I huffed a small laugh and nodded. The anger from earlier hadn't disappeared entirely, but it was a low simmer now and something I could handle.

"Good. Let's wash up properly and then get something to eat."

I smiled as I watched him grab our shampoo. I stood there for a moment, just admiring him. He always knew how to make me feel better. How to handle me when my emotions become too much. Sighing softly, I took the shampoo from him and started to wash my hair.

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Chapter 5



Walking out of the closet after hanging up some of my clothes, I put my hands on my hips and looked around the room. I didn't have much with me, so there wasn't much to unpack. I had left pretty much everything I owned at *his* house. The only things I grabbed when the police took me by after I was discharged from the hospital were some clothes, my laptop, my phone, a photo album, and my Kindle.

The only thing I gained during my stay at rehab had been my journals and my bunny stuffie, Whisper. Alec had gotten her for me one day after we spoke about how *he* had thrown out all of my Little stuff and didn't allow me to have anything else. I named her Whisper because Alec told me that I could tell her all my secrets and she wouldn't tell a soul.

Everything was in its place now, and it made me feel a lot better. I liked to have everything set up and organized. It helped with my anxiety. I placed my laptop on the bedside table; I put my clothes away in the closet;

my Kindle sat on the ottoman of the comfy chair in the corner, and I put the photo album and my journals on the dresser against the wall. Whisper was in her proper place, too, nestled against the pillows on the bed. Letting out a breath, I felt like I could finally relax. Closing my duffel bag, I picked it up and took it to the closet to store it away when I heard a small knock on the door.

Biting my lip, I walked over and unlocked the door. Cracking it open, I looked out and found a man standing in front with a smile on their face. He was a couple of inches taller than me, with long hair that was black with purple streaks. Half of their hair was in a high ponytail, with a few little pieces framing their face. His features were more androgynous, with high cheekbones accented with a light pink blush and a shimmer of highlighter. His skin was a creamy hue that looked soft. His eyes were round and bright, shining with kindness in their chocolate-brown color, lined with dark eyeliner, a touch of shimmering purple, and black eyelashes. His lips were a glossy pink and pulled up into a welcoming smile. If I had to guess, I would say that they were of Korean descent but I didn't want to assume anything.

He wore a simple outfit of black leggings, a lavender camisole, a very soft-looking grey knit cardigan, and short black boots. Simple gold jewelry, like small gold hoop earrings and a few gold rings on their fingers, finished the entire outfit. Around their neck was a black leather collar with gold hardware.

"Hi there. I'm Raven. Mister Lucas asked me to give you a tour of the house, if you're up to it? If you would rather just relax, though, we can do it later. Up to you."

Nodding, I opened the door wider. "That would be really nice. Thank you. The house is so big I'm afraid I'll get lost. I'm... I'm Elias."

Raven laughed a little and stepped back to let me step out into the hallway. "It is big. But I promise you won't get lost once you know where you're going. And there's usually always someone here to point you in the right direction as well. So, don't be scared to stop someone and ask them for directions. We're all really friendly here."

I fell in step with them as we started down the hallway. "These are the guest rooms, as you know, and the second floor is all playrooms, so I'll just focus on showing you the main floor, the basement level, and the outside. There's so many things to do around here and it's not all kink-based

either. Mister Lincoln and Mister Lucas really made it more like a home than a club."

I nodded as he spoke about the different floors. I really liked how bright and open the house was. I didn't feel stifled at all, or closed in. It felt more like a home here, and just the little things I've seen so far showed how much work they put into it. Following him back down to the main floor, he motioned to the front.

"That's the reception over there. The doors to the left and right are locker rooms for changing or storing belongings." They turned towards the back of the house, and Raven motioned towards the French doors that led outside.

We walked out onto a gorgeous stone terrace lined with lounge furniture, where some members were relaxing and chatting. Someone had music playing through speakers I couldn't see. It was gorgeous out here and I instantly loved it.

Raven waved to the people on the patio before pointing out the pool. "During the summer, we have amazing pool parties. The grill is lit, and there's always a lot of food, music, and laughs. Sometimes we'll host events or demos out here as well. There's a shed just over there to store things like the cushions for the furniture, pool toys, and two extra refrigerators for food and drinks. It can get really busy here in the summertime."

Walking down the steps into the grass, I looked around at everything. The yard was large and lined with trees. It was as if they had cut out a hole in the middle of a forest and placed the house here. It felt like its own little world, and I wanted to explore it all.

Following Raven, he pointed out what appeared to be a fire pit with wooden swings around it. "We use that a lot in the fall, and Mister Lincoln and Master Damien bring out their guitars while we all sip on some cider and roast marshmallows and make mountain pies."

I could picture it as they spoke about it. How cozy and comfortable it was by the fire, with maybe a soft blanket to wrap myself in. I found myself wanting to be here when fall came around so that I could experience it. Fall was my favorite season, and I knew with all the trees around here that it would be gorgeous.

Walking past it, Raven pointed towards the back of the yard where I could see two fenced-in areas. One looked like an agility course for dogs

with platforms, jumps, hoops, and tunnels, while the other had a dirt terrain rather than grass and what appeared to be jumps for horses. Between the two areas was a small building.

"Those are for the pet play and pony play people. That small building over there is divided in half. One is sort of a barn with a tack room, while the other is more of a grooming salon for all different kinds of human pets." Raven smiled as we walked past the area. I had never really explored pet play, but it was fun to watch. I just wasn't sure I was a puppy, and I definitely wasn't a pony.

"That smaller building off to the side of that is Mister Lincoln's leather workshop. He spends so much time in there, but he makes gorgeous pieces. My Master commissioned my collar from him. Isn't it pretty?" Raven grinned and held his chin up, showing off the leather collar.

"Oh wow. That is really pretty." I smiled and admired the piece and the expert craftsmanship. And the leather looked so soft, too.

It was really nice, though, to see such a diverse representation of kinks already. A lot of communities tended to focus on a few kinks, depending on what most people in the community were into, but here they seemed to cater to as many as possible. From the short description of some of the rooms he had seen, there was a great mix of kinks here.

Next, we came to the edge of the forest, where a trail began, and beside the trailhead stood a wooden cabinet with glass doors. Inside the cabinet were pegs and a small basket filled with green tags you could hang on the pegs.

"These are the trails in the woods. Anyone is welcome to use them, but if you see any green tags hanging in the cabinet here, that's just a sign that there are some primal players in the woods as well. You're still welcome to use the trails during that time, but just be aware that you'll probably see a takedown or hear it." Raven laughed a little and pointed out that there was one green tag in there already. I couldn't help but blush as I saw it. I had never done primal play, but it sounded intriguing, if not terrifying.

"Usually, once a month in the warmer months, we host a community-wide primal night. There's a large space along the trails with a big fire pit and plenty of seating around it. Mister Lincoln will usually bring out his guitar, and I get together with some of the other members to make a big spread of food to cook over the fire. Even if you're not into primal, it's a

lot of fun to just come and hang out. There's a calendar online that should be updated soon with all the events we're planning."

I nodded as he spoke, trying to take it all in. There was so much information, and this community was a lot bigger than the previous one I had been in. But everyone seemed to be a lot closer to each other as well. It felt more like a big family. I could see that even though I had just gotten here. Just from walking around and observing everyone. It was nice, but it also made me nervous. I didn't want to seem like I was intruding on anyone.

It didn't take us long to get back to the house, and Raven was leading me towards what I assumed was the living room. The vaulted ceilings made it feel huge, but the beige stone fireplace and the large, comfortable-looking couches and chairs, with all the throw blankets and pillows, made it feel so cozy. Large windows looked out onto the backyard, and a large flat-screen television hung above the fireplace. Along the walls were frames with pictures. As I stepped closer, I noticed that the pictures were of the club's members. Smiling faces peered back at me, while others showed images of different events they had hosted. My eyes ran over the different expressions on the members' faces, and I saw how happy they all looked. It was really nice to see, and I couldn't help but smile.

Especially when I came across one photo of Lincoln and Lucas. They were standing in front of the house, which looked a lot different and a bit more run-down. One had his arm around the other while they both wore huge smiles. A realtor's sign was next to them with a sign over it that said 'Sold'. They both looked so happy, and my smile widened as I looked at the moment where their dream had become a reality. It was obviously such a big thing for them, and walking around, I could tell how much it meant to them.

"Obviously, this is the living room. It's a communal space for everyone to just hang out and relax. Through here is the kitchen. Probably my favorite space in the house. I'm usually in here planning schedules or menus or cooking or baking." Raven winked at me as he led me through to the kitchen.

The stone extended along the walls and to the back of the fireplace, where they installed a pizza oven. The cabinets were black with a dark wood countertop. Beams went across the ceiling, and the entire wall was windows looking out on the backyard and pool. In front of the windows was a long, raw-edged wooden table with chairs around it. A large

island stood in the middle of the kitchen, with barstools on one side, and sitting in one of them was Lucas, his chin resting in his hand, a smile on his face, his eyes glinting with humor, while Lincoln rummaged through the cupboards.

Raven sighed and put his hands on his hips. "If you mess up my perfectly organized pantry, there's going to be hell to pay. What are you looking for anyway?"

Lincoln's head poked around the pantry door, and he just stuck his tongue out at Raven before going back to what he was doing. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

I covered my mouth to hide my giggle at how silly he was being and how Raven huffed and stomped over to him, shooing him away, and they started to argue about what Lincoln was looking for.

Once I heard the arguing, the smile slipped from my face. I hoped Raven wasn't going to get in trouble for talking back to Lincoln. Anytime I had talked back, I always got hit, and I really didn't want anything to happen to Raven. They had been so nice to me.

"Hey, little one. Enjoying the tour?"

I blinked and turned to find Lucas smiling at me. He shifted his attention from Lincoln and Raven to me, fully focusing on me. I nodded as I walked over to him and pulled a stool out to sit next to him.

"Yeah. It's really nice so far, and so is Raven. He's been showing me everything."

"They. They're nonbinary."

"Oh! Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know." I felt my face heat with embarrassment at misgendering them. Stupid. I was so stupid! I should have asked what their pronouns were when I first met them. Now I had gone and embarrassed myself. I should have just kept my mouth shut.

Lucas chuckled a little, which surprised me, then just smiled. "It's all right, sweetheart. No one told you. Now you know. No harm, no foul. Although they're fine with using he/him as well. Now that I think about it, I think they're fine with using all pronouns." Lucas laughed and shook his head a little. "But I'm glad that you're enjoying yourself. Have they taken you to see the Rope Haven yet?" His blue eyes sparkled as he mentioned the Rope Haven. I let out a little breath that he wasn't upset over my mistake, but I was still nervous about it.

Shaking my head as I played with the sleeves of my shirt, pulling them down over my fingers and gripping them in my fists. "Not yet."

Lucas hummed thoughtfully for a moment. Looking over at Lincoln and Raven as they continued to argue, he just rolled his eyes before standing up.

"Come on then. I'll give you a personal tour of it since I designed it. These two are going to argue for a while until Raven just kicks Linc out of the kitchen entirely."

I couldn't help but bite my lip nervously as I looked over at Lincoln and Raven bickering. "They won't get into trouble? For talking back?" I knew if I had tried that with Jack, he would have hit me or locked me in the cage for even raising my voice at him. I didn't want Raven to get into trouble. Talking back was bad. You didn't talk back to your superior, and when you did, you were corrected. You got punished.

My hands shook a little as I watched them going back and forth with their words. My fingers come up to pick at my lip. It was a nervous tic I had. I could feel my heart beating a little faster as my anxiety spiked.

"Look at me, little one."

Tearing my eyes away from Lincoln and Raven as Raven started nudging Lincoln away from the pantry, I looked at Lucas, who was standing a little closer than he had been before. He tilted his head down to look me in the eye while he spoke. My mismatched eyes looked between his before looking back at Lincoln and Raven, and I whimpered a little. My breath started to pick up before I felt a finger under my chin and turning my face back to look at Lucas.

"I promise you, no one is going to get in trouble for talking back unless that's a rule in their dynamic. They're not actually fighting, and they're not angry with each other. Everything is okay, Elias. Just take a deep breath for me, alright?"

Swallowing, I nodded and sucked in a breath following his instructions. He smiled softly at me and made me take a few more breaths before I was feeling calmer. Feeling his hand squeeze my shoulder had my muscles relaxing some more as my anxiety lessened under his instructions.

"Good boy."

The praise settled over me like a warm blanket. It wasn't often I heard those words, and it was as if I was starving for them. All I ever

wanted to be was a good boy, and hearing Lucas say that I was had my stomach tingling in a good way.

Looking back at Lincoln and Raven, I blinked when Lincoln started laughing, and Raven tried to fight from smiling. My shoulders relaxed seeing that and knowing that they weren't actually fighting.

"See? Everything is all right. Come on. I'll show you one of my favorite rooms in the house." Lucas smiled brightly at me and winked before he led me out of the kitchen and back through the living room.

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Before



Elias



Giggling as we walked through the door, I kicked off my shoes and stumbled a little bit, catching myself on the wall before giggling again. My head was delightfully swimmy and fuzzy from all the yummy drinks that I had tonight, and the floor moved without my permission. Rude.

"Oops."

I am a little drunk, but it's fine because Daddy drove us like he always does. He likes to drive and let me be comfy in the passenger seat. He's such a good Daddy, and I'm super-duper lucky to have him. He tells me all the time, and he's right. Because Daddy is always right and I love him.

I love him so much, and he's amazing for putting up with me sometimes. I know I can be a bit much for people, and that's why I hadn't found a Daddy before him. But he's been really patient with me and has

been teaching me how to act, and I'm super grateful to have him in my life. That he loves me so much, he would do this for me. I didn't even know that I was annoying people until he pointed it out to me. And he wasn't mad about it; he just gently pointed it out. He's the bestest Daddy.

Today was the annual Easter cookout and egg hunt for our kink community. As always, Deacon held the event at his house, and I really enjoyed spending time with my friends. I found so many eggs, and we had yummy food and yummy alcoholic drinks with sprinkles and glitter! Some of them even had cotton candy! I didn't even know that was a thing. I may have had too many, but that's okay because they were delicious and I couldn't waste them. Wasting stuff was bad, and we didn't waste stuff in our house.

And this was my house too, now. I had officially moved in with Daddy about a month ago after he asked me. He said it was silly of me to keep my apartment when I was over at his house all the time anyway. It would save me money, and he enjoyed having his boy in his bed, too. So it was a win-win for both of us. He was so smart about things like that, and I was thrilled that I could cuddle him whenever I wanted to.

Daddy even suggested I quit my job at the local bookstore, too. He paid for everything, and he gave me an allowance, so it wasn't as if I needed the job. I told him I would think about it because what he said made sense, and he knew best. But I *loved* my job at the bookstore. My coworkers were amazing. I got a fantastic discount I could use on books or in the cafe, and I even met some of my favorite authors when they came in for book signings. How could I give that up?

I planned to talk to Daddy about it tomorrow, and I had written a list of pros in my notebook to show him that, even though I didn't need the money, it would be good to put it into savings so that he and I could go on a vacation or something. But not to the beach because I hated the feeling of sand getting everywhere. Who thought that was relaxing? It was annoying and scratchy, and I just didn't like it. Maybe we could go on a weekend trip somewhere close. Like the Poconos! Or Nemaquin! Oh, that would be so much fun!

See? There would be perks to me keeping my job. Daddy knew best, but maybe he just didn't know all the benefits of my job because I didn't tell him. I would have to fix that.

I was forgetful sometimes, like that. Daddy pointed it out to me, which was super helpful. It was okay before because I didn't know any better. I didn't have a Daddy to point it out to me that I could be a bit much sometimes, or that I forgot stuff. But now I had a Daddy who loved me enough to point out my flaws so that I could fix them.

He was the best Daddy.

The best Daddy, who said I could have a piece of my Easter candy when we got home, and that was what I was planning to do. Go into the kitchen, dump it all out, and pick the perfect piece. I had gotten so many eggs at the egg hunt because I was an amazing egg hunter. I also think that the doms hadn't tried hard enough to hide them this year. They would need to up their game for next year, though!

"Eli. How many times do I have to tell you to put your shoes away properly instead of just kicking them across the entryway? Come pick them up."

My head fell back between my shoulders as I let out a dramatic groan. I just wanted my candy.

"I'll get them later, Daddy. I wanna pick out my piece of candy first!"

I didn't look back as I kept walking towards the kitchen. I would pick out my piece of candy, I was thinking the chocolate bunny that was wrapped in gold foil with the blue bow on its neck, and then I would pick up my shoes and put them in the closet by the front door like I was supposed to.

Pain suddenly shot through my scalp as Daddy yanked my head back. I stumbled and cried out before I looked up into Daddy's face. He gripped me tightly by my hair, twisting his mouth into an angry sneer and slitting his eyes into a glare.

"Did I say to pick them up after you get your candy?"

"Ow, Daddy! That hurts!"

"Did I?!"

My hands flew up to where he was gripping my hair in a tight fist. I usually like hair pulling, but the way he's gripping my hair is too much and causes sharp pain to radiate from my scalp. He shakes my head with the hold he has and pulls harder, making my eyes sting with tears.

"Answer me!" He yells in my face. I've never seen him like this before, and fear is coursing through my body. A sob breaks free as the tears

fall down my cheeks.

"N-no, D-Daddy!"

"No. I didn't. When I tell you to do something, I expect you to fucking do it without giving me attitude. You've been fucking pushing me all damn night, Eli. You were too loud and annoying everyone. You couldn't sit still like I asked you to, and you drank too much. You didn't even ask for permission to drink that much, and you were waltzing around drunk off your ass and flirting with everyone like a slut." Daddy pushes me away from him, and I fall onto the floor on my bottom. Rubbing my head as I sniffle and look up at him, the tears were falling freely down my face and blurring my vision.

"W-what...? I... I wasn't, Daddy!" I try to remember the night with our friends and how much I had to drink. If I annoyed anyone, and I can't remember anyone telling me to be quiet or calm down, except for Daddy. He told me a couple of times, but I had brushed it off because I was always like this around our friends. I always let loose and had fun. But maybe Daddy is right. Maybe I was annoying everyone and embarrassing myself. Maybe I was too loud, and I just hadn't noticed how annoyed people were getting.

"Do you know how embarrassing it was to have you so out of control like that? To have you not listen to me? Everyone was looking at me like I was a failure of a dom because I couldn't get my sub under control. But you don't even care. You just brushed me off as if I were nothing. Like I didn't matter. Maybe I don't. Maybe you don't love me like I thought you did."

Crying harder, I sat on my bottom on the floor and shook my head as he stood over me and spoke. Shuffling forward, I grab at his leg, trying to get him to listen. He thought I didn't love him? I had embarrassed him? My stomach dropped as I thought about it because that was the last thing I had wanted to do.

"N-no! Daddy, I do l-love you! I love you s-so much! I'm s-sorry!" Sobs wrack my body while I cling to his legs. Heavy sobs that had me gasping for breath in between. I can't believe I was so stupid and acted like that. That I embarrassed Daddy in front of everyone. He always tried to remind me not to be too much, but I had ignored him like an idiot. I was so stupid and now Daddy was mad and upset and thought I didn't love him.

A crack sounded through the room.

I blinked at the wall before I felt the pain radiating from my cheek.

I had been looking up at Daddy, but now all I saw was the wall in the entryway.

It was so quiet.

The only sound was our breathing as my mind tried to wrap about what had just happened.

Bringing my hand up to my cheek, I winced as I felt the sting. My cheek was hot from where he had slapped me.

Slapped me.

Daddy had *slapped me*.

"Clean up this mess. You spilled your candy everywhere, and we don't live in a damn pigsty. Then get yourself cleaned up. You're a fucking mess." Daddy pulled his leg from my grasp and stalked off towards our bedroom.

I sat on the floor in the middle of the entryway to our home, holding my cheek as I just stared after him. My mind was in shock at what had just happened. Daddy had never hit me before. Well, during a scene, yes. But not like this. Not when he was angry, and we were fighting. He had never done this before, and I didn't know what to do.

Clean up the candy. That's what he told me to do.

Moving to crawl forward, I started to gather up the candy that had spilled out of my basket when I dropped it. The more candy I picked up, the blurrier my vision got as sobs wracked my body. I knew Daddy heard me. Our house wasn't that big, but he didn't come out once to check on me.

I had messed up so badly.

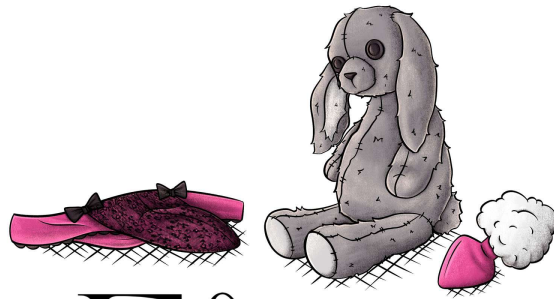
I was supposed to be a good boy.

His good boy.

I needed to fix this. I needed to apologize to him for embarrassing him so badly and making him feel that way. I needed to be better.

This was my fault.

Chapter 6



Elias



Waking up the next morning, I just lay there in my bed and looked out the French doors that led to my small balcony. I hadn't been able to sleep very well. Which was my usual. The nightmares seemed to never want to leave me alone. So, I had been up for a while.

There's a grackle sitting on the railing, looking at me. It tilts its black head, and its feathers catch the sun, showing off the iridescent blue and green colors mixed within the black. It blinks its yellow eye at me before puffing up and shaking, then flying off.

The sight of it makes me smile a little. I have always loved grackles. They were funny birds, goofy and always fun to watch. I remember when I was a kid, I would sit on the back porch and watch them in our yard all the time. How they hopped around and chased each other while calling out. All the distinct noises that they made. They could keep my attention for hours.

My grandmother had once told me they were a symbol of transformation, adaptability, and the courage to embrace one's individuality. She grew up in the backwoods of the Appalachian Mountains and always talked about the spiritual and magical meaning of the plants and animals. I loved listening to her stories and learning about all the superstitions and cryptids.

It's a fitting animal to see on my first full day at The Sanctuary. This is a place where I have to adapt. I have to push through my panic and anxiety and adapt to a new way of thinking. Which will also lead to a transformation for me, hopefully. I mean I had already started with being in the hospital and then rehab, but this was going to be harder than all of that because I was going to have to face things that had hurt me before. Not just talk about them, but actually face them.

I'm happy to be here, though. I'm sick of being scared of being a submissive. Something so integral to me that it's part of my personality. Something that I enjoyed so much and found so much strength and freedom in before. A safe space for me where I didn't have to worry about anything. I could just *be*.

But *he* had taken that from me.

He had made it so it wasn't a safe space anymore, and out of all the things he had done to me, the grooming, manipulation, gaslighting, physical and mental abuse, torture, and letting people rape me, that is the one thing that I am most angry and upset about. That he took my safe space away.

If I get anywhere near my little space and start regressing, I panic.

The fear courses through my body, and my lungs tighten up, and it's hard to breathe. And I hate it.

I hate it so much because I *miss* being little.

I miss it so strongly that if I think about it too much, my eyes sting with tears and my throat clogs with emotion.

Like now.

I loved going to my little space. How carefree and fun it was. I never had to worry about any of my adult problems, and I could just have fun, color, watch cartoons, and eat dinosaur nuggets. I didn't have any filters, and I didn't worry about being socially acceptable. I was just myself, and it was so freeing. It quieted my mind when things got to be too much and gave me a break.

And he took that from me.

He tainted it, and even though I'm trying this exposure therapy, I'm not very hopeful that I'll be able to get back there again. I'm scared that it will always be tainted and I'll lose that part of me forever.

Sniffing a little, I wipe at my eyes and sit up in bed. Kissing Whisper on the head, I set her aside and turn to fix the sheets and blankets. After making the bed and arranging all the pillows in the middle, I place Whisper in her spot among them before turning and padding into the bathroom.

Pulling my oversized t-shirt off over my head, I toss it into a hamper I find next to the sink. I slide my panties off that I'm wearing next and add them as well before I turn to look at myself in the mirror. Usually, I try to avoid mirrors at all costs because I don't want to see myself. I don't want to see what I've been reduced to. But for some reason today, I decide to look.

There's nothing special about me. I'm thin with not much muscle on my body. My hair is an unruly mess of curls. My skin is pale and pasty, only broken up by the gross brown freckles on my face. My eyes are freaky, with one light blue with a darker ring around it, and the other a muddy brown.

My long fingers on my right hand trace over a puckered scar on my left bicep. The result of a pretty severe burn from a John who had a particular interest in fire. The burns took the longest to heal and were usually the only time that he would get me any kind of medication. He didn't want them to get infected because that wasn't good for business. He didn't make money off me then.

My fingers move to drag over my chest. Running over the long scar from my nipple, running diagonally up until it reached my sternum. More matches that one. They follow my collarbones and over each hipbone. I can't see them, but they line the insides of my thighs as well. A few of those needed stitches, which I was surprised I was allowed to get. I wasn't allowed much. Most of the time, I cleaned myself up and dressed my own wounds. I got pretty good at it, if I'm being honest with myself.

My eyes continue to run over my body to the circular scars on my right pec, left forearm, and hand, to the jagged ligature marks above each elbow and around each wrist. I have similar ones above each knee and around each ankle. The barbed wire he used to tie me to his St. Andrew's

Cross left those. He was gracious enough to remove the barbs that would have hit anything vital, though. Small mercies, I guess. Or just another form of torture, because that meant I couldn't even use death as an escape.

Smaller scars litter my skin, and I'm disgusted by them each time I see them. I used to love my body. I used to show it off at any chance I got with my fashion. Wearing fishnets, short skirts and mini shorts, tank tops, and crop tops. Now bile rises in my throat when I see my body and how destroyed it is. How ruined it is, and these aren't even the worst of them.

I wipe at my face and turn my back to the mirror. I refuse to look at those scars. The ones that span my entire back. The large burn between my shoulder blades and the keloided lines running down my back in diagonals from the flagrum he let someone use on me. Finished off with more circular scars from cigarettes on my lower back.

Reaching into the large shower, I turn the water on to heat it up a bit before grabbing the shampoo and conditioner from the shelf. I'm surprised to find it's the same brand I used before. Alec must have told them, and I have to swallow the burning in my throat at the sudden emotion for something so small. It's just shampoo and conditioner. It's not a big deal.

My eyes flick to the body wash. Orange and honey-scented. Grabbing it, I read it and let out a little whimper when I see it's for sensitive skin. I can't stop the tear from falling from my eye now, before quickly wiping it away and stepping under the spray of water.

It may seem silly to someone normal, but the fact that Lincoln and Lucas took the time to buy me things I use, especially to make sure they're for sensitive skin, has me feeling uneasy. I'm not used to people doing something nice for me, and it means a lot, but it also scares me and makes me wary. *He* did nice things for me all the time, before he didn't.

Taking a deep breath, I try to remind myself that they're not him. That Alec trusts them, and I trust Alec. Alec has earned that trust over the year we've known each other, so I'm trying to trust them a bit at least.

Showering quickly, I brush my teeth and run a comb through my curls so they don't get tangled before I'm walking into my bedroom and find some clothes. I pull on a pair of light pink satin panties that feel really good against my skin, then grab a pair of baggy jeans and an oversized black sweater. The sweater's yarn is soft against my skin and doesn't irritate my scars as some fabrics do. Pulling on some fluffy socks last, I grab my

phone, my Kindle, and my small bag with my medications and head downstairs.

It's still early. I'm used to not sleeping much, and I rarely sleep in. The mornings were the times when I found some peace, at least before he woke up, and my nightmare continued.

Moving as quietly as possible so as not to wake anyone else who might be here, I make my way downstairs.

The house is quiet and a bit eerie as I walk across the living room and into the kitchen. I'm not used to being in such a large house, and every little sound I hear, whether it's a creak in the floorboard or the air conditioning kicking on, has me tensing a bit. Standing in the kitchen for a moment, I set my Kindle, phone, and medication on the counter before eyeing the coffee machine. It seems simple enough to work, so I find some ground coffee and decide to make an entire pot just in case someone else wants some when they get up.

While that is brewing, I go to the pantry and find a loaf of bread. It doesn't take me long to have some buttered toast made and a cup of coffee. Grabbing my bag, I pull out my pill case and open the little square for the day, emptying all of them into my hand. Looking down at them, I sigh for a moment. There's one for depression, one for anxiety, two vitamins, and my daily PrEP. Bringing my hand up to my mouth, I tip them in before washing them down with my coffee. I eat my toast to have something in my stomach before I grab the cleaning supplies and wipe the counters, so there's no mess left behind.

Once I think everything is clean, I head into the living room with my coffee and settle into the couch in the corner by the windows. Pulling a blanket over my lap, I sip my coffee and set it down on a coaster before opening my Kindle to the latest book I'm reading and settling in.

The moment I hear footsteps coming into the living room, I freeze and look up, suddenly feeling like I'm not supposed to be here. My eyes land on Lincoln as he walks into the room. He's barefoot and wearing grey sweatpants and nothing else. My eyes take in the firm muscles of his body and track the movement of his fingers as they scratch at his stomach while he yawns. When he sees me, he smiles softly.

"Morning, squirt."

"G-good morning. I um... I made coffee. I hope that's alright?"

Biting my lip a little, I suddenly became nervous that I had overstepped. I should have asked what I could eat while I was here, or asked Alec to stop at the grocery store on the way over yesterday.

"More than alright. It's perfect. I need my caffeine before I face people." He grins over at me before winking and heading into the kitchen.

I can't help my eyes from trailing over his muscular back and down to his ass. Oh, he has a nice ass. Blinking, I shake my head and sink into the couch, scolding myself. I only just got here. I don't need to be lusting after him and Lucas. I need to focus on why I came here and put my all into this exposure therapy. But they are really, really pretty. With their black hair and ice-blue eyes, the scruff on their face that looks so soft, their muscular bodies that clothes don't even hide, how tall they are, and, ugh, their hands. I noticed their hands right away, and I about drooled over them.

Strong, calloused hands with veins on the backs running up their forearms and a light dusting of black hair. I shiver a little just thinking about them.

I have a hand and arm kink. Sue me.

Hearing Lincoln coming back into the room, I look up at him as he walks in with a steaming mug of coffee and what looks like a bagel on a plate. My mismatched eyes follow him as he comes over to sit close to me on the couch. There's at least a cushion between us, though, which makes me feel a little better.

He sips at his coffee, and my eyes track the way his Adam's apple bobs as he swallows. He leans over to set his mug on the coffee table before he slouches down on the couch and spreads his legs to get comfortable.

Whoever invented grey sweatpants either needs a Nobel Prize or they need to be locked in the deepest depths of Hell for the torture they put upon all of us. Because how are we supposed to act normal and not like a blushing, fiending, horny mess when you have a sexy man sitting close to you, shirtless, man-spreading, and the sweatpants hide absolutely fucking *nothing*.

It's criminal.

Or the greatest gift on this earth.

I haven't decided yet.

But one thing I know is that it's frustrating.

And Lincoln is clearly not wearing underwear and has no shame.

I hate him.

"Why are you glaring at my legs, little one?"

Looking up at him quickly, I see him smirking before picking up his bagel and taking a bite out of it. I blush and look away from his stupidly pretty face and down at my Kindle again.

"I wasn't glaring."

"Mmmhmm. Sure you weren't." He chuckles before leaning forward and picking his mug up to take a sip. "Thanks for making coffee, by the way. It's really good. You picked my favorite flavor we have."

