
A BABY FOR THE
MOUNTAIN MEN

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Soraya Arlington hugged herself as she glanced at the foreboding mansion deep in the mountains. Even in the cheerful light of a glorious autumn day, the house exuded a grim aura.

“There is no time to be staring out into nothingness, Soraya. How many times have I told you to stop idling? It is unbecoming for a young woman.”

“Yes, Grandmother,” Soraya said and turned from the window. Her father’s seventy-year-old mother tsked a few times before she adjusted the collar on the dress she had ordered Soraya to wear. White lace, long sleeved and draped almost to her ankles.

Underneath she wore a bra and panties set her grandmother had laid out for her as well. Fittingly, it was white cotton granny panties and a bra which covered practically her whole chest. Her breasts, which had been labeled bothersome because they were more than a hand-full, continued to be the bane of existence for her grandmother who lived for sparsity in body and looks.

Her breasts weren’t the only things her grandmother disapproved of vehemently. Her green eyes were meant to lure the devil and her full pink lips were entirely just too vulgar for words.

Soraya had spent her whole teen life with her arms crossed, her eyes downcast and her lips folded inward.

“For heaven’s sake, girl,” her grandmother gritted, then spun Soraya around and with deft fingers, undid the army of bobby pins holding her hair into a tight unforgiving bun. A strand had escaped imprisonment with her hair being just too silky, and her grandmother needn’t say out loud what word she would use to describe her granddaughter. Sloven.

Wincing as she redid the bun, Soraya clenched her fists. Part of her wanted to shred her nails through the lace of the dress and the other half of her just wanted to cry and have someone, anyone tell her she was going to be okay. She glanced at the white, cruel-looking mansion again and wondered if she were better off with the devil she knew than those who lived in the spooky castle.

When Soraya was twelve-years-old, her grandmother told her, with a stern slant to her brow and her lips hard, that Soraya was a lucky girl. She’d been chosen to live in the palace on the mountain. With a prince? She had naively asked. Her grandmother had given her a half nod coupled with a smile that was more gleeful smirk than pleasantly nice.

It was only years later, that her perspective on the stupid fairytale which kept her dreams alive changed. She also clearly understood why her grandmother had smirked at her with such mocking glee, then. It was never a magical palace keeping her charming prince safe until she turned twenty-one. It was something else entirely.

With the new knowledge, the castle instantly turned into a dungeon-like prison. There was not one handsome and kind prince, but rather three horrible beasts who had waited until she reached the required age so they could swoop down and pluck her from what little life she had. And all so she could have their baby as repayment for saving her father’s life.

Now the time had come. She bit back a choking sob. What was she going to do? How was she going to survive this? With

nothing ever escaping her grandmother, Soraya was spun around again to face the thousand hard wrinkles lining Martha Elizabeth Arlington's face and neck.

The single tear she tried so hard to swallow back, spilled out of her eye and rolled onto her cheek. Her grandmother took one long breath and folded her bony arms over her equally bony chest.

"I cannot imagine a reason for you to be crying. Are you not grateful for the life your father has given you? My son has done nothing but see to you. He has fed you, clothed you, put a roof over your head and seen you went to school. And you cannot do this one thing for him with dignity and grace?"

"I'm sorry, grandmother. I didn't mean to be—"

"Ungrateful?"

Soraya glanced up, and for a split second she wanted to shout at the aging woman who had made her life a painful existence since the moment her mother passed away from cancer and she had moved in to look after her.

"It's just that I don't understand... Dad has told me nothing about what will happen to me. No one has. And I'm..."

On the brink of admitting she was scared to her grandmother, she quickly bit back the word. While her grandmother treated her with disdain and exasperation, she had learned to treat her grandmother indifferently. Soraya never divulged her true emotions, not to someone who tolerated her at best and on more than one occasion cursed her very existence. It was Soraya's mother who had ruined her father's life, according to her grandmother, only for Soraya to continue to do so after her mother had passed away. However, her grandmother never bothered to elaborate, no matter how often Soraya asked.

"You want to know what's going to happen? I'll tell you. In about ten minutes a car will arrive for you and take you to the house in the mountains. There, you will have their baby."

