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RUSTIN  
CLUB FRAY

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# **RUIN**

*Club Fray, 5*

**Raven Hush**

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## Chapter One

Kiera

I stood well inside the boundary of all the things I shouldn't do, but I was going to do them anyway. There's solid advice amongst the flotsam of BDSM dating dos and don'ts if you know where to look, and who to trust in finding a playmate. First and foremost is the good old *don't meet someone from another place (or anyplace) without doing a little research first.*

*Make sure you meet for the first time in a public place.*

*Tell someone you trust where you're going.*

*Have an exit strategy.*

I knew all of those and many more. Being part of the kink community and online dating since I was legal gave me all that info, stored in a usually smart brain that protected me.

Being a civet cat—read scavenger and not a local part of the shifter community—made it a little harder to connect, but I was determined not to lose that part of me. And yes, I was too damn horny and lonely. What? A girl has needs, and needs must be met.

Hence why it was such a pity that today I wasn't using any of the Knowledge Tree nous I acquired over the years. I hadn't done much research on the man I'd been talking to for months; I let him pick the place in an industrial estate, and no one knew where I was.

The only thing I'd gotten right was the time of day. Sunset was still several hours away, and I'd be in and out before then.

*It's just a platonic meeting.*

And I could be dead, bruised, or leaving under someone else's steam.

I knew those things. My brain *screamed* them at me.

So why was I wishing my way through a labyrinth of twisting and turning corridors in an isolated hospital wing to find a man who had flown in from an overseas trip and hadn't even been to his own city-sider home yet without a single thread of a safety net, let alone a full one?

Because the man I was meeting was Damon Blake, acclaimed neurosurgeon within the shifter community for his research, a well known and respected name which populated the kink community for his tastes in full-time service submissives and his training techniques.

And a komodo dragon.

Not a real dragon, of course. Just a giant ass lizard that would scare any regular person with its appearance alone, and a mortal enemy to my own little beastie. I kept my secret weapon tucked away for a rainy day.

Rumor had it the doctor was an ex MMA fighter, and the concept of a mixed martial artist cum dragon made a hellishly sexually appealing match in my mind.

So I kept winding my way along the halls, each more isolated than the next, a whisper of fear working its way around my stomach. When I found the office door, its sterile number slightly lopsided, I pressed one palm to its cool surface. My breath came a little too fast as though I'd run along the halls instead. I sucked in a short breath that was nowhere near enough, then knocked.

Damon Blake looked nothing like his pictures and a thousand times more intimidating.

Dark hair, thick and razored in long spikes, speared out at haphazard angles. A black tie with the thinnest royal blue line accentuated his black shirt as he scratched frantically at a leather-bound journal before him. I wondered if he wrote basic observations of some upcoming surgery or the filthy words we'd exchanged over the past months.

Every single question and answer was etched into my mind; I'd read them many times.

*I'm looking for a submissive who can be trained to fulfill my needs at home and when I travel.*

*I'm looking for a submissive with decorum and a quiet outlook but a clever mind.*

*I'm looking for a submissive who can handle many kinks, many partners.*

*I'm looking for a woman I can tease to the edge of her sanity, and when I ask her to serve me, she'll cast her own desires aside and rise on trembling legs to serve me.*

*I require dedication, loyalty and...*

*And what? Sir?*

*A companion, Kiera.*

Damon Blake, genius, surgeon, and skilled master, was lonely.

Our conversation followed on for months, until the day he said he was traveling, which brought us to an isolated, unused research hospital and a meeting that reeked of desperation on my behalf and clinical on his.

*Where is the hot-blooded man who showed me so much of himself over the past months?*

Damon held out a hand without easing his head, pointing to the chair situated between us.

I sank into the tattered leather, who knew how old, and held myself straight backed. Damon Blaze was not the sort of master who wanted to see a slouching girl as an applicant; he wanted strength and discipline.

I had the first and I wanted to learn the second.

*Perfect.*

His single-word response to my reasoning, always. That, and nothing else.

Minutes passed while he wrote. My spine curved and I forced myself back into position. Aches bloomed in my lower



back, across my shoulders.

All I wanted was to hear his voice, to know I wasn't wasting both our time, and to know he wouldn't reject me. A flutter worked its way along my shoulders and settled at the base of my neck.

Finally, *finally*, Damon raised his head. He studied me with eyes like hungry souls, something he'd collected, perhaps, not his own.

The fanciful thought whipped across my mind. I blinked, my posture waning. Plastic pink and navy rims slid down my nose. I pushed them back and prayed I hadn't just flipped him the bird.

*Not the most auspicious start.*

"I don't allow glasses or contacts in my scenes." His deep voice coiled around me, as assessing as his eyes. Not judging, just seeing if I was right for the job.

*An interview. That's all this is.*

Not two friends chatting over coffee; not a date.

And he started—likely unknowingly—on the perfect icebreaker.

"I'm blind as a bat." I grinned and let my nerves out in a rush. "At least you won't have to worry about blindfolds." He pinned me with an icy stare. A tiny flicker of desire unfolded between my legs. I ducked my head, inhaling too fast and choking on the breath. "Sir."

I should be scared of him. Damon was scary as shit. Sure he was intimidating, but I wanted to help him, not run from him. I *knew* I should be scared, but I ... wasn't.

"Can you see at all without them?" He placed his pen on the journal and folded his hands. One thumb twitched, and I knew I was wearing his patience.

For some reason, that gave me energy, not zapping me of it.

“Not much. Maybe this far?” I placed my open palm between us in demonstration, then realized my failing. “Ah, about a foot or so.”

He stared at me in silence. The moment stretched out.

He cleared his throat. “There had better be a *sir* attached to that comment,” he murmured, his deep voice low and dangerous.

*Ahh.* “Sir,” I added, smiling brightly.

He glowered at me. “You couldn’t drive without them?”

“Nope.” Silence. “Sir?”

“Skills?” He wrote something on his pad.

I frowned. “Such as...”

*He knows all this.*

He raised his head, impatience worn through in his pale eyes that sliced over me in a brief flicker of an arctic kiss. “Your job, Miss Blythewood?” His eyebrows bunched in consternation at the mouthful.

I stifled a giggle.

The pen slipped from his fingers and rolled across the desk toward me. He watched me, eyes narrowed as it hit the edge and tipped over in midair.

“I expect my submissive to attend to my needs, Miss B—” He cleared his throat again rather than tackle my name. “And you aren’t—”

I placed the pen in his open fingers where they’d let it go a moment before. He stared at the offending object, gripping the pen in whitening knuckles. Breath huffed from his nose, his lips a tight line. I couldn’t resist leaning forward over his desk, my glasses still in hand.

“It was a shitty test.” I waved a finger between us. “It’s about this far.”

I pivoted on my heel, careful to maintain my balance and not make a bigger ass of myself, heading for the door, though some part of my heart twanged in the motion.

He was right. We weren't suited.

"What's that?" His brittle command snapped me out of my reverie.

"My visual range." I swung back to face him, refusing to be daunted by the hard exterior that glowered back at me.

"How did you catch the pen, or are you lying to me?"

I shrugged. "Maybe I'm a ninja." Both eyebrows went up. I spoke before they needed a rescue mission. "When one sense screws up, the others naturally take over. I've been legally blind—a fancy term for sighted but it's crap vision—for most of my life. I've learned to listen to everything. Sir."

I smiled kindly at him and aimed for the door, my heart thudding. I reached for the handle, that last moment stretching out eternally as I closed my hand around it and gave a tug before he called me back.

"I don't train brats."

*Nor did I expect you to be one.*

He didn't have to say it; I knew without asking why I appeared so different from the deferential girl who listened and responded to him in our chats. The truth was, he wasn't what—or who—I expected, either.

I rotated back to face him again, pressing my trembling hands together.

*He's an asshole. I don't want him.*

But I did. Fly to the honey, and this bear of a man with his soulless eyes was coated in it, ala dragon style.

"I can understand why."

An eyebrow quirked. Damn, those things were getting a workout. "Can you?"

“Of course.” I considered, not wanting to shame anyone despite my recent behavior. “Brats take energy, and the match of needs has to be just right to create a dynamic that satisfies both parties rather than frustrate them. Unless of course they’re aiming for a lack of satisfaction, like a maso/sado pair, maybe.” Heat washed over me at the thought. I gripped the door handle behind me tighter.

Damon considered me as I stood with my back to his door. His cold gaze never wavered, nor did he move.

The urge to fidget, to run from his intense study, left me shaking. He stood suddenly, his chair scraping back. The noise echoed in his empty, borrowed office, though measured footfalls filled the otherwise silent room as he paced his way across the small room to stand in front of me.

A sense of coolness, leather, and juniper assailed my senses at being so close to him.

“You never said what you did for work.” His knuckles grazed my chin, tipping my head back while his almost black gaze held me captive.

I squeezed my thighs together at the shot of desire that hit my system. “I— I’m a salesperson. For jewelry.”

Disappointment curved his arched lips in a moue. “I expected more than a silver tongue.”

I blinked. That comment should—would usually—enrage me, but it didn’t. I shook my head, as much as his grip on my chin allowed. “Not like car sales. I listen. People talk. They tell me what they need, and I find it. Even if it’s not always what they think they came in looking for,” I added under my breath.

Damon Blake nodded, his lips lifting a little in bemusement. “A collector, then.”

“Yes!” I exclaimed, though the word came out far too loud, especially with him standing far too close.