"R-really? It's your favorite?" I blink at him for a moment after putting my Kindle down on my lap.

He hums and nods as a soft smile graces his lips, and he scratches his jaw. "Oh yeah. Toasted buttered pecan? Fucking delicious. You did good."

A blush creeps up my face, and I smile as I look into my lap. "Thank you. I was nervous I overstepped and used something I wasn't supposed to. I don't know whose food is whose here. Nothing had labels."

"Wanna know why that is?"

Looking over at him, I see him still smiling at me. I nod because I do want to know, so I don't mess up again and take something without asking.

"It's 'cause everything in the kitchen is free game. We're a family here, and families share with each other. You never have to ask if you can have something from the kitchen unless it is labeled, in which case, leave it alone." Lincoln picked up his bagel and took a bite, chewing. "And if you want anything at all, there's a shopping list on the fridge. Just add it to that, and we'll try to pick it up when one of us goes shopping."

The idea of just taking something was so foreign to me. For the longest time, I had to ask permission for anything I wanted. Alec has been working on it with me, but it's still hard sometimes, and I still get anxious about it. But hearing Lincoln assure me I can have whatever I want in the kitchen helps to relieve that anxiety a bit.

"Thank you. There's not much I need. Although maybe some oat milk... I use that in my coffee and my tea instead of creamer or milk. But I can use creamer or milk, too. It's not a big deal..."

I didn't want to ask for too much. They were already doing so much for me. They were letting me stay here and helping me with my

issues when they didn't have to. They probably have much better things to do than babysit me.

"Alec mentioned you like oat milk. I think Raven is grabbing some on their way in today with Gar. We didn't have time to stop yesterday, or else we would have already had some for you."

My brow furrows for a moment while I try to ignore the pressure in my chest from the sudden emotion at them already thinking about getting things for me to make me feel comfortable. I focus on something else he said instead. "Gar?"

Lincoln hums in answer as he finishes his bagel and tosses the paper plate onto the coffee table.

"Garfield. He's Raven's Master and one of our oldest friends. We grew up together, not far from here, actually. You'll get to meet him today when they get here. He goes by Gar because his parents apparently hate him for giving him that name." Lincoln snorts a laugh and sits up a bit to grab his coffee again and finish it.

I'm about to respond when I hear movement and look up to see Lucas walking into the living room. Unlike his brother, he's wearing a worn t-shirt and a pair of blue plaid sleep pants. Lincoln grins at him when he walks over and collects the paper plate and the empty mug.

"Morning, gorgeous. Elias made coffee." Lincoln smiles at him. I'm surprised for a moment when Lucas leans down and gives him a chaste kiss before straightening. I was not expecting that at all. But I also try not to judge people either. They seem happy and that's all that really matters.

"Good morning. Did he? Well, it's because he's a good boy. I could already tell that about him." Lucas smiled and looks over at me just in time to see me try to hide my face by bringing my hands up to my cheeks to hide the blush. "Good morning, sweetheart. Thank you for making the coffee. Can I get you a refill while I get mine?"

Peeking out from my sleeves, which I had clutched in my hands, I smiled a little and nodded. "Good morning. I can get it. You don't have to do that."

Lucas frowns a bit before grabbing my mug from the table.

"Nonsense. You look really comfortable. I don't want to disturb that. How do you take your coffee?"

"Um... four sugars and some creamer, please."

"Good boy." He takes Lincoln's from his as well and heads into the kitchen to get us all some coffee. It doesn't take him long at all to come back out with three mugs of coffee on a tray with a bowl of yogurt, granola, and fruit on it. Once he hands us both our mugs, he sits down between Lincoln and I. I watch as he takes a sip from his mug and just sighs happily for a moment before turning towards me.

"Are you settling in alright, Elias? Do you have everything you need?"

Holding my mug between my hands, I smile softly and nod.

"Yes, thank you. The room is really nice. It's more than I expected, honestly."

Lucas nods for a moment before he sets his mug down and grabs his bowl of yogurt, mixing it up.

"We want you to be comfortable here, Elias. It was no big deal at all to make sure of that."

"I'm fine with just the basics. You didn't need to go to all that trouble..."

Lucas stops and looks over at me for a moment. Just studying me with an expression in his eyes I can't quite decipher. I shift uncomfortably for a moment under his gaze before looking away. They really didn't need to get all the extra stuff for me or give me such an extravagant room. I would have been fine with a basic room. As long as there was a bed and I had access to a bathroom.

"Sweetheart, look at me."

My gaze travels up to him slowly. He had set his bowl on his lap and had his full attention on me.

"You let us worry about that. It was no trouble at all, and it was honestly more for us, anyway."

Wait... what? My brow furrows in confusion because I don't understand how that works. How was them giving me such a big room and making sure I had extra pillows and blankets and even body wash for sensitive skin for them?

Lincoln takes a drink from his coffee and just smiles over at me.

"We're Daddy doms, squirt. We love to take care of people. Making sure that you're comfortable is something we love to do. It's been a long time since we had a cute sub to take care of, and while you're here, you're under our protection and care. If we hadn't provided you with

comforts and made sure you had everything you needed, then it wouldn't have fulfilled our need to care for you. We understand that we're not in a dynamic, but it's still our job to care for you while you're here."

Blinking while I try to process what he's saying, I open my mouth to say something and then close it because it doesn't make sense to me. I still don't understand why they wanted to do those things for me.

"But... we're... we're not having um... sex."

They aren't getting anything out of this like the use of my body, so they shouldn't want to do things for me. I can handle all of that on my own. Unless they want me to give them my body as payment. That thought has my heart racing a little and my palms sweating. The anxiety hits me suddenly as my throat dries and I try to suck in a breath. I don't want to do that anymore. I thought I was done with that when Alec rescued me. But now I'm back right where I started.

"Hey, hey, hey. Elias, sweetie, breathe. It's alright."

I feel firm hands take the mug from my hands, and they shake as the anxiety hits me in my chest, making my heart ache. I grip my shirt and shake my head because I don't want to do that. They'll see my body and how broken I am and throw me out. Or I'll tell them no and they'll get angry with me. Alec promised I would be safe here. He promised no one would hurt me.

A finger tilts my head up under my chin, and I look into sapphire-blue eyes. It's Lucas. I can tell from what he's wearing. He kneels on the floor in front of me and holds my chin, making me look at him.

"Breathe, sweetheart. Watch me. Match your breaths to mine. In, hold, out. Good. Good boy. Again."

I can't help but suck in a shaky breath and follow his instructions. My mind was going all staticy and fuzzy. I follow what he says, and soon he gently grabs my hand and pries my shirt from my grasp. Pulling my hand down, he lays it against his chest so I can feel his heartbeat and his lungs expanding with each breath. Before I know it, the panic has passed and I feel better.

"There we go. That's such a good boy. You're doing so well for me, sweetie." Lucas speaks gently, and his thumb brushes across my knuckles while he holds it against his chest. I look up and notice that Lincoln had come closer and his hand was on my back rubbing soothing circles. The concern is evident in their eyes.

"We don't expect anything from you, sweetie."

I look back at Lucas as he speaks.

"We just want you to feel comfortable while you heal. Caring for you gives us all the pleasure we need. Up here." He points to his temple, and my eyes follow the movement as I take in what he's saying.

"R-really?"

My voice sounds so small as I look between them both. Lincoln smiles softly at me and nods.

"Really. While we find you adorable and under different circumstances, we would have tried to pursue you, you're here to heal, Elias. The only thing we expect from you is to be honest with us about what you need and to do your part of the work in your therapy. You don't *ever* have to worry about someone pressuring you or coercing you to have sex. If that happens, you tell us and we'll take care of it."

Lucas nods along to what his brother is saying, and I can tell that they're telling the truth. They expect nothing from me but honesty and communication, and it has my shoulders sagging as I calm down fully.

"Th-thank you."

Lucas squeezes my hand to get me to look at him, his other hand falling from under my chin to rest on my knee.

"You don't need to thank us. Not for basic human decency, sweetheart. How about I get you something light to eat, huh? Oatmeal with berries sound good?"

"Yes, sir. That sounds really good."

The honorific falls from my tongue instinctively. But I know it's because I can trust them. At least I can start to trust them. This act may seem small, but to me it's huge. My ex always expected me to give him something when he did something for me. If I didn't, then I was ungrateful. I just started expecting it from everyone.

"Good boy. I'll be right back. If you're comfortable, why don't you cuddle up with Linc while I make it. I think you need a good cuddle session. No pressure, though. It's your decision."

I look over at Lincoln and smile shyly. He tilts his head in question, and I find myself nodding, which makes him smile, and I can't help the way it makes my stomach flutter some. He leans back and gets comfortable before holding his arm out. Setting my Kindle down, I slide over to sit next to him and cuddle up to his side. His strong arm comes

around me and pulls me closer. I squeak a little when he does it, which makes a laugh rumble through his chest.

As I get comfortable in his arms, I lay my head against his shoulder, and he grabs the remote. After turning on the television, he finds a movie for us to watch, and I grin when I see that he chose Who Framed Roger Rabbit. It's always been one of my favorite movies. I watch Lucas for a moment as he gets up and heads to the kitchen, and I fully relax against Lincoln while he laughs at the movie with me.

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Chapter 7



It had been a few days since I arrived at The Sanctuary. Alec said that they would give me the rest of the week to get settled in and to get my bearings before we started my exposure therapy sessions. During that time, I organized my room, met some other members, filled out the application to become a member, and filled out the kink and limit list with the application.

Once that was filled out, I sat down with Alec, Lincoln, and Lucas to go over it and discuss everything. I was still a little emotionally exhausted from that conversation, but I knew it was necessary, and no matter how difficult it was and how uncomfortable it made me, I was completely honest with them about it.

Every morning, I had coffee and some breakfast with Lincoln and Lucas. We all seemed to be early risers, and while I had been nervous the first morning, I was starting to look forward to them now. They were really

nice and had a great sense of humor. I was comfortable with them already, which I suppose was the point of them spending time with me, since they would be with me for these exposure therapy sessions.

Usually, I would make coffee for us, and Lucas would make breakfast. By the time we finished eating, I was cuddling up to one or both of them. I couldn't help it. I was so touch starved and they were warm and comfortable, and I knew they wouldn't hurt me.

I knew it was contradictory of me to want to be cuddled up with them when I didn't like people touching me at all, but this was different. I was *choosing* this touch, and I knew it was because I was starting to trust them.

It was Friday now, and the house was busier than it had been throughout the week. Members were already showing up to check into their booked rooms, hang out with friends, or do a scene. It was overwhelming to have so much activity around me, but it was interesting as well to see all the different dynamics.

Making my way downstairs, I gripped the sleeves of my white long-sleeved shirt, looking around at everyone. Lincoln and Lucas told me to meet them in the living room at noon, and I didn't want to be late, so I came down early.

Moving off to the side while a pair of human puppies ran towards the back doors barking and chasing one another, I blinked as I watched their owners trailing behind them and telling them to heel. It was adorable, really. I stood there and looked out the backdoors as they rolled around in the grass and their owners just shook their heads and laughed at their antics.

"Hey, sweetheart."

I looked up and saw Lucas coming in from the backyard after the pups and their owners had headed out, smiling when I saw him come over in a grey button-up and tan slacks. He always dressed so nicely, even when he was just hanging out around the house. I only saw him in casual clothes when we were having breakfast or lounging around at night. Stepping away from the wall, I walked over to him with a smile.

"Hi, Sir."

The honorific slipped out, and I couldn't help but blush a little because I hadn't been planning on using it. But it just felt right, and the smile on Lucas's face told me he really liked it, too. It causes my belly to

flutter for a moment. I had been using it a lot more with him and Lincoln after that first morning with them, when they helped me with a panic attack.

"Did you eat any lunch yet?" He started walking into the living room, and like a little puppy, I followed him.

"No, Sir. I... I'm too nervous."

I wasn't sure what they had planned for this session, but my stomach had been in knots from the moment I had woken up this morning. Lucas hummed in thought as he continued on to the kitchen.

"I figured as much. You need to eat something, though, even if it's just something small. I want something in your stomach and for you to drink some water before we start." I watched as he went to the fridge, pulled out a bottle of water, and set it on the counter for me, along with two small clementines. Next, he went to the cupboard and grabbed a small blue bowl with teddy bears on it, and my heart felt like it was in my throat as panic seeped into my bones.

Lucas paused when he saw me fidget a little bit, and his eyes took in my body while I pulled at my sleeves. He didn't even hesitate with his question as he took control of the situation.

"What's your color, Elias?"

I hadn't used any kids' plates or utensils or anything like that in so long, and I felt my breathing pick up a bit. Staring at the bowl, I wasn't sure I was ready. My hands shook, and my vision blurred slightly. I didn't want anyone to see me that way. To see me so vulnerable like when I regressed. My brain was screaming at me it wasn't safe, and my feet itched to just run to my room and lock the door. It seemed like such a stupid little thing for me to freak out over, but little space still didn't feel safe to me. I was terrified of re-entering that mindset and letting someone take advantage of me.

"Elias? Sweetheart, I need your color right now, please."

Looking up at Lucas with my panic-filled eyes, he stood there patiently waiting for me to answer. He probably thought I was being ridiculous right now. Who freaked out over something as simple as a bowl with teddy bears on it? I was pathetic. I was stupid. I was weak. I should be able to do this. But I couldn't. I just couldn't.

"Y-yellow... I... not yet."

Lucas nodded and smiled before turning and putting the bowl away. When he turned back, he had a regular bowl for me. I let out a small

breath and sat down on the stool at the island while he began to peel the clementines, my legs a bit shaky from the sudden anxiety.

"You're a good boy for telling me, Elias. I'm proud of you."

He nudged the water bottle towards me, and I grabbed it. Opening the lid, I took a sip of the cool liquid to wet my dry throat. Hearing the praise come from him was confusing because, on one hand, I loved it. It made me feel warm and fuzzy, and like I really was good. That he was pleased with me because I made him proud. I loved that feeling so much and craved it. But anxiety was still swirling around in my gut because I had used a safeword. *He* hated when I safeworded. He always took it so personally, and eventually, he just wouldn't stop at all. Safewords had come to be meaningless to me.

But Lucas had stopped immediately, even though I had only used yellow to slow down a bit. He saw the panic and fixed it. He saw I wasn't ready, and he hadn't pushed me. It was something I really appreciated because I wasn't used to it.

So for Lucas to tell me he was proud of me for safewording was confusing to me, even though I knew logically it shouldn't be.

"There you two are. Raven and Gar are in the living room and ready to go."

Lincoln walked into the kitchen and smiled when he saw me. He reached out and squeezed my shoulder, and I leaned into the touch. Raven and their Master, Garfield, were going to be helping with my session today. I wasn't sure what we were doing, but I knew I was just going to sit and watch with Lincoln and Lucas on the couch.

I looked down as Lucas placed the bowl of peeled clementines in front of me, and then he leaned on the kitchen island with his forearms.

"Elias hadn't eaten since this morning, so I wanted to get something into his stomach before we started. Eat up, little one. It'll be easy on your stomach."

Without having to be prompted again, I picked up one piece and popped it into my mouth. When I bit into it, and the sweet juices exploded across my tongue, I couldn't help but hum happily. They were delicious, and suddenly I was a little hungry. The approving smiles on Lucas's and Lincoln's faces helped as well.

I was really starting to like pleasing them.

It didn't take me long to finish the fruit. Lucas put the bowl in the dishwasher while Lincoln guided me into the living room. Raven and Gar were there already, and Gar was talking quietly to his sub as we walked in. Raven had their head bowed a bit while they listened, and Gar twirled a piece of Raven's hair around his finger.

Lincoln walked me over to the couch with his hand on the small of my back. He sat down and spread his legs some before he grabbed one of the pillows and dropped it on the floor between them. I looked at the pillow for a moment, trying to decide what I wanted to do. Lincoln was patient with me, though, and just smiled.

"Only if you want to, Elias. I just thought that you might be comfortable there. But you can sit on the couch next to us, too."

Just the fact that he had given me the option to sit on the couch and hadn't commanded me to sit between his legs had me sinking onto the cushion and leaning back against him. Glancing up at him, he smiled down at me before he gently ran his fingers through my hair. When I felt it, I sighed happily and relaxed more. I had always enjoyed having my hair played with. It was the one thing that was sure to settle me almost instantly. Lincoln smiled again before he dug his fingers into my hair a bit more.

Lucas joined us after a moment and sat next to Lincoln on the couch. He set down water bottles for us all before turning to look at me.

"Alec helped us set this up, Elias, so he's had his hand in this as well, even if he's not here with us. You'll have a session with him tomorrow."

I nodded as he spoke. Alec and I had talked about all of this last night. He wouldn't be here for all of my exposure sessions, but we would always have a session just him and me the next day. Lucas motioned towards Raven and Gar and smiled at his friends.

"Today we're just going to observe a training session with Gar and Raven. They have a TPE dynamic, and rituals are one part of what they do. Often, they will go over the different poses and kneeling positions to perfect them. We thought it would be good for you to see something with a slave who is choosing to do this of their own free will and with a Master who adores their slave and takes amazing care of them. You can safeword at any time, too, if it gets to be uncomfortable. Everything will stop."

Clenching my sleeve in my fist, I nodded and brought it up to my mouth as I leaned back against the couch. Lincoln continued to run his

fingers through my hair while we looked over at Gar and Raven.

Gar smiled over at us. He was a very good-looking man. He was tall and lean, but he clearly had muscles and took care of his body; he wasn't broad like Lincoln and Lucas were. He had short brown hair with green streaks. His eyes were a warm chocolate brown and filled with kindness. His face was clean-shaven, with high cheekbones and a sharp jawline. There was a Medusa piercing on his upper lip with a purple gem, and when he smiled, I noticed he had a smiley piercing as well. He was wearing a pair of jeans and a dark grey T-shirt. In his hand, he held a purple and green leather crop.

"Just a little information for you, kiddo, in case you've never seen a TPE dynamic practicing poses. I'll have Raven go through the different poses they know, but I won't be speaking much. We work off hand signals, which is a lot easier if we're in a crowded space. Sometimes I'll push them to hold the pose for longer than they usually do, and that's just to work on their endurance."

He turned to look at Raven for a moment and leaned in to kiss their forehead gently. Raven smiled when he did, and the look in their eyes I could only describe as adoration. Their eyes literally sparkled when they looked at Gar. Like he was their entire world.

Raven was wearing just a pair of black boxer briefs. Along the band, though, in gold lettering was *'Property of Master Gar'*.

Suddenly, Gar snapped his fingers and pointed down.

Raven didn't miss a beat while they gracefully slid down to their knees in front of him. They went into a simple kneeling pose, knees together, butt resting on their heels, and hands resting on their thighs. Gar lowered his finger, then raised it in slow motion. Raven instantly responded and tilted their head back to look up. Once they did that, Gar stepped forward and placed a black collar around their neck. The moment it was closed, Raven tilted their head back down and waited for their next instruction.

I sat there and watched as Gar moved his fingers, and Raven would seamlessly move into the next pose. Gar would correct them slightly here and there or praise them, but that was about it.

My anxiety didn't spike until Raven's knee moved a little and Gar smacked their thigh with the crop. The sound made me jump slightly. Raven brought their knee back in and corrected the pose, but my heart was beating

a little faster. I had been so focused on Raven and how graceful they were that I had forgotten about the crop. It wasn't so much the tool but the memories that it brought up from the smack Gar had given them.

I couldn't help but shift on my butt a bit and turn into Lincoln's leg while I continued to watch them. My mind was going in and out of memories and trying to stay in the present. The entire time, though, Lincoln carded his fingers through my hair, grounding me.

Gar made another hand motion, and Raven raised up on their knees, spreading them before they leaned forward with their hands crossed and resting their fingertips on the floor between their thighs. Their chin tilted up, and their mouth opened. Their back was arched, and Gar ran the crop along their spine for a moment while he walked around Raven in a circle and made them hold the pose.

My breathing picked up some while I remembered when *he* would force me to my knees and open my mouth for anyone he commanded. He never cared when my knees and thighs protested from being on the ground for so long, and he really didn't care what kind of surface I was kneeling on. I always seemed to have bruises on my knees because of it. One time, he had even made me kneel on uncooked rice as a punishment. I had some small, rice-shaped scars on my knees from it digging into my skin. You could barely see them anymore, but they were there.

Glancing at Raven again, I wasn't sure how long Gar had them in that position for, but it was enough time for saliva to be dripping from Raven's mouth. I watched as it slid down their chin and dripped onto the floor. I shifted again and whined slightly because I knew their knees were probably hurting by now. I knew from experience that Raven's muscles would protest when they stood up after being in that position, and I really hated seeing them in pain. I didn't want anyone to go through what I had gone through before. It had my anxiety spiking up more and moving through my body faster, making my hands shake and my foot bounce.

I didn't want to be here. I didn't want to witness Raven being punished when they eventually disappointed Gar, because no one could hold that position perfectly for much longer without pain. I wanted to run from the room and find a corner to bury myself in so that I could hide from all of this.

"Easy, mo laoch. They're alright. Gar knows what he's doing."

Hearing Lincoln's soft voice closer to my ear, I turned to see that he had leaned down some. His hand moved to the back of my neck while he rubbed his thumb soothingly against my skin. I had turned more into his leg without even realizing it, subconsciously seeking comfort from him.

"Gar is watching them and cataloging every single movement, no matter how small it is. Watch him. How his eyes are always moving over Raven and taking everything in."

Letting my two-toned eyes really take Gar in, I saw what Lincoln was trying to tell me. Gar focused completely on Raven, his eyes intently taking in everything Raven did and how Raven reacted.

Lincoln motioned with his finger slightly to point out Raven's left thigh.

"There. See that quiver in their muscle? Gar saw it too. He'll make them wait just a bit longer before he lets them out of the pose. It's his job as Master to push them a little so that they can grow and be better. Raven trusts him to take care of them."

Just as Lincoln had said, Gar circled Raven once more before snapping his fingers and motioning upward with his two fingers together. Raven moved instantly to stand up with their hands behind their back, shoulders squared, and eyes forward.

My eyes bounced between the two of them for a moment. My brain couldn't comprehend that Gar didn't make Raven suffer. That he didn't make them stay down on their knees for longer, even though Raven was clearly starting to hurt. Then Gar stood in front of Raven and cupped their cheeks, smiling down at them before leaning in and kissing them softly.

"You did so well, my love. A few little mishaps, but nothing you didn't fix right away, and I'm so proud to call you mine."

Raven beamed up at him when he praised them. You could see the joy on their face at their Master's approval and how well they did. It was truly beautiful to see.

"Thank you, Master."

"Come and sit down, my love."

Gar led Raven over to the couch and sat down with them. Once Raven was sitting, he picked their legs up and placed them over his lap before he started rubbing them to get the circulation going. He spoke softly to Raven, checking in with them if anything was too sore.

The love and care that I saw from Gar as he gave Raven aftercare had my heart breaking. Not for them, but for myself. For the boy I was when I was with *him*. Because I didn't get this. I had allowed myself to take the bare minimum and think that it was all right.

My throat clogged with emotion as I watched them.

"Come here, little one."

Feeling a hand on my shoulder, I looked over and saw Lucas looking at me. He was blurry, and I couldn't figure out why until he reached forward and brushed his thumb over my cheek and underneath my eye. I blinked when I saw it come back wet.

I was crying?

Wiping at my cheeks with my sleeves, I couldn't understand why I was crying.

Lucas guided me from sitting on the floor to sitting on the couch between him and Lincoln. Reaching over to the coffee table, he grabbed a tissue and wiped my tears from my cheeks.

"I don't know why I'm crying..."

Lucas just smiled at me for a moment while I sat between him and his brother.

"That's okay. Let it out and just feel. We've got you, little one."

I felt Lincoln move closer, and it was the most natural thing in the world to lean back against him. He hesitated for only a moment before he put his arms around me and held me. Lucas smiled at both of us before he picked my legs up and slid over more before placing them in his lap.

I sat there and cried, and they held me and wiped my tears. They let me just feel and sit in my emotions without pushing me to talk about why I was feeling the way I was. And I wasn't even sure I could tell them right now if they did.

My mind was a mess of conflicting emotions, and I couldn't sort through them. But they didn't ask me to, and I was so grateful for that.

I grieved for the boy I had been. The one that had been destroyed. Who had been made to believe that he had to accept the bare minimum. Who begged for scraps from someone who hurt him. I grieved for the carefree Little I used to be. The one I had lost along the way. But I hoped I could find him again and that one day I'd find someone worthy enough for me to call Daddy.

I'd settle for one... but I was hoping for two.

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Chapter 8



Finishing the marinade for the chicken wings, I covered the bowl and put it in the fridge for later. There were a lot of different dishes in there from others in the house ready for today. It was Memorial Day weekend, and we were having a cookout and a pool party since we opened the pool last week. There were already brats running around out in the backyard with water guns and water balloons, the sounds of their laughter and squeals mixing with the playlist I had playing through the speakers around the pool.

The past few weeks were eye-opening for me. With Luke and me helping Elias with his exposure therapy, it showed me I wanted a Little of my own. I was sick of being single and just having one-off playdates. I wanted someone to take care of and to get to know. Someone with whom I might fall in love.

I wanted that with Luke because we were a package deal for dating, and it was rare when we found someone who was alright with that and alright with Luke and me being together.

Usually, if we found someone interested in dating both of us, it was because they had a kink about seeing twins together, and while we try not to shame anyone for what they like, that wasn't everything about Luke and my relationship. I loved him. I was in love with him. He was my rock. My shoulder to cry on. My ear to listen. My voice of reason. My heart didn't beat right when he wasn't there. My lungs didn't breathe right. He was the other half of my soul, and he was my best friend. This wasn't a freaky taboo kink for us, and we knew it made people uncomfortable, but we couldn't change how we felt about each other. And we didn't want to.

Our family hadn't accepted us, which had led to them disowning us because we wouldn't give each other up. No matter how much they tried to force us to, we refused, and when we turned eighteen, we pooled our money and left. It was so hard to lose our family, but we had each other at least. Our friends accepted us, though, and they were our family now. A family we found and nurtured, and built together. A family that was fiercely protective of each other and would do anything for one another.

Elias accepted us, too.

He never once judged us when we were open about our relationship.

The first time Luke had kissed me in front of Elias, we had seen the surprise on his face, but he had said nothing. We weren't sure if he was just being polite or didn't know what to say, but then I caught him smiling at us one day when I was holding Luke from behind in the kitchen while he made coffee. He looked like he was actually happy to see us showing affection that way and then once all three of us were enjoying our coffee in the living room like we did every morning since he had come to us; he told us we were cute together.

It made me want him more.

From the moment I first saw him standing in the foyer, I knew I had to make him ours. I knew that this scared boy, hiding in clothing too big for his beautiful body, had to be ours. He tugged at my heartstrings with just how lost and hurt he was, and at first, that had pulled the Daddy out in me. Seeing a submissive that needed protecting? I was the first one to step up.

But the more I got to know him, the more I wanted him.

He was beautiful inside and out.

From his curly, reddish-brown hair to his gorgeous mismatched eyes of blue and brown, the cute freckles on his nose and cheeks, his button nose, and the way he had finally started to smile. It took my breath away how much it shone. How it lit up his face and made his eyes sparkle.

The more comfortable he got around my brother and me, the more we saw his personality coming to life. There was a secret goofball buried inside him, and I wanted to dig it out and see what kind of fun we could have.

Elias also *loved* to cuddle. He was a very tactile little boy, and Luke and I were loving it. Which was a surprise to us, considering what he had gone through. But we didn't question it and just soaked it up.

Luke especially, right now, as I walked into the living room and found them sitting on the couch together with Elias cuddled up in his lap while they watched what looked like a nature documentary.

"Well, don't you two look comfy?"

I smiled and sat down next to them, pulling Elias's feet into my lap. He smiled softly at me and nodded, his head resting against Luke's shoulder.

"Someone is a little nervous about the pool party."

Elias turned his head into Luke's shoulder as my brother spoke, which just made Luke tighten his arms around the boy more.

"And why is our little *laoch* nervous about the pool party?" I looked over at them and squeezed Elias's foot while I used the Irish term of endearment for warrior, making him giggle a little and try to pull it away. I couldn't help but smile back at him because I loved the sound of his laugh so much, and the more time he spent with us, the more he was opening up and trusted us with it. Luke watched us and simply smiled before he shrugged.

"I don't know. He won't tell me. Will you, little one?"

Elias just buried his head more into Luke's neck when he asked. He was still really shy about talking about things and found it hard to open up to people about what he was going through. But he was getting better with us. He was learning to trust, and I would take that gift and protect it with my life.

Squeezing his foot a little to get him to look at me, he turned his gorgeous blue and brown eyes towards me.

"You can talk to us, sweetness."

Elias chewed on his bottom lip for a moment before moving to sit up some and play with the sleeves of his shirt. He always did that when he was nervous. He would pull them down and grip them in his fists.

"I... I want to swim. I used to love swimming so much. But... I don't want people to see my scars and how ugly they are."

Hearing his answer broke my heart. We knew he had scars on his body, but he hadn't let us see them yet. The only ones we had really seen were the little round ones on his hand and the ones on his wrists. I hated that he even had them. That he had gone through those horrors and that people had hurt him. Every time I thought about it, I wanted to find his bastard of an ex and beat the shit out of him.

But I knew he was in jail and couldn't hurt Elias ever again. That was a little solace, at least.

I watched as Luke put his finger under Elias's chin and turned him so that he was looking at him. His eyes held a fierceness that I knew my eyes reflected. We both wanted this boy, and we wanted to protect him and build him back up. We just had to tread carefully with him, too. We didn't want to overstep the position we had been given in helping with his therapy. We didn't want to take advantage of him while he was so vulnerable. But we also couldn't help ourselves sometimes, no matter how much we tried to hold back.

"You listen to me right now, Elias. They are not ugly, and if you were ours, there would be a rule about using such self-deprecation."

I nodded in agreement because that was one rule I would have brought up immediately. We cherished what was ours and we didn't appreciate anyone saying anything bad about them, even themselves.

"But if you're worried about everyone seeing your scars, then we can work around them. We have swim shirts in storage that have long sleeves. I'm sure we can find your size. But I want you to wear swim trunks with them. Your scars are nothing to be ashamed of, little one. No one will ever judge you for them here. I can promise you that. And if they do, then they'll have to answer to us."

Luke nudged me with his shoulder, and I nodded in agreement. Even though we knew we weren't his Daddies, we still wanted to guide him to be better. To push a bit for him to start becoming comfortable with his body again. This could be the perfect compromise to what he wanted and

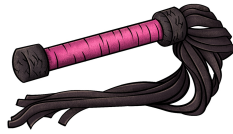
what we wanted for him. He could still cover up most of his scars, but he had to show some.

Elias chewed on his lower lip some as he thought about it and nodded. Luke and I both smiled when he agreed and my chest filled with pride. He was such a strong boy, and he was going to be rewarded for this. Luke leaned in and pressed a kiss to his temple.

"Good boy. We're so proud of you. Now, up you get, little bunny. Let's go find you a swim shirt to wear and then get you changed and put some sunscreen on. Can't have your pretty skin burning up now, can we?"

"No, Sir, we can't. Sunburn hurts."

