
Chapter 1

Adric

Their pretty little captive would wake soon. Pacing, he stared longingly down at her, then he paused and ran his finger down along her naked torso to the soft swell of her cunt. In her sleep she shivered. Lifting his hand, he grinned. She was his, by right of suffering and by way of proxy. Adric had waited a long time for her. He wouldn't wait much longer.

His brothers also edged along the side of the bed, rapacious and just as wanting. Time hadn't been kind to their tempers or their patience. Adric barked to the two, different as night to day and sun to moon and stars. His brothers halted their manic circling and looked over to him.

“The cuffs and chains. Grab them.”

His brothers went to the stone-set wall and opened the engraved wooden chest on the floor, retrieving the necessary items. Without a word they attached them to her slim ankles, her delicate wrists, then a leather collar about her pale, fingertip-bruised neck.

As leader, Adric set the boundaries within the trio. Whether they kept her or let her go was by his demand. If he wanted, he could keep her all his own, to destroy or to fuck until she was senselessly satiated. He was savvy enough to realize the other two would give him shit for ever letting such a thought enter his mind. This damned infernal delay over waking her? He justified it. It gave him time to ponder his strange inclination for her, and their competitive one for her. Even he was growing restless and ready to introduce the inevitable. He itched to see her reaction to each of them. In a perfect scenario, their pet would struggle. Scream. Cry. Beg for their mercy. But without his say, she'd never get loose from her bonds. Even if she did, she'd always know, by the small tattoo he'd initialed upon her inner upper thigh, who kept her as his own.

Not that Adric ever meant to let her go. Not that any of them would.

A gleam of dark dissonance riddled in his youngest brother's eyes as he finished securing the spreader bar between her ankles. Rohan was a ruthless motherfucker, given to pain and torment, rage and utter blackness. Adric and Lazar usually curbed the monstrosity hidden by the deviously deceptive façade, a face and body meant for the heavens but a personality straight from the bowels of hell. It wouldn't be necessary to have Rohan be anything but the devil he was, nor for any of them to hide what they truly were. It seemed they had finally found the perfect woman, one good enough for all three to use and then destroy.

She was like a tiny doll, fragile and breakable, and they all knew whom she really belonged to. Him. Adric's gaze wandered over her. Their acquisition was perfect, but if she didn't fucking wake soon, as her Master and overlord, he would goddamn make her. He was tired of waiting. His cock was ready for her virgin cunt. The others? He huffed, watching with icy eyes of glacial blue as they secured her. They would have to settle for her ass and her sweet, pouty lips.

Rohan grabbed her nipple, pinching and twisting. Cruel. Sadistic. But he was damned smart in his obedience. In her slumber, their Beauty winced under his torture. The youngest smiled beautifully at her and moved aside, not willing to impede Adric's view. Rohan mocked her misery and allowed his own, but even in his want, he didn't allow his filthily dark sexual drive to consume him.

Not like Lazar, who wasn't acting his normally controlled self with this particular pet. Their middle brother's predatory hunger clung to him. His body was tense, his eyes dilated in an obsidian haze, rich with lust. Reaching out he grabbed their beautiful captive's pussy, cupping her sweetly before he shoved his fingers roughly inside. Two of them worked her, pumping her. His eyes rolled back in ecstasy as he licked the slickness of her from his fingers.

She was perfect. Lying there, her eyes flickering in half-awareness, Adric liked that her body was responsive to touch even when drugged. That boded well for him. What he hated was that his brother dared to reach out for her. He would break her, damn him, and it wasn't his fucking right.

Adric lunged forward, shoving Lazar to the side. "She's mine," he said.

"I had to taste her." Desire made his brother desperate. He ignored Adric, a foolish and dangerous mistake.

No one dismissed him. Adric pushed the bigger man against the wall in warning. "No. Touch her without permission again and you're denied privilege. I have her first."

The blond man growled like an animal in rut, but then again, his brother had been on a mission and denied himself a woman for many weeks in preparation for taking her. Adric viciously knocked him against the wall again, this time hard enough to gash open the back of his head. It was enough to assuage his brother's stubbornness. Lazar clutched his head and nodded in

restless defeat. He stepped aside, adjusting his dick. He went back to safely staring.

Adric calmed down instantly. He walked over to his captive, looking down upon her. Her minutely small breasts, no bigger in size than a pair of figs and just as lusciously bitable, rose and fell as she breathed slowly in and out, the curves of her body open to his view. She was too thin. He might decide to fix that—or perhaps not. If she behaved herself, he would be very generous. Cross him, and she would pay the price.

“Such trouble you cause for a little thing. Do you like us fighting over you?” he murmured. “You’re a precious bitch, but a bitch just the same. Just wait, my dove, until you open those innocent eyes and gaze upon the monsters who have taken you. Are you ready, my dear, to take your punishment and to play our newest game? I think you’ll enjoy it.”

Adric stroked back her fiery-colored hair. She was a flame. A phoenix ready to fly. One that would try to have them singe and burn the moment she woke, trapped and unable to move. What a disappointment she would feel when she realized they wouldn’t turn to ash; she would. She was smolder, bright yet quick to tarnish. Delectably and unarguably still his prisoner. She would learn her place, or she’d quickly rue it.

Their Beauty would likely bruise from the abuse they’d give her. He’d bet on it. Better yet, they’d damage that naïve nature that had drawn them in by the time they finished her punishment. He certainly hoped so. That wasn’t what concerned Adric, anyway. He only wanted her to be able to fight when the time came. Too bad she’d never win against any of them.

Nothing about any of the men was soft. They were hardened by time, conditioned with muscle and by years of bitter abandonment. Living as exiles had at first angered all of them. The Reformation wars, replacing the queen and her consort on the throne with landowners, merchants and others who bought into the new patriarchy, were over. Their fathers before them trig-

gered the battle, and they ended it within that same war-torn generation. Adric and his brothers should have been free, set loose from stricture as all the others of his years were. But because of what they knew, who they were, they were excommunicated from society. It took years before they realized how beneficial it could be to them. They had a lair for refuge. No one knew where they went when they enacted their vengeful plots. And when ready to take on a new victim, they were unseen. Invincible. Unable to be brought back through the darkness into the merciless, lying light.

The woman that lay unresponsive, ready to be woken and plundered? She was just a toy, a means to an end. Again, Adric huffed, overseeing her mistreatment and watching his aroused brothers stalking with a scornful disconnect. She was the perfect means for vengeance. Her disappearance would be a mystery until the time he wanted the fire of truth to scorch and reveal. Let the fuckers all wonder. Let them burn in goddamn hell.

Adric hadn't decided whether to kill her after their fucking was done. She was, after all, expendable when they tired of her. Her father would worry. Her brothers would be beside themselves. And her fucking worthless fiancé, the one who hadn't the balls to stick his dick into her while he had the opportunity? He could find someone else.

Right now? She was theirs. They'd never fucking give their Beauty back.

Adric tapped her cheek, his hand soothing as it swept a line down her silky skin. "Hello, my dove. Time to fucking wake up."

Her eyes fluttered. She smiled. Then her sweet eyes opened, and she deliciously screamed.