

# FALL OF THE FAE

## Free Chapter I

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The human's skull slams into the marble floor with a hollow thud. The sound makes me tingle.

It's almost as satisfying as his long, agonised gasp as he chokes on his blood.

The shrill and victorious cry of the half-naked Fae girl who leaps onto his limp and battered body startles him. He looks up at her with wide eyes, full of terror.

Blood decorates her pale skin, dripping between her breasts, past her belly button and soaking into her silk underwear.

The man's dying eyes watch her raise the carving knife in her hands.

He tries to shake his head. The pitiful human starts to beg.

This only makes her laugh harder. The mere idea that *she* would ever show this fucker an ounce of mercy is the funniest thing this girl has probably heard. It's undoubtedly one of mine, considering that when we first got here, she was tied to the bed, face down and legs spread wide, with him about to ram his pathetic excuse of a cock into her.

She buries the knife in his big, round belly, sinking her weapon deep inside, just as many have done to her before.

The girl withdraws the blade and drives it back inside him, splattering herself more and more in bloody war paint as she fucks him with that knife.

*Good girl...* I think to myself.

The human male's final moments on this earth are full of pain, humiliation and misery. That thought alone tugs at the corners of my mouth, pulling it into a wicked smile.

The Fae girl stands and looks at me, a crazed excitement in her brilliantly blue eyes.

'Go and find Brennan,' I tell her. 'He'll remove your collar.'

She nods and runs off, giggling to herself.

I turn and walk on, stepping over the disembowelled body of another human who is pitifully trying to scoop up his insides and put them back in.

I make sure to stand on his intestines as I pass. The organ, still warm and wet, squelches between my toes.

I don't bother to look back. He'll be dead soon. As will all these disgusting, vile, pitiful humans who paid to degrade and violate the Fae. As well as those who took their wages from Serge in exchange for keeping my kind sealed away inside this hell of a brothel.

My bare feet gently glide from room to room. The sights I see as I enter each one fill me with pride.

So much blood. So much pain. So much death.

An endless amount of retribution.

I fucking love it!

The last time I was here, Serge ruled this place.

*His* brothel. *His* den of torture and degradation. Behind each door contained a vile horror story.

Fae tied up or strapped down. Stripped bare of clothes and freedom. Of dignity and safety. Forced to perform. To use their gifts and beauty for the pleasure of humans. Forced to fuck and be fucked.

How the tables have turned.

Because today... *today*... we have reclaimed every Fae in this place.

I have freed them all, with a little help, of course.

The once-prisoners now wield the whips and canes, striking their former "clients".

Only humans don't heal as we do. Unlike the girls who felt nothing as they were beaten and wanked over, these men feel the pain of each blow. These men aren't getting released. They aren't getting out of here alive.

The girls laugh and mock the men who weep, beg and piss themselves.

Just as the Fae did to them once. They begged for release. For a day of rest. For pity or mercy from these human scum.

Karma, man. It can be a real bitch.

*I love it.*

The air is filled with music. Heavy beats blast through the speakers above us, and the dim lights cast many shadows. From some rooms, strobe lights seep out, making everyone's movements jumpy and otherworldly. From others, blinding lights expose the grizzly events happening inside.

I walk on, past bodies and blood. Past discarded weapons left wet and warm on the floors of this once pristine establishment. Past a man who has been choked to death on condoms forced down his throat. Past a girl with a long, fluffy tail. She raises her hand. Her nails are long, sharp claws. She brings them down, slashing a man's throat before giggling and skipping off down the hall, hand in hand with another fae girl.

I enter the White Room. No longer is a girl chained to the floor, bent over and shared by men who claimed she stole from them.

*I still can't recall that girl's name...*

She is now safely away from here, taken to a safe house along with the others we freed, who didn't want to hang about to claim retribution with us.

Today, the fire in the fireplace holds several heated poker. Another dizzy spell hits me as I step through the threshold. I grab the doorframe to steady myself and shake away the fog that tries to

descend. My hand slips and leaves behind a trail of blood. The deep cut on my hand throbs in protest as it continues to weep red. Licking my lips, I feel dehydration on the tip of my tongue.