I chuckled as I watched Elias climb off Luke's lap. My brother squeezed my shoulder as he got up and followed Elias out of the living room. I watched them go, just smiling to myself, and I knew that one day we were going to make him ours. No matter what it took.



Life was seriously fucking good right now. I bobbed my head to the music that was pumping through the speakers, lifting my beer bottle to my lips to take a swig while flipping the burgers on the grill in front of me. The sun felt good on my bare shoulders, my brother was lounging in one of the daybeds chatting with Gar, the brats were laughing and yelling at each other while they splashed around in the pool, and Elias had slowly but surely started to join them.

Today was fucking amazing, and I was going to savor the fuck out of it.

"Is the food done yet? I'm starvingggg!"

Looking over next to me, I saw Oliver standing there, dripping wet having just emerged from the pool.

"Not yet, kiddo. Hold your horses."

Oliver let his head fall back between his shoulders as he let out a dramatic sigh at my answer.

"God, Sir. Hurry uppp! You move like the loading circle of doom. I'm wasting away to nothing over here!"

Raising an eyebrow at him and his response, I couldn't stop myself from huffing a laugh at how dramatic he was being. Typical brat, though. Patience wasn't in their vocabulary.

"You rushing me, boy?"

"I wouldn't have to if you weren't so old. I've seen glaciers hustle faster than you, grandpa."

Chuckling, I shook my head before flipping the hot dogs around.

"Watch it. My hand is just itching to see that ass of yours red."

"Bring it, old man. Gotta be careful, though. Don't want your arthritis flaring up."

I turned slowly to look at him and saw him smirking at me with his hands on his hips. The smug look on his face and the mischievous glint in his eyes just had me laughing darkly. He must have seen something in my eyes because the smirk dropped from his face and his hands fell from his hips.

"Oh, shit..."

"Run."

Oliver squeaked before he turned and ran away from the pool and out into the yard. I tossed the spatula to David, who was closest to the grill, as I took chase, my heart pounding as I grinned maniacally after him.

"Run, run, run, little brat! We'll see who's the slow one!"

My heart was pounding in my chest from adrenaline coursing through my body as I took off after him. He tried to run in a zig-zag, and it only made me laugh harder at how ridiculous he looked, flailing his arms and yelling at me.

"No! This isn't fair! Your legs are longer than mine! I didn't mean it!"

"Should have thought about that before mouthing off, brat! Now get your ass back here!" I called out to him as he rounded the large oak tree in the middle of the yard. Pushing myself to go a little faster, I rounded the tree on the other side, coming out in front of him and making him scream in surprise. Oliver tried to turn and run again, but my arm snaked out and hooked around his stomach, pulling him back in and hoisting him up off the ground, throwing him over my shoulder as he continued to yell and try to fight me.

"Motherfucker! Put me down! Lucas! Get your dumb brother under control!"

Lucas lifted his sunglasses some to look over at us and just laughed as I marched back over towards the pool with him squirming on my shoulder.

"You hear that, babe? He called you dumb."

Snorting a bit, I nodded and brought my hand down on Oliver's ass with a loud crack as it made contact with his wet speedo. He flinched and continued to beat his fists against my back and kick his legs.

"Yeah, I heard him. He just keeps digging his hole, doesn't he? But no one said brats were smart."

"Hey! I resent that comment!"

Snorting a little, I smacked his ass again.

"No, you resemble it."

Stepping up the stone steps and over to the edge of the pool, I grinned at the others in the water. Gripping Oliver again, I lifted him from my shoulder as he yelled at me louder this time, finally realizing what I was about to do. With one final heft, I launched him away from me and into the deep end of the pool; his body making a loud splash as it hit.

After a moment, his head popped up from under the water, sputtering and coughing as he wiped his hands over his face. His eyes were burning bright when he looked over at me and pointed.

"You asshole!!!"

"What was that now?"

I cupped my hand over my ear before stepping off the edge of the pool and dropping into the water. Pushing off the wall, I swam underneath and watched as he tried to swim away from me. Grabbing onto his ankle, I yanked him underwater before I pushed off from the bottom to surface. Breaking through the water, I couldn't help but laugh and swim backward when he surfaced again. The glare he shot my way had me smiling more and winking at him.

"Food's done!"

Glancing over at David as he held the plate with the burgers and hot dogs and another plate with the chicken, I laughed harder at Oliver's scowl as he swam over to the steps to climb out of the pool.

Making my way over to the steps as well, and to where Elias was sitting and watching the action, I smiled seeing him smiling as he looked around at everyone having fun. He looked adorable in his gray swimming trunks and the blue long sleeve swim shirt Lucas found for him.

"Hey, sweetheart. Having fun?"

I sat down on the step next to him and bumped his shoulder with mine while he grinned shyly and nodded.

"Yes, Sir. It's really loud, though."

I hummed in affirmation as I looked around at everyone. At people getting food or lounging in the daybeds and chairs around the patio. Some people who had stayed in the pool to relax in floaties. The music was coming through the speakers as well, filling the backyard with the sound of Lady Gaga. I guessed that Lucas had gained control of the playlist now.

"It is loud. If it's too loud, we can go inside?"

I looked over at Elias and watched as he thought about it. I loved being around people and being the center of attention. Hanging out with my friends was where I thrived the most. But if it was too loud for him, I would gladly go inside and curl up in the movie room where it was quieter.

Elias shook his head as he smiled over at me.

"No... it's alright. I like it. Everyone seems so happy and like... like a..."

"A family?"

Blinking his two-toned eyes at me, he nodded slowly and looked around the pool again, and how everyone seemed so comfortable with each other. I could see the longing in his eyes as he took everyone in and how they all fit together. I wondered when the last time was that he felt like he belonged somewhere. It made my heart ache as I thought about everything he had gone through.

I wanted him to realize that he could belong here. That it didn't have to be just for therapy. He could find a home here and a family.

He could belong with us.

"We *are* a family here, Elias. One that Luke and I built because we didn't have one of our own."

Elias's brows turned down a little as he looked over at me. "You didn't?" His voice was soft and curious.

"Nope. Our parents kicked us out once they learned we were in love with each other. Well, a little after that, actually." Sighing, I cracked my knuckles a bit. "It was twofold, really. Not only did they find out we were pansexual, but that we loved each other more than brothers should. Our dad is a minister in a really conservative church. They tried everything on us. Praying, religious classes, literally beating us with the Bible. Even

conversion therapy. None of it worked, obviously. We weren't giving each other up and we weren't changing. Eventually, they told us either we changed or we weren't their sons anymore. We were eighteen by that time, and we left. Haven't talked to them since."

Elias was quiet while he took in everything that I said. Luke and I didn't talk about it much, about our family and how we grew up. But I wanted Elias to know why we had started The Sanctuary.

"Wow... that must have been hard."

Humming a little, I nodded and looked over at Lucas, who was getting three plates built for us. I smiled softly as I watched him cutting the chicken up for what I assumed was Elias's plate. He was such a Daddy, and I loved it. I loved seeing him take care of someone.

"It was. But thankfully, I was already talking to some companies about signing with them for MMA as sponsors. Lucas had always been interested in photography too, so he took pictures while I trained or fought. We got a shitty studio apartment, and we had each other. That was all we needed. Once I made it big and had enough money, we started saving for this place. It was always our dream to have a place like this, and when I retired, it became reality. We built a family out of misfits, and we wouldn't have it any other way."

Elias smiled and nodded as I nudged him a little. I could see that he was thinking of something after I said all of that, so I let him decide if he wanted to tell me or not.

"My parents were really religious too. They kicked me out when I was eighteen after they found out that I'm gay. I haven't spoken to them since."

My heart broke for him when he said that. I would never understand parents who disowned their children just for who they loved or how they identified. Unfortunately, there were a lot of stories like Elias's here with other members.

Wrapping my arm around his waist, I pulled him close and kissed his temple gently.

"I'm sorry, Elias. It's their loss, though. They don't get to see the amazing man you've become."

Elias looked over at me and smiled sadly. I could tell that it still bothered him, but he had done nothing wrong. Some people just couldn't accept that they had to reevaluate their entire belief system for someone

they loved. It was amazing when people did put the work in to deconstruct, but most people refused to.

"Hey you two. Come eat before it gets cold. And Elias, sweetheart, we need to put more sun block on you. Your nose is getting a little red."

Both of us looked up when Lucas called us over. Leaning over, I planted a kiss on Elias's freckled cheek, which was indeed turning red. I wasn't sure if it was a blush or from the sun.

"Let's go, little one."

"Yes, Sir."

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Before



Elias

Gritting my teeth to keep the whimper in, I closed my eyes for a moment and breathed through the pain. My knees hurt. They hurt so bad, but I knew that if I complained, I would get hurt, and I was already hurting so badly already. I didn't want to add to it. It was always a toss-up as to how he would hurt me if I complained. Usually, it was a smack to the face. Sometimes, a punch to my stomach. With me kneeling, I figured it would be the former. Maybe a split lip to match my black eye. Complete the set.

Glancing over at Jack as he laughed at something his friend said, I quickly averted my eyes back to the floor when he glanced back at me. My heart raced for a moment as my stomach swooped at the sudden rush of fear.

I wasn't supposed to look at him. I was supposed to keep my eyes on the floor unless he told me otherwise. It was something he had drilled

into my head to the point that I found it hard to meet anyone's eyes now.

My hands shook behind my back at the realization that he had caught me looking at him without permission, and I knew I was going to pay for it. I just didn't know when. And that was the worst part. The waiting. The anticipation rising because I didn't know when my punishment would happen. Sometimes he would make me wait for days until he suddenly decided that he wanted to hurt me. Jack liked to draw out the fear that coursed through my body when I knew I was going to be punished. He liked to see me cry and hear me beg him to stop, and no matter how hard I tried not to, I always did.

I always broke.

Not that I was whole anymore, anyway.

It had been a little over a year since Jack had hit me for the first time.

He had apologized so much the next day. He woke me up with breakfast in bed, flowers, and got down on his knees to beg me to forgive him. He had even cried, saying he was so sorry and that it would never happen again.

Apparently, he had been having a hard time at work; he had lost an important client, and he was stressed. His boss was getting on him about it, and he just hadn't handled it properly. He promised he loved me more than anything and that he would go to therapy. He promised me he would never lay a hand on me again like that outside of a scene.

At the time, I believed him.

He had seemed so sincere and remorseful. We all make mistakes, right? He was my Daddy, and I loved him, so I forgave him. As long as he was trying to be better and would go to therapy, I knew we could work through it together.

But then it happened again.

And again.

And again.

Every single time, he apologized. He said he would go to therapy, but when I asked when his appointment was, he would either brush it off, saying he had to check with his insurance, or get angry at me for questioning him.

It went on like that for a few months.

Then he just stopped apologizing.

It had only been a year, but it felt like so much longer to me. Once he stopped apologizing, he would get angry at me for any little thing. He started blaming me for things that weren't even my fault.

Like how badly he was doing at work.

He said that if I supported him more and behaved well, he would not experience stress at home, which meant he would not feel stressed at work.

I didn't know what to believe anymore, and it wasn't like I had anyone I could go to. He made me quit my job and canceled our memberships to our kink community. He didn't let me go out with my friends when they asked, and eventually they stopped asking. I didn't hear from any of them anymore. I didn't blame them, though. I hadn't been there for them towards the end of our friendship. I wasn't allowed to see them or even really talk to them. Because I'm gay, my family estranged me, preventing me from going to them. Not that they would care anyway. They made that abundantly clear when they kicked me out when I was eighteen.

He was all that I had.

Even if I wanted to leave, I didn't have any money. I would be homeless.

I was stuck.

I didn't know what to do, so I just bowed my head and listened. I tried my best not to make him angry, and when he was, I would drift away to a place in my mind where nothing mattered. Where nothing hurt, and I was happy. Making up a faraway place where I was loved and protected and nothing hurt.

It was such a foreign concept to me.

I couldn't remember what it was like to be happy.

My mind and body held new scars.

Scars left there by the man who was supposed to love and protect me.

I couldn't remember the last time I regressed and he allowed me to be little. He had put a stop to that and had gotten rid of all my toys and stuffies. Daddy said it was ridiculous and stupid, and he was going to make me a proper sub for him. He was going to teach me to kneel and do whatever he told me to do because he was in charge and I had no say.

The sounds of the kink party we were at were just background noise to me while I sat with my thoughts and tried to ignore the pain in my

legs and knees from kneeling for so long on the hardwood flooring. It was as if a fog had settled over me, and all the sounds were barely reaching my ears. The sounds were muffled and distorted as I gritted my teeth. I didn't want to be here, but I didn't have a choice.

I cried out a bit when a sharp pain radiated through my scalp as Jack gripped my hair and yanked my head back so that I was looking up at him. Tears pricked my eyes at how hard he was holding me. The muscles in my neck burned from the awkward angle he had me in. The collar around my neck was too tight and uncomfortable, and with this new position, it only pulled tighter.

"When I address you, I expect an answer. You should know this by now, boy."

I whimpered as he growled in my face. Berating myself in my mind for not paying more attention to him. I hadn't heard him at all. I was stupid. I always had to pay attention to him.

"I-I'm sorry, Daddy."

"I was going to let you come tonight, but now I don't think I will. I don't even think you deserve to serve me tonight, either. Maybe I'll pick another one of these boys here and fuck them and make you watch. Show you what a proper sub looks like and how they listen."

It felt like my heart had jumped into my throat at the panic that coursed through me. He was so disappointed in me he didn't even want me now. He was all I had left. I couldn't lose him either. He was my Daddy, and I loved him. If I lost him, then I really had nothing. I would be nothing. Reaching forward, I clung to his jeans as I begged him.

"No! Please, Daddy! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry I m-messed up! I'll be good. I'll be so good, I promise. Please don't play with anyone else! Please! I'll do anything, Daddy! Anything!"

I felt so desperate to make it better. To make it up to Daddy and to prove that I was a good boy. I didn't want him to play with anyone else. Whatever he wanted me to do to make it better, I would do it. He had to keep me. I didn't know what to do without my Daddy. I didn't know who I was without him.

Daddy smiled then, and it had me calming down a bit. The anxiety was settling somewhat in my tummy, and I smiled a little back at him. Hope fills my chest as I think I made it right. For once, I said the right thing, and

Daddy was pleased. Until he laughed a bit. The sound was deep and cruel as he gripped my hair harder, making me whimper.

"Oh, I know *exactly* what you can do to make it up to me, boy." Smacking me on the cheek a few times before he let my hair go and leaned back. He motioned with his hand as he looked over my shoulder.

Blinking for a moment in confusion, I turned my head and saw a man approaching us. I had seen him talking with Jack before. I knew they were friends. But his friends never paid me any attention. I would serve them drinks and food, just like I did for Jack whenever they were over at the house, and that was it. I was to be seen and not heard, according to Daddy. I was to keep the house clean and make sure that food and refreshments were ready, and if he wanted my mouth or my ass, then it was available to him no matter who was in the room.

"Daddy...?"

"You know Diego, boy."

I nodded as I watched Diego sit next to Jack on the couch. He smirked at me, and my skin crawled as I watched his eyes rake over my body as if he wanted me. I couldn't help but shift a little closer to Jack. My stomach filled with dread at what Daddy wanted me to do.

"You are going to take care of Diego. Show me how sorry you are with him. He's been eyeing you for a while now, and this is the perfect opportunity. You need some practice anyway."

My breath caught in my lungs for a moment as I looked from Diego, who was smirking at me, over to Jack, who was leaning back and looking at me expectantly.

He wasn't asking me to do what I thought he was, right? Since the beginning, we had agreed that we wouldn't share. He would be the only one who touched me, and I would be the only one who touched him. That's what we agreed on. He couldn't be asking me to give Diego a blowjob. No, that couldn't be it.

"W-what...?"

Diego laughed a little and moved to unbutton his jeans.

"Not very bright, is he?"

Jack huffed a laugh and shook his head. "No, he is not." Leaning forward, Jack gripped my chin roughly and pulled me close. He turned my head so that I was looking at Diego as he unzipped his jeans and pulled his cock out. His hand stroked it lazily while he watched us.

"I guess I have to spell it out for you since you're so stupid. To prove to me you're sorry, you're going to open that disrespectful little mouth of yours and let Diego use it. You're going to show me just how sorry you are with your tongue and let him use your throat."

Panic flared in my stomach again, and my hands shook as I heard him. There was a whooshing in my ears as I blinked at Diego. I didn't want to do this. I never wanted to play with anyone else other than Daddy. We were supposed to be monogamous, and now he wanted to share me with his friend? This wasn't right and I would do anything else but this.

But... I said 'anything'.

I told him I would do anything to show how sorry I was so that he didn't make me watch him fuck someone else.

I didn't know what to do.

If I told him no, then he would find someone else and make me watch. Then, once we were home, he would probably beat me and make me sleep in the cage under the bed. I hated the cage. It was too small and made me feel claustrophobic. I didn't really have a choice, did I?

Sniffling a little, I nodded.

"Y-yes, Daddy."

Jack let my chin go and leaned back into the couch more. I looked over at him for a moment, then shifted on my knees until I was between Diego's legs. My eyes watched him as he held his cock at the base.

"Open up and be a good little whore for your Daddy."

I blanched a little at Diego's words because that's exactly what this was. I was being a whore for Daddy. I was letting his friend touch me like he did and use my mouth. But if this was what it took for Daddy not to play with anyone else, I would do it, because if I lost him, I wouldn't have anything.

I just hoped that this would be the only time he made me do this.

Swallowing down my panic and disgust, I opened my mouth.

Chapter 9



Walking into the Rope Haven room a couple of days later, my mind was still on the pool party that we had over the weekend. How I had sat back and watched Elias come out of his shell more and more. He had been so nervous to show off any part of his body, and I completely understood that. But I also wanted to push him a little out of his comfort zone so that he could grow and become more comfortable with his body. From what I have seen, he had a beautiful body, scars and all.

I was so proud of him for agreeing to the compromise I put forward. He showed off his legs while keeping his torso and arms covered. The swim shorts he wore hit around mid-thigh, and I had seen some of his scars marring his pale skin. The anger that had coursed through me was hard to swallow down, but I managed. I had to remind myself that Elias was safe, and that Jack was behind bars awaiting trial.

Once the party started, he had stayed close to me or Lincoln, but slowly he started gravitating towards the others in the pool.

He accepted Raven's invitation to play Marco Polo with the other Littles, and I was thrilled. Leave it to Raven to be the den mother and make sure that everyone felt like they belonged. I had already sent them flowers as a thank you, and since that day I had seen Elias hanging out with some others around the house. He was making friends and coming out of his shell.

The rest of that day I watched as he smiled and laughed more. As his body relaxed around everyone and he started to talk and get to know them. How he leaned on Lincoln and myself, but was also confident enough to go off on his own and play.

Being able to dote on him and care for him like I would if I had a Little of my own was something I didn't even realize I had been missing. We had play partners now and then, but it wasn't the same as having a sub of our own to take care of. Watching Lincoln laugh and play with him in the pool while also ensuring his well-being made my heart ache to make this boy ours. He had so much fun, and it made me so happy to see how he was blossoming.

But I knew he still had a long way to go with his healing.

Today was hopefully another step in that direction with an exposure session that we had planned with Alec.

Heading towards the stage along the far wall, I greeted the others who had arrived for the demo. We had this planned already for our members months ago, and after we spoke to Alec and went over the details, we had all agreed that it would be a good demo for Elias to sit in on. It was a demo by one of my really good friends who specialized in shibari work and compression therapy. He was a doctor in New York and a shibari master who studied rope with me while in Japan. We hit it off right away and stayed in contact over the years. He was visiting for a while and had agreed to do a demo on how shibari was an amazing tool for compression therapy.

I smiled as I approached Liam and his boyfriend while they spoke about what they were going to be doing.

"Glad you could finally get time out of your busy schedule to grace us with your presence." He turned towards me and laughed before taking my outstretched hand and shaking it.

"Lucas, it's good to see you again. I've been looking forward to this and finally being able to visit the place. It's gorgeous. You and your brother have really built a sanctuary here."

I grinned and nodded as I looked around for a moment at everyone who had shown up and was mingling around the chairs and seats we had placed around the room.

"Hence the name. We're proud of it. This room, though, is my personal slice of sanctuary."

Liam hummed in approval as he looked around before motioning to his boyfriend.

"Oh, this is my boyfriend and my sub, Elijah. Darling, this is Lucas."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, sir."

Grinning at the boy and how polite he was, I moved to shake his hand as well. Liam had always liked them more obedient than me. I loved a brat who liked to push back, or a Little with a goofy sense of humor. Ideally, I would like both.

"The pleasure is mine. If you need anything at all, both of you, don't hesitate to ask. I'll be over in the corner there with Lincoln and Alec. We also have a sub we're helping with PTSD and exposure therapy, so he'll be with us as well, observing. His name is Elias."

Glancing over to the couch that we set up off to the corner of the stage, I smiled watching Lincoln, Elias, and Alec, already there and getting comfortable. Elias looked nervous but also curious as he looked around the room. I wanted to feed that curiosity and draw it out more. To show him how amazing rope work could be.

"Oh, he's an adorable little thing, isn't he? And by the look on your face and your brother's, I take it you want to claim him?" Liam smirked while he let his eyes roam over Elias.

Looking over at my friend, I chuckled as I rubbed my hand over the back of my neck. A nervous habit I had.

"Eventually, yes. If he'll have us. But we're trying not to push anything right now since he's working through his PTSD. We don't want to ruin any healing he's already done and set him back."

Liam nodded as he watched Elias press closer to Lincoln on the couch while people started to take their seats.

"I see. Well, he's in the best place for it, and I think this demo could really help him. Have you done any rope work on him yet? You know as well as I do it can be an amazing tool, especially for trauma."

I shook my head before I reached out to straighten one of the rope bundles on the table. "Not yet. He listed it as a kink on the list we had him fill out, but also a soft limit, because it had been a part of his abuse. He's conflicted about it and still liking it, while also fearing it. That's why Alec, Lincoln, and I thought this would be a good demo for him to attend."

Liam watched Elias again for a few moments longer. I knew he had a soft spot for people who had gone through abuse. He had grown up in an abusive household with a drunk father and a mother who was too high on pills to care, and after social services got him out, he had lived through the foster system and seen abuse there as well. It was one of the many reasons he had become a psychiatrist: so that he could help people.

"I'm glad that he's here and will see how amazing it can still be. I'll be sure to mention bondage that you can wear under clothes and that doesn't restrict you. He might like that more than the restrictive type so he can move freely but still get that feeling of compression on his nervous system."

"Thank you. That would be helpful for him to see that side of it and that it can still help him. I think it would be great for him on days when he is having heightened anxiety. To be able to wear something under his clothing." Sighing for a moment before turning back to Liam and clapping my hand on his shoulder, I nodded. "I'll let you start and take my seat. If you need anything, just ask and I'll get it for you."

Stepping off the stage, I made my way the short distance over to the couch. We had chosen this spot, so that Elias had an unobstructed but comfortable place to sit and observe everything that Liam was going to do to Elijah on stage.

Elias smiled when he saw me approaching and slid over so that there was room on the other side of him for me to sit.

"Hi, Sir! We saved you a seat."

"Hi, little bunny. Thank you. It's the perfect spot next to an adorable little boy." Grinning myself when I saw him blush and try to hide his face, I sat down next to him and put my arm along the back of the couch, squeezing the back of his neck softly for a moment. "Just remember, you can safeword at any time. If you need a break, just say yellow, but if

you want to leave, tell us red. I think you'll really enjoy this. Liam is amazing at what he does."

"Yes, Sir. I will." Elias smiled softly and nodded, his mismatched eyes looking around at everyone and how excited they all seemed. "There's a lot of people here."

"Good boy." Grabbing the water bottle Lincoln had brought for me, I opened it and took a sip while I scanned the room as well. This was a great turnout, and I was glad that so many people had signed up to attend. "There are. We planned this a few months ago when Liam told me he was going to be in the area for a conference."

Elias nodded and pulled his legs up to tuck under him while he got comfortable on the couch. His eyes moved to the stage when Liam cleared his throat to get everyone's attention.

"Good afternoon, everyone. My name is Doctor Liam Ackhurst. I am a licensed psychiatrist and received my degrees at Columbia University. But don't worry, I won't bore you with the specifics of my degrees or residency programs. I will say, though, that I did minor in neurology. For anyone who is going into rope bondage I highly recommend looking for classes at your local community college or even online for anatomy and the nervous system because when dealing with rope and bondage you should know where all the major muscles, ligaments, and nerves intersect on the body so you can be as safe as possible. If you make one wrong move and damage a specific nerve, you can actually cause permanent damage." Liam paused in the middle of the stage to let that sink in.

Lincoln and I stressed safety as much as possible to our members, and we offered resources online as well as in the office for anyone who was looking for a specific class to help them stay safe. All of our dungeon monitors were CPR and first aid certified as well, just in case anything happened.

"Now, let's move on to the fun part. Tying my gorgeous boy up." Liam winked as a few chuckles sounded throughout the room before he motioned for Elijah to step forward, walking in a circle around his boy while he held a black silk rope in his hands.

"Compression therapy, or sometimes as it's known deep pressure therapy, can be an amazing tool in treating psychological trauma, PTSD, and anxiety. It provides deep pressure stimulation, which will then activate the parasympathetic nervous system. This, in turn, reduces stress, improves

focus, and can induce a calm feeling. People have often described this as being wrapped in a hug and embraced." While Liam spoke, he started to measure out his rope while Elijah stood perfectly still with his arms behind his back.

"Deep pressure will help shift the body from fight or flight to rest and digest. It is a mindful exercise which provides a sense of being grounded or centered. It creates a feeling of being safe and secure when your body just wants to run and hide." Liam started wrapping the rope around Elijah to create a simple hishi harness that wrapped around the chest and made gorgeous diamonds.

"Once the rope settles around the body, there will be a shift. They will notice their body more so than they did before. Muscles will start to unclench, breaths will deepen, and the mind will quiet as somatic stillness sets in and they let go." He moved to the side so people could see what he was doing while he spoke. "My boy, Elijah here, lives with anxiety, and sometimes it gets so bad that I will tie a harness around his chest that he can wear under his clothing. It's a constant reminder to him and gives him that deep pressure therapy throughout the day. Almost like he's wearing one of those weighted sweatshirts or a weighted blanket."

Looking out at the crowd for a moment after he had finished the chest harness, he lifted Elijah's arms to show he still had a good range of movement. I could feel Elias sit forward a little next to me, and when I looked, I saw that the display enraptured him. I could see a bit of longing in his eyes as he watched Elijah move around a bit.

"Shibari doesn't have to be restrictive. You can tie rope around you and still have a full range of your extremities. I've even used a simple arm harness for him when he just wants a small reminder, and it is very fashionable as well. He's gotten a lot of comments on it before." Liam smirked a little and looked over at us. I nodded a thank you for him mentioning that.

I knew from what I had been told that Elias had experienced restraint with ropes and cuffs before, so I wanted to show him that rope bondage wasn't always about restraint. I wanted him to know that they could be worn just for the sake of wearing them.

Liam grabbed another bundle of rope and moved to put Elijah's arms behind his back with his forearms overlapping and his hands holding on to each. He started to wrap the rope around them.

"I have had people tell me that when they experience this for the first time, it's almost like going from the mindset of 'you have to hold everything together yourself' to 'you can let go, because you're being held'. You transfer the weight you've been carrying and let the rope hold you together instead." Pulling some of the rope tight, I watched as Liam checked in with Elijah and ran his finger underneath a rope he had just placed.

"Shibari is about connection and consent as well. There is a clear negotiation and continuous communication with your sub. You may have noticed each time I tie something, I check in with Elijah to make sure it's not too tight for him or he isn't experiencing any tingling in his limbs. It builds trust between you and your sub. You trust them to speak up if something is wrong, and they trust you to take the weight from them and hold them. To make sure they are safe and not injured. It offers an intimacy with one another because you both feel seen and heard."

Elias chewed on his lip a little bit, and I could see the gears moving in his head as he took everything in. Good. I wanted him to think about this. Squeezing the back of his neck, he leaned into me more, and I pressed a kiss to his temple. I wanted him to know that if he trusted me with this, that I would keep him safe. I wouldn't let anything happen to him. That he could let go and it would be all right.

"Now, while I talk about all of this and the therapeutic aspects of this, I want to stress that this does not replace therapy. Combining this with therapy can make it an amazing tool to help you heal. But it should never replace that. You should still seek professional help."

I saw Alec nodding in agreement to what Liam was saying, and that was another thing we stressed here. That was why Alec offered his services and free therapy sessions to our members. We didn't want them to be replacing professional help with pleasure.

Relaxing on the couch more, I put my arm around Elias as he cuddled up to my side. His attention was fully on the stage while Liam continued on with the demo. He showed different harnesses and how placing knots intentionally at certain pressure points could act sort of like acupuncture.

I knew all of this already from my own studies and from talking to him and Alec at length about this subject. It was something important to me.

Since I didn't really need to pay attention to Liam, I made sure I paid attention to the boy in my arms right now. He pulled his feet up on the couch and pushed his toes under Lincoln's thigh, clenched his sleeves in his fists while holding one up by his mouth, and his blue and brown eyes widened as he took in everything Liam was doing and saying. Lincoln curled his fingers around his ankle and just held him while brushing his thumb across his skin. I could tell Elias was absorbing it all, and I was happy to not see any hint of fear over the subject. There was a bit of anxiety, but that was to be expected. What I saw, though, was longing and curiosity. Those were the things I wanted to feed.

Once the demo was over, Liam invited people up to ask questions while he made sure that Elijah was alright with some water, a snack, and a blanket wrapped around him. It wasn't a proper scene, so I knew Elijah would be fine with people coming up to him. I turned to look at Elias properly then. He was chewing on his bottom lip, and I couldn't stop myself as I reached forward and pulled it free from between his teeth.

"You're going to hurt yourself if you keep doing that, little bunny."

Elias blinked for a moment and turned to look at me. His brows furrowed in thought, and he glanced at the stage and then back at me. He looked as if he wanted to say something but couldn't get it out. I stayed silent and let him work it out himself, not pushing him until he was comfortable answering. After a few moments, his eyes hardened with determination mixed with slight apprehension.

"I... I want to do that."

My heart jumped a little when I heard him. I wasn't expecting that to come from him at all. I was expecting questions and maybe to see the ropes or to go talk to Liam and Elijah. But I wasn't expecting him to want to try it. I could tell by the looks on Lincoln's and Alec's faces that they hadn't expected it either.

"Are you sure, sweetheart? I'd be more than happy to wrap you up in my ropes. But I want you to be sure."

My boy worried his lower lip again between his teeth before he caught himself and freed it before I could. When had I started referring to him as *my* boy?

He took a breath and nodded.

"Please, Sir? Can you tie me up?"

My heart soared as those words left his perfect, plump lips. I hadn't thought that I would have the chance, but Elias kept surprising me. Reaching forward, I cupped his cheek with my hand, and he leaned into the touch, nuzzling against my palm for a moment.

"I'd love to turn you into a proper little rope bunny, sweetheart."

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Chapter 10



We stayed on the couch while everyone moved around before dispersing, Lincoln holding onto my ankle while Lucas had his arm wrapped around my shoulders. Like they were anchoring me. I always felt better when I was with them. I could feel myself wanting to regress and be Little. To slip into that space where I didn't have to make any decisions and I could just hand it over to them.

And I wanted to.

