

DO YOU DARE TO GAMBLE?

*Tainted*  
**CROWN**

A KINGHOOD NOVELLA

G.N. WRIGHT

# TAINTED CROWN

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*To my broken wrist, you really were a fucker.  
But hey look what you made me do!*

# CONTENTS

[Playlist](#)

[Author Note](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[THE END....](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Also by G.N. Wright](#)

# Playlist

## LISTEN NOW

Goddess - *Xana*  
Bad for Me - *Always Never*  
Young God - *Halsey*  
Wicked Games - *The Weekend*  
Feel Something - *Bea Miller*  
Does She Like It Rough? - *Flavia*  
Slow Down - *Chase Atlantic*  
Bad Intentions - *Nike Heaton, Migos*  
Cravin' - *Stileto, Kendyle Paige*  
Like A God - *Lia Marie Johnson*  
Sick Thoughts - *Lewis Bissett*  
Dirty Mind - *Boy Epic*  
Do It For Me - *Rosenfield*  
Use Me - *Makk Mikkael*  
Chills - *Mickey Valen, Joey Myron*

# Author Note

Please read the following warning before proceeding.

This is a dark romance novella containing mature, explicit sexual scenes. They include voyeurism, weapon play, rope play, blood play, degradation, public humiliation, and some aspects of dom/sub/bdsm play. It also has scenes of drug and alcohol use, violence, and murder.

Please respect your boundaries before diving in.

If you require any more information or would like to discuss any of the above in more detail then please do not hesitate to reach out to me.

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For my devils who are excited by all of this...

*Welcome to the Kingdom.*



# Prologue

*The Kinghood is a sacred brotherhood of boys and men.*

*They value honor, order, loyalty, and sacrifice.*

*When you become a King you will gain status, wealth, and power. There is no one you can't have and nothing you can't do.*

*To become a King is to become a God.*

*And all you need is one little gold coin.*

# Chapter One

**W R E N**

**T**he blue strobe lights illuminate the hoards of writhing bodies. Swaying, gyrating, rippling, all of them moving to the deep thump of the music. Just another weekend at AGU. Except this isn't just another weekend, this is the last weekend, well it is for me anyway. It's been hours since I discarded my graduation robe, but the feeling of things coming to an end still lingers all around me.

If it wasn't for the stench of privilege lingering in the air, I could actually forget for a moment that I was at a Kinghood party. *The Kinghood*. A secret society that is anything but a secret at AGU. Made up of rich and powerful

families whose sons run Anders Grave University and everyone in it. Well, everyone except me. Their elite club is strictly for those who have more money than sense, and that just isn't me. I landed myself at AGU on a scholarship, I grew up poor after my parents died, which deemed me unworthy to be welcomed into their circles. Which suited me fine, bottom of the food chain in their eyes, meant I wasn't even considered to be lavished with their attention.

Except for tonight apparently. I was easily surprised when I found the blue envelope sealed shut with their signature gold coin crest waiting for me on my doormat. This is the first time an invitation to one of their parties has ever been officially extended to me. Not that it's my first time attending one, every party has a back door after all. On any other night I wouldn't even be here, but this isn't just any other night, this is my last night. Once I leave here tomorrow I won't see any of these sorry fucks again, so tonight is the only night I have to play.

I only have one goal for this evening, make Alexis Darling pay. Alexis is your typical Queen bee, sitting on her throne beside the Kings and looking down on everyone. The only puppets she doesn't pull the strings of are the ones who have a gold King coin in their possession. It's their stupid token of power which in reality means nothing to anyone outside of their circles, but not once in three years has she ever let me forget that I don't possess one. Little does she realize the only thing I have an interest in possessing is her.

I hope Alexis and the Kings enjoy the irony of my outfit for the evening, because of course tonight is a costume party, they are nothing if not predictable. So, I am decked out in a fitted black suit, black loafers, and a steel gray crown rests upon my head. A dark king if you will. My ebony hair is slicked back, a silver chain hangs around my neck, and my inked forearms and upper chest are completely on display. The black blade I never leave the house without is slipped into my inner suit pocket, and there is a glock tucked into my waistband. You can never be too careful, especially around the Kings.

We've all heard the sordid stories, the twisted tales, the reigning rumors, the depravity of their actions knows no limits. Some people might wonder how they still walk free, but I guess that's the thing about money and privilege, it makes you untouchable. I've had to work hard to hide the skeletons in my closet, but for the Kings it's nothing more than a threat here and a bribe there, and their problems completely disappear. It must be nice to

kill without fear of being caught, something I could only long for.

I push through the slews of utterly intoxicated people, nodding my head at a few friends and people I know, choosing to ignore the paws of multiple underwear clad girls vying for my affections. Lord only knows what costumes they're trying to pull off, but tonight I only have my sights set on one person.

Alexis and I have spent the last three years in a battle of wicked words and tainted taunts. She has relished every second of reminding me where I come from and how little I matter to her, but does she think I missed the gleam in her eye every time we went head to head? Never have I had such a worthy opponent, and never have I wanted to silence someone more with my cock down their throat.

She has made my days at AGU feel like hell with her constant torture and bullying, and my nights like heaven dreaming of all the things I want to do to her. I just need an in, one chance at one more battle, one chance at making her beg, making her mine, until morning at least. My knife burns a hole in my pocket, aching to come out and play, and just the thought of having her splayed out with her blood pulsing against the blade has my cock twitching in my slacks.

I spy the Kings as soon as I enter the large kitchen area, all standing tall and regal around the center island as everyone surrounding them hangs off their every word. Paxton Parker is in the middle of course, if the King's had a true King among them it's him. *Too much money and more connections than fucking God.* He's joined by three of the four other Kings, Finn Hilton, Joseph Grant, and Theodore Wells. The former are paying more attention to each other than anyone else as they appear in deep conversation, and the latter as always has his eyes everywhere, seeing everyone, and noting everything in his mind. Out of all the Kings he is the only one to ever put me on edge, I see the same darkness in his eyes that I know stains mine. If I'm a monster then Theo is the goddamn Devil himself.

But my gaze doesn't linger on any of them for long, instead it moves to the star of the show by Paxton's side. Alexis is his Queen for all intents and purposes, they are the golden couple on campus, but they are far from perfect. Their relationship is more kinship than anything else if you know what to look for, and I do. I've seen Paxton fuck his way through half the campus, and Alexis indulge in her own fair share of secret entanglements, but their entanglement with each other is the thing that interests me the most.

Why out of the King's did she pick him? Why even pick one at all? Did she even have a choice?

My obsession with her means I know more than I ever wanted to about the Kinghood and how they work. It was easier than I imagined considering they are supposed to be a secret, but the Kings have gotten comfortable in their notoriety. I spot Paxton flicking his signature gold King coin across his knuckles out of habit, as he laughs at something one of his minions has just said. That coin is the key to everything, a token of their power and pull, but most of all it's something for them to enjoy. *A game*. That's what everything is to them. What it must be like to have so much money that they have to find other ways to fulfil themselves.

I watch as Paxton leans down and murmurs something into Alexis' ear, her fake smile never faltering. I know it's fake because I've seen the real one on a few occasions, rare, but I've seen it, it's magnificent. It's a smile I want as she is splayed out before me as I fucking feast on her sweet cunt. A smile I want to draw blood from.

"Careful, Wren, drool stains." My thoughts are interrupted, and I cock my head to the side to find the one King missing from the ranks. *Logan Royton*.

He's the only one of the Kings who would ever actually deign to even speak to me. His older brother is the youngest billionaire in the country, meaning he has more family money than all the other Kings combined. I'm not sure why he's even a member of the Kinghood, he doesn't give a shit about their legacy, or the fucked up games they partake in. He has enough status in his name alone to ensure everyone on campus knows who he is and how much he's worth.

I grit my teeth, already annoyed that I have to even try and converse with any of them, but for tonight to go my way I don't have any other choice. "I'm always careful, Royton," I reply with a fake smile and he chuckles.

"Oh I know that, that's why I invited you tonight." He drops back against the wall in front of me in a lazy manner that can only be achieved with his family's net worth, and slowly lets his eyes trail over me. "You look good," he smirks, licking his lips slightly, "But you already know that."

I'd heard the rumors about him playing for both teams but I wasn't sure if they were true until now. For someone as well known as he is, and as outgoing as he is, he keeps his private life just that, private. He makes a show of checking me out, lingering on where my shirt lays open revealing my inked chest.

"So you're the one I need to thank for my presence here." Never in a million years did I think that the invitation I received would be from one of the Kings themselves.

"I mean you don't need to thank me, but I'd be open to accepting your gratitude." He bites his lip as he trails his eyes over me once more. "I'd make it good for your first time." His cocky swagger proves how easy it must be for him to have people from any gender falling at his feet.

"What makes you think it would be my first time?" I quip, knowing I am more than comfortable in my fluid sexuality, but tonight is about her, so I add, "But you're not really my type, Royton."

He smiles wider. "No, you like other people's Queens with a stick up their ass." He preens under his own assessment of me as he pushes off the wall to close the distance between us. "It's the reason I invited you tonight, it's the reason I think you'll enjoy my gift." He seems excited to meddle in my affairs and that should put me on edge, but the mention of a gift annoys me.

I can't hold back my scoff. Of course it all comes back to money. "I don't need your charity, rich boy."

The laugh that bursts from him is big and genuine before he calms himself down and shakes his head with a smile. "Even my bank balance couldn't afford to buy you class and manners, or a soul for that matter." He tuts as if scolding a child, "No, what I have for you is much more valuable than something as simple as money." He waves his hand in a dismissive manner when he says the word money, in a way only rich people do. Clearly he doesn't know what it's like to ever be without something as simple as money.

He looks me over once more before he reaches beneath his shirt and pulls out his coveted gold King coin from beneath it. It's hanging neatly on a smooth black roped necklace, allowing me the closest look I have ever managed to get. I flick my eyes back to him to find him watching me and then back to the coin.

I make sure to choose my words carefully, I don't want to get myself caught up with a King without knowing the full extent of what is being offered. "I'm not sure I'm following you."

He drops his hand from the coin and presses me back against the wall. "Don't play stupid with me, Wren, I might seem playful, but I could make you disappear so fast it would be like you never existed at all." His hands splay out beneath my jacket trailing over my torso until his fingers find my

knife and gun. His voice lowers to a husky whisper, “And as much as these turn me on, even they wouldn’t be able to help you.”

“So what? You’re giving me your coin? What do you want in return, your dick sucked?” I bite out against his hot breath against my cheek.

His smile is savage and playful at the same time as he caresses the gun at my back once more before pushing away from me. “Of course not, I hate getting sloppy head. Besides, I’m about to go home for the summer and I have my own toys to play with.”

I assess him closer now after his threat, his playboy demeanor and sexual innuendos aside, I don’t really know much about him. He was missing a lot at the end of last year and beginning of this year. Although of course he has enough money to ensure his absence wasn’t an issue with the University.

“So what do you want?” I wonder what kind of strings are going to be attached to his bizarre offer. It’s not like a guy like me could offer a guy like him anything he doesn’t already have.

“No.” He shuts me down completely. “The question is what do you want, Wren? What do you crave? What gets *your* blood pumping?”

My eyes wander back to Alexis and the other Kings but Logan’s hand grips my chin and pulls my stare back to his. “You could be a King for a night or a King for the rest of your life, so choose wisely.”

Something hard and cold is pressed into my hand before I even register his retreating form, by the time he disappears, my palm has opened and I am staring down at his gold King coin, no, *my* gold King coin.

In the space of one-second the tables have been turned in my favor, and for once I have the upper hand. His words play over and over in my mind as I decide what to do next. The answer is simple...

This King needs a Queen.



# Chapter Two

## ALEXIS

I loathe attending these Kinghood parties, they're always the same. Same people, same drama, same games, it's tiresome. People are always fighting for the Kings attention and I'm always pretending that I don't hate every second of it. Growing up within the Kinghood meant I have always been confined to the four men that surround me now. Protected, looked after, watched. *It's claustrophobic.* I can't remember the last time I ever made a decision that was just mine, for something that I truly wanted. It's not the King way, and even as a Queen I don't get much say.

College is supposed to be a time to enjoy yourself, explore your desires,

and decide on your future, but all it was for me was more suffocation. I was told what to study, where to live, and who to date. It's been three years of sorority events, charity galas, sporting games, and I despised every second of it. The only time I have ever been able to indulge in something for myself is in the stolen moments with unknown willing partners at parties like these. I wonder if I could engage in one final bout of freedom tonight before the shackles are tightened forever.

I flick my eyes up to Paxton, *my boyfriend*, but really just one of my best friends. I am lucky with the Kings my age, we are all close friends, have been since we were kids. We endured private school together, then holidayed in the Hamptons over summer, and in the Swiss Alps for winter. Every memory I have from my childhood includes them. I should count myself lucky that Paxton is the one that was chosen for me, we have always had a mutual understanding of how our relationship works, at least until we have to take it to the next step.

Joey and Finn are of course showing more interest in one another than anyone else here, it's always been that way with those two, thick as thieves. Then Theo is being his usual creepy self, staring down everyone in our vicinity, it always makes me laugh at how people cower from him. As if my mind spoke to him, he looks my way, a smile he saves only for me on his face as he nods slightly before returning to his assessment of everyone.

My thoughts are interrupted as I hear one of the girls from my sorority gush to her friend as she makes a fresh drink. "Oh my god did you see how hot Wren looks tonight?"

"Of course I did, I think every girl here creamed their panties the second he walked in." The friend fans herself dramatically, looking around as if she can seek him out.

"I'm gonna try fuck him tonight," the first girl declares. "It's our last night here so might as well go out with a bang." She winks at her friend as they both cheers the drinks they just made. Then they stumble off with happy laughter, but my blood runs cold.

