

Pretty Victim

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Pretty Victim

by [Enigmatica](#)

Summary

“Fu-uck,” the man above him coos. “There you go, pretty boy. See? That wasn’t so hard.”

Shane whines from beneath the tape as the fingers that were wrapped around him come up to brush against his face. “I am going to take the tape off,” says his captor. “But if you fucking scream, that will be the last thing you ever do. You understand?”

Shane goes looking for his husband around the cottage and gets more than he bargained for.

Notes

HHHHHH! Welcome to day 4 of @mean-dom-ilya-week on [Tumblr](#). Check out their page for a full list of prompts.

I am really proud of how this work turned out. Please mind the tags - this one contains lots of stuff you can find in the spoilers below if needed. I may have been a tad bit inspired by that ad Connor did for Verizon. You know which one. I also want to make it clear -- please do not try any of this at home!

Lots of love to H. for beta'ing! You match my freak.

Find me on Tumblr [here](#).

Please note that this fic contains themes that may be distressing for some people. Make sure you check the tags before reading, and if you want a breakdown of what to expect, please see below.

► [Click here for detailed warnings \(contains spoilers\)](#)

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Summer in Lanaudière is nothing short of idyllic.

The weather is nearly perfect: comfortably warm, less humid than usual, with a gentle breeze that tickles Shane's face and rocks the surrounding trees, making them creak slightly. There are birds everywhere — some he can name, and some he cannot — and their songs are a familiar, comforting melody that blends well with the *thud-thud* of his Reeboks against the dirt and old gravel of the trail, and that of his own gentle breathing as he makes his way back from a successful run.

God, he's missed this. It's their first day back at the cottage — his and Ilya's private summer retreat — and he has spent the past several weeks looking forward to his first jaunt around the lake. Running is his preferred form of cardio — both for health reasons, and because he genuinely enjoys being outside in nature. It isn't the same back in Ottawa, where the accompanying scenery of their neighborhood is mostly large, cookie cutter subdivisions and office buildings with the occasional blade of grass stuck in between. It is almost dismal compared to the endless green surrounding the lake; Shane is happy to be back here for the time being.

The only downside is —

"Fuck!"

His entire body shudders as he sneezes into the crook of his arm. It is the second warning sign that his allergies are about to start kicking his ass. The first, which came earlier that afternoon, was the telltale tightening of his throat and the soreness at the roof of his mouth that he had been able to stave off with a cough drop and a warm up of tea. He should have taken a Claritin before starting his run, but he had forgotten to check the medicine cabinet in his haste to begin exercising.

It seems like he will be paying the price, now.

He sneezes again, huffing angrily before trudging the rest of the way back to the cottage. Ilya is waiting for him there, in the hammock they installed last year, wearing nothing but a pair of basketball shorts and sunglasses that cost way too much, but look incredible balanced on the bridge of his gorgeous nose. He is holding a cold beer as well, the condensation dripping down the bottle and onto his broad chest. In spite of the sneeze attack that is currently racking through him, Shane finds himself wanting to lick off the rivulets like a thirsty dog.

"I could hear you coming from a mile away," his husband laughs. "Are you dying?"

"Allergy attack," Shane sniffs indignantly — and because he is starting to actually feel stuffy. "Is it not bothering you, too?"

"No, because I am not weak," Ilya sticks his tongue out at him. "I have smoked for many years, made my lungs very strong against gross Canadian air."

“The air here is *incredibly* clean, and your lungs are definitely *not* strong,” Shane retorts. “Can you help with dinner? I need to take a Benadryl, and that stuff makes me loopy as fuck.”

“Yes, I can make dinner,” he nods — and Shane almost misses the way his mouth quirks up in one of the corners. He lets it go, though, because what could *that* possibly mean? His husband is so fucking *weird* at times. “Take *two*. Sounds like you need it.”

He nods dismissively. “The chicken has already prepped, and the fruits and vegetables were washed this morning. The recipe is bookmarked on my Kindle — and before you look at me like that, you *agreed* to try this one with me,” he huffs.

They had picked out several meals to try out over the summer — and there had been a heavy amount of compromise, between Shane agreeing to be a bit more lax with the macrobiotic diet and Ilya being willing to eat something that wasn’t a carbohydrate. That is what marriage is all about, Shane thinks: compromise, and forcing his husband to maintain a diet that will not send him into congestive heart failure at only fifty years of age. Sue him for fucking caring.

