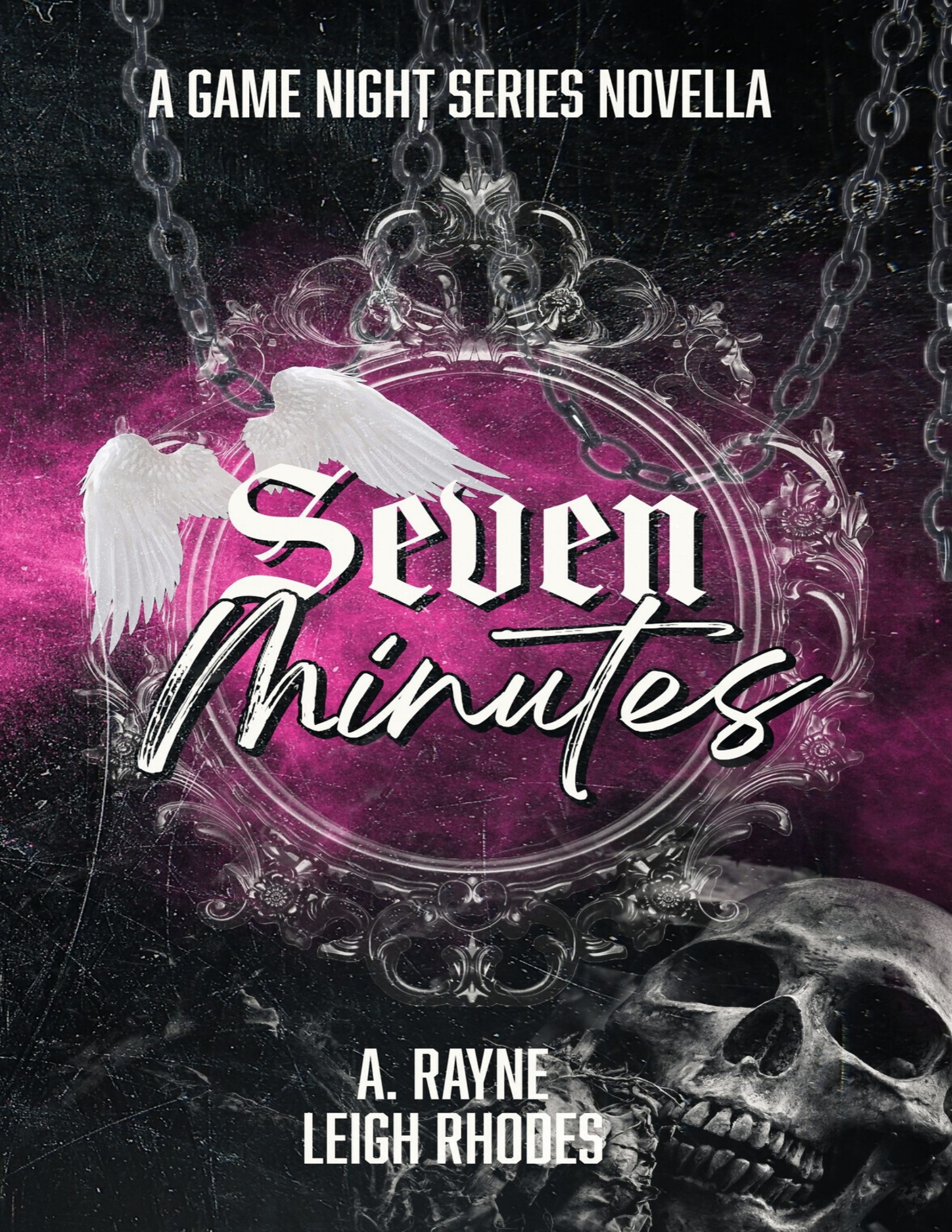


A GAME NIGHT SERIES NOVELLA



Seven Minutes

A. RAYNE
LEIGH RHODES

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Seven Minutes @ 2023 A. Rayne & Leigh
Rhodes

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Content Warnings

Dear Reader:

This book is dark, graphic, and intended for those 18+. This book contains scenes that may depict, mention or discuss: anxiety, rough sex, forced orgasms, Clitoral stimulation, kn!fe play, bl00d play, Gagging, Exhibitionism, Anal play, and drinking. For a more in-depth list, please feel free to reach out to me via Instagram. @Authorarayne or Email me at Authorarayne@gmail.com.

Playlist

Candy- Doja cat

Bow- Reyn Hartley

Ride- Somo

Wet The Bed- Chris Brown

All the good girls go to hell- Billie Eilish

Love is a bitch- tTwo Feet

Authors Note

Please note this is an erotic romance and, as such, there may be scenes that you find triggering or that might make you uncomfortable. If anything on the content warning page bothers you, then please do not read this novella. There are many graphic scenes in this book. Your mental health is more important and should come first. Now if you read the content warning page as a grocery list, then please enjoy.

-Thank you, A. Rayne & Leigh Rhodes

Seven Minutes In Heaven

Game Rules-

- 1: Write the participants' names on the paper.
- 2: Put all written names in a box or cup.
- 3: Pull two participants' names from the box or cup
- 4: Participants must go into an enclosed room or closet.
- 5: The outside party will set a timer
- 6: Participants may talk, kiss or engage in sexual activity.
- 7: the most important rule is what happens in seven minutes stays in seven minutes.

STAY *Soft*
it Looks
Beautiful
ON YOU.

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PROLOGUE

Damon

I lean against the brick wall and watch as everyone heads in the direction of their eight AM class. As a third year at Eldridge University, I know this whole campus like the back of my tatted hand. I know all the places to go and not to go. The places that are the best for hooking up, lighting up a joint, and everything in between.

As my eyes scan the crowd, I can't help but feel bored. Everything is the same. The same classes. The same scenery. The same endless amount of pussy. Speaking of pussy, my eyes land on the one girl who doesn't seem to understand how to take a hint.

Becca makes her way through the throng of people until she is standing in front of me. A smile graces her lips. Lips I have already fucked one too many times. Becca isn't ugly by any means. With her blonde, bouncy hair and her blue eyes, she's a man's wet dream. But not mine. Not anymore. She pranced right up to me on my first day here and that same night I had her laid out under me. Screaming my name for all to hear.

My roommate, Roman, high-fived me after I told her to leave. I thought it was a one-time thing, but she kept coming back, and eventually we put a label on it. I quickly ended things with her after a few months, but she doesn't seem to understand what that means.

"Damon," she purrs, placing her manicured hand on my chest. My lip lifts in disgust as I knock them right back off me. After the first few times of us fucking, I got bored, but she did the opposite. Anytime another girl got within a few feet of me, she would scare them off and it became too much, so breaking things off with her was the right call. But if she is anything, it's persistent.

Becca was—how can I say this nicely—very vanilla? Not many women have kept my interest for long and now I can add her to the long list of names.

"What do you want, Becca?" She rolls her eyes at me, but doesn't leave like I was hoping. As she opens her mouth, a loud huff grabs my attention from behind her. When I look in the direction of the noise, my eyes land on a literal *Angel*.

The Angel looks a little flustered as she tries to read the paper in her hand,

which looks to be a map of the school. She lets out a frustrated breath and her eyes shoot up, looking in every direction.

Becca is talking all kinds of nonsense, but I don't hear a word of what she is saying. Her loud ass mouth brings the attention of the lost girl in my direction. When our eyes meet, a surge of electricity shoots through me. Her mouth parts as she stares at me. Becca must have caught on that I have no interest in what's coming out of her mouth and all my attention is on the Angel.

"Damon? Are you even listening to me?" Becca asks, but I push her forehead back with the tip of my pointer finger and walk past her until I'm a few feet away from the person I actually want to be talking to. Becca's voice protests behind me, but I don't stop.

"You lost, Angel?" Her eyes grow wide but her mouth doesn't seem to work as she looks up at my towering frame. I can't help the smirk taking over my face. *She's a little thing.*

Becca stomps over to where we are standing and rudely interrupts, "Who the hell are you?" Her voice is full of venom that doesn't need to be directed at this beautiful Angel in front of us.

"Um—" Her eyes move between Becca and me before she settles her gaze on Becca. "I'm Tate. My Econ teacher quit, and I got transferred to a different class. Do you guys know where Professor Reid's classroom is?" Becca opens her mouth, probably to tell Tate to leave us alone, but before she gets the chance, I grab Tate's hand and begin to lead us away from a yelling Becca.

"I'll take you to his class. I took it last year for my sophomore year."

"Thank you." Her voice is so soft and quiet, and I can't help where my mind instantly goes.

I bet I could make her scream with just my fingers alone. As we walk towards the Econ class, I can't seem to take my eyes off her the whole time. I want nothing more than to touch her in any way possible. But something tells me she is different. And I can't wait to find out how, but this will take time. I find myself wanting to know everything about this girl. And I won't stop until I do.

Tate-

I stand there like an idiot with my mouth open like a fish, as Damon stands there with a smirk on his handsome face. Like he knows what kind of effect he has on me. A very loud girl is glaring at me as she asks me who I am. The panic is rising in my chest the longer I stand here with him, but I manage to ask the question I've been too nervous to ask anyone else around me.

My eyes go back to Damon's, only to find his gaze still on me. My face is

heating under his attention. He tells me he will show me where the class is, and before the other girl, who I think is named Becca, can say anything else, he is leading us in the opposite direction. Everyone knows of the four men who run this school and one happens to be the man who is more than happy to take me to my class.

Damon Carter is holding my hand. He is holding my hand while the girl who was with him loudly protests in the background, her voice getting farther and farther away the further we get from her.