*Wren Marshall is here.*

My heartbeat thunders in my chest as I attempt to casually scan my eyes around the people surrounding us, but it's no use, this house is huge and the party is spread into multiple parts of it, he could be anywhere. I take a sip of my drink and try to relax.

Paxton must feel the tension in me because he leans down and whispers

in my ear, “You good, Lex?”

I keep my false smile in place as I nod. “All good, Pax, just nostalgic or something I guess.” He laughs, “Please, you hate this place and everyone in it.”

I roll my eyes. “Not everyone,” I emphasize as I feel someone watching us, but I keep my gaze on Paxton. “You know how much I love Theo,” I tease him with a smile.

He drags me closer to him with a devious smile. “And let’s not forget about my dick,” he adds in a low drunken drawl, pushing his body into mine with a mischievous smile.

Paxton and I have fucked many times over the years, but it’s never more than out of boredom, and in reality it’s more out of our obligation to one another than anything else. We know what our future holds, what is expected of us, and we are trying to make the best of things, because in reality it could be so much worse.

I shake my head at his playful manner, glad to see him enjoying himself. “Yeah your dick is so magical it ruined me for everyone else,” I drone in utter sarcasm, and he pinches me hard.

“Such a little bitch sometimes, Lex.” He shakes his head with a smile, reminding me of why he is a good choice for me. We get on so well, I can trust him, but it will never be real between the two of us.

“Come on, Pax, if you want someone to stroke your ego, go and find one of your little groupies.” I’m not jealous of any of the shit Paxton gets up to, it’s just annoying that we have to pretend to be this perfect couple and half the campus thinks they know he is fucking anything that moves behind my back.

“Don’t be like that, Lex, not when things have to change soon.” His tone is serious now and I know he is thinking about the looming date weighing on both of our heads. “You know I will be faithful to you when we make this official, and it’s not like you haven’t had your own share of one night stands.”

I ignore him in favor of my drink, not really interested in discussing how shitty our future will be with one another. I neck the rest of it and look around to try and find one of the lackeys that the Kings employ to wait on us.

I don’t find any of them, but it doesn’t matter because I find him.

Wren Marshall is here and I feel that same thrill of excitement that I know I should ignore flow through my entire body. I find amusement in his

costume immediately, a dark king if I am presuming correctly. It's clever, like him. Not that he needs it, his whole persona screams it, he isn't someone who needs the title of a King to be seen as one.

It's not in the same way people look at Pax and the guys, it's different, more subtle, people don't respect him out of fear, but more understand he isn't someone to be messed with. His dangerous aura keeps people away which I think he enjoys. He is friends with everyone, but nothing past a surface level friendship from what I have seen. He doesn't pay anyone close attention.

Well, that's a lie, his attention on me hasn't wavered in three years. He is the only person in this god forsaken place that doesn't treat me like this coveted little princess. No, he treats me like he wants to break me down until I am nothing, and sometimes I want to let him, if only to feel something real. But that would ruin everything, so instead I do what I always do.

*Pretend.*

Pretend he is beneath me, pretend I don't care what he thinks, and pretend that I am better than him. It's the only way. I force myself to take a deep breath and square my shoulders, if Wren is here then I need to ready myself for battle, and as always my favorite defense is denial.

# Chapter Three

## W R E N

**T**he coin already feels powerful in my hand and I can't wait to use it, but if I want to truly become a King then I have to learn how to play their game, and quickly. I don't hesitate, I shove the coin deep inside my pocket where it clings against my knife and enter the kitchen fully.

*Time to move into the lion's den.*

Theo's eyes track me like a hunter stalking his prey, as I reach the large island and grab myself a tumbler, sloshing some expensive whiskey I've never heard of inside it. I knock it back and pour another and decide to let my own deviance shine back as I stare him down. I expect some kind of

retaliation, but all he does is smirk as he continues to watch me, like I am a helpless animal that has just walked into his perfect little trap.

I open my mouth to ask what his problem is, ignoring any fear I should feel at his reputation, but that smooth, addictive tone cuts through the space between us. “Who invited the peasant?” Our eyes collide as she addresses me without really addressing me and I smirk, noting the flare of surprise and anger behind her eyes.

“Miss me, Darling?” I purr, as the eyes of the other three Kings finally turn my way.

“I did actually, the help here this evening just isn’t up to scratch,” she huffs dramatically with a roll of her eyes. “You worked at the college bar right?” She says the word ‘work’ like it’s dirty and beneath her. “Make yourself useful and fix me a drink on your way out.” She shakes her glass at me as everyone around us smirks.

I keep my eyes on her as I pour myself a fresh whiskey, then move towards her with the tumbler in hand until I can hold it up in front of her, just as she reaches out to take it, I knock it all back. I ignore the burn in my throat, enjoying the burn from her stare a lot more. “The only thing I’d fix for you is how hard you’re used to coming,” I purr, leaning towards her, ignoring Paxton’s hand on her shoulder completely. “Let me know when you are free for that.”

I take a step back and lean my back against the island as I continue to stare her down. “You think I don’t satisfy my girl enough that you could do better?” Pax utters in complete boredom, looking down on me like a true King. Oh tonight is going to be so much fun.

I keep my eyes fixed on hers as I answer him. “I think your girl likes it hard and rough and needs someone to show her the ropes.”

“Careful, Wren, don’t start something you can’t finish.” Joey is calm as he speaks to me, but I feel the small step he takes towards me. Alexis flicks her wrist to motion him to stop.

“Don’t worry, J, he couldn’t find my sweet spot with a compass and a map.” She straightens the floaty bits curling off her outfit like this whole conversation is boring her. “Is it hard for you to satisfy yourself when you only have a micro penis?” Her question is loud and draws more laughs from the crowd, like jesters catering to their Queen’s unspoken demands.

I offer Alexis one more smirk, toss a wink to Paxton who is still silently stewing beside her, even though I know he doesn’t really give a fuck about

her, and then turn to answer Joey. “Don’t worry, Grant, I always know how to finish.” His eyes narrow at my words, but I don’t let myself linger, disappearing back into the slews of bodies before any of them can say anything else.

For the next two hours I do nothing but drink, watch, and plan, and it isn’t long before I see the Kings slipping off by themselves. I discard the drink in my hand, grab a bottle of whiskey, and follow after them in the shadows. They make their way out of the kitchen, through the living area, and up the stairs on the left of the balcony. My steps are slow and assured as I follow, the gold coin firm in my hand as I rub my thumb against it.

They head down the hall until they reach the room at the end and then they slip inside, disappearing from my sight. I make it to the door about thirty-seconds later and ready myself for the lines I know I will cross tonight, but there is no going back now, it’s showtime.

A few minutes later I push inside the door silently and the smoke is already prominent in the air, as is the stench of weed. The room has a four poster bed off to the left, with all matching black furniture, including the round gloss black table they have situated themselves around. Cards are already strewn around some mindless piles of money, and I watch as Paxton cuts up lines of cocaine with his black card.

I’d roll my eyes at the whole scene if I weren’t the least bit surprised. I flick my eyes across each of them and the only stare I am met with is the icy blue stare of Theodore Wells, it’s unsettling to find him staring back at me once again, but I ignore him in favor of my plans.

“What are we playing?” I stroll towards them and every single one of their heads snap in my direction to join Theo’s staring.

“Private party, Wren, get the fuck out,” Paxton drawls from behind the table, his arm slung loosely around Alexis’ waist as she sits perched on his lap. A Queen in public, but a pawn in private it seems.

“I thought this was a party for the Kings?” I move closer to the only vacant chair around the table, for Logan I presume, and lean on it as I hold Paxton’s stare.

“None of your fucking business, get the fuck out.” When I still don’t move, his hand wraps possessively around Alexis’ hip before he pushes her into Theo’s lap and sits forward, his elbows on the table. “Do you have a death wish as well as being stupid?” He leans forward and snorts a line, like he can’t be bothered to even entertain my presence here.

I smile. “No, I just didn’t want to be late.” I pull out the chair and toss the coin on the table taking satisfaction in the shock in all their eyes. “So what are we playing?”

“Where the fuck did you get that?” Joey snaps at the same time Paxton cricks his neck in frustration.

“Fucking Logan.” Finn rolls his eyes, being the first one to draw the correct conclusion, and I smile.

“Mr Royton was very accommodating this evening,” I confirm, eyes solely focused on Alexis as she stares at the gold coin in front of me like she is transfixed by it.

“Having a coin doesn’t make you a King,” she bites out. “You probably fucking blackmailed him, or stole it anyway.”

Paxton cuts a look towards her as if to silence her, before he looks back to me and echoes her thoughts. “Lex is right, the coin means nothing, you’re not King material so get the fuck out.” Paxton seems the angriest of them all, with Joey and Finn both having a silent stare off, and Theo seeming scarily amused if anything.

I pick my new coin back up and flick it across my knuckles in the same way I saw him do earlier. “I thought that’s exactly what it means, or do I need to call Daddy Parker and check?” My condescending tone isn’t lost on them, but it seems possessing the coin really does hold true power, because all he does is huff.

The four men have a silent stare off, but I keep my eyes on her, for the first time ever she looks nervous, not that anyone else would notice it. She has perfected the blank mask she wears around campus, covering it with her pretty smile, but the eyes never lie. She’s scared, not of me, but of the fact that I now finally have the chance to ignite this fire between us.

*How exciting.*

“The game is poker.” Finn finally breaks the silence, grabbing the deck of cards and expertly shuffling them. “Ever played before?”

I keep the smile from my face. “Once or twice,” I confirm with a shrug, knowing full well I could wipe the table with all four of them if I need to, but I don’t want them knowing that. *Not yet at least.*

“Well, don’t bet too big, Marshall, the coin doesn’t come with our net worth.” Joey smiles playfully, but I can feel the anger rolling off him as he tosses a stack of money towards me like it means nothing to him. I mean I’m sure it doesn’t, but after a quick glance down I note it’s 250k he has pushed



my way.

“You could take that money and leave right now, finally have something of value in your pathetic, miserable life.” Some of the fire is finally back in her eyes as she stares at me. That bite in her tone is what got me addicted to her, the back and forth between us is like foreplay I never want to end.

I grin. “No thanks, Darling, I have my sights set on something a lot more valuable.” I make sure as my eyes drag across every visible part of her skin that my intentions are more than clear.

Finn snaps my attention from her as he holds out a black box. “Phone inside,” he grunts, and I see they all have their own devices in there, so I don’t think twice about tossing mine into the mix before he closes and locks it, placing it back on the table.

Theo grabs the bottle of whiskey from my hand and generously pours a glass for all of us, and then I am kindly offered a rolled up bill along with the tray of coke. I snort my own line dutifully, leaning forward to pluck the joint that Alexis has just lit for Paxton from her delicate fingers. I take a deep drag, blowing the smoke directly into her face, but she doesn’t even flinch, eyes on where our fingers touch as I hand it back to her and slump back into my chair.

When I have finally been dealt my hand, Alexis lifts her eyes only to find mine are still on her, and when Paxton notices the stare off he pulls her back into his lap. “Some things are off limits, even to other Kings.”

My smile is nothing but genuine. “I never was good at following the rules.”

We play a few hands silently, and I force myself to lose a few, even if it does hurt to see the stack of money that isn’t truly mine depleting, but it’s all part of my newly forming plan. Alexis continues to not say a word, even whenever Paxton catches me staring and he leans in and whispers in her ear.

The other Kings eventually get bored of our game and stop playing, leaving it to just Paxton and I in a silent play off, and when I purposely throw another game he huffs.

“Alright, Wren, what the fuck do you want, you clearly have no interest in money so why are you here?”

I lean towards him. “Finally, Parker, I was beginning to think you were dumb as well as stupid.” He grits his teeth before I continue, “How about we start with that Aston Martin of yours?”

He thinks about it for a minute. “Fine, if you win the car is yours,” he

sneers. “But if I win.” He looks around the room with a smile before he comes back to me. “If I win, you get on your knees and suck Finn’s cock.”

I smirk, not letting the boldness of his stakes affect me, as I slide my gaze over to Finn who has his eyes fixed on Joey, but Joey is staring at me. *Interesting.* I’ve always been of the mind that my sexuality is anything I want it to be so his stakes don’t deter me, if anything they will help move things along in the way I want. I might not have been willing to get on my knees for Logan, but Finn is now a means to an end. An end I will do anything to get to now I can feel how close I am.

“Game on.” I shrug. “Maybe your Queen will learn some new techniques.” I grin at her as I’m granted another taste of her toxic tongue.

“If you think a peasant could teach me anything you’re dumber than even I thought.” Her acidic tone bites the air and I feel the dull pull of arousal at the bottom of my spine. She is going to feel delicious taking my cock in that poisonous little throat.

I lick my lips, her gaze tracking the movement. “Think about me a lot, do you?”

She smiles in disdain. “Only when I plot mass murder.”

“Enough,” Paxton spits, tossing out the cards so we can begin to play.

I keep my cards close to my chest, both metaphorically and figuratively, as we play the hand we’ve been dealt, and when I lower my three of a kind to his straight, a gleam in his eye sparkles. *So fucking predictable.*

“On your knees, Marshall.” He looks at me like he thinks I will toss my coin at him and run from the room with my tail between my legs. He really doesn’t know who he is playing with.

“We aren’t really doing this are we?” Finn asks, as I stand up straightening my jacket, his gaze flicking from me, to Joey, to Paxton.

“We all know how much you’ll like it.” Is all Paxton responds.

I push his chair away from the table with enough force to move it, allowing everyone at the table a clear view. “Don’t worry, I don’t bite,” I say looking down at him, and when his eyes finally concentrate solely on me, I drop to my knees. “Not unless you ask me nicely.” I cock my head to wink at Alexis who is watching us intently before I reach out to unbuckle his pants.