The more time I spent with them, the more I wanted to hand over control to them. I was starting to trust them, and that terrified me.

The logical part of my brain told me I could trust them. That they would take care of me and keep me safe. They would respect my limits and safewords and that I didn't have to be scared to let go with them. They would take charge and I could just let go. I could drop the filters and turn my brain off.

But the traumatized part of me told me to push them away. To run from them because I had trusted someone before and I had been wrong about him. I thought that *he* would protect me as well, and he did nothing but hurt me over and over again.

It was the fight-or-flight response that Alec and I had talked about in our sessions. I knew that. And I knew I could trust Lincoln and Lucas. Or, I was starting to trust them. They had been proving that to me from the moment I had arrived here at The Sanctuary.

So, as I watched Liam tying his boy up and explaining all the different things about compression therapy and somatic stillness, and the parasympathetic nervous system, I couldn't help but long for that.

I was wound so tight all the time because I was always on alert. I was always looking for danger. So the thought of letting my nervous system finally be able to relax, had me yearning for it and thinking about if I could trust Lucas to tie me up.

I watched the communication between Liam and his sub, and it was such a beautiful sight. I saw the love and trust reflected in both of their eyes. The way Elijah looked at Liam like he was his world. I had seen the same look on Raven's face when I watched them together.

It had my heart hurting because I wanted that. I wanted someone who would look at me that way and whom I could look at that way. Someone who treasured me and treated me like I was something precious. Like I was worthy of protecting. Someone to love me.

When I felt Lucas's lips press to the skin of my temple and how Lincoln's thumb brushed along the inside of my ankle, I realized that I could have that. But not just with one person, but with two. Two men who were identical in looks but completely different in personality. Two men who were patient with me and didn't push me unless I needed it.

Like at the cookout over the weekend.

I had been so scared to show my scars. For people to see them and question them or find them ugly. But I also knew that I couldn't keep hiding forever. I just didn't know how to take the first step. I didn't know how to open up and let people in anymore. Then Lucas took control and suggested I wear a swim shirt with my shorts.

Something so simple, but it meant so much to me.

When he made that suggestion, it was as if I could take a breath again. He wasn't forcing me to show off all of my scars, but he was giving

me a path to start on by showing some of them. He was guiding me to be better. To be braver.

And with that little boost of bravery, I had had so much fun.

I made new friends and joined in on some games they were playing. I had let my guard down and let Lucas and Lincoln both dote on me and care for me, and it felt so freeing. Like I was finally getting back to the real Elias.

I used to be such a social butterfly before. I was boisterous and loud. I had so many friends and was always the one to suggest a game or to tell a joke. I was confident and happy. I missed that version of me.

With that thought in mind, I knew I could be brave again.

I didn't need Lucas or Lincoln to take this step for me. I knew I could do it on my own, and I wanted to so badly. So I told Lucas that I wanted to try rope bondage, and the look on his face was everything I had been hoping for.

The pride and happiness that shone in his eyes was all the encouragement I needed to take this next step. I realized then that I wanted to make him proud. He and Lincoln both. I wanted them to be proud of me and to see that I was someone they would be proud to have as their boy.

If they wanted that. I hoped they wanted that.

Was I nervous?

Of fucking course I was.

Who wouldn't be nervous when they were about to experience something that had been used to hurt them in the past? Sometimes, in my nightmares, I swore I could still feel the ropes or cuffs around my wrists and ankles holding me down while someone raped me. Or while *he* hurt me.

But Lucas wasn't *him*.

Lincoln wasn't *him*.

They wouldn't hurt me.

"Would you like me to tie you here or somewhere more private, little bunny?"

Lucas's voice broke me from my thoughts, and as I looked around, I realized that most of the people who had been here for the demo had either left the room or were milling about and talking amongst themselves.

My gaze found its way over to Lucas. I blinked for a moment as I thought about it and what I wanted. His sapphire eyes held nothing but patience while he waited for me to decide.

Before, I would have said he could tie me up here in the rope room. I loved when people watched me. It had always sent such a thrill through me and turned me on so much. But now? Now I couldn't stand the thought of people seeing me in such a vulnerable position.

"Somewhere private, please, Sir." I didn't want anyone to see me if I suddenly panicked once the ropes were around me. I wasn't entirely sure how I was going to react.

Before, I loved rope bondage. The feeling of the ropes around me and the pretty patterns they left on my skin. I had only done simple things before, but I had wanted to explore it more.

Lucas smiled softly and nodded. He squeezed the back of my neck again, which had tension leaving my muscles before he was moving to stand up.

"Alright. Let me grab some things from here while Lincoln takes you up to our room. I'll meet you both there momentarily."

I nodded and looked over to Lincoln, who squeezed my knee reassuringly before he got up from the couch. Getting up as well, I turned and watched as Lucas walked towards the wall of cabinets where they stored different rope bundles and other equipment for bondage. I could see all the different colors through the glass doors of the cabinets. A rainbow of different colors and textures on display all the way up to the ceiling with a rolling ladder off to the side so people could access the ones at the tallest point.

I knew Lucas had designed this room himself, and it really was gorgeous. There were windows lining the stone walls, letting in natural light. There were sheer curtains hanging from the ceiling, sectioning off areas for more private spaces for people. They filled those spaces with comfortable seating and plants. The floor held a mix of different rugs in unique patterns and colors, and everything was bright and airy. Decorations made from rope hung around the room, and even the chandeliers on the ceiling had rope on them.

One day I would like to have him tie me up here. But today wasn't that day.

It didn't take Lincoln and me long to get up to the third floor where their bedroom was. Lincoln used his key to unlock the door and held it open for me. I hadn't been inside their room, so I wasn't sure what to expect. Did it look like my room, or was it different?

Stepping through the door, I looked around at everything. Although the setup was similar to mine, it was different. Instead of warmer tones, they decorated their room in cooler colors.

Light gray paint covered the walls, and a black accent wall stood behind the bed, while the floor kept its dark hardwood flooring, like the hallway. The bed was enormous. I was guessing a California king-size bed with a dark grey headboard and a mixture of light gray, dark gray, and black bedding. The chandelier above the bed was black and gothic in style, with crystals dripping from the arms.

I walked in further, and my feet hit a plush gray rug in the middle of the room halfway under the bed. The rest of the furniture, like the bedside tables and the long dresser on the opposite wall from the bed, were painted black.

Even with the darker colors, the lights were a warm white, and it made it feel comfortable. It had the same doors that led out to a matching balcony, like the one I had in my room. Outside on the balcony were a small table and chairs and a lounge. There were plants here and there and some art on the walls.

I instantly liked it, especially when I caught the faint scent of their cologne. Mahogany teakwood, if I had to guess.

Looking around, I saw their things spread around. My eyes caught on a couple of details that were artfully hidden. Like the rings on the posts of their headboard. Letting my eyes travel down, I saw that there was a matching set on their footboard. My fingers ran over the silver rings for a moment.

"Perfect for restraints if someone enjoys that."

I turned to see Lincoln leaning his shoulder against the wall by the door, watching me. He nodded his head up, and my eyes followed his movement to the ceiling. Stepping away from the bed, my head tilted as I took in the rings in the ceiling.

"Lucas enjoys suspension bondage. Reinforcement allows the ring to hold a lot of weight if needed. The perfect spot to have a cute little decoration for us to enjoy."

I looked back up at the ring and I couldn't help as jealousy burned through me at the thought of them having someone else tied up and suspended in their room. Of someone else getting to play with them and touch them. Of them touching someone else. It was completely irrational

because they weren't mine. I was in no place mentally to start something with someone, let alone two someones.

But I still couldn't help but glare at the ring above my head, even as a blush warmed my cheeks at the thought of the different positions that they could get me in if I was the one hanging from the ceiling.

Hearing the door open, I turned and saw Lucas walk into the room with a bundle of rope in his hands and a leather case. He walked over to the bed and set the rope bundle down before unzipping the case to show a couple of sets of rope shears. Setting the case on the bed, he turned toward me after picking up the bundle and held it out for me to see.

"I chose a high-quality hemp rope for you. I treated it myself with my own rope butter, which is a mix of jojoba oil and beeswax. It'll be safe to use since you have sensitive skin."

I took the rope in my hands and felt the fibers. It was really soft and in a really pretty soft pink color. I appreciated that he had chosen a fiber that wouldn't irritate my skin. I always had sensitive skin, and the scars made it worse. They could get itchy and irritated. That Lucas took that into account had my eyes burning a little with emotion.

"Now, I can tie this over your clothing if you like, but it would be more effective if it was against your skin. You can keep your underwear on, but I would prefer if you took your shirt and pants off if you're comfortable with that. But it's completely fine if you want to keep them on. The decision is yours."

Lucas stepped forward and cupped my cheek. His thumb brushed against my skin, and I couldn't help but lean into the touch.

"You're safe here, little bunny. You're safe with us."

My hands had tightened around the rope bundle as I sucked in a shaky breath. Looking into his eyes, I could see the truth there. They wouldn't hurt me. I really was safe with them, and as the realization hit, it was like something unfurled from my chest and I could breathe a little easier. Feeling a hand on my shoulder, I turned to see that Lincoln had moved closer and was standing behind me.

"We'll take care of you, *mo laoch*."

I nodded in agreement, seeing the same certainty reflected in his blue eyes.

I was nervous for them to see me. To see *all* of me.

I hated all of my scars and I didn't want them to be disgusted by them, like I was. I would never be like the other subs they had most likely played with before. Ones with perfect and flawless skin. My past injuries marred my skin.

I felt broken.

I was broken.

But the way they looked at me right now gave me the courage I needed to trust them with this. To trust them with seeing me.

Lucas took the rope bundle from me and stepped back, giving me room.

Taking a grounding breath, I reached for the hem of my shirt. After a moment of hesitation, I lifted it and pulled it from my body. I didn't meet their eyes as I handed the shirt to Lincoln, then I was moving to undo the button and zipper on my jeans and let them fall to the floor and pool around my ankles. Stepping out of them, I leaned over to pick them up and hand them to Lincoln as well.

My hands shook as I wrapped my arms around my stomach and stood in front of them in just a pair of pink satin panties that had lace on the edges.

The room was quiet except for the rushing in my ears.

Were they disgusted?

Did they find them ugly?

Was I too skinny?

Too pale?

Oh, I should have just left my clothes on.

My heart beat wildly in my chest as doubt and insecurities raced through my head. It beat so fast that I swore they could hear it from where they were standing. This was a mistake. I couldn't do this. I should just go back to my room and lock myself in.

A finger under my chin lifted it so that I was looking up at Lincoln, who was standing in front of me with a soft smile on his face. Lucas was right next to him, and he was smiling as well. My eyes went between them both before settling on Lincoln.

"You're beautiful, *mo laoch*, and we are so proud of you right now. We know that this has taken a lot of courage, and it's no small thing. Thank you for trusting us."

He had been calling me that more and more lately, and I had no idea what it meant. It sounded Gaelic, but I kept forgetting to ask him.

Lincoln stepped back and moved to sit on the bed while Lucas stepped forward while he was unravelling the rope bundle.

"Remember, you can safeword at any time, little bunny. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good boy. Arms up at your sides."

He smiled and nodded approvingly when I lifted my arms out to the side, as he found the middle of the rope. He stepped forward and draped it around my neck before moving to tie a knot at the top of my sternum.

"I'm going to be tying a Hishi Karada on you today. Or the diamond harness. We will leave your arms free to move and unrestrained, but we can easily adjust this in the future if you want to try it. If you feel any tingling or numbness, then you speak up right away. Any sharp pains or if you start to panic, Lincoln will hand me the shears and I can cut you out quickly. Rope can be replaced. You can't."

I nodded after he spoke. I didn't want him to cut the rope, but I could understand it as well.

"Yes, Sir."

He moved quickly and tied five knots down the front of my body. My eyes tracked the movement of his fingers as they deftly tied each knot going down. He was so skilled at what he did, he didn't hesitate at all when tying the knots along my chest and pulling the rope around my body. Once he got to the last knot, he paused and looked up at me.

"Are you comfortable with me putting the rope between your legs, Elias?"

He was kneeling in front of me with his face right in front of my panty-clad crotch. The image alone was enough to make my cock twitch and a blush to rise to my cheeks. Neither one of them had mentioned the fact that I was wearing panties at all. They hadn't mentioned my scars either, and it was refreshing in a way. They accepted me fully, no matter what, and it had me nodding as I looked down at him.

"Green, Sir."

The smile he gave me when I told him I was alright with it was blinding, and it made me smile as well. Lucas's approval washed over me

and had me relaxing under his touch instead of tensing like I normally would.

We fell into a rhythm as he moved around my body with the rope and tied it. The lengths pressing into my skin and calming me in a way that I hadn't felt in so long. My mind started to go blank as I just watched his skilled fingers as they moved the rope to where he wanted it and tied the knots. It was as if I went into a bit of a trance as I watched everything that he did.

I could feel my muscles loosening the more he wrapped the rope around me. The pressure of it making me fully aware of how my lungs inflated and deflated with each breath. My eyes felt heavy as I started to relax into the embrace of the rope. Every single thing that Liam had been talking about onstage was happening to me.

I wasn't worried about what Lincoln and Lucas were thinking when they saw my scars. I wasn't thinking about how scary it was to have someone touch me so intimately again as I felt Lucas's fingers brushing over my skin. With each touch, I shivered a bit from the sensation and could feel goosebumps rising.

"That's it, little bunny. Let the rope hold you. I've got you. I'm right here."

I focused on his voice as he spoke to me. Following it as he moved from in front of me to behind me, wrapping the rope and creating the diamond pattern of the body harness. Each time he tightened it, he checked with me to see if it was too tight or not. He was in constant communication with me the entire time. The softness of his voice and the surety of his movements had me sighing happily as I gave up control to him.

By the time he was finishing up with a braid of rope going down my spine, I felt more relaxed than I had in years. My anxiety was almost nonexistent, and I felt like if Lucas stopped touching me, I would either fall over or float away. I wasn't in subspace, but my body felt at peace for the first time since I had met *him*.

Right now, that was just as good.

Lucas held onto my hips as he stood in front of me. I looked up at his gorgeous face and just smiled softly. His eyes were soft with compassion, and his mouth answered mine with a smile of its own.

"You look beautiful in my ropes, little bunny. How do you feel?"

Humming a little in thought, I tried to file through my thoughts to answer him.

"Good, Sir. It feels *really* good. Relaxing and like a hug, just as Liam said."

Lucas smiled even brighter before looking over my shoulder and nodding. I turned my head slightly and noticed Lincoln walking up behind me. His hand was warm as he placed it on the small of my back.

"You were made to wear rope, *mo laoch*."

His voice was a bit deeper when he spoke, and I couldn't help the shiver that went through my body as I felt him lean in and run his nose along my shoulder and up the side of my neck.

"Fuck... you're testing my self-control right now, standing here wrapped up like a perfect little present in Luke's ropes and those panties."

My breath caught in my throat as I heard him. I blinked in confusion for a moment.

He wanted me? Really?

Without the anxiety and nerves coursing through my body, I turned around to face him. His hand went from the small of my back to my waist as he looked down at me, and I could see the way his eyes darkened with lust. His other hand came up to run his knuckles across my cheek, and I closed my eyes and leaned into the touch with a soft sigh.

"Sir..."

Lucas's hands tightened on my hips, and I felt him step closer. The heat of his body warmed my back, and I tilted my head to the side slightly as I felt his lips skim over the skin on my shoulder. Just that soft touch had fire coursing through me and I wanted more.

"You have no idea how tempting you are, little bunny."

Hearing the slight growl in his voice as well had me leaning back against him and moaning softly as he pressed his lips to the junction of my shoulder and neck. Tingles erupted from the spot as I looked up at Lincoln.

"Please, Sir..."

I knew we shouldn't. That I was still healing, and this was probably a conflict of interest since they were helping me with my exposure therapy. But I couldn't lie to myself anymore and ignore this pull I felt towards them. And it's not like they were my therapists.

I wanted them, and now I knew they wanted me as well, as crazy as that was to me.

Watching Lincoln, I could literally see the internal battle he was fighting all over his face. But I also saw the moment he made his decision. The resolve that hardened in his eyes as he let out a breath.

"Linc..." Lucas murmured softly, and it made me whimper a little because I knew he was trying to be the voice of reason. Even if his lips were still trailing across my skin. But I didn't want them to stop. I needed them to keep going.

"Fuck it."

I didn't have time to react to Lincoln's words before his lips were crashing against mine, and it was like electricity was zapping through my body.

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Chapter 11



The moment my lips met Elias's, it was like something snapped within all of us. My hands tightened on his waist and pulled him closer. Luke ran his hands up and down his sides while his lips and tongue tasted the sensitive skin on his neck, and our little bunny wrapped his arms around my neck and whimpered.

As Luke drug his teeth down his neck, Elias gasped from the sensation. I took the opportunity to push my tongue past his lips and licked into his mouth, drawing a moan from him which I drank down greedily. I licked into his mouth and sucked on his tongue until he was whimpering against my lips and gripping me tightly.

I could feel him melt against both of us as he handed control over. It was such a heady feeling, having that control handed to you. Having a submissive trust you enough to give you such a precious gift. Especially from someone who found it hard to trust people, and for good reason.

I knew I would cherish this gift he was giving us right now for however long he wanted us to have it. We would take care of him and show him how precious he was. We would show him what having a real Daddy was like.

"Jesus Christ, this is a bad idea... we shouldn't be doing this," Luke mumbled against Elias's skin, making me chuckle against his lips. He was always the responsible one and the voice of reason. Always the one trying to keep me on track and not be so impulsive.

Elias shook his head and tentatively played with the hair at the nape of my neck.

"Uh uh... good idea. Great idea. The *best* idea, Sir."

Looking at my brother as I laughed, I shrugged.

"You heard the boy. This is the best idea, Luke."

"Yup. The bestest greatest idea ever in the history of ideas that ever graced this planet. I should know. I'm an expert." Elias smiled and leaned up for another kiss, which I graciously gave him. Biting at his lower lip and groaning at the mewl that I drew from him.

Luke couldn't help but laugh as he rested his forehead against Elias's shoulder while we kissed. We could both tell that Elias was slipping just a little into his Little space, and it made my heart soar at the knowledge that he felt he could let go with us, that he could dip into his Little space because he felt safe with us. His filters were falling, and it was so beautiful to witness.

"Oh? You're an expert, huh? Well, then I guess we should listen to you then." Luke laughed more and pressed a kiss to his shoulder.

I watched my brother for a moment while I kissed Elias, our eyes locking and I could see his resolve crumbling. He wanted him just as much as I did. We often spoke about it while we lay in bed together. How he was the perfect little boy that could complete us. Someone we could both dominate in our own ways. Someone for us to take care of. I could already see myself falling in love with the boy in our arms, and I knew Luke would as well if he just unclenched a little and let go.

Originally, we had planned on waiting. On letting him heal more and not impeding that. But the more time we spent with him, the more I wanted to make him ours. And I knew Luke felt it too.

I smiled against Elias's lips when he giggled a little at Luke's words. The sound went straight to my heart. How happy he sounded and

how carefree it was. I wanted to hear it more. He was so fucking adorable.

I laughed with him as Luke groaned in frustration against his shoulder. I knew his resolve was breaking. He just needed a little nudge, and I was not too proud to use a little manipulation to get him there.

"I think you need to thank Luke for doing such a good job on tying you up, sweetheart. He made you look all pretty for us."

I grinned, looking down at Elias. His two-toned eyes lit up with understanding at my words. He was such a smart boy, and I knew that once he started opening up to us more, we would have our hands full with him.

And I couldn't fucking wait.

Elias bit his lower lip and nodded before he turned around to face Luke. My brother gripped his hips as he watched him. His shoulders were tense from holding back, and I was all too happy to help push him a little. Leaning down so my lips were against the shell of Elias's ear, I watched as Luke's eyes tracked the movement, at the hungry look darkening his gaze as he zeroed in on my lips brushing against his pale skin.

"Go on, baby boy. Give him a kiss. Show him how grateful you are that he wrapped you up in his ropes." I murmured to Elias before biting his earlobe, causing a small gasp to come from the boy in our arms, my eyes never leaving my brother's.

Elias leaned closer to Luke, drawing his attention away from me, tilting his head until his lips were brushing against his lightly. I kept my eyes on my brother, though, smiling when I saw his shoulders relaxing a bit at the contact.

"Thank you, Sir. For tying me up. It feels so good. The rope is so soft against my skin."

My smile widened as I watched him press his lips firmly to Luke's, and I saw the moment Luke snapped. His shoulders fell and his eyes closed at the first press of his lips against his.

He pulled Elias closer by his hips, and a growl sounded in his throat as he took control of the kiss. One hand came up to grip Elias's chin and tilt him just the way he wanted so that he could deepen the kiss more. The sight of them together caused arousal to pool low in my groin and made my cock twitch.

I was already hard from seeing Elias tied up in the soft pink rope that matched his panties so well. The gorgeous satin and lace panties that cupped his ass perfectly. The ass that I wanted to grab and knead. To see it

red from my hand. It was so gorgeous and round, and I just wanted to bury my face in it for a taste.

But this?

Seeing them together? It had me aching.

They were gorgeous together, and I couldn't wait to see more.

I couldn't wait to watch as my brother got to explore his body. Got to find the spots that made him squirm and moan. We were only getting a small taste of those sounds right now, and I was itching to draw more out of him. I wanted to hear him cry out with pleasure that only we could give him.

I couldn't wait to see Luke sinking into him, and I knew Elias would take him so well. He would probably whine and whimper, saying that it was too much, but I would be there to console him and tell him he could take it and what a good job he was doing before I slid my cock between his lips.

Groaning, I leaned in to press a kiss to Elias's neck.

I was getting ahead of myself. I always did. But I couldn't help it. Not when this boy has been tempting me from the moment he walked through our doors.

The way he was grinding his ass back against me had me gripping his hips to press back, my hard length rubbing between his plump cheeks, making him moan into Luke's mouth.

Luke pulled back from his lips and smirked as he watched Elias rubbing his ass against me. The way his mouth parted and he let out little gasps from his glistening, red lips after being kissed. I couldn't see his eyes, but I just knew that lust had dilated his pupils.

"Look at you, little bunny. You're so beautiful right now. Writhing against us and moaning just from a few kisses." His fingers trailed down Elias's chin to the side of his neck, making the boy shudder and gasp a little. "So responsive..."

"Please, Sir... more." Elias moaned as he rubbed back against me, making me groan from the delicious friction.

I wanted nothing more than to bend him over, rip his panties off, and devour him. I knew Luke wanted to do the same right now, and he wasn't going to hold back either. Elias had pushed him past his point of resistance, and he was going to claim this boy right now.

Watching them both, and the hunger that was reflected in their eyes had me groaning as I realized I was going to have to be the responsible one right now, and I hated it. I had pushed Luke to snap, but I didn't think Elias would beg for us to do more than kiss. And no matter how much I wanted to sink into his body, I knew that right now wasn't the time. We would need to sit down and talk to him when he was clear-headed. Right now he was running off endorphins caused by the ropes surrounding his perfect body. He wasn't thinking straight, and I didn't want him to regret this.

I didn't want him to regret *us*.

Resting my head against Elias's shoulder and listening to him and Luke kissing, I sighed in resignation as I squeezed Elias's hips to stop him from grinding against me.

"Stop. We need to stop. Elias, sweetheart, you're not thinking straight right now."

The whine that came from his mouth had my heart hurting. I wanted to give him everything right now, but I knew that if we did, it could push him away from us. This was why we were Daddy doms. No matter how much Elias whined, we would have to do what was best for him.

"Nooo. I want to. I want you. I want Luke. Please, Sir, it feels so good."

I watched as Luke sighed when he heard me, and then the look on his face as Elias whined more. He was coming back to his senses, and he knew I was right.

"Lincoln is right, baby boy. We can't go any further."

"I'll be good! Haven't I been good for you? I'll do whatever you want. Please. You can do whatever you want to me. I promise I'll be good."

The way my heart broke hearing his words had my chest hurting. I knew right then that we were making the right decision. No matter how upset he was going to get, he would see that we were only doing what was best for him. We had negotiated none of this beforehand, just the Shibari. He wasn't in the right mindset to consent to anything further than a kiss, and Luke and I wouldn't cross that line ever.

"Elias, we said no."

My voice hardened with some more authority behind it, making Elias's shoulders sag in defeat.

Luke stepped back from him, and I did the same, putting a little distance between myself and Elias, no matter how much I wanted to keep him close.

"Let's get these ropes off of you, sweetheart."

I watched as Luke started to untie the knots from his front. I helped as best I could, and all three of us were silent as we worked to get him untied. There was tension in the room now, and not one filled with lust like before. I could see that Elias was upset, but I knew we were doing the right thing.

"It's not because we don't want to, Elias."

I watched him tense at my words and the way his jaw tightened.

"Yeah..."

Luke sighed as he worked his way up Elias's chest, pulling the ropes free.

"You're too fragile right now, sweetheart. We don't want to mess anything up."

Elias's head whipped back at his words. His brow furrowed as his lips turned down into a frown. He took a few steps back from us; the rope falling away from his body to pool on the floor.

"Fragile... you think I'm... fragile."

"I didn't mean it as a bad thing, sweetheart. Just that you're still healing. We're supposed to be helping you."

Blue and brown eyes snapped to Luke as he spoke, and I could practically taste the anger that was coming from Elias as he balled his fists and clenched his jaw.

"News flash, I've been healing for a fucking year. I've been in and out of hospitals for surgeries to fix what others had done to me. I've been to specialists and dermatologists for the scars that cover my body. I've used so many different creams to stop them from itching when they tighten that I've lost count. I'm *still* taking supplements because of the malnutrition from when he would lock me up for days when I had been bad, refusing to give me food. I've been beaten to within an inch of my life. I've been raped by strangers and people I thought were my friends. I was so addicted to heroin because it was my only fucking escape from the hell I was living. I've gone through detox and withdrawal. I've been through nine months of rehab not just for my addiction but for my body as well. I had therapy with Alec every single fucking day for the past nine fucking months.

And you think I'm *fragile*?! Why? Because I want to experience a little bit of pleasure for the first time in four years?! Pleasure that *I* chose, not just a bodily reaction to stimuli? And I wanted it with two people that I'm starting to trust. But no. You think I'm too fragile and that I'm made of glass. That you have to handle me with kid gloves because I might break. Well, guess what! I'm already broken, and if a flagrum didn't break me more as it sliced into my back, then an orgasm won't either. So fuck you, Lucas, and fuck you, Lincoln."

Luke and I both stood there staring at him for a moment before he turned and grabbed his clothes from the dresser where I had put them. We were so in shock by his outburst, and it was a lot to unpack. He wasn't entirely wrong in what he had said, and I knew Luke felt horrible for insinuating that he couldn't handle something. But we weren't expecting him to snap like this.

"Elias, stop. We need to talk. You need aftercare. That's a non-negotiable, and you know it."

I stepped forward and laid my hand on his arm to stop him from leaving. If he wasn't dropping already, he would be, and it was something we took seriously with subs in our care.

"Don't fucking touch me."

I pulled my hand back as if I had been burned by the venom in his voice. He glared up at me as he held his clothes close to his stomach.

"I've gone four years without aftercare. I didn't need it from him and I don't need it from you. God forbid you have to look at my disgusting body for longer than you have to."

"Elias, we didn't say that. Sit down right now. You don't have to talk to us, but let us monitor you in case you drop."

I kept my hands to myself while I practically pleaded with him to stay so we could make sure he would be alright. Luke stepped over the rope on the floor and approached as well, making Elias take a step back towards the door.

"Red."

My breath caught in my throat and my limbs froze when I heard him utter his safeword. My brother was just as still next to me, and we watched as Elias watched us warily. His eyes were glazing over with unshed tears, and his hands were shaking. I knew he was wondering if we would honor his safeword because his ex hadn't. But we both stayed rooted

to the floor and let him run from us, no matter how much my heart and brain were screaming at me to go after him.

I flinched when the door slammed, and a spell seemed to break, causing me to move. My hand came to run through my hair and tug on it.

"Fuck... Fuck!"

Luke stood there, just staring at the door. I knew he wanted to go after him as well, but we would honor his safeword.

"We'll stay close, Linc. I'll go down and grab some snacks, water, and juice and leave them outside his door, and you stay here if he calls out or comes to find us."

Turning towards Luke, I nodded because I knew he was right. I was going to go a step further, though, and camp out in front of his door. Any signs of distress and I was going to go in there, whether he liked it or not.

"You did the right thing, Linc. He'll see that once he calms down."

Sucking in a breath, I just nodded again and watched as he left our room. I followed not long after and stepped over to Elias's door, which was closed. Sitting down on the floor, I leaned back against the wall and ran my hands over my face.

Luke said that I did the right thing, but after hearing Elias, I sat there wondering if I had. He said he was starting to trust us.

Maybe we needed to start to trust him too.

Chapter 12



Standing at the foot of my bed, I stared at the pile of clothes I had thrown on the comforter. My hands shook as I ran them through my curls on my head. My breath picked up as I just stood there, replaying everything that had just happened.

The feel of the ropes against my skin, my anxiety lessening, my filters starting to fall, thinking that I could trust them. And then their lips on mine. Their hands grabbing at me and anchoring me so that I wouldn't float away.

It all felt so *good*.

I was finally getting something that I wanted. I was *choosing* it myself because I knew I could trust them. That they wouldn't hurt me and would take care of me. They've been taking care of me since I came here. And I knew it was platonic, but it always felt like there might have been *more*.

The cuddling, small comments, little touches here and there.

We spent every morning together, just the three of us. Eating breakfast, drinking coffee, and just getting to know one another. I loved that they were letting me into their life. A life full of so much love between them, and it was gorgeous to see.

I knew that most people didn't understand the love that they had for each other, but it wasn't any of their business. They weren't hurting anyone, so why couldn't they love one another?

I thought accepting them would be enough.

But I should have known that it wouldn't be.

Not after they saw my body and how others destroyed it.

My arms came to wrap around my stomach as I bent over and let a sob out, tears finally flowing down my cheeks as I stood there in my room.

I thought it would be different with them.

I thought maybe they wouldn't care about the scars covering my body and my mind.

Gasping for breath through the sobs, I realized it was too good to be true.

I was always going to be broken.

I was always going to have *his* voice in my head.

Ugly.

Pathetic.

Useless.

Worthless.

I don't even know why I was trying anymore. Why was I trying to be better when I knew I never could be? It was pointless. I was lying to myself, thinking that I could be better and get away from everything that had happened to me. I was dragging everyone down with me who tried to help because there was no help that could make me better.

Alec.

Lincoln.

Lucas.

They all had better things they could be doing instead of being saddled with my pathetic ass.

You can't glue something together if it shattered beyond all recognition.

There wasn't any hope for me, and I knew that now.

I've been such an idiot.

Crawling up the mattress, I pulled the blankets over me as I curled into a ball. Grabbing Whisper, I tugged her to my chest and buried my face into her soft grey fur on her head while I let the sobs wrack through me.



"You're pathetic. Useless. You can't do anything right, Eli. I don't even know why I keep you around anymore. If it weren't for the money I made off of you, I would toss you out on the street. You should be grateful I put up with your shit. Even your family didn't want you."

Flinching at each word that was tossed at me, I tried to shield my head from his fists that were coming down on me. The pain radiating through my body as I lay there on the floor while he stood over me.