Gripping my bag with my free hand on my shoulder, I mess with the strap in a lame attempt to calm myself down. *Where the hell is Maddie when I need her?*

I can feel his eyes on me as we walk, but I don't dare look up at him. *He is, like, really tall.*

After a few minutes of silence, we stop in front of a door with other students that are already heading inside. I finally glance up at him, which causes me to strain my neck.

"Thank you for showing me the way." I give him a small smile and go to turn. I need to get away from him before I do something embarrassing. But before I can, his hand grabs mine and he yanks me back until I hit his chest with an oomph.

"I'll see you around, Angel." His voice is only loud enough for me to hear, causing my body to break out in goosebumps.

This time when I take a step back, he unfortunately lets me go and I instantly miss the feeling of his hand in mine. That's when I first realize I *am* screwed.

I want him like I've never thought was possible.

And I know nothing will ever happen.

CHAPTER ONE

Six Months later-

Tate

As I step through the door, I'm hit by a wall of noise. The bass from the music is booming and I can feel it vibrating through my entire body. The air is thick with the scents of sweat, alcohol, and various other substances. It's clear this is going to be a wild night. A night I didn't really want to be a part of, but Maddie, the party queen herself, wouldn't stop begging me to come until I said yes.

Navigating our way through the crowd, I see the house has been transformed, making it look like something fresh out of a movie. The living room, once filled with furniture and decorations, is now a dance floor. Neon lights shine throughout the entire house while bodies move in a synchronized rhythm to the beat of the music, jumping and swaying as they take up every inch of space.

Girls grind on guys as their drinks slosh over the rim, landing on the floor. I wouldn't want to be the person who owns this house and has to clean everything up tomorrow.

In the kitchen, empty beer bottles and red Solo cups are scattered across every surface. The counters are sticky with spilled drinks, and my face scrunches up at the feeling of my heels sticking to the ground. A group of people huddle around the keg, taking turns filling up their cups and shouting over the music. I recognize a few people from campus, but nobody I'm friends with.

"You want a drink?" Maddie turns to me as we step farther into the kitchen toward a large amount of alcohol spread out on the counter.

"Yeah, sure," I raise my voice to try to speak over the music.

With a smile, she grabs my hand and pulls us through the sea of people, quickly making two drinks and taking us in the direction of the hall. I notice the bedrooms have also become makeshift lounges, with people sprawled out on the bed and floor, passing joints and taking hits from bong. A couple is making out on one of the beds, oblivious to the chaos around them.

As I take in the surrounding scene, I can't help but feel a mix of excitement

and apprehension. This is what college is supposed to be all about, right? The wild parties, the new experiences, and the freedom to let loose and forget about the stresses of everyday life.

Tell that to my anxiety.

But at the same time, I can't help but wonder what kind of trouble I might find myself in before the night is over.

Nothing good ever comes from these types of parties. Hangovers, vomiting, and someone possibly drugging your drink.

We can't forget about unwanted pregnancies—definitely don't want that.

As we make our way back into the main room, my attention is drawn to people gathering around the couches. Everyone is yelling with excitement, and of course, Maddie being Maddie, she drags us that way. It doesn't take me long to recognize several people once we're closer.

A few friendly faces smile and wave at Maddie and me. No one I'm really friends with, though. The first familiar faces I see are the four men seated on the couch. Mischief radiates off them like invisible waves, filling the room with electric energy.

Ace, the football team captain, is known for how sweet he can be. He's pretty tall, with a strong, muscular build and dirty blond hair. Next to him sits Roman, the broody, not-so-nice one. He has dark brown hair and tanned skin, like he spends most of his time in the sun. You can tell, even with him sitting down, that he is tall, too. He doesn't really like to talk to anyone other than his close-knit group. Even then, he still seems annoyed.

The next guy on the couch is Sebastian. Now, that's one guy who scares the fuck out of me. Everything about him screams *You come near me, and I'll murder you and your whole family*. I know my friend Mary and he have a history, which gives me another reason to stay clear from the dark and broody man. Speaking of Mary, I look over at the little couch off to the side she's claimed as her own, and it doesn't surprise me when I see her smoking a joint by herself. She sits there silently glaring at anyone who tries to approach her. Shaking my head, my attention moves back to the men on the couch.

My heart speeds up when my eyes clash with the last guy. Sitting there with his arms spread out behind him on the couch is Damon Carter.

Damon's skin is a canvas of inked designs, ranging from small symbols to more extensive and intricate artwork. The tattoos cover his arms, neck, and even parts of his face. He styles his black hair in a way that complements the overall aesthetic, which I assume he was going for. He's wearing a black T-shirt with blue jeans. Even in something so simple, he makes it look amazing.

Once we're standing on the outskirts of the group of people, I see the one

girl I hate, Becca, take a seat on Damon's lap. She smiles down at him and anger that has no reason to make its way into my chest creeps in when she leans down to whisper into his ear.

I know I can't really be upset. It's my fault I am too much of a pussy to even make eye contact with him, but that thought alone makes me feel like I'm going to have a heart attack.

Maddie must notice my internal dilemma because she looks at me and follows my gaze.

"Come on, Tate. You're too good for him, anyway. Plus, you look hot as fuck tonight. So, it's really his loss, not yours." She winks at me and grabs my hand. I look down at my outfit as I roll my eyes, knowing I don't look any different from any other day. I'm wearing my usual black crop top with skin-tight jeans and black Vans with my hair down. It doesn't really scream, *'Look at me, I'm hot!'*

It's nothing special.

Letting my gaze wander, I watch as both Becca and Briana spot Maddie and me. They make their way through the party and over toward us in an instant. I brace myself for whatever horrible comment will come out of their mouths; only what comes out as they stop in front of us isn't what I was expecting. Especially because I know Maddie doesn't necessarily like the pair, either. Not to mention Becca has had it out for me since the day I met her and Damon.

"Oh my God, Maddie! It's so good to see you. How have you been?" Briana asks.

Maddie lets her normal resting bitch face settle before she speaks up, her words matching her facial expression, "Hmm, well, let's see, I was doing really good until you guys walked over here. Now, I'm annoyed by your voice and thinking how rude it was to ignore my bestie, who is standing right next to me. Not even a single hello. That's kind of an asshole-ish move if you ask me."

Both girls look taken aback by Maddie's blunt comment, causing me to chuckle.

"Oh, um. Yeah, hi Tate," Briana says with little to no enthusiasm, and Becca openly glares at me. I give them a small wave before I start looking around the room. I can't help but fidget with my hands, my foot tapping anxiously on the floor. Letting out a quiet sigh, I try my hardest to avoid looking at Damon again. But I know it's impossible because this time, when my eyes head back toward the couch he's occupying, I find his eyes already on me.

I stand there for what feels like forever as I stare back at him. All the noise in the room seems to disappear. His eyes dart from my mouth to my eyes.

Adrenaline is pumping through my veins, and my heart is beating faster than

usual. Ace must notice where Damon's attention is, because he bumps Damon's side, causing his eyes to leave mine for a moment before they snap back to mine again. But this time, he has a small smirk on his handsome face. Instantly, I drop my gaze to the floor, breaking the intensity of his stare.

CHAPTER TWO

Damon

Grabbing my attention, Ace shoves at me, making my gaze move towards Tate as she walks up to our group. She's so oblivious to how much I want her. To the ways I've made sure even though she's not mine yet, she definitely won't be anyone else's.

Her brown hair cascades down her back in soft waves, framing her delicate features. Her eyes are a light brown, full of warmth and kindness, but also hinting at a certain shyness or reserve.

She has a slender figure with curves that complement her outfit perfectly. Her style is modern, with a preference for simple pieces that fit the look she's going for. She may not be the center of attention in a room, but she could be if she wanted to. But I know that's not her thing. She's the complete opposite. She's the type of girl who likes to stay hidden in the background, which I both love and hate.

Before my thoughts can continue, Ace leans in to whisper something in my ear, "*Who's the hot girl?*" He nods his head in Tate's direction.

Before I can speak up, Roman leans forward in the chair. "There, gentlemen, is Tate Hope, a sophomore. I'm honestly surprised she's here. Doesn't really seem like her thing," he says before taking a sip of his beer. "She's in a few of my classes, usually likes to sit in the back away from everyone. Doesn't really hang out with anyone other than Maddie. I've talked to her a few times, though. She's pretty hot." Roman pauses before adding, "Great ass too." He gives me a wink.

"You gonna fuck her, or can I?" Ace asks, causing me to let out a humorless chuckle from my seat next to him. I love my friends more than anything, but the thought of them touching her in any way sends rage right through me.

I've known of Tate since the day she was a flustered mess and couldn't find her class in the beginning of this year. So, a few months ago. She was so shy and innocent when she looked up at me with her big eyes. Guess she hasn't changed much. I've tried to keep my distance from her, figuring she deserves someone better than a person like me. That's when my obsession with the perfect brown-

haired girl started.

I watched her at school, watched her walk home every day as I kept my distance, making sure she got there safely. I know she's probably seen me creeping close to her, but she hasn't said anything. Not that I would ever expect the little Angel to confront me. I probably scare her more than anyone else. Well, maybe not Seb, but he's a different breed of crazy.

Ace must see something wash over my face, because he throws his hands up in surrender, which causes Roman and Seb to laugh from their seats.

"*This one is mine,*" I say. Sipping on my warm beer, I think about how she will look on her knees as she takes my cock down her throat. That thought causes me to move in my seat in a lame attempt to adjust my growing erection.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Roman asks with a devilish smile plastered on his face. I know exactly what he's thinking, and this wouldn't be the first time we've shared someone, but this time they won't lay a finger on her. The protectiveness that washes over me when it comes to her should be concerning.

"Yeah, boys. I think this time will be a little different, though. You guys can sit back and enjoy the show." Seb and Romans' faces light up with smirks as Ace looks around the room for someone.