I let my other hand trail down his chest as I lean in to whisper in his ear, “You can pretend I’m him if it helps.” I don’t have to say his name for Finn to understand who I mean, and when his eyes flash over to Joey I know I’ve uncovered one of their dirty little secrets.

Keeping secrets is a dangerous game to play. But I've always liked danger.

# Chapter Four

## ALEXIS

**W**ren Marshall is the devil. A devil I currently can't take my eyes off, not as he reaches inside Finn's jeans and pulls out his hardening cock. I still can't even believe he's here, at this party, in this room, readying to take a King's cock in his throat no less. This is not how I expected our last party at AGU to turn out. We have always been a tight bunch thanks to our families all being friends, and we've never had any outsiders. *Until now.*

I feel Paxton's grip on me tighten like a shackle as we both zone in on the show before us. Our arranged engagement due by the end of summer is

looming over both our heads, and lately every second spent together feels like the walls are closing in on us. Tonight is the end of the freedom I have never really had. Tonight everything changes, so as I watch Wren's tongue slip from his mouth and lick a line along Finn's shaft, I feel no guilt in the way my thighs tighten.

Against the dark devil that is Wren, I could be his angel in the white fitted dress I'm wearing, the lace of my underwear concealed by the wisps of fabric floating around my breasts and waist. My silver stilettos match the silver halo fitted atop my head, and if it weren't for the now aching throb between the apex of my thighs I could pass for a true angel.

I'm transfixed as Wren licks at Finn's cock like he has done it a thousand times before, and when Finn groans as Wren finally engulfs his crown, I feel my panties get soaked in my arousal. I try to discreetly shift to relieve the ache building, but Wren Marshall doesn't miss a thing. His eyes snap to mine and even with a mouth filled with cock he is still the most handsome man I have ever seen.

He pulls back, eyes fixed firmly where my pussy is hidden beneath my dress. "I think your girl is looking a little needy there, Paxton, care to join the game?" The fact he addresses Paxton and not me pisses me off, so I can't stop myself from moving.

I stand, smoothing down my dress, and move towards him, his eyes start at my toes and drag up my entire body setting a fire with his stare. When I lean forward, showing him a clear view inside of my dress as it dips forward, he smiles thinking he's won something, especially as I let my hand push into his dark locks.

I feel the groan he suppresses but watch his eyes flare in surprise as I grip his hair tightly and pull it back sharply, ripping his mouth from Finn's shaft. "If I needed sexual advice from a weak little boy I'd ask for it, so do as you're told and suck his cock." I reinforce my words by shoving his mouth back onto Finn's dick and they both groan at my movements.

From an alpha like Wren I expect some fight back, but his eyes seem to darken as he stares at me, pushing himself forward to take Finn to the back of his throat. The scene shouldn't be turning me on, but fuck, one hot guy deep throating another is always going to be hot.

A hiss sounds from beside me and I flick my gaze over my shoulder to watch as Theo does a slow pull along his cock. His eyes solely fixed on the scene before him like it is nothing more than a TV show playing. I don't see

excitement, arousal, boredom, his stare is just blank as always, with something lurking beneath it that I have never wanted to look closer at.

As if he can feel me watching him, his eyes flick to mine and he smiles, watching me, waiting for me to do something, and when I don't he goes back to watching the show. Out of the three guys not currently involved in the game, I'd expect a reaction from Joey, not Theo. The thought has me flicking my eyes over to him and sure enough I see him fidgeting in his chair, eyes locked with Finn's as he tries to ignore the raging hard on beneath his jeans.

I don't know what kind of relationship the two of them have, but I know it goes beyond friendship, but not in the way anyone could imagine. It's not just love or sex, it's something more, I just don't know what.

There are a lot of secrets between the five of us, and now we've just let a wolf into the lion's den. I turn back to Paxton and find him already watching me, a slight tip of his head has me moving back towards him. I feel the comfort of his embrace as he drags me back into his lap, the connection between us still more friends than anything else, but I don't stop him when he grips the back of my neck and slams our lips together.

I hear the first sound of contempt from Wren as Paxton slips his tongue in my mouth, and my eyes find him fiercely watching me as he sucks Finn's cock even harder. Paxton is hard as a rock underneath me and I try not to rock against him, but the sex lingering in the air makes it impossible.

"Fuck." Finn's knuckles whiten as he grips the side of his chair, the groan he lets out tells me he is seconds from coming.

I can't hold out any longer, my hand slips up my thighs and I apply some much needed pressure on my clit. Paxton continues to kiss me pulling me back against his erection, but Wren's eyes are now firmly fixed on my fingers against my pussy. His look of hunger spurs me into a madness I've never felt and I can't stop myself from pushing inside my thong and circling my clit.

I shudder at the immediate relief it offers as Paxton's fingers join my own. "I've never felt you this wet before, Lex, he turns you on doesn't he?" Pax whispers into my ear, but I barely hear a word, too transfixed by how Wren is making Finn come undone with his mouth.

Our fingers swirl together until I am writhing in his lap, and his free hand grips my hip to keep me in place against his cock in an attempt to find his own release. All of us are lost in the lust as the only sounds in the room are our labored breaths and the sounds of Wren gagging around Finn's cock.

He bobs his head one more time and then Finn is groaning in relief as his

orgasm takes over. Theo comes quickly after him, shooting his release into his hand as Joey stares at Finn in disbelief. One final hard press against my pussy has me coming harder than ever and Paxton grunts into my ear, both of us near breathless.

I barely get to pull back from Paxton to watch before Wren appears before me, he doesn't pull me from Pax's lap like I expect. Instead he pushes me back against his chest, grips my chin to tip my head back, and then kisses me.

Three years, countless arguments, and unlimited tension as I imagined letting myself kiss him. All of it is incinerated as I feel his lips against mine, he forces his tongue past my teeth and I taste the salty release he is holding there. He isn't kissing me, he's pouring Finn's come into my mouth.

He pulls back with an evil smirk as I swallow. "Such a good little pet." He strokes my cheek but I smack his hand away as he chuckles.

He slinks back into the chair on the other side of the table like it's his fucking throne and we are the servants at his pleasure, as we all tidy ourselves back up. I force my heart rate to slow as I attempt to get my breathing under control and claw back my dignity after what we all just did.

"Impressive cock sucking skills," I muse, ignoring the stares of both Finn and Joey. Paxton remains silent behind me, and to my surprise Theo is smiling at Wren like he has found a new dueling partner.

"I'll let you know how yours are later." His tongue pushes into his cheek with a cocky smirk as he stares at me.

"In your dreams, Marshall." I lean forward and snort a line off the tray just to give myself something to do, and ignore the delight in my stomach as his eyes never leave me. His attention is dangerous and thrilling, a tease of what my life could be like if I cut the shackles of my family ties.

It's why I have always found myself drawn to him, ignited by his presence around me, reminding me what it's like to grow up without restraints. People think the more money you have, the happier you are, but the only thing I feel is trapped. The game Wren and I have participated in over the years, the sharp insults and mean taunts, have been the only thing I have been able to do to push my limits. How far am I willing to go with him now being a King, and more importantly how free will I feel to do it?

"Let's play a game, Darling." His tone sounds bored and unimpressed, but I've learnt that it is just his usual form. How can he sit there all calm and cavalier after he just took what I presume is his first dick in his throat.

It unsettles me, makes me nervous in a way I've never felt before, he's no longer beneath me, he's a King, at least for tonight. That doesn't stop me from wanting to push against him as always. "I don't play games with peasants," I toss back, and he smiles wider, gesturing to the fake crown atop his head.

"But tonight I'm a King." I ignore the looks on the other guys faces as I see respect for him forming in their eyes, it angers me to no end. This game was always ours and now he's involved with them.

I roll my eyes. "You can play dress up all you like, you will still always be beneath me."

He leans forward, elbows on the table and spins the coveted gold coin now in his possession with precision. "Beneath you is exactly where I hope to be."

I reach over the table and grab the bottle of whiskey he was drinking from. "Didn't anyone ever tell you, hope breeds misery." I take two deep gulps before I push the bottle back towards him.

"Wanna bet on it?" His eyes sparkle in amusement, and I'd do anything to wipe that smile off his face at this moment.

His question has the desired effect because I can't stop myself from biting back in our usual spar of words, "I don't make bets with thieves." I'm sure he didn't steal the coin, Logan is exactly the type of person to set this kind of chaos into motion, but Wren stole something else. He stole my attention in a way that no one ever has, not that I'd ever admit that to him.

"Come on, Lex, what's a little gambling amongst friends." He uses the nickname that only the four other people in this room use, making him sound familiar and safe.

I need to shut this down before things go too far. "We're not friends."

His smile is predatory now. "Even better."

Paxton finally speaks up. "You're more interesting than I gave you credit for, Marshall." I can hear the appraisal in his tone, like he is trying to turn this game fully in his favor and work out how to get Wren Marshall under his thumb like everyone else.

Wren of course isn't afraid to go head to head with him in any way. "And to think it only took me sucking your friend's dick." He drags the words out in a lazy manner, like he does this kind of thing every night.

Paxton laughs genuinely, and I feel my spine stiffen at them getting along, Pax is always on my side, if Wren worms his way under his skin I'm



fucked, I'll lose my only barrier against him. "How was it, Hilton?" He tilts his head towards Finn to await his answer.

Finn looks towards Joey who will no longer meet his stare before looking back to Pax. "Best head I've had in a while."

"Fascinating," Pax replies with a smirk, turning back to Wren, watching him silently for a few seconds before he leans down and snorts another line. "Name the next stakes then, King."

# Chapter Five

## W R E N

**T**hey all watch me with looks varying from contempt to humor, clearly it's been a while since anyone has broken into their little patriarchy and shaken things up. I actually respect their bullshit of a hustle, nepotism makes the world work in their circles, and it must be nice to have enough money to do whatever the fuck you want. If I play my cards right I can leave here with more than I came with, and that doesn't even include having my cock in their Queen.

We go back to poker and I test out their limits over the next three games, winning a car, a trip on a yacht in the south of France, and an internship at

one of their fathers' prestigious companies starting in the fall. Not bad for a peasant scholarship kid as Alexis has enjoyed calling me over the last three years.

She hasn't taken her eyes off me since I poured come onto her tongue, her taste still lingering on mine even with the remnants of Finn's release. I always knew she would be a worthy opponent, but sitting here with her now has me desperate to lay her across this table and fuck her raw while all her precious Kings watch.

"One final game," I declare, looking directly at Paxton. "If you win, you can give this back to Royton." I hold the coin up in my hand.

He tries and fails to hide his surprise. "No one would ever give up the chance to be a King."

"He didn't come here to be a King." It's the first time Theo has spoken. "He's had his sights on something else for a while now." His wolfish smirk is charming as he stares at me like he can read every secret I've ever kept.

"You want her," Joey confirms, and all I do is smile.

"Not fucking happening," Lex immediately snaps, but Paxton interrupts her. "So if I win we get your coin, but if you win..."

"I get little Miss Darling as my evening's entertainment," I finish his train of thought for him.

"Deal." He doesn't even wait to consider my terms before agreeing.

"Paxton!" Lex glares at him as he agrees, but he just shrugs. "He's a King now, Lex." I see the betrayal slam into her as he answers, and I know the first step of my plan is already complete.

The other Kings quickly move to sit closer to Pax as we play our hands, and when we finally reach the point of no return, Paxton is smug as he spreads his cards on the table thinking he has forged his way back to another win, four of a kind, a good hand, but not good enough. His smile disappears the second I put down mine.

*A royal flush.*

"Looks like your Queen belongs to me for the night." I don't wait for their answer, I stand from the table, pick up my coin, and start heading towards the door.

"You can't be seriously letting this happen?" Joey snaps from behind me, but I know his question is intended for Paxton not me.

I don't turn around until I reach the door, eyes immediately landing on Alexis, who is still frozen staring down at my winning hand. "Come on, Lex,

time to play the game my way." My words have her stare snapping to mine and I feel the contempt rolling off of her.

I know she doesn't want to but she lets her gaze drift back to Paxton, willing him to put a stop to this, but when he doesn't speak she takes a deep breath and moves to take a step forward.

My grin must be wide because she snaps. "Watch it, I'm still their Queen."

I can't hold back my snort, silly little girl thinking she has power among men like these, a Queen who is really just a pawn. "You might be *their* Queen but you'll be *my* whore." I lean back against the door as I think about all the fun I am going to have with her and the first idea pops into my head.

*Time to make their Queen crawl.*

I halt her in place with a raised hand. "Ah ah, on your knees, Darling, crawl to me like a good little whore."

Her jaw tightens and I see the change in the Kings immediately. All of their eyes harden, except for Theo, he looks excited, aroused even, maybe he wants a pet of his own to play with.

Of course Paxton is the one to try to stop it, I knew he would be, his affection for their friendship getting the best of him now, but I'm done playing their games, we're playing mine now. "Lex," he warns, some unspoken conversation happening between their minds, but something in her changes.

I see the moment she straightens her spine and accepts her fate for the evening. "No, Pax, it's fine, he's a King now right?" The sarcasm drips from her tone as she repeats his words back to him. "I can play his games, how hard can it be?"

She rests a hand on the table, holding her head high as she drops to her knees, never has she looked better. All of the guys tense as she pushes onto all fours and starts crawling towards me.

I bite back a groan at the sight of her, and it isn't lost on me that all four pairs of their eyes are on her ass. It would anger me if I knew she wasn't mine now, so instead I do what I do best, I tease. "Do you like watching her dripping cunt sway as she brings it over to me?"

"Watch your fucking mouth," Joey snaps, his anger forcing his face to redden, but it isn't over their delicate Queen. No, it's over me sucking Finn's cock, it pulses into the air no matter how hard he tries to hide it. How they are keeping whatever is going on between them under wraps is beyond me, it's

obvious if you just look close enough.

