



RUN LITTLE

RABBIT

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
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It was supposed to be a fun evening at the Halloween carnival, but I ended up being stalked by a masked stranger the entire night.

He found me in the haunted house and gave me that first forced touch.

He caught me at the bouncy house and used his mouth and knife on me, making me feel good, even though I tried to hate it.

And when he chased me through the woods, calling me his prey, I didn't know if it was the fear or the excitement and anticipation that made me run faster.

His kinks were unmatched. Dark and depraved.

They were just for me.

He called me his little rabbit.

He told me to run. He wanted to chase me, to hunt me down.

And when he caught me, he'd do whatever he wanted to me.

PROLOGUE

HARRA



I gasped when he pushed me roughly against the inflatable slide. His body was so big, so hard and strong that he wouldn't let me move an inch.

And his dick...harder than anything I'd ever felt before, dug against me like a threat.

Faster than I could comprehend, he had a hand around my throat, squeezing tightly. His leather gloves made a creaking noise from the force, and the very threat of him fully cutting off my oxygen supply was right there, hovering at the surface.

I realized he was making a point, one that told me he had all the power and could easily choke me with no effort.

He had all the control. Not that it wasn't painfully obvious in this situation.

"Why?" I whispered. That lone word forcefully pushed out from between my lips. He said nothing, but I could feel his

thumb press harder to my pulse point, right below my ear.

He didn't respond.

"My brother is going to kill you for this," I whispered.

I hated throwing around Zareth's name and reputation to save my ass, but desperate times called for desperate measures.

I felt him slightly loosen his hold around my neck. He leaned back, staring down at me. The shadows were too thick for me to really see anything, not even the details of his mask. I inhaled deeply, smelling whatever cologne he wore mixed with the aroma of leather and something darker, wilder.

I couldn't even describe his scent if somebody wanted me to, if my very life depended on it. But it made my pulse beat a little faster.

I thought maybe he'd let me go, realizing who my brother was, but when he tightened his hold even harder around my neck and leaned in, his mouth by my ear, I held my breath and waited for his threats to come out.

And I knew that was exactly what he was going to do.

"Fuck your brother. Do you think I'm afraid of anyone or anything?" He laughed deeply. Darkness laced every single syllable. "Little rabbit, your brother's going to be the one who's afraid of me."

Nobody and nothing was more powerful than Zareth. But I felt the truth behind this man's words. I believed him, and that's what terrified me most of all.

I opened my mouth, not sure what I was going to say. How would I even respond to that? But he didn't want my words.

He wanted my body, and that was cemented when he let go of my throat only long enough to remove one of his gloves. And then he pushed my skirt up and had his bare hand right on my exposed pussy.

I gasped and rose on my toes, chills instantly skating all over me at the feel of his fingers touching the most intimate, private part of me.

I closed my eyes as a wave of lust and disgust slammed into me. It was twisted and dark and everything I needed in that moment.

And when I felt that sharp edge of the knife press to my throat and I opened my eyes, my pussy got even wetter.

“Spread your legs.”

He didn't give me time to obey—if I even would have—because, a second later, he kicked my legs wide open and crouched down.

His massive shoulders kept me from shielding myself, and the knife still at my throat had me immobile with the fear of getting cut.

Yet my pussy was even more drenched.

“Look at you,” he gruffly said. “My little, fucking whore with her beautiful, soaked cunt.”

CHAPTER I

HARRA



“Is Zareth going tonight?”

I put on one last layer of bright red “fuck me” lipstick and glanced at my best friend, Bethany, in the mirror. She sat on my bed, picking at the hem of her naughty nurse Halloween costume.

“Not until later. He’s hanging out with his friends. Some big bonfire out by the lake.”

I knew why she was asking if my stepbrother was going to be at the carnival tonight. She didn’t like him. In fact, I was pretty sure she was terrified of him. Everyone else was.

At twenty, Zareth wasn’t like the other guys we went to school with.

Hell, he wasn’t like any guy I’d ever met.

He was the strong, silent type, but his silence was menacing. Dangerous.

I'd never be able to describe to anyone the things I'd seen Zareth do.

Terrorizing those who crossed him.

Beating the ass of anyone who thought they could hurt him.

I looked at my reflection again and smoothed my fingers down my long, ash-blond hair. I adjusted the bunny ears on top of my head. My costume, a slutty, little rabbit outfit, was ridiculous, shameless, and obscene.

The skirt barely covered my ass cheeks, and the top couldn't be called anything more than a bra. I fastened the puffball of a tail to the back of my skirt, right in the center of my ass before I turned around.

"Ready to get this party started?" I grinned, and she bounced off the bed, her own grin making an appearance.

CHAPTER 2

HARRA



It was sweet and pink. Melted in my mouth. Sugary liquid sliding down my throat.

“What’s with your brother?”

“Stepbrother,” I corrected Bethany and looked over at her. I popped another piece of cotton candy in my mouth, shrugging. “What do you mean?”

I knew what she was talking about. There were plenty of things wrong with Zareth. Things I’d never touched on with her, never divulged.

The way I knew he was into cutting, blood play, and other sexually deviant acts that I’d never even dreamed of. God help anyone who asked me how I found out about this stuff.

She shrugged and looked around, as if she were looking for the very person we spoke about. “I don’t know.” Her voice

was soft. “When he first got here, he was just acting weird. Anxious almost.”

Now that she mentioned it, Zareth had seemed... excited. “Maybe something happened at the bonfire. Or he could be partying later and just excited to go. I know there’s a handful of Halloween parties happening later tonight.”

“He’s just... off, Harra. Like—” She looked back at me and ran her hands down her skirt. “sometimes, he acts like he’s insane.”

I knew what she meant. I was pretty sure he was certifiably crazy. I’d never utter that out loud, though.

This wasn’t about him getting into fights or beating the piss out of someone who crossed him. It went way beyond that.

It was the fact that he held a grudge like no other. He’d find these people who fucked with him, and even after he thoroughly kicked their ass, he’d continue pummeling them just to make sure they were nothing but a whimpering mess on the ground by the time he was done with them. And after all that, he still kept the torture going.

Stalking them. Fucking with them.

He’d do little things to make them think they were slowly losing their minds.

Items in their homes would be moved or go missing, only to be put back days later.

Lights would be on when the person knew they had turned them off.

Or their car would be parked down the street instead of in front of their garage doors.

It was those kinds of fucked-up things he did. Playing his cat-and-mouse games... until he finally let them know it was him who was doing it all.

He ran off plenty of people from town. The cops did nothing about it. Probably too terrified of Zareth’s retaliation.

Instead, everyone gave him a wide berth, knowing it was safer that way.

I picked off another piece of cotton candy and let it melt on my tongue before swallowing.

“Let’s go to the funhouse. Or what about the bouncy castle?”

Bethany adjusted the fake stethoscope that went with her nurse’s outfit and pointed toward the castle-shaped bounce house.