I let my mind wander to the beginning of when I realized Tate was someone I wanted. No. *Needed*.

After helping Tate find her Econ class at the beginning of the semester, I found out what other classes she was taking. Luckily for me, she was taking swimming as an elective, so I snuck into the locker room, and I found her locker. I broke into it and stole her silky red thong. Later that night, it was what got me off. I never wanted to drive to her house more than I did that night. Okay, that's a lie. I want to do that all the time.

The moment Becca threw herself down on my lap earlier, it took everything in me not to toss her to the ground, but I wanted to see how my Angel reacted to seeing another girl on my lap. When Becca leaned down to whisper in my ear, I saw a flicker of anger in her eyes before Maddie started talking to her about God knows what. Then they walked in the direction of the kitchen.

I don't like that I can't see her.

Not wanting to be too far from her, I stand from the couch and tell the guys I'm going to grab another beer. Roman is the only one who knows how deep my obsession with Tate goes. And only because he helped me install the camera in her yard in the middle of the night a few months ago.

Her well-being is the only thing that matters. I know she lives somewhere safe, but I had to be sure. Is putting a camera in her yard to keep an eye on her

and everyone who comes and goes a little extreme? Well, yes. Absolutely, but I never claimed to be sane.

Once I find where my Little Angel is, I lean against the wall and watch as Tate and Maddie lose themselves to the music. Watching her body sway to the beat is completely agonizing. I don't think I've been this hard in my entire life. It's like the mere image of her does it for me for some reason. I've never had this with any other girl. That's how I know she's meant to be mine. It's what started this wicked obsession I have with her.

Roman and Ace are standing next to me, but I'm not sure when they even got there since my eyes haven't left Tate. When I look over, they're both staring in the same direction I am, but their eyes are singled in on Maddie. Watching her every move. I decide not to push them about it and look back at my Angel.

The smile on Tate's face is infectious. I don't have much to smile about, but I find myself wanting to the longer I watch her.

A few songs later, Maddie leans in and whispers something to Tate. Tate nods her head before Maddie is pulling them away from the giant group of people who're still dancing.

Before I can follow behind them, Ace is standing in front of me with a knowing look on his face. "Why are you acting like a complete stalker tonight?"

I can't help the smirk that pulls at my lips. But I don't give him an answer as I push past him.

Passing the threshold of the kitchen, I see a flustered Tate trying to keep up with Maddie as they make their way to the keg, but there are so many people in here who don't seem to care about anyone else around, which pisses me off.

I walk quickly until I'm right behind Tate as a group of drunk girls rush past her, causing her to lose her balance, but thankfully, I'm there to catch her.

CHAPTER THREE

Tate

My vision blurs a tad after the second shot Maddie hands me. I didn't expect to come here to drink, but here I am. My body feels warm, and contentment beats through my veins.

We dance and sing songs with random people; our bodies move in synchronized rhythm to the loud pop song blaring through the house. The neon lights shining everywhere only add to the fun. For once, my anxiety is replaced with no care at all.

Maddie moves behind me and grabs my hips as we grind on each other. I feel myself relax a tad, knowing my best friend is here with me. The feeling of eyes on me when the song ends is what makes me turn around to face Maddie. But that feeling doesn't lessen. Trying not to get freaked out, I take a deep breath.

"Let's go get another drink. I'm thirsty," my words come out louder than needed, which causes Maddie to laugh, but she heads in the direction of the kitchen.

Trying to avoid getting shoved by the crowd of people who are also in search of drinks, I stick close to Maddie. My nerves calm a tad now that we are out of the room, the pounding in my chest finally dissipating. Maddie's sweaty hand grabs mine, and she pulls me with her, navigating our way to the keg. But as it comes into view, I'm shoved back as a group of girls pass through.

Of course, the one to knock into me is the one and only Becca. "Watch where you are going, Tate." Her face transforms into a sneer as her shoulder hits mine, causing me to lose my grip on Maddie. Stumbling backward, I brace myself to hit the floor. Only I don't drop down. Instead, I feel a hard chest against my back and a powerful set of arms wrap around me, holding me up. Becca storms off without another word.

Once I'm firmly on my feet, based on the electricity shooting up my spine, I think I know exactly who has his arms around me. The strong scent of cedar and clove invade my nose, making it impossible to think about anything other than the man it belongs to.

He doesn't give me time to think as my body is being turned, and I'm face-

to-face with the man I've been infatuated with for as long as I have known of his existence.

Before I have the opportunity to say anything, I'm being yanked back by Maddie, making me realize Damon isn't alone. Ace and Roman are both standing a few steps away. Ace has a smile on his face as he stares at Maddie, but Roman only looks bored. The tension grows thicker as I realize Damon's eyes haven't left mine.

Then Maddie speaks up, pulling me behind her, "Thanks for the save and all, but unless you brought drinks with you, we have more important things to do." She goes to turn, only this time, an arm wraps around her just as quickly. She attempts to turn her head with a scowl etched on her face.

When Roman's words come out, she stops her fight against him, "Not so fast, Little Mouse. Scurrying away so quickly?"

She tries to yank her arm from his grip, a scowl still on her face, as an intimidating smile pulls at his lips. Maddie's face turns redder as the minutes pass. It has her looking like she's ready to explode. But before she has the chance, the tension is cut when Damon speaks up. His eyes trained on me.

He disregards everything and steps over to where I am standing. Leaning down close enough for me to feel his breath hit my cheek, he talks into my ear, "Let's get you a drink, Angel. You look parched." He steps back, a lazy smile on his face.

I nod my head as if my mouth forgot how to work, but he doesn't seem to mind as he takes my hand in his. The butterflies in my stomach are growing as he pulls me with him. When I look around, I notice multiple sets of eyes are on me. Quickly, my eyes move towards the ground, trying to avoid all intense contact with the stares of everyone, making me grow more uncomfortable by the second. Not because of being with Damon, but because of the attention that comes with it.

Turning, I look back over my shoulder to check on Maddie, only to find Ace has now thrown his arm over her shoulder. Roman still has a smile on his face, but Maddie is definitely pissed. A small smile pulls on my lips as we stop in front of the keg.

Catching me off guard, Damon speaks up, causing me to turn back towards him, "What do you want to drink?"

God, how is he so beautiful? Never in a million years did I think I'd be talking to someone like him.

"Tate?" he says, breaking my inner thoughts on him. I can feel my face heat as he smirks. Probably knowing exactly what I was thinking about.

I clear my throat, forcing the words out, "Just water or something."

He nods, grabs a new cup off the counter, and walks to the fridge before pulling it open and retrieving a cold bottle of water. Throwing a few ice cubes into the cup, he walks back over to where I am, and cracks open the water bottle before pouring it into the cup. It's kind of weird he knows I like my water really cold, right? Or is that like a normal thing?

He hands me the cup, and I bring it to my lips, my eyes closing as the ice-cold water flows down my dry throat. When my eyes open, I find Damon's watchful gaze still on me.

I bring the back of my hand up to wipe the water off my lips, and he tracks my every movement. His eyes are full of something I can't quite make out.

As I go to set my cup down, someone bumps into me from behind. *Again*. The cup falls from my hand, hitting the floor, and I fly forward and right into Damon's chest.

Fuck.

This is the second time tonight he has caught me.

"Oh, shit sorry, Tate!" a member from the football team says after realizing he almost made me fall.

"It's fine, Ryle." I give him a reassuring smile.

Ryle nods before he looks at Damon and leaves without another word.

Damon's hands still have a tight grip on me, but he doesn't loosen it as he asks me if I'm okay.

"That is the second time you have saved me from falling on my ass," I respond with a chuckle. The moment his hands leave my skin, I instantly miss the feeling of his hands on me.

"You know your smile is beautiful. You should do it more often." His brown eyes don't leave mine as I look up at him, trying hard not to let my anxiety take over, but my heart is beating so hard in my chest.

I'm pretty sure my face is beet red, because that is not something I expected him to say. "Um, thank you," I say, stumbling over my words as I try to sound nonchalant, but I am sure it came out as barely a whisper as my voice wavers.

A smile pulls on his lips. He looks like he wants to say more, but before he can, Maddie is pulling me out of the trance I seem to be in. Informing me she grabbed our drinks. I look down after remembering my water, but she's already pulling me toward the party, and away from Damon.

CHAPTER FOUR

Tate

After the intensity of what transpired in the kitchen, I'm thankful for the alcohol in this cup. Even though I told myself I was done drinking for the night.

I plop down into an empty seat, as Maddie talks it up with a few people she knows from school. I'm kind of glad for the break from talking, because Maddie can *talk*. As much as I love her and would talk to her about literally everything, I also am enjoying people watching.

My eyes wander around the room we're in. There are so many people here. Most are standing around talking and sipping their drinks. Some are making out against the wall, and a few girls look like they're fighting.

As I am about to take a drink, the small couch dips. A tall man is now taking up the space next to me. "Hey, Tate." Who the hell is this, and how does he know my name?

I look around for Maddie to save me from this conversation, but she's engrossed in her own with a girl named Vivian. The guy is still staring at me when I look back at him.

"Not to sound rude, but do I know you?"

The guy smiles before leaning down closer to my ear so I can hear him. "I'm a friend of Maddie's. We have an English class together. My name is Sawyer. Did she not mention me to you?" Sawyer looks offended that my dear best friend forgot to mention anything about him at all.

He's definitely hot, but I don't know. He isn't someone I could see myself with. I shake my head no before I say, "I'm sorry, she didn't, but it's nice to meet you." I reach my hand out and he chuckles before grabbing mine. His hands are soft. A blush takes over my face at his next words.