“Yes, yes.” Ilya still does not agree. “I will prepare bird food. Go take your pills and shower, Sneezy,” he snorts.

“Fuck you.”

—

Shane pops two Benadryl, takes a shower with the hot water turned all the way up, and changes into the softest pajama pants he owns — the ones he’s had since his rookie season, the flannel print faded around the ankles from overuse. He pairs it with a white cotton shirt he’s pretty sure is Ilya’s, given that it is one size too large with a hole in the collar that looks suspiciously like a burn mark. The medication kicks in fast, and by the time he wanders downstairs, he feels like his head is filled with cotton balls.

When he makes it to the kitchen, he finds it empty. There is a plate on the table filled with strawberry kale salad and grilled chicken, portioned out to be both filling and macro-friendly. Ilya is nowhere in sight, though, his place at the table noticeably vacant. Shane thinks he must’ve taken a walk himself: his boots aren’t on the rack by the door, and he’s also taken the lightweight, nylon jacket he usually wears outdoors in lieu of an actual shirt.

He opens the back door before sitting down to eat. It is a bad idea, what with the fact that he’s already red-eyed and stuffy-nosed, but there is an air purifier in almost every room and the soft whisper of the lake lapping against the shore is so calming, so paradisiacal. He takes his time with his meal, chewing thoughtfully and appreciating the care that went into preparing everything. He had pre-seasoned the chicken and prepped the strawberries and kale, but the rest was all Ilya. Shane will have to thank him properly when he isn’t bleary-eyed from over-the-counter allergy medication; he wasn’t playing around when he told Ilya that it hits him like a truck.

After he finishes eating, he washes and dries his plate and silverware and puts them away. He is starting to feel a bit delirious, having taken the pills close to an hour ago, but he can't stomach the idea of not cleaning up after himself. After he drapes the towel over the edge of the sink, he busies himself by flitting around the kitchen, aimlessly taking note of all of the appliances they've purchased for the place. That is when he notices it.

There is a large, wooden block filled with knives at the edge of the island. He's had it since he first had this place built; it was one of the features chosen by the decorator he hired. It normally houses eight high-end, Damascan steel kitchen knives, along with a few other related pieces of cutlery. He knows this, because he subconsciously counts them every time he does the dishes.

There are only seven knives in the block.

He doesn't allow it to bother him — at least, he tries not to — because he is a little bit out of it, and he doesn't want to accidentally slice open his fingers while rifling through kitchen drawers in search of a missing knife. He absentmindedly thinks that this is a huge step-up for him; the Shane Hollander from a few years ago would hone in on this little detail, obsessing over it until he had found the damn thing and put it back where it belonged. However, Shane Hollander-Rozanov cannot be fucking bothered — at least, not enough to take action. He is on vacation, and his husband probably put it in the wrong place after cooking dinner for them. He thinks that Ilya would be proud of this change in mindset; he will undoubtedly praise Shane later for relinquishing that little bit of control and just trusting that things are as they should be.

He wonders where Ilya is, and if he intends to be out long. The pills have loosened his joints, slackened his jaw, and he wants nothing more than to be taken to bed and rocked to sleep by his strong-armed husband, maybe while Ilya slides his fingers in and out of his mouth. He steps out onto the back porch, his right hand overtop of his brow to block out the final rays of sunshine spilling across the lake as he searches for that familiar silhouette in the distance. He can normally see him walking around the lake from here.

There is no one there, though.

There is a cold sweat breaking out on the back of his neck, running between his shoulders like morning dew on a windowsill. He steps back inside, slips on a pair of outdoor shoes, and wanders out onto the patio. His head is fuzzy like someone has packed it with gauze, and his eyelids are heavy as he makes it to the start of the trailhead that wraps around the lake.

"Ilya?" He calls softly.

No answer.

"Ilya?" He calls, a bit louder this time. His voice carries after years of practice directing his teammates from across the rink, in the middle of a roaring stadium. If Ilya is anywhere on their property, he should be able to hear him.

Still, no answer.

He reaches the trailhead, eyes tracking back and forth, the darkness making his vision blur even more than it was before. He is starting to feel scared as he starts down the pathway, his feet pattering against damp ground.