I was about to follow her when a group of girls we went to high school with ran up to Bethany. Although I knew them, I wouldn’t consider them friends by any means. They were Bethany’s people. Giggly. Bubbly. Total girly-girls, even if I was wearing an outfit that made me fit right in with them.

They were all part of the cheerleading squad when we were in high school and part of the same sorority now that we were in college.

They all started talking, and I took another bite of cotton candy, looking around the carnival. It was one that happened every year in town right around Halloween. They dubbed it Fright Night Carnival, and its haunted house was always the biggest attraction.

I could see the giant bounce house in the distance and a few vomit-inducing rides spread out in the center of the chaos. The funhouse was right behind where we stood, which was another one of their most popular attractions at the carnival because of its indoor labyrinth.

“Let’s do the haunted house first,” one of Bethany’s friends squealed.

I finished my cotton candy and threw the plastic bag in the trash. When I glanced up, it was to see a group of guys coming through the front entrance and weaving their way past the crowd.

I couldn’t make out who they were since they all wore various types of Halloween costumes, but all of them wore masks, which made deciphering any of them impossible.

But it was the one in front—the assumed leader of the pack—who wore the skull mask that drew my attention. He was the biggest male I'd ever seen, with very clear muscular definition that was visible even beneath his layers of clothes.

The carnival was packed, so they were in and out of view a few times as they wove their way through the thick throngs of people. I turned, but instantly, the back of my neck tingled, so I faced toward them and looked at that masked stranger. He wore a pair of dark jeans and combat boots. A leather jacket and a dark hoodie were on top. The hood was up, concealing everything but that frightening skull visage.

I had this visceral reaction at the very sight of him.

“Come on. The line is gonna get crazy the longer we wait.” Bethany grabbed my hand and started hauling me toward the haunted house.

I looked over my shoulder once more, but I didn't see the group of guys.

We got to the haunted house and came to a stop behind several people who were waiting in line. On the outside, the attraction looked like an old, two-story manor with dead trees and landscaping surrounding the exterior.

The windows were tall and pointed with shadows and flickering lights coming from the interior that played tricks on your eyes. Cobwebs were strung up all around with big, hairy-looking spiders stuck in the centers.

We got to the entrance just as the large double doors of the exit burst open, and a group of girls stumbled out, screaming as a chainsaw-wielding, masked killer chased after them.

The girls laughed, and he stopped, looking over at us and put the chainsaw down by his crotch to start lewdly thrusting it in our direction.

“Ewww,” Bethany said.

“Fucking sicko,” one of the other girls murmured in disgust.

I couldn't help but laugh at the guy's total disrespect and lack of maturity and showed him my own by giving him the finger. He pushed up his grotesque mask and grinned.

"Oh my God. It's Travis," one girl said in irritation.

"You're such an ass," another laughed out.

"See ya girls in English Monday." He revved the chainsaw once more for good measure and put the mask back in place before heading through the doors he first ran out of.

The line started moving, and we headed toward the entrance, where we waited another five minutes before being let in.

The haunted house started off a little cheesy, but I assumed it was like that to get you comfortable. The interior was decorated spookily with scary skeletons on pulley systems that dropped to scare the shit out of you when you walked by. A few of the girls screamed, and I rolled my eyes. If they thought this was frightening, they hadn't really experienced much fear in my life.

We followed a small group that had been in line in front of us and slowly walked up to a medical scene room. A doctor was doing surgery on a patient, who was awake and screaming. Blood spurted out of the chest cavity, and the patient reached out for us, pleading for help.

The doctor held up a string of intestines and shook them, blood spraying on Bethany and two other girls. We all screamed in disgust and started laughing then moved on, each room seeming a bit more intense than the last.

People jumped out at us, their bodies bloody, wearing masks that looked like their faces were melting. Some had their skin peeling off while others had their eyeballs hanging out.

And although it certainly ticked off all the boxes of a haunted house, I found the whole thing a little anti-climactic, if I was being honest.

Someone jumped out at me and grabbed my shoulders, screaming in my face. I was surprised and retreated, nearly

kneeing them in the crotch. They cursed and moved back, and I pushed them fully away as I kept walking.

“Damn. Careful with that deadly weapon.” The voice was male and muffled because of his clown mask, but he pointedly looked down at my knees. “Prized jewels here.”

I snorted and shook my head. “Then keep your hands to yourself, asshole.”

I turned back around, but Bethany and the group were nowhere to be seen. I wandered the hallway, but when it split off into three different sections, I stopped in the center and tried listening for my group. But all I could hear was spooky mood music and patrons screaming.

So, I ended up taking a left.

There were a couple more forks in the hallway. I took another left, then a right.

I have to run into them at some point, I told myself. This place couldn't be that big. But it amazed me how large the interior of the haunted house was, given the fact that the carnival itself didn't seem that big.

I got turned around in one hallway and stood in front of a plain, normal-looking door. Certainly not anything that had been decorated to terrify people. A glance over my shoulder showed the hallway I could go back through, maybe find a way out of here to meet up with Bethany outside. But instead, I opened the door to see if there might be an exit that way.

When I stepped inside and let go of the handle to peek around some shelving units, hoping for an exit on the opposite side of them, I heard the door close. And for a moment, I just stood there, staring at what was obviously a large storage room—with no other way in or out.

There were a bunch of boxes scattered around, Halloween decorations spilling out of them like someone had been rifling through them in a hurry. The light above flickered as if it needed to be tightened or changed, giving me a more ominous feeling than anything the actual haunted house attraction had.

“Shit.” I turned around and made my way back toward the door, but when I pushed down the handle, nothing happened. I started yanking and pulling, my heart beating a little faster as panic started taking over.

I was locked inside.

I let go of the handle and took a minute just to calm myself and breathe. It wasn't like I was lost and wouldn't be found. I was at a carnival in the middle of a haunted house. Surely, an employee would come by at some point.

I pressed my ear to the door and couldn't hear much of anything except distant screams and laughter. Had I wandered so far off that I wasn't even close to the exit? Why hadn't anyone stopped me? Why hadn't there been anything blocking patrons from entering a staff-only area? Not even a sign of warning in the hall or on the door itself.

I tried the handle again and then resorted to beating on the door with my fist.

Only when the back of my palm was sore did I stop, take in a steadying breath, and pull my phone out.

First, I tried calling Bethany, but I knew she wasn't going to answer. She probably couldn't hear her phone through all the noise.

I tried a couple other people, but nobody else answered, either.

“Fuck,” I cursed and looked around, seeing if there was at least a window.

Nothing. Not a damn thing.

My panic turned to irritation and then rose again to anxiety. I had my back to the door as I looked around for something to use to pry the thing open, but then I heard a soft *click*.

I glanced over my shoulder, saw the door was now open, and got excited as I took a step toward it. But that excitement was short-lived as I watched in confusion as it slowly began to close.

I made a squeak of urgency as I lunged toward it, but my effort was thwarted as I tripped on an errant box. I braced myself for impact, but right before I hit the ground, an arm gripped me around the waist and righted me from behind.