"I'm sorry to be so straightforward, but you're absolutely gorgeous. I'd love to hang out a little tonight, maybe grab another drink if that's alright with you?"

I open my mouth to reject him because this must be some kind of joke. But before I could answer him, something catches my attention out of the corner of my eye. I look over and find Ace pushing Damon back onto the couch. The look on his face is lethal. His eyes don't leave Sawyer's place next to me. Sawyer

must notice where my eyes are, because when I look back over at him, it looks like he's seen a ghost. A light layer of sweat coats his face, and he swallows before looking back down at me with a nervous smile. "Actually, I forgot I had asked someone else to grab a drink, so never mind. See you around, Tate." He stands abruptly and walks quickly out of the room.

Damon didn't even have to get up or mutter a word to Sawyer to put the fear of God into him. My heart starts pounding when my eyes shoot back to Damon's—Only to find him smirking at me.

God. He's so hot.

I. Am. Screwed.

I'm not sure how much time passes as I sit there, my mind wandering to many different places. My drink is gone, but no one else has approached me. And I'm pretty sure that's because Damon has glared at everyone who has even gotten close to me, besides Maddie.

Becca stands from her seat, making her way back over to Damon's lap, whispering something in his ear, causing him to grin. I can't help but feel a pang of jealousy as I watch them together. So, he can have another girl sit on his lap, but no one can even talk to me? What the hell? I go to stand, ready to go socialize to prove a point, but then Becca stands once again. She starts announcing her plans to the group of people gathered around us.

"So, I think it's time to play a game," she says, clapping her hands together like an annoying little girl.

Okay, Tate. Be nice.

"We are going to play Seven Minutes in Heaven." She continues telling everyone the rules as Briana passes around a pad of paper and a pen to get everyone's names. I sit there, ready to deny it when it's my turn. This isn't really something I want to take part in. There's no way in hell I'm playing that game. My stomach hurts even when I think about watching Damon and another girl go into a room to do God knows what. That thought alone causes me to grip the armrest until my knuckles turn white.

Whatever hold this man has on me needs to end.

Maddie stands and makes her way over to me with the notepad in her hand. I'm already shaking my head before she says anything.

"Here." She tries to hand it to me, but I'm already holding my hands out to stop her.

"Absolutely not." I give her my best fake smile and pretend to drink down the rest of what's left in my empty cup before fidgeting with the broken rim.

"Come on, Tate! Please? Live a little." She gives me her best puppy dog eyes, but that shit doesn't work on me. She should know this already.

“Nope,” I say while popping the P.

“Fine, whatever, but you’re going to regret not playing.”

I laugh at her words. “Do I get bonus points if I act like I care?” I ask, smiling sarcastically.

Before she turns and walks back toward the group of girls, she leans closer to me so I can hear her. “Tonight, you need to face your fears and tell your anxiety to fuck the fuck off. Enjoy yourself when the time comes. Every girl wants a man to look at her and tell her to take her panties off. I’ll be back in a minute.” She doesn’t give me a chance to respond as she turns to make her way back in the direction she came from.

My mouth hangs open at her outburst. She writes her own name down and then makes her way back to where I am sitting. She takes a seat next to me. Her eyes occasionally wander over to me, but she doesn’t say much as we sit and wait for the game to start.

They begin to rip off all the names and throw them into a red Solo cup.

“Alright, who wants to go first?” Briana asks.

A few random people volunteer.

The first girl goes upstairs with a boy who looks like he’s going to pass out from nerves. She looks equally as nervous. But also excited as she leads him away from the group.

After three turns, the last two people come down as everyone is preparing to play again.

My palms begin to sweat because *his* turn is coming up, and I can feel my heart pounding. Mainly at the thought of him being alone with another girl.

I want to be that girl, but of course, I couldn’t allow myself out of my comfort zone long enough to play.

Damon grabs the cup from Becca and pulls a piece of ripped paper out. Becca has a snarky smile on her face like she knows exactly what’s going to happen.

After he reads the paper, his eyes look around the room for the lucky person who gets to be alone with him.

What I wasn’t preparing myself for was for his eyes to meet mine and a wild smirk to be on his face. “What does it say?” Becca demands as she steps over to him and rips the paper out of his hand.

“What?!” she yells as her head flips in my direction. My eyes grow wide. What the hell is going on? “That’s impossible!” Her voice is growing impossibly louder. “She didn’t even put her name in the cup!” Becca’s voice is so shrill that some people around us cover their ears as she stomps off like the spoiled brat she is. When I look over at Maddie, she has a giant smile on her face, and she brings

her cup up to her mouth, trying to hide it.

Fucking bitch.

My heart rate quickens as I hear my name being called out, but I can't get myself to focus on anything. Damon is standing in front of me with his palm open, waiting for me to take it, but I stare at it like it's on fire.

My eyes finally drag up to his.

"Come on, Tate."

CHAPTER FIVE

Damon

Tate looks up at me, my hand still stretched toward her. Big brown eyes full of fear look up at me from her seat, sending a wave of heat straight to my cock.

After a few moments of contemplating what she wants to do, she places her small hand in mine.

Not that I would've given her the choice. She's coming with me, regardless. I'd never do anything she wouldn't want, but that doesn't mean I'm not dying to get away from all these people and talk to her somewhere quieter.

I pull her up, making my way towards the stairs, away from the crowd of people. I hear Ace and Roman hollering from back in their seats. A smile breaks over my face. Her hand feels so small in mine, and I never want to let her go. But before we get to the stairs, Becca comes into view. Her steps slow as she gets closer, drink in hand and eyes locked on Tate.

Before anyone can react, Becca trips on something and comes flying toward us. The liquid splashing all over Tate. Becca rights herself quickly, a menacing smile spreading over her face as she looks at Tate who is still standing behind me, but now is soaking wet. Her shirt is sticking to her skin like glue. "Oops," is all Becca says but I don't care to give her my attention.

Tate looks up at me, embarrassment clouding her eyes, but fuck that. Becca's lame attempt at embarrassing her in front of me won't work. It honestly turned me on more to see her all wet. "Let's go get you out of those wet clothes, Angel." I send her a wink and take her hand in mine. Becca begins to whine. Clearly upset her lame attempt to do whatever it was, didn't work as she had hoped.

I can't help but notice the way her fingers tremble slightly in mine. Her nervousness is palpable. "Are you okay?" I look down at her as I sidestep Becca and we continue on our way. We make our way through the crowd of people that are gathered on the stairs before she answers me with a small nod and a smile.

Everyone moves out of my way when they see us coming.

Smart.

I pay no mind to all the idiotic people here in my house as we pass by all the

bedroom doors. I stop once we reach the end of the hall and push my door open, her hand falls from mine. My arm extends to offer for her to enter first and her body barely brushes mine. And it feels like electricity shoots through me.

Fuck, I need this girl in every way possible.

I step through the threshold and close my door behind me. The music fades behind the wall that separates us from the raging party. Tate is standing there looking all out of place and nervous as I lean back against the door.

“Guess this is your first time playing this game?”

Her head whips to me. “Um. No. I’ve played before. It’s just been a while,” she says with a nervous smile that she tries to mask with a confident smirk. Her fingers play with the end of her wet shirt.

She’s full of shit.

“Come here, then.”

She instantly goes still, her eyes widening, but she quickly masks her face once again. “I—” she starts, but closes her mouth when she notices my raised eyebrow.

I watch her make her way over to where I am standing. She stops when she’s in front of me, but I circle around her so I’m standing with her back to my front, not caring if I get wet from her shirt. Our clothes will be off soon enough, anyway. My hands wrap around her hips as I pull her back into my chest.

“Out of the many ways I’ve pictured you in my room, this isn’t how I imagined your first time would be,” I tell her.

A short breath escapes her lungs, and she lightly jumps as if my presence frightens her. That alone makes me even harder, which I’m sure she can feel pressing into her lower back.

My lips grow wide with a smile. “Why are you so jumpy?” I question against her neck, but she doesn’t answer. “Is this okay?” Tate nods, her breathing becoming deeper the more my hands move on her hips.

Moving my hands off her hips and under her shirt in the direction of her stomach, I feel her skin break out in goosebumps. I lower my mouth to the crook of her neck. My lips barely touch her, but I can feel her skin flush at the contact.

The delicious aroma of warm vanilla mingled with a hint of honey fills my senses, making me want to get impossibly closer to her. She tilts her neck to the side to grant me better access. Without any thought, I rub my dick against her ass, causing her to let out a small gasp.

“Such a sweet girl,” I murmur against her skin.

Her body relaxes into me like we’ve been lovers for years.

The feeling of her ass pressing back against me lets me know I’m not overstepping. “You like that, Angel?” My teeth sink into her neck, and she

groans as she begins squirming against me. “You gonna be a good little slut for me and let me fuck you tonight?” I whisper into her ear.

She stiffens at my words. But just as fast, she relaxes against me once again.

“Answer me, Tate.”

“Yes.” Her eyes focus on mine as she looks over her shoulder.

CHAPTER SIX

Tate

Damon kisses me with so much need. The feeling of his gentle lips on mine sends a wave of desire straight between my legs. The wetness soaks my panties as he leans forward, moving lower as he kisses down my throat again until he reaches the hem of my collar.

“Take this off,” he demands, pulling at the ends of my shirt to lift it over my head.

He groans deep in the back of his throat when he sees me in only my bra. His scent swarms around me, and I involuntarily breathe it in.

The next thing I know, Damon is moving us in the direction of the bed. The back of my knees hit the mattress, and he lightly pushes me onto my back. My body sinks into his soft bed as his eyes move up my body before he leans down and trails his mouth along my exposed skin.