His grip tightened for an instant, darkness roiling beneath his skin as though his beast would come out to meet me, too. His breath came out in a rush of cool air as his grip eased, dropping away. Cold air replaced his touch. “Well then, my little bower bird. Meet me here tomorrow night at nine PM. We will see how we ... match.”

He pressed a black card with rose gold curlique writing on it into my hand.

*FRAY*

*release your illusions*

I swallowed as he reached past me and flicked the door handle open at my back. “Thank you ... Sir.” I dipped my head in a pathetic mini bow thing for no reason at all and slipped away from him.

*What does one wear on a submissive date?*

I twisted around to ask, but he was already closing the door. Our eyes met in a clash of wills and want. Then the sliver of light darkened and the closed door stood between us. I made my way back through the labyrinth of corridors, replaying that last instant in my mind a hundred times before I reached my car, and by then I was convinced.

In that last moment before he shut the door, Doctor Damon Blake smiled.

## Chapter Two

Dr. Blake

I watched Kiera Blythewood enter Fray's main room, clutching her purse over her sweetly curved stomach. Even if I hadn't kept an eye out for her, that little crutch alone would have driven my senses sky high. Dark hair tumbled in haphazard waves about her shoulders, her cheeks pink with arousal from the moment she stepped into a world that was so far outside her frame of reference that she didn't know how to react.

The tiny girl with a big fetish, all sparkly and cutesy and so goddam fuckable.

Her blue dress flowed just above the knee, looking like a party or cocktail attire, though the little silver brooch at one side of the low waist told another story. One where I could slide the material aside and unwrap her like the delicious little present my bower bird pretended not to be.

She mouthed off in the office earlier in the week when I thought she might run for the hills, and yet here she was, her long, dark hair held at bay in a black-and-blue Alice band to match her pretty dress, looking far too innocent and delectable.

Killian du Pont left his post at the entrance, striding across the floor to her. He matched the silver in his hair to his three-piece suit. I couldn't fault his style; the man was always impeccably dressed. He made it halfway across the floor when his submissive and partner, Lux, beat him to Kiera's side. She rolled her eyes, a misdemeanor they'd both enjoy getting her to pay for at a later hour, and spoke in Kiera's ear over the music.

When she turned a curious face in my direction, I downed my drink and took it as my cue to start my night.

*Or an invitation.*

Music pumped over the moans that started to fill the main floor. More would fill the alcove of the shifter sex club as the evening progressed, but that wasn't where we would be playing.

“Dr. Blake.” Lux fluffed her pink feathers around her chest and narrowed her eyes, sweeping her gaze over me. “What’s our little trickster up to? I haven’t seen you about for an age.”

“It’s been a month at least,” I agreed, tilting my chin in Killian’s direction. “He treating you like he should?”

“Pleasure and pain, my friend.” Lux let a flirtatious smile cross her face while Kiera stood between us, transfixed while we held a silent conversation with our eyes over her head.

*Don't fuck with an innocent.*

*She's not as clean as she pretends.*

*Don't you lie to her. Asshole.*

She only got away with the slight because the implied curse was non-verbal. Plus, I wasn't her Dom. Killian could call her out on it later, if he chose.

Instead, I bit back a snort at her attitude and winked. She was only doing her job and looking after cute little floofs like my Kiera.

*And this little floof will be mine.*

I intended nothing less for her, even if she thought tonight was still a trial.

“Shall we?” I held out a hand to Kiera.

Her fingers curled around mine before she looked down, a bemused expression softening her pretty, heart-shaped face. “Yes?”

I smiled, catching her waist to draw her closer and brushing my lips over her ear as Lux wandered off in her

master's direction. "Little floof. If I ask you to come with me, you should never answer a question with a question."

My dragon huffed his approval within me. She was a worthy treat, both a threat and not. Surrounded by so many of our kind it was a challenge not to let him take over and run with his own brand of torment for her. But for now ... I licked her skin to satisfy him. He sank back, letting me focus on her.

She tasted like buttercream and mangoes. I wanted to lick her all over, mark her as mine.

But that wasn't what this was about.

I needed someone who could service my very specific needs.

"Why not?" She blinked up at me, all trusting and innocent looking.

I had to think for a minute to remember what I asked her. That's right—questions.

*Your kinks tell me a different story, Kiera Blythewood.*

I took great stock in the importance of names and knowing them.

"You might not like the situation you find yourself in if you do." I smiled, flicking my tongue over the corner of her mouth.

She whimpered.

*Like a fucking treat.*

I could have bared her and played with her right there in the middle of Fray's main floor, surrounded by all the other freaks just like us. And I would have enjoyed it.

Gods above did I want to play with her, leave her exposed, hot and begging.

But that would simply serve to scare her off, and that wasn't part of the plan. My cock thickened, rising inside the



confines of my pants, and I had no hesitation reaching down to rub myself while she watched.

“What are you looking for that you haven’t told me yet, Kiera?”

Her eyes widened—in shock or appreciation, I couldn’t say. The way her plump, red mouth made a pretty little *o* the same shape of the mushroom head of my cock had my beast roaring inside me, desperate for us to be inside *her*.

“Bar. I want to buy you a drink,” I said silkily before she could answer my riddle.

She nodded, squeezing the hand I still held. Her gaze darted between my mouth and my cock. “I think I can only have two drinks if I want to play later,” she whispered, her voice so low the music nearly drowned her out.

Nearly.

*Damn Astor and his strict rules.*

But that was the way the man lived. I had to forgive him his kink since he allowed mine into his club.

A slim, lime-green lace bracelet decorated her wrist, a sexy version of the garish plastic bands cheap clubs favored. I ran my thumb over its intricate design. “I think we should have some fun, seeing as I know so much about you now.”

She frowned, halting in her tracks. “You stalked me?”

I pivoted on my heel and stepped into her space until she had to tilt her head back to look up at me.

*Ah, the games we play.*

“From your visit in the office, of course.” I offered her a fleeting smile designed to give her a sense of insecurity, seeding doubt rather than giving her what she needed. What? I could be an asshole when I chose. It was my favorite way to play. “After talking to you for so long ... it’s good to see such a beautiful face to match such a perfect submissive.”

“But you—” Her brow dipped. She cut off her words, her head bowed as she processed everything.

*Fucking perfect.*

Even in the face of her confusion she didn't lose her shit at me, and I knew I was pressing all the right buttons. I had studied her, after all. And there was so much goodness in Kiera's sweet little center.

I led her across to the lounge area, drumming my fingers on the bartop to attract the swan shifter's attention. He took my order while I looked down at Kiera.

“What's your preferred poison?”

“A vodka and lime. Please.” She lifted herself onto the nearest bar stool, her royal-blue- and-black ribbon fluttering around her creamy thighs.

I sucked in a sharp breath, barely able to stop myself from touching her. The urge to make her orgasm where she sat before the entire club was too strong. I pushed back my need to bring her pleasure with the same determination I'd used to become one of the country's top surgeons.

“Would you mind collecting our drinks?” I murmured in her ear, flicking my tongue over the delicate curved shell. Her lips parted on a sinful, desperate little sound. *So fucking perfect.* I memorized her moan as I handed over my card, my red cufflinks glittering beneath the club's strobe lights. “I'll be back in a moment.”

She nodded, her round cheeks flushed as I headed toward the back of the club and the men's room.

Kiera Blythewood was absolutely perfect for my needs in every way imaginable. And she had no idea what she'd signed up for with that tiny little nod. I was keen to initiate her, but I wasn't ready to show my hand. Not yet. The pleasure of the hunt, in finding and testing the perfect girl, came before I disclosed all. That was the game I played. The long game.

And she was *so* perfect.



## Chapter Three

Kiera

Damon Blake gave me head spins. His cheeky, sexy nature couldn't be more different from when I met him in the office. Perhaps this was his natural habitat where he opted to cut loose from the harsh nature of his daily work.

Or maybe the office was his usual, and this was some other sort of turn about.

Either way I couldn't work out whether or not I preferred the attention of the austere, brooding man who remained behind the barrier of his desk, or the more relaxed version I met tonight.

Damon Blake certainly was a coin with two sides.

"You look lovely." His voice jerked me back from where I'd disappeared into the bottom of my lime and vodka. Sharp and sweet citrus notes mingled in my mouth over the vodka's hard bite. It was heaven, the best of both worlds. A girl had to enjoy a drink, right? Pleasure and pain, all wrapped in one.

*What are you looking for that you haven't told me, Kiera?*

I bit my lip, mulling on his earlier words. While I answered every question he threw my way, I also hadn't volunteered anything too incriminating. Not yet. Tonight would be a tell for us both. I snapped the plastic wristband in response, not answering his question.

Turning over the possibilities in my mind, I sucked down the last drops of vodka and attempted not to be too hyperaware of the enormous presence of the man behind me.

"Thank you." I closed my eyes and stuck my straw in my mouth before anything else stupid fell out. "Are you having anything?" I snapped the wrist bracelet again. The

sting on the underside of the pale skin bit nicely to complement the drink, an easy reminder I was alive.

Pain versus pleasure.

It wasn't something that we covered in our brief talk. Nothing else made me feel so alive as the harsh reminder that nothing was permanent. Everything was tenuous, despite our strengths and magic.

That we were mortal.

My skin darkened, tiny white spots polka dotting my arms as my cat surfaced. Fur prickled along my spine at the exposed back of my dress. A komodo dragon and a civet cat. An odd combination and mortal enemies. I wondered how our time together would end, if it would be short, if I would remain his prey.

Pushing her back, I urged my body for control over my cat. She snarled inside me in response to not getting her way. As usual, I ignored her. We played along rooftops most nights, but tonight was for *me*. Refusing to be drawn into my usual morbid thoughts, I snapped the bracelet against my pinked skin again. And again.