He has only made it about three hundred or so yards when something, or *someone* barrels into him from behind — a harsh shove from a dense, broad object, like a heat-seeking missile — and sends him toppling over onto the ground, into the *mud*. He lands facedown in the dirt, skinning his knees and completely ruining his clothes — the ones he *just* put on after showering, although that becomes the least of his problems once he feels that same hot, solid weight against his back, pushing him further onto the ground.

There is scalding breath against the back of his neck, followed by something chilly and razor-sharp tracing along the side of his face. A soft peel of laughter — almost like a whisper.

“You should not be wandering around in the dark all by yourself,” comes a low voice.

And here is the thing: Shane is a big fucking guy, both in the sense that he is nearly six feet tall and two-hundred pounds, but also because he’s literally trained to fuck up other men while weighed down by another twenty pounds of padding. He is also fast, with the reflexes of a martial artist, and incredibly limber. But none of those things matter right now, because he is high as a kite off fucking *Benadryl*, which has always hit him almost as hard as the painkillers they give him whenever he breaks a bone or takes an unusually hard hit on the ice. It’s unfair, really, how woozy he is right now. He just wanted to find Ilya; where the *fuck* is —

“What, nothing to say?” The figure sighs, and he feels the harsh bite of steel against the fat of his cheek, close to drawing blood.

He sucks in a breath before responding. “Get off of me, you fucking psycho,” he yelps.

His brain is slow to register anything that is going on around him, but there is an instinctual type of fear curling within him as he struggles beneath the faceless figure. He can tell that it is a man from the size and overwhelming weight of him, and that he’s wearing a dark jacket that extends past his wrists. His hands, which are now clamped around Shane’s wrists, are clad in leather gloves — the kind that motorcyclists wear on the road.

“Rude,” the man huffs, but it sounds like he is laughing.

His voice is slightly muffled, and although Shane cannot see his face from his current position — still squirming in the dirt, on his stomach with his hands pinned behind him, held in place by the weight of the other man — he guesses that he is wearing a mask of some sort. A balaclava, maybe.

“Please get off of me,” Shane tries again, this time pleadingly. “What do you want with me? I can give you —”

The other man sighs, cutting him off. “Money? Your fucking Rolex? I don’t give a shit about any of this,” he scoffs, and he has a distinct accent — Russian, probably.

Shane is actually scared, now. Who the fuck is this guy? Is he a random intruder on his property — a slasher or a serial murderer, here to slit him open and bleed him dry?

“What do you want?” He attempts weakly. “If not money, then *what*?”

“You,” the man says bluntly. “I want *you*, Shane Hollander.”

Shane’s heart is hammering loudly. This must be a crazy fucking fan who knows everything about him, and has managed to figure out exactly where he spends his summers. He’s always known that doing that stupid fluff piece on the cottage would turn out to be a mistake, but he’d had less of a backbone back then; he’d allowed them to film the area outside the place, and this freak had seen it and used it to deduce his exact location.

He feels something pressing against him, tracing his scapulae and down his spinal cord. It is that same sharpness from before; the tip of a blade that could easily cut through his tee and several layers of dermis with a single pass. A shiver runs through him, and the man notices; he presses down harder with the knife in his hands, and Shane feels the telltale sting of skin breaking.

“Are you going to lie there and take it? Wo-ow,” he chuckles mockingly. “Big, strong hockey player is easier prey than I thought.”

Shane feels his hot breath against the nape of his neck as he leans closer — and the knife is at the small of his back now, his shirt in tatters as it makes its descent. He is so fucking scared that his teeth are chattering inside his mouth, a loud *click-clack* against the backdrop of an otherwise silent night. There is no point in screaming; he owns all the land up to where his parents live, and his other closest neighbor is all the way across the lake. And Ilya —

Fuck, Ilya is out for a run. He is going to be back any second, and there is a masked man with a knife waiting at the end of the trailhead. His husband is strong, but he isn’t strong enough to fight off an armed assailant who already has the element of surprise on his side. Shane has to do something. He has to —

“He’s not coming,” the attacker whispers, as if reading his mind. “Your husband brought extra food to your parents, and he will be there for a while I think. Are you so fucked up that you did not notice the car is not out front?”