Strong fingers hook into my pant loops before he starts lowering them down my legs, leaving me in nothing but my matching bra and panties. Damon moves so he’s on his knees in between my legs, giving him a perfect view of my barely covered pussy. Eyes that have been growing even darker make their way up my bare body.

“Your pussy is so wet for me,” the words leave his lips as his fingers lightly graze over my swollen clit, leaving trails of fire on my skin.

“I can see how bad you need me.” His dirty words cause my core to throb with need. As his fingers are about to move the material covering my center, there’s a loud knock at the door, making him pause as his fingers are starting to touch me.

A frustrated growl leaves his mouth as he gets off the bed to see who knocked. Throwing the door open, he stands in the opening so he’s blocking the view of whoever is on the other side, but I push myself to the left to try to get a glimpse of who’s at the door. My eyes land on Becca standing there with a scowl on her face as she crosses her arms.

“Your seven minutes are up, Damon.” She tries to reach for his arm, but he takes a step out of her reach before replying.

“What I have planned for Tate will need a lot more than seven minutes,” he

replies, slamming the door in her face before she can respond. Locking the door, he turns back to me with a predatory gaze in his eyes, making me grow wetter in anticipation of what is going to happen next. When he gets back on the bed, his mouth is instantly on mine. I can't help the whimper that leaves my mouth as he kisses me like he can't get enough, before moving his lips move lower.

The feeling of his warm breath along my neck sets me off, and I can't help but wrap my legs around his waist. Feeling how hard his cock is getting as it tents his pants, he grinds his length against my pussy, letting me know how big he is. It fuels the fire inside of me even more. He sits up, leaning on his heels before grabbing my thighs and spreading my legs. I feel so exposed, but right now I don't care. All I want is for him to touch me.

Next thing I know, Damon is reaching into his pocket, pulling out a black blade. He flips it open.

"What are you doing, Damon?" I ask, suddenly out of breath, but as if sensing my fear, his lips curve into a malicious grin. He doesn't answer me as he places the sharp tip on the base of my throat, and slowly grazes the blade down my skin. It's sharp enough that a light trail of blood is left in its wake. The pain coming from the blade sends a wave of desire through me.

"I want to mark up this perfect skin of yours, Tate. Watch you bleed for me." His deep voice soothes me as I press forward a tad, which causes the blade to dig slightly more into my skin. I never thought this would be something I would be into, but I find myself not wanting him to stop.

He drags the blade down to my bra and slides the tip of the blade under the fabric in between my breasts. With a quick flick of his wrist, he cuts my bra down the center, making it fall open, leaving my bare breasts exposed. He returns the blade to my sensitive skin, and, with more pressure than before, he allows the tip to graze my hardening nipples.

I let out a hiss at the contact. He gives the other one the same attention before moving lower. I can feel my heart rate speeding up as I grip the sheets in my hands.

The more pressure he adds to the blade, the more blood pools up on my skin. His fingers follow the blood trail, as if he wants to mark me with it. Like he's proud to be the one to make me bleed. My stomach flips, and I press my eyes closed as molten heat runs over me from his touch. Nervousness washes over me, but it's taken over by excitement for where this night seems to be going.

When the blade is no longer on my skin, my eyes open, only to find him grabbing one side of my thong and using the blade to cut through it. He does the same on the other side, leaving me completely exposed.

He takes both pieces of my ruined lingerie off me and tosses the black fabric on the floor next to the bed. I lay there looking up at the man I had been crushing on for months now, to find him looking down at me with the same look. His eyes are locked on mine. The hand that isn't holding his blade slides up my leg, inching its way higher and higher.

My eyes stray from his to the blade still in his other hand, and the suspense builds as I wonder if he's going to continue using it on me. Then, his hand stops its path up my body to grip my face.

"Ah, ah. Eyes on me, Angel. No one gave you permission to look away." My eyes instantly shoot back to his. Taking the hand from my face, he settles it on my throat.

Lightly gripping me, he pulls my mouth to his. His tongue teases the seam of my lips, wanting entry, making both my lips and legs part open again, allowing him to settle between both. When the kiss becomes more domineering, he pulls away, bringing his face down next to my ear.

His words come out in a breathy whisper, "What would I feel if I reached between your legs right now, Angel? Did dragging my blade against your pretty skin make you wet?" His words pause as he pulls back so our eyes lock once again. A wicked grin is plastered on his face. "Or is it the thought I might take this blade and make you bleed a little more? Maybe take the handle and shove it into that pretty little pussy of yours, huh? Which, one Angel?"

My mind is racing at all the new images he put in my head.

"I asked you something, Angel. Be a good girl and answer me."

Searching my mind to find the words, I say the one thing coming to mind, "All of it," I blurt out, without thinking, "All of it makes me wet." My last word comes out as a whimper.

His smile grows more wicked as he begins praising me, "Such a good girl for me."

Pulling me closer to him, he lays one final soft kiss on my lips, reassuring me I'm safe here. That it's only the two of us. The feeling of his hands on me is the only thing making me calm and ridding me of the anxiousness that was trying to take over.

His eyes peer into mine as he says, "Although I love how much this turns you on, Angel. For what is going to happen next, I'll need your full attention." With that, he closes the blade and puts it away.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Damon-

I climb off the bed and make my way over to the couch on the other side of the room, leaving her wanting more, but it's my turn now. I let the anticipation build until it's her time.

I can see how eager she is to please me, though. Her eyes are glazing over as she sits up on the bed looking in the direction I'm headed in. Blood is still smeared on her perfect skin that I so desperately want to carve into, but now isn't the time for that. No, now I need to feel her mouth wrapped around me or this might end before it's even started.

Such a beautiful sight. The redness coating her chest, knowing I was the one to make her bleed, makes it even better.

"Come here and get on your knees, Angel," I tell her as she scurries off the bed, dropping to her knees right in between mine.

"You're going to take my cock down your throat like a good girl?" She nods vigorously, reaching for the button of my jeans, but stops as she looks up at me for approval before continuing. My head nods on its own accord. After undoing the button, she pulls the zipper down at a torturing speed. I can feel the sexual tension rolling off her in waves.

She pulls me free of both my jeans and boxers, allowing my hard cock to spring free.

A small drop of liquid shines at the tip and she generously sticks out her tongue as she licks it off, causing me to hiss through my teeth at the contact. She wraps her hand around the base before taking the tip in her mouth. I'll allow her to have a few moments of control to ease her into this, knowing she doesn't have a lot of experience.

But only for a few moments.

"Take me deep in your mouth, baby. Show me how much you need it. How much you love my cock in your mouth, Angel."

Wrapping my hand in her hair, I start to guide her up and down my length. Holding her there for a few seconds as my dick hits the back of her throat. I watch as tears spring to her innocent eyes, which makes me snap.

I place my hand on the back of her head to give her some more support as I

thrust my hips forward, causing my length to glide down the back of her throat once again. Her eyes go wide as she looks up at me.

“Relax your throat for me, Angel.” I let out a moan when she listens like the good girl she is. “You look so pretty, gagging on my cock. With those tears streaming down your beautiful face.”

My hand caresses her cheek, wiping away her tears as I bring my fingers to my mouth, loving the way she tastes.

Tate tries to reach down to touch herself. To get some form of release to break the pressure building inside her, but before she can, I stop her with my words.

“Don’t even think about it, Angel. You don’t have permission to touch yourself. Your pussy belongs to me now.” Tate might not be very sexually experienced, I’m assuming, due to the innocence held in her big, brown eyes. Not to mention how much I pay attention to everything this girl does. Every guy that has tried to come close to her, I’ve scared them off. I knew the day was coming when I could make her mine, but I needed to be patient. Needed to make sure she was ready for me. And now, I know she is.

The way her mouth feels wrapped around me makes me feel like I’m seconds away from exploding down her throat.

As I yank her hair back, my cock falls out of her mouth with a pop. Tate’s mascara is running down her flushing cheeks, and spit is running down her chin. Her naked body glistens before me, begging for attention.

I’ve never seen someone look more beautiful than she does right now. I grab her roughly by the arm before flinging her back on the bed. Her body bounces, and she lets out a gasp at the contact. Stepping closer to the bed until my knees hit the mattress, I make my way to where she lays on display for me.

“Get on your hands and knees, Angel,” I tell her. She follows my command perfectly as she moves her body to get in position.

“I want to see that ass up in the air, ready to take me.” She arches her back towards me, pushing her ass up eagerly.

“You ready, Angel?” I ask her.

“Yes.” She sounds like she’s been ready for me all night.

I run my hands over her hips, feeling her soft skin under my touch until I reach her pussy, which is glistening in the dimly lit room. She’s beyond ready, but I can’t help but tease her a little more. Running a finger through her slit, I gather up all the wetness on my finger before bringing it up to my lips and licking it off with a groan.

What is coming soon will either turn her the fuck on or make her run out of here with no glance back, but I have a feeling my Angel isn’t as vanilla as she

tries to come off as, which gives me another idea. “You really aren’t that innocent, aren’t you? You’re a naughty little girl is what you are.”

My fingers continue to run down her lower back until I reach her ass and her body stiffens. “Anyone ever touched you here, Angel?”

She shakes her head before answering, “No. Never.”

The juices from her pussy have spread along everything, so I apply pressure to her tight asshole, and it allows me to enter without any effort.

Not wanting to hurt her, I go slow. Once my finger passes the tight rim of muscles, she starts to relax. As I’m slowly pumping my finger in and out, she starts moaning at the pleasure I am giving her.

“You like that, Angel?” I ask her as I keep my finger moving in and out of her ass.

“Fuck,” she breathes out. “Yes, please don’t stop, Damon.” When I add a second finger, she yells out at the pleasure. Or maybe it’s pain. Both thoughts turn me the fuck on.