I ignore his warning and choose to taunt them some more. "It's gonna feel so good when I fuck her like that."

That finally pushes Paxton over the edge, he jumps to his feet ready to defend his lost Queen. "You son of a bitch!"

He moves to round the table, Joey and Finn standing with him, but I halt them with my gun, pulling it from beneath my jacket and aiming it at Paxton's chest. "Ah ah ah naughty boys." They all freeze, except Theo who laughs out loud in delight, truly enjoying himself. He's definitely got more issues than I originally thought, but I don't have time to dig into them now, I've got my own to deal with.

Interestingly enough, the gun doesn't deter her, no, Alexis continues crawling until she reaches my feet and then sits back on her toes to look up at me. My cock hardens at the sight of her stone cold eyes glaring up at me, "Such a good little pet." I smile, patting her head and I watch her teeth grind.

I turn back to the Kings. "Gentlemen, it's been.... Insightful, let's do it again sometime." I gesture for Lex to follow me. "Come, Darling, let's go and cause some trouble."

The last thing I hear as we leave the room is the echo of Theo's voice as he addresses the other Kings. "I like him, he's fun!"

# Chapter Six

**W R E N**

**A** King coin in my pocket and a Queen at my feet, what a successful evening, and the fun is only just beginning. I offer my hand to Alexis and she grips it tightly as she rises to her feet, still looking completely regal. The bite of her nails into my palm reminds me that I might have won her company, but not her submission. *Not yet anyway.*

I keep her fingers gripped between mine as I lead her down the hall and away from the comfort of her King men. She tries to pull away, to defy me, but clearly she isn't experienced in being within my grasp, she's mine now and I'm not letting her go.

I pull on her arm, twisting it behind her back and pushing her into the wall cheek first. "Listen closely, pet," my breath is hot on her ear. "You might be their Queen, but tonight you belong to me." She pushes back against me in an attempt to break my hold. "Keep fighting, Darling, it only makes me harder." I push my rock solid dick into her ass and her fight against me freezes.

"Fuck you, Wren," she snarls, spit flying from her mouth and I bite back a groan.

"Oh, all in good time my pretty little Queen," I purr as I lick up her cheek and relish in the shudder that wracks her entire body. "Come on now."

I drag her off the wall and down the hallway until we reach the balcony, the music from the party still pumps through the house and up the stairs. We reach it and I peer over and watch the hoards of people lost to the bass and debauchery. I glance at Alexis and see her eyes tracking everyone beneath us, like she is above all of them on her pedestal. Time for her to come down to the peasants.

"Bend over, Darling."

Her head snaps around to mine. "Excuse me?"

My hand finds the small of her back. "Bend. Over." I push her so hard that her hands fly out to grip the rail so she doesn't fall over it.

I smooth my hand up the back of her thigh and under her dress until I find the lace she allowed me a peak of before. It's drenched from her earlier orgasm and I swipe my fingers over the damp and feel her tense beneath my touch. *So responsive.*

I lean forward to whisper in her ear, "Hold on tight, pet."

I drop to my knees behind her and flip her dress up to her ass to reveal the white lace thong she has on. Her perfectly peached ass is curved and smooth, I can't stop my hand from smacking down hard onto her left cheek, relishing in the immediate red tint it causes to her skin. I want to mark every inch of her until she is writhing in pain beneath me.

I bet she expects me to grab them and pull them down her thighs slowly, savoring the sight of her bent over like this just for me. But that's not who I am. Pulling the blade from my pocket I let it trail up the outside of her thigh until I can drag it to her lips, bringing it down with a harsh flick. She whimpers at the contact, and the thin welt it leaves behind has pre cum leaking from my hard cock. *So fucking pretty.*

I use the knife to slice through both sides of her thong in quick succession

until it drops around her ankles, where I retrieve it from the floor and shove it in my pocket for later. The view of her bare cunt is something I've imagined more than I care to admit, but finally seeing it is like fucking Nirvana. Inhaling deeply I let her scent assault my nose and my mouth waters as I imagine the sweet taste of her. I lean in closer and she must feel my breath tickle her because she tenses once more waiting for my touch.

When I don't make contact she grits through her teeth a little breathless. "Well are you just going to look at it or actually do something?"

"Suddenly so desperate for the touch of a peasant, Darling?" I plunge two fingers into her without warning and she yelps, before she starts to push back on them, but I pull them out quickly before she can find any relief.

She huffs a harsh breath. "You wish," she bites back, the fire in her tone burning me with delight. Oh we are going to have so much fun together.

"You'll be begging for my cock before the night is over, Darling, but we have some things to sort out first." I admire her glistening folds as I use the handle of my knife to part her. "Such a beautiful pussy, but it's tainted, dirty." I smack the knife on her pussy again leaving another red mark. "I need to clean it."

Before she can respond, I pull back and then spit directly onto her lips and use the butt of my knife to swipe it across her folds. Her breath hitches at the contact and I find myself smiling more than I ever usually do, spitting once more and covering her cunt with my saliva.

I stand until I can lean over her and push my knife between her pussy and press it directly onto her clit. "I know where this cunt has been, but it belongs to me now." I circle the knife faster and faster, letting her climb closer and closer to her relief, savoring every little moan and gasp she lets out. Just as her body tenses and begins to shake and she starts to plunge into her orgasm, I pull back.

She slumps forward onto the ledge breathless. "Ah ah, Darling, you don't get to come yet, not until I give you permission, not until you beg for it, are you ready to beg?"

"In your dreams!" She spits, and god I can't wait to punish her mouth, fuck those comebacks right from her lips.

I press my cock into her ass and bring my knife round to the front to force it back against her clit as my teeth find her ear. "You'd be surprised by the things I make you do in my dreams, Alexis, by how well you beg and plead as I pound my dick into this tight little cunt." I resume the rhythm I started



before, pushing her back towards the edge again, only this time I grind my dick against her slit, wishing the layers of my clothes weren't in the way.

“Want me to show you? Want me to fuck this pretty hole while everyone watches? Make you scream so loud they'd hear you over the thump of this bass?” Her first moan slips free and I almost come in my pants like a fucking preteen, but I don't stop, I can't. I am completely and utterly mad for her.

Her body begins to shake against me as she hurtles towards her peak once more. “Go on, beg me, Darling, beg me and I'll let you cover my knife with your come.” I want it almost as much as she does, more even, but still she doesn't beg.

She pushes forward, trying to cheat me out of my demands as she almost makes it, but no words fall from her mouth so I bite down hard on her ear and rip myself away from her.

Her worked up body slams forward into the wall of the balcony as she catches her breath in an almost pleased daze. Then she spins around, stands to her full height, and straightens her dress as if nothing happened. Resuming her usual regal pose despite her chest still rapidly rising and falling from my assault.

“I'll never beg you for anything.”

My grin spreads wide across my face as I close the distance between us and swipe two fingers under her dress and straight into her soaked pussy. I swirl them around and gather as much of her juices as I can before I bring them to my lips and suck them clean. Her step falters slightly as she stares at me in horrified lust.

I use the same hand to grab her by the back of the neck and kiss her, biting her lip until she moans and opens for me, tangling my tongue with hers until she begins to melt into me. She startles as I drag her back, but I keep her in my grasp. “Your lies taste almost as good as your pussy.” Then I push her away from me with a shove that she has to grip the wall for so she doesn't stumble.

“Now let's go get a drink and you can show me what a good little whore you can be.”

# Chapter Seven

**ALEXIS**

**I** think I might be having a stroke, or I've entered some sort of alternate universe, because not only am I walking through a King party on the arm of Wren Marshall, who by some weird twist of fate has now become a King, but I almost just came for him on a balcony overlooking everyone here. What the fuck is wrong with me? What the fuck is wrong with him?

I see everyone's eyes following us, wondering like me, what the hell is happening. It's no secret the animosity that has occurred between Wren and I over the last three years. In fact I have counted down the days until today,

graduation, when I didn't have to see him anymore. I hate him. I chant those three words over and over in my brain, willing for them to scream true.

That false hatred sizzles into an inferno within me as he leads me to the makeshift bar and grunts his words out, "Make me a drink, Darling." His words are loud enough to draw enough people's attention around us, a few of them casting confused looks our way at whatever is happening.

I can see the dare behind his eyes, begging for me to defy him here in front of all these people, he's probably already got some bullshit punishment in mind for me. I won't give him the satisfaction. I smile sweetly, grabbing an empty tumbler and pouring in two fingers of whiskey, just the way Paxton always likes it.

I have been Queen to the Kings for a long time, our upbringing is special, different from most, and I always knew my role would be to serve them until I became a wife. It's not what I want, not what I'd choose for myself if I had the option, but I don't. The walls are closing in fast on that, and if Wren Marshall thinks he can unsettle me then he has got another thing coming.

Our fingers brush as he takes the glass from me and his eyes don't leave mine as he takes a sip. Watching me, assessing me, deciding how best he wants to play with me next. I feel the presence of the other guys as they enter the room, Paxton's eyes immediately finding mine. He looks me over, like he is checking to make sure I am okay, like he actually cares. If he truly did he wouldn't have let this happen. He put the power of the coins before me, before our friendship, before our deal. I can't trust him anymore.

I bring my gaze back to Wren and his eyes are still fixated on me, like nothing else exists to him. I grab the drink from his hand, necking the rest of it, before I make another and toss that back too, needing the liquid courage to deal with him. Then I fill it again and hand it over, his eyes never leaving me. He takes the wrist that holds the drink out to him and drags me towards him.

He pulls the glass from my grip and drinks from it, then his hand reaches out and presses down on my shoulders forcing me into a stool by the bar. I can feel people starting to take more notice of us, wondering what the hell is going on between us. I ignore the gasps as he grips my hair at the back of my head and tips my chin back.

He uses the grip on my jaw to force my mouth open and then instead of come being poured onto my tongue, it's whiskey, warm from being in the heat of his mouth. I don't think twice about swallowing it down and his eyes sparkle in delight.

“A Queen that knows how to swallow, it’s my lucky night.” A few laughs sound out at his joke, but I tune them out, focused only on him.

I’m not sure what he sees behind my glare, but he forgoes the glass this time, going straight for the bottle, pulling my hair even harder as he tips the whiskey into my mouth. It flows down my throat and spills out the side of my mouth as I try to keep up with him. Whiskey coats my neck and chest and I feel it drip down onto my thighs to the floor, before I give up and shove him away so I can gasp for air.

Guys are hovering around us now, moving in to enjoy the show, and I know I need to get out of here, but when I go to move his grip lands on my arm. “Ah ah, not so fast, pet, you’ve made quite the mess here, you need to clean it up.” I frown as I look up at him and he gestures a nod down to the floor.

“You can’t be serious?” I choke out a laugh as his intentions become clear, thinking he is just trying to fuck with me, but my laugh fades away when I note the expression on his face.

“I’m always serious about my toys, Darling.”

I risk a step towards him and lower my voice, finally willing to beg him if I have to. “Don’t do this.”

He curls an escaped tendril of hair behind my ear as he leans down and whispers, “Remember when you had the swim team steal my bag and soak through all my books and assignments?” I swallow at the reminder of that stupid prank I played on him last year, but I had no choice, he was getting too close to me, I needed to push him down a peg.

He pulls back and smiles, knowing I remember, knowing he is going to enjoy every second of this humiliation, he clears his throat so he can be heard now. “Clean up your mess, Darling, no one likes a sloppy Queen.”

The sniggers and downright taunts don’t bother me, what bothers me is the look in Wren’s eyes at the fact he thinks I will back down, like he is going to keep winning this little game we are playing, but I won’t let him. It’s time to raise the stakes.

I square my shoulders, turn around so my back is to him and then slowly drop to my knees, ensuring my ass caresses his crotch on the way down, noting it’s still as hard as it was on the balcony. The sticky floor bites into my knees but I ignore it, letting myself imagine that I am somewhere else instead of making a fool of myself for his amusement. I take one more deep breath and then I lean forward and start licking the pool of whiskey up off the floor.

*Finally being brought down a peg.*

*Queens always fall eventually.*

*I knew she was a whore.*

The loud whispers start instantly and I wish I could say they didn't affect me but they do, they always have, being who I am means things always get to me more than they should.

"Shut your fucking mouths," Wren barks over the music, and a coil of lust curls in my stomach at the authority in his tone and at how quickly their voices die down. *He'll make a perfect King.*

My whole body burns with the embarrassment of my task, but with Wren's command to shut everyone up, I feel a sick sense of enjoyment in what I am doing. I dutifully lick up the last drop and then let myself push back up off the floor, again shoving my ass into his groin relishing in the grunt he lets out, and when I spin around to look at him again my body ignites. I'm not sure if it's the whiskey flooding my veins or the cocaine pumping through me, but I suddenly feel brave, like I could be anything, do anything. And right now the only thing I want to do is keep playing Wren's little games.

"You look like you are finally ready to keep playing with me, Darling," Wren mumbles, his hands fisting into my dress at my waist.

I lean up, like I might kiss him, which I can tell that's what he thinks, but I bypass his mouth and move up to his ear. "I thought I already told you," I whisper, stepping away. "I don't play with peasants." I shove him hard in the chest and take another step back, triumphant as a few more cheers yell out around us.

He laughs, "Oh my pretty little pet, you're going to pay for that."

I yelp as he grabs me, pulling me towards a large arm chair in the corner just to the left of the bar. It's a dark, quiet corner, one that could be easily ignored if the eyes of everyone here weren't already on us. He spins us around so my back is to everyone before he slumps into the chair, and then throws me over his knee and positions me face down.

I feel heat flood my cheeks as more and more people's attention is drawn to us. "Wren, what the fuck are you doing?"

His hand is flat between my shoulder blades keeping me in place, as his other travels towards my ass which although still covered, is pushed up into the air by his knee. "I'm teaching you some manners, Darling." His hand smooths over my ass and I risk a hesitant glance towards the other Kings.