I cried out and spun around, pushing away from whoever had a hold of me, my instincts still screaming for me to reach the door before it locked in place once again. But when my gaze landed right on a hard chest covered in black, I slowly lifted my eyes to stare into a terrifying skull-face mask.

The eyeholes had dark mesh covering them, so whoever was behind the frightening mask could clearly see me, yet I couldn't make out who he was. But I *knew* who it was. It was the man I'd seen earlier. The one who towered over all the others in the crowd.

He'd been with his entourage then but was now alone, smelling of leather and a sweet kind of smoke. He had leather gloves on his hands, and that hood was still in place. But despite all his clothing, I could clearly tell how big he was. Muscular. Powerful.

Now, my instincts made me take a step back.

He came forward.

Although my heart was beating pretty fast and hard, I tried to keep my breathing even. I didn't want him to see I was terrified. But it was an instant reaction. I retreated another step. Then one more.

He came closer, following me, his enormous body stalking like a wild animal.

When the door stopped me from retreating further, I held my hands out, my cell phone still gripped in one of them.

"I'll scream for help." I knew it wouldn't do any good. There was too much noise in this place. No one even heard me banging on the door.

His hand struck like a snake as he grabbed my phone, and I cried out, trying to get it back, but he was fast. He had a hand gripped around my throat a second later, tucking my cell in his pocket with the other.

“Shhh,” he said. “You *could* scream....”

But they’ll probably think my screaming is just part of the attraction.

For long seconds, we were at a standstill. Me just staring into his skull mask, his hand around my neck, my heart like a racehorse behind my ribs.

“I saw you staring.” His voice was low and deep—deeper than anything I’d ever heard before—and I watched him reach behind his back. I’m sure he felt as much as he heard my gulp when he pulled out a knife, revealing a blade that was matte-black, the grip big enough to fit his large hand.

He brought it closer, and I held my breath, feeling my eyes widen as I stared at him.

The overhead light glinted off the very tip of the blade, the only part the matte finish had seemingly worn off, and something in me twisted, my belly warming, turning liquid. I shifted on my feet, my back pressing hard to the door.

Maybe he could read my body language because his rough chuckle had another rush of heat moving through me.

He slowly brought his hand forward, the knife so close to my face that I sucked in a sharp breath. I didn’t dare move, too terrified of what he was going to do... and of how I was feeling in this moment.

My body shook, but honestly, I couldn’t describe exactly *what* I was feeling. This felt wrong on every single level. There was this maniac wielding a knife in front of my face, yet here I was, my panties starting to dampen from my fear. From my excitement.

I squeezed my eyes shut at the first touch of that sharp tip against the side of my throat. It was right over my pulse point, and I knew he could see it beating right below my ear, my heart racing as if I were a rabbit in the woods running for its life.

“Look at that,” he murmured, and I could sense his face so close to mine, even as I kept my eyes tightly shut. I could hear his heavy breathing.

He slid the blade down my neck, along my collarbone, and rested the tip right over my heaving breasts. My top barely concealed the mounds, and all it would take was one flick of his wrist, and the material would slice in half.

“You’re terrified, but your cunt is drenched. Isn’t that right, my little whore?”

I turned my head and exhaled, whimpering, because what I felt was very much fear, but there was also a sick pleasure laced with it.

There’s something wrong with me.

I was fucked up.

“Fucking look at me.”

I shook my head. “No.”

He tightened his hold on my throat to the point I couldn’t breathe. I did open my eyes then, a survival instinct I had no control over.

I don’t know why I listened, why I obeyed. But I faced him and opened my eyes, and a second later, my jaw went slack when he shoved his hand that was around my throat—still covered in that leather glove—between my thighs. I didn’t move, though, because he still held that huge knife steady between my breasts.

The skirt was so short that he barely had to push it up before his fingers were pressed to my panty-covered pussy. I rose on my tiptoes at the instant feeling of shock and sinister pleasure. And when he started rubbing me like a fiend, my mouth opened. His body heat went straight through the leather glove and straight to my core.

“If I take this glove off and slide my fingers through your slit, would it prove you’re my dirty, fucking slut?”

I heard him inhale, although there was no way he could smell anything.

“Leave me alone,” I whispered, my hands fisted at my sides. I should be calling out for help, or, at the very least, be trying to push him away.

Fight back.

But I was in shock, unable to move as he added pressure, sliding his fingers firmly up and down my cleft. Plus, the knife was right... there. I was thankful his fingers were covered. Because the very idea he'd be able to feel how wet I was humiliated me to my marrow.

“Leave you alone?” He laughed sinisterly. “Little rabbit, the fun has only begun. I was in search of prey, and I found a pretty little thing who will no doubt fight me tooth-and-nail.” He leaned in and pressed his hard cock against my hip, distracting me from everything else.

He was huge. Felt like steel.

“I’m going to have fun making you my whore.”

And then I gasped when I felt a flash of pain on my inner thigh. It was when he brought the blade up that I realized he'd cut me before I even noticed he'd moved it, a droplet of blood slowly sliding down the metal.

He brought it to his mask, and a second later, he lifted only the bottom of the disguise with his knuckles so his mouth was revealed.

Dark scruff. Full lips. A smirk.

I knew he was still watching me as he dragged his tongue from the hilt all the way to the tip of the blade. When he pulled it away, I could see a light smearing of my blood on his tongue. And as he pulled his mask back down, he hummed, as if he were getting off on this.

He probably is.

“I’m going to call the cops. I’m going to tell carnival security about you.” I licked my lips, my mouth dry, my tongue thick.

He said nothing but cocked his head slightly to the side. It was like he was trying to decipher exactly what I was thinking. I felt as if he could pluck the thoughts right from my head.

As if he knew me intimately.

“You’re not going to get away with this,” I whispered. “Harassing women. Sexually assaulting them in backrooms.” My hands shook, but I kept my chin up, feigning strength I didn’t have. I knew nothing I said would make a difference.

He didn’t care because he clearly already decided on how this would all transpire. He held up my severed panties, and I realized the nick on my inner thigh was from him slicing the material off me. And even though he wore that damn mask, I knew he sported a disgustingly perverted smile.

“With no panties covering your cunt, you’ll be able to feel the shame of your arousal for me dripping down your thighs,” he purred evilly, and I clenched my legs together after he spoke, hating that he was right.

He took a step back, holding that knife in one hand and my panties in the other. The material in the center was darker from my wetness—embarrassingly so.

“Go on, little rabbit. Run, so I can chase you.” He lowered his head slightly, making the visage of him even more sinister. “Run fast, because when I catch you—and I will—I’m going to make you take my cock whether you want it or not.”

He took another step back. And another. It was enough room for me to grip the handle of the door and twist it open.

And it did... easily.

I didn’t dwell on the fact that he was the one who probably locked me in here. I didn’t think of anything aside from pulling open the door and running out of it.

But in the back of my mind, I knew it wouldn’t matter how fast or far I ran.