Her words come out mumbled from her face being pressed into the mattress. Leaning down, I remove my fingers and spread her wide open for my viewing pleasure. Once I have the image of her spread out for me, I move between her legs. I drag my tongue from her clit all the way to her ass and back. Lapping at her drenched pussy, soaking in her taste.

Salty and sweet.

Something I can find myself becoming even more obsessed with.

Hearing Tate moan out my name is my undoing.

Hearing her beg for my cock.

Her pleas bring me to the brink of insanity.

“I can’t wait to be inside you. Watch you come all over my cock. I want to leave my marks all over your skin. To hear you gasp for breath as you ride me,” the words leave my mouth as I stop my attack on her and sit up.

Gripping her hair in my fist, I yank her toward me, before whispering in her ear, “I’m going to fuck you like a good little slut and you’re going to take everything I give you.” I position myself right behind her and line myself up with her pussy. With a single thrust forward, I bury myself in her tight cunt and she screams. I’ve dreamt of this moment so many times, I can’t help myself now that I finally get to feel her grip me with her perfect little pussy.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Tate

I drop my mouth in surprise and a scream comes out as he pushes himself into me. It feels like he's everywhere. Mind and body are intertwined.

I'm overcome with all the sensations. So many new feelings as Damon works me like no one else has. He pumps his hips forward, making good on his threats of treating me like a slut. His fingers hold on to my hips, definitely leaving marks in their wake.

When Maddie told me about this party, this was the last thing I thought would happen.

Maybe to her, but not to me.

This is a dream, and when I wake up, I'll be in my own bed.

I can't imagine this being real.

"It can't be real."

"This is real, Angel. Every inch of me is pumping into you. It's all real, and I'll never let you forget it," he tells me.

I guess I said that last part aloud.

"Damon." His name slips out in a moan. "Harder. I want more. Please fuck me harder," I stutter through my heavy breaths as my hands grip the sheets.

Before I can anticipate his next move, he gathers my hair and pulls me up, so my back is flush with his chest.

A hand wraps around my throat, which makes me grab on to his arm with force. When he pulls out and slams back in, I moan loudly, digging my fingers into his flesh to keep myself steady as his thrusts become harder. "Please, Damon. I need to come."

The feeling of his length sliding in and out of me mixed with his words is what sends me over the edge. I start to come all over his cock as he begins to praise me.

"Such a good girl. Come all over my cock, Angel. I want it all." As I'm coming down from my high, I don't even have the time to realize the door somehow was unlocked, opened, and then closed.

On the other side of the room, sitting on the couch Damon and I were on not even that long ago, sit Ace, Roman, and Seb.

I scramble to get up off the bed but don't make it far before Damon is stopping me.

"Oh, my fucking God," I yell, pulling away and trying to cover myself up as much as I can. "What are you guys doing in here?"

"Relax, it's nothing we haven't seen before," Ace says as his hand finds Roman's thigh. The bass from the music adds to the scene unfolding in the room. I feel Damon grabbing my hands, trying to pry off the death grip I have on his sheets. He moves so he's behind me before leaning down and running his lips over the crook of my neck.

"They want to watch, Angel." I can feel the smile form on his face, which causes my heart to beat wildly in my chest. "Tell me that's okay. Will you let them watch how well you take my cock?" he asks. His fingers move around my body, pressing his chest to my back.

Soft fingers hit my clit, moving in pristine circles.

"Okay," my voice comes out in a quiet tone as all care in the world leaves my mind.

"That's my good girl." His fingers rub circles along my exposed skin. I lay my head back on his shoulder, allowing the sheet I was holding hostage to fall to the bed around my knees.

Doing exactly what Damon asked.

Giving his best friends a show.

I guess I am the main act.

Keeping my eyes closed so the intensity of what I'm doing won't cause my anxiety to take over, I breathe deeply through my nose. Realizing that as long as I can feel his skin on mine, I don't care who sees. So, I focus on Damon's hands on my body.

I can feel his free hand working its way up my body. When he gets to my throat, his hand gently wraps around it again as he uses his other hand to shove two fingers deep inside of me.

His thumb works my clit. When I feel like I'm brave enough, I open my eyes and they automatically land on the three men that are sitting on the couch, but this time they have their exceptionally large cocks in their hands as they watch us with so much lust in their eyes.

My breath hitches as the orgasm builds inside of me again.

I feel Damon's hot breath on my neck as his fingers come out of me, causing me to whine in protest.

He moves me over and lays down on his back, cock in hand as I sit on the side of the bed, confused by the new position.

"Come here, Angel."

Crawling across the bed until I'm kneeling right next to him, I try to ignore the other men in the room.

"Come sit on my dick but face *them*." I turn so my back is towards his face and swing my leg over him so I'm straddling his hips, but my eyes are still on the other men.

I notice Ace first. He has his cock out as he watches me on top of Damon.

Damon's hands wrap around my waist, so I'm leaning back on him. My back is on his chest as he reaches down and grabs my thighs, spreading them for everyone to see. Leaving me completely exposed to them.

My face heats up, but before I can get embarrassed, I feel Damon enter me from below and I let out a strangled moan.

His hips thrust upwards, causing my tits to bounce with every thrust. I drag my eyes over the men sitting on the couch. Seeing all three of them gripping themselves at the sight of me getting fucked does something for me, and I'm coming harder than I did before.

I scream out Damon's name repeatedly.

"Scream for them, Tate, tell them who's making you feel this good," he tells me.

And I do.

My nails dig into his thighs as I go over the edge, my core pulsing and spasming as he fucks me through my release.

I scream his name until I'm coming down with the best orgasm I've ever had.

But he's not done with me.

He flips me so I am lying on my back before his lips take mine and his tongue invades my mouth. Damon kisses me with so much force that I feel like I am going to come from the kiss alone. My eyes close once he breaks the kiss. I feel the exhaustion settle in, but Damon doesn't give me any time to rest. I feel strong fingers grip my jaw. My eyes shoot open and connect with Damon's.

"I want you to watch them." He turns my head but doesn't lessen his hold on my throat. His rough thumb rubs in a soothing motion on my skin. "I want you to come all over my face as you watch them touch themselves at the thought of you, Angel," he says with a knowing grin.

"Damon, I don't think I can..." I begin, but the next thing I know, Damon is lowering himself in between my legs as I let my eyes roam over the three incredibly sexy men on the couch.

I'm doing this to them.

Me.

I can't help the feeling of confidence that washes over me. I throw my head

back when Damon sucks my over-sensitive clit into his mouth. And then he's adding two fingers inside of me.

"It's too much, Damon," I say with a shaky breath. Stuck between wanting him to stop, but also wanting to stay like this forever.

"You can take it, Angel." He lightly kisses my clit before gently pressing a finger into my ass, putting his tongue on my clit once more.

I beg. I plead and scream as pleasure beats down on me, so sharp it's painful. The intensity of it all bursts out of me. But the pain morphs into pleasure, and that's what sends me over the edge once again. My vision blurs and my legs shake as he brings me to new heights I didn't even think were possible. He bites my clit as I scream, making me feel an excessive amount of wetness before my heartbeat starts to slow and I can take in everything around me.

I cover my face with my hands as embarrassment washes over me. The amount of wetness on Damon's bed is what lets me know he made me do something I've never done before. And I find myself wanting to do it again. And again.

When the spot between my legs becomes empty, I look around the room to find Damon. The sight in front of me makes my mouth go dry.

My eyes follow him as he walks in the direction of the three men sitting on the couch. Their eyes are trained on Damon and what he's going to do. Damon leans down close to Ace's mouth but not quite touching his lips.

"Open," he demands, and Ace follows his directions perfectly. I watch as he spits my release mixed with his spit right onto Ace's waiting tongue.

Even though I've already had an insane number of different things done to me tonight, I can't help but want more of it.

Holy fuck.

That was the hottest thing I've ever seen.

My eyes look up at Damon's as he makes his way back to me. A knowing smirk on his face as he nods back at the men on the couch. Like he knows I don't want to miss what is going on. When I look back over to them, a gasp leaves my mouth.

Ace doesn't swallow my release. *Nope*. He leans over and presses his mouth against Roman's, his tongue sliding inside of Roman's mouth as they both taste me. The sight nearly makes me pass out. My attention is pulled from the men making out on the couch when I feel Damon pressing the head of his cock back into my sore pussy. I wince at the pain, but it quickly fades as I watch the other three men stop what they're doing and stand from the couch, making their way over toward us.

They kneel on the bed as they stroke themselves.

What the fuck is my life right now?

I know they're all on the brink.

Ace is the first to fall over the edge. White strings of cum hit my chest as he moans loudly.

"Fuck." Roman follows right after, and Seb goes last. Their cum is covering my stomach, tits, and face.

I'm covered in them.

Ace is the first to speak up, "Such a pretty sight." He pushes the hair from my face before looking up at Damon with a nod. And for some reason, that brings a smile to my face.

"Does watching my friends come all over you turn you on, Angel?" Damon asks as I feel him getting close to releasing himself deep inside of me.

"Yes!" I say breathlessly.

"You look beautiful covered in their cum," he says as he pumps into me brutally. "Give me one more, baby."

And I do. I give him everything I have. As soon as I feel his hot spurts of cum fill me, my eyes grow heavy as everything goes black.

CHAPTER NINE

Damon

Tate passed out before I even got the chance to clean her up. So, I walk into the bathroom after pulling on my boxers, grabbing a towel to clean her off as best I can without waking her up. I'll wake her up to shower when I get back.

My poor Angel is tired after coming so many times.

All the guys left after they finished, allowing me to spend the rest of the night with Tate alone. I look down at her sleeping form, taking in how absolutely breathtaking she is. She thinks I didn't know who she was before tonight. But I plan on telling her I've wanted her for quite some time. She's not the kind of girl you fuck and kick out. She's the kind of girl you keep and bring home to meet your mom.