I see Paxton take a step forward, but Theo's hand flies out to his chest, stopping him. They exchange a few words that I obviously can't hear, but whatever they say, they aren't going to stop this from happening.

"Now." Wren brings my attention back to him. "I'm going to spank you until you beg me to stop, do you understand?"

"I already told you, I'm not going to fucking beg," I start, but he cuts me off with a hard smack right between my ass cheeks, making my pussy surge in arousal. *Holy fuck*. He actually did it, he just fucking spanked me, here, in front of everyone. He spanked me and I liked it.

"Do. You. Understand?" He spits out through clenched teeth, like he is barely holding himself back. I can't give him more than a nod and then his hand is on me again.

*Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack.*

"Fuck, you look pretty with my handprints on your skin, pet, I'm going to mark you up so good for me."

The murmurs of everyone around us get louder and louder, but they are drowned out by my own lust. Why the fuck am I enjoying this? I have never been treated with such disrespect.

*Smack. Smack. Smack.*

"Had enough yet?" He teases, knowing I can feel every single person here giving us their unwavering attention.

My eyes flick back to Paxton's and find his gaze locked on my ass. I have never seen him look more turned on in my entire life. Joey and Finn look concerned, and Theo looks like he is one step away from joining Wren in my public torture. Fuck he really is becoming one of them.

*Smack. Smack.*

My pussy pulses in reaction, both desperate for more and less, a need curling in my stomach to come at every slap of pain. I've never felt anything like it before. Sex with Paxton is great, but it's not wild or passionate, it's just easy, compatible. This is entirely different. If Wren keeps going he's going to uncover more secrets that I wasn't even aware of myself. This needs to end quickly.

*Smack.*

That one hits so close to my clit that I fear one more will have me screaming out his name as I come here in front of everyone. I can't do it. My eyes are starting to blur but I can see the range of emotions on people's faces, some confused or concentrated, and others outright enjoying my degradation.

I can't take it anymore.

"Stop," I choke out. "Please, I beg you, stop," I turn my head to look up at him and I know he sees the unshed tears lingering in my eyes. Little does he know they are from the relief of my carnal urges finally being met and not the pain he was inflicting with his palm.

He hands smooths over the scorched skin. "Please, what?"

I exhale a rough breath, gritting my teeth, I should have expected this, I take another deep breath before I push the words out. "Please, sir."

He moves so fast that if it weren't for his arms gripping my waist, I'd fall to the floor. I land up right on his knee and then he gently cups my cheek in what could be mistaken for a loving gesture if it weren't for his crass words that go with it. "Such a perfect little slut."

I smack his hand away and jump from his lap, moving so fast that a few people jump back, scared to get too close to the car crash that just happened. "Fuck you, Wren," I spit, pushing past people to get away from him even though I know in my gut he will follow. What's worse? I actually want him to.

I pass the Kings on my way, ignoring them completely and keeping my head held high. I feel them turn to follow me too Good, let me lead them for a change. When I push through the curtains of the back room, the darkness clouds my identity enough for me to relax a little. No one in here saw what just happened, I can hide from the shame of it all.

My entire body is on fire after Wren's assault. I just let him fucking spank me in front of an entire party of people. And worse I didn't hate it, no, instead I can feel my arousal slipping down my thighs. I snort a laugh at how crazy this fucking night is becoming. I need to take the edge off.

The mist from the smoke machines billows around me as I push to the center of the makeshift dance floor and begin to sway. The music takes over and I forget about him, about them, and just focus on moving to the beat of the song. Closing my eyes, throwing my head back, and allowing my body to move. I don't stop until three songs have been and gone, and when I open my eyes, sweat dripping down my back, I find most of the room has emptied out. There are a few couples making out, oblivious to anyone else, a few friends we hang around with and a couple of guys I don't recognise.

The Kings, Wren now included, are seated along the back wall, all eyes on me. Their looks range from impassive, worried, concerned, annoyed, to downright filthy. The latter belongs to Wren of course, I can see his right to

own me as clear as day and it infuriates me. I turn and grab the first guy I find, dragging him towards me and begin grinding on him. He looks a little startled at first, clearly drunk, but soon picks up on what I want and starts to dance with me, hands on my hips.

We move to the music and I am having fun until his hands start to try and drop to my ass. I am still very aware of my lack of underwear thanks to Wren, so I push his hands back to my waist, but that doesn't stop him from still trying.

"Hands stay where they are, buddy," I joke lightly, hoping he takes the hint, but he just smirks and tries to move them again.

"Don't be a tease, I know girls like you, let's just cut the shit." His hands grip my ass tight enough to hurt.

"Excuse you," I start, attempting to push him away, but his hold on me only tightens.

I turn my head, eyes locking with Wren's at the same time the guy leans in and starts attacking my neck with kisses and licks, violating me with his mouth as his hand reaches under my dress. I yelp as his hand finds me sans underwear and he grunts in my ear. "See, so ready for me."

He barely makes contact before he is being ripped away from me, and I find Wren and the other Kings banded around me.

"Everyone get the fuck out," Paxton roars over the music as Wren grips the guy who touched me by the throat. Everyone who isn't the six of us, scrambles from the room until we are left alone with the guy.

"You touched something that belongs to me tonight." I see his fingers tighten around his neck. "You really shouldn't have done that."

The guy has no idea who Wren is, or us for that matter, I don't recognize him in the slightest, so I'm not really surprised when he attempts to fight back. They grapple against one another, but I can tell Wren is just toying with him, waiting for the right moment, and when the guy reaches out and lands a fist to the side of Wren's mouth, I know he's found it. His head snaps around and I see the blood that starts to pour from the side of his lip, but instead of looking angry, he looks excited.

His tongue dips out to lick the blood there, then he cracks his neck to the side with a savage smile as he looks from me to the guys. "This coin gets me out of jail, right?"

Theo is the one to answer. "It would be a pleasure to bail you out." His smirk is vacant yet also feral as he doesn't deter Wren from whatever he is



planning.

That's all the encouragement Wren needs, he brings his head back and smashes it right into the guy's face, blood starts pouring from it immediately, but Wren doesn't stop. He shoves him to the floor, knees him in the head and when he slumps back onto the floor he rains down on him with an array of punches and kicks until the guy is barely conscious.

Then he leans down and grips the guy by the shirt and half lifts him off the floor. "No one touches what's mine and gets away with it." I don't see the knife until he is pulling it from his side and it's dripping in blood. There is a small, pained gurgle before his body goes limp and Wren drops him back down to the floor.

"Holy fuck," Finn gasps, as Joey mutters, "Fucking psycho!"

Wren wipes the blood off his knife onto the guy's clothes until the blade is clean. Then he stands, slips the knife back into his pocket, and straightens his jacket, pushing a bloody hand through his hair, bringing his eyes back to the Kings. All of them watch him closely until Paxton breaks the silent stare-off. "Take her and go back to our room upstairs, we'll sort this out."

Wren steps towards me and I can't help the small step back I take away from him, not in fear, in desperation, because it's in this moment I know. He could be the one to ruin it all, to take me away from this prison of a life, and make everything I want come true. But in doing that he wouldn't just ruin the plans made for me, he'd ruin me too.

This right here is why I always kept my distance from him, because I knew, knew that underneath his cocky swagger, and smooth jokes was someone you truly don't want to mess with. That line we have danced along the past three years is now barely visible and I might be strong, but I don't think anyone is strong enough to go against the tsunami that is Wren Marshall. He's a monster parading as a peasant, and now he's been given an opportunity most would kill for, in a way he just did. He's in now, and there is no going back.

His eyes tighten, before he shrugs, dipping down and tossing me over his shoulder. "Party's over, Darling." He lands a hard smack to my ass and I feel myself clench at the bite of pain. I should scream, yell, fight against him, but I know it would be useless, he wouldn't let me go, and I don't truly want him to. He might be a monster, but I know he won't hurt me.

He storms through the party, heading back up the stairs until we reach the room where this started earlier. He doesn't stop until we are inside and the

door is locked, only then does he put me down on my feet. I feel the blood that rushed to my head as it flows back down into my body, our panting breaths the only sound in the room.

My hand reaches out on instinct to swipe the blood still pouring at his lip, but he reaches out and snaps my wrist into his grasp before I can touch him. “Ready for another game, Darling?” His breaths are harsh as he spits the words out and I can tell he is still close to the edge.

He needs this escape, just as much as I do, so I nod slowly and he smiles. “Then get on your knees like a good little whore.” He pushes me down to the floor until I am on my knees looking up at him and I know instantly that whatever happens next, I won’t ever be able to forget the night Wren Marshall became a King.

# Chapter Eight

**W R E N**

**A**lexis Darling on her knees before me is a pretty fucking sight. It's almost enough to bring me back from what just happened downstairs. *Almost*. I reach out and pull her lip from between her teeth where she has it trapped, blood from my victim leaving a slight stain on her lips. She has never looked more inviting. She takes a deep breath, like she is readying for battle, but her eyes remain focused on mine. We stare at one another, waiting for the other to yield, but it seems we both still have our weapons drawn. Guess it's time for the real fun to begin.

Lex cracks first, like always, she can't bear the sound of the silent tension

between us, it's always been her downfall. "Let me guess, you want to see if I picked up any new oral skills from you," she snorts a laugh, reaching out her hand to unbuckle my belt.

Seems she has accepted her fate of belonging to me, but I still want to have some fun with her first. What use are toys if you don't play with them? And it just so happens that my favorite toy has always been her.

"No." I smack her hand away. "You don't deserve my cock yet, Darling," I stroke the bottom of her chin, spreading more blood across her pale skin and forcing her head back. "You have to earn it."

I reach for the gun tucked into my waistband and pull it out, if she's scared she doesn't show it, in fact if I knew her better, I'd say she looked intrigued by it. Has she ever held a gun? Ever pulled a trigger with those delicate fingers of hers? Ever felt the recoil from it as you watch the life drain out of someone's eyes? I bet she would love it.

I place the gun at the side of her temple and slowly drag it down the side of her face. She doesn't move an inch, but I watch as the rise of her chest gets faster and faster.

"Have you ever played with guns, Darling?" Her name sounds more and more like a term of endearment every time I say it. Something curls inside my chest at the thought of me keeping her beyond tonight. Oh the games we could play.

She shakes her head slowly, her thighs pressing together ever so slightly as I trace it across her mouth. "We are going to have so much fun together." I press the gun tight against her lips so they are forced to part.

The buds of them settle around it as I instruct, "But first you are going to need to show me how good this mouth can be." I push the gun past her teeth so it rests idly on her tongue. "Now suck."

Her eyes widen ever so slightly and she starts to pull back. I think I might have reached her limits, but she proves to me why I always knew she'd be a worthy adversary. The gun falls from her mouth, then her tongue darts out as she swipes it right across the end of the barrel as if it were my cock. Swirling it around before letting the tip of it dip inside the small hole while her eyes stay locked on mine.

I have to bite back the groan that crawls up my throat at the sight of her tonguing my gun. She keeps my stare transfixed on her as she then slides the gun into her mouth until her lips are almost all the way down the barrel. Fuck, this image of her will be imprinted in my mind forever. I wonder how

far down her throat I could get my cock?

Her head bobs back and forth, eyes never leaving mine until I can't take anymore. I rip the gun from her mouth, taking a trail of her saliva with it, and grip her chin in my hands, dragging her mouth to mine. She gasps at the contact of our lips and I push my tongue inside, enjoying her whimpers as I stroke it with hers. I tighten my fingers on her chin, probably to an almost painful point, but I don't care. When you finally get a taste of something you have craved for so long, of course you are going to lose control.

I push her back to catch my breath before I take it too far and slam my cock into her right here against the door. "You taste too fucking good."

"Bite me," she snarks, still trying to keep up some semblance of a fight between us. Silly little girl, doesn't she know you should never offer a monster anything.

I tug her face forward and whisper into her ear, "With pleasure." My teeth sink into the juncture of her neck before she can even respond. I bite and suck at her smooth skin until it's raw and bruised, leaving the perfect mark of my presence. Her head drops away from me, offering me more of her neck, it seems my little toy enjoys my games. *Good.*

My hands slam her against the door and then drop away, her eyes which had fluttered closed, snap open and study my retreating form. I move backwards slowly, sliding my jacket off and folding it neatly over one of the chairs, then I slowly unbutton my shirt until it falls open. I unbuckle my belt and pants before I lean back against the poker table, the hand I won her with still splayed out behind me.

"Time to see what I taste like." I use two of my fingers to motion her to join me, and when she moves to take a step forward I raise my eyebrows. "Do I need to teach you another lesson? I thought you were smart?"

She pauses, foot forward and I see her inner battle with herself at how she needs to defy me, but wants to obey me. *Such a complicated little Queen.* She's spent her whole life being given everything she could ever ask for, but nothing she truly desired. Tonight I am going to open her eyes to a whole new world.

"It's really quite simple, Darling, submit and obey, and you will be rewarded, or you can be a brat and get punished, the choice is yours."

I don't miss the flash of excitement in her eyes as I say the word 'punished', I felt how soaked she was before when I spanked her ass, it took every ounce of restraint to not fuck her there in front of everyone and show

them all exactly who she belongs to. But just as I expect, she lowers herself to the floor and pushes onto all fours.

My grin is instant, as is her bark, “Don’t smile at me you smug bastard.”

Each word rolls over my body like a whip of arousal. “Such a sharp mouth, I can’t wait to fuck it, pet.”

Her hips sway as she comes towards me and I imagine pounding into her sweet little cunt from behind. “Why do you keep calling me that, do you have some sort of pet fetish?”

I muse over her words, transfixed on only the way her body moves. “Maybe I just like seeing you on your knees like a good little whore.”