*Twang, twang, twang.*

"Stop that." Damon's voice held an incontrovertible command that froze me where I sat, the bracelet half pulled out from my wrist. The slippery plastic strands popped over my nail tip, one by one, or maybe I drew my finger back—just to see what he would do.

*No, Sir.* But I didn't say it. I couldn't.

"You don't want to find out what happens if you push me." His breath kissed the shell of my ear, leaving me shivering on my barstool.

My world narrowed to just him, leaving me with a sense of echoing tunnel vision though the crowds flowed about the packed dance floor. Apparently, Fray had a regular floating population of hundreds.

Glamorous shifters humped and bumped on the dance floor, some transformed, others remaining in their skin for the time being. On the stage a male and a female slave were tied face to face, their lips pressed together in an intimate show while a latex-clad catwoman worked her gloved fingers in both their assholes as she pressed tender kisses to their bare skin. The couple's cries into each other's mouths filled the club over the chat and music, exposing a conversation that felt as though it should be reserved for two alone.

*I am completely out of my league.*

"If I do push you?" Was I mad? Apparently. My voice came out breathy and sounded nothing like me at all.

Or maybe it was me, this unexposed part like the underside of my wrist. Undiscovered and waiting sins filled my mind, flushing my face as I stood in a BDSM shifter club on the outskirts of Melbourne's underbelly.

With the man I barely knew who craved my submission.

In a place where I had no friends.

But I wanted to try it his way. He fascinated me, and though I had a good idea of how dangerous he was, I couldn't stop. Damon Blake drew me to him as a moth to the flame—and look how that poor sucker turned out.

He uttered a soft, deep laugh. Sexy as all hell, the sound turned mocking when his lips curled upward in a cruel smirk that left me legless. I clung to my barstool and tried not to whimper.

"I like to punish unprotected things." He leaned closer until his lips brushed my skin, setting every nerve ending aflame. "And, Kiera, you're one of them." Smiling against my mouth but not quite kissing me, he placed a single key with the room number attached to it on the bar in front of me. *Two*.

Not daring to move lest he step back and break the contact that already coated my thighs with a slick sheen of arousal, I froze in place, staring at the key. "What's this?"

His tongue flicked at my ear, caressing the whorls of skin there. “Take it and find out.”

*Welp. That’s not ambiguous at all.*

Damon disappeared into the crowd, leaving me swaying on my stool. The club’s general cacophony bombarded me in a mess of beats and chatter and laughter and moans. So many emotions and scents mingled, and my cat thought she was in heaven.

The bartender’s dark eyes caught mine and held. He glanced down at the key before me, fingers flexing on the bartop. Sharp, razor-cut black hair hung over one side of his face. His knowing smile hit me like a drug.

Next to me, a girl perched on a stool that matched mine moaned. Her legs spread in my periphery, and I didn’t need to look sideways to know that her partner’s hand was beneath her skirt. Suddenly overdressed or underdressed all at once, I clenched my thighs together as heat gushed there. I was going to drench the bar seat, and by the look in the barman’s eyes, he knew exactly what I was doing.

*Is orgasming on a bar stool a punishable offense?*

Some part of me wished it was, wished Damon was still here to tease me ... or worse.

How many others had already come all over the chair I sat on tonight?

Winking, the bartender slid a shot of vodka and a second slice of lime across to me. “In case you need it.”

I nodded somewhat frantically, downing the clear shot and sucking on my lime wedge until juice ran down my chin.

The bartender leaned forward to flick the droplets aside until they slid into the mess between my thighs. I blushed, the combination of alcohol and body heat whirling around me in a heady mix.

He laughed softly. “Take your key and go to your master, little sub, before someone else claims you.”

Holy furballs, the man could flirt. My nipples tightened beneath the thin material of my dress. I took a last fortifying suck on my lime. My skin flushed, hot and icy and prickly and uncomfortable as I scooped up the key instead of the barstool. A quick peek through my lashes assured me the barman was still watching me.

His knowing look became a sinful smile full of promise. I shifted away from his dark gaze and headed for the room where my own twisted master awaited.

\*\*\*\*

In the end I didn't need my key as the door stood ajar to room number two. *Dungeon two* would've been more apt. I slipped through the gap in the door, clutching my purse in front of me. Dim lights illuminated an almost bare room.

Off to one side sat a chaise lounge double the usual width and a little longer. Velvet pillows were piled at one end and blankets at the other. The concrete floor was completely unadorned. Small slits covered the center of the floor. I stared, trying to work out what they were. The ceiling above yielded chains attached to large rings suspended above my head, cuffs attached the ends closest me. One wall held an array of whips.

I tilted my head to one side, working it through before my lightbulb moment made me blanche.

*Oh my fucking furballs, they're drains.*

This room was meant to be hosed down after use.

I shivered, wrapping my arms around me tightly.

*What the hell have I gotten myself into?*

All my cast off worries and warnings suddenly seemed ... pertinent.

Something shifted in the shadows at the far end of the room. As I peered into the darkness beyond my line of sight, a bright spotlight flooded the center of the room and left me with weeping eyes. I couldn't see anything after that and was still swiping away my tears from the light when the door



closed behind me. Slow, precise footsteps announced Damon's presence.

My heart jumped. Thankfully, my body didn't.

*Just put me into a slasher flick right now, please.*

I had done everything possible wrong. And I could've made yet another list just based on my lack of security and awareness when a not-yet-familiar hand with a cool touch traced lightly over my hip bone, obliterating all those thoughts.

I wanted this. I wanted exactly what was happening now.

*If I'm going down in a slasher flick, I hope to hell they have microphones, because I'm going to scream well and loudly at the first cut.*

But Damon's brief caress dropped away.

"Stand over there." Fingers extended past my vision, pointing to the center of the room. A thin strip of blue fluttered in my periphery as his tie dropped forward.

The beams crisscrossed in a kaleidoscope of shadows and light right at the center, but when I stepped into the middle of the floor, bright white light blared directly into my eyes.

I edged into the very middle of the room, until I became used to it, as much as was possible.

"Too bright?"

I couldn't see a fucking thing. "I think my makeup might run," I joked, but it mustn't have been a problem because there wasn't a single sound behind me. I sighed. "It's fine. It doesn't hurt." Silence met my response, and I jiggled a little on the spot before I realized what I had missed. "Sir."

*Much.*

"Good." His voice came from directly behind me.

If I leaned back, I would be able to touch him, though I didn't feel his heat this time. More a cold void where the

cheeky man had been earlier in the night. I swallowed and prayed I hadn't made a huge error in judgment.

Footsteps echoed weirdly around the room, bouncing off the walls and back at me. Something cold and slippery pressed against my bare ankles. I squeaked and shifted.

"Don't move. Don't be tempted to survey your surroundings." The command froze me on the spot. "Look directly into the light, please. If it's intolerable, ask for a blindfold."

I didn't answer him as he didn't seem to require an answer. Footsteps moved around behind me, as though he stepped away. Something else brushed the backs of my knees. Damon grabbed my ankles, and I swallowed a scream that still tried to emerge from my throat in a warbling little moan.

*So not sexy.*

He flicked my sandals off my feet and tossed them to one side of the room. A single finger slid along my arch, leaving me writhing and giggling.

The sharp sting from his open palm on my sole silenced me.

"You're going to be fun to play with, aren't you," he mused.

I shivered as he worked the buttons open on the back of my dress and flicked away the ribbon that held the top in place. The material slithered along my thighs where he caught it.

"Step out."

"Yes, Sir." My nipples pebbled tighter, almost painful. I wanted to beg him to give me relief and not to touch me at the same time, in case it made the tension worse.

*Don't look* never seemed so hard.

His fingers grazed my calves as he threw the dress on my side. A moment later, his breath brushed my bare

shoulders. Cool fingertips traced my arms. “Beautiful.”

One word, and my body joined my head in spinning.

“So are you. Sir,” I said without thinking. I twisted at the waist, seeking his mouth on mine, but remembered just in time to keep my gaze forward on the light.

That cursed lamp that would haunt me in the following weeks.

His soft laugh puffed around me. “You promised me you wouldn’t look, or move. Are you unable to hold to your promise?”

I nibbled on my lip. I got the impression I’d used up my only freebie by accident. Did I need that blindfold? I never had been that kid who looked for Santa when I wasn’t supposed to, preferring to choose to believe the lie and enjoy the magic of the moment. I never tried to search for the tooth fairy either. Was this any different?

More than anything, I wanted to do what Damon asked. *Needed.*

I shook my head. “No. I’ll be...” I found I was unable to finish my sentence.

“Good girl.” He trailed those cold fingers across my rib cage, brushing the very lowest swell of my breasts. My nipples ached as he tapped my feet out a little more. His shadow impaired the light for a moment. Then clicks attached my ankles to the floor. He raised my hands over my head, attaching my wrists to the shackles there, too, until I stood helpless and panting.

My cat mewled inside me at the restriction, but I very firmly told her to go to hell inside my head. I didn’t move, though I wanted to try to squeeze my thighs together and alleviate the pressure building in my clit.

I didn’t turn my head away from the damn lights, though I needed to see his face, to read if I was doing what he demanded of me.

“Very. Good. Girl.” A single finger traced the lower curve of my spine, resting over my tailbone. The sensation of his hand sank into my body before he took it away.

Heat pooled between my thighs. My arousal dripped down my legs, and he hadn’t even started. I was completely bare except for the cuffs and that stupid green bracelet that I snapped against my wrist.