I didn't really expect things to go the way they did tonight. Honestly, I didn't even think she was going to come up here with me, and when she noticed the guys, I was sure she would run out of there. But she thrived on the attention, knowing someone was watching her get fucked. Knowing they were getting off on her body made her come so hard. I'd never allow them to touch her, but I'm more than happy to let them watch a few times.

I drag my fingers lightly over her naked body before I pull the covers over her.

The party is over.

I need everyone out of my house, so they don't wake her up, so I send out a group text to the guys.

Me: Hey. I'm coming down to end this party early.

Ace was the first to reply.

Ace: Awe, someone doesn't want his pretty slut to wake up after having the craziest sex she's probably ever had.

Me: Watch your goddamn mouth, Ace. Or I'll come down and beat your ass in my boxers.

Roman: And just like that, Damon has it even WORSE for little Miss Tate. If that's even possible. I thought installing the camera was crazy, but now I know you are truly obsessed. Poor girl.

Seb: There are so many nasty bitches here. Hurry and get them all out.

Ace: Wait- what camera?

I laugh at Sebastian's response because I know he hates everyone at school. He doesn't fuck with anyone but us.

Ace: I was joking, man. Tate is pretty cool. Also it was ridiculously hot watching her take your cock like that, bro. But we need to talk about the camera thing later. I can't believe you didn't tell me.

Shaking my head, I toss my phone on the couch before pulling up my pants and heading in the direction of the bedroom door and pulling it open and closing it quietly. I honestly have no idea how she's even asleep with all the music and bass still going on.

I guess I wore her out more than I thought.

I start by telling everyone in the hallway and on the stairs that I'm shutting down the party early. Most of them protest, but no one really fights me on it.

Smart choice.

As I make my way down the stairs, I notice Roman pushing people in the direction of the door. Once I am at the bottom of the stairs, I see Becca walking towards me with a nasty scowl on her face. Next thing I know, her hand is swinging in the direction of my cheek, but before she can make contact, Seb is grabbing her wrist and halting her movement.

"Let go of me you asshole," she yells.

I tell Sebastian he can let her go, and when he does, she tries again. "Try to put your hands on me again, Becca, and I'll break every goddamn bone in your hand." I step forward, causing her to take one step back. "It's good to see you haven't lost all your common sense," I say as she cowers further away.

"How could you sleep with her?" Becca says quietly as she wipes a stray tear from her eye. That alone causes me to bark out a laugh.

"It's pretty pathetic you thought I was ever interested in you. Tate's mine now. Definitely the only one I want or will ever want. No one is going to change that, especially not you. Now get the fuck out of my house." I turn around and continue on my mission to make everyone leave as I cut the music.

An hour later, it's just us four guys standing around the kitchen island.

"This isn't a fling, then? You really like her?" Seb asks as he takes a drink of his beer.

Nodding, I respond, "Yeah, I do. No doubt." We all talk about everything and nothing for another few minutes before I make my way back to my room.

When I step through the door, I notice Tate isn't in bed anymore. My heart sinks at the thought of her leaving without saying anything.

That's when I hear the water running in the bathroom. I find myself pushing

the door open right as her beautiful body is stepping under the water. I stand there as I watch the small droplets cascading down her body, sliding over her tits and down her stomach. My fingers twitch, wanting nothing more than to join her. So, I do. I strip off my clothes once again and grab the handle of the walk-in shower silently.

When my hand touches her cheek, her eyes fly open. A gasp leaves her mouth, but she recovers quickly. "Are you okay, Angel?" I ask as I keep running my fingers along her pink cheeks.

She nods, giving me a small, shy smile. "Yeah, I'm okay. Better than okay."

"I'm sorry if it was too much for you," the words come out as I move into her space, so we're both standing under the hot water.

"You weren't. Honestly, I've never experienced anything like that, and I'm glad it was with you."

Her soft voice makes me want to live in this moment forever. I lean down, placing my lips against hers. We kiss for what feels like forever before I wash her hair and run my hands all over her body with my soap, making her smell like me.

That thought goes straight to my dick. I try to ignore him and take care of my girl. After we get out, I give her one of my shirts to wear that comes down past her thighs. She's drowning in it, and I can't help but smile because she looks so beautiful.

"Come on. Let's go to bed, Angel."

We crawl into my bed, and it doesn't take long for her breathing to even out, and I know she's asleep once again.

My mind doesn't shut down right away, but once my eyes grow heavy enough, I end up falling asleep with my Angel in my arms and a smile on my face.

CHAPTER TEN

Tate

I slowly open my eyes, the morning sunlight filtering through the curtains and casting a warm glow on the room. Feeling the hard body behind me, I carefully turn to see Damon asleep behind me, his hand still draped over my waist. His dark hair is slightly tousled, the tattoos littering his body and his serene expression making my heart skip a beat.

Everything comes flooding back from my mind, and I'm thankful I didn't get shitfaced last night so I still remember everything. I also remember I need to kill Maddie for adding my name to that cup.

I remember when Becca came knocking after seven minutes. Ace, Roman, and Seb came into the room. I remember Damon joining me in the shower and washing my hair and body, making me stay with him all night.

My bladder decides to make it known that I might pee all over his bed if I don't get up now. I lift his arm from my waist and head in the direction of the bathroom. After doing my business, I look in the cabinets for a toothbrush and thankfully find a new one under the sink.

Peeking out of the bathroom, I thank God Damon is still asleep. But as I walk further into the room, my clothes are nowhere in sight. Whatever, I need to leave before he wakes up, and this gets awkward. I know he'll kick me out, and that's even more embarrassing, so I'd rather spare my heart the hurt. I look down and take in the large shirt I put on last night. It hangs down to my knees.

I open his door, glancing back, my heart constricts in my chest at the thought of leaving him. Last night left me feeling like something from one of those erotica books, but also so much more. I felt like he saw me. Like he wanted every part of me. Good and bad. But a guy like him wouldn't be interested in anything other than a hook-up here and there, and I can't give him something like that. I would easily develop even stronger feelings for him if we kept this up, and I can't allow myself to do that. Not with him. I know I'm lying to myself, though. My feelings for him are confusing me. So, I swallow them down, trying my hardest to understand I'm not someone who ends up with a guy like Damon. I silently turn the doorknob and make my escape without waking him up.

I stick my head out and make sure there isn't anyone there before leaving the comfort of what I now know is Damon's room. The stairs are at the end of the hall from his room, so I tiptoe until I reach them, taking two at a time until I'm at the last step. I'm halfway to the front of the house when I hear talking and footsteps heading in my direction. Seeing the front door a few feet in front of me, I try to make it before I'm spotted, but of course, I seem to have run out of luck already.

"Where do you think you're going?" Ace asks, carrying a fresh cup of hot coffee. The scent of freshly brewed coffee makes me jealous as it fills my nose. "Um... I was just-" But before I can finish my sentence, I am being picked up and thrown over a shoulder. A familiar scent washes over me, I realize whose shoulder I'm thrown over.

"What the hell, Damon! Put me down!" I protest.

"Nope." He pops the P at the end. "I didn't tell you that you could leave. I'm not done with you yet. And I don't think I ever will be."

My face is level with his lower back as he climbs the stairs. The alcohol still in my stomach isn't agreeing with the position I'm in. "Damon, I *will* throw up all over you if you don't put me down," I protest, but he only chuckles before setting me down on my feet once we are in his room with the door closed.

"Why'd you leave without waking me up?" He crosses his arms and stares down at me like I'm in trouble.

Letting out a scoff, I follow his stance. "Excuse me? You're *not* my father. I don't have to get permission from you when I want to do something. I know this was a one-time thing, and I was ready to go home so I could process everything that happened." I let out a deep breath once I finish talking.

He quirks a brow at me but doesn't make a move.

"You done now, Angel?" He uncrosses his arms before taking a few steps closer until he's towering over me. His hand comes up to my jaw in a firm grip before forcing my eyes to his, his face morphing into something else. "I want you to listen, and listen good, *Tate*." I know Damon would never hurt me, but the anger in his eyes makes me swallow hard in fear. "First off, if I recall correctly, you did ask me for permission to come last night, so that's not true. Second," his anger quickly morphs into a smile, "this was never a one-time thing. The moment you walked into my room; you were mine."

I know I should be terrified by his words, but what scares me the most is that I'm not.

"I like you," he says, his lips brushing mine.

"You don't even know me."

His brown eyes peer into mine, his hand on my jaw now rubbing small

circles, and oddly enough, it's soothing my erratic heartbeat. He chuckles, which causes the hairs on the back of my neck to stand up. "I know a lot more than you think, Angel."

Good lord, that should scare the fuck out of me, but it only turns me on more. It also makes me want to know what he means by that, but before I get the chance, his hand is sliding to the back of my neck, and his mouth crashes against mine.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Tate

Damon and I haven't left the bed since he carried me back up here. But now my bladder is begging me to get out of bed once again. A hot cup of coffee would be nice too.

Trying to roll out of bed, I'm stopped by two big arms wrapping themselves around my waist. A warm breath hits my neck before the light kisses start to spread.

"Damon. I have to pee," I say, letting out a small laugh.

"No," he responds before turning me so my face is level with his tattoo-covered chest. He looks down at me with so much adoration that I have no idea how to feel about it. Yesterday was a random day. A day I thought would go like every other one. There was never a time I genuinely thought I'd be thankful Maddie dragged my ass out to a party. Yesterday, I was still wondering what it would be like to have Damon's attention. Now that I have it, it's something I never want to let go of. We only spent last night together, but I've already learned a lot about the person he is when he's not at school or around people.