He’d chase me. And at the end of it all, he’d catch me.

CHAPTER 3

HARRA



I finally spotted a glowing Exit sign at the end of the hall and pushed open the backdoor of the haunted house, stumbling out. There was a group of people coming right up behind me and a wave of bodies directly in front of me.

For a second, I was discombobulated, unsure what was going on, because the only thing I could think about was what just happened.

The chainsaw douchebag started chasing everyone, but it was all background noise to me as I moved forward, my heart racing, and I was panting. The shame of my arousal was a sticky mess between my legs, and with every step I took, I felt my thighs slide wetly against each other.

I looked around, trying to find anyone I recognized. I didn't see Bethany or the sorority girls. Although Zareth didn't have plans to stay long at the carnival tonight, just a stop between parties, I still looked for my stepbrother. If anyone

could handle the man who targeted me, it was the scary-as-hell and dangerous son of my stepdad.

But all I could find were people in their goofy Halloween costumes. They were laughing, completely oblivious to... any of this.

The exit of the carnival was to my left. There was a long stretch of woodland the city owned to my right. Instinct told me to stay with the crowd, to blend in, and hide. I started walking, not sure where to go, my mouth dry and my lips sticking together as I kept searching for something... anything.

Since being in the haunted house, more people had arrived, congesting the walkways. The carnival-style music was both too loud and muffled background noise, producing static in my head. Sweat covered my palms, and I wiped them continuously on my skirt, making me all too aware I was naked underneath it. So I ended up just holding it in my tight grip to keep it down as I walked.

Every part of me was on high alert, the fight-or-flight instinct so powerful. It told me to get the fuck out of there.

To run. To survive.

My shoes sported two-inch heels, which wouldn't have been an issue if I weren't literally running for my life.

"Help," I finally spoke in the middle of the horde, but with the noise of the patrons, the music, and my terror, that lone word came out as a strangled whisper.

There was no doubt my assailant, who'd forcefully touched me—caused my body to react to him in disturbing ways—was coming after me. I stumbled more than once and contemplated taking off the heels. But the thought of stopping caused panic to rise in me. That little voice inside my head told me to keep moving.

I felt this tightening in my body, a tingling on the back of my neck. Those tiny hairs stood on end, and I chanced a look over my shoulder.

There he was.

Standing in the center of a crowd of people, towering over everyone as they parted for him like oil from water. They *felt* the menace pouring from him, no doubt.

He lowered his head slightly and lifted his arm, crooking his finger for me to come to him, but I shook my head and took a step away from him instead. Everything in me told me to do what he said inside the room—*run*.

He started walking toward me, his movements fluid, lazy even. It was as if he had all the time in the world to terrorize and stalk me. It was like it didn't matter to him if I ran because no matter how far or how fast I got away... he'd still find me.

I needed to lose him. I couldn't make this easy for him. So I feigned left, heading toward the bouncy house. It was a large castle, with a setup in the center that had a DJ, bubbles, and a foam machine. On a whole other level than the ones people rented for parties.

I tripped again and finally said fuck the shoes. I reached down and haphazardly yanked them off before throwing them to the side. And then I ran faster and harder.

When I reached the bouncy house, I glanced behind me but didn't see him.

I weaved my way past the people in the inflatable obstacles as the DJ blasted the latest hits. The bubble machine was going as kids screamed in happiness and yelled in competition while they tried to pop them.

The bouncy house was known as one of the biggest ones erected in the state, so there were many activities to pick from. Slides, ball pits, and an array of beach balls and other items strewn all over the place.

I picked the ball pit that was off to the side and sunk into it, sitting on the bottom so the balls covered me to my nose. I was breathing so hard, but it didn't matter because it all melded with the chaos of the festival.

There were several kids playing in the ball pit, and I felt a little safer. The announcer called out for a dance party in the center, and everyone went wild. I could barely see the DJ with

all the inflatable shit around him, but a second later, the foam machine kicked on, and everyone scurried out of the ball pit.

I didn't move, even held my breath as I sat there alone. I closed my eyes and exhaled, telling myself I would just stay here, and hopefully, the asshole would lose interest or, at the very least, not be able to find me.

I was feeling more confident when I opened my eyes, but that evaporated when I saw a massive, dark figure standing in a small entryway that led to the ball pit.

Dark hoodie and jacket. Black pants and boots. Skull mask aimed right at me.

How the hell did he find me?

Everything else faded away. I couldn't move as I stared at him. It was only a second that went by before he took a step forward. I scrambled up, knowing I couldn't stay in the ball pit.

When he took another step forward, I climbed out at the other end, keeping my focus on him, never turning my back. The cool air brushed my legs and my exposed ass and pussy, reminding me yet again I was pantyless. I knew he could see all of me, probably even the gloss covering my inner thighs.

I felt a rush of adrenaline fill me as I found myself in yet another standoff with this masked psycho. My hands shook, and all I could hear in my head was *Run, run, run!*

But he blocked the only escape, so we just stood there.

Until he came closer, and I screamed as loud as I could.

"Help!" I cried out loud and long. "God, someone help me!" I was panting, those words coming out of me so forcefully my throat felt raw.

He was in front of me before I could even blink, my back pressed to the mesh wall that faced the woods, his hand around my throat once again. I gasped as he squeezed, cutting off my airflow. I clawed at his gloved hand, feeling my nails catch his exposed skin where his hoodie and jacket rose up his forearm. He was so huge and strong he seemed as if he could lift me by

my throat with just that one arm, like something out of a superhero—or horror—movie.

He just chuckled.

“Keep fighting,” he grated out and leaned in. “Makes my cock hard when you fight back.” He towered over me, an intimidating presence that would’ve had the breath stalling in my lungs if his hand wasn’t already, and my eyes grew far wider than I thought they could.

I gasped when he pushed me roughly against the inflatable slide. His body was so big, so hard and strong that he wouldn’t let me move an inch.

And his dick...harder than anything I’d ever felt before, dug against me like a threat.

Faster than I could comprehend, he had a hand around my throat, squeezing tightly. His leather gloves made a creaking noise from the force, and the very threat of him fully cutting off my oxygen supply was right there, hovering at the surface.

I realized he was making a point, one that told me he had all the power and could easily choke me with no effort.

He had all the control. Not that it wasn’t painfully obvious in this situation.

“Why?” I whispered. That lone word forcefully pushed out from between my lips. He said nothing, but I could feel his thumb press harder to my pulse point, right below my ear.

He didn’t respond.

“My brother is going to kill you for this,” I whispered.

I hated throwing around Zareth’s name and reputation to save my ass, but desperate times called for desperate measures.

I felt him slightly loosen his hold around my neck. He leaned back, staring down at me. The shadows were too thick for me to really see anything, not even the details of his mask. I inhaled deeply, smelling whatever cologne he wore mixed with the aroma of leather and something darker, wilder.

I couldn't even describe it if somebody wanted me to, if my very life depended on it. But it made my pulse beat a little faster.