His cool touch returned, tracking swirls around my ribs and armpits. I bit my lips, my thighs trembling. I tried not to break his rules, but the sensation overwhelmed me. Keeping his touch light, he tickled me until I shuddered in my shackles, laughing and crying and trying not to look at him.

I stumbled as he found a sensitive spot to torture behind my knees, sweeping back and forth. The alcohol of before sat low in my belly, too low. If he kept this up, I’d find out exactly what those slits in the floor were for.

Stop!” I pleaded, twisting in place, my bare feet stamping into the concrete in a bid to dodge the touch I’d craved moments before. “Please!”

Damon’s hand was quickly replaced with a blooming heat.

*Smack, smack, smack.*

I jumped at the sound, but my shock turned to moans by the time the last blow fell.

Almost along with me.

I whimpered and clenched my hands until my nails bit into my palms.

“Such a good girl.” He circled me, his steps stopping at one side. Heat bloomed against my cheek as he pressed a sweet kiss there before licking the corner of my mouth.

I gasped and his tongue traced along mine, though he didn’t seal our mouths together like I expected. Hoped.

“Perfect. Now balance there while I take my pleasure from you.”

I let my eyes fall shut, breaking his rule in my predicament.

Unfortunately, he saw.

Breath tickled my nape as he drew his nose along my spine, following up with his tongue.

“That’s one.”



## Chapter Four

Dr. Blake

Kiera couldn't be more perfect. Seeing her strain where she hung, wobbling on her toes to maintain her balance, her pretty feet tapping the floor in a sexy, desperate dance.

*Appropriate.*

We hadn't even started yet—that broke some dam of sadism I'd held in reserve for just such a moment. My beast broke through the surface of my skin. Curved claws dug into my palms as the shift came on abruptly.

I pushed my claws back so that only the tips remained exposed and grazed them gently across her stomach, hard enough to mark but not enough to draw blood or break her creamy skin. Red streaks bloomed over the sweet curve of her stomach, and I trailed my fingers over them for the pure, indulgent pleasure of earning a tortured whimper from those perfect lips.

All while she strained to balance as I played my games.

I flicked my claws over the tops of her thighs, the backs of her legs. A dragon's tail coiled around her ankle, giving a tug just to unbalance her.

She shuddered, crying out, but still, she didn't move more than she had to.

I was happy to give my little civet cat points for that.

"Tell me something about you. Not what was on the paper, or when we talked. Something only you know." I trailed my claws down the crack of her ass, extending them to pull the curved back away from sharp points through her soaked folds.

"I like..." She mumbled something.

Something I missed.

I left my knuckles dragging between her pussy lips and leaned into her. "What was that?" I licked a drop of sweat that

trickled along her cheek, or maybe it was a tear. I knew she had a humiliation kink hidden away in there, but I doubted she'd fess up to that on my first try.

Hell, I wasn't even sure she knew.

"I like pain," she whispered softly.

My cock pulsed in my pants, threatening to erupt on the spot. I forced my desire deep, pushing myself back from taking her already.

*We have so many things to discover together, Bower Bird.*

"You do, do you?" Carefully, with steady hands born by a thousand surgeries, I turned one palm up to run the very tips of my claws along her pussy lips.

She gave me the purest sort of strangled scream a sadist could ever crave.

My cock pulsed again, my determination to tease her for the rest of the night depleted. My desire refused to be held at bay any longer, and her feral fucking little scream did me in. Snarling at my own lack of control, I shredded the front of my pants with my own claws, uncaring if I sliced myself open in the process, and rammed myself home into her tight, gushing pussy.

She came around me instantly, all that teasing driven to a point with my violence. I fucked her relentlessly, digging my fingers into her hips as she crashed around me. I withdrew my claws enough to only hurt her, not scar her body, and hammered my way to my own orgasm. The room filled with her screams, my grunts, and the deliciously filthy sound of flesh slapping on flesh as I claimed her again and again.

Cuddles had never done a damn thing for me, but when I unlocked her ankles and wrists, she draped over me, purring softly against my chest and covering me in her sweat. Those purrs sounded a whole lot like her moans, and before I thought it through, I swung her into my arms and nestled her on top of me on the chaise.



Her heart beat in time with mine, reminding me that I had one.

My dragon rumbled inside me, craving touch, flesh, and cries of his own.

*One day. Maybe.*

I hissed at the thought and pushed him back, wrapping my arms about her for security, unwilling to pick her off the floor if she slipped off my body when we were both covered in sweat. At least, that's the lie I told myself. Leaning back onto the pillow pile, I flicked a blanket up to cover her bare, trembling form and closed my eyes.

She shivered against me for a long moment, then settled, nestling into my chest. Her lips pressed to my skin as she whispered *thank you, thank you, thank you*, over and over again. A broad smile cracked my severe facade. *I made her feel like that*. Who knew the process of finding the perfect submissive and falling for her in a night would be so fucking rewarding?

I didn't even care that she omitted the *Sir*.

\*\*\*\*

Nearly an hour later, she made her way into the bar. I made sure she showered post her shattering experience and gave her the time to settle. How deeply the playtime affected us was evident in the way she walked, in the way she clutched her purse to her chest for comfort. Gone was the self-conscious, curvy girl who had walked into the bar earlier in the night.

I held out one arm as she approached, barely restraining the urge to leap from the barstool and haul her into my arms. The grand gesture would embarrass her, which I found endearing, and was too out of character. *That* I found annoying.

When she sidled up to me and pressed her bare arm along mine, I took the chance to kiss the top of her head. My hands flexed in my lap, but I didn't embrace her, though I

wanted to so fucking much it hurt. Instead, I passed her the lime-tinted water—room temperature, not iced for hydration—and made sure she swallowed every last gulp.

Kiera pressed the glass to the bar with a quiet *thanks* and clasped her trembling hands together.

“Are you going to be all right getting home? I can drive you.”

She shook her head. “I drove. I’ll be fine. Throw some metal on in the car and sing loudly the entire way home. Badly, too. I’m a terrible singer.” She grimaced, but the reveal gave her no embarrassment whatsoever.

*You’re too fucking cute for your own good, Kiera Blythewood.*

“Good. Next Tuesday at seven. I’d like to ... explore a few more avenues with you.” I tweaked her nose when her eyes widened with a delicious dose of fear and excitement. “Pleasure, sweetheart. I want to see how much you can take before you break.”

“Oh.” She blinked and hurried to correct her lapse. “Thank you, Sir. I enjoyed tonight immensely.”

I smirked. “Oh I know, little floof. Don’t be late. I want to spend every minute learning exactly what makes you scream.”

Her sharp inhale told me I’d hit the right level with her after tonight’s brutal fucking. Not that the next week would be any less, or the week after that. She’d get used to it.

I leaned forward to kiss her before I caught myself and pressed my lips to her temple instead, ignoring the way my dragon roared softly for her pussy. Or maybe it was her cat. “Goodnight, Kiera.”

“Good night, Sir. Thank you.” Emotion shone in her eyes as she turned slowly on her heel. Her shoulders made a straight line, though her stunted walk told its own story of rough sex and a girl who wanted more.

Kiera walked stiffly away from me, the pain already setting in, despite where I rubbed arnica on her skin after playtime finished. By the time I saw her next week, the damage on her stomach and thighs would've faded somewhat, but I would also enjoy replacing the marks I made on her flesh again, marking her as mine.

I leaned one elbow on the bar as the crowd began to thin, come the early hours of the morning before Fray closed. Beside me, a couple snuggled on a stool, her arms wrapped around him, his head resting on her breasts where he kissed and sucked gently.

Fray catered to all sorts of kinks, and I was grateful to have a place to share mine with Kiera.

I nodded to the bartender, then flicked my fingers. The movement belied my own trembling hand, and I knew he missed nothing.

He slipped a double shot of cheap Jack in front of me. "Does she know?" James Kwan rested his forearms on his side of the bar bench and stretched his back. The Korean's razor-cut hair flopped into his eyes, a shot of luridly bright lime green visible somewhere around the roots.

He looked up at me through thick, curled natural lashes that were wasted on a smooth-skinned man like him. Not that he wasn't rough when it came to his own form of dominance and submission, but he didn't need the dark frame around his eyes to give his brand of androgyny to his tall build.

The swan shifter was a switch who made a good Dom and a better sub. More than once, I considered playing with him, but my tastes ran a little differently to what he liked on the submissive side.

He studied me for a long moment that stretched out. The club quietened around us before he asked his question.

"Is she the one?"

I swallowed the shitty Jack, relishing the burn. "Looks like it."

“Does she know?”

My lips curled up, my cock still hard from watching Kiera writhe in her chains. “Does she know? No.”

James snorted and dropped his head. His shoulders rolled back and he groaned at the tension there. “You play some fucked-up games, Blake.” His gaze flicked over my shoulder, deeper into the club.

He’d be looking for Lux; the staff knew of his long-running crush on the emu shifter before Killian caught her eye. Shaking himself out of it, he turned and stared at his newest co-bartender instead.

I shook my head, laughing. “You’ve got your own shit to work through, man.”

“Fuck off, Blake.”

“Haven’t found a regular partner?”

“Not yet. Rafe said he had someone I might be able to help train. See how it goes.” He polished a glass that didn’t need work, aiming for nonchalant and missing it by a mile.

I leaned forward. “That’s a pathetic lie. Just go for it with one of them. What’s the worst that can happen?”