I snuggle closer to his chest, never wanting to lose this feeling of happiness that hasn't left my chest since the moment he grabbed my hand and told me to come upstairs.

"Alright, I need to pee and then shower. Oh, and coffee," I mumble into his chest. "Preferably in that order." He shakes his head before he leans down and places a heartfelt kiss on my lips, then sighs.

"Let's get going then. The sooner we get you clean, the sooner I can make you dirty again," he says as I'm scooting off the bed and heading in the direction of the bathroom, with him just a few steps behind me.

"What are you doing?" I ask. Slightly confused.

"Showering." He starts to walk past me and straight to the shower before turning it on and testing the water temperature. He pulls off his boxers, and his hard length bobs free. I know I'm staring, and I should look away.

Should I, though?

Nope.

It's inescapable. If I don't have him right now, my body will combust.

I pull off the shirt Damon let me sleep in and drop it to the floor. I don't need to take anything else off since my panties and bra were ruined last night. I don't waste any time as I drop to my knees in front of him. The feeling of need I have when it comes to this man is probably unhealthy, but I don't care.

He looks surprised for a moment once he realizes what I'm doing but doesn't protest.

Slowly taking his cock into my hand, I lick my way up from the base of his length to the tip. As I wrap my mouth around it, his precum hits my taste buds, causing me to moan. Damon hisses through his teeth as I start to inch his shaft down my throat, causing myself to gag.

"Fuck, Tate. You look so goddamn hot gagging on my cock." His head falls back against the shower door as my mouth works him. His moans and pants are coming in faster, telling me he's close to his release. But before I can get him there, he's pulling me up by the hair and guiding me into the shower.

A gasp pulls from my lips as the steaming hot water runs down my body. My hair still wrapped around his fist in a firm grip.

Not even recognizing my own voice, my words come out in a plea, "Please. Damon, I need you."

"No whining, Tate. You'll get what I give you." He presses my face against the shower wall. "I'm going to fill that pretty little pussy of yours full of my cum, Angel." He leans over me and presses his lips against my ear. "And even then, I might not stop. Even when you're begging me," he continues.

My heart is rattling against my rib cage, and everything tingles and burns with desire.

"I've become addicted to you, Tate."

"Please, Damon. Fuck me," I moan as the tip of him teases my opening.

"Didn't I say no whining?" He runs the head of his cock over my pussy again and again until I'm a shaking mess. "Be a good girl, Angel. Good girls get to come." I nod before he shoves himself into me. Hard. It doesn't take long before I'm going over the edge.

"I'm going to come."

"Yes, good girl, Angel. Come for me." He reaches around me, pinching my nipple and biting my neck. My moan comes out as a scream as I fall over the edge into my orgasm, shouting his name as I feel pulsing inside of me. Damon turns me around, taking my mouth into a gentle kiss.

I've never felt this happy.

As we break apart, a soft but vulnerable look crosses his face. One I've never seen before. Making this all so real. "Tate, I...", he starts, but his mouth opens and closes again. His eyes search mine as his fingers run along my damp

cheek.

“I didn’t expect this,” he whispers. My eyebrows bunch together in confusion.

“What do you mean?” I ask, suddenly worried I read the whole situation wrong. As I attempt to take a step back, we almost slip on the wet floor under us. But Damon grabs me before I can actually make contact with the ground.

“I mean... That this thing between us.” He motions his hand from him to me. “I’ve never done this before. I’ve never wanted to have someone for myself more than I do you. The thought of any other man touching you makes me want to keep you locked in my room.”

He smiles, but it slips from his face.

“Damon, I thought this was going to be a one-night thing.” I look down at my feet. “This would never work. You and me?” I let out a humorless chuckle. “A guy like you doesn’t end up with a girl like *me*.” I feel my eyes fill with tears, but I refuse to let them fall. How’s it possible I’ve become so obsessed with this man so fast?

When I look up, a giant smile is on his face. “Oh, Angel. It’s you who is way too good for a man like me. Even if you tried to leave right now, I wouldn’t let you. *You are mine*, Tate, and no other man even gets to touch or look at you.” Picking me up, he twirls us around so we’re both standing under the water once again.

Laughing, I swat at his arm. “Don’t go all caveman on me.”

“Might as well get used to it now, Angel.” He helps me wash again, even though we showered last night, as he shows me how serious he is.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Tate

After drying off, he hands me another shirt and a pair of black sweats to wear and of course, they're giant on me.

When I turn around, Damon is walking out of his closet, dressed, unfortunately. He takes my hand in his, as we make our way downstairs in the direction of all the noises.

"Fucking finally, you sex balls are up," Ace says as we enter the kitchen. I notice the house is spotless. I thought seeing him and Roman would be weird after last night, but oddly, it's not. I feel comfortable around all of them. I look around the room for Seb, but he's probably out doing what crazy people do.

"Marie just left. Said she'd be back later to do laundry." The counters are clear of all red cups and liquor bottles, the floor has been mopped, and it looks like everything is stocked with food again.

I make my way over to the bar stool and plop down as Damon hands me a muffin and a hot cup of coffee. "I figured you'd like that sweet shit, so I put a splash of milk and sugar in it for you." He comes to stand behind me, his hands moving toward my hips.

I take a sip of my coffee, moaning at the taste, and the room falls silent.

"Moan like that one more time, and I'll have you spread out on the counter, eating you for breakfast while Ace watches." My breath hitches because I know he's not lying. Ace lets out a low whistle as the doorbell rings. I'm assuming Roman or Seb answer it because the next thing I know, a screaming Becca is walking into the kitchen.

"Found her outside," Roman says as he releases his grip on Becca's arm.

"What the fuck is *that bitch still* doing here? I thought it was just a one-night thing?" she seethes in my direction. Roman is standing right behind her with an annoyed look on his face. He really does not like people.

I place my cup on the counter.

Everyone stands still.

Waiting.

I stand, pushing the stool out from under me as I make my way around the kitchen island. Becca takes a step back before Seb stands behind her, blocking

her from moving.

“The real question is why are you here, Becca?” I ask, crossing my arms.

“What do you mean? Damon is mine. He only wanted you because you were an easy lay. Spreading your legs for anyone with a dick. I gave him some time to cool off, and now I’m back, so you can leave now.” Her hands ball into fists.

“Tell her, Damon. Tell her you don’t want her.” She moves from her spot and goes to where he’s been standing.

I can’t help the anger that takes over. Without thinking, I lunge for her. My fist connects with her cheek. Her screams hit my ears, but I don’t stop. I wrap her hair in my fist and use all my force to throw her to the floor. Moving so I’m straddling her hips, I lean down close to her face. “Damon was yours and you lost him. He wants nothing to do with you. You should try and remember that, or I’ll break your fucking nose and watch you bleed out, Becca.”

Her eyes grow wide with fear as she tries to get out from under me. But of course, she doesn't give up. “Damon doesn’t want you! He only wanted to fuck you!”

My fist goes flying again and I make good on my promise. I watch as the blood leaks from her nose, but she takes advantage of my distraction to swing at me, and her fist hits my jaw. My face swings to the side. Before I can land another hit, arms are being wrapped around me from behind, and I’m being yanked off her.

That doesn't stop me from trying to get back to her, but Ace holds me firmly. When I look back over at Damon, there’s a smirk on his face. Becca gets up from her place on the ground and goes to wrap her arms around his waist, looking for comfort. “*See. Told you.*” She looks over her shoulder at me, giving me an ugly smile. But Damon doesn’t let her touch him. He leans down close enough to her ear and whispers something I can’t hear as Ace releases me.

My chest is heaving with anger. I take a step back before turning to leave the room. I don’t want to deal with this right now.

Before I can make it out of the room, Roman is blocking the door, shaking his head.

He nods toward Becca and Damon. When I turn back around, the first thing I notice is Becca’s face has lost all its color as Damon smiles. He grabs her by the shoulders and turns her so she’s facing us.

“Now you see, Tate is the only one for me. The only one I have eyes for.” He looks up, finding my eyes. “So, remember Becca, before you open your disgusting mouth in front of me again. Don’t forget who you truly are. And if you’re as dumb as you look, I’ll tell you slowly, so you understand. *You. Are.*”

Nothing. To. Me. You simply won't ever be Tate." He stands to his full height. "Now get the fuck out of my house. This is the last time I'll warn you." Moving over to me, he pulls me into his chest before kissing me.

As Becca starts sobbing, she runs for the front door. Roman shutting it behind her.

"I told you, Tate. You're the only one for me." He kisses me once more. "Thank you for giving me seven minutes, Angel."

The End

Did you enjoy Damon and Tate's story? Leave a review on Amazon and
goodreads <3

Amazon Review Link- [Seven Minutes](#)

THANK YOU

Big thanks to anyone who took the chance reading this novella.

I honestly didn't want it to end when it did. I love these characters and their story. Thank you to my Co-Author Leigh Rhodes for listening for endless nights about these characters and helping me make them come to life. Thank you for being my rock through this whole process. Thank you for pushing me in the right direction when I was lost and didn't know where to even take this story and for staying up almost every night and letting me read you scene after scene just to make sure it sounds good. Thank you to my wonderful husband. Who had to endure endless days and nights of me going on and on about this book for a while now. I wouldn't be where I am without you two wonderful people in my life.

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<3

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Author A. Rayne is a new indie author just trying to write the stories stuck in her head.

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A. Rayne is a stay-at-home mom of two sweet boys living in the hot state of Arizona with her husband of ten years.

Seven Minutes and Bloody Mary are her only books published as of right now, but many more to come soon.

Leigh Rhodes is a new indie author who loves writing dirty smut. She has a beautiful Huskey named Beau who is as needy as a child but is the best cuddler.

Leigh Rhodes has many books published already.

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