"But afterward, Grandmother? What is going to happen to me afterwards? I don't—"

A snicker from the door lifted Soraya's attention from her grandmother. Her cousin strode into the tiny bedroom. With her perfectly sleek blonde hair, pink cardigan and checkered short skirt, Tina Arlington, who lived three doors down with her parents, was the epitome of a sorority girl. She had been on all the most popular committees at school, won homecoming queen, of course, and yes, it was a small town but that only made it a more glamorous achievement. And naturally she had dated the captain of the football team almost throughout her teens to complete the cliché. They were set to get engaged soon and their grandmother couldn't be prouder of at least one of her granddaughters.

Everyone loved Tina. But Soraya knew what she really was. A vindictive, spiteful, demanding cat who treated her immediate family abhorrently and Soraya even worse. She had threatened to have Soraya sent away to boarding school by framing her for stealing their grandmother's jewels if Soraya beat her at anything. And knowing that her grandmother eagerly waited for even a flimsy excuse to send her off, Soraya complied with everything Tina dictated.

Not that boarding school anywhere in the world wouldn't be better than living here with them, but she stayed because somewhere in the drunken shell that her father had become after her mother had passed away, her dad—her real dad—still existed.

She never gave up hope that he would emerge someday. But he didn't, not even when her grandmother, who handled all their finances, had cleaned out the insurance money her mother had left her and spent it on Tina, to elevate her status in the small town. Tina was the Arlington jewel and every resource had to go to her. Once she married Philip Kay, she would move into the second biggest house in town. The first being the house Soraya was going to in less time than she wanted.

Tina gave Soraya a once over, her thick, elongated eyelashes batting away before her cherry-red lips split into laughter. Compared to her cousin, Soraya looked as if she were from a

century back. Where her cousin went into the city to shop for clothes with the money Soraya's mother had left her, Soraya owned three long, ugly skirts and two painfully shapeless dresses. Her grandmother never allowed Soraya to dress any other way.

It's bad enough you will be known as the town's slut, giving yourself to three men, we don't need to flaunt it.

Did no one understand she was doing it as a repayment for her father's life? No. If asked, her grandmother would probably go as far as saying Soraya asked for it, that's why it was happening to her.

"No one cares what's going to happen to you afterward, stupid Soraya. But if I must give you some advice, once you deliver the baby to those men, I suggest you leave town. You can't possibly show your face around here. Once you go up there and have their baby, well, your life is over, and you'll be known forever as the town whore. Completely untouchable." Tina came to her and clutched Soraya's arms with her perfectly manicured hands.

"Honestly, Soraya, as your cousin, I'm telling you the best thing you can do is leave town after you have the baby. If you do, that will be the most you would have done for this family. I think you owe it to us. You can't ever show your face here again. You've brought disgust and shame to our family and by the time I marry Phil, I want you to be a piece of dust no one remembers. Do you understand?"

She hated this. She hated everything about it. It wasn't fair. What monsters were those three men if they asked for a daughter's body in exchange for saving a man's life? What kind of people were they? The worst, that's who.

Her whole life seemed to have been shadowed by that dreadful castle in the mountain.

Forcing her breath to even out, Soraya smiled. She might not know what her future entailed, but she knew the surprise she left for her cousin would make the next day of her life so much more bearable.

“Your cousin has done nothing but look out for you. Listen to her,” her grandmother chipped in. *Yeah right.*

“The car is here,” her father said from the doorway after clearing his throat. By the uncomfortable hue in his face, coupled with his usual bloodshot eyes and greasy hair, David Arlington, once a loving and protective dad and husband had definitely overheard their conversation. But in keeping with his manner, he said nothing, not a kind word, or a bad one. He avoided Soraya as if she were the plague and yet in his drunken moments, Soraya was the one to remove his shoes and put him to bed. She was the one who would leave out headache tablets and a pitcher of water by his bedside so he would have less of a hangover when he went to work the next day, even if it lasted only until that evening when the cycle would start again.

That was her father’s life. He went to work at the mine Sunday to Sunday, gave his mother his entire paycheck to do with as she pleased and drank himself to sleep on the sofa every night.

Wishing beyond reason her father would finally say something to her, panic soared as he turned his back on her and left the room. She couldn’t do this alone.

But no matter how much she thought of her situation, she had no viable solution. She had considered running away, and she would have succeeded, but she just didn’t have it in her to leave a debt this big behind. Not when it was owed by her father.

Those three men saved her father’s life, she didn’t know how or when, just that they did. No one would tell her any details. When she questioned her grandmother, she was called ungrateful. Her father offered her silence. Tina... all Tina would say was just wait and see.