James snarled at me and stalked to the other end of the bar, grabbing a cleaning cloth and slapping his co-worker on the ass with it. Zoe, our resident python shifter, screeched and turned on him, slapping him across the face with an open palm. A hand print bloomed on his cheek as he laughed at her, and she made a matching one on the other side, snarking at him as she went.

He turned on his heel as her eyes flashed. One moment he was looming over her, the next a thick-set python reared above him, hissing in the same frustrated tone she exhibited a moment before.

It was good to see the confused girl holding her own. She could keep her secrets, and I doubted James was the one to extract them from her. Ignoring their banter, I turned my

back to the bar, running my gaze over the crowd. The echo of Kiera's moans rolled around my mind until I was stiff as hell in my pants and in a different sort of pain than had been inflicted on her.

*Does she know?*

No.

Another double shot of Jack appeared by my side. I glanced over my shoulder in time to see Zoe flip James off as he took a shot for himself.

I grabbed the glass and tossed it back without looking.

No, Kiera didn't know.

*Not yet.*

## Chapter Five

Kiera

The next few weeks passed in a similar fashion. At seven PM every Tuesday evening, I headed into Club Fray for my session with Damon, full of nerves and anticipation.

Each week felt like an experiment, and me his toy for the night.

Sometimes he played with pain, sometimes with pleasure. Occasionally he created a head-spinning mixture of both, as though he was testing my mettle to see if his kinks matched my body and mind.

I grew accustomed to having my arms extended in those chains hanging from the roof to the cuffs on my wrists, the odd flicks around my ankles while he played with me. I never could get accustomed to that blasted light. On top of all the things I learned about Damon Blake's broad array of kinks, he taught me how to orgasm properly.

I had no idea how powerful pleasure could be until he showed me.

Cold hands told me my night would be a discovery tour of all the ways my body reacted to his brand of pain; warm hands were for pleasure. Damon's passion and desire overflowed into me until I spent those nights trembling in my chains, crying out over and over again.

I learnt to submit to his will, and my body to his needs.

In reward, for a few hours every week, I got lost in my head while he played my body like an instrument in need of tuning to his tastes.

And every week, I met him at the bar, cool and collected, as much as I could be on the outside. When I left, I tried not to stumble at the door on the way to my car. More

than once, Damon tried to get me to use an Uber, but I needed the drive home to pull myself back together.

By the time I fell into my own bed halfway across the city, my thighs still trembled with the after-shocks of what he did to me, the last I would see of him all week.

No, nothing could be so simple.

My dreams were haunted by his harsh laugh when I cried and writhed for him, aching for the touch of his cool, clever hands or the deep primal growl that rose in his chest when I came from the pressure of his fingers between my legs while he sucked at my breasts and teased my nipples with his tongue.

Once a week for three weeks I ceased being Kiera and became his plaything, looking forward to those few hours every Tuesday night until my feet hit the club's threshold again.

This week's instructions were simple. Wear the black-and-silver empire cut minidress he sent to me with the red-and-blue ribbon that came with it. The hair accessory was an Alice band in the same colors. That kept my hair off my face and let it flow back over my shoulders.

Matching bracelets, each a piece of matching striped ribbon for each color with a tiny stud on the inside, lay beneath the dress in its glossy black box. I contemplated wearing them together on one wrist, but having one on each side appealed to my OCD as well as balancing out in play if he used the industrial-grade cuffs in tonight's session.

I found a lipstick called Scarlet Lady to match the red ribbon. I smirked at the implications as I added midnight-blue shadow to my lids. Only a little of each, nothing so overdone as the seventies porn flicks that had become cult over the years. No, I was aiming for class, not whore ... at least, not yet.

Everything about Damon exuded class. I didn't know which side of him I would see tonight, but he trained me in a

few short weeks to respond to whatever he needed each time I saw him. Reprogramming my body was as easy as conditioning me to pain and breaking me over a series of orgasms. It was like he put me back together while I was lost in my own head.

Either way, I wanted to savor every moment of tonight, regardless of what mood he might be in.

He still hadn't shown me his dragon.

And I didn't know how to ask.

What would that conversation be like?

*Please, Sir. Could you show me your dragon? No, not the one hidden in your trousers. The one that can maim and kill. Why? Oh, I'd like to pat him. Maybe ride him if we ended up on good terms.*

*Yeah, no.*

I walked into the club and held out my wrist for the lime-green band I knew Damon would have left for me. But the girl with the snake tattoo on her hand at the desk shook her head and pointed me toward the bar. Frowning, I turned in the direction she pointed. Movement at my side drew my attention, and I caught the eye of the silver fox opposite who always loitered near the door, checking each incoming clubgoer with a sharp eye.

I didn't know the staff in this place and thought he might have been a floor or bar manager. My experience was limited to Damon's clever fingers and smooth touch for now.

The silver fox shrugged, his chest compressed inside a massive waistcoat embroidered with purple lilies on silver vines. I raised an eyebrow; the man clearly had taste. His gaze traveled over my body in a cold assessment as he took me in, his head of silver-shot dark hair tilted to one side.

I took the dismissal with no small degree of relief. Clutching my purse over the front of the sheer black dress that was closer to a negligee than outdoor attire, I headed toward



the bar, glancing neither left nor right as I crossed through the crowd to where Damon would be waiting for me.

But when I got to the bar a single seat sat empty and a key decorated the benchtop beside a shot of tequila and a slice of lime.

“You’re to have your drink and then go find him.” The dark-haired bartender prodded my shot a little closer. “I’m authorized to give you a second if you need it.”

I shook my head and quickly slammed the shot back, my other hand grasping for the key until sharp metal edges cut into my hand. “No. I don’t want to lose the sensation.”

Of pain or pleasure. I didn’t want to miss anything at all.

The Korean nodded slowly, his dark eyes lit with a sadistic sort of approval. A ghost of a smile curled his lips. “Then have a good night.”

I nodded, stumbling backward as I headed toward the stairs, though my feet tripped not from the tequila but from my haste. I slipped down the stairs, my kitten heels clacking too loudly in the close stairwell. Four doors stood closed before me, each lit with a little red light. I knew which room he had reserved for the night. I stepped forward, hesitating only slightly. He usually left the door ajar; I’d never actually had to use my key before.

Shrugging the change off as an oversight, I couldn’t ignore an uneasiness that bloomed low in my stomach. I slid the key into the lock and pushed the door open, already sensing that something was different about tonight.

As usual, the moment I entered the room, a glaring light hit my face, blinding me. I couldn’t see if Damon was in the room—hell, I wouldn’t have been able to see if one hundred people overpopulated the space. A reverent air filled the room, so I kept quiet.

I shivered, tugging gently at the ribbons on my wrist, and edged toward the center, taking my usual place. On any other night, Damon would remove my clothes and fold them.

Then my arms would go up. The door would close and we would begin.

This felt nothing like what I'd come to expect from him. I reached the center of the room, squeezing my eyes shut against the blinding light. Trickle of tears ran down my cheeks. My cat emerged, showering spots over my skin. She hated that her night vision blurred out. I had to agree.

Keeping my feet hip width apart, I reached up to offer my hands for the cuffs, but there was nothing there, nothing to grab onto. When his cool hands closed around my wrists, I yelped and then bit my lip.

*Shit. I'm not supposed to make a sound.*

Sometimes he was a challenge to keep up with; his rules shifted hot and cold with his mood.

"No cuffs for you tonight, Kiera. You're dressed exactly as intended." He drew my wrists to my sides and pressed my hands to the small of my back, interlocking my fingers. His breath brushed the curve of my shoulder as he licked a line along my throat. "Tonight's rule is simple. Don't move."

My mouth hung open. Don't move? What might seem simple, even *too* simple, was a deadly trap. I'd learned what sort of games Damon liked to play by now, and I had an inkling into the dark shadows in his mind. While I usually liked them, appreciated his creativity even, tonight felt like a test.

One I was scared to fail.

A whimper left my lips. I clamped them shut to prevent anything else falling out by accident.

Like my sanity.

The music of his laughter echoed around us, merging with my moan. I couldn't work out if tonight would be about pain or pleasure, but I knew it wouldn't be long before I found out.

“Feel free to scream or talk. Ask whatever questions you need tonight.” Damon circled warm fingers around my throat, slipping the straps of my dress off my shoulders, baring my breasts.

Cold air assailed me, a direct contrast to his warm caress. He banded one hard muscled arm across my chest, cradling the weight of my breast in his hand and tweaking the nipple until it hardened into a painful nub under his attention.

“I can ask you anything?” My pulse throbbed like a heartbeat between my legs.

“Whatever you like. You look beautiful in this. I knew you would.” He sucked on my neck until I thought my knees would fail.

Don’t move, huh? *Asshole*. In the nicest way, of course. Something swirled around my ankles, but I didn’t get time to process the odd sensation before he kicked my legs further apart.

He’d trained me not to dwell on sensation that wasn’t part of the current situation, keeping me in the moment, even when something slithered along my leg, snaking up my thigh, like a long tongue reaching for me.

*Tonight is different.*

“Will you hurt me tonight?” I stared straight ahead, my gaze fixed on the backs of my eyelids. The light became too bright, and he hadn’t made a rule about where to look or not, so I didn’t think I’d screwed up already.

Damon squeezed my throat once, switching breasts with his other hand. Light, languid touches were the best and worst form of torture at once. He continued pleasuring my nipples until all I wanted was to lean back on his weight, tip my head back, and beg him to kiss me.

*Don’t move.*

That simple command held so much weight. Tonight would be terrible.

“If I choose,” he teased, plucking my nipple until heat gushed between my thighs.