"P-please... D-Daddy... I'm s-sorry..." I whimpered, trying to appease him so he would stop hitting me. I was already bleeding from the cuts the last John had left on my collarbones, chest, and thighs. Now my lip was bleeding from Daddy smacking me across the face.

I don't even know what I did to make him so angry. I know that the John had paid extra to cut me. He told me so while he was doing it. I was good and had barely cried when the knife cut through my skin.

But he was still mad.

He was always mad at me.

"Shut the fuck up!"

I cried out when he grabbed my hair in his fist and yanked so hard that it made my eyes sting with more tears. I blinked through them to see his blurry face in front of me, filled with rage.

"You're disgusting. You probably begged him to fuck you raw, didn't you? Begged for his cock like the nasty whore that you are! I'm surprised you can even feel anything anymore in your used-up hole."

"I... I didn't! I p-promise! I kn-know the rules, Daddy. P-please... it hurts..."

Daddy sneered down at me and pushed me back to the floor, where I fell in a crumpled mess. Sweat, cum, and blood covered me. The cuts on my body stung, and my body was screaming at me from his blows.

"You think that hurts? Oh, you have no idea what pain is, you little bitch. But you're about to find out."

He grabbed me by the hair again and tried to pull me up to my feet. My legs buckled though from how weak I was. I couldn't remember the last time I had had a decent meal, you could see my ribs at this point.

"Get up, Elias!"

I struggled in his grip and tried to pull away from him. Tried to shield my disgusting body from him and get away from the pain.

"No! P-please, no!"

"...Elias..."

"I'm sorry! I'll be g-good!"

"Elias... wake up."

I thrashed and tried to pull away from the hands grabbing at me. I didn't want to hurt anymore. I wanted to be good. I promised him that I would be good.

"Elias, sweetheart. Wake up. It's just a nightmare."

I whimpered and pulled away, blinking a bit and focusing on the room I was in. The two looming forms in front of me made my breath catch in my throat as fear coursed through me more.

My chest burned, breaths coming too fast, too shallow. My hands shook, heart racing, the nightmare still clinging as if it wouldn't let go.

Like he wouldn't let go.

I could still see his face in my mind. The sneer he always seemed to wear when he looked at me. The pain radiating from where he had hit me. There was so much pain from so many parts of my body that it all seemed to blend at some point.

The bed felt too big. Too open. The two figures standing before me, blurry but still there, caused me to panic more. Scrambling out from under the sheets that were soaked with my sweat, I squeezed behind the chair in my room and into the corner. Curling up into the smallest ball I could, with my hands over my ears as I repeated the same words over and over again.

"Please. I'll be good. I'll be good. I'll be good..."

"Hey, little bunny. It's okay. You're okay. You are good. You're so good, sweetheart."

Hearing the sudden voice so close to me, I flinched and tried to pull my legs in more to make myself smaller. I didn't want them to find me.

“It’s alright. It’s Lucas. Lincoln is here too, little bun. You’re in your room at The Sanctuary. You’re safe. It was just a nightmare. No one is going to hurt you anymore.”

His words filtered in slowly until they registered. Blinking my eyes open, I looked up and saw Lucas sitting on the floor and looking behind the chair, his blue eyes filled with concern. I could see his twin brother, Lincoln, behind him. A broken sob slipped from my mouth, and before I knew it, I was launching myself at him. His strong arms wrapped around me, and he held me close as I cried. A hand in my hair told me that Lincoln had moved closer as well.

“It’s okay, little bunny. We’ve got you. You’re okay. You’re safe with us.”

I felt his lips brushing against my ear as he spoke, and I broke down in his arms. He shifted me so that I was straddling his lap, and he could wrap his arms around me better. One was around my waist, squeezing me tight while the other one went to the back of my neck and just held me as I cried.

He and Lincoln both kept up their whispered praises to me, reassuring me that I was good and that I was safe. The scent of their cologne, mahogany teakwood, filled my nose and I buried my face into Lucas’s neck more. They always smelled so good, and I was starting to associate their scent with comfort and safety.

I wasn't sure how long I cried, but they didn't rush me. They just let me get it all out until my body was lax from exhaustion against Lucas and I was sniffing into his shoulder. They kept petting me through my hair and down my back, giving me the comfort I desperately needed right now.

Sitting back, I tried to wipe the tears and snot from my face, cringing a little when I saw the wet spot on Lucas's shirt.

"I'm sorry..."

Lucas just smiled and cupped my cheeks. His thumbs brushed against them to wipe the tears away.

"You never have to apologize for having emotions, Elias. I can wash my shirt, don't you worry your pretty little head about it."

I couldn't help but smile a little as he leaned in and kissed the tip of my nose. I scrunched it and a giggle slipped out at the silly little gesture.

"Feeling a little better now?"

My eyes turned to Lincoln when I heard his voice. He was sitting next to us with his hand rubbing in soothing circles between my shoulders. He reached forward with a tissue and wiped gently at my nose, making me smile softly again.

"A little..."

And I wasn't lying. I did feel a little better after everything. I was still sad about them stopping us from going further than a kiss, but I was feeling a lot more settled with them here holding me after such a terrible nightmare. Usually, I dealt with them on my own, and they left me shaken for most of the day. But I already felt like a weight had been lifted from my chest and that they were carrying this for me. Like it was their job to worry about these things and not mine.

It felt nice. More than nice. It felt amazing to have them do that.

"Alright, let's get you cleaned up and in some comfy jammies. Then I think we all need some cuddles and snacks. Maybe a funny movie."

Lucas smiled and brushed his thumbs along my cheeks again as I nodded. That sounded amazing right now. I just wanted to curl up with them and turn my brain off for a bit.

Lincoln helped me stand up, my legs a little cramped from being wrapped around Lucas for so long. He led me into the bathroom and told me to sit down on the toilet. I watched him quietly as he wet a washcloth and came over to me and gently washed my face off. I sniffled again at the emotions that were clogging my throat once more at having someone take care of me. It had been so long since someone wanted to take care of me like this and be so tender...and now I had *two* someones who wanted to. It was a lot to take in at the moment, so I just let my brain start to shut off and mentally gave that worry over to Lincoln.

"Up you get, little one."

Lincoln ushered me out of the bathroom and made me sit down on my bed while he went through my drawers looking for jammies for me. I wished I had proper jammies still. Onesies that looked like animals and funny characters, or matching ones with cute designs on them that were soft. But I had nothing like that. Just comfortable sleep pants and t-shirts, which Lincoln pulled out and came back over to me.

I was still in just my panties from our rope session, and he knelt in front of me tapping each ankle one at a time to get me to lift them before he was pulling the pajama pants up my legs and over my hips.

"Arms up."

I sniffled again and lifted my arms above my head for him, and he slipped the shirt over my arms and then over my head. Getting it settled on my body, he leaned in and kissed my forehead, making me smile again.

"Good boy. Let's get comfy in your bed while Luke gets us all some snacks. I think we can look past eating in bed this one time, don't you think?"

He winked at me and I nodded because I didn't want to be anywhere else right now.

Lincoln pulled the covers back, and I scooted in until I was in the middle of the bed. He leaned forward and fluffed some pillows before he found Whisper on the floor and handed her to me. I hugged her tightly to my chest as I watched him climb into bed with me as well, after taking his jeans and shirt off so he was comfortable.

He put his arm around my shoulders and pulled me close to his side. I smiled and turned so I could cuddle into him properly while he found the remote for my television and turned it on to look for a movie.

Hearing my door open, I looked up and smiled, seeing Lucas standing there with a tray in his hand that had snacks and drinks on it.

"Hmm, this is a perfect sight to walk into."

Burying my face into Lincoln's chest, I couldn't help but giggle.

I fucking *giggled*!

When was the last time I had really done that?

I allowed my filters to fall and dipped my toes into my little space, and for the first time in a long time, I wasn't scared to.

Lifting my head and watching Lucas approach and set the tray on the bedside table, he removed his pants as well before climbing into the bed with us.

"How does *Toy Story* sound?"

My head whipped toward Lincoln, and my jaw dropped a little.

"That's my most favoritest Disney movie! Yes, please."

Lincoln grinned and nodded as he pressed play, and I could hear Lucas chuckling next to me. A water bottle showed up in front of me and I took it from him.

"Drink some water and then eat something. Once you feel better, I think we need to talk. There's something Lincoln and I want to discuss with you. But for now, just relax and watch the movie."

Sipping the water for a moment, I nodded and settled back against the pillows while Lincoln held me close and Lucas handed me little pieces of meat and cheese and crackers. I didn't even worry about what they wanted to talk to me about. I just giggled at the movie and let myself relax for the first time in a long time.

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Chapter 13



Hearing Elias crying out in his room will stay with me for a long time. The way that my heart stopped and my stomach dropped as Lincoln and I jumped up from where we had been sitting on the floor in the hallway and rushed into his room to find his thrashing on his bed; it'll stay with me replaying in my mind.

I hated seeing him so scared when he finally woke up to the point that he hadn't even recognized us and had scrambled away to hide behind the chair in his room. Squeezing himself into the corner into the smallest ball that he could until we could get through to him. The moment he recognized us, I had been so scared that he would still pull away from us.

But the moment he locked eyes with me and saw Lincoln kneeling beside me on the floor, he launched himself into my arms, and I let out a breath of relief as I hugged him tightly.

We sat there on the floor until my legs went numb. I didn't dare move him as he cried against my shoulder, Lincoln rubbing at his back with the same concern flooding his eyes that were in mine. We locked eyes with each other, and I knew that we needed to talk to Elias after this.

We'd been careful. We ensured that every step was measured, and every boundary was respected. Because Elias comes first. He always came first.

But I'm done pretending I don't feel anything. I'm done pretending that this gorgeous boy in front of me isn't mine.

I glance at Lincoln again, and he already knows. Of course he does. He knows me better than anyone else. And one look at him shows me he feels the same way. He's done pretending, too.

We had been talking about this together since he came here to us. We didn't want to push him at all, and if we pursued him, we had agreed that nothing would change with how we were helping him with his therapy. We would move at his pace because we won't risk his trust, which he gave us like a gift.

And it is a gift.

One we will always cherish and protect.

But we don't want to hide anymore either.

Once we got him off the floor after he had calmed down, I let Lincoln usher him to the bathroom to get him cleaned up while I went down to the kitchen to get us some much-needed snacks.

Running my hand over my face as I made my way in, I looked up to see Gar and Raven already in there. Raven was busy making what looked like croissants on the kitchen island while Gar was keeping them company with his sketchpad in front of him and working on some sort of tattoo design for his shop. He looked up when he heard me come in.

"Hey, bro. You good? How's Elias?"

Opening the refrigerator, I grabbed a couple of bottles of water and some juice for Elias as I sighed. I had come down earlier to get snacks for Elias, but he hadn't opened the door at all, and I had run into Gar when he had first arrived and told him what had happened. I was glad that I had a chance to talk to him. He was probably Lincoln and I's best friend. We had grown up together, and he was the first one we told about our idea for the club.

"We finally got into his room, but only because he had a nightmare. I guess he had taken a nap, and it happened. When Linc and I heard him, we went in and tried to wake him up only to have him go into a panic attack. Thankfully, we got him to calm down, and now we're camping out in his room until he feels better. I just came down for more snacks."

"Oh, poor boy. Let me help you, sir. I'll put together a snack tray."

I smiled over at Raven and nodded, moving to put the drinks onto the island and sitting on the stool next to Gar. I ran my hand through my hair as I watched Raven washing their hands. Gar smiled at them fondly.

"Thank you, slave."

Raven looked up and smiled back at him and nodded while they dried their hands.

"Of course, Master."

I watched them for a moment and how in love they were, and it made me so happy that my two closest friends had found love together.

"Yinz are cute."

Raven beamed at me, and Gar chuckled and bumped me with his shoulder.

"And you, Linc, and Elias are cute as fuck too. If only you two would pull the huge dildos out of your asses and lock that shit down."

A laugh escaped me through my nose as I looked over at him wearing his shit-eating grin as he looked at me. He knew how much Lincoln and I had been wanting to make Elias ours, but we were adamant about not screwing anything up with him because of his therapy.

"Hey, huge dildos can be fun sometimes."

I winked at him and he punched me in the arm.

"Yeah, they can be. Especially when you have your slave tied down and desperate. Ain't that right, blackbird?"

I watched Raven pause in making what appeared to be a charcuterie board and blush as they looked up at us. They bit their lips and nodded.

"Yes, Master. They do feel really good."

"And I bet you look so pretty all flushed and begging, don't you, pet?"

I grinned at them and winked, making them flush some more and turn to hide in the refrigerator to find more things for the snack tray.

I had watched them together before, and it was always a good time. Raven was such a good slave for Gar, and their chemistry was off the charts. They were always so in sync with one another; it's like they didn't even have to speak to know what the other was thinking. I knew what that was like because of my brother. We were like that, and it was unreal to have that sort of connection with someone.

"Linc and I are going to talk to him once he's calmed down and is in the right headspace. We're done pretending like we don't want to claim him. We want to be his Daddies and have him lean on us more to help him. Even though I'm terrified that we'll screw up his recovery. We don't want to take his focus away from that or make it seem like we're taking advantage."

I looked over at Gar to get his reaction and found him just sitting there, smiling at me. He laughed some and shook his head before putting his tablet down fully on the counter and putting his full attention on me.

"You know, sometimes you two can be real idiots, you know that?"

"Gee, thanks, Gar."

He laughed and shook his head.

"No, I'm serious. You're an idiot. You think that boy having not one but two Daddies is going to screw up his recovery? What's the textbook definition of a Daddy Dom, Luke?"

Sighing a little, I leaned back in my chair and stared at the ceiling.

"A dominant partner in BDSM who takes on a nurturing, protective, and guiding role, focusing on the care and emotional connection within the power exchange. Daddy Doms offer structure, affection, and support to help their partner feel safe."

I rambled off the definition, and as I said it, I really started to see what he was trying to say.

"Guiding, structure, support, safety. All the things that boy needs right now, and you and Linc can give it to him twice over. Don't let your fear dictate this. Raven and I have seen you three together, and if you let it, yinz can have something beautiful. Just stop being a fuckin' jagoff."

I couldn't help but let out a laugh at his insult. But, he had a point. I was being a jagoff about this, and everything he was pointing out was resonating with me. Lincoln and I could really help him, if he let us. I saw that now, and I was more determined than ever to make him ours.

Looking up when Raven set the snack tray down in front of me, I found them smiling as well.

"Master is right, sir. You and Lincoln can really help Elias more than you think right now. Speaking from a sub's perspective here, my mental health has never been better ever since I became Master's property. He has helped guide me and give me the structure I needed in my life. Through the tasks he's given me, like my journal entries and meditation, I've learned so much, and it's helped me more than I can say. Even just having someone that I know I can lean on and who is a pillar of strength gives me the courage to live authentically, and if I need help, I know I can always go to him. Elias, I think, needs yours and Lincoln's strength right now and your guiding hands in helping him navigate this. The fact that you're hesitant about this shows just how much you care about his mental health and how I know that you won't screw this up."

Feeling Gar squeeze my shoulder, I looked over at him and just smiled before looking back at Raven. They were both right about this, and it gave me the confidence that I needed and the clarity to realize that Linc and I wanting to claim him wasn't a bad thing.

Getting up, I grabbed the tray with the snacks and drinks.

"Thanks. Both of you. I needed to hear all of this."

"Anytime, brother. Now, go get your boy."

Gar grinned and picked up his tablet again to start back in on his tattoo design. Raven smiled and winked at me before they stepped over to the croissant dough they were making. I was lucky to have them in my life to kick me in the ass when I needed it.

By the time I was walking back into Elias's room, I was determined to make him ours, no matter what. He was the perfect addition to us. The little that we had been looking for for years. He was finally within our grasp, and I wasn't going to let him slip away.

Looking up and seeing Elias cuddled up in bed with Lincoln, my heart squeezed in my chest at how perfect they looked together like that.

One look at my brother and I knew he felt the same. I could see in his eyes that he was on the exact same page as me. But right now, we needed to tend to Elias and make sure he knew he was safe after his panic attack.

From the giggle that slipped from his mouth and how he hid his face, I could tell that he was dipping into his little space. That he felt safe

enough with us to do that spoke volumes to me and it warmed my heart as he took the snacks straight from my hand.

We would talk to him, but right now I just settled in to watch *Toy Story* with them.



Once the movie finished and we had eaten all the snacks, I knew it was time to talk to Elias. To lay everything out on the table and tell him our intentions.

We also wanted to address the misunderstanding after our kiss. He needed to know that we hadn't put a stop to things because we didn't want him or didn't find him attractive; it was the complete opposite.

I needed to apologize as well for calling him fragile. Because, like he had said when he was yelling at us, he wasn't fragile, and I felt horrible for saying that he was. He was the strongest person I think I knew.

Grabbing the tray, I turned to set it on the bedside table while Lincoln turned the television off and sat up a little from where he had been slouching.

Elias tensed next to me because he knew it was time to talk. I didn't want him to think this was bad, though, so I squeezed his knee through the blankets.

"It's nothing bad, little bun. I promise."

Elias nodded and just looked down at his stuffed bunny in his lap and played with its ears while he waited for us to get situated. Lincoln nudged him with his shoulder as he looked at him.

"Do you want to talk about what your nightmare was about first?"

I watched as Elias almost flinched before sucking in a breath.

"Um... it was... my ex. He was angry with me about something. I can't remember what though, but it was a memory that I've relived a few times before..."

"Thank you for telling us, little one. That must have been hard to relive. You know you can come to us whenever you're feeling bad, right? I know you were upset after our kiss, but we're still here for you. We sat in

the hallway just to be close in case you needed us, and I'm glad that we did."

Elias looked at Lincoln with his eyes widened in surprise when he said we had sat in the hallway.

"You did? Why?"

I reached forward and ran my fingers through his hair, getting him to turn his gorgeous eyes back to me. They were so unique, and I knew I could get lost in them if I wanted to.

"Because we care about you, Elias. We never meant to upset you, and I need to apologize for what I said. You are far from fragile, bunny. You are the strongest person I know, and you're a survivor." I watched him smile a little at my words and nod. Warmth filled my chest as he leaned into my touch on his hair. "But we won't apologize for putting a stop to anything further than kissing."

The pout that graced his lips was adorable and had me leaning forward to kiss his nose, which made him scrunch it in reaction.

"But I wanted to, Sir. I trust you. Both of you."

Massaging his scalp for a moment before sliding my hand down to cup his cheek, I smiled.

"We know you did, and you have no idea how happy it makes us both to hear that you trust us. But we don't want to break that trust when we just got it. You were getting close to subspace and your mind wasn't entirely there. We hadn't negotiated anything beyond the rope work. We shouldn't have even kissed you, but Linc is a bad influence, so I'm going to blame him."

I winked at him, making him giggle again while I saw Lincoln rolling his eyes at me.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I couldn't resist seeing a cute little boy wrapped up in rope and in delicious panties. Sue me."

I laughed and nudged Elias while he covered his mouth with his hands and laughed more. I wanted to make him laugh all the time. It was the most beautiful noise. So carefree and musical, and I knew it was going to be my favorite sound soon.

"So, you both want me? You don't think my scars are... gross?"

Lincoln smiled and shook his head before grabbing Elias's wrist gently in his hand. Bringing it up to his lips, he kissed the scar that spanned his wrist.

"We think that all of you is beautiful, sweetheart. We wanted more than anything to strip you bare and see what other sounds we could get you to make."

I see the blush that rises to Elias's cheek as my brother speaks, and the sight of it makes my cock twitch because I wanted us to be the reason he blushed all the time.

"But Luke is right. We didn't negotiate things beforehand. We want to keep your trust and make sure you feel safe with us because we want you, Elias. We want to make you ours. Our boy to take care of and protect. To guide and nurture. To goof around with, and if you let us, make you feel pleasure you've never felt before."

Hearing the slight gasp from Elias had my stomach tighten. It was like sitting on pins and needles because I didn't know what he would say. There was always that little sliver of doubt playing in my head with something like this. Did we misread things? Did he want to be ours? The longer he stayed quiet, the more nervous I became.

"If you don't want to be with us like that, then just know that we won't be upset and nothing changes for you here, Elias. You'll still be welcome here, and we'll still be there for you for your therapy. That comes first. But we want you, and we wanted to make that clear."

Elias just sat there and stared at us. Going from one to the other as he took everything in. We waited patiently for him to decide, and my mind raced with doubt.

Maybe it was too much. Maybe we shouldn't have thrown this on him right after he had a panic attack. I looked at my brother and saw the same doubt in his eyes. He was worried, too. Lincoln rubbed Elias's back.

"If you want to think about-"

"No!" Elias cut him off, which had us both deflating a bit at his answer. "I mean... no, I don't need to think about it. I... want that too. To be your boy. I don't know when or if I'll be able to call either of you Daddy, but I want you to be... please."

The smile that broke across Lincoln's face reflected my own when we heard him agree to be ours. I brushed my hand through his hair again until it slid to the back of his neck and squeezed.

"You can call us Daddy whenever you're ready, and even if you're never ready, that's fine too. It doesn't change who we are to you. We move at your pace, bunny. You do not know how happy you've made us."

Elias smiled and nodded at my words before he was giggling again when Lincoln wrapped his arms around his waist from behind and pulled him against his chest, kissing his cheek loudly.

"Ditto to what Luke said. We'll sit down later and go through your kinks and limits list with you and print out our own so you can look over them. Then we'll set up some rules for you and go over a rewards and punishment system. How does that sound, *mo laoch*?"

"Yes, Sir. That sounds really good."

I smiled more, watching them fondly. I couldn't believe that Elias was ours now. We still had to sit down and negotiate our dynamic with him, but we would do that later. For right now, I was going to just enjoy this feeling and the happiness on his face.

"Just one more thing, I think."

Elias looked over at me and blinked. I leaned in so that my lips were just hovering over his.

"A kiss to seal the deal."

Leaning forward, I pressed my lips to his, and his arms wrapped around my neck. I would never get used to kissing him. He tasted like warmed baked goods and candy. Pulling back, I nipped at his lower lip playfully before Lincoln gripped his chin gently and guided his mouth back to his so he could kiss him as well.

The flushed and dazed look on his face was gorgeous when Lincoln pulled back. He looked over at me and smiled brightly before he grabbed me by the back of my neck and pulled me forward until his lips pressed to mine. I hummed against them and pressed my tongue into his mouth with a pleased hum as he met me stroke for stroke. Pulling back from him, he grinned again.

"Wow... that was hot. And I get to see this every day? Did I win the lottery?"

Looking over at Elias and how happy and giddy he seemed as he watched us, I couldn't help but let out a loud laugh at his words. Lincoln joined me as well, and soon we were ganging up on Elias and tickling him. His squeals of delight filled the room, and it was music to my ears.

Chapter 14



Elias

I have a Daddy.
But not just one. Nope!
I have *two* Daddies!

And they are so pretty, especially when they kiss.

I have to pinch myself to make sure that I'm not dreaming because this can't be real right now.

I had been so upset thinking that they didn't want me when they stopped us from doing anything other than kissing. I thought they had just been being nice, and that they didn't like me like that.

But, oh boy!

I was so wrong.

And I was starting to feel like I was going into my little space and it wasn't scary because now I had two big strong Daddies to scare away all the

frightening feelings and memories. I could let them worry about it, and I could relax and shut my brain off for the first time in four years.

I couldn't call them Daddy out loud though.

Not yet. Not when the title still felt like poison on my tongue. Not when it still brought up memories of *him*. No matter how much I wanted to call them that, I just couldn't bring myself to do it because it was already tainted.

One day, though.

One day I would call them Daddy and the title wouldn't make me think of *him*. Only them and how amazing they were.

Like right now.

My sides and cheeks hurt from how much I was laughing. I couldn't remember the last time I had really laughed. Like that deep, belly-aching laugh that took your breath away and had tears forming in the corners of your eyes.

I squirmed on my bed trying to get away from their fingers as they tickled my sides. I squealed when Lucas pressed at a particularly ticklish spot on my side, making him laugh and grin down at me more.

"Seems like we have a super ticklish bunny here, Linc."

"Mmhm, we do, and he can't get away from us either. Completely at our mercy. What do you think we should do with him?"

Their hands stilled on my body, and I blinked, looking up at them.

Lincoln was by my head with his hands on my chest, and Lucas had somehow gotten between my legs with his hands around my waist. They were both looking down at me with hunger in their eyes, as if I were the perfect meal for them and they wanted to eat me up.

That thought made me squirm a little, and Lucas's hands tightened on my waist, stopping me from moving much.

I knew that if I really wanted to move that he would let me, and he wasn't keeping me here against my will, but I didn't want to move. Especially when he was looking at me with his eyes darkened with lust.

I bit my lip as I looked at him, and he narrowed his eyes just a bit while he started to drag his hands down from my waist and over my hips.

"Well, brother, we've heard how gorgeous his laugh is and how much we can make him squeal with just a bit of tickling. I wonder what other noises our little bunny makes."

As his hands drug over my hips and down my groin, I couldn't help but gasp a little at the sensation and lift my hips up to meet his touch. He smirked down at me, making my cock twitch, a movement he didn't miss through my thin sleep pants.

Lincoln chuckled as he watched.

"Seems like he likes that. I think it's only right that we get to inspect what's ours now. Don't you think, little one?"

My two-toned eyes locked with his, and I found myself nodding because I really, really wanted that. I wanted them to touch me, and I wanted to touch them too. I wanted to worship their bodies and commit them to memory.

I gasped more as I felt Lincoln lightly pinch my nipple through my shirt, and his eyebrow raised.

"We need your words, little one, or else we stop right now."

I was quick to answer him then because I really didn't want them to stop. It was nice too, that they kept checking with me if I was alright with something.

"Yes, please, Sir."

Lucas hummed with approval, and his hand moved to grip my cock through my pants, making me gasp again.

"Such a good boy."

He started to move his hand and stroke me through the fabric, making me squirm again. Lincoln reached down and pulled my shirt up to show my stomach, his fingertips dragged across my skin and drawing goosebumps. I lifted my arms, and he pulled it off and tossed it onto the floor. His fingers moved back down my chest and to my stomach and back up as he smiled.

"You're so gorgeous, Elias. We've been dying to get our hands on you."

His thumbs brushed over my nipples, making me moan and arch up into his touch. My nipples had always been sensitive, and by the pleased look on his face, I knew Lincoln approved.

He kept rubbing my nipples, drawing them to a peak so he could tease them while Lucas gripped the waistband of my pants and pulled them down my hips, leaving the panties they had seen before when I had stripped in their room. He groaned as he saw them and ran his finger up the underside of my cock to the lace trim.

"Fuck, little bunny... you look fucking sinful in these. When you showed them to us in our room, I had to stop myself from tackling you."

"You... you like them? You don't think it's weird that I like to wear panties?"

"Like them?" Lucas chuckled and pressed his hips forward so that I could feel his hard length pressing against mine. "What do you think, sweetheart?"

I could tell that he was big, and I hadn't even seen it yet. It made me wonder if he and Lincoln were identical in all things, and I swallowed the saliva that pooled in my mouth at the thought.

Lincoln grabbed my hand and put it on his erection that was tenting his briefs. Yup. They were identical in all the places.

"We both love it, sweetheart. And I can't wait to see Luke strip you of them so we can see that pretty cock I just know you have."

I bit my lip and squirmed as Lucas circled the head of my cock with his finger. A wet spot forming on the pink satin from the precum leaking from me. I was so hard already and I wanted them to keep touching me. Lucas raised an eyebrow in question, and I nodded gently to give him permission to remove them.

As he gripped my panties, I lifted my hips slightly and watched him slide them over my hips and down my thighs, where my sleep pants still caught. My cock sprang free and precum dribbled onto my skin. I wasn't huge, but I wasn't small either. More of an average size. I had never been embarrassed about being naked in front of anyone before, but the way that they had me laid out and were taking their time cataloging everything about me had a blush darkening my cheeks and traveling to my chest.

Lucas hummed and ran the backs of his fingers up the underside of my cock, a moan slipped from me at the slight pressure from it. I was so turned on and desperate for some kind of friction on my cock, and Lucas was just teasing me.

"Please, Sir..."

He grinned at me for a moment before he wrapped his hand around my cock and stroked it slowly. I moaned at the first contact of his hand encasing me, which only drew a chuckle from him and Lincoln.

"Now that you're ours, Elias, this right here? It belongs to us. Your tight little hole? Ours. Your orgasms as well. You ask permission to touch yourself and you ask permission to cum. Do I make myself clear?"

My breath caught in my throat at the heat that curled in my stomach at the rules he was giving me. I licked my lips and nodded.

"Yes, Sir."

Lincoln's hand tangled in my curls on my head as he tilted my head back gently so I was looking up at him.

"We use the color system for safewords. Green for everything is all right, yellow for slow down and talk, and red for full stop. Anyone can safeword at anytime, including us. We'll keep it vanilla for right now, though, but even then, you can safeword. We'll never be upset if you safeword. We'll be upset if you need to and don't, though. Understand?"

We had gone over safewords before the shibari session, but having them remind me was comforting.

"I understand, Sir."

"Good boy."

He leaned down and captured my lips in a deep kiss. I moaned against his lips and parted mine, allowing his tongue to slip in and lick into my mouth. His hand held onto my hair in a grip that wasn't too tight, but tight enough to keep me where I was. Lucas continued to stroke me, swiping his thumb over my slit to gather the precum to ease his strokes, and it had me mewling into Lincoln's mouth.

Lincoln pulled away from my mouth, and I whined as I tried to chase his lips. He smirked and his grip on my hair tightened as he kept me from getting to him.

"Uh uh. I want you to watch Luke as he takes you into his mouth. He loves sucking cock, and he's been drooling to get his mouth around yours."

He turned my head so that I was looking down at Lucas, who was smiling at me wickedly. He shifted on the bed so that he could remove my pants and panties entirely, leaving me completely naked before them. Lowering himself onto the bed so he was lying between my spread legs, he took my cock in his hand again and stroked a few times.

"You look so delicious, sweetheart."

His tongue came out and ran from the base of my cock up to the head, swirling around the glans and flicking over the slit as spurts of precum dribbled out. My breath came out in a shaky gasp at the sensation.

"Fuck... you are delicious."

With those last words, he took the head of my cock into his mouth, and the hot, wet heat of him encased me, making me moan and arch my back a little.

"Oh, god..."

Lincoln leaned down and nipped at the shell of my ear as he watched Lucas take me all the way into his mouth. His lips wrapped around me in a tight suction as he sucked me in all the way to the base.

"He is a god at it, isn't he? His mouth is so heavenly. Sometimes I wake up with it wrapped around my cock because he just can't wait for me to wake up."

Listening to Lincoln as he spoke to me while watching Lucas while he bobbed his head on my cock, had me squirming and moaning as the pleasure coursed through my body. I hadn't felt pleasure like this in so long; I had forgotten how encompassing it was. How it flowed from your groin out into your limbs, making them tingle. How it moved through your torso, making your heart beat wildly and your stomach drop as if you were on a roller coaster. I wasn't sure how long I would last before I fell over the edge.

"After he's done with you, are you going to be a good boy and take care of us? I bet these plush lips would feel amazing around my cock." Lincoln's fingers trailed down my throat as my head fell back against him. "Might have to train you to take all of me. I'm not sure if you'll be able to swallow it all."