Alexis standing tall amongst her hoards of loyal followers is a stunning image, but Alexis on her knees crawling towards me is a fucking vision. She crawls until the tips of her knees hit my shoes and her eyes drag up my entire body before she transfixes me into her stare.

Our gaze remains on one another as she drags down my pants and boxers until my hard cock springs free. Her stare doesn’t even falter when one of her hands reaches out to fist the base of my dick, or when she sticks out her tongue and licks up the pre cum leaking from my tip. She continues to flick teasing little licks across my crown with an amused glint in her eyes that has me reaching out and grabbing her hair roughly in my hand.

“Quit playing, and suck my dick like a good little slut.” I shove my cock in her mouth, and the first scrape of her teeth and warm wet tongue almost has me coming on the spot.

My thrusts are slow as I savor the feel of her warm, wet mouth around me, my head falling back as I let myself just be in the moment. Of finally enjoying bringing the Queen of my torture to her fucking knees. And when she takes me to the back of her mouth my head snaps down just in time to see her moan in appreciation around my length.

As usual I can’t help but deliver a taunt her way. “How do I taste, Lex?”

Her stare flares in defiance and she takes her time dragging my cock from the back of her throat. It falls from her perfect little mouth and I track the pre cum that glistens on her lips as she says, “Not nearly as powerful as your gun.”

Such a wicked tongue, I love it. “You really shouldn’t have said that.” My fingers caress her chin and push down to her neck until I can grip her throat. I use the hold to drag her away from the table and towards the bed, not stopping until I can lean her back against the side of it.

I angle her so her neck is bent back and leaning against the top of the mattress, then I step over her and thrust back into her mouth, deeper than before causing her to gag around my cock. The angle allows me to truly fuck her throat, hard and rough, hitting the back of her mouth on every snap of my hips. She takes it all and when tears start to stream down her face it brings me right to the fucking edge.

“Fuck, Lex.” I reach down to swipe one of the tears away with my thumb, then bring it to my mouth to suck. “You look so fucking pretty gagging on my cock.” She preens under my compliment, then I watch as her fingers disappear under her dress before she reaches out to play with my balls.

Not something I have ever really been into, but with her I’ll try anything, a limit that is pushed when she bypasses my balls and heads straight for my tight back hole. Her fingers circle it roughly with the wetness she gathered from her pussy, and then she begins to press against it with a rub that has my toes curling in my boots.

“Fuck, you’re such a good little whore for me, aren’t you?” My words end in a groan as she slides one of her fingers into my untouched hole. The burn is unlike anything I have ever felt, yet it makes me thrust into her harder, chasing my release. Her finger slides in and out perfectly in time with my thrusts into her mouth as we create a sexual dance of lust with one another.

“I knew you could take it,” I groan, savoring the torturous feeling of her tongue. “Knew you would be so fucking good for me.”

I thrust into her mouth hard at the same time she finds my prostate. Her finger presses down as she swallows around my cock, tightening her throat and I am done for. My release shoots into her mouth as my thrusts become erratic and uncoordinated, but still she swallows down every drop of me. When I pull back and some of my come spills out of her mouth, she uses her fingers to swipe it up, sucking it back onto her tongue with a pleased moan.

*Fuck. I really might just keep her.*

I bend down to grab her, but her foot comes up, heel to my chest, keeping me in place while offering me a peek at that perfect pussy.

“Ah ah, Wren,” she purrs sarcastically, mimicking my tone. “I think it’s time I play a game of my own.” She uses the heel digging into my chest to kick me away from her, then she stands tall and proud, the taste of me no doubt still inside her mouth.

Her face is red and damp from taking my cock, but still she smiles as she commands, “Get on the bed, now, pet.”



# Chapter Nine

## ALEXIS

**M**y throat aches from how far I just took his cock. He literally abused my throat with vigorous and harsh thrusts, yet I have never felt more empowered. All my life I have been told what to do, what to wear, what to eat, who to fuck, who to marry. Yet one gold coin and a silly game of Poker has changed everything. Wren walked in here and broke me out of the restraints I didn't even realize I was chained to, and now anything seems possible.

For the first time in my life I am choosing something for myself. To the outside world it may look crazy. I mean he just killed a man, and in the last

hour has caressed my pussy with a knife and shoved a gun down my throat. I should be scared, running for the hills even, but I'm not afraid, I'm exhilarated.

Ever since I was a child I've been forced to keep control of everything around me, not stepping a toe out of line. Yet here tonight with Wren, I can't even see the line, and the release of control is a rush to my system, I never want it to end.

Wren doesn't know me, we aren't friends, we haven't had one conversation that hasn't involved a verbal spar, so how does he look at me and know exactly what I need? How is it he's looked at me and seen past my mask of perfection and dug up my deepest and darkest desires?

I'm constantly being told how perfect I am, and how good I am at meeting my family's expectations, and it's hard to feel like you constantly have to keep up with other people's versions of yourself. Especially when that person doesn't exist, not really.

When I look at Wren I don't feel that sense of obligation that I'm accustomed to. He might be commanding me, but he isn't ruling me. We are just diving deeper into our battle of mutual destruction. He allows me to dance right along the edge of danger, yet I've never felt more safe. I'm being seen, heard, pleased, all in ways I could have never imagined, and all I want is more.

He cocks an eyebrow at me as I direct him to the bed, that cocky smirk fully in place, but he obliges, falling onto his back and leaning up on his elbows.

*It's now or never Lex.*

I pull the pins from my hair that are keeping my halo in place and toss it onto the ground. If I'm going to do this, I won't do it while pretending I'm some dutiful little angel. I then lift a foot onto the end of the bed, flashing my pussy as I unfasten my shoe and let it drop, before moving onto the other. Lastly I grip the hem of my dress and slide it up my body and pull it off over my head. I'm completely naked for him.

Our stare is locked on one another until his eyes slowly start to lower, devouring every inch of me. There isn't a part of my body that remains unnoticed. The feeling of his eyes on my naked skin is indescribable. My entire life I have been forced to submit, just like I was here tonight, but Wren let me choose, and in that choice I became powerless to him, but powerful within myself. Here in this moment, without anything to hide behind, I have

never felt more free.

"What game are we playing, Alexis, because right now I'll give you anything." Its weird hearing words like that come from him, he's never been one to back down to me in any way. The gravel in his voice is addictive, and I wonder slightly what would have happened if I hadn't waited this long to let him get close to me. Would it have been like this? No of course not, I'm only playing this game because it's my last chance at a taste of freedom, and the thought of my obligations is threatening to suffocate me.

I can't become attached to anything about him, it's too dangerous.

"The only thing I want from you is for you to shut up!" I snap, anger and lust coiling together in the pit of my stomach. Hatred for him for making me want him, and hatred for myself for following all of his commands already tonight.

I don't give him a chance to say anything else before I move onto the bed and straddle my legs over his thighs. He groans the second I spread my thighs across him, stare locked in on the apex of my thighs. I know I am soaking, my arousal easily evident from his point of view, but I don't stop. I continue to climb up his body leaving just a whisper of space between our bodies.

His hands reach down to grip my hips, dragging me closer to him but I grip them in mine and pin them to the bed. "You're not in charge anymore, Wren."

His smile promises wicked things. "Whatever you say, Darling." My name on his lips, once a taunt, now sounds like it has an entirely different meaning.

As I reach the point of straddling his chest, I have to tilt my head to look down on him. "You look good beneath me, peasant." My old habit of teasing him for a reaction sizzles between us.

His hands come back up, gripping my hips tight between his fingers as he lifts me to place me right over his mouth, exactly where I was heading. His tongue dips out and licks the excess of my arousal from my lips with a deep guttural sound of appreciation. "Beneath you is where I've always wanted to be."

My response gets caught in my throat when he slips his fingers down to my opening and spreads me apart, plunging his tongue deep inside my cunt. The heat from his mouth has me writhing with pleasure with just a few licks of my hole, and when he pulls back and flicks it gently across my clit, I know I'm in deep trouble. I'm already so close, desperate to come after all his

teasing.

“God, you taste fucking delicious,” he moans onto my clit, his tongue not leaving any part of my pussy untouched. “You have no idea how many fucking times I’ve imagined how you’d taste.”

I roll my hips, chasing the feeling of his tongue as it swipes across my clit in the most ungodly way. Fuck. I push my hands into his hair to massage his scalp, savoring the moan he lets out as more of my arousal leaks out of me.

“You’re fucking dripping, Darling.” His words are joined with the flat of his tongue licking me from hole to hole. “This wet cunt is all mine, isn’t it?” When he swipes from my pussy to ass again, I have to stop the full body shake from releasing out of me, but of course he doesn’t miss it.

His eyes dance in delight as he asks, “What happens if I push my fingers deep inside this pretty pussy, Lex?” His fingers tease around my entrance as his tongue continues to swirl around my clit. “Are you going to scream for me?” Any answer I might have had is cut off as he thrusts his fingers inside of me, timed with a perfect suction of my clit into his mouth, mixed with a nip of his teeth, forcing my walls to tighten around him.

I gasp out as his fingers caress my g spot in a swirling motion that matches what his mouth is doing to me. “Oh god, Wren, your tongue is the fucking true devil.”

“Just wait until you take my cock, Darling, you’ll never want to leave.” I choke on my moan as he draws his fingers back before spearing them back inside me, scissoring them brutally before repeating the motion. His fingers pump relentlessly as his tongue attacks my clit, licking, biting, sucking, as I begin to push myself down onto his hand and face, chasing my release.

I can’t bear how good he is making me feel, it shouldn’t be like this, not with him. My defense of evil taunts is the only thing left in my arsenal. “Just fucking shut up and eat my pussy, peasant.” I feel his grin against me, teeth nipping into my lips while I ride him.

“That’s it, Lex, fucking ride my face, suffocate me until I drown in your sweet come.” Fuck his words are going to be my undoing. Every dash of his tongue has me barreling towards my orgasm. I want it, I need it, I don’t think I have ever felt the need to come this strong before, it’s like I’m standing on the shore willing for the tsunami to take me, but it’s just out of reach.

I need to let go, to forget about everything that is holding me back and just be free. Wren dips his tongue inside me again along with his fingers, and when one of his hands swipes through my juices and reaches between my ass

cheeks I know there is no going back. He uses my arousal to press against my back hole before he slowly eases a finger inside like I did with him, thrusting into both of my holes with a sweet, sinful rhythm.

I throw my head back, giving into the pleasure, as my whole body begins to shake, but then a hard bite lands on my clit that forces my eyes to snap open. "Eyes on mine when you come for me." His lips shine with my arousal before he buries himself back between my thighs and devours me until I am a screaming shuddering mess above him.

The orgasm takes over my whole being, transporting me to a type of pleasure I have never known as he continues his assault of my body, not stopping until tears pour down my face in relief and regret. He finishes licking up my juices and then I am being pushed back and slammed into the bed with his crushing weight on top of me.

His tongue licks up my neck until he reaches my ear. "Fun's over, Darling, back to my games now." He flicks it against my ear as I groan at the thought of what he might do to me now, the perfect distraction as I'm sure he intended.

I don't notice my wrist is bound until he moves onto the next one. I pull against the black fabric, idly wondering where it came from, until I spot the curtains of the bed now loose. He makes quick work of tying both my arms above my head so I can't move them, and then quickly secures my ankles, before he leans back to inspect his handiwork, predatory smile still in place.

He is nothing but a dark and deadly King as he lords over me, my limbs spread and tied with no way out. I have never been more vulnerable, but when I look at him, I drown in the satisfaction in his eyes. He was right, I will beg, for anything, just as long as he keeps on looking at me like that. Like nothing or no one matters more than I do. He might play dirty, but his game is quickly becoming my favorite.

I am ready for him to ruin me completely.

# Chapter Ten

## W R E N

**T**oo many times I've imagined what I'd do if I ever got Alexis Darling to submit for me, but the reality is better than any of my fantasies. The black rope curtain ties are the perfect accessory to have her spread out and waiting for me like a feast I'm about to devour. The taste of her wet cunt still lingers on my tongue and it takes every ounce of restraint I have to not dip down and take another mouth watering lick. She's fucking addictive.

I stand from the bed, rip my shirt off, and push my pants down my legs, leaving me in nothing but my fitted, black boxers. Her eyes trail over my

physique in the same manner mine did when she stripped for me earlier. The interest in her eyes has goosebumps rising on the back of my neck. I have waited a long fucking time for this.

She watches in fascination as I reach into my jacket for my knife and unsheath it from its black leather cover. It's clean after I wiped that low lives blood off it, but I still move towards the mini bar in the corner and confiscate a bottle of vodka from it. Uncapping it with my teeth and then sloshing the liquid out until it covers both sides of my blade. I grab a towel from the ensuite and use it to clean and dry the blade, and then repeat the motion two more times until I am satisfied it's fully clean. It's not like this is my first rodeo, I've had to clean this blade many times before.

When I make my way back over to the bed, she is breathing heavily, she doesn't know what's coming but after what I just did, I'm sure she has some idea. Except she isn't scared like I thought she'd be, she's eager. Desperate for more of whatever I have to offer, and splayed out like she is truly mine. I'd give her the fucking world and everything in it if I could keep her like this forever.

I climb between her legs by her ankles and slowly press my blade against her skin, her breath hitching at the first contact, as she angles her head down to watch what I'm doing. I take the tip of my knife and slowly start to drag it along her calf towards her knee. The pressure is just enough to leave a thin red line in its wake, but not hard enough to draw blood. *Not yet anyway.*

When I reach the top of her thigh, I flick it towards her pussy lips, letting just the edge caress her, before bringing it back down to the ankle on her other leg, and starting the process again. The thin red line left behind has my dick hard as a rock and when I reach her pussy this time I add a bit more pressure which leaves some of her arousal shining on my blade.