His kisses slid along the corner of my mouth, first on one side then the other, too fast for me to guess where he might come at me from next.

*But I'm not supposed to guess. I'm supposed to enjoy.*

I sighed my pleasure, releasing every inch of my control to him, and weathered the oncoming storm. It didn't take long for my knees to shake and my thighs to ache. His touch and kisses came at me from both sides until I was a writhing, hot mess.

Nails grazed my stomach and traced along the crack of my ass to press against my dark hole. I whimpered and forced myself not to react. We'd played there lightly before, but the stretch of just his finger was still tight as he worked the digit into my virgin hole.

A few pumps and the pressure eased. He added a second finger, scooping up the cream that coated my thighs to ease his way inside until my body accepted the intrusion. Bliss built along with pressure as he worked his fingers in and out, fucking me with them in a slow parody of his preferred method of breaking me with his cock each week.

Just as my body began to shudder, my impending release right *there*, he withdrew his hand and stepped away.

I panted through the next breaths, forcing air into my lungs. “That was cruel,” I whispered. My body pulsed, begging for extra contact, but he stayed clear of me while my orgasm retreated.

“You have no idea how cruel I can be, Kiera.”

Then his mouth was on my pussy as he licked at the copious amounts of fluids coating my body and dripping down my thighs. He sucked gently on my clit, just enough pressure to tease me with the greatest amount of torment. Flicks of his tongue matched the light sucks and gentle swirls to build me back up, but never giving me enough attention to make me

come, keeping my orgasm just out of reach, never letting me crash.

When he rose without making me come, leaving my pussy a soaked mess, I screamed my frustrations aloud.

Still, I didn't move.

“That was so fucking beautiful. Let's see if we can do it again.” His tongue teased the corner of my mouth, licking and flicking. He let the taste of my filthy need drip into my mouth. Then he withdrew and we started again.

And again.

How long he worked my body over, I had no idea. Minutes and hours melded, and I wondered that the sun hadn't risen and set while he tortured my body, using my needs against me. Those low heels that it seemed so easy to walk in earlier in the night became the tallest towers.

I strained against my body's need to rub my pussy over his face, begging for the tiniest amount of extra friction, forcing myself not to hump his mouth like a bitch in heat.

My breasts ached, so heavy like they were full of milk. My nipples pebbled into hard points where the briefest sensation from his smooth knuckles brought on tears. Finally, when I had screamed myself raw and still hadn't been allowed to come, Damon knelt before me.

Resting his chin against my belly, he gazed up at me with adoration written in his beautiful eyes. “It's time to start.”

“Start?” My mouth dropped open as I quivered before him. Those words might have been the cruelest he had ever uttered. I'd never be able to hold to that stupid fucking rule. “Why—”

The moment my mouth opened, he rose and took the opportunity to slide his tongue inside. Our mouths pressed lightly together in a not quite kiss as he tasted me over and over.

I was just a toy to amuse him, and he had set me up to fail. My body pulsed, hot and tense. I wasn't sure if I was allowed to kiss him back so I stood still, panting and shaking.

“You may kiss me, Kiera.” His voice came from beside me, leaving my mind whirling while he pressed his body hard to mine from the front.

I returned his kisses, disoriented as the room swirled around us, though the meager shots of vodka had long worn off.

I ached to lean back into him, rest my head on his shoulder, and let him take what he wanted from me. Everything in me throbbed, wanting to give back, to wrap my arms around him, cling to his broad shoulders, but that wasn't the game we played.

A moan slipped free of our frantic, deep kiss. “I don't want to break any rules.”

He murmured something soothing as I lost myself against his mouth, not realizing how much I had craved the kisses I'd never had from him before. For our tongues to dance together in an erotic glide of steps I didn't know—where I had to rely on him alone to lead me—left me dripping.

His tongue swept into my mouth, dominating as another mouth pressed to my pussy, sucking and licking.

I held his rule only because I was frozen to the spot as my mind registered the intrusion. “Damon—” He kissed me harder, and I broke off, overwhelmed with sensation.

After the hours of teasing he put me through, I couldn't make sense of anything. My defenses shattered, along with a small slice of my sanity. The pressure of the tongue against my clit, his laughter cascading around me from behind, nearly broke me. He rubbed his rigid cock against my my ass, sliding between my cheeks in a gentle form of its own torture, then pushed it lower to slip between my pussy lips.

The additional mouth latched at my front still lapped and sucked at me.

The contrast of hard and soft left me a mewling mess. I came hard on the tongue, trembling and shaking. When I swayed on my feet, he locked me in place in strong arms. My world turned dark. I opened my eyes to find him standing in front of me, his head shadowing that bright, intense light that I hated so much.

The angle threw his aqualine face straight into sharp relief, a bright halo increasing the cruel lines of his twisted smirk as he stared down at me.

The tongue between my folds lapped up the evidence of my release, soothing as I stared into the face of the man I'd fallen for and realized I barely recognized him.

The face that matched the one cleaning between my thighs.

“Do you know who I am?” The Damon standing before me, the one who had just fucked me hard, offered me another cold slice of a smile.

That was a smile I knew, but it wasn't enough.

I shook my head. “No,” I whispered.

He'd taken the remnants of my control and torn it from my hands, laughing at the same time.

My knees trembled. I sank a little onto the mouth playing with my aching pussy while the man I desired stared down at me, his lip curled in a derisive sneer while he worked his cock between my thighs.

*Too much.*

I gushed all over the cock and tongue teasing me, and broke his only rule.

## Chapter Six

Damon Blake

A magician's reveal—the prestige—might look like the most critical part of his performance, but the magic isn't about the trick. It's about the setup beforehand.

We spent an entire month setting up little Kiera Blythewood.

And when she stared into my brother's face, recognition tumbling across her features—or in this case, not so much recognition, more acceptance of the significant change in her situation—she gushed on my tongue in the purest form of appreciation for the reveal that unwound around her, taking her with it.

Her body shattered as she stared into my twin's face, his features identical—except the fact that his preference for pain twisted his lips into a cruel smile that made her come on my tongue.

She stumbled, stepping out of her place, and I knew he would have a reason to punish her at some future point for the misdemeanor.

I nearly lost my shit alongside her. Her pleasure became mine as she moaned and cried out against the tongue he flicked over her lips.

He hated the intimacy of kissing. It would likely be one of a handful of times it would ever happen for them. I, on the other hand, had been dying to devour my floof's plump little mouth, and my asshole of a twin brother beat me to her.

Still, I had another set of lips to appreciate, and I sucked and licked her creamy folds, a cat savoring his reward.

As she came down from her high, I curved my body around her legs, licking at the back of her knees to earn a soft giggle. A giggle that turned into a yelp as I bit into one ass cheek, just because I could.



“She’s perfect.” I stared adoringly at her where she clung to the hands still interlocked behind her back.

Kiera rocked on her toes with the after-shocks of her orgasm, but apart from that single misstep, she held to the impossible task given her.

*Don’t move.*

So simple, so trying.

Demon had written a list of everything he wanted from her. Servitude, a companion for both of us unless we traveled. Then she would be a body and heart to warm lonely nights, someone who could manage the intensity of both our kinks, together or apart.

We had tested everything, except for the *together* bit.

Before we expected her, and while she processed our new situation, *us*, I wanted to test that last part out.

“You’re not him.” She stared at my twin as I rose behind her, wrapping my arms around her waist and snuggling into the crook of her neck, nibbling and sucking.

My favorite game involved pleasure, distraction, and turning a smart girl into a moaning, gorgeous slut. Then I’d fuck us all into oblivion.

I looked up in time to see Demon’s cold smile widen.

“No.” One simple word. That’s all he gave her.

Kiera shuddered in my embrace, leaning into me the slightest amount. Under that cold smile, his dark eyes glowing with the victory of finally breaking her, I forgave her that fun little transgression.

We were a couple of sick, twisted fucks. And now, we had her.

My dragon roared, attempting to bust through my skin. I needed to give him a good run, let him terrorize some seagulls or something to be able to have my normal life.

Demon, though. He'd always been wrong, that way. Cold to my heat, ice and clinical sadism to my fire and pleasure.

"You're beautiful," I murmured, decorating her skin in a series of pink and red marks with my mouth. "You can move, pretty floof. Lean back on me."

I shifted so she stood directly between us and untangled her hands, massaging her fingers and wrists to encourage blood flow from their tight clasp. On a whim, I curled my fingers into hers, interlocking our grip and easing her head back to my shoulder.

Sweat beaded her skin, and I lapped at that, too, needing to give her whatever comfort I could that Demon had stripped away from her. We'd given her a hell of a shock, after all.

"Damon," she whispered, tilting her head back so she could look up at me. A soft breath shuddered through her as she gave over her balance, letting me hold her weight.

"Right here, honey."

She nodded, her attention already on my twin. "And you're the Demon." She laughed, a scathing sound at her own lack of understanding.

It wasn't necessary. She saw more than she possibly believed. The bar staff could rarely tell us apart, and we'd been frequenting Fray for years. Plus, they knew our secret in advance while she had no idea.

We were that good.

"I am." Demon inclined his head. "You've done well."

I grinned. From him, that was glowing praise.

"Do you want to try this thing with us?" I slid my hands up to cup her breasts.

She trembled as I gently brushed over her sensitive nipples, spreading her legs a little wider for my brother's pleasure just to expose her that little bit more.

Our girl had a tiny exhibitionist streak, and tormenting her was so much fun.

“Yes. Please.” She nodded. Her eyes closed as I trailed my fingertips across her chest, leaving her lower half to my brother.