Looking up at him for a moment, I just nodded and gripped at the sheets on my bed. I wanted that. I wanted it so badly. I could already feel saliva pooling in my mouth at how hungry I was for their cocks.

"Yes, please... Sir, I want it now. Please, can I have your cock? I want to taste you."

Lincoln looked down at me and smirked. His thumb came up to brush along my bottom lip before slipping it into my mouth when I opened it. I sucked the digit into my mouth and swirled my tongue around it with a moan. His blue eyes tracked the way I sucked on his thumb and how my lips wrapped around it, but it wasn't enough. I wanted more. I wanted to choke on his cock and taste his cum. I wanted to make him feel as good as he and Lucas were making me feel right now.

The suction on my cock stopped, and I felt Lucas pull away, making me whine again at the loss of it. The cold air of the room hitting my heated skin had me shivering with want as I continued sucking on Lincoln's thumb. He glanced over at Luke, and a silent conversation happened between them before Lincoln nodded and was pulling his thumb free.

"Hands and knees, baby boy."

I blinked for only a moment before I was scrambling into position.

My mind was blissfully empty right now, with my focus entirely on both of them. On my Daddies and being the best boy for them. I wanted them to keep me.

I felt Lucas's hands grab my hips and slide them over my ass cheeks before spreading them so he could see my hole. I blushed again at how exposed I felt while he rubbed his thumbs around the edges of my puckered hole.

"You look just as delicious here, too, little bunny."

I looked over my shoulder at him and bit my lower lip as he just stared at my hole, inspecting it. His hands on me felt so good I thought I was going to cry. They made me feel cherished and wanted. I didn't feel as self-conscious with them right now. I knew I could trust them and that they would take care of me. Pressing my hips back more, I nodded.

"Please, Sir... more. I need it. I need it so badly."

My voice strained into a whine before Lincoln was gripping my hair again and turning my head to face him. He knelt before me on the bed, looking down at me. He had stripped his boxer briefs off and his cock stood hard and throbbing in front of me.

Holy moly, he was gorgeous.

His cock was long, I was guessing around eight inches, and he was thick with a prominent vein running up the underside. The head was an angry red with how turned on he was and precum leaked out of him. But what really caught my eye and had me licking my lips were the two piercings on top.

Two silver barbells went through the crown on his cock. One at eleven o'clock and one at one o'clock. I had never seen piercings like that before on someone, but it had my hole clenching as I imagined what it would feel like when he finally slid inside of me.

He smirked at me as if he knew what I was thinking. Gripping himself at the base, he brought the head of his cock to my lips and rubbed against them for a moment.

"Open up, sweetheart."

I did what he said, and my mouth popped open and my tongue came out to flick across his slit to gather the precum. Once his flavor hit my tastebuds and the slightly bitter taste of it exploded in my mouth, I was ravenous. I dove forward to take more of him into my mouth with a moan. The musky, manly scent of him filled my nose and made me feel lightheaded.

I took him to the back of my throat and tried to swallow around him. I wanted to take him all. I wanted to show him what a good boy I was, but I gagged around him when he hit the back of my throat.

Lincoln chuckled lightly and pulled me back so I could get a breath.

"Easy, little one. Someone is eager. We'll have plenty of time and practice to get you to take all of me down your throat."

Looking up at him, I nodded and pressed a kiss to the head of his cock.

"Promise?"

My voice sounded so small, but the way his eyes softened told me he heard me. He leaned forward and kissed me softly while he cupped my face in his hands.

"I promise. You're stuck with us now."

I smiled brightly and nodded. He kissed me one more time before pulling up again and feeding me his cock. I took it eagerly and swirled my tongue around the head, playing with the piercings for a moment. The attention to them made Lincoln groan, and I filed that knowledge away for future reference.

As I paid attention to Lincoln's cock in my mouth, I jerked in surprise and moaned as I felt Lucas's wet tongue lick a long stripe across my hole. He gripped both of my cheeks in his hands and kept me spread open while he started to lick and suck at my hole like I was his favorite meal.

Spreading my legs wider for him, I moaned around Lincoln's cock as I continued to suck on him. Bobbing my head and hollowing my cheeks while my hand came up to roll his sac in my hand.

Pulling away from him, I leaned in and ran my tongue over the soft skin of his sac before taking his balls into my mouth one after the other to give them attention. The sounds Lincoln was making spurred me on.

"Fuckin' hell, Elias... that's a good boy. Such a good fuckin' boy."

Taking his cock back into my mouth, I moaned more at the mix of the taste of him and the heavy weight of him on my tongue and the ministrations of his brother behind me. The way his tongue swiped over my hole and teased it with little flicks, how his teeth felt nipping at my rim, had my legs shaking and my cock hard and leaking between my legs.

There were so many sensations going on right now and I couldn't think. I could just stay where I was and *feel*.

This is what I had been missing. This feeling right here. Where my brain could turn off and I could put all the decisions in the hands of a dom. All I

had to do was be good and listen and feel.

I cried out a little bit as I felt Lucas's tongue breach my softened hole. Pulling Lincoln out of my mouth so I didn't choke, I rested my forehead against his hip while I continued stroking him. All the while Lucas was feasting on me and trying to press his tongue as deep as he could.

"How's he taste, Luke?"

Lincoln ran his fingers through my hair as I continued to moan and mewl at all the sensations that were running through my body.

Lucas pulled away from me, and I could hear the smile in his voice when he answered.

"Like the best fucking meal, Linc."

He dove back in to lick and suck at my rim more before pressing his tongue inside, having me keening and pushing my hips back to meet the thrusts of his tongue.

I moved to suck Lincoln back into my mouth, rubbing the head of his cock against the roof of my mouth, feeling the piercings on his crown. Lincoln was making tiny thrusts while I bobbed my head and took him more into my mouth, working on getting as much of him down my throat as I could without choking.

I could feel Lincoln's thighs tensing and his balls drawing up, and I knew he was close. I looked at him through my lashes, and that seemed to be what threw him over the edge. I felt his cock swell before he was groaning deeply and hot spurts of cum filled my mouth. I swallowed down every last drop before greedily continuing to suck on him to milk him of every single drop he had to give me.

When he stopped me from sucking on him, I was panting and looking up at him with tears in the corner of my eyes and drool running down my chin. He used his thumb to wipe up some cum that had slipped from my mouth and rested in the corner. Pushing his thumb into my mouth, I sucked it clean, earning me a pleased smile.

Lucas pulled away from my hole and hauled me up so that my back was to his front. He gripped my chin and pulled me into a deep kiss as he licked into my mouth so he could taste Lincoln on my tongue.

I felt his hard length rutting against my crack, making it a slick channel as he chased his own release. Lincoln reached forward and wrapped his hand around my cock, stroking it in time with Lucas's thrusts. Moans spilled

from my mouth as I thrust my hips into his hand. His other hand came up to cup my cheek as he watched me.

"You've been such a good boy for us, mo laoch. Making both of us feel so good. I bet you want to cum now, don't you?"

Lucas kissed and sucked at my neck and shoulder while I stared into Lincoln's eyes. The eye contact made every sensation that much more intense as I felt my orgasm building and building until I was squirming against their hold.

"P-please, Sir. Please, I want to cum so bad. I'm s-so close. Please may I cum?"

He kept stroking me as he watched me beg him. He pushed me so close to the edge and kept me there until I was whining and pleading even more with him.

"What do you think, Luke?"

Lucas groaned as he used both of his hands to push my cheeks in to make the channel tighter around his cock and drawing a deep moan from him. He nipped at my shoulder gently, and I felt the smirk against my skin before he pressed his lips there.

"He's more than deserved it."

"Alright, baby boy. Cum for us."

Hearing that permission was all I needed as my balls drew up and my orgasm came crashing down on me like a wave, moving through my entire body. The intensity of it made my body shake as I cried out. My head fell back on Lucas's shoulder and I heard him grunt as he started cumming as well. Hot splashes of his cum hitting my lower back. Black spots dotted my vision as I unleashed rope after rope of cum over Lincoln's hand.

Slumping against Lucas, he wrapped his arms around me to keep me from falling over. My body twitched a bit from probably the biggest orgasm of my life. They both lowered me down onto the bed. Lincoln lying down and Lucas guiding me to lie on top of him.

My eyes were heavy as I lay there panting. Lincoln carded his hand through my hair and whispered praise into my ear, telling me how good I was and how proud they were of me. How beautiful I was. It wrapped around me and made a warm cocoon that kept me safe and smiling as I buried my face into his neck and just let the floaty feeling I had carry me away to that special place where nothing mattered. The space that was better than any drug.

I felt a warm washcloth on my back and moving along my crack, then to my front as Lincoln maneuvered me for Lucas. But then he was climbing into bed too, and Lincoln turned us to our sides.

I closed my eyes and sighed happily as I snuggled into both of them. I knew they would take care of me, so I just lay there and enjoyed the floaty feeling for a bit while my Daddies took care of me.

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Chapter 15



The past couple of weeks had been a blur of settling into my new dynamic with Lincoln and Lucas. The day after my panic attack and their admission that they wanted more, we sat down in their office, cuddled up on the couch, and went over our lists of kinks, soft limits, and hard limits. We spent a while in there negotiating what our dynamic would look like and what we all wanted out of it.

Because it worked for us, we had laid out a contract with everything we had spoken about, and that we could revisit if we needed to. It helped a lot because I had it printed out and hanging on my wall in my room along with my list of rules they had laid out for me.

The day after our negotiation, we all sat down with Alec and had a group appointment to make him aware of what was going on, since he was my therapist. They wanted him to be kept in the loop because of my ongoing exposure therapy, and Alec agreed. We also set up group

appointments once a week to check in and make sure everything was going how it was supposed to.

The thought and care that Lucas and Lincoln were taking with my mental health was baffling to me.

No one had done this before.

No one had cared enough to make sure that I was okay.

They made it abundantly clear that my mental health and well-being came first for them. That if they noticed our dynamic was hindering my healing, they would put a pause on it.

I hated the thought of that happening, but I also understood. They were doing what they were supposed to as my Daddies. Even if it was hard for all of us, they would do what was best for me.

I was falling in love with them more and more each day.

The thought of falling in love with them was terrifying to me. But it also excited me because of who I was falling in love with.

Lincoln and Lucas were amazing people.

Not just Daddies; *people*.

Being around them and really seeing who they were and how they treated everyone made my heart warm and my tummy flutter with butterflies.

They welcomed everyone into their lives and ensured everyone felt included. They went out of their way to be kind and do even small things to show people they cared. They were involved in charities and different political movements fighting for people's rights. Last weekend downtown, they took me to a protest with them, and they were both the loudest ones there, making sure that their voices were heard. Others from the club came with us and passed out water bottles and snacks, as well as pamphlets with information on resources if they needed them.

But it was the little things they did for me, too.

How Lucas would peel clementines for me without being asked.

Lincoln would cut up my food for me at meals.

Making sure I had my favorite snacks or a soft blanket.

Opening doors for me.

Holding my hand when we went out.

Reminding me to take my medication or drink water.

They could be in the middle of a conversation with someone at dinner, and one of them would just grab my plate and start cutting things

into bite-size pieces while they continued to talk. As if it were something completely normal to them.

And it *was* normal to them.

But to me? It meant the world.

"Sweetheart, are you ready?"

Blinking my eyes, I turned to look at Lincoln, who was sitting beside me on the couch. He was rubbing my back gently in soothing circles while Lucas sat on my other side and held my hand. Alec sat diagonally from us on the sectional couch, just waiting patiently while I prepared myself.

We had been doing a lot of exposure sessions these past few weeks, and they ranged from simple ones, like observing Masters and Mistresses and their slaves, or watching obedience training with the pups. To more intense sessions, like suspension bondage or impact play.

But today was going to be a hard one, and we all knew it, which was why it was taking me longer than usual to prepare myself for it mentally.

Today, I would come face to face with a St. Andrew's Cross.

While I had been here, they had kept them all in storage because it was one of my biggest triggers. Just seeing one could send me into a debilitating panic attack. Memories of the times I was tied to one and tortured rushed back to me.

Scratching at the scars on my wrist, I took a shaky breath and nodded. Lucas gently took my hand away so I wouldn't scratch myself raw.

"We'll be with you the entire time, little bunny. You can safeword anytime you want, and we'll get you out of there and all bundled up with us for some cuddles. Okay?"

"Yes, Sir."

Lincoln pressed a kiss to my head and squeezed the back of my neck.

"No matter what, we're proud of you, mo laoch."

"What... what does that mean? Mo laoch?"

Lincoln smiled and brushed his thumb along the side of my neck before he leaned forward and rested his forehead against mine.

"It's Gaeilge for my warrior."

He kissed the tip of my nose, and I watched as he stood up, offering me his hand. I took it and stood with Lucas right next to me,

placing his hand on the small of my back. Just having them here with me calmed me some, but I was still nervous. I was still scared.

We followed Alec to the bondage haven room where they set it up earlier.

I didn't see it at first. The brightness of the room too distracting to me.

The large windows that overlooked the backyard and all the trees. The sheer curtains blowing in the breeze from the opened windows. The soft music playing in the background. My shoulders loosened a fraction as we walked further into the room.

I always loved the bondage haven room and how light and airy it was. It's like it promoted a sense of peace with the warm colors, natural light, and neutral color schemes, with splashes of color here and there. It's probably why they chose it for this session.

I could smell the scent of rain in the air too and it was almost fitting in a way that there was a storm on the horizon as I faced my biggest trigger.

Then I turned, and there it was.

The St. Andrew's Cross stood against the far wall, all clean lines and dark wood with a thin layer of padding on the arms. Soft-looking leather cuffs hung from the top and bottom. The sun coming through the windows fell on it and illuminated its frame.

Just another piece of furniture.

But my lungs forgot what they were supposed to be doing.

It happened slowly. It wasn't loud. That's the thing people don't understand about anxiety. Panic doesn't always crash in like thunder or a tidal wave. Sometimes it slips in quietly, like a draft under a door, until suddenly it's everywhere and you don't know which way is up.

My chest tightened first.

Then my throat.

My palms start to sweat and then shake.

My legs felt as though they were cemented in place.

The illogical part of my brain screaming at me to run. To look away. But I couldn't look away.

It wasn't *that* one. I knew that. Different room. Different place. Different life. Different people. Logically, I knew this one was different. But my body didn't care about logic. My body remembered angles.

Arms pulled wide, wrists burning from the way the barbed wire cut into my skin, the way my shoulders screamed long before I did. Long before I felt the white-hot pain of whatever implement was used on me that time.

I took a step back. Then another. I had to get away. I couldn't be here. My breaths started coming in short bursts as my chest began to burn.

"Breathe, little bunny. In. Out."

I wanted to obey him; I did, but the air felt thick, like trying to breathe through a thick cloth. My fingers curled, nails digging into my palms as if I could anchor myself there, in the sting, in something I controlled. I shook my head as a whimper escaped from between my lips.

My eyes still couldn't look away from it.

"You're okay," Lincoln's voice filtered through the panic. His strong hand on the back of my neck was like an anchor. "Just breathe with me, mo laoch."

The cross blurred, sharpened, blurred again. For a second, I swore I could hear it. The echo of a voice I didn't want to remember, *his* voice, calm and pleased and utterly certain I wasn't going anywhere.

My heart beat harder, and my lungs burned from lack of air as I saw images of the last time they had strapped me to the cross. The blinding pain that radiated through my body when they struck me. The cruel laughter that filtered through my ears.

Feeling fingers lacing with mine and giving a soft squeeze, I knew Lucas had stepped closer. His cologne wafted through my senses. A shiver raced through me as I felt lips brush my temple and the heat of his body against my side.

"We're here. You don't have to carry this alone, Elias. You're not back there. This isn't the same cross. Now breathe. Please."

No.

No, I wasn't there.

I wasn't.

I was here.

With them.

Lincoln and Lucas.

Two men I was falling in love with. Two men who weren't disgusted by my scars. Who didn't think that I was too much. Who helped me face my fears, but never alone.

My Daddies.

Lincoln's hand on my neck was still there, grounding me. Lucas's lips still on my temple as his warm breath fanned over my skin. Their cologne filled my senses as I sucked in a much-needed breath and my lungs expanded.

"That's it. Good boy. You're doing so well, and we're so proud of you."

Lincoln moved closer and wrapped his arm around my waist.

I blinked hard, forcing the room back into focus.

The lights.

The music.

The space between me and it.

Letting Lincoln and Lucas surround me, I squeezed my eyes shut for a moment. Counting silently.

One. Two. Three.

Opening them, I looked across the room.

The cross stayed where it was. It didn't move. It didn't reach for me.

And slowly, so slowly it felt like cheating, I started to believe that maybe I didn't have to be afraid of it anymore.

Not here.

Not now.

Not like before.

Not with them.

Slowly, I pulled myself away from their grounding touch and moved closer to the cross as it leaned against the wall taunting me.

I knew that my Daddies were with me, but I also knew that I had to do this part on my own.

Coming to a stop in front of the cross, I let my eyes look over it. My brown and blue eyes took in the wooden arms of the cross that were stained a dark brown. The black leather padding. The restraints were lined with soft-looking fur. Not the harsh barbed wire that was on the one I was used to. The barbed wire that had been modified to not cut into any major veins or arteries, so I couldn't even escape with death.

But *he* would make it out as if *he* were doing me a favor. That *he* was so kind to remove the barbs that would have cut into my veins and killed me.

Anger bubbled up in my chest as I let my eyes run over the frame and replay the memories of all the times he had me on there at his mercy. The scars that remained on my body and mind.

All the times he had told me I was lucky he kept me around because no one else would want me. That I was too needy and too pathetic. That I was disgusting for the things that I liked. That I was ugly and whiny and too much.

My hands balled into fists at my sides as I shook with anger now instead of panic. I struck out with my fist and hit the padding with a soft thud.

It wasn't enough though.

My nails dug down the leather padding, scratching it. My fists flew at the arms and my feet kicked at it. I cried out as I hit it, over and over again. I didn't even register the others yelling at me to stop. I didn't register the pain in my knuckles from hitting the wood with so much force that it wobbled.

"Elias! Baby, stop! You're hurting yourself!"

I ignored him and kept hitting and yelling and kicking until the cross fell over and hit the ground, and even then, I continued to kick at it until I felt an arm wrap around my waist and pull me away.

"No! Let me go! Let me go!!!"

I watched as the cross got smaller and smaller as one of my Daddies carried me out of the room. The entire time I was kicking and scratching and yelling for him to put me down so I could finish what I started.

"You wanna fight somethin'? Then I'll let you fight. But not an inanimate object that you're hurting yourself on."

I continued to thrash in Lincoln's arms as he carried me towards the back door and outside. I vaguely heard Lucas tell Alec not to let anyone onto the trails until they came out.

I watched in a blur as I was carried through the backyard. I saw the faces of my friends with concern in their eyes and heard them asking Lucas if I was alright, but the anger had taken hold of me now.

The sky was darkening around us and I felt little drops of rain hit my skin as Lincoln carried me away. Away from a piece of furniture that symbolized so much for me. The rain picked up and it darkened more once

we got under the cover of the trees. The canopy doing nothing to stop the rain from hitting us.

But I didn't care. I continued to kick and scratch and push at Lincoln's arms to get free from him. I wanted to get back to the cross. I wanted to destroy it, like it had destroyed me.

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Chapter 16



Following Lincoln out of the house with Alec, I watched as he carried our boy while he fought and screamed. I knew that my brother would have bruises and scratches after this, but I also knew that Elias needed this. He needed an outlet to get his anger out. Anger that had been building for years.

I knew exactly where my brother was going as I turned to Alec.

"Keep everyone away from the trails for now until we come back."

He nodded, and I turned and jogged after Lincoln and Elias towards the wooded area behind the house. I could hear Alec getting everyone's attention and telling them that the trails were closed until further notice. Rain started to fall around us as we took him further away from the house.

We knew this was coming. Lincoln and I had spoken to Alec about this, and we had seen the signs. The more confidence he got in himself and the more he healed, the angrier he was going to be at Jack and what he had done to him. He had been holding himself back, and we knew it was only a matter of time before something triggered him and he exploded.

All of that pressure needed a release, and we were there to give it to him while also making sure he didn't hurt himself.

I was going to be reliving the moment he hit the cross repeatedly for a while. The sound of his knuckles and his feet hitting the wood, and how angry his skin looked, and he didn't even feel it because he was so angry. I was itching to get a look at his injuries and bundle him up in a blanket and cuddle him. But, that would come later.

This was one of the hard parts about being a Daddy. When all you wanted to do was be soft and coddle them and protect them from everything that would hurt them, you couldn't. Sometimes you had to do the hard thing because that was what was best for them, and you always did what was best for them at the end of the day, no matter how difficult it was.

Following them into the wooded area my shirt was already soaked through as the rain picked up, I listened to Elias fight and yell at Lincoln as he went deeper into the woods with our boy firmly in his grasp. Neither of them seemed to care about the rain as I watched Elias try and bite my twin only to have Lincoln smack his ass.

"Lincoln, put me down right the fuck now! Let me go!!"

My brother ignored him as he went off the trail and towards a spot where the trees were spaced out more and less brush covered the ground. Once he stopped, he put Elias down on his feet. I stayed back to give them space but remained close for when they needed me, knowing they both would.

Elias didn't even look around before he wiped his hand over his face to get some water off and then tried to stomp past us to head back to the house. Anger contorted Elias's face, and his clothes were wet and rumpled as he huffed when Lincoln stepped in front of him to stop him. Elias glared up at Lincoln before trying to go around him, but Lincoln stepped in front of his path again.

"Move."

Lincoln squared his shoulders and crossed his arms over his broad chest, the rain making his shirt stick to his body and making his muscles bulge out more, and he stared Elias down. He was the perfect person to do this. We had both agreed that when the time came, he would be the one to handle the explosion. He was used to taking hits from people, so he could handle anything that Elias threw at him.

"Make me."

I leaned against a tree trying to ignore the rain that fell on me and soaked through my clothes. This wasn't about comfort right now. I crossed my arms over my chest and just watched the exchange, ready to step in if need be. Elias rolled his eyes and stepped past him before my brother's hand reached out and grabbed his arm, pulling him back and spinning him around.

"Uh uh. Not today, squirt. We usually let you cool down after a session and go quiet, but not this time. Let it out."

"I just want to go to my room and be left alone. Why can't you take the hint?!"

Lincoln laughed at him and shook his head.

"Because you don't get what you want right now, kid. You obviously want to fight, what with your little show in there against a piece of furniture. Why not fight something that can fight back, huh? Come, Elias. Hit me. I know you want to hit something." Lincoln opened his eyes wide and took a step back. "I'm right here, sweetheart. So, come on. You want to fight, then let's fight."

I watched as Elias just stared at him and shook his head. Lincoln was goading him, trying to get him to snap like he had in the bondage room. I hated seeing it and knowing what was going to happen next. I knew what Lincoln was going to say to get more of a reaction from him, and it was going to hurt our boy, but it had to be done.

"I'm going to have to throw things in his face. Bring up things he's most likely been sayin' to himself all these years. How he could have fought back more. How he could have said no more. How he could have just left or done something more to make him stop. I'm going to have to get mean with him so that he'll fight me."

"I hate this, Linc. I wish he would just talk to us about all of it."

"I know, mo chuisle. I hate it too. I don't want to do this, but he needs to snap. He'll break down, and we'll be there to build him back up."

We'll catch him when he falls."

"Just like I'll catch you when you fall. This is going to be rough on you."

"Fuck, don't I know it. I'll probably drop after... but I know I'll have you there to put me back together, too."

Elias scoffed and rolled his eyes as he turned away from him again.

"I'm not doing this right now. Its fucking raining. I just want to go back inside."

Lincoln let him start to walk back toward the trail as his arms fell down to his sides and he huffed a laugh before his lips were pulled into a sneer.

"Pathetic."

My heart stopped for a moment at just that one word. We knew Jack had often called him that, and it was a trigger for him. We knew it was going to hit deep with our boy and bring back memories and feelings from when Jack had him firmly in his grasp. I hated this so fucking much and I wanted to yell at Lincoln to stop, but I stayed rooted to my spot and kept quiet. I watched as Elias froze before turning slowly back towards him, his brow furrowed as he stared at Lincoln. The shock was clear on his face as he just stared at my brother for a moment.

"W-What...?"

"You heard me. You're pathetic. You can try to fight an inanimate object, but the moment you're faced with someone who can fight back, you run away. I shouldn't have expected anything more from you, though. You let him abuse you after all. You didn't fight back and stop him. You just rolled over and let him do whatever he wanted."

I winced as I heard Lincoln and my heart broke because we never wanted to use this against him. But we didn't really have a choice right now. He wouldn't open up fully about all of this with us, and even Alec was having a hard time trying to get him to get angry about it and let it out instead of bottling it all up and ignoring it.

Come on, baby boy. Just let go. We'll catch you.

"I let him? Are you fucking kidding me, Lincoln?" Elias growled as he stormed back over and got into Lincoln's face, the rain all but forgotten as he glared at him. My brother just smirked down at him as Elias shoved at his chest. "Fuck you, Lincoln! You have no idea what I went

through with him! You don't know how much I tried to get away in the beginning! I had *no* way out! You think I chose that? To live in terror every single fucking day?! You think I chose to be manipulated?! To have someone tell me over and over again that they loved me and they knew what was best only for them to fucking torture me and let people rape me?! You think I just woke up one day and decided to hand him my entire life?! Do you think that anyone chooses to be abused?!

"No. They don't. It starts with trust. With kindness. With someone making you feel safe. They tell you you're special, that they'll protect you, and that they'll never hurt you. They become your home. They earn your trust because how could they not? They're perfect." His voice trembled with anger as he got into Lincoln's face. "And then the rules start changing."

Elias let out a humorless laugh as he pushed Lincoln's chest.

"They apologize after they hit you. They cry. They bring flowers and gifts. They get on their knees and apologize over and over. They promise it'll never happen again. They convince you it was a misunderstanding. That it was your fault. That you provoked them. That if you were just a little quieter, a little better, a little more obedient, things would go back to the way they were.

"They don't steal your life all at once. They take it one fucking piece at a time. Your confidence goes first. Then your friends. Your job. Everything that made you independent? Gone. Because you should rely solely on them. They'll take care of you. Your voice? Silenced. Then, little by little, it's your ability to trust your own instincts because they made you believe they were wrong. They make you question your memories, your judgment, your reality until you don't even recognize the person staring back at you in the mirror. And every time you think about leaving, they remind you why you're afraid. They make sure the consequences feel bigger than the escape. Because somehow, in the time you were losing yourself, they stopped apologizing."

"You could have left anytime you wanted, Elias. But you let him rent you out and make you his whore for whoever would pay him for you. You rolled over and just let it happen. I'm starting to think that you wanted it all to happen."

Elias growled and shoved him harder, making Lincoln stumble a bit and step back, but our boy kept coming at him, hitting his chest

repeatedly.

"Fuck you! Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you!!! I never wanted that! I said no over and over again, but he never listened! Just beat me again and again until I couldn't say no anymore! People don't choose to be abused! They choose to believe someone who promised to love them! By the time they realize that love was a lie, they're already fighting just to remember who they were before someone convinced them they were nothing!"

"You can always say no, Elias. You didn't try hard enough."

"He didn't listen! I had no one! He made sure of that! He made me quit my job and sell my car, and stop talking to all my friends! Even if I got away, I had nothing, and he made sure of that!"

My heart was breaking as I watched Elias break. We were all going to need aftercare after this because I knew Lincoln was going to hate himself for everything that he said. He took every single kick and punch and scratch from our boy as he screamed and yelled at him. Not once did Lincoln hit back. He just let Elias take his anger out on him, holding that stony facade, but I could see how much he was breaking underneath. I could see the pain in his eyes as he watched our boy finally break.

"I begged him to stop! I begged him to let me go! But every time I did, he would beat me until I blacked out! I didn't want to hurt anymore, so I just did what he said. I kept my mouth shut so he would stop beating me... but then he let others beat me and rape me and do whatever they wanted to me. I c-couldn't leave... I was so scared... he said he would kill me if I left! And I believed him! He would have..."

Tears were tracking down his face mixed with the rain as his hits got weaker the more he yelled. The more he relived what he had gone through. I wanted to rush over and wrap my arms around him and hold him close, but he needed this.

"But... but... eventually I wished I had died! I begged him to just kill me! To put me out of my misery because I didn't want to hurt anymore. Then he started giving me drugs... they made everything disappear, even for a little bit, and it was such a relief to have any kind of escape from him..."

"But you didn't die, Elias. You survived, and he's rotting in jail. You got clean and you're here with us."

Lincoln spoke softly to him, and I knew he was fighting back the urge to pull him close as well.

Just a little more, little bunny.

"I didn't survive! I'm just existing! He was supposed to love me! He was supposed to protect me and take care of me! That's what Daddies do! But he lied to me!! He lied to me and manipulated me and groomed me! He broke me down until I was nothing and just kept beating me to keep me down. To keep me dependent on him! He broke me and took everything from me, and I hate him! I hate him so much and I wish he were dead!"

Our boy looked up into the canopy of trees and as the rain fell down on him he let out the most heartbreaking scream I had ever heard as he dropped to his knees in the mud and brush. His hands came to his chest, and he leaned forward as he kept screaming, letting it all out. Lincoln fell to the ground on his knees in front of him and wrapped his arms around him, pulling him close and letting him scream and cry.

"Let it out, mo laoch. It's okay, I got you. Let it go."

I practically ran over and fell to the forest floor behind Elias, and wrapped my arms around him as well, encompassing him in both of us. My eyes took in my twin as I saw the tears running down his face, matching my own.

"He was supposed to love me... he was s-supposed to be my D-Daddy... I hate h-him..."

We let him get everything out while we both whispered praise to him, telling him how amazing and beautiful he was. How proud we were to have him as ours. How strong he was and how he amazed us every day.

I looked up at my twin as I pressed a kiss to the back of Elias's head; our eyes met, and he reached out for my hand. I laced our fingers together and nodded. I was so proud of both of them right now, and I knew we were going to take care of each other after this.

I knew tears were wetting my cheeks as well as we all sat on the forest floor as the sky broke apart over us. We held onto each other until Elias's sobs reduced to little hiccups and he shivered from the emotional release and the cold from being soaked through. I squeezed Lincoln's hand and kissed Elias's head again.

"I think we all need a nice hot bath right now and then to cuddle up in bed. Come on."

Elias nodded weakly, and I extracted myself from him and stood up. Elias only let go of Lincoln long enough for them both to stand up, and then he was clinging to him again. Lincoln gladly picked our boy up and

wrapped his legs around his waist as we made our way back to the trail and back towards the house. I looked over at them and saw how Elias had buried his face in Lincoln's neck and clung to him like a lifeline.

They weren't going to let go of one another anytime soon, and I was all right with that. They needed this, and I knew this would be a breakthrough not only with Elias's healing but with our dynamic and relationship as well.

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Chapter 17



Staring up at the ceiling, I let my mind wander. I knew I should be sleeping. I was physically and emotionally exhausted, but I couldn't shut my brain off as I relived every single moment in the woods.

Squeezing Elias to me more, I buried my face into his hair and inhaled his clean scent. He smelled like our shampoo and body wash.