And *oh. Oh God*. He didn’t notice that Ilya had actually *left* — and what the attacker is saying rings true in his mind, because they always insist on spending at least an hour with Yuna and David whenever they visit. The four of them are thick as thieves, especially during the summer when relaxation is paramount and nobody has anywhere to be the following morning. But Shane is not with them; he is squirming around in the dirt, high off his ass on cold medicine, and there is a strange man on top of him, pressing a knife into the small of his back.

And, worst of all, it’s making him fucking *hard*.

“You’re lying,” Shane protests. “He just went for a hike. He’ll be back soon. He’ll —”

His captor barks out a laugh, sharp and cruel. “He will do nothing. But if you need to pretend like he’s coming back for you, that is okay. I do not care, as long as I get my dick wet.”

And fuck, Shane can’t help but rut into the ground at the sound of those words. He knows it’s fucked up — abhorrent, even. He shouldn’t be having these thoughts around anyone who isn’t his husband, but his mind is so muddled from the pills that it is hard for him to fight against his baser instincts; the ones that tell him to lie still and take whatever this freak wants to mete out on him. He has a knife, and Shane is pretty sure that he knows how to use it.

“You make this very easy for me,” the man purrs beneath the mask. “I thought I was going to have to knock you out myself, but you did that part for me. Such a good little victim.”

He traces the knife around the delicate shell of his ear, causing a shiver to run down his spine. “Stop,” he whimpers. “You’re going to —”

His captor laughs again. “If I put this away, will you be a good boy and stay *very* still for me?”

Shane nods stiffly, an idea forming in his bleary mind. It is probably a stupid one, but he knows he doesn’t have any other choice than to take it. He is almost six feet tall, two hundred pounds, and mostly of sound mind. He can do this. He can —

“Use your words, *malysh*,” the man coos.

“You can put the knife down,” Shane squeaks out.

As soon as he does, though, Shane bucks into him violently, knocking him off kilter. He surprises even himself with how agile he is in his current state, and he is able to crawl a few inches away and get onto his knees before his captor brings his boot down *hard* against the small of his back, knocking him back into the mud.

“Ah, so this is how you want it,” he snaps, and all of that fake warmth and sweetness has disappeared from his tone.

“Fuck you,” Shane spits, trying to squirm out from underneath him. Now that the knife is out of the equation, he might actually stand a chance at getting away. “I don’t want it at all.”

“Then why is your dick so fucking hard right now?” The man sneers, nudging at the bulge between his legs with the toe of his boot — just hard enough to be uncomfortable.

“That’s not — I’m a fucking *victim*,” he reminds him.

“Oh, is *that* what you are?” He mocks, pressing his foot down even harder against Shane’s balls — harder than Ilya usually does when they play rough. “Last time I checked, *victims* don’t leak through their panties at the thought of being fucked in the dirt by a stranger. How can you be a *victim* if you want this so badly?”

Shane hears a strange sound — a loud *brrrrrp* of something being torn apart — and then the man is grabbing both his wrists, taking advantage of his sluggish state in order to secure them with a large piece of duct tape that wraps around several times. He tries to buck against him,

but the assailant kicks him between the legs so hard that he feels his stomach twist painfully. He cries out, an animalistic howl that echoes throughout the backyard but doesn't go anywhere near as far as it would have to in order to alert someone to what is happening outside the cottage.

He is alone out here, he thinks. He is stuck underneath this masked man, who now has him restrained with his hands taped behind his back, and who is now slapping another piece of tape across his chapped mouth with his palm. Shane bares his teeth in a final act of desperation, and he is rewarded with another kick between the legs.

"We could have done this the easy way," his captor sighs, sounding disappointed — like he hadn't expected Shane to fight back at all. "But you are much better like this, I think. No more of this *no, please stop* business. You act like I am raping you or something," he scoffs.

And *oh* — Shane literally keens at that. He can't help it, the way those words shoot down his spine and straight to his cock like a jolt of electricity. It is sickening how hard he is — how his cock is literally leaking through his pajama. If anyone could see him now —

His captor pulls down his pants and briefs with one flick of his wrist and begins to trace his hole with gloved fingertips. The material is dry and scratchy between his asscheeks: he almost wishes that the masked man would spit between them and use that to finger him open, but that same thought fills him with so much shame that tears begin to run down his face. He shouldn't be hard right now — he shouldn't be wishing that this man would do anything to him at all aside from leave him the fuck alone.