I don't know how much longer I can stand for.

*Long enough to see this through, I tell myself. I can rest later.*

Three of Serge's bodyguards lie in pieces around me. Literal pieces.

A fourth pulls at the chain around his neck, tethering him to the marble floor.

Lucca now rules over this room. He is the master here today.

His hair, now purple and black, hangs over his eyes and sticks to the deep layer of sweat on his forehead. He stands tall, decorated with weapons and stained with blood. A darkness dances in his eyes as he lingers behind his captive.

He was precise as he hunted through the brothel, seeking out men from his past who took advantage of him in his youth.

He remembers them all. Every man who took turns with the young Fae boy with wings, captured by Serge and locked away in the dark for the twisted pleasure of those with enough cash to play with him.

Many of these men ensured he remained in chains.

Lucca's wings stretch out as he circles his former tormentor. No longer is he a child, helpless, lost, and afraid.

No. Now he is a man. Now he is free.

With my blood in his system, he's free to use his powers without the threat of turning into a Dark Fae.

Free to display his glorious wings.

Free to take revenge.

'Let's see how you like having something forced down your throat,' Lucca says, grabbing the man's hair and yanking back his head.

As the human shouts, Lucca thrusts a red-hot poker into his mouth and down his throat.

I linger in the doorway, watching like a sadistic voyeur as Lucca snarls the words 'Never again' at the man.

*Never again...*

Never again will we be collared.

Never again will those we have liberated here tonight be forced to obey the rules of humans in exchange for keeping a grip on their souls. Never again will we be forced to submit to them in exchange for Gilt.

All the Fae who have tasted the blood that still seeps through my fingers can proudly say those words.

*Never again.*

Lucca glances in my direction as he wipes blood and sweat from his brow before he yanks out the poker and drops the dying man at his feet.

'Pup,' he says with a wink. 'Having fun?' His eyes land on my hand. 'You good? You're looking a little pale.'

'I'm perfect.' I nod down the hall. 'Would you start gathering the others and ensure they all have their collars off? I'll make a portal soon to get them back to the cottages.'

He glances back at the men he's left on the floor.

'Thank you,' he says, turning back to face me. 'Thank you for giving me the chance to kill these bastards.'

'My pleasure, Lucca. My absolute pleasure.'

He heads towards me and momentarily stops at the door's threshold.

'Are you sure you don't want me to stay?' he asks, glancing back over his shoulder to the room. 'You don't have to do it alone.'

'I'm positive.'

'Well. Have fun,' Lucca whispers, leaning in to kiss my cheek.

'Oh. We fully intend to.' I look at the gagged man tied to the chair beyond the bodies.

'Don't we, Serge?'

Serge's frame spills over the side of the metal chair he's strapped into. Blood seeps from the gash in his head where Lucca struck him with a bat before manoeuvring him into position. His suit is pressed and expensive. His jewellery is tacky, and the stench of his cologne is gag-worthy.

Despite the death he has witnessed, despite watching his friends, clientele and staff being brutally tortured and murdered before his eyes, he sits still and silent. No struggling. No attempts to speak or bargain.

I walk in a little more, my eyes on his. They have a golden glow.

'Ivan gave you a power.'

Of course, he says nothing. He can't, being gagged and all.

I walk in a little more. He watches my every move.

'But you are still here. Running this shit hole. Ivan can't value you that much if he left you here instead of keeping you by his side.'

I stop before him and pull down the gag, revealing his crooked smile and golden teeth.

'My sweet Raven,' he drawls in his thick Russian accent, looking me up and down with a stomach-turning grin. 'I was so hoping to see you again.'

'What power did he put in you?'

'Let me go, and I will show you.'

'Where is Ivan?'

'I can take you back to your Daddy. He misses you. Or maybe I can be your Daddy. Would you like that?'

I lean down so I'm level with his eyes. He watches my chest as I bend down, and I let him look. I let him leer at my cleavage and wait for him to lift his gaze to meet my own

'I owe you pain, Serge.'