Her mouth opens like a moan might slip out at the contact, but just as it does I bring the blade back and flick it against her pussy hard turning her moan into a yelp. "You love being a good little whore for me, don't you, Darling?" I use the knife to part her lips and then slide my fingers through her wetness, coating them. "You're so fucking wet," I grunt. "Is it for me or my knife?" I smack it down harder on her lips this time forcing another yelp from her body. "Or both?"

"Like I would give you the satisfaction of admitting it was you," she pants breathlessly, eyes turning glossy. "You would just use it against me like always."

I use the bottom of my knife to circle her clit carefully. "I'll punish you either way, Darling, you just get to decide how much you can take."

A challenge gleams in her eyes. "I can take it all."

My smile is like a hunters now. "I'll be the judge of that."

When I pull the knife back I hear her huff of frustration causing a smile to lick at the tilt of my lips, she's so fucking needy. I continue my exploration trail of her body, dragging the blade up her pubic bone, and over her stomach until I reach her throat. The red line is like a warning light guiding me home, blaring, flashing, burning, all waving at me to claim her as my end.

I've always felt ambition went hand in hand with passion, and right now as I press the tip of my knife into the center of her chest and draw her first drop of blood they are intertwined. The hitch of her breath as I time the cut with a flick of my finger against her clit digs its way into the part of my brain where I store all my best memories, but this night will be the fucking star.

My thumb smudges the blood against her porcelain skin, dragging it across to her nipple as I pinch it tightly between my fingertips. When she moans in satisfaction I feel more pre-cum leak from my cock, it seems my little pet likes some pain with her pleasure. She's perfect for me. She continues to watch me intensely as I bring the blade to her nipple, using the tip to circle around her hardened buds before pressing down in the center forcing her breath to catch in her throat.

As the knife creates a small slice against her, I lean down and watch as the blood trickles across her tit. My other hand presses against her clit firmly, her wetness drenching my fingers as I tease, "You like being punished, don't you, Darling?" I swirl around her clit giving her the friction she has been desperate for since I edged her on the balcony. Then drag the knife to her other breast and slice that one up to. "You liked torturing me in front of everyone over the years, forcing me into this maddening battle until this could be the only siege."

My fingers don't stop, they swipe across her clit in continuous movements that have her body shaking as I dip down and lick the trickle of blood from her chest. *Her blood tastes so fucking sweet.* I suck her hardened tips into my mouth and bite down to draw more out. "Look how pretty you bleed for me." Her wrists recoil against her restraints as she battles against me and her desires, but I am nowhere near done with her. My assault on her is relentless, licking, biting, sucking, owning, anything I can do to keep her squirming beneath me like my own personal little sex toy.



When I pull back I see her eyes start to roll as she reaches the cusp of her orgasm and I pull back, turning her moan into a curse. "You fucking bastard!" The words are gritted through her teeth as she struggles to regain control of her breath, but I cut the last word off as I force the handle of my knife slightly inside her.

She gasps, hands grasping at the sheets by her head, arms still restricted by the ropes as I turn the blade slowly in my hand. My other hand squeezes her glorious tit which is red from her blood and my bite marks, and I have never been so turned on in my entire life. I watch in fascination as I push the knife slowly in and out of her tight channel, her sweet juices covering it until it's almost dripping. My thumb traces over her sensitive clit every time I push the knife inside her, causing little gasps of pleasure to burst out of her. She's so close, I can feel it, almost taste it in the air, but once more I pause my movements when she is about to go over the edge.

"Beg for it, Darling," I purr, tracing light teasing touches around her sensitive lips.

"Wren," she grunts my name like a whispered curse, going straight to my fucking cock, and I have to roll my neck to try and calm some of the tension burning through me.

"I want to hear you beg for it." I thrust the knife handle inside her hard now, ignoring the bite of pain on my palm as the blade cuts into my own skin.

The words fall from her tainted mouth without pause now. "Please, Wren."

I laugh, "Oh I'm going to need more than that, my little pet." My free hand strokes her cheek, and as if on instinct her head curls into my touch like she belongs there. I feel the possessiveness within me as it begins to consume my thoughts, my knife still buried deep in her cunt. I fucking own her body, but I want so much more.

Her next words seal her fate. "Please, sir, I want to be a good little slut and come just for you." The groan leaves me without approval and I don't hesitate in pulling back the knife and slamming it back inside, over and over, my blood mixing with her arousal as my thumb attacks her clit in tight little circles. She pleads my name now, calling it out in praise like I'm her god.

Her eyes are locked on mine as my hand curls around her throat, her tits smeared in her own blood, and my knife drenched as she begins contracting around it. There's not an ounce of fear on her face. She isn't scared of me, of

this, of us, she's excited, intrigued, down right fucking desperate, and I feel the anger take over. The demon I keep locked deep inside of me, never letting him out to play, rears his ugly head. Doesn't she realize we could have had this all along? We could have taken our war to bed and battled between the sheets, but she chose ignorance and petty blows. God I fucking hate her for it.

My slap is hard as my palm whips across her cheek, forcing her head to the side and a gasped moan from her mouth. She whips her face back towards me lightening fast as my fingers grip her chin and I fuck her roughly with my knife. "Such a fucking whore, look how good you fucking are for me? Why did you try to stop this from happening?" Her body starts to tremble as a tear slips down her lashes. "You fucking love this don't you, love me treating you like a worthless little slut, you're going to cover my knife with your come while I degrade this toxic pussy, aren't you?"

My words are cruel yet she wears each of them like a badge of honor, pushing her cunt onto my knife, straining to reach her peak. "Wren, please," she begs again, and I feel her clit spasm against my thumb. "Fuck me, Wren, I need your cock, please." Nothing has ever sounded better than perfect little Queen Alexis Darling begging for my cock. "Fuck me like you own me."

Those ones get me, I bring my hand back but this time I smack her pussy as I shove the knife inside her and she groans in panicked pleasure. "I do fucking own you." I twist the knife to force my point and she smiles now, fucking smiles.

"Only for tonight," she purrs, and I grin as I reach out and drag her up by her throat, her pussy taking the full handle of my knife with ease now.

We both look down and watch as her blood smeared cunt takes each brutal thrust I give it before I force her eyes to mine. "Darling, you've always been mine, you will always be mine. Now come on my knife like a good little whore."

I squeeze her throat as I press down on her clit and hurl her into the orgasm she has been so desperate for. Her breathing is restricted and with her limbs pulled behind her as she is held up by her slender neck, all she can do is trust my hold on her. She screams out her release silently as the orgasm rips through her, I feel the gush of her against my fingers and groan at the slickness as I loosen the hold on her throat and force my tongue into her mouth.

The kiss is savage and vicious as our teeth and tongues battle for dominance, but she won't win, not against me. I rip the knife from her pussy

and pull back to examine the come covered handle.

“Mmmm,” I gasp. “Your come looks almost as good as your blood on here.” My thumb traces over the glistening juices before my tongue dips out and laps it up. Her stare is transfixed as I take the handle fully into my mouth and suck it clean. It’s not like it will be the first thing I have deep throated in front of her tonight, the knife tasting a lot better than Finn’s cock.

When I pull it back, letting it fall from my tongue, I watch as her throat does a deep swallow and I groan thinking about how it felt to shove my cock down it. I always knew she was perfect, good, that she would take everything I have and beg for more. If she thinks I only own her tonight she is mistaken, now I’ve had a taste of this poisonous body, I’m never letting her go.

“I think I’ve prepared this pretty little cunt enough.” I use the knife to cut through the ties around her ankles before doing the same to her wrists. Letting my bloodied hand drag across her whole body like she is my own blank canvas. I lean in and whisper, “Now you can take my cock like a good little whore.”

I pull back and she smiles cruelly, “Fuck you, Wren.” Her slap is harder than mine was, nicking my lip in the same spot her sexual assailant did earlier, forcing the blood to flow from it once more.

I let my tongue dip out and trace the metallic liquid so it mixes with the essence of her come that still lingers on my tongue. “Oh, Darling, you really shouldn’t have done that.”

My movement is lightning fast and she squeals as I grab her and flip her over, pushing her face down into the mattress. Her head rises up and looks towards the mirror hanging on the wall, her face is flush as our eyes lock and I smile once more. “Looks like I didn’t punish you hard enough earlier, let’s rectify that.”

# Chapter Eleven

## ALEXIS

**T**here are blood stains covering every part of my skin, my hair is wild and untamed, and my eyes are blown out in pleasure. Never have I looked more turned on or satisfied. What the fuck is happening to me? Why am I letting him punish me like this, and why am I loving every second of it? He bit me, cut me, slapped me, and I fucking begged for more like the little whore he keeps calling me. God is this what some people do? Is this the kind of passionate, fucked up sex people are having?

I often wondered if I would ever have more. More than the expectations I'm supposed to meet, more than being forced to marry someone who is

nothing more than a good friend at best. I fucked Paxton numerous times, trying to ignite a spark between us that just isn't there, not like this. With Wren there isn't a spark, it's a goddamn forest fire, blazing through everything in its path, until only the two of us remain, wreckage be damned. Right here and now there are no other Kings, no impending proposal, it's just me, him, and our fucked up obsession with one another.

"I think we will count them this time, what do you think?" His bloodied palm caresses the cheek of my ass roughly, kneading and squeezing like he didn't just bring me to orgasm on a knife. The best and most intensifying orgasm I have ever even experienced. So I repeat, what the fuck is happening to me? "Let's go with ten, shall we?"

He doesn't give me a chance to answer before his palm whips across me.

*Smack.*

Even expecting it didn't lessen the sting of pain, or the pang of pleasure. Holy fuck. His palm caresses my ass cheek once more, smoothing the no doubt red mark he left behind. He likes it, marking me, I saw it in his eyes as he trailed his blade across my skin. Every new mark he created was another sparkle in his eyes, it's what had me taking them, begging for more. That damn look in his eye, like he had never seen anything so perfect in his life.

"Use your words, Darling," he coos, the term definitely an endearment now, how could it not be?

"One," I grit out, panting against the rapture his palm is causing.

*Smack.*

"Two," I moan, already so desperate to beg him for more, but he doesn't keep me waiting, we are done playing those games.

*Smack. Smack. Smack.*

He hits and I count, my pussy weeping at every stab of pain that has never felt so good before. I wish I could feel ashamed, or even attempt to pull away, but it seems Wren has not only dethroned a Queen, but has also uncovered my most sacred desires, so secret I didn't even discover them myself. This is a dangerous new game I am participating in, and I'm playing it with the wrong King. One who isn't set to become my fiancé by the end of summer. I'm in serious trouble, but as his hand lands harshly on my ass a sixth time, I don't care. I will bathe in the pleasure of my downfall.

My smile must showcase some of my thoughts because when I moan out a scream at his next slap, a smile of his own dances across his lips. "You fucking love this don't you?" His fingers slip between my ass cheeks and

dive into the soaked evidence gathered between my thighs. He groans, “I felt how wet this cunt was before when I put you over my knee, you loved it didn’t you?”

Another hard smack but against my pussy this time, followed by his fingers sinking deep inside me. “Oh god, Wren.” I can’t hold back my words, not when he expertly rubs over my G-spot inside.

“Not a God, Darling, they wouldn’t let me inside those pearly gates, not after all the things I’ve done.” His fingers sink in and out of me in a slow torturing rhythm forcing that build inside of me once more. He’s right, he’s not a God, he’s the fucking Devil. “They’d let me in the other place though,” he whispers, mirroring my thoughts. “The one made for bad men who do evil things, I bet you’d like it there.” I bet I’d fucking love it if I had him by my side.

His fingers rip from inside of me and land another wet smack against me as I yell out, “Nine!”

“You loved being punished like a little slut in front of everyone, didn’t you?” His fingers slide back into my cunt rubbing that perfect spot harder and faster now, pushing me towards the cliff before I can even catch my breath. “You would have let me fuck you raw right there in the middle of the party, wouldn’t you? Came on my cock while all your precious Kings watched.”

“Yes, god, yes, I fucking loved it.” I’m screaming the words so loud my throat feels raw, from his gun, his cock, his fucking beautiful torture. All of it taking over my entire body until all I feel is him.

His final slap is the hardest yet, as if with all the others he had been holding back. It hurts so much it burns, yet my pussy gushes against his fingers as he slams them back inside me and sends me into another explosive orgasm. His other hand gripping my hair and pulling it back until my eyes are fixed on him in the mirror, both of us watching as I come undone on his hand.

“Good girl, Darling, that’s it, you come so fucking pretty for me.” His praise washes over me, so unlike the way I am praised by others in my life, it’s not fake or forced. I welcome it, need it, want more of it. It’s the very reason I tried to stop this from ever happening between us. I knew one taste of him would be addictive, and now he’s got me hooked.

My body is still spasming, but Wren dips his hand underneath me and lifts me as if I weigh nothing, forcing my body off the bed so he can stand us next to the bed, still facing the mirror. My eyes drop down and take in my

brutalized body at the same time he does. Red trails line my skin where he pressed his blade against me, two small slits on either nipple, blood still pulsing from each. There is a handprint mark across my cheek which I'm sure has numerous partners across my ass, and then there are his handprints. Bloodied red splotches covering most of my body where he let his hands explore, and a perfect printed hand right across my throat.

When my eyes flash back to his they're burning as he tips my face towards him and kisses me violently, that same blood stained hand coming up to grip my throat. When he pulls back he sucks my tongue into his mouth before letting it go and praising me yet again, "Such a stunning, perfect, little slut."

My eyes close as I push into his touch, anguishing for more, but of course he doesn't give it to me, not yet. He pulls back, my eyes opening to follow his movements in the mirror as he drops down behind me and finally rids himself of that last barrier between us. We stand naked together, almost side by side, his long, thick cock brushing against the outside of my hip. My throat dries as I remind myself of the taste of him, of the feel of his long length hitting the back of me as he fucked my face.

His fingers brush against my torso. "Tell me a secret, Darling, one you've never told anyone." My eyes meet his in the mirror once more.