After we left the woods and made it back to our room, I stripped him of his wet clothes while he stood there sniffing. His eyes were red and puffy, and he couldn't look at us right now. Luke ran a bath with soothing oils and salts, and once we were both naked as well, we ushered him into the hot water where he climbed into my lap and clung to me again. Thankfully, our bathtub could fit all three of us comfortably, but Elias clung to my neck as I held him in my lap.

None of us said anything as Luke and I washed him, leaving soothing touches along his skin as his tense body started to relax again.

Luke herded us towards our bed after our bath and tucked us both in before joining us and feeding us both snacks that I'm sure Raven put together for us. Elias just sat between my legs and opened his mouth when Luke said to take some fruit before chewing and swallowing.

Our boy was drained. He didn't even have the energy to speak. Once the snacks were gone, he snuggled between us and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

Luke and I said nothing as we lay there and just held him. My brother's hand reached out for me and laced our fingers together to let me know he was there for me as well. And I knew he was. He always would be.

But that didn't stop the guilt from crashing down on me.

I hated saying those things to Elias. They tasted like acid on my tongue, but I wouldn't have gotten the reaction that we needed if I hadn't.

He needed to get his anger out and to come to terms that there was nothing else he could have done to survive Jack. He had done everything that he could at the time. None of it was his fault.

However, the look on his face when I called him pathetic burned into my brain, and it made me sick.

The hurt that was in his eyes and the utter shock that I would say that to him wrapped around my heart and practically strangled me. I almost safeworded because I wasn't sure if I could keep going. But the anger that replaced the shock was what I had been looking for, and I was so fucking proud of him when he got in my face and started berating me.

I took every hit, scratch, and kick as he fought me. I took in every word he shouted at me. All the trauma he was holding onto, I took it all so he didn't have to carry it anymore. So he didn't have the crushing weight of it holding him down.

I was his Daddy. It was my job to help him carry his burdens so he could let go and feel safe. So he could be the carefree boy we had only gotten glimpses of so far.

But now the weight of it felt like it was crushing *me*.

My heart was racing, like my mind, and my breathing picked up a bit. Luke squeezed my hand, pulling my attention to him.

"Come on..."

I watched him as he pulled away from Elias and climbed out of bed. He stopped at the door to our bathroom and looked back at me with a raised brow.

Sighing, I turned and pressed a kiss to Elias's curls before I pulled away and followed my brother.

Stepping into the bathroom, I watched him as he turned the shower on and stripped out of his boxer briefs. I did the same, and he nudged me into the shower stall and under the spray.

"Luke... I'm fine."

"Humor me."

I wasn't fine, though, and he knew it.

He nudged me again, so that I was leaning against the tiled wall behind me. The cold was a shock to my heated skin, and I sucked in a sharp breath.

Luke said nothing as he grabbed the body wash and started to wash my body gently.

The quiet between us let my mind wander more as I kept running through everything, the guilt eating at me as I ran my hands through my hair, tugging on it.

How could Elias trust me again after what I said?

I had worked so hard to earn his trust. I knew how easy it was to lose it, too. Even though I knew this was necessary, my heart broke as I realized that it might have broken something between us.

"He still trusts you, Linc."

A broken sob sounded from my throat as I opened my mouth to protest, but the words caught in my throat as I shook my head. Leave it to Luke to know exactly what I was thinking, though. To know that I wasn't alright and where my mind was going. Surely, I had lost Elias. There was no way that I could think he would ever trust me again.

Luke kept washing my body while I sucked in shaky breaths and let the tears fall down my cheeks. The thought of losing Elias was utterly destroying me, and I realized I had fallen in love with him.

I loved Elias so much, and the thought of losing him was breaking me right now. I swore I could feel my heart fracturing in my chest as I slid down the wall until I was sitting on the shower floor crying. My knees pulled up while my elbows rested on them, and I pulled at my hair.

"I... I can't lose him, L-Luke...I c-can't..."

My brother lowered himself down and reached out to cup my cheek, getting me to look at him as I shook with heavy sobs.

"You're not going to lose him, mo ghrá. I promise you. He still trusts you and you're still his Daddy. You're dropping right now, that's all. But I'm right here. You did what was best for him, and now we can help him carry this weight."

I leaned into his touch, but his words weren't really reaching me as I spiraled in my thoughts. I was going to lose Elias, and so was Luke because I couldn't bear to watch them together and I couldn't give my brother up either. And he was eventually going to resent me for making him lose our boy, too.

"Sir?"

Luke and I both looked up at the sound of Elias's voice, and we saw him standing in the door of the shower watching us. His eyes filled with concern.

Shame washed over me as I turned my face away from him so he couldn't see me falling apart like this. I was supposed to be the strong one. I wasn't supposed to be losing it right now, not long after he had. I was supposed to be there for him, and I couldn't even pull myself together. If anyone was the pathetic one, it was me.

"G-go back to bed, Elias. I'm f-fine."

I stared at the wall, hoping he would listen to me. I didn't want him to see me like this: naked and crying on the shower floor.

Before I knew it, though, he had stepped forward, pushing Luke out of the way and climbing into my lap still in his pajamas that we put him in. My eyes widened as I took him in. He was getting soaked, but he didn't care as he cupped both of my cheeks and forced me to look him in the eye.

"You're not fine, Tatuś. Don't lie to me, please. Let me help you."

I sucked in a shaky breath as I looked into his gorgeous eyes. I was shaking while he brushed his thumbs underneath my eyes, and I closed them to just enjoy the soft touch.

"I'm s-so sorry, Elias... I... I d-didn't mean it. Any of it. I w-would n-never..."

"Shhh. It's okay, Tatuś. I know you didn't mean any of it. You would *never* mean any of that. You're not like him. You're kind and sweet, and funny. You leave me little candies on my bedside table. You cut up my food for me. You tease me for glaring at your grey sweatpants even when I swear I'm not."

I huffed a laugh at that and couldn't help but roll my eyes.

"Y-you do, though..."

"Yeah, well, they're rude."

I heard Luke laughing as well when Elias called them rude.

"My point is, that you're amazing, tatuś. You did something that you knew was going to hurt you and that you didn't want to do because you also knew it would help me. I *needed* to get that out. I *needed* that release, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get there on my own. But *you* did what a Daddy is supposed to do. You pushed me because you knew it would make me better and help me heal. You did it because you knew what was best for me. Not because you meant those words. And I *know* that and I trust you. I trust you with everything, Tatuś."

He leaned forward and rested his forehead against mine. Water dripped down our faces from the shower that was still falling on us.

"Subs aren't the only ones who need aftercare. Subs aren't the only ones who can drop after something so intense. You and Lucas may be the ones in charge of our dynamic, but I want to take care of you both too, in my own way. So *please*, let me take care of you."

I looked at him as he spoke, and the sincerity and concern in his eyes metaphorically brought me to my knees. If I didn't love him before, I did now.

Wrapping my arms around him, I pulled him close, crushing him to my chest. His arms went around my neck and his legs wrapped fully around my waist as he held me close. His hand moved through my wet hair as I breathed him in and let him calm me.

The water turned off, and Lucas laid a towel around Elias's shoulders, causing us both to look up at him as he held some more in his hands with one wrapped around his waist.

"We'll all be more comfortable and warmer in bed. And we have to get Elias out of these wet clothes... again."

Elias let his forehead fall to my shoulder as he laughed and shrugged.

"I was more concerned about my Tatuś than my clothes."

Leaning back against the shower wall, I looked at him curiously for a moment.

"What does that mean? Tatuś?"

His cheeks darkened as he blushed and tried to hide his face from me. I laughed and tickled his sides, making him squirm and throw his head

back.

"Okay, okay! I'll tell you! It's Polish... for Daddy. I'm Polish and I thought... Well, since I can't call you Daddy in English yet, I could call you that for now... I can stop, though, if you don't like it."

Cupping his cheeks, I pulled him in until my lips pressed against his. He squeaked against my mouth, making me smirk, and I flicked my tongue against his lips to get him to open. Like the good boy that he is, he opened and let me in, allowing me to deepen the kiss. After a few moments, I pulled back and looked at his dazed expression.

"I love it, and I love you."

His eyes widened for a moment as he looked at me. His mouth opened and closed as if he wanted to say something but couldn't figure out what. Lucas leaned in and kissed his cheek then.

"And I love you too, little bunny."

Elias turned to look at him as well, in just as much shock before a big grin spread across his face and his eyes sparkled with unshed tears.

"I... I love you too. Both of you."

He pressed another chaste kiss to my lips.

"I love you, Tatuś."

Turning to Lucas, he did the same thing and smiled brightly at him.

"I love you, Tatusiek."

Lucas smiled and kissed him again when he gave him his own title. I figured it was another version of Daddy in Polish, and hearing it made my stomach flutter and my heart warm that he wanted to call us Daddy even if it was in a different language.

"Now, come on. We need to get you out of these wet pajamas and into some dry ones, then tucked in nice and cozy between us."

Elias giggled and nodded as he climbed off my lap. Lucas helped him up and started to peel the wet pajamas off him while I got off the floor and grabbed a towel.

I felt so much better now as I watched the two men that I loved with all of my heart in front of me. Hearing Elias say those words was everything I needed to hear.

It wasn't often that I dropped, but it happened. It happened to everyone at one point. But I knew I had these two men to take care of me

when it did, and when it happened to them, I would be there as well, putting them back together.

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Chapter 18



Elias

Waking up the next day, I stretched out before scrunching up again and turning to bury myself in Lucas's chest. He hummed sleepily and gave me a soft squeeze before brushing his lips to my forehead.

"Morning, little bun."

I grumbled a little and buried myself deeper into his chest, not wanting to wake up yet. Lincoln's arm tightened around my middle as he kissed the back of my neck and chuckled against my skin.

"Someone sounds like a grump-a-saurus this morning."

I loved his voice in the morning. It was deep and scratchy with sleep and just plain sexy. It caused my tummy to flip-flop and made me all needy-wanty.

"Don't wanna get up."

Lucas snorted and ran his fingers through my hair for a moment, gripping it softly so he could tilt my head back to look at me. His eyes were

so blue in the morning with the light shining through them.

"You're the one who woke up first, little one."

Lincoln tickled my side, making me squirm and giggle.

"Tatusí, no! Stop!"

His warm laughter filled the room along with my giggle as he continued to tickle me until I was trying to squirm to get away from him. I felt Lucas's laugh rumble through his chest as he joined in.

After a little while, Lincoln settled down and lay back down on his side of the bed while his fingers drug lightly over my back. Goosebumps rose on my skin at how good it felt. I always loved when someone did this.

Running my fingers through the soft hair on Lucas's chest, I smiled because I was so happy right now. My Daddies loved me and I loved them. I didn't have to be alone anymore.

Watching my fingers as they trailed down over Lucas's abs, I traced the lines and dips until they brushed against his happy trail and to the waistband of his boxer briefs.

"What are you doing down there, little one?"

"Explorin'."

"Mm-hmm, I can see that. Where are you exploring to?"

Looking up at him, I grinned mischievously before I moved to slide under the comforter and down the bed until I was between his legs.

"To lands unknown, Tatusiek."

Leaning forward, I ran my nose along his clothed cock and inhaled his musky, manly scent. He smelled so good and I just wanted to gobble him all up. That was my plan right now, anyway.

I felt the comforter lift from my head, and I looked up to see them both watching me with amused expressions. Lincoln looked especially amused.

"If you're going to explore lands unknown, then at least do it where we can watch, squirt."

I giggled again and nodded as I grabbed the comforter and threw it off of us so it was at the bottom of the bed. Settling down again between Lucas's legs, I reached out and grabbed the waistband of his underwear and pulled them down. I exposed his cock, and my mouth instantly watered as I took him in.

He was half hard already, and I reached out to wrap my hand around him to stroke him while I tucked his underwear under his balls. As I moved my hand up, I felt the telltale signs of metal, and my eyes caught the glint as I moved to look.

Two silver barbells went through the delicate skin of the underside of his cock.

Holy shit. That was hot.

My eyes lifted to Lucas's finding amusement glinting in them as he watched me discover this little surprise.

"You're pierced too..."

He chuckled a little and nodded as he put his hand behind his head.

"Mmm-hm."

I grinned before leaning in to run my tongue from the base of his cock all the way up to the head. Dipping my tongue into his slit to gather the precum that was there. The taste of him exploding over my tongue and making me groan. He and Lincoln were easily becoming my new favorite treat.

I pressed slow kisses along his length until I got to the head again and sucked him into my mouth. His other hand came down to tangle in my curls. He wasn't forcing me down, just holding me and letting me go at my own pace.

"Goddamn, your fucking mouth, bun."

"Told you, brother."

I hummed around his cock as I took him deeper, trying to get all of him inside. I wanted to show them how eager I was. I had always loved sucking cock and had been told that I had an oral fixation, so right now, lying between his legs with his cock in my mouth, I was happy.

Gagging some when I felt him hit the back of my throat, I pulled back before going down again and trying again. Swallowing around the head of his cock, I focused on not gagging before I felt him slipping in more, Lucas's moans spurring me on to take all of him if I could.

As my vision blurred some from lack of oxygen, I pulled back and off of him, a string of spit connecting my lower lip to the head.

Looking up at my Daddies, I froze for a moment and groaned as I saw them making out with each other. Lincoln had his hand buried in Lucas's hair as he dominated the kiss. I saw him bite his lower lip and pull

as a moan left Lucas's mouth. It was the hottest thing I had ever seen, and it had me whimpering and grinding my hard cock against the mattress.

Lincoln chuckled against his twin's lips and smirked.

"I think our little boy likes what he sees. Let's give him a little show while he chokes on your cock, mo chuisle. Let's show him just how much you enjoy sucking mine. Maybe later I can get you both on your knees sharing it between you, hmm? Having both of your mouths worshipping my cock before I fuck both of your pretty little throats until you're gasping for air and leaking all over the floor. Humping the air for any kind of friction on your needy cocks. Your voices will be so rough afterwards, and everyone will know exactly what you were doing. How well you take cock in your mouth."

I watched as Lucas panted against Lincoln's lips and nodded.

My eyes bounced back and forth between the two of them, taking in their own dynamic. I had seen them kiss and cuddle and say they loved one another.

But this? This was new to me.

And I was here for it.

Lincoln's hand slid down from Lucas's cheek and wrapped around his throat, giving a light squeeze. His eyes slid to me as he smirked more.

"One thing you need to know about your Tatusiek, sweetheart, is that he's a switch. But only for me. I'm the only one who can make him a needy little slut and beg for me to utterly destroy him. To take him apart piece by piece until he's a quivering mess beneath me."

Lincoln squeezed his hand around Lucas's throat tighter, making him moan and press into it. I felt his cock twitch in my hand and the precum that was sliding down and over my fingers. I could see the want in Lucas's eyes as he just stared at his twin, waiting for him to do something or for him to give him an order. It was intense and heady watching them together like this, and it had me squirming and licking my lips.

"Go on, little one. Make him cum. But keep your eyes on us."

"Yes, Tatuś."

I leaned down and took Lucas back into my mouth, pressing my tongue flat against the underside of his cock and rubbing it along his piercings. His mouth opened a little more as a breathy gasp fell from his lips.

Lincoln let go of his throat to get onto his knees next to Lucas's head. He had already removed his boxer briefs, leaving his cock standing proud and leaking between his legs. I watched as he planted one foot on the mattress behind Lucas's head while he gripped his hair tightly and in one quick movement; he thrust into his mouth while Lucas moaned loudly around him.

I whimpered around his cock as he took Lincoln to the very base, burying his nose in the neatly trimmed hair at the base. Lincoln held him there for a moment, just watching him until Lucas's eyes watered, and he finally pulled off, letting his brother gasp in a breath.

I continued to work Lucas's cock in my mouth while I rutted against the mattress. Pleasure coursed through me not only from the friction but from the show I was getting of them. My eyes followed every movement when Lincoln fucked his throat roughly.

"That's it, mo chuisle. Fuckin' take it. Such a good fucking slut."

The sounds that were filling the room were obscene. All of our moans mixing with the squelching sound of Lincoln fucking Lucas's throat while I was working over his cock with my mouth. It was dirty and sloppy and just perfection.

I could feel Lucas tensing up as he got closer. My hips thrust against the bed as I chased my own orgasm while I watched them.

"You gonna come for me, slut? Gonna cum down our boy's throat while I cum down yours? Yeah, you are. Because you're such a fuckin' good boy for me."

That's all it took for Lucas as I felt him swell in my mouth and hot spurts of cum started filling my mouth. I moaned as I swallowed down every drop he gave me. My hips stuttered as I cried out around him as I followed him over the cliff, my cock twitching beneath me as I came.

"Good boys. So good for me. You ready, Luke? Remember, don't fuckin' waste it. Swallow everything I give you."

Lying with my head on Lucas's thigh, I watched as Lincoln thrust a few more times before he was moaning deeply as he came. Lucas hollowed his cheeks, and I watched his throat bob as he swallowed everything that Lincoln fed him.

When he was done, he pulled Lucas's head back roughly by the grip in his hair, looking into his mouth as it opened to make sure he got everything. Lincoln smirked before spitting into his mouth.

"Swallow."

Lucas closed his mouth and swallowed his spit before Lincoln was crushing his mouth to his in a rough kiss. Pulling back, he smiled as they both panted into each other's mouths.

"I love you."

Lucas smiled softly and kissed him again.

"I love you too."

He held his hand out to me and I took it as I crawled up his body to lie on his chest. Lucas turned to kiss me, and then Lincoln was stealing me for a kiss as well. He brushed his thumb along my lower lip and smiled. I smiled as I looked between the two of them.

"Wow... that was... holy moly!"

Lincoln laughed brightly as he fell back onto the pillows again. I couldn't help but giggle and fall between them. Lucas put his arm around me and pulled me close to kiss my head.

"Yeah... it was. Lincoln's got a mouth on him... and so do you, little bun. Just in a different way." He smirked and kissed the corner of my mouth as I blushed.

"He does... I made a mess on the sheets though, Tatusiek."

"Good. We can wash them in a moment. Right now, I'm fuckin' starving."

Lincoln stretched his arms out above his head and sat up again, smacking my ass playfully as he went.

"Come on. Let's get dressed and eat some breakfast, and then you, squirt, are going out with me. We need some one-on-one time."

I sat up excitedly when he said I was going out with him.

"Like a date?"

He smirked at me as he stopped at the bathroom door.

"Exactly that. We're going on a date. Now get that cute ass movin'."

"Yes, Tatuś!!"

I scrambled off the bed to follow him into the bathroom so that we could shower together and get ready for the day.

I heard Lucas laugh from where he was lying on the bed still.

"I guess I'll strip the bed then."

Chapter 19



Lincoln

After we were all dressed and had eaten breakfast, I stole Elias away for our date. I thought it was a good idea for us to spend some one-on-one time together after yesterday. I know we talked it out and things were fine between us, but it was a good idea to just have time together after an intense session too.

I knew later Elias had a therapy appointment with Alec, and after last night, I had texted him to get some time in as well to talk things through. I tried to keep a monthly appointment with him just to check in and we encouraged all members to see a therapist even if nothing was wrong. It was good to just have someone to talk things through with.

"What are we doing for our date, Tatuś?"

Looking over at Elias in the passenger's seat of my car, I grinned and squeezed his hand gently.

"Hmm, should I tell you or keep it a surprise?"

Elias furrowed his brow for a moment before pouting, and it was adorable. The way his nose scrunched and he pushed out his bottom lip? I was a goner.

"Noooo! I wanna know. Please? Pretty please?"

I couldn't help but chuckle at how cute he was being. I could tell from the moment he woke up that he was going into his little space. His face softened, losing its tension, and his shoulders dropped. He seemed more carefree and open, and his filters seemed to be falling.

It made me so happy to see how he was feeling safe in his little space again, and I was going to foster that today. I had already looked up what movies were playing, and I knew the perfect one for us to see.

"I thought that we could go see a movie together and pig out on concession stand snacks. *My Neighbor Totoro* is playing. What do you think, sweetheart?"

He went quiet after I suggested it, and while I was looking at the road, I thought that I had done something wrong. Glancing over at him, I knew I didn't. His face was full of excitement as he smiled so brightly at me.

"I LOVE THAT MOVIE! Oh my gosh, Tatuś, this is perfect! I want popcorn and *Milk Duds* and sour gummy worms and *Snow Caps*, and nachos! Oh, we have to get nachos! And we need to pick the perfect spot too! Not too close that we can't see, but not too far away either."

Laughing as he rambled on and on about where we would sit and what snacks he wanted, and what were superior movie snacks, I brought his hand to my mouth and kissed his knuckles as I let him educate me on all things movie snacks.

He was the cutest little boy right now, and as we got to the theater, I pulled my phone out and sent a text to Lucas asking him to help me with a surprise I had just thought of for after the movie was over. We would need the help of some others at the house, but I knew he could help me pull it off, and that Elias was going to love it.

Getting out of the car, I went around to his door and opened it. He was still talking, and it made me smile even more. Reaching over, I unbuckled him and took his hand as he got out. Grabbing the blanket from the back seat, I locked everything up.

"What's the blanket for, Tatuś?"

Putting my arm around him and pulling him close, I kissed his head.

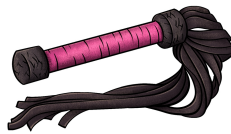
"It's a luxury theater, squirt. The seats are bigger and recline, and the arms go up so you and I can cuddle while we watch the movie. The blanket is because you always need a blanket when you watch a movie. That's the rule."

He giggled at my rule and bounced a little as we walked towards the doors.

"I've never been to a luxury theater before! This is so much fun!"

Opening the door for him, I let him go in first before I laced our fingers together and took him to the concession stand, letting him get whatever he wanted as I pulled my wallet out to pay.

I loved seeing him happy and so carefree, and if everything went well, after the movies he would be even more excited and happy.



Watching the movie with Elias cuddled up against my side was amazing. He was such a giggly mess while we watched it, and my heart felt like it was about to explode already from how adorable he was.

He held my hand as we walked back to my car, and he rambled on about the movie and all of his favorite parts. I smiled and nodded as he spoke, just letting him go on about it. Once we were at the car and he climbed into the passenger seat, I reached in and buckled him in.

"This is the bestest date ever, Tatuś. Thank you for taking me."

I leaned in and stole a chaste kiss from him as I smiled.

"The date isn't over yet, sweetheart. I have a surprise for you before we head home."

His eyes widened, and his lips spread into an excited grin.

"A surprise?! What is it?"

Squeezing his knee, I leaned in and kissed his nose, making him scrunch it in the most adorable way.

"Well, it wouldn't be a surprise if I told you, now would it?"

I walked around to the driver's side and got in, making sure to send a text to Luke to let him know we were on our way.

It didn't take us long to get to the mall where the surprise was planned, and I drove there entertaining Elias while he peppered me with questions about it, trying to get me to spill before it was time. He was practically bouncing in his seat while I found a place to park in the crowded lot.

Malls are definitely dying in America now, so I was thrilled that we still have a decent one so close to us. Gone were the days of hanging out in the food court of Century Three Mall like Luke and I had done when we were teenagers. Now, it was just a pile of rubble that they were working on demolishing. Their own fault, though for building on slag when they were told not to. It had a good run though, and I had a lot of memories there with my brother and our friends.

Taking Elias's hand, I made sure he stayed out of the line of traffic while I led him inside and through the food court.

"Why are we at the mall? Oh! Can I get a mochi donut? And a boba?! I love mochi. It's so, so yummy. It's squishy and chewy and not too sweet, but just the right amount of sweet, and oh my goodness, there's so many flavors too! I swear they come up with new ones every day. Have you ever had mochi? Or mochi ice cream? We have to get some for the house!!"

Chuckling some at how exuberant he was about mochi, I wrapped my arm around his shoulder and pulled him in to press a kiss to the top of his head.

"First, we're at the mall for your surprise. Second, yes, we can get you a mochi donut and a boba before we leave. Third, I have had mochi before and mochi ice cream, and it's delicious. Fourth, we'll add it to the shopping list, or we can ask Raven if they know how to make it. And five, *breathe*, sweetheart."

Elias giggled and put his arm around my waist as we walked down the hallway towards the escalator. He let go of me when he stepped on, although I kept my hand at the small of his back, making sure he didn't trip.

I watched him as he looked around at everything, probably wondering where I was taking him, and I couldn't help but smile because I knew for a fact he was going to love it. He was probably going to break some eardrums too and turn some heads, but I didn't care what other people thought. As long as my boy was happy, that was all that mattered.

Stepping off the escalator, I guided him towards the store that made every Little freak out because they were so excited.

The yellow, red, and blue of the entrance showed itself with the bear standing guard in a tall display case. My brother was leaning against the wall right next to the entrance, smiling at us when he saw us walking down.

I could feel Elias practically vibrating with excitement as he took in the store. He hadn't noticed Luke yet because he was too busy taking in what was essentially a playground for him.

"Build-a-Bear?! Are we going to Build-a-Bear, Tatus?!"

Laughing as he bounced on his feet, I nodded.

"We are and your Tatusiek right there has the stuffie you're going to make."

His head whipped around when I mentioned Luke, and he finally noticed him. He gasped before running over and jumping into his arms. My brother caught him easily while Elias wrapped his arms around his neck.

"Tatusiek!! You're here!"

"I am, little bunny, and I brought your new friend for you to build."

Shoving my hands into my pockets, I watched as Luke put Elias down and reached into the bag he had on his arm, pulling out a black bundle of faux fur. Elias took it from him and unfolded it before he was squealing and hugging the unstuffed toy to his chest.

"Mothman!!! You got me Mothman!!! Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you! He's going to be so cute, and he's so soft, and I have to find him the perfect outfit."

Leaning down so that my lips were close to his ear as he investigated his new prize and turned it here and there while inspecting the detachable wings, I spoke. "You'll have plenty of help picking out an outfit for your new friend, and I'm sure lots of opinions."

Elias tilted his head to look at me for a moment. Confusion lit his face as he thought about what I had said. Looking towards the inside of the store, I nodded my head for him to look.

When he turned to where I indicated, his eyes widened and his hand went to cover his mouth as he took in his friends from the house. The subs he had bonded with already, and even some doms who came to help corral them once they got too excited.

Raven stood in front of the different bins with Gar, picking up one of the unstuffed toys to feel how soft it was. Isaac, Imani, and Oliver already had theirs picked out and were comparing them with each other. And Alec and David were standing back watching them to make sure they didn't cause any trouble. Brats tended to do that.

"They... they all came here for me?"

Pressing a kiss to his cheek, I hummed in acknowledgment of his statement.

"They did. They wanted to spend some time with you, and we thought that afterwards, we could take yinz to McDonald's for Happy Meals and to play in the play area. What do you think, mo laoch?"

He turned around and threw his arms around my neck and kissed me. Pulling him close, I hummed against his lips as I kissed him back, nipping at his lower lip teasingly for a moment.

"This is amazing. Thank you so much, Tatuś. This is the best date ever!"

Luke snorted a laugh behind him, and we both looked over at him.

"You haven't been on a date with me yet, little bunny. So let's hold off on judging which one is better, hmm?"

Elias giggled and turned to kiss him as well. I knew they would be going out together soon, and Luke was going to spoil him. I couldn't wait to hear all about it when they came home from it.

"Elias! You're here! Look what I'm getting!"

Our boy turned to hear Oliver call out to him, and everyone else looked. Oliver ran over to him and showed him the bear that he had picked out from the ones that they carried within the store.

"I'm going to see if they have a leather jacket and maybe some high-tops! Oh, cool! Is that Mothman? I'm so jealous. That's the next one I want to get."

Luke stood next to me as we watched Oliver and Elias walking into the store and talking animatedly about the outfits they were going to pick out for their new friends and which friends they already had. We planned to get him more as rewards for good behavior as time went on.

Watching Elias as he laughed freely and his filters fell was such an amazing thing to witness. It was a complete one-eighty from the scared and shy boy that had walked into our club earlier this year. He had done so

much of the work himself too, and he was continuing to do the work to be better every single day.

I was constantly amazed by him and his strength.

Elias turned back to look at us and smiled brightly as he waved us over.

"Tatuś! Tatusiek! Come on already!"

Huffing a laugh, I nodded and walked into the chaos that was brats running around the store gushing over how cute everything was while they got a new friend.

There was no place I would rather be, though.

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Chapter 20



Looking in the mirror, I couldn't help but grin and let my eyes move down my body as I stepped back to admire myself. Raven had really outdone themselves picking out what I was wearing and the styling of it.

"Just one last touch, little love."

I turned and looked at Raven as they stood beside me with a soft smile. They had been a big help with the plan that I had tonight and were happy to agree to help me.

Looking up when they directed me, they applied black mascara to my lashes to make them look long and voluminous as they framed my dual-toned eyes. Next, they took a tube of liquid blush and dabbed some on the apples of my cheeks before grabbing a brush and blending it out. The final touch was a bit of pink lip gloss on my lips to make them pop out and look irresistible.

Reaching forward, they moved their long fingers through my hair, fixing the curls here and there to lay where they wanted them to. A smile lit their face as they nodded and reached for the soft white bunny ears that we found online a couple of weeks ago after we had gotten back from Build-a-Bear.

Raven stepped back and clapped their hands together as they took in the full look. I giggled and turned to show them all of it so that they would get the full effect.

"Oh, it's perfect, Elias. Your Daddies are going to go absolutely feral for you tonight once they get a look at you."

"You really think so? It's not too much?"

I turned back to the mirror, taking it all in again.

I wore a soft pink teddy with spaghetti straps that descended to the chest, cupping my pecs and adorned with lace and chiffon flowers. The same chiffon fabric made a ruffle along the top of each cup and underneath it before flowing out and down so it hit the middle of my thighs. The same ruffle design from the top ran along the edge with tiny silk bows intermittent along it.

Underneath the teddy, I had a jockstrap in the same soft pink color made of lace that cupped my cock and balls snugly. There were two straps on it made from the same lace. One went around my hips while the others pulled up high over my waist. The straps on the back went under my ass cheeks and cupped them sinfully.

Between my cheeks and held firmly inside of me was a plug with a cute fluffy white bunny tail on the end. I wiggled my hips a little as I looked at it and giggled.

Raven had completed the look with light pink, satin ribbons wrapped around my arms up to my elbows in criss-cross patterns and the same were on my legs going up to just above my knees.

Turning towards Raven, I pulled them into a hug. I was so thankful for their help in putting all of this together. Master Gar had even been involved in keeping both of my Daddies distracted by taking them out to dinner while we got ready. In the past few months, I had gotten really close with both of them.

"Thank you so much, Raven. This is perfect, and I really hope that they like it."

"You are so welcome, sweetheart. I was more than happy to help with this, and I know Master was as well. He said that they're almost back to the house, so you'd better hurry and get in there. I put a tray of snacks and drinks on the dresser for yinz later."

I smiled and hugged them again before pulling back.

"Thank you! That's perfect!"

Raven smiled and kissed my cheek before they left the room, saying they hoped I had fun.

Looking back at myself in the mirror, I grinned and left the bathroom in my Daddies' room, heading into their bedroom. Moving around the room, I lit the candles that I'd taken from the supply closet in the wax play room so I could set the mood. Next, I put a record on Lincoln's record player and turned it on. The sensual music of the band *Rosenfeld* filled the room.

After arranging everything in the room, I climbed onto the bed and knelt in its middle. Fanning out the teddy so it lay across my thighs, I laid my hands on the tops of my thighs while I took a breath to steady myself and waited for my Daddies to come upstairs and find their surprise.