I thought maybe he'd let me go, realizing who my brother was, but when he tightened his hold even harder around my neck and leaned in, his mouth by my ear, I held my breath and waited for his threats to come out.

And I knew that was exactly what he was going to do.

"Fuck your brother. Do you think I'm afraid of anyone or anything?" He laughed deeply. Darkness laced every single syllable. "Little rabbit, your brother's going to be the one who's afraid of me."

Nobody and nothing was more powerful than Zareth. But I felt the truth behind this man's words. I believed him, and that's what terrified me most of all.

I opened my mouth, not sure what I was going to say. How would I even respond to that? But he didn't want my words.

He wanted my body, and that was cemented when he let go of my throat only long enough to remove one of his gloves. And then he pushed my skirt up and had his bare hand right on my exposed pussy.

I gasped and rose on my toes, chills instantly skating all over me at the feel of his fingers touching the most intimate, private part of me.

I closed my eyes as a wave of lust and disgust slammed into me. It was twisted and dark and everything I needed in that moment.

And when I felt that sharp edge of the knife press to my throat, my pussy got even wetter.

"Spread your legs."

He didn't give me time to obey—if I even would have. I looked at him just as he kicked my legs wide open and crouched down.

His massive shoulders kept me from shielding myself, and the knife still at my throat had me immobile with the fear of

getting cut.

Yet my pussy was even more drenched.

“Look at you,” he gruffly said. “My little fucking whore with her beautiful, soaked cunt.”

I tried to push him away with my hands on his shoulders, but he pressed the knife into my neck harder. I felt the skin open up just slightly. It wasn't deep, wasn't even really painful. But I felt a droplet of blood trail down my skin.

I felt a spike of adrenaline rushing through me. It was a heady sensation, one that was almost addictive.

“I want you to be a good fucking girl and keep your mouth shut. Because if you scream—even if they won't hear you—I'm going to spank your pussy hard enough you're not gonna be able to close your legs because it's so sore.”

My inner muscles clenched painfully, and I sucked in a sharp breath, stunned by his crass words. Shocked even more that I... was getting off on them.

God, was I that sick and twisted in the head?

“I want you to stop.” I tried to tilt my head to the side to ease the pressure and pain on my throat. When he didn't respond or react, I wondered if I only pleaded those words in my mind.

I carefully turned my head and tried to look over to where everyone was dancing. The crowd was immense, but no one was paying attention to this area. I opened my mouth and was going to scream, not caring if he cut me more, when all words died in my throat at the sudden feel of his tongue sliding across my slit.

He probed between my pussy lips and gripped the back of my thigh, right at that crease where my ass and leg came together. His fingers were painful, the threat of bruises not just an idea but a reality.

“Stop,” I begged. Pled. “Please. Stop.”

But he didn't listen. He sucked and licked at my pussy, moving that hand to use his thumb to spread me open and

plunge his tongue inside my clenching hole. I let my head fall back against the inflatable wall, exposing my throat even more to the knife as I stared at the canopy above, yet that didn't matter as pleasure after mind-numbing pleasure coursed through me.

I was breathing harder, my breasts pushing up against the top of my outfit, my nipples so hard they ached painfully.

He moved the blade down my throat and went lower to tease my collarbone. With a quick twist of his wrist, he sliced through the strap of my top. But the bralette was tight enough that my breasts were still securely in place despite one strap being loose.

He continued moving the knife downward. My skin warmed the metal, made it slick with the blood from my neck. And when he pulled back, I forced myself to look down and stare at him.

I should've kicked him in the face, kned him in the balls. But all I could do was look at his mouth, which was no longer covered by the skull mask because he'd pushed it up to eat me. His lips were glossy from saliva and my pussy juices, and as he ran his tongue over his top and then his bottom lip, he hummed in pleasure.

He disgusted me.

How good this felt transfixed and horrified me.

And then the blade was between my thighs, the edge so sharp he nicked me once again. I could feel they weren't deep cuts, but he gave me several of them, the blood dripping down my inner thighs to mingle with my wetness and his spit.

He hooked his hand behind my knee, hiking my leg up, and pressed it against the wall, spreading me open as he wedged his shoulders even farther between my legs. I reached out to push him away, but he turned his head and bit my hand, a hard nip that caused me to yelp and yank my hand back.

“Keep your fucking hands up. I'm *going* to eat this pussy out, little rabbit. Like it or not.”

The knife disappeared behind his back, and the relief I felt was brief because he then brought that now empty palm down on my pussy in three consecutive spans.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

I rose on my toes, reaching up and gripping the mesh above me. A shocked sound left me, that instant discomfort taking root in my very core.

He growled and latched his mouth onto my cunt, but on instinct, I tried to push him away. My body knowing this was so very wrong, even if it felt so very good.

“Stop.” I didn’t know why I bothered saying anything. He didn’t care. He wouldn’t stop.

Instead, he slapped my pussy again as punishment for disobeying and then sucked on my clit painfully hard. I was on the verge of having an orgasm and hated myself because of it.

I swung out, my fist connecting with the side of his head. He grunted but only slapped my pussy even harder, my eyes clamping shut.

“Do it again,” he groaned and licked my cunt. “Every hit to me gets your pussy spanked with more force.”

And then I felt him cut my inner thigh again. He licked the wound, lapping me up, and I felt my desire start to spiral out of control as he growled, those vibrations going straight to my core.

I was shaking my head. I refused to give him what he wanted. I refused to climax at the feel of that unwanted pleasure when this was wrong on every level imaginable.

As if he knew where my thoughts were, knew how hard I was struggling to resist him, he bit my inner thigh hard enough I knew he broke skin. I screamed just as he plunged his fingers into my pussy.

“You’re going to fucking give me your orgasm, little rabbit. You’re going to give it to me, or I’ll make you regret it.” He bit me again and slammed his fingers deeper inside me.

I was crying, tears streaming down my cheeks, because I hated myself for giving in to my body's natural response. But it was too intense to control. It was when he pumped those fingers into my pussy and sucked on my clit at the same time that I couldn't stop myself.

I came for him, tossing my head back, thrusting my breasts out, and grabbing hold of his hoodie, both to grasp onto reality for dear life and to keep him right where he was. The explosion inside me rocked my world.

The ecstasy was hard and fast. It was too much. It was too sickening.

It's incredible.

“That's it. Give it to me, you fucking beautiful, dirty girl.”

And just like that, I came again like the whore he called me. *His* whore.

My pussy was soaked, the wet, slurping sounds of his mouth and my juices making things a slippery, sticky mess. I cried out just as the music got louder, everybody screaming in the background, all of them completely unaware I was getting off on the feeling of my assailant's mouth on my cunt.

It was only after everything came crashing back that I started shaking, my legs weak and my heart thundering, that he pulled away. He rubbed his fingers through my pussy, smearing around my wetness before sliding those digits along my inner thighs. I felt the twinge of pain from all those minor cuts.