He still can't help but sigh in relief when he hears the telltale sound of a lube packet being ripped open, followed by the cooling sensation of slick dribbling between his cheeks. His captor wastes no more time before pumping a finger inside of him, and there is still a dry ache even with the lube he pushes past Shane's rim. His other hand sneaks underneath him to palm his hard cock, and Shane whines brokenly beneath the makeshift gag as he feels another finger press inside of him. It's too much; it's —

"Wow, you're fucking disgusting. Feel how wet you are." The hand that is stroking his cock comes up to slap him across his dirt-streaked face, and it is indeed soaked with precome.

Shane cringes, and a new wave of tears spill down his cheeks and onto the ground.

"But you're a victim, right?" His captor presses, slapping him again — this time hard enough to make him dizzy. "I think you are just a whore, but I will let you prove otherwise."

He nudges him between the legs with a clothed knee, his fingers still inside of him, and Shane looks back over his shoulder with what he is sure are confused, bloodshot eyes.

"If you do not want this, then get back onto your feet," he goads, and Shane can finally get a good look at his eyes — the only part of his face that is visible beneath the mask. He is pretty sure they are hazel, just like —

"Well? Wouldn't a victim try and get away?"

Shane can't fucking move. Maybe it's the drugs reaching their full potency, or the many kicks to the balls he's just taken, but he can't even fathom sitting upright at the moment, let alone clambering onto his feet and sprinting back towards the cottage. He sobs onto the ground as he feels a third finger push inside of him, bludgeoning his prostate until he sees stars.

"*Bozhe*, such a fucking *whore* for it. You are not even pushing me away," the assailant sneers. "It's a good thing husband left you out here all alone, waiting for a real man to come and fuck you the way you deserve."

There is the telltale sound of a zipper, and Shane has to swallow down the saliva that pools against the sticky tape across his mouth, threatening to choke him. He cannot help the Pavlovian response he has to that noise. It makes him burn in humiliation, his entire body trembling as he feels a thick cockhead begin to breach his entrance.

His head is swimming as the man bottoms out in one thrust. He can barely comprehend anything other than the hot drag of it, combined with the tight squeeze of the fist around his dick. His captor is pumping up and down his shaft while he fucks into Shane like a man possessed. He is huffing and puffing above him, and there is sweat dripping onto Shane's neck as he leans down to whisper in his ear.

"What will I do with you after this?" He muses, nibbling his earlobe possessively. "Maybe I leave you here for husband to find, with my come dripping out of you. Or maybe —" he pants, "maybe I tape you up the rest of the way so you really cannot run. You'd fit nicely in the back of my car — all wrapped up like a pretty present."

Shane whimpers, and there is no denying the effect that those words have on him. His cock is oozing inside of that tight fist, and he can feel his balls clench as he barrels towards an orgasm so intense, there are already dark spots appearing in his vision. He tries to ground himself by biting the inside of his cheek, desperately willing himself not to surrender to the intense pleasure that is building within him; pleasure that the sick fuck above him is counting on being able to use against him.

It is futile, though. It crashes into him in waves, pinning him against the ground and threatening to drown him. He gasps for breath underneath the tape, and it comes out as a pathetic, broken whimper that actually makes the man inside of him *throb* —

"Fuck, yes. I am taking you with me, Hollander. You want to be a victim so bad, I can make that happen," he growls, and he's lifting the mask up enough to lick a hot stripe down the side of Shane's tear-stained face.

"I think you would look even prettier locked up somewhere no one can ever find you," he continues, smacking his lips together like he's enjoying the taste. "The police will come looking for you. They will bang on the door, and I will tell them that I have not seen golden boy Shane Hollander anywhere. I only know this stupid fucking whore I keep tied to my bed."

Shane moans beneath the tape; something that sounds like *no, please*. It is futile, though, because his hole is clenching around the assailant's cock, and his cock is twitching inside his tight fist as he nears his peak.

“Fu-uck,” the man above him coos. “There you go, pretty boy. See? That wasn’t so hard.”

Shane whines from beneath the tape as the fingers that were wrapped around his cock come up to brush against his face. “I am going to take the tape off,” says his captor. “But if you fucking scream, that will be the last thing you ever do. You understand?”