'I owe you a good fuck,' he replies, just as calm as I appear. 'I wonder. Will you scream for me as your mummy screamed for me? No.' He tuts and shakes his head. 'You don't scream, do you, sweetheart? My nephew, Jonah, always said that you took it so well. So quietly and obediently.'

I flinch. Just a little, but he sees it.

'He misses you,' he tells me. 'How about you stop your little temper tantrum, huh? You've proved your point. I'll tell you what. How about you suck my dick, and I'll think about telling you where your Daddy is.'

I keep my smile as I reach down and undo his zipper.

He lets out a gritty and low laugh as I take him in my hand.

'The only one who is going to suck your dick ever again, you filthy, grotesque, repulsive and impotent fuck, is you.'

He's so busy watching my face that he doesn't see me slip out a small knife I had strapped to my thigh.

A small snip. That's all it takes. He twinges, his nasty grin faltering as he tries to understand what has just happened. Then he looks down at his crotch and sees his pathetic pecker in my hand.

Blood quickly starts to spread over his lap.

He takes in an enormous breath and lets out a raging scream. One that gets cut short when I shove his cock into his mouth and seal his lips closed.

I return his gag and force it back between his lips.

Now he thrashes and pulls against his restraints. Now he screams.

I step back, dodging the puke that spills from his lips and out of his nose. I walk around behind him and press my fingers to his head.

‘You don’t need to tell me anything, Serge. I can see your truth. Let’s take a look, shall we?’

I channel my power, sending it through his body. Sending it to his mind, pulling out the truth of his memories.

Images flash before my eyes. Hideous, disgusting and degrading images.

But he has no idea where Ivan is. Serge has been put in charge of all the brothels now. That’s all he’s been trusted with. Much to his dismay, as he believes he should be permitted to do more than enslave us for sex and money. I let him go with a shove and step back. The loss of blood and the exertion of power makes me wobble. The room spins, and I must take deep breaths to stop myself from falling over.

‘The power to turn minerals into metals. That’s your gift? Making gold? How pathetic.’

I look up to see Brennan standing by the door. In one hand, he holds a large duffle bag with all his computer tech to disarm the collars. In the other, he holds a gun.

‘Raven,’ he says in his usual numb tone, looking at Serge thrashing and bleeding. He slightly raises a brow. ‘Need any help?’

‘I don’t think so, Brennan. But thank you for the offer.’

‘Please tell me that you didn’t just put that man’s severed-’



'I sure did,' I sigh happily, patting Serge on his shoulder and joining Brennan by the door.

'How are we doing?'

'Collars are off. There's a group ready to leave. A few others are with Lucca. Celebrating,' he adds with a tired eye roll. 'You've been asked for. He wants you back in the hall right now.'

'Does he now.' I sigh and turn back to Serge. 'Tell him to wait. I wanna watch Serge die first.'

Brennan points his weapon and fires a bullet through Serge's skull without missing a beat.

Furious that he would dare to end that fucker's suffering early, I stare at Brennan, ready to spit fire.

'As I said. He wants you. Now.' He nods down the hall expectantly. 'He's impatient.'

'Is he ever anything else?' I groan. 'I'm going.'

I leave the room and return to the halls, feeling Brennan's disapproving stare on the back of my head.

Only Lucca was as keen as I was to return here. To finally step out from the shadows we had shrouded ourselves in since escaping the facility two weeks ago and fleeing from the man I once called "Dad".

Brennan came because he was told to. Tessa outright refused. Rhea has no idea I'm here, and El is keeping her safe whilst we're away.

And Reid and Cyrus fought me on every front, refusing to let me come. Refusing to expose us before we were ready. Before I had recovered.

But finally, they agreed. Finally, they bent to my will. With conditions. Obviously.

They're desperate to get back into my good graces. And my bed, seeing as they are now bonded to me and I to them.

Freeing those trapped here was one reason I was so adamant about returning to this place.

The other was Serge.

The man who raped, tortured, carved up and killed my mother.

Finding and killing him, along with Ivan Walker and that piece of shit Jonah, has become somewhat of an obsession.

One that, in part, ended today.