She assumed in her father’s gratitude to having his life saved he must have offered them anything they wanted. And they happened to want his daughter, at an age of their choosing. Twenty-one.

There was one moment when her father, reeking and slurring

from alcohol, had patted her cheek and told her he was sorry. That he didn't have a choice, he wished he were dead, and he drank because he couldn't face giving them his daughter. Fighting back tears, Soraya had promised to fulfill the debt, that she was strong and could do it, and he never had to worry about her.

She wholeheartedly believed that once the debt was paid, her father would be free of whatever guilt he alluded to feeling that night, and maybe he would stop drinking. She would get her dad back. That had been her only lifeline. If she did this, she would get her dad back.

"Well, don't make the driver wait, Soraya," her grandmother chided before exiting the room.

Swallowing hard, Soraya went to pick up her tiny suitcase from the bed, which contained her three skirts and two dresses, underwear, a nightdress and basic toiletries.

"I want to show you something," Tina whispered as soon as they were alone in the room. "Just so you know what to expect from those men, you know, when they make you have their baby. Rest assured they're going to make you their whore, Soraya. I know you're very stupid about these things, so consider this a favor." Tina sneered and Soraya knew it was anything but a favor. Whatever her cousin meant to show her as she slid her finger across her cell phone screen was meant to scare or humiliate Soraya.

"Quick, look." Tina shoved the phone in her face, and it took quite a few moments for her to figure out what she was being shown. On the tiny screen of the phone, a woman, gagged with her underwear and completely naked, kneeled in a dirty room. Three men came toward her, each taking out their dicks as they approached. Soraya looked away; fear gave way to a sick feeling in her belly.

"Oh wait, there's more," Tina said high with amusement. She slid her fingertip a little and suddenly the woman could barely be seen as she was sandwiched between the three men, all

her orifices filled with the three of them... except her mouth. From the low volume, Soraya heard the woman's screams, the gag she had worn strewn onto the floor.

"That's going to happen to you. They're going to rip you open with their dicks. Do the math, stupid Soraya, three dicks, where do you think the other one is, if two are in the front and her mouth is free? Look at the screen and see what they're doing to her. And on top of that, we all know the three men in the mountain are hideous monsters, don't we? That's why they don't show their faces. Everyone knows what's going to happen to you at that house and no one will ever touch you after that."

The instant before Soraya wanted to clutch her stomach and have a panic attack, she stopped. She wasn't going to give her cousin the power of seeing her truly distraught.

Holding her head up, she lifted her light bag from the bed and walked away but not before Tina fell into step beside her.

"Did you hear what I said? That's going to happen to you," she whispered cruelly. "The only thing you can do afterward is become a cheap porn actress, just like her," Tina continued waving the phone in her face again. "No decent man will ever have you after they've made you whore yourself like that for them. Once you have that baby, they will want nothing to do with you at all. Being a porn actress is all you'll have. I'm just looking out for you, cousin."

Soraya continued walking, shaking on the inside but strong and ready on the outside. Somehow, she would survive this.

"Don't you dare come back here, ever. You are done disgracing this family." Without missing a step, or turning to face her cousin, Soraya lifted her right hand and flashed her cousin her middle finger. Tina's shocked gasp echoed down the passage after her.

Her grandmother was nowhere to be seen and neither was her father. So not even a goodbye. She opened the door and found a nondescript, beaten down, mud-colored jeep waiting

outside. Standing next to the car was a middle-aged man, with silver hair and a long mustache.

“Miss Arlington?” he asked.

“Yes,” Soraya murmured, her heart aching from the thunderous beats inside her chest.

“My name is John. I work for the Lockhards,” he said, reaching for her bag. A frown settled on his pleasant face. “Is this all, Miss Arlington?”

“Yes, thank you.” Flushing that her meager belongings were now under scrutiny by a complete stranger, Soraya ducked her head.

“Right, then. It’s a lovely day, isn’t it, Miss Arlington?” he said smiling broadly at her.

“It is,” she replied. It was a perfectly lovely day to be sent to the gallows. “Please call me Soraya.”

“Soraya,” he said trying her name. “Now, that’s the prettiest name I’ve heard for the prettiest girl I’ve seen.”