He nods, his vision still blurry from the combined overstimulation and the pills he swallowed earlier. How long has it been since he did that? Half an hour? A whole hour? Maybe *multiple* —

The man rips the tape off his mouth. He’s still fucking into Shane, his hips snapping lazily against the backs of his thighs.

“Tell me again,” he orders slowly, “that you are a victim.”

“I —” Shane gasps, swallows up a mouthful of air — cries in pain at the continued intrusion, the violation of his already fucked out hole. He is so overstimulated that he thinks he might crumple into a ball and weep, but he also can’t deny, body coursing with shame, that it feels fucking incredible to be taken like this. He is going to come if his captor continues fucking him this hard and deep.

Even if he pulled out right now, Shane *still* might come like the pathetic freak that he is.

“Nothing to say?” The man mocks. “All you can do is moan like a whore. Not like a victim at all. I think you need this.”

“Don’t,” Shane mumbles, saliva dripping from between his lips and onto the ground.

There is another harsh peal of laughter behind him, and he feels that hand crack across his face, making his cock throb pitifully. “Don’t what? Fuck, you are *still* playing victim while you come on my cock.”

“I’m not —” Shane tries to deny it, but the hand around his dick is so tight that he is unable to get any more words out. He is so fucking overwhelmed, so fucking keyed up, and he’s about to —

“Say you wanted this all along,” the man above him hisses.

“No,” Shane groans. “It’s not — that’s not true.”

It is *so* true, because they’ve been talking about this for weeks — planning it together, getting off to it from the safety and comfort of their four-poster bed back in Ottawa. But —

“Say it,” he grits. “Say you wanted this, or I come inside you and fuck it deeper with the fucking knife handle. Say you want to be my basement bitch, Hollander —” he bites back a groan.

Shane clenches his teeth as the first wave of his orgasm barrels into him, wrecking his entire body and making his balls clench so tight that he almost loses feeling in them.

“I wanted this,” he sobs. “I want — fuck, I want to be your basement bitch, Ilya —”

His husband’s hips stall from behind him, and the tip of his cock is nestled against Shane’s prostate so perfectly that it sends him fully over the edge. Ilya can feel it too, because his hand leaves Shane’s dripping cock and comes to rest on the small of his back — a comforting weight, pushing him into the darkness.

“Come, Shane,” he orders, and he feels spit land across his cheek. “Come on this fucking cock while I violate you.”

Shane comes so hard that he blacks out, his ears ringing as the top of his head slams into the ground.

—

“Hold still, *malysh*. I do not want to cut you.”

Ilya pulls him into a seated position and cuts the tape that binds his wrists, and that is enough to bring Shane back to earth for just a moment. He is still bleary-eyed and mostly out of it, but he hears his husband sheathing the knife inside a protective sleeve before scooping him up and carrying him into the house like he weighs nothing. Shane clings to him the whole way, pressing his face into the side of his neck and inhaling the mixture of spruce, lake water, and *Ilya*.

“I will be right back,” Ilya says once they’re back in the house — in the downstairs bathroom, where there are already clean towels and a fresh change of clothes laid out for each of them. “I am putting your clothes to wash — I am still here.”

Shane smiles at him from the floor, leaning his head against the wall. “Thank you,” he mumbles dopily, not even caring how completely out of it he must sound.

“Oh, *malysh*. Was it good for you?” Ilya checks, and although the entire room is swimming, his face is crystal clear. “Was it like you hoped it would be?”

They had talked about it, of course. Shane had come up with the idea, but Ilya had transformed it into something living and breathing — something so perfect that they’d both be thinking about it for the rest of the summer. Shane knows he will want to do it again; maybe not anytime soon, but definitely in the future.

“Was perfect,” Shane sighs. “So fucking hot, Ilya. Thank you. I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” he smiles. “But no more Benadryl for you — at least not for a while.”

“Fuck you,” Shane chuckles, allowing his husband to scoop him up and carry him into the shower.

End Notes

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Thank you all so much for reading and be sure to follow me on Tumblr [here](#) if you want some sneak peaks for the rest of the week. Thank you so much to everyone who has been reblogging my posts and sharing your thoughts in the comments! Especially on yesterday's fic - your reception literally blew me away and I have been smiling all day. Tomorrow is the final part of the three-part series that began on day 1. <3

... also, if you're reading this ... basement bitch sequel?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!