A few steps is as far as I get before I have to stop and take the help of the wall.

My head falls forwards, and my eyes close as another wave of weakness ripples through me.

I've given away too much blood. I know it, and so will they. They always do. They feel my fear. They sense my anger and know when my body is at its limit.

I stumble as the world spins.

An arm wraps around my waist and slides smoothly across my belly. Warm breath lands on my skin, creating a trail of goosebumps over my body.

He caught me.

He always does.

'Having fun, Princess?' Cyrus sings softly in my ear.

I peer back at him and see his devious smile.

He takes my still-bleeding hand and brings it to his mouth. As he presses himself closer to my back, his erection pressing into me, he glides his soft tongue over my self-inflicted wound.

'Finished with Serge already?' he asks.

'Brennan ended the party early.' I sway in his arms.

'You've overexerted yourself. I feel your body's weakness. You've given away too much blood. We told you-'

'I'm fine,' I insist, letting out a long exhale, hoping it will stop the room from spinning. 'I had to do this, Cyrus. I need to see this through. To see them all get what they deserve.'

'I know. You and Lucca both. But you're reaching your limit. We should leave before you fall.'

'I won't fall. Not with you keeping me up.'

'I'll always be here to keep you up, Princess.'

His feet move, and his body sways, guiding mine with it. And together, we slowly dance in the doorway, moving gently from foot to foot to the music and the screams.

I lean back into him, relishing his touch and company in this depraved display of vengeance.

Slowly, he turns us, remaining behind me so we can both see down the halls of the bloodbath brothel.

'Look at them all,' he whispers in my ear.

Cyrus moves his lips to my neck, kissing and nipping at my skin. My head spins as the blood I've sacrificed tonight takes more of a toll, making me feel giddy and drunk. He grips me tighter, keeping me on my feet. Keeping me in the moment.

In the flashes of light, we watch a few half-naked Fae dart from room to room, laughing and celebrating their newfound freedom. It's hypnotic, seeing our kind so free and powerful. So happy.

'Is it everything you hoped it would be?' Cyrus asks, still slowly swaying from side to side and rhythmically rubbing himself against me, making his cock harder and his heart race faster.

'Yes,' I whisper.

'My girl is happy?'

'Ecstatic.'

Cyrus lifts the hem of my dress, bunching it up around my waist as he nudges my feet apart.

'What are you doing?'

Still trailing firm and hungry kisses on my neck, he pulls aside my underwear and eases his fingers inside me.

'You're so wet,' he whispers, clamping his teeth down on my earlobe, making me moan. A long and lust-filled exhale escapes him, travelling down my chest.

Gripping the door frame, my eyes never leaving the scene before me, whilst relishing his touch.

'Undo my zipper, Princess,' he says, adding a third finger and pressing his cock further into my arse. 'I need to fuck you.'

My breath comes out jagged and sharp as his fingers work me. My body reacts to him perfectly, brimming with need, passion, and pleasure.

'Zip!' he repeats. 'I did as you wanted. I got you here. I helped you set them free. I gave you Serge to do with as you wanted. Now it's my turn to get what I want. Just as you promised.'

I remain where I am, soaking up his skill and feeling my sweet release ebbing closer and closer.

'I won't let you come until I'm buried deep inside you, Princess. I know how you like it. I'll have you seeing the Goddess in a matter of seconds if you say yes.'

I laugh and make no move to satisfy him at all.

He does it himself, freeing his straining length from his trousers. His breaths are frustrated as he rests himself at my entrance.

'You can't keep this up forever,' he warns. 'Denying me is also denying yourself. Say yes.' He growls, resuming his wanton lips to my neck and tormenting my clit with his thumb. 'Or I swear'

'What?' I mock. 'What will you do, huh? Force me? Go fuck someone else? What will you do, Cyrus?'

I look at him. He lifts his face and meets my gaze. I see the anger at my refusal flicker behind his eyes. I see it twitch on his lips, just as I have seen it every day since we sealed the Bond in the woods. I haven't let them touch me. And the Bond means they can't find satisfaction with anyone else.