For now.

His hands came down on her hips in what I knew would be a cold grip. He jerked her against him, rubbing his cock back and forth against her dripping slit, lubing himself.

“Don’t take all the mess, brother.” I slipped my own cock against his, coating myself with her juices. I leaned back, scooping up a small tube of lube and dribbling it into the tight rosebud of her ass. She twisted in my arms, her eyes flying open, but she kept her mouth shut.

“The perfect little slut.” Demon mocked her.

She moaned at his derogatory words, though I knew he meant them in a complimenting way, rubbing shamelessly against us both. I probed her asshole with my fingertip, working the lube around and teasing us both. She was so fucking tight.

I nipped her shoulder. “Ease up, baby floof. I don’t want to hurt you.”

The flash in my brother’s eyes said that he *did*, but thankfully he wasn’t the one about to gape her ass. Her muscles relaxed as she gave in, though I doubted she had much fight left in her at this point.

I slid the tip of my finger inside her, working through to my knuckle, pumping in and out. After a moment I added another finger. Her cries of humiliation and excitement washed over us, and we rubbed against her pussy in a frenzy.

Finally, Demon snarled and pushed me back, readying himself at her pussy. He thrust deep to bury himself to the hilt in one go. I pushed a third finger in and slid knuckle deep into her ass on the first go.

Our little floof came on the spot.

Her snatch dripped over my cock as I rubbed against the rim of her pussy my brother already filled, taking as much of her slick and coating myself in it to ease what would come next. She rocked forward onto my brother's shaft, digging her nails into his chest as I teased us all.

He groaned as I removed my fingers from her ass, filling her alone for a moment as I watched them together. But not too long, because my own patience wasn't endless. I gripped the mushroom head of my cock, thumbing it as her ass began to close and parted her cheeks with my thumbs. Then I pushed back into the space I vacated with my fingers, though her body wasn't anywhere used to what I impaled her on.

She groaned at the perfect stretch, still and unmoving. Her moan was echoed by my brother as I rubbed my shaft along his through the thin membrane separating her tight holes. Suffering as desired. I gripped her hips and pushed forward.

The sound that ripped from her throat was nothing less than feral, and it was so beautiful.

My brother leaned into her lips, tasting her tongue as I worked myself into her ass inch by tight, constricting inch.

When he moved to kiss her cheek, Kiera tipped her head back, panic written in her eyes. I slipped my mouth over hers, kissing her deeply until her body softened and relaxed around mine, working my tongue at the same pace I fucked her dark hole.

Her screams were muffled by my kiss as Demon and I worked her together, alternating thrusts until she arced into us, a hot, screaming mess wrapped in our arms. I sucked and licked all over her neck, massaging her breasts while he pinched her hips and belly, reaching around to pull her cheeks apart, exposing more of her to me.

I looked back down as my cock disappeared inside her hole, shuddering at the searing pleasure of her strangling my

cock. “I’m not sure which part of her I want more.” I spoke around Kiera’s writhing body to talk to my brother, leaving her as an object between us.

*A toy.*

He smiled, pistoning his hips into her. “We can switch it up next time. I’d love a chance to ruin that asshole.”

“Maybe we can do a little DP there together. Really tear her open.”

She cried out over our words as we smirked at each other above her head. Her body trembled as she came, full, wracking tremors that brought me close to the edge. I held back, stroking her curves soothingly as she slumped into me, spent.

“She’s creamed all over my fucking cock. Little slut,” Demon murmured, licking and kissing the side of her mouth until she was begging for his kiss, though from the distance he kept I knew that was unlikely. He just didn’t play that way.

Good thing that I did.

“Pretty floof,” I whispered in her ear. “You’ve been such a good girl for us.” I slammed my mouth over hers again, swallowing her cries and savoring each one to jerk off to later.

Demon grunted, his hips jerking as he rutted into her, and I suspected her fluttering pussy coaxed his orgasm from him without his permission. *Submission is a door that swings both ways.* It’s funny what happens when you take complete power over someone.

Sometimes, you give something back.

Not wanting to leave a man behind, I worked her over. Slamming faster into her tight flesh, I held back until she cried out again, her scream mingling with my brother’s. Then I came with them, both of us shouting her name, my fingerprints imprinted over her heart.

## Chapter Seven

Kiera

I could barely breathe as one of the brothers—I was too tired to work out which one—carried me to the chaise lounge and slipped in beneath me, tucking my boneless body around his. His twin cleaned himself then me while I sucked in short, fast breaths, barely able to breathe.

The mindfuck they provided was cruel, humiliating, and very possibly the most erotic experience of my life.

I wanted to do it for the first time over again, and again, and again, until they broke me to their needs.

But every time I hurt, they put me back together just the way they liked and that made me happy.

Damon—I cracked one eye open enough to see his sweet smile—leaned over us. His mouth descended on mine in the gentlest of kisses. He wrapped his arms around me and laid his head between my breasts. His fingers stroked over my stomach. Blankets and pillows were piled around us, all creating a hot spot between our bodies.

At some point we would probably get overheated and start sweating all over each other. These men had ripped into my soul and, for some reason, discovered something they liked there. Their deception hurt when I worked it out, my mind still spinning as they continued their neverending torment of my body, but I came to appreciate who, and what, the twins were.

I could imagine the trust issues a pair of very wealthy surgeons might have in choosing a partner, when their tastes were so different yet so alike at the same time.

Someone's leg slipped between mine. I stretched gently, tangled around each of them. Demon's hand rested possessively across my collarbone, just below my throat, like a collar. Damon snuggled into me, his arms wrapped around my waist. A soft smile curled his lips as he slept.

I closed my eyes and let my boys hold me, more than happy to give them everything they wanted.

Anything, as long as they kept me, too.

\*\*\*\*

Demon brushed his fingers across the damp strands of hair that clung to my cheeks after my shower. His look was as tender as I had ever seen from him, and my heart swelled at the thought that I pleased him.

“You really didn’t need to go through the whole pretense with me, you know. I would have accepted what you wanted from the start.” I kept my words gentle, unwilling to break the moment.

I still trembled from fucking them both, and I hoped every night felt like this from now on. My back twinged as I stepped into his space, and I winced. Okay, maybe not every night.

Demon’s eyes flared wide at the intrusion, but his hand settled on my lower back, right where I ached. His fingers rubbed there absently as he stared through me, as though looking into my soul.

“We needed a submissive who pleased both of us. That’s all.”

I swallowed. “That’s all? You want someone who can serve you both, you mean. And you have very different needs, by the way. Both of you.”

“We have abandonment issues,” Damon volunteered. “Past relationships haven’t ended ... well.” A flame of hurt wreathed his dark brown eyes.

My heart lurched for him, for them both. Demon looked like he might object, while Damon slinked up to my side, sneaking a kiss to the side of my mouth.

But I had to ask, even though it might not be the best time. “You’re both doctors? Surgeons?”

Demon answered me, to my great surprise, while Damon looked away. “We studied together and created a life as one person. While we operate under our own names and licenses, the media fuck up our names often enough to maintain the perception we are one person. We kept it that way in public, for times like this and others where one doesn’t want to be present.”

I nodded in understanding as Damon pulled me to him and crushed my mouth beneath his. Whatever arrangement they had, it hurt him, and I was determined to offer some sort of balm to his pain.

When he pulled back, his head canted to one side as he watched me. “You’re perfect.”

I narrowed my eyes. “For who?”

He shrugged as if to say, *isn’t that what we’re here to know?*

I shook my head as the smallest frisson of fear rippled over me. Had I done something wrong or misread what I thought they needed? *Ask your questions.* Damon—I thought it was Damon—had told me that when the night started. I hadn’t even been able to think once he began teasing my body, and I’d wasted all that time. I could have found out exactly what each of them wanted. Was I supposed to choose just one of them, or one of them choose me?

The thought ripped at my heart. I didn’t want to have to make that choice. I wanted them *both*, without reservation for their differing ... eccentricities.

Before I could speak, Demon took control back, ignoring the glance his brother gave him. “Both of us. You have to be strong enough to take what both of us need from you. Of course.” He gave me a mocking smile, showing teeth that reminded me of our first meeting.

*I don’t train brats.*

*Both of us. Of course.*



Then his words registered, and my heart gave a leap. I let out a small squeak that left both of them laughing at me as I blushed, but I didn't care. I could have jigged around the room—if my legs would support the cause, but I doubted it.

*Cuddle now, dance later.*

I'd wondered why we clashed so badly, then got on so well at our next meeting. The back and forth had been a beautiful mind fuck. I'd been looking for the connection I had with the other brother the whole time when I should have been working out what the man before me needed. But my body remembered Demon's pain-filled orgasms all too well, and my heart the way I'd been a comfort for him in his darkest, lost hours, even though his sort of therapy hurt.

*I want so much more of it.*

I could help them both, heal hearts, and still learn from them.

“So ... you want to share me?” I swayed between them, my fingertips grazing their naked, lean muscled bodies.

Two pairs of eyes glowed down at me, filled with a dark promise I couldn't wait to cash in.

“Ah, yes.” Damon coughed into his fist. “We weren't honest about the sharing part.” He gave me a look that only made it to semi-apologetic at absolute best.

But he was super cute, and I forgave him instantly. Still, I had to keep up some pretense, now that I knew they both hated the idea of training a brat. Wait, was it only Demon who hated the thought? That was something I needed to play with later.

“Uh-huh,” I muttered, stepping back to keep an eye on both of them.

“And I might have misled you about who was who...”