I wasn't waiting long before I heard the door open and the voices of Lincoln and Lucas coming in.

"Hey, little bunny. Raven said you had something to show-"

"Holy shit... *Elias*."

I looked up to see them both standing in the doorway, staring at me. Their mouths were open in shock as they took me in while I knelt in the center of their bed, the bed I had been sharing with them since we started our relationship. I couldn't remember the last time I slept in my own bed, and I didn't want to.

I bit my lower lip and straightened my spine, suddenly nervous that they wouldn't like what they saw. I wanted them to like it though, and I wanted them to finally fuck me. I was desperate to feel them fill me. We had been going slowly with sex, but I didn't want to anymore. I wanted to know what it felt like to be completely owned by them.

"Do... do you like it?"

My voice seemed to break them out of their shock, and Lincoln chuckled a little before he stepped forward with a smile.

"Like it? Oh, little one. You look good enough to fuckin' eat."

"Like the perfect dessert for us sitting there, looking all sweet. Decorated like a little pastry with all these pretty things on your tight little body."

Lucas smirked, and I watched as his eyes darkened with lust to match his twin's. They stalked towards me like predators who had locked in on their prey, and it had my breath hitching as I shifted on my knees, my cock twitching and starting to fill in my jockstrap.

Once they reached the bed, they both knelt on the mattress and crawled towards me, their eyes identical with hunger as they moved towards me with intent.

Lucas reached out and ran his fingers along my cheek. I leaned into the touch as he looked at me. He was so gorgeous. They both were, and they were both mine.

"Jesus, little bunny. You're perfect. Come here."

Lucas pulled me close and crashed his lips against mine, his tongue pressing between my lips, coaxing them open so he could lick inside. I moaned into the kiss and he drank it down. The kiss ended too soon, but Lincoln pulled me over next, claiming my mouth and taking my breath away.

Lincoln gripped my chin in his hand and pulled back to look at me. I panted a little to catch my breath as he took me in, the thumb of his other hand brushed across my cheek.

"Look at our boy, Luke. All prettied up for us."

"Mm-hm. All dressed up like our perfect little bunny with his long little ears and his pretty little outfit."

Lucas's fingers ran down my arms and over the satin ribbons.

"Wrapped up like a little present for us, too. One I really want to unwrap right now. What do you think, brother?"

Lincoln's finger ran down my cheek and over my shoulder. He caught it under the strap of the teddy and dragged it slowly over my shoulder.

"Oh, I think that's a perfect idea, Luke."

My skin tingled wherever they touched me. I wanted more. I wanted their hands and lips all over me. I wanted their cocks filling me. I wanted them to own every single part of me.

"Please, Tatuś. Tatusiek."

My voice came out as a whine while Lincoln trailed his fingers down my arm and back up again as he looked at me.

"What does our little boy want?"

Biting my lip for a moment as I thought about how to voice what I wanted, I shifted a little where I knelt as I felt the heat of their gaze on me. They waited patiently while I gathered the courage to voice what I really wanted.

"I... I want you to own me. Every single part of me, it's yours. I trust you both with everything. With my body and my mind. You've both proven to me that I can feel safe again and that I'm not broken completely. I know I still have a long way to go with healing, but I also know that you'll both be there with me every step of the way."

Taking their hands, I squeezed them gently and looked from one to the other. These were my Daddies. The men whom I knew would protect me and care for me properly. Not how *he* made me believe. They had proven repeatedly that they were different. That they loved me. And I loved them so much it hurt sometimes, but the good hurt. The hurt that made the pleasure so much more.

"Please, Daddy. Claim me. Take me. Own me."

Both of them stared at me for a moment in silent surprise when I called them Daddy. I'd been calling them Tatuś and Tatusiek because I wasn't ready before, and I would continue to use those titles because they were special and they were ours. But I wasn't scared to use the title Daddy anymore either.

It was sooner than I thought, but one thing that Alec told me repeatedly in therapy was that healing wasn't linear. It looked different for everyone.

Lucas moved first and cupped my cheek with his hand as he smiled at me. I could see the shine in his eyes from unshed tears as he fought with his emotions.

"Oh, baby. Of course. We *do* own you and you own us as well. Every part of us belongs to you."

Lincoln brushed his knuckles across my other cheek, getting my attention, and his eyes shone the same way that his twins did.

"Are you sure? We don't mind waiting, sweetheart. We'll wait forever if we have to because you *are* ours and we're not giving you up."

I smiled softly and nodded. Leaning forward, I kissed them both chastely before sitting back on my heels again.

"And that is the exact reason I'm ready. Because neither of you has ever tried to push me or pressure me. You've gone at *my* pace. You've given me the support to heal on my own timeline, and I'm so grateful for that. I want you *both* to claim me. I want to know what it feels like to be completely owned by my Daddies. *Please.*"

"Then let us own you, baby."

Lincoln smiled and wrapped his arm around my waist, pulling me in tight against his body. I leaned up on my knees and moaned as he kissed me deeply. Heat at my back and lips on my neck told me that Lucas had come close as well. His hands gripped my hips as he pulled them back to grind against me and made the plug press deeper into my body. His hard cock making me gasp into Lincoln's mouth, he chuckled and nipped at my lower lip.

Lucas pulled back and lifted the bottom of my teddy to reveal my backside, which was framed with lace and the fluffy pink tail plug that filled me. He swore under his breath before he pulled the teddy up and over my head. He threw it to the side and gripped my hips again as he just stared at my ass.

"Fuck, baby. You really went all out, didn't you?"

He gripped the plug and pulled it out slowly until the thickest part was stretching my hole. A moan left my lips as he pushed it back in, and I pushed my hips back to meet him. He continued to do that while Lincoln watched my reactions.

"Mm, such a good boy for us. We'll need to open you up more though to take our cocks." Lucas leaned in and bit my lower lip, pulling on it before letting it go and looking at me. "And one day, we'll stretch you open so much that you'll be able to take both of our cocks inside your tight little body."

I let out a shaky breath and nodded because I wanted that so badly. The thought had my cock twitching in my jockstrap and leaking precum. I could already feel a wet spot forming on the material as it clung to me.

"But for now, I'm going to watch you as you take my brother's cock deep inside your little hole while your pretty little mouth wraps around my cock."

I nodded quickly because I wanted that. I wanted it so much.

"Please, Daddy."

I felt the mattress dip as Lucas leaned over to their bedside table and grabbed the lube from the drawer. Lincoln pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it onto the floor before he was standing up from the bed and working his jeans open so he could push them down along with his underwear.

My mouth watered as I saw his hard cock spring free. I couldn't wait to feel the weight of him on my tongue and the taste of him bursting over my tastebuds. I couldn't help but whine a little, making him chuckle. His hand came out to run through my hair.

"Patience, sweet thing. You'll take what we give you when we decide to give it to you."

"Yes, Daddy."

Looking over my shoulder, I noticed Lucas had stripped as well, and he was using both of his hands to spread my cheeks so he could see how my hole closed around the plug. I felt so exposed while he ran his thumb along my rim that was glistening with lube and stretched around the plug as he pulled it to the widest part again.

"I can't wait to see your cute little hole stretched around my cock, little bunny."

Lucas eased the plug out and put it aside while he grabbed the lube and drizzled some more down my crack, causing me to shiver.

This was really happening. I was finally going to feel them slide into me and take me apart.

Lincoln gripped my hair a little harder and turned my head so that I was looking at him. His cock stood proud in front of me with a bead of precum beading at the tip.

"Open up, mo laoch."

My mouth opened, and he fed his cock to me just as Lucas teased two fingers into my hole. I moaned around Lincoln and my eyes fluttered as Lucas pushed his fingers into me slowly.

"That's it, baby boy. Fuck, you're so hot and soft inside. You're going to feel perfect on my cock."

Lucas leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the back of my spine as he worked his fingers in and out of me, scissoring them every once in a while to stretch me more. He worked with so much care that it didn't even

hurt, it just felt amazing. He added a third finger and crooked them as he rubbed at my walls.

When he found my prostate and pressed into it, I cried out around Lincoln's cock as white spots danced across my vision and pleasure erupted in my body. Like an electric pull that started behind my belly button and worked its way through my body.

"There it is."

Lucas chuckled and bit at the flesh on my ass cheek, making me arch and press back for more. Looking up at Lincoln, he watched me as I worked my mouth over his cock, my head bobbing and my tongue pressing along the large vein that ran up the length of him. All while his brother was opening me up.

"You're such a good boy, Elias. So fucking good for your Daddies."

The praise lay over me like a warm blanket, helping me relax. When Lucas pulled his fingers free, I whined at the empty feeling he left behind. He brushed his thumb along my hips soothingly, shushing me.

"I've got you, little bunny. Don't worry, Daddy will give you what you need."

I felt the head of his cock at my entrance. Lincoln pulled free from my mouth and cupped my cheeks to tilt my face up to him.

"Take a breath, sweetheart, and bear down when you exhale."

Looking up into his sapphire eyes, I nodded and sucked in a shaky breath. As I exhaled, I felt Lucas start to press his cock into my body. My mouth fell open, and I moaned as he stretched me wide enough to take him. I felt his piercings rub against my walls as he kept going. I already felt so full, and he wasn't even inside of me all the way yet. A whine slipped free, and Lincoln brushed his thumb across my cheek, cooing at me.

"Sweet boy, it's okay. Just a bit more. I know you can take it. You're going to be such a good boy and take all of him inside of you, aren't you?"

"Y-yes, Daddy. Feel so full..."

"I know you do, little one. But you'll take it. I know you can. You were made to take our cocks."

Lucas moaned as he finally bottomed out inside me. His pelvis pressed against mine as he gave me a moment to adjust to his size. I swear if someone looked closely enough, they would see the head of his cock

bulging in my belly. That was probably wishful thinking, but right now, I believed it.

"Jesus, Linc. Just wait until you're inside him. He's perfect. I can feel him squeezing my cock, trying to pull me in more."

Lucas gripped my hips and pulled back until just the head of his cock was inside my hole, and then he thrust back in, lighting my body up with pleasure as I moaned.

"Daddy!"

Lincoln chuckled at my outburst before he was gripping my hair and guiding me back to his cock. I swallowed him down and moaned more around him. My eyes fell shut as I just knelt there on my hands and knees and just *felt*.

Lucas started thrusting inside of me in a fast rhythm. The sound of slapping skin and the scent of sex filled the room as I moaned around my Daddy's cock while my other Daddy fucked into my ass. My cock was hard and leaking inside the jockstrap, and I knew better than to touch myself without permission, but I wanted to so badly, especially when his cock hit my prostate and I was crying out more around Lincoln.

I hollowed my cheeks as I forced him down my throat more, making Lincoln groan deeply. He pulled me off by my hair, and I just stared up at him with my mouth open and little moans falling from my swollen lips while Lucas fucked me harder.

"That's it, sweetheart. Take it. Take everything that he's giving you. He's going to fill you up with his cum and then it's my turn. Maybe I'll push the plug back in when we're done with you to keep you nice and full for us. Would you like that, baby?"

I whimpered and nodded as I imagined that. I wanted it so badly. I didn't want to spill a single drop of them when they were done.

"Please, Daddy, please..."

"Don't worry, little bunny, you'll get Daddy's cum soon. I'll breed you nice and full and then your other Daddy can slide right in. Make sure you're filled with our cum."

Lucas gripped my hips a little harder as he slammed his cock into me harder, making me moan loudly as I pressed my hips back to meet each of his thrusts. Lincoln's hand pushed the jock down so he could get to my cock and he stroked me in time to Lucas's thrusts. My belly tingled and my balls started to draw up as my orgasm got closer and closer to cresting.

"Daddy! Oh, god, Daddy, I'm close. I'm s-so close."

Lincoln kissed me roughly as he continued to stroke my cock. His wrist twisting on the upstroke and his thumb brushing over my slit.

"Go ahead, baby. Cum on your Daddy's cock."

I whined because I didn't want to cum yet. I hadn't had Lincoln's cock inside of me, and it was too soon. I guess I had said all of that out loud because Lincoln chuckled and kissed me again.

"Oh, sweetie. You think you're done after cumming just once? You'll cum now on your Daddy's cock and then you'll cum again on my cock. You'll cum as many times as you can for us because we own your pleasure. Now cum, Elias."

His command rippled through me, and it was as if my body responded before my mind could. My body clenched around Lucas, making him groan as my orgasm crashed over me like a tidal wave. My cock swelled and twitched as I started to cum in hot ropes over Lincoln's hand.

"Good fucking boy, Elias. Now, clean up your mess."

I opened my eyes, which I had squeezed shut, and Lincoln was holding his hand out in front of me. I grabbed his wrist and pulled it close as my tongue started to lick up my cum that was covering his fingers. I moaned at the taste of myself on his skin, and the look of approval on his face was the exact thing I needed right now.

Lucas thrust a few more times before I felt his cock swell and then his hot cum filling me, making me groan around Lincoln's fingers.

Lucas leaned over me, panting as he pressed light kisses to my spine and murmured praise over and over again. My mind was already deliciously floaty, and I knew I was entering subspace.

When he pulled free from my body, I gasped and whined at the empty feeling. My hips squirmed, and I looked at Lincoln.

"Daddyyy..."

"Shhh, I know, baby. I'll give you what you need. Lie back for me."

He helped me to lie back against Lucas, who was sitting with his back resting against the headboard. My hair lay on his stomach, and he removed the bunny ears so that he could run his fingers through my hair soothingly as I continued to whine. I didn't want to feel empty right now. I wanted one of my Daddies to fill me and keep me full. I *needed* it. I needed it so badly.

Lincoln knelt between my legs, his hands running up my calves and pushing them to fold up against my chest. Lucas grabbed me behind my knees and held me open for him as I watched him slick his cock with lube.

He leaned forward and rubbed the head of his cock against my gaping rim, gathering the cum that had spilled free and as he pushed it back in with his cock. Feeling his piercings rub against my walls had me keening and arching a little against Lucas. He held me open for his twin as he sank in inch by inch until he was fully seated inside my body.

Lincoln leaned over me once his pelvis pressed against mine, and he leaned down to capture my lips in a searing kiss. I moaned against his lips before crying out as he pulled back and thrust in hard and fast. He grinned against my lips and did it again and again while my moans kept getting louder.

"God, baby. You feel perfect wrapped around me. You're doing so well for us."

Looking up at him, I was stuck in a floaty haze. My body wasn't mine anymore. It belonged to them, and I wanted to do anything they told me to as long as they were happy. The praise was like a drug as it coursed through my body and had me going practically boneless against Lucas.

Lincoln fucked into me, hitting my prostate each and every time from the angle he was at. Even though I had just come, my cock hardened again, and I couldn't be surprised since what I wanted didn't matter at the moment. It was all what my Daddies wanted.

Lincoln reached down and wrapped his fingers around my cock, stroking me in time with his thrusts, and I felt that familiar tingle in my lower belly telling me I was getting close to the edge again.

"Daddy! Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!"

My head thrashed back and forth as he continued to abuse my prostate and stroke me at the same time. The pleasure was too much. My skin was sensitive and overstimulated, but he just kept going. He tightened his grip on me and twisted his wrist.

"Come for me, baby boy. Come on, one more. I know you can. Come for Daddy."

The command in his voice finally made me detonate. My mouth opened in a silent scream as my back arched off the bed. My cock swelled as I started to come over his fingers again and onto my stomach. Lincoln

followed right after me, groaning as he slammed in a few more times before he was stilling and filled me with his cum, mixing with Lucas's.

He leaned down over me with his hands on either side of Lucas's hips and smiled. He pressed a soft kiss to my lips, but I was so out of it, I couldn't even respond. I heard them murmuring to each other and caught the term subspace from Lucas, I think, but I didn't need to worry. They would take care of me and all I had to do was float and be good.

Lincoln pulled free from my body, and I whined and reached for him as I suddenly felt empty. I didn't want to be empty, and I didn't want to lose their cum. I wanted to keep it inside of me like a good boy.

"Nooo..."

"Shh, it's okay, baby, we're right here. Daddy will make it better, promise."

Then I felt the plug being pushed inside of me and I settled down again.

Next, I felt a warm, wet washcloth moving over my body to clean me up. I moved when they guided me to, and soon I was being snuggled from both sides with their arms wrapped around me and the blankets pulled up over us.

I sighed happily as I nuzzled into my Daddies' chest, my eyes growing heavy as I lay there between the two men I had fallen in love with.

Two men who had shown me what it was like to be loved and cared for.

Two men who put their own needs aside to attend to mine.

Two men who never pushed me to be perfect. But who accepted me for who I am and gently guided me toward healing. They stayed by my side throughout everything, and I knew they would continue to do so.

I came here filled with fear and self-hatred. I was alone and drifting. I had nowhere else to go because I had nothing.

But now I had the loves of my life.

I had friends and a purpose here.

I had started to heal from the horrors I had been through.

I found a family.

I found a sanctuary.

Epilogue



"No, Daddy! The cookies go in *this* bag with the little hearts on them!"

I chuckled a little and put down the plain sandwich bag that I had picked up for the cookies and took the one that my boy was holding out to me.

"Oh, how silly of me. Of course, the cookies go in these bags. I should have known."

Lincoln snorted a laugh as he walked through the kitchen after grabbing a couple of cases of water from the storage room. Oliver and Isaac followed with their own cases and followed him out to our car.

When I put the cookies in the proper bag, Elias nodded, and he finished it off by applying a sticker that said 'You are Loved' on the front. I caught Raven trying to hide their laugh as they turned to grab another tray of granola to mix into the trail mix they made.

Thankfully, we almost had the bags completed that we were making. They were drawstring bags we put a couple of water bottles in, first aid kits, hand warmers, pamphlets for assistance of all kinds, including legal aid, snacks, eye protection, masks, and most importantly, eye wash just in case. The littles had also put stickers and little pictures with encouraging quotes in. That part was Elias's idea, and it made me so proud that he thought of it.

We were also taking extra water bottles down with us in the back of our car because it was always the first thing that ran out.

Looking over at the dining room table, I smiled, seeing Isaac and Imani putting some finishing touches on signs they made to take with us as well. They were adorable as they added more glitter to them, and I made a note to have them ride with Alec in his car. We already had enough glitter in ours because of Elias.

A group of us were heading downtown to go to a No Kings protest. It was going to be the biggest one that we had gone to with our boy, and I was excited about it. The weather was calling for snow, though, so I made a mental note to make sure he had his gloves, scarf, and hat when we left. I had already thrown a couple of extra hand warmers into the pocket of my coat for him.

Once the others found out that we were going down, it had become a group effort, and the subs came up with the idea to make these drawstring bags with the club's name and information on them to pass out to the other protestors. With the rise of law enforcement attacking peaceful protestors and claiming they were violent, we wanted others to have things that could help, like the eye wash for tear gas and first aid kits.

The state of the world right now was sickening to me. It baffled my mind that people could be so ignorant about things and be so hateful. Not to mention, completely uneducated and refusing to even learn.

Lincoln and I had gone to as many protests as we could to make our voices heard, and once Elias had been comfortable, he had gone with us as well. He was just as passionate about fighting against fascism as we were, and he was right there next to us every time.

Looking up when Lincoln came back into the kitchen, he walked over to steal a chaste kiss from me and then leaned down to kiss Elias's head.

"Everything looks good, squirt. Where's your sign at? I saw you working on it last night, and I don't want you to forget it."

"Oh! It's upstairs in our room! Thank you, Daddy!"

I laughed as Elias shot up from his seat to race upstairs. He had come out of his shell so much more over the past few months. He wasn't wearing baggy clothes much anymore; he made so many friends, was such a goofball, and had even gotten a part-time job at a local indie bookstore. We were so proud of him.

We still did exposure sessions with him and Alec, and he still had his appointments with Alec weekly, but he was making huge strides in his healing and had learned a lot about himself.

Like how he learned that he loved impact play.

After learning that it could help survivors of physical abuse, he approached us and asked if we could try it. After a lengthy negotiation about it and putting down firm boundaries, we planned a night in the impact play room. Elias soared. He had fallen so deep into subspace that he was nonverbal for a while. Lincoln hadn't even gone that hard on him, but after he came to and we talked about what he had liked and what he hadn't, they were planning more impact play sessions to test his boundaries more.

We were so proud of him for the monumental steps he was taking.

"Where's your Master at, Raven?"

I looked up when Lincoln asked. We were still waiting for a few others to show up at the house, and then we could all carpool downtown.

"He texted me a little while ago that he had to stop at the shop and do a touch-up on a client. But he didn't think it would take too long to do. They're just out of state, and this is the only time they can come in. He's stopping at the mac machine on the way after he's done to pull out cash because he doesn't want to bring his wallet down with us. He said that he'll just meet us down there."

"Good idea. Linc stopped yesterday for us to pull cash out because we're leaving our wallets here too. I hope it doesn't take too long and he'll be able to find a parking spot down there. There's supposed to be a huge turnout today."

I finished putting the cookies into bags and took them over to the couple of subs that were filling the drawstring bags for us.

Elias came running into the room again and slid across the floor on his socks, giggling as he held his sign to his chest. Lincoln steadied him

so that he wouldn't fall over.

"Easy, baby. Don't hurt yourself."

"Sorry, Tatusí! I was just excited to show you my sign I made! Look how funny!"

He turned it around to show us, and it had a hand-drawn giant Mr. Yuk sticker on it, but he had made it look like he had Trump's hairstyle, and in big letters it said 'Mr. Trump is Poison! Stay Away!'

He held it out proudly with a huge smile on his face, and we couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of it and how perfect it was.

"That's amazing, little one. You did a fantastic job on it."

I pulled him close and kissed his temple as he set his sign down on the counter.

"Thanks! Master Gar helped me draw it since I'm not very good at drawing. But I colored it and added the glitter."

"Of course you added the glitter to it because why not add more glitter to the interior of my car."

Lincoln sighed and ran his hand over his face, but he couldn't hide his smile. We loved our boy so much, and we would deal with all the glitter in the world if it meant that he was happy.

"Alright folks! We're leaving in fifteen minutes! That means get everything packed into the cars with your butts in the seats by then. Also make sure you're dressed properly; it's going to be cold, and I already saw some snow coming down."

Alec stood in the doorway with his coat on and a beanie on his head while he addressed the room. He made sure to have the subs put some of his business cards into the bags as well for therapy. If he couldn't take them on himself, he would make sure that they found the proper resources.

Lincoln ushered Elias out of the kitchen and up to our room to get him properly bundled up. With the snow coming, we didn't want him to get too cold. March was always hit or miss with rain or snow, and it looked like we were getting the latter today. I would rather it snowed than rain though, so we didn't get soaked through.

I helped the subs pack the drawstring bags into boxes we already had set aside for this, and we carried them outside to our SUV, packing them into the back. I had thrown some blankets in the back as well. You can never be too prepared, and I made sure that we had everything we could think of with us.

Once that was done, I helped herd the subs back inside to get their hats, gloves, scarves, and coats on while my men came back down from our room. Lincoln handed mine to me and I pulled him into a kiss to thank him. Pulling back, I grabbed Elias as well and he giggled against my lips when I kissed him. Flicking the floppy ear of his bunny hat, he giggled more.

"You look adorable in this, little bunny. Got your scarf and mittens?"

He nodded and showed the scarf that Raven had crocheted for him in a mix of pinks. And he held his mittens in his hands that had pink toe beans on the inside of them. He really was adorable with his curls sticking out a little from under the hat. I brushed them off his forehead and tucked them in.

"Good boy. Tomorrow, I'm taking you to get a haircut."

He giggled and nodded before he took his sign from Lincoln, who had grabbed it from the kitchen counter. Raven showed up, wrapping their scarf around their neck and fixing their hat, and smiled at us.

"Ready to go when you guys are. I texted Master and said we were about to leave. He hasn't answered yet, but I figure he's busy tattooing."

"Probably is. We'll see him in a little though. Let's head out so we have time to find some parking and start passing these bags out."

I let them walk ahead of me while I watched Alec and a few of the other doms who were coming with us, like David and Atlas, while they herded the other subs to gather their things and head out the door as well.

It was a little chaotic, but when you had a bunch of brats to round up, that was to be expected. Soon, though, we were all driving towards downtown, where the protest was being held.



Pulling into our spot in the driveway, Lincoln turned off the engine and sighed. It had been a long and productive day. Over fifteen thousand people had shown up downtown for the protest, and I heard that there were a few other demonstrations in other parts of the city, like Squirrel Hill and the North Side.

We all hoped that it would make a difference. We had also run out of bags quickly, and a few people had even mentioned they would email us to arrange a club tour with the possibility of joining. We were always open to new members, so I hoped they emailed us to set that up.

Getting out of the car, I watched Lincoln walk around to the backseat to get Elias out. Our boy was so tired, and I knew that after a quick shower, he would quickly fall asleep in our bed.

Raven though, was a different story.

They were frustrated right now, and I knew they were trying to hide it from us. Gar had texted them when we got there to say that he wasn't sure if he was going to make it. His client's touch-up was going to take longer than he thought it was but he would try to make it there.

We grabbed some dinner after the protest, but Gar hadn't been able to make it it seemed, and Raven's mood just kept plummeting because of it.

Reaching out, I pulled them against my side as I put my arm around their shoulders and kissed their head.

"Come on, let me make us some tea while Linc gets Elias into bed, and we can talk."

Raven sighed and nodded as they let me lead them into the house and towards the kitchen. I'd clean out the boxes in the back of our car tomorrow. Right now, my friend needed me because I could tell they needed to get something off his chest.

Moving around the kitchen, I set the kettle onto the stove to boil, then measured out the raspberry champagne tea that I knew Raven liked into two tea steepers.

"Talk."

Raven sighed and ran their hands over their face while they sat at the kitchen island and watched me setting the tea up.

"I just... I'm mad that Master couldn't make it is all."

"I mean, your feelings are valid, but it's one protest, Raven. There will be others, and I'm sure that he'll be at those."

Leaning my hands on the counter, I watched them. There was something else they weren't telling me that was bothering them about this.

"I know. And I know he can't help it because of his job, and with his client only being in town for today. But he promised. And..."

They fell silent for a moment while they chewed their lip. I waited for them to gather their thoughts and the courage to tell me what was really going on with them.

"And we were supposed to tell all of you something today. We thought it would be the perfect opportunity to do so while everyone was together. We planned to tell everyone at dinner."

Nodding in understanding, I understood why Raven felt disappointed that Gar couldn't make it. I also realized that whatever they wanted to tell us was really important.

"You can tell me now, if you want. Or if you want to wait for your Master to plan a big reveal, then that's fine too. But I'm here for you, Raven. You're like my little sibling."

They smiled a little when I said that. Reaching into their pocket though they pulled out a gorgeous ring.

It was gold and appeared to be Art déco style with a round diamond in the center. Above the round diamond were ten thin rectangular diamonds in a row, looking almost like a fan. Underneath the round diamond was a row of smaller round diamonds. Taking the ring, they slipped it onto their ring finger on their left hand. My eyes widened a little as I realized what they were telling me.

"Holy shit, Raven! Did you two get married?"

I watched them as they blushed and smiled shyly, while they nodded.

"Yeah... he asked me last weekend when we went away to New York City. We didn't want to wait, so when we came back, we went to the courthouse and got married."

Walking around the island, I pulled them from their seat and crushed them in a hug. They laughed against my shoulder and hugged me back.

"That is amazing, Raven. Congratulations. I'm so happy for you. A little pissed there wasn't a wedding for Gar to pick me over Linc as his best man, but I'm still really happy for you."

Raven laughed and smacked my shoulder playfully as they rolled their eyes.

"Yeah, like he would pick you over Lincoln. Sorry, sir, but I swear those two are attached at the hip. We were planning to have a reception for

everyone, and we were going to ask if we could have it here in the backyard when things got warmer."

"Of course you can. Just pick whatever day you want, and we can get it on the calendar and get things planned."

Hearing the kettle go off, I went back over to the stove and turned it off. Pouring the water into our mugs so that the tea could steep.

I couldn't believe it. They were married! I was so happy for them right now and I couldn't wait to congratulate Gar as well and also give him shit for eloping without telling anyone, especially Lincoln and I. We had all grown up together so I was a bit hurt he didn't tell us right away, but if it worked for them, then that was all that mattered. I would help them plan the most amazing reception, though, and we would have an enormous party for them because this was a big deal.

Raven and Gar were pretty much relationship goals for a lot of people at the club. They were so in sync with one another that Gar didn't even have to speak half the time and Raven knew what he wanted. They anticipated their Master's needs because of the training that they had gone through with Gar.

Master and slave dynamics that were TPE were not for the faint of heart. It took extreme dedication and discipline. The slave went through a lot of behavior modification when it came to something like that. It wasn't something that Lincoln and I were into, but it worked for them, and it was so beautiful to watch.

They were obsessed with each other and completely in love with one another, so to hear that they were married was amazing news.

Looking up when I heard Lincoln running into the room, my brows furrowed as I saw how white his face was. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and my stomach dropped at the look he gave me.

Something was wrong.

"Elias?"

Lincoln swallowed and shook his head as he stepped forward and set his phone down. When he confirmed Elias was fine, I relaxed a bit because our boy was safe. But something was still wrong.

Lincoln put his phone down on the counter and looked between Raven and I.

"I... I got a call from Allegheny General Hospital... something happened..."

I stepped closer as the tears fell down Lincoln's face, trying to figure out who it was that had been in an accident. My heart raced as I ran through the options in my head. About who was with us today and who wasn't, and what could have happened.

"Linc..."

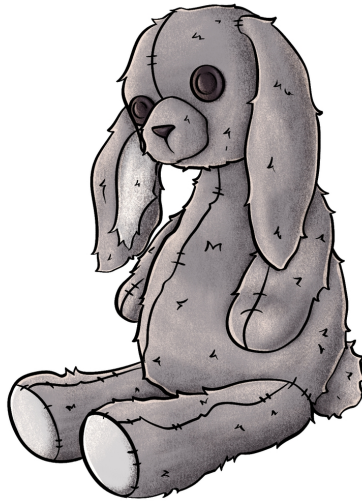
His voice broke on a sob as he tried to get the words out. His hands shook.

"He's gone..."

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Acknowledgments



First, I want to thank YOU for picking this book up and giving it a chance. Without you, this wouldn't be a thing right now, and I will forever be grateful! So THANK YOU!!! Next, I want to thank my best friend and roommate, Krissee. You have dealt with me rambling on about this book since the idea popped into my head. You let me bounce ideas off of you and even researched the weather in Pittsburgh on a certain date for me when I was planning a scene outdoors. You've cheered me on so much and I love you!!

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Thank you. Seriously. For everything.

Love,

Courtney

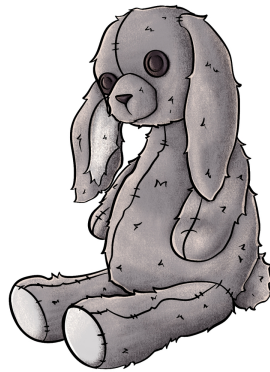
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About the Author



Born and raised in Pittsburgh, Pa, Courtney lives with her five cats and two dogs, and roommate. A proud, childless cat lady, she thrives in feral and unhinged energy. She is unapologetically authentic and likes to surround herself with comfort, support, laughter, and good food. She's always the first one to offer a helping hand or an ear to listen. She's loud about her opinions but also open to learning. Her home has an open-door policy and everyone is welcome. Everywhere she goes, she tries to be a safe space for people while making them laugh.

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