'You're right there, Cyrus. You could just stick it in. It's. Right...' I shift, resting his tip at my entrance. 'There.'

His words come out in a menace. His eyes never look away. 'Not until you say yes. That exact word. Yes!'

A high-pitched giggle draws my focus back to the "party".

I watch two girls embrace before rushing off to seek more retribution.

That seems to be all my mind is filled with these days.

Revenge. Payback.

Cyrus and Reid are no exception.

They need to pay for what they have done to me. Their marks still cover my skin, trailing up my arms and resting over my heart. Their deception and manipulation live there, too. Buried deep in my heart. My soul. My mind.

I gasp as Cyrus wraps his fingers in my hair and yanks my head back.

He snarls his words in my ear as he looks down at me.

'Damn you, woman. What else must I do to earn your forgiveness? I have done everything you asked.'

'My dear Mate. It will take more than this to erase the shit you and Reid have done to me. All you care about is your own pleasure and getting yourself back between my legs -'

He pulls his cock away and sinks his fingers back inside me once more, sneering as he watches me gasp and grab his wrist in response to his forceful and sudden entry.

'You can't keep playing this game,' he warns. 'Soon, you'll be begging us to claim you again. This is what I can do with my fingers, and baby, you know what my cock is capable of. It will be a matter of days until you beg me for it.'

I grip the doorway for support. My other hand entangles in his long, dark hair.

He fucks me hard and steady with his fingers, taking my weight and whispering the most delicious words into my ear.

We don't care that others watch us as they pass.

The markings on my arm start to heat up. Reid's Markings. His tether Bond put on me back when I thought he was a human Authority Agent. The Bond he can pull on whenever he likes, like a leash on my soul. That both of them can use to summon me from hell itself, and I would have no choice but to go to them.

Reid is calling gently, something we have been practising together. A signal we can share, just us. A gentle nudge to ask for a portal. To show that the other is safe. To get their attention.

Reid calls now. He's ready to return from bringing the Fae we liberated to safety. That, and I know he can sense my body's reaction to Cyrus. He won't want to miss out.

I reach out my hand and watch a portal swirl into life, using Reid as my anchoring thought. His face. His scent. His body.

My eyes are glued to it as Cyrus continues to work me from behind. I watch the golden specks of light swirl and kick up a gale.

The portal forms and Reid strides through. Our eyes meet as soon as he emerges. His white shirt is undone at the top, and his sleeves are rolled up to his elbows. Blood splatters his skin and marks

his clothing. He stops, seeing Cyrus's fingers buried between my legs, and his lip hitches into a half smile.

He continues towards us, each step purposeful and steady.

'Why, Little Bird, you look like you're having fun.' His hand glides across my cheek, neck, across my chest and past my stomach.

And then settles between my legs. His fingers entwined with Cyrus's inside me.

I lean back, resting it on Cyrus's chest, and let out a shameless moan.

Brennan and Lucca start funnelling the Fae towards the portal. I see Brennan briefly glance at the three of us before stepping through, followed by some anxious-looking Fae who stare at the portal with wonder.

But I'm more interested in what's happening to me right now.

'Is she still being difficult?' Reid asks Cyrus as he looks down at me between them.

'Is she ever anything else?' Cyrus replies.

'Shame. She's so close to coming too.' Reid smirks. 'But if we can't have ours...'

They both pull away, leaving me empty and cold. Leaving me unsatisfied.

And worse, leaving me unsupported.

The blood loss steals away the last of my strength, and my legs give way. Cyrus catches me from behind and scoops me up in his arms.

The two watch as I struggle to keep my eyes open.

'You're spent. Too spent,' Reid scorns, sweeping the hair from my face and shaking his head angrily. Then, sirens start in the distance. Authority sirens. 'It's time to go.' Reid nods towards the portal. 'Get her through before she passes out and we get stuck here.'

With purpose, they both stride towards the portal.

Reid strikes a match and tosses it at the cans of petrol left in the corner, ready for this moment.

We leave, the heat of the flames licking our backs, and just as we step through the other side, my eyes close, and the darkness claims me.

We've won this battle. But the war... that's barely begun.

# Thank you for reading

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