He wants a secret, I almost laugh, doesn't he realize he just uncovered every single one of them tonight. His fingers continue their dance across my skin, skimming up to my sensitive sliced nipples, grazing the pads of his fingers across the cut and forcing my skin to break out in goosebumps. Why does every touch from him feel so good?

"A secret?" I breathe as he pinches down hard on one, and I decide to be more truthful with him than I have ever been with anyone else. "I want to be more than this," I admit. "More than just a beautiful Queen, sat atop a pedestal being told what to do."

"But I thought you liked being told what to do." He grins as his hand reaches down and cups me roughly, his fingers sliding through my come.

"Only by you it seems," I acknowledge out loud, and his grin turns vicious.

"Only by me, because you are mine." He pulls back, sitting himself on the edge of the bed behind me, and then grips my hips and lifts me once more until my legs are spread across his open thighs. His monstrous cock hanging between us.

Fuck, how the hell am I going to fit that thing inside of me? He reaches over me and starts taking slow, measured tugs of himself, mesmerizing me with his self pleasure. When he uses his grip to guide his crown across my lips I gasp, but he keeps going, rubbing himself up and down my pussy until his cock is covered completely in my juices, before he pushes himself towards my opening.

As soon as he starts to stretch me open I become breathless, his hands finding my hips once more, his grip on me utterly bruising. Slowly, inch by inch he pushes inside until I resist half way, I need to adjust to him, he's too fucking big.

"I can't do it," I gasp, and I hear his teeth grind and he spits out next to my ear, "All of it, Lex." My name rolls off his tongue in a way that almost sounds like more than just mindless, ruthless fucking, but it can't be. "Come on, baby, you can do it, you can take all of me." He continues his praise and I decide I just need to rip off the band aid and get it over with, slamming myself down until I am impaled completely.

"Oh fuck!" His teeth break the skin on my shoulder as his cock rips me apart, and a guttural groan falls from the back of his throat. It's the sexiest sound I have ever heard. I want more.

Without giving him a chance to recover, I begin twirling my hips, grinding down against him like he is my own personal vibrator, forcing more of those rough sounds from his lips. "Fuck me, baby, so fucking good, so fucking good for me."

I begin to rise and fall against him, his length sliding in and out of me with ease as I leak more of my arousal onto him. When we lock eyes in the mirror again I falter, losing my rhythm as I behold the fucking vision he is behind me. Strong, tattooed, muscular arms holding me in place at the hips as I worship his cock. Sweat soaked skin, glistening in the dim lights of the room as he lets my body work him over, and dark almost black eyes that look completely and utterly lost in me.

He might smile again if he could stop grinding his teeth, and as I watch in fascination at how erotic we appear together, his tongue lapping over the mark against my shoulder. "Look how fucking good you take my cock, Darling, you were fucking made for me."

His words push me closer to another edge and I can't believe I feel as if I am going to come again so soon after I already have. One of his hands skates up and around my throat and his tight grip forces me to be the one to smile,



relishing in the destruction of my soul against him. When I catch his eye again, I try to look away, a little bit of shame creeping inside of my bones. I mean how fucked up am I to be enjoying tonight? But Wren doesn't give a fuck.

He uses that grip on me to force my stare back to his, back to us fucking. "Ah ah, don't hide that side of you, not from me, not from the one person who knows how to bring it out of you." When he's satisfied I won't move he loosens his grip and slides it down my torso. "Tell me what you see, Darling."

"I see me," I start, pausing at the harsh smack he lands on my pussy. "Ah, oh god, I see me being fucked," I moan, another smack lashing against my clit. "I see you fucking me, ahh, fucking me so good." The scream catches in the back of my throat as he lands another hit, the pace of his fucking picking up as he grips my hips and slams me down onto his cock.

"Yeah, that's right, pet, I'm the one fucking you," he growls. "I own this fucking pussy, it's mine, no one else's." The sounds of our skin smacking together almost drown out his words, but I don't care, I'm too lost in him and the pleasure, but of course he has to continue our war even with his cock buried inside of me. "I bet he's never fucked you like this, has he, Darling?"

I'm not surprised he brings up Paxton, if tonight has shown me anything it's how possessive and jealous Wren is. I want to fight back, to punish him with my taunts and play more games, but the way his cock slams inside of me as he swivels my hips in his grip pushes me to the brink until I explode.

"I fucking hate you!" The words tear from my throat with a scream, and he laughs wildly.

"If you hate me, why are you coming all over my cock?"

My vision blurs as my orgasm obliterates my body, Wren not faltering for a second as my pussy contracts around him. My hands grip his thighs and my nails dig into his skin so hard that it's my turn to draw blood, except he doesn't feel it, or he doesn't care. He eyes the blood like a beast hunting his prey, stalking towards it until he is ready to pluck the life from its body.

The Kingdom has protected me for my entire life, but they could never protect me from him. He stole from me the second I laid eyes on him when he looked at me like I was nothing, and tonight he stole from me again, but this time it's much worse. I've always prided myself on being someone who could go to battle with anyone and come out on top, but Wren Marshall has annihilated my armor and I will never recover from what he took. Who will

protect me now?

# Chapter Twelve

**W R E N**

**M**aybe I am a God because I can't imagine anything feeling more like heaven than Alexis Darling's tight, wet cunt as she covers my cock in her come. She is barely over her last orgasm and already I can feel her walls tightening around me once more. My thrusts are powerful as I slam our bodies together in our union.

Her body was fucking made for me, a temple I will drop to my knees and worship at daily. Three years, three fucking years we have wasted on pointless pranks, and anal arguments, mostly from her, when we could have been doing this. When instead of thinking about her every time I fucked

someone else, I could have been fucking her, owning her. Possessing her in a way I bet she never even thought possible.

“Oh god, not again, I can’t.” Her moan is a plea that I ignore as the savage beast takes over, needing more of her pleasure.

“Come on, Lex, give me fucking everything.” I’m holding her cunt against me as I pound into her hole and again she strangles my dick with her pussy.

It sucks me deeper with each thrust. “You’re squeezing my cock so fucking good.” I praise, enjoying her body's reaction to my words, but it isn’t until I land another hard smack against her clit that I feel that perfect clench. She might enjoy the pleasure, but she fucking loves the pain.

“Oh yes,” she cries, accepting that I will draw one more from her before I find my own release. “Yes, Wren, please, right there, please.”

My name moaned on her lips might be my new favorite sound as I push her for more. “Please what, pet?”

“Please make me come,” she cries, not caring how much she begs now, just so desperate to reach her peak once more. “Please, sir!”

Holy fuck she is a good student, just like I always imagined, lapping up everything I am teaching her and using it against me. The second that term leaves her mouth I feel my balls draw up, aching for relief.

“Ride me, like a good little slut,” I purr in her ear. “I’ll take care of you.”

She starts bouncing up and down on my cock, using her still buried nail-deep hands on my thighs as leverage. I bring one hand back around her throat and use the palm of the one fingering her clit to press down on her stomach as I let myself buck wildly into her slick heat.

I feel the moment I find it, that sweet spot inside of her with both my cock on the inside, and my hard pressed palm on the outside. The scream rips from her throat as I tighten my hand around it, keeping her locked in place as she starts coming for me once more.

“That’s it, scream for me like a good little whore,” I spit the words through my clenched jaw, so close to my own end as I feel more wetness burst out of her drenching the two of us. “Oh fuck!” I shout, looking in the mirror to confirm what is happening as her body shakes uncontrollably above me. “Did you just squirt all over my cock?”

All she does is scream in response as I press my hand harder and more delicious come spurts out of her. I’m a goner. My balls draw up and as she smacks her pussy down onto my cock once more I come so hard I almost

pass out. Jets of it spurting from my cock and flooding her insides as I groan, her delicate frame still writhing above me.

My cock is still painfully hard inside her as I grab her and slam her against the mattress, pulling my dick from her sweet hole and watching as my come leaks out of her. She is barely conscious but her eyes flare wide when I dip my head between her thighs and suck up every drop of our come from her pussy. Then I bring my lips to hers and share our releases against her tongue as I kiss her slowly, ensuring she takes some of it on her tongue.

“See how good we taste together, Darling.” I smile as I pull back, pushing her sweat soaked hair behind her ears as she stares up at me in wild wonder. *So fucking perfect.*

My body screams to collapse beside her in sexed out bliss, but I need to take care of her first. I stand and head back to the ensuite and fetch a fresh, clean cloth and soak it with warm water before returning to her. She frowns a little sleepily as she watches me approach and I can tell she doesn’t expect what I am doing. I drag it across her skin, cleaning up the blood, marks, and cuts I left behind earlier, following it with a firm press of my lips as I kiss every inch of her skin.

When I am done cleaning her, I reach down to her ankles, massaging the marks the ropes left behind before doing the same to her wrists, praising her as I do. “You were amazing, baby, you did so fucking good, I’m so proud of you.”

Her eyes roll back into her head once more, but this pleasure is different, it’s from the soft touches I caress her with as I fully lull her body into a relaxed and refreshed state, ready to sleep. I think for a moment what it would be like if we weren’t here, if it were my bed she was falling asleep in. Would she stay? Could I really become a King and steal myself a Queen that is so perfect for me?

I drop down beside her and roll her almost sleeping form onto her side as I mold my large frame around her. My eyes feel heavy after all the excitement from the evening and just as I am drifting off I hear her sweet whisper, “Wren.”

“Yes, Darling,” I sigh, so close to sleep.

“Please don’t forget me.” I would laugh if I had the energy, but instead I pull her tighter than before and whisper into her hair. “Never.” That’s the last thing I remember before the darkness claims me.



MY BODY JOLTS me awake but when my hand reaches out, all it finds is cold, dead space. *She's gone.*

"She left about an hour ago." An unconcerned voice hits my ears, and I open my eyes to find Theo sitting in one of the chairs with his feet kicked up on the end of the bed watching me.

Light is pouring through the windows so I know it's way past dawn, and he must sense my confusion as I look around. "I saw her leave," is all he adds on when I don't say anything,

I swipe a hand down my face sitting up, I guess my presumptions about keeping her were wrong. A fact that is confirmed when another King joins us in the room.

"She's gone," Paxton says, bursting through the door in a dramatic flare of attention. No wonder Lex grew bored of him, so predictable.

"We know." Theo rolls his eyes, ignoring Pax's theatrics, and picking an invisible piece of lint from his perfectly pressed suit. Why the fuck is he so put together this early?

Paxton shoves his legs down off the bed. "No, you fucking prick, I mean she's gone gone, her father just called to ask me what the fuck happened, she cleared out one of her accounts, cut up her IDs, smashed her phone, and packed a bag and left. She's gone."

Both their heads swing my way, assessing me, the bed, the room, like they might find a clue as to where she has disappeared to. Hell if I know. It's not what I expected to wake up to at all, but I guess that's what happens when you pull a Queen from her glass cage, she rebels.

"Looks like we lost ourselves a Queen," I muse, mind chaotic as I think about hunting her down.

Theo laughs as Paxton continues to look at me in disdain. I climb from the bed and shove on my pants, ignoring the fact they are both seeing me completely naked. I push my arms into my shirt, readying myself to leave until Paxton finally sighs.

"Come on, Marshall, welcome breakfast is on me," I pause, looking at him with confusion but he just shrugs. "You're a King now, Lex will calm down and come home eventually, might as well wait for her together."

The weird offer of kinship feels strange but who am I to look a gift horse in the mouth. I grab my shoes and move to follow them out of the room, but

stop in my tracks when I see her shiny little halo laying discarded on the floor. I bend down and pick it up, I guess she didn't feel like much of an angel after last night. I smirk as I tuck it into my suit jacket and leave the room thinking about the thrill of the chase I am about to have.

You can run, little pet, but you won't be able to hide from me forever.  
I'm a King now.

**THE END....**

**.... for now!**



**Thank you for reading  
- Tainted Crown -  
A Kinghood Novella**



Thank you so much for diving into the world of the Kings! It will be expanded upon soon!

If you enjoyed it then please leave a review, your support means the world to me!



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First I need to thank my own dumb ass. From a sprained left wrist, to a broken right wrist, it was clear the universe was screaming at me to slow down.

Did I do that?

*Of course not!*

Instead I used dictation and wrote a spicy novella to distract myself from all my other deadlines. But this was the perfect little palette cleanser for me and allowed me the head space to finish up the other book I was working on and begin plotting for another. So here is to my own damn stupidity, you still got it!

To my readers - you guys!! You guys rock my whole freaking world! I can't tell you how many nice messages and kind words I received when I injured my wrist so thank you for being the absolute best readers in the world! This little slither of spice is for all of you!

***Duchess*** - you got first and unlimited access and your first question was "like wait how dark are you willing to go?" Which was a dumb question because we both know the answer to that is so far! Thank you for pushing me off the edge and telling me more is better! Oh and I hereby claim Theo is yours.

***Sammie*** - You yelled at me not to do this and of course I didn't listen but somehow you still love me anyway. Thank you for always pushing me to be better. You're the best Bee and I love you!

***Ders*** - You encouraged this off the rails idea so much that you decided to do the same crazy thing and I have never been more proud! Spicy novellas for the win — now let's do a snake one! Love you Texy!

***Sam*** - I know I know, you hate how much I stress you out with my vibes and hands on ways but like damn look how bomb the cover is! Thank you for taking my idea and turning it into a complete vision. You are my favourite Canadian! Love you Bacon!

***Finally to all of my betas*** - you love me so much now that you don't care what I write. You beg for it without any context given and I could not adore you more. Thank you for always supporting me!

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

G.N. Wright is a self published author of dark romance. She lives in England with her husband and daughter. When she isn't writing she can be found reading, listening to music, and spending time with her family.

She enjoys a good social stalking so be sure to check out all of her links below!



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