I was a sloppy mess from coming and felt humiliation and shame rise in me. And he hummed in pleasure. But when he grabbed my chin and I opened my eyes, looking into that skull mask, it turned me on like nothing I'd ever felt before.

For a prolonged second, he just stared at me, and then he shoved his fingers into my mouth, forcing me to taste my pussy juices and blood. It was a metallic, musky flavor.

It was sweetness and degradation.

“Suck them clean. Lick off the proof of what you just let me do, my dirty, little whore.”

I would be lying if I didn't admit the sound that left me was more of a moan than anything else. And when he pulled them out, I sagged against the blown-up wall, unable to breathe and trying to look away. But his fingers on my chin were like a vise. Iron-strong.

“What a good fucking girl,” he praised.

He still had the mask pushed up, his lips appearing glossy from eating me out. And when he slammed his mouth down on mine, forcing a kiss on me and pushing his tongue between my lips, immediate resistance took root in me.

I bit down on his tongue hard enough I tasted *his* blood.

He gave a harsh sound before chuckling evilly, not even instinct making him pull back. Instead, he pushed his mouth against mine painfully, his teeth hurting my lips as he grunted, “That's it. Fight me.” And then he kissed me again, pushing his tongue in and then retreating.

He mouth-fucked me in between giving me his next threat, making me shiver.

His taste was all around me. He was *inside* me.

And when he finally broke the kiss, he took a step back, his chest rising and falling like he ran a marathon. He pulled the face mask back down, and with one hard look in my direction, he turned and stalked away.

I could hear his voice echoing in my head like a dangerous mantra, all while remembering the feel of his kiss as he said it.

“Run, little rabbit. I'm going to chase you and hunt you down. And when I catch you this time, I'm going to fuck the life out of you.”

CHAPTER 4

HARRA



I staggered out of the bouncy house, legs like pudding, sweat covering me, and blood and pussy juice slipping down the inside of my thighs. My inner muscles clenched painfully, rhythmically as I tried to walk like I hadn't just been forced to climax against my assailant's mouth.

I kept looking behind me, expecting to see him stalking me, but there were just laughing kids in their Halloween costumes, stuffing their faces with candy apples and popcorn as their parents trailed behind.

Barefooted, I stumbled forward, tripping over my own feet. I felt dizzy, drunk almost, as the aftereffects of my pleasure coursed through me. There were so many people around that I could have easily yelled for help, and when I opened my mouth to do just that, I felt a familiar, oppressive presence behind me.

He reached around me, placed a heavy hand on the center of my chest, and pulled me back toward his front, his heavy, distorted breathing filling me ear. “Do it. Make me slit some motherfucker’s throat because you asked for help and I had to shut that shit down.” He was so hard, so big and strong behind me. His voice was deadly and dark. “I *want* you to do it, little rabbit.”

He pressed his rigid cock against the small of my back, and I bit my lip hard enough I broke skin. To me, on the inside, he didn’t hold me like we were a couple—a sweet and soft embrace. He kept me close like I was his captive... his toy. But to everyone on the outside, this monster and I probably looked like we were lovers.

If they only knew the truth.

Every part of me tingled. I didn’t know if it was from the fearful adrenaline rushing through me or because of something more devious.

He grabbed the back of my neck hard enough I gasped in pain.

“Maybe you weren’t paying attention, too distracted as I fucked your mouth with my tongue, my delicious, little slut, but I said I want you to run again. I want you to, so I can fucking chase you, take you down to the ground, rip this sorry excuse for a fucking skirt off you, and fuck you until you can’t walk.”

He must’ve pushed his mask up because I felt him lick up the side of my throat. A shiver slammed through me, and I closed my eyes, heightening my other senses. And when I heard a group of guys laughing, I opened them again, making eye contact with one of them.

“Help me,” I mouthed to him.

I thought he might do just that, but when he looked at the masked stranger behind me, whatever he saw had his eyes widening. He looked away and picked up speed as he walked in the opposite direction.

Fucking coward.

My stalker chuckled behind me, finding my demise sickly humorous. Disgustingly arousing, too, as he continued to dig his hard cock into my back. He slid his hand up my belly to rest right under my breast.

His fingers squeezed my flesh roughly, the pain feeling oh so good. I was just as vile as he was, getting off on being objectified and assaulted. And then he started moving us through the crowd. The hand he used to pull me flush to him was now wrapped around my throat, so saying anything was almost impossible as he tightened his hold.

And the people who were glancing at us, no doubt saw us as part of the carnival staff to help the attraction. It was all part of the atmosphere, the aesthetic. They probably assumed he and I were the same—actors paid to terrify patrons for the night.

When we got to the very edge of the carnival, the lights from the rides glowed in the distance as he turned us around to face it all. My breathing was rapid and uneven. With his hand still on my throat, and his other one gripped tightly at my hip, the discomfort reminded me he held the power.

My inner muscles clenched again at that thought. He was so large that with my back to his chest, my head didn't even reach his collarbone.

“You can try to make a run for it through the crowd and beg people to help you. But I'd find every single one of them and slit their throat. I'd use their blood as lube to fuck your tight, little ass.”

I closed my eyes and trembled.

“Or,” he murmured and turned us back toward the forest. “Take your chances through the woods. You'll get to town quicker this way... maybe lose me.” He slid his hand across my belly, then under my skirt to cup my bare pussy. “Mmm, my dirty, little baby is soaked.”

He let me go, and I stumbled forward. I had no shoes, my feet already uncomfortable from running through the fair

barefooted. But the adrenaline pumped through me, making the pain a distant issue.

“Either way,” he rumbled low and took another step back. “you’re going to run, and I’m going to hunt you down. What route you take is your choice, little rabbit.” He pulled out his knife and growled, “I’ll give you a head start. Better make it count.”

I didn’t think. I just reacted.

I took off into the forest, the layer of dried leaves covering the ground cushioning the pads of my feet. But when the cold started seeping in, the pain took root.

I wove in and out of the thick foliage, ducking under branches but hitting several as they whipped along my arms and the side of my neck. My cheeks were abused by the branches, leaves stuck in my hair, and the bunny ears, still miraculously on my head, were knocked back and sideways several times when I wouldn’t duck low enough.

But I didn’t care about any of that. I stayed focused, looked ahead, and prayed I could lose him. Yet, even at that thought, I felt a stab of adrenaline, of excitement, coursing through me because I knew he was coming after me.

I was demented. Probably deranged. In all reality, how hard did I try to get help?

Not enough.

I’d been in the midst of a crowd, yet I let him do all these things to me, things I never imagined happening to me.

I couldn’t hear anything but my rapid breathing and the trampling sounds I made through the forest. I had no clue if he was already chasing me or still giving me that head start he said he’d give me.

This was what he wanted... the thrill of hunting me.

My heart raced. My entire body felt like an electric shock had gone through it. I looked over my shoulder when I heard the snap of a twig behind me, but it was too dark in the forest to see much of anything.

Run faster.