“Thank you.” Compliments were so rare in her life, even with her impending doom, she couldn’t help but bask in the warm words of such a nice gentleman. He opened the door for her to the backseat of his old car then closed it once Soraya boarded.

She glanced at the sternly shut front door of the house she had grown up in, at all the windows, even around the garden and could see not one of her family members there to see her off. Trying to keep down the trillions of tears she had stowed away almost her whole life got harder the further up into the mountain they drove.

While John chatted away happily, Soraya barely held on to her senses. She didn’t want to embarrass the nice man by having her long overdue breakdown in his car.

Thoughts flooded her head. She could just open the door and roll out. He wasn’t driving fast at all and she could easily disappear into the forest surrounding them. Disappear forever.

She shook her head because she wasn’t a coward. She’d see

this through if only to relieve her father of his debt to them. Invisible spears pricked at her skin as she recalled the video Tina had taken great pleasure in showing her. How would they treat her? How many times would it take for her to fall pregnant? Would they all... would they all three come at her at once?

Failing to stop the whimper from passing her lips, she sank her teeth into the bottom seam of her mouth. She had no idea what they looked like. In fact, no one she secretly asked knew what they looked like or what kind of personalities they had. It was as if they didn't even exist and yet they existed very much. They never came into the town ever. And rumors spread that they were hideous creatures living in a dark, haunted castle. And she was going there. But they were real and now these three strange men were going to see her naked, touch her and give her their baby. A life for a life. That's what her father had said that one time.

A life for a life.

"It's going to be all right, Soraya," John said, looking at her through the rear-view mirror. "In the end it'll all be all right."

The only thing marring those gentle words was the fact that he knew what was going to happen her. He knew. Everyone in town knew. And everyone treated her differently. No boy dared talk to her. No one asked her out at school. No one bullied her except Tina, but no one wanted to be her friend either. As if being promised to the monsters in the mountain made her untouchable.

The embarrassed blush surfacing on her cheeks at John knowing her fate was heightened by sheer anger at those men. They had no idea how they'd turned her life upside down without a thought. And worse, she was wholly unequipped to deal with them on every level. She had no clue what was going to happen to her and honestly, the only time she could formulate some sort of a plan to help herself was once she was in their house and had met her enemies face to face.

She glanced out the window behind her. The familiar settings

of the town at the foot of the mountain a mere speck in her vision now as the daunting castle ahead grew larger and more ominous.

When John brought the car to a standstill after what had seemed like an endless drive up a steep and rocky driveway leading to the house, a moment of lightheadedness robbed her of her breath. She quickly righted herself. It was bad enough she was at a terrible disadvantage, but she wasn't going to present herself as a simpering, fainting weakling on her first meeting.

She would do what needed to be done as clinical as possible and just like her family, these men would not be worthy of knowing her fear.

John opened the passenger door for her and offered her an affable smile which she returned equally, possibly the last time she'd meet someone she could smile at without pretense.

"Just up those stairs, Soraya," he said, carrying her bag for her. She whipped her gaze from the gigantic wooden door clearly visible from where they stood at the bottom then back at John.

With her legs weak and wobbly she mounted the concrete stairway, flanked by shrubs and weeds and growing darker the higher up she got. After punching a code into a pad against the wall, John opened the door and ushered her into a massive, cold, dim and eerie foyer. Soraya didn't have much time to take in her surroundings, but one thing remained constant, the castle felt un-lived in, maybe except by ghosts. She shivered and rubbed her hands down her arms.

After what seemed like an eternity walking through the chilly passages, John stopped at a door and pushed it opened. He didn't enter and waited for her to proceed him. Once she was on the other side of the threshold, she turned to him.

"The Lockhards will be here soon. Take a seat at the desk, all right?" he said and handed her bag of clothes to her. "I wish you good luck, Soraya," he said, and his always present smile diminished, replaced with a little sadness and pity in his eye for her

before he closed the door on her. Oh God, what was going to happen to her?

Taking in a ragged breath, she realized she was, as of that moment, all alone, tasked with a tremendously life-altering deed and not one single ally. The ever-present coldness ate into her bones as she lowered herself on the thick velvet covered chair on the opposite side of the desk.

An imaginary clock started ticking in her head. What if they weren't home? What if they had forgotten she was meant to arrive today? What if they had forgotten about the deal they had made with her father all those years ago and she could slip out and no one would ever come after her?

All her thinking halted to a screeching stop when the door swung open.