“You don't say.” I didn't bother to hide the bite of mirth that edged into my voice by accident. “Get to the point before that brat you both don't like comes out.”

“We’d like to keep you.” Demon stepped forward into my space.

For a man who didn’t like physical contact, he sure impinged on mine enough.

His arms came around me and he kissed me deeply while his brother whooped in the background.

“That’s not very dom-like behavior,” I muttered against the colder brother’s mouth.

“My apologies.”

“I don’t give a fuck.”

They both spoke at the same time. I looked between them and couldn’t hold my laughter back any longer, trembling at Demon’s cool touch and holding out a hand to Damon. He grinned and stepped into me, kissing me slowly, reassuring every inch of me that this was right.

Just perfect.

\*\*\*\*

I curled my bare toes around the barstool as my customary vodka shot and slice of lime sat in front of me. A different numbered key sat beside it. It was Demon’s night for playtime, which meant that I was in for a world of hurt, quite literally.

James, the bartender, passed me a second, lurid green shot. “Knock them back, one after the other. Those instructions are from your masters,” he advised.

*My masters.*

A thrill shot through me at the concept. I’d been theirs for a little over a month. Four bliss-filled weeks of having them both to myself, ourselves. They would both start traveling again soon for work. They were that good. Chances were that I would spend most nights on my own, but when they were home, I would be serving at least one Blake brother.

They'd moved me into their two-story, Gothic-looking apartment we shared in the center of the city. I still kept my place, though I had no intention of leaving. From the collar with both names engraved on it locked around my throat, they had no intention of letting me go any time soon, either.

Black on silver with a hint of red and blue.

Their colors, of course.

In fact, I had the impression that if I tried to leave, I'd be locked in a little cage with the key thrown away.

I was just fine with that.

"One after the other, hey?" I closed my eyes, grabbed both shots, and slammed them back. My throat burned, followed by my stomach that clenched down on the sour, bitter taste of what felt like pure alcohol.

"Jesus fucking Christ." I wheezed, coughing into the back of my hand, conscious of my no-panties rule where I perched with my legs spread wide, even though I faced the bar.

I still felt like an exposed doll, which was exactly Demon's intention.

He was a cruel master, with the same high expectations he set of himself, which made me only want to save him better every time. To help him locate that inch of humanity and lock it down into his soul, piece by piece. He loved the push and pull of our games, his actions harder and colder the more I tried.

But it was when he broke, losing control and fucking us both into bliss covered in a cold sweat I knew I'd pleased him.

Damon was far more fun and cheeky, but no less intense. If Demon served up a tray of pain and torture, Damon countered with a platter of pleasure. Both left me weak and useless at the end of every session.

From the feel of both shots roiling in my stomach, numbness already spreading over my limbs, I knew tonight would be brutal.

And I looked forward to it.

The bitter aftertaste sat on my tongue. I sucked on my lime to clear my mouth. “What the hell was that?”

“Chartreuse.” James passed me another wedge and a glass of water. “Double or nothing, Kiera. You’re going to need it tonight.” Pity flickered in his eyes for a moment, then excitement. I wondered how much he knew of our trio. “Serving two masters is daunting, but it’s so fucking rewarding.”

The tall Korean was a switch. I asked Damon when I saw him kneeling for a girl in leather pants once. Being on top scared me. I liked our little trio exactly as it was. I still struggled with the concept of serving and dominating in any random combination at any time.

But that’s how James was, and playing with a pair of twins, who liked to torment the fuck out of me, who the hell was I to judge anybody else’s kinks?

“Who do you play with?” My curiosity won out.

Behind us on the stage, a submissive cried out, a sound of desperation and release at once. I wondered if the twins would ever showcase us. Demon was too private to even attempt asking.

However we wanted to play, we would do it together.

They said they had abandonment issues, and I wasn’t going anywhere. They’d worked hard to find the right plaything, and no part of me wanted to let either of them down.

James shrugged. “No regular partner at the moment. Sometimes I fall in love with being a switch. Sometimes I hate it. I can’t change the way I am, though, nor would I if I had a choice. Boss has got some sort of project for me. I’ll try that until the next thing comes up.” His gaze wandered across the bartop, lighting on a couple a few seats up, speaking quietly and intimately despite the club roaring around them.

Loneliness lodged in his gaze, and my heart swelled for him. Both my boys knew that feeling all too well.

“As in a Dom?”

One perfectly arched eyebrow rose. “Who the fuck knows. I’m just an outcast here.” He swept the bar clean, removing my paraphernalia, and nodded to the staircase. “You should get going before you can’t walk down the stairs.”

I flushed as heat worked its way through me, and I gave a little gasp.

“Don’t you fucking come on my barstool.” James was in my face, his hand wrapped around my collar, his mouth a breath from mine as he leaned over the bar to command me.

*There’s that switch in a perfect showcase.*

James growled, though heat rose in his gaze as he stared into my eyes. “Get down there and serve your fucking masters.”

I trembled in his hold, swallowing and almost coming on the spot. From the way his fingers flexed around my throat, I got the impression that he knew exactly what the fuck he was doing. My, “*Yes, Sir,*” came out in a squeaky, tinny voice.

I scrambled to obey him, heading down to the lower levels that suited both my masters so well.

The only thing missing was their toy.



## Epilogue

Demon

After an enormous day at work—an early surgery and the paperwork that came after—I walked into the townhouse I shared with Damon to find him making out with my little plaything.

*Kiera.*

I licked my lips, watching them as she sighed and ground against my twin's denim-covered cock. He had a surgery planned for tonight, and he shouldn't be distracted with his ... *floof*.

Besides, I had other plans for our house cat.

“Goodnight, Kiera,” Damon murmured against her mouth, squeezing her waist in a tight grip that left finger marks on her skin.

She wore nothing but a pair of custom made, lace-topped thigh highs for her sumptuous curves, and a white lace band that wrapped her throat in an intimate embrace.

Neither of our colors showed on it, and we struggled with the leather one-for-all-use types in shops.

In the end, Kiera came up with a solution of her own. We changed her choker monthly, created out of a roll of French handmade lace that suited all our needs.

She nodded as she broke from her kiss and let her gaze fall to the floor—and subsequently the tent his cock made in his pants.

“Get going. You'll be late,” I snapped, eager to have her to myself, though we regularly shared our *floof*.

But tonight was special.

“I'm going. Be safe, sweet little civet.” He blew her a kiss.

She pouted prettily, sticking out that round ass and wiggling it.

A growl built deep in my chest, but I tamped it down and slung my satchel and laptop case into the palm of my hand, testing the evenness of their weight. “Kneel for me.”

The door closed softly over my shoulder as she crept forward, her demeanor changing as my oversexed twin left the building and she was alone with my cruel beast.

“Yes, Sir.” Her back suddenly ramrod straight, she edged toward me in short steps, her hips swaying gracefully in the most magnificent fucking tease.

She paused at my feet, and I swiveled a finger in the air. “Turn around first.”

Kiera pivoted on bare feet, presenting me with her back. I felt her question in the air as she lowered herself to her knees. I usually demanded a blowjob when I walked in after a damn hard day, but that wasn’t for tonight.

“Put your hands out.” I walked around her in a slow circle, placing my satchel in one upturned palm and my laptop case in the other. I nodded, satisfied when she held her hands out straight, dealing with the unevenness of the weight.

Neither felt heavy—yet, but we both knew that.

“Rise.” I watched through hooded eyes as she stood, adjusting her stance and grip to balance everything.

Laughing softly, I circled her again and trailed a hand around the back of her neck where she was particularly sensitive, just to be an asshole. She shivered, and the minute response went straight to my cock.

But tonight ... it wasn’t about me, or her.

It was about us.

“Did you know that today is the anniversary of when I lost control of myself and fucked us both into oblivion at Fray while my brother watched us in his dragon form?” We



revealed that during our testing, already knowing she was ours, we had taken turns walking between her feet in our komodo dragon forms. We did it just to scare her and leave her on edge. Plus, it let our beasts roam free and get used to her near us. Also it worked because we couldn't stop touching her, whatever form we took.

The sharp intake of breath from her pink, pouty lips said she hadn't known.

That was fine by me.

I'd spent my life being pedantic. Only one person had been able to understand me, and he shared my kink. Now I was grateful to have another.

I leaned forward and licked the shell of her ear. A year in and I still hadn't kissed her swollen mouth properly more than once on that night we both claimed her as ours. It might never happen again. But I could make up for that in other ways. "I want to make tonight a repeat performance of that brutal fucking I gave you."

She whimpered, the bags jerking slightly at my words.

I smirked. I wanted to have a reason to punish us both later, and I'd given her quite the predicament to fight while I ruined her night in my favorite way. "Hold the bags still and even. That's all you have to do, little civet cat."

"And if I fail?" She was already snarking at me.

*Tonight will be so much fun.*

I laughed softly and slipped my fingers between her ass cheeks, fingering her dark rosette there until she moaned. "Oh, I'll think of something."

I knew she hated not knowing the rules we played by, but this wasn't her game.

I offered her relief, sliding my fingers free, and stepped around her shivering form.

She trembled where she stood, and we hadn't even started.

“Hold the bags still, Kiera.”

I knelt before her and pressed my mouth to her clit, kissing her there and sliding my tongue along her drenched folds as I would her mouth, if I ever kissed her.

Within moments, her legs were shaking and the bags drooped a little.

I'd wait until one hit the floor to give her a punishment, but for now I was enjoying the taste of her smeared across my face and her moans that filled my house.

It was going to be a very long, perfect night.

**The End**

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