When I faced ahead again, I stubbed my toe on a rock, causing me to cry out in pain and fall forward on my hands and knees, and as the cool air hit me in this position, I became all too aware my pussy and ass were exposed to the eyes of the forest—and the monsters within it. The embarrassment and shameful excitement heated my flesh, distracting me from the pain in my toe. My bare feet were all but torn apart, but I clawed at the ground to right myself, dirt imbedding under my nails as I scrambled up and finally started running again.

I winced with each step, my toes aching from the fall, my feet screaming from the hard, unforgiving ground, the sweat now entering the several small cuts he made to my inner thighs, all while they chafed together as I ran.

Then, I heard another twig snap. And another. I was gasping and sobbing now, screaming out, although I knew no one could hear me. Our town was on the other side of this strip of thick woodland I was currently running through to escape a deranged maniac. The thick canopy of treetops blocked the moonlight, and trying to find my way through the brush was becoming impossible as my vision blurred from my tears.

I ran left, then wove around several trees and went right. But no matter which way I went, I could hear him approaching. The heavy sound of his feet hitting the earth came closer and faster.

And then I felt something brush along the back of my neck, making me scream louder, but I couldn't run any faster. My body was becoming weak, my legs aching. My feet were well beyond hurting. But I kept pushing forward, even though I knew there was no way for me to escape.

He was already on me. Caught me.

And when I felt a tug on my skirt, it was only a second before I realized what was happening.

He growled low and tore it away like it was dainty tissue paper. He left me completely bare from the waist down, his chuckle following me.

“Go on, little rabbit. Run for me.” He slapped my ass, and I cried harder, pushing branches away and hoping they’d swing back and hit him in the face. “I’m going to fuck you on this dirty forest floor like you’re nothing but my personal toy.”

The sting of the knife cutting into one of my ass cheeks had me gasping. My pussy was wet, a lewd display of how fucked up I was. And then he slammed into my back, taking me down. He didn’t cushion my fall, just used his chest to my back to crush me to the ground and cover me completely. He was laughing as he placed the blade at my neck, forcing me to still.

And then he was off me, the blade gone as fast as it appeared. I scrambled up to stand facing him, but when I took a step back, I found myself blocked by a towering tree. I wanted to run again, but I was too tired. So instead, I reached around behind me to grip the trunk.

The only strength I had left in my body I used to watch in stunned silence as he freed his gigantic cock by unbuttoning his jeans and pulling the zipper down. The crown of his dick was thick and intimidating, and I shook my head.

“No. I don’t want this.”

“Liar” was all he said, and he took his knife back out and brought it to his bare palm, slicing it open.

A gasp of shock left me as the moonlight glinted off the blood, making it look black. And then he was rubbing his palm on my face and down to my chest. He smeared his blood all over me. Marking me. In one hard tug, he ripped my top open, exposing my breasts, the mounds shaking from the violent force. He rubbed his blood across them, and my nipples hardened.

“Fucking perfect tits. I want to bite those hard little nipples until they bleed for me like I’m bleeding for you,” he threatened, but it felt like praise, even as he rubbed more of his blood on me. All I could do was watch in horror—and in sick pleasure.

When he took a step back, I stared at his body. So big and hard. Built like a linebacker ready to light someone up. And then he grabbed that huge dick with his cut palm and used his blood to lube up his shaft.

“You’re dripping for me, more than wet enough to take all of me, my good, little whore. But, little rabbit, I’m gonna make sure *every* single part of me is inside you.”

With his dick in hand, he came forward too fast for me to react. He grabbed my throat hard, using his strength to spin me away from the tree and push me to the ground.

We were both panting like crazy as he covered my body with his, and he kept us like that for a full minute, his weight and size pinning me against the hard, unforgiving earth. He was hard, his bloody cock digging into the crease of my ass.

“Tell me to stop again. Tell me no.” His voice was deep and muffled by the mask, but as if he wanted to make sure I heard him clearly, he pushed up the mask.

I could see out the corner of my eye the way the sliver of moonlight peeking through the trees cut across his exposed mouth, and I pursed my lips. I knew that’s what he wanted from me. I refused to give him anything, not willingly.

He laughed and leaned back, gripped my waist with a firm hand, and hauled my lower half up. He lifted the knife to my neck, and I had to brace my elbows on the ground to steady myself, so I wouldn’t get cut further.

“Tell me,” he demanded and slapped my ass hard on the nick he’d just given me during the chase.

I arched my back. “No. I’m not giving you anything. Not by choice.”

He chuckled again and removed the blade from my throat. I could see him set it aside as he removed his gloves. I took that opportunity to try to get away, but the bastard was fast. He gripped my hips and steadied me hard. Painfully.

His hands were warm from his leather gloves, his callouses rough on my smooth skin. I closed my eyes and shivered, feeling myself grow even wetter.

“Just, please... stop,” I finally caved, giving in, surrendering. There was nothing I could do, no way I could stop this. He held all the power. He was bigger, stronger, and was going to take from me whatever he wanted.

I rested my forehead against the dirt and closed my eyes, whimpering as he ran those huge palms over my ass, the back of my thighs, along the sides of my legs, and finally slipped a hand between my legs.

He said nothing as he slid his fingers through my folds, the slickness a sloppy mess that was proof of how ready my body was for his unwanted invasion.

Suddenly, as he circled my abused clit, I got a rush of strength and started fighting like I was possessed. I tried to flip around to kick him, but he held me firm with one hand on my hip and guided the tip of his cock to my pussy hole.

He was breathing so harshly as he notched that bulbous head at the entrance of my body. I was soaking wet, my juices slipping down my legs, so I didn't tear as he shoved into me that first inch.

“*Jesus Christ,*” he grated out and kept guiding himself inside me, forcing his big dick into my little pussy.

“This isn't right,” I panted as I stared straight ahead, and then my vision went fuzzy, the darkness wrapping around everything like a cloak as I allowed myself to space out.

“Never felt anything more right than forcing my cock into you.” He paused, then reached out and took hold of my hair, and I barely registered the pain of him turning my head so he could see my face.

I felt myself going in and out of consciousness as the sensations waged war in me.

“No dissociating, my pretty slut.” His hand jerked, shaking me until I was back in this beautifully twisted reality. “You're gonna remember every detail of this night, and you'll never get to be a whore for anyone else. You'll have to think of me in order to come.”

With that, he flipped me on my back, knocking the wind out of me, yanked my legs so wide apart my pussy lips gaped, and then he pummeled all the way inside until the heavy weight of his balls slapped my ass.

I cried out as the head of him punched something deep on his next violent thrust, and suddenly my body was betraying me once again as I orgasmed, my inner muscles clenching around his girth. He hissed and pulled back, the tip staying lodged in me before he slammed back in.

“Again,” he growled, and my body knew what that order meant... and listened.

I felt my eyes widen as I unwillingly came again, giving this monster what he wanted. My ultimate, complete surrender.

He was staring right at my face as he ground himself against me before pulling out and pushing back in. He slipped his hand around to grip my ass, angled my hips up, and plowed into my body, seeking his pleasure. His other hand pressed down on my inner thigh, pushing it into the ground as he kept me open, using me as effortlessly as a cocksleeve.

“You’ll take every fucking drop of my load, little rabbit. You’ll take every ounce until it’s slipping out of your cunt. And then I’m going to gather it up and shove my fingers in your mouth to make you drink it.”

He was so brutal as he fucked me... as he penetrated me repeatedly, until I was crying because the pleasure was taking over and I should have hated it.

I clawed at his hoodie until I got to the hard expanse of his tattooed abdomen. I raked my nails along whatever flesh I could get to, and he didn’t stop me. He just pounded into me like a madman.

When I tried tearing off his mask, he bit my hand, and I jerked it away. Then he fucked me harder as if punishing me, so hard I gasped when he pulled out of me so suddenly. He moved until he had his knees on either side of my shoulders, and then he forced me to take his cock in my mouth.

“If you bite me, I’ll fuck you with the blade of the knife,” he threatened and pushed in more of his dick.

I knew he was telling the truth, so I relaxed my jaw and took all of him, gagging as he hit the back of my throat, and he held himself there long enough I tasted all of it—my wetness, his precum... his blood. Just when I thought I was truly going to die this way, he pulled out from between my lips and was shoving back into my cunt before I could even take my first breath.

He did this little switch-up three more times before I was groaning and crying out for reasons that humiliated me.

“I can’t stop thinking about...” He didn’t finish that thought and instead reached to the side of us and grabbed the knife. He pulled out of me, and while holding that weapon between us so I could clearly see it, he flipped it in the air to catch the blade in his hand. I knew he cut himself, as I watched the blood start to slip down his wrist, yet he never made a sound.

My entire body tensed when I felt the hilt at my opening.

“Let’s see how well you take the handle and if I can make you come, little rabbit.”

I shook my head, but he was already pushing it in. My eyes rolled to the back of my head as I felt every ridge and dip of the knife’s grip, which was ridiculously thick in order to fit my assailant’s giant hand. It was only when he stopped that I forced my eyes open and looked down the length of my body to see the entire thing lodged inside me. The blade stuck out like some erotic and grotesque visage of a dildo.

“Oh my God,” I whispered just before he started fucking me with the handle, sliding it in and out at the same time he used his thumb to roll around my clit.

“You’ll get off like a dirty, little slut while I fuck you with my knife.”

I wanted to tell him he could fuck right off, but the faster he rubbed my clit, the closer I got to giving him what he envisioned.

“Come on, little rabbit. Let me defile you. Be my depraved bunny like a good girl.”

And just like that, I came.

He let me ride out that orgasm, and only when I exhaled did he remove the knife, set it aside, and push his dick back into me.

“Gonna fill you with my cum until you’re drowning in it.” He kept rubbing my clit. “Now come for me again.”

I did... like the dirty, little slut he claimed me to be.

And it was on the high of my climax that I heard him growl like a beast, his motions becoming even more intense. And when he came, it was painful and pleasure-filled in the most horrible ways.

I panted, feeling the sticky mess of my pussy juices, his cum, and our combined blood slipping out from around his cock still planted deep inside me.

His body was enormous as he pressed me hard into the cold and unforgiving ground. All I could feel, smell, and hear was *him*.

“You did good, little rabbit,” he said in a husky voice against the side of my throat.

I didn’t respond, unable to think a coherent thought let alone actually say anything that would make sense. My body hurt. The chase through the woods had left my feet torn up, my arms and legs scraped from the branches, and my hair a wild mess with dried leaves and twigs no doubt stuck in it. I also knew there were probably dark bruises covering my flesh, ones that were hand-sized from when he gripped me and held me down.

Fighting back now wasn’t an option. I had no strength, too sore and deeply sated to do anything but lie there and feel his cock soften inside me.

With one harsh exhale, he pushed up and sat back on his knees. His shirt was torn open from me fighting him. And just like he promised, he pulled out of my pussy, waited a second

until his thick cum seeped from my opening, and gathered it with two fingers.

I locked my jaw and shook my head, but he used his other hand to pry my mouth open, and then he shoved that massive dollop of cum into my mouth.

“Fucking swallow it like my perfect, little slut.”

I moaned and did just that.

He gathered more of himself that slipped from my pussy and shoved it into my mouth, making me drink it all until my mouth felt raw.

Several seconds passed as we both caught our breath. I could barely keep my eyes open... until he gripped his mask, removed it, and tossed it aside.

I stared into his face, the moon full and bright in the sky. I made out his short, dark hair that was disheveled across his face, which was all angular lines and masculine features, and I felt something in me ignite.

Without the mask, I could see his neck tattoos that disappeared beneath his black clothing, and for a prolonged moment, we didn't speak. I just lay there, looking up at his imposing form.

And that's when I smiled before it turned into a laugh as I tilted my head back into the dirt. I tangled my hands in my crazy, twig-and-leaf-laden hair, the bunny ears knotted in place but crooked. I felt like I'd lost my mind.

It was a full minute of me losing it before I looked back at my tormentor.

Zareth, my stepbrother, reached out and pushed the rat's nest that was my hair away from my face, his big, tattooed fingers gently smoothing along my scraped cheeks, making me purr.

“Look at you,” he murmured, his voice deep and sexy and doing all kinds of wicked things to me once more. “Destroyed from our little game.”

I rose and braced my upper body on my elbows at the same time he gripped my chin with his fingers in an unyielding vice.

As his mouth pressed to mine, I felt the vibrations of his words when he spoke, “Tonight’s game was the most intense yet, baby girl.” I hummed and dragged my tongue along his bottom lip, and he groaned. “We’ve never gone this hard before.”

No, we hadn’t, and it was incredible.

“You fighting me... saying no....” His enormous body trembled. “For a minute, I almost fucking believed you didn’t want it.”

I closed my eyes and sighed, letting my head fall back as he started kissing my neck and licking at all the little cuts he’d given me. “I want it however you’ll give it to me, Zareth. I told you not to hold back before we started. I consented to everything you had planned.”

He growled, and we kissed hard, fierce, and with everything in us.

The stalking. The chase and hunt. And when he finally caught me and took what he wanted as I told him no. It had been so incredible. I’d told him to hold nothing back in our little game, and he hadn’t.

I wanted rough. I wanted violent. I wanted lines to be blurred and then fully crossed. My fantasies had been dark and devious, and my stepbrother had given me exactly what I wanted.

No, that wasn’t right. He’d given me an experience that went far beyond what my darkest desires could have created.

Zareth was dangerous. He was scary.

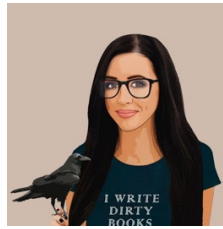
And I feared him in a way that made my pussy wet.

I was his. He was mine.

And we were both fucked up in the best way.

The End.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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