

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

Oh my God.

Every inch of me obeyed that command in his deep dark voice. My hips moved on their own accord, grinding again, circling while I rubbed my pussy over the thick length of him.

My eyes snapped closed when his tongue flicked out to lick my skin, soothing the bite mark. My entire body wracked and trembled as he nipped at my wrist, working his mouth up my forearm while I rode his lap. My brain turned to fucking mush as I whimpered and moaned and completely forgot how to think.

Oh god yes, yes, more.

The hand on my throat tightened just slightly as I bounced on his cock. I was soaked and aching, my bare pussy dripping my juices all over his pants.

His hips bucked up suddenly, grinding his cock against my clit with enough force to make me cry out.

"Fuck!" The word tore from my throat before I could stop it. Shit, my voice! He didn't seem to notice. His hand left my throat, gripped my hip, then-

"Oh my... Ohhh," I gasped, trailing off in a moan when his other hand slid between my legs from behind and two thick fingers plunged into my pussy without warning. My back arched, my head falling back against his shoulder as he finger-fucked me mercilessly.

His fingers curled inside me, finding a spot that made my vision blur, pumping in and out while his other hand gripped my throat tighter.

"So fucking wet," he growled against my ear. "You're dripping all over my hand like a needy little slut."

Yes. Yes. Yes.

I couldn't respond, I could only whimper and moan as he drilled his fingers into me over and over. The wet sounds of my pussy getting plowed by his thick fingers filled the space around us, it was so fucking filthy and perfect.

"More, I can take more," I drawled, lifting my hips to grind down on his hand, trying to take him deeper. My eyes widened when a third finger teased my pussy slit and pushed right in along with the others.

"Fuck me!" The stretch burned. Pleasure edged with pain that made my toes curl.

"I intend to," He rasped in my ears, licking the shell of my earlobe before growling. My legs got raised off the floor, hanging in the air while his fingers moved in and out of my cunt.

The pressure built like crazy. I glanced down to watch his fingers sink into my cunt, then pull out only for all three to slam right back in. His thumb and the rest of his palm kept slapping against my clit every single time his fingers thrust in and my eyes rolled in their sockets.

My pussy clenched around his fingers, trying to pull him deeper. The pressure built at the base of my spine, coiling tighter and tighter.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god,"

"Ares, Not God, Ares" he growled, delivering a sharp loud smack right over my clit. "I'm the one fucking your pussy,"

The orgasm ripped through me. I screamed, not caring who heard, my entire body convulsing as I came hard around his fingers.

Wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me. My pussy clenched, juices gushing around his hand, soaking his fingers, his palm, dripping down onto his pants.

He pumped his fingers all through my orgasm, drawing out every last tremor. My head went light.

My entire body shuddered as I collapsed back against his chest, panting heavily. He pulled his fingers from my pussy slowly and I whimpered at the loss, my pussy walls clenching around nothing.

He brought his hand up, his fingers, drenched in my arousal, glistened in the low light. They pressed against my lips and I parted them, holding his green eyes while I sucked his fingers in.

The sweet musk of my own arousal filled my tongue. He began thrusting his fingers in my mouth the same way he'd pumped them into my pussy. I stuck out my tongue to slurp on them until he pulled his fingers from my mouth with a wet pop.

My boss could be cold all he wanted back at the office but here he was a nasty, dirty fucker and I wanted, needed my pussy stretched and pounded by the huge cock currently poking me in the ass.

His eyes locked on my breasts, still barely contained in the black lace teddy.

"Off."

My hands trembled as I reached for the straps and slid them down my shoulders. The teddy peeled away from my tits and they spilled free, heavy and aching.

His hand shot out. Smack. The sound cracked through the air. My tits stung, the flesh jiggling from the impact of his smack.

"Oh fuck," I gasped, my nipple hardening. What the hell was that—he raised his hand and brought it down harder on my other tit. My knees nearly buckled. Pleasure shot straight to my cunt and a stream of juices seeped out of my cunt.

"Greedy goddess," he growled in a rough, edgy voice. "Is Aphrodite insatiable? You already came once and are still dripping for more."

"Give me your cock and we can test that theory," I panted, arching deeper into his arms. "Please,

"Please what?" His hand came down again, smacking my poor tits until they bounced, all plump and red. "Use your words, Aphrodite."

"Please fuck me," I begged shamelessly. "I need your cock inside me,""

He let out a low groan. "Get on your knees."

I didn't need to be told twice. I slid off his body, my knees feeling like jello as they dropped to the floor. My eyes level with the massive tent straining against his pants.

"Oh my," I purred, darting my tongue out to wet my bottom lip.

I could see the damp spot where his precum had soaked through, his cock twitching beneath the fabric.

"Wait." He grunted, narrowing his eyes behind the mask. My heart stopped.

No, he couldn't possibly know now! Not now!

"That thing you just did." His thumb brushed over my bottom lip. "With your tongue."

Fuck. Fuck. FUCK.

"What about it?" I whispered, pitching my voice even lower, breathier.

He tilted his head, studying me. "I've seen that before."

I had to play dumb, I had to deflect this, I needed his cock, if he found out, he would stop!

"I'm sure lots of girls do it," I purred, trying to lean forward again.

His grip in my hair tightened, holding me in place.

"No." His eyes bored into mine. "Not like that. That exact movement-"

I cut him off by grabbing his cock through his pants and squeezing hard. He hissed, hips jerking against my hand.

"Are you going to let me suck your cock, Ares?" I murmured, my other hand working his belt buckle, "or are you going to keep talking?"

His jaw clenched. I could see the war happening behind his eyes.

Please don't recognize me, I begged mentally, letting breath ghost over the bulge in his pants.

"Because I've been thinking about having you in my mouth all night," I whispered.

"Feeling you hit the back of my throat, tasting you."

His grip in my hair loosened slightly.

Come on. Forget it. Just forget it.

Dammit, I needed to stop licking my bottom lip around him, or I was screwed. I peeked up at him through my lashes.

"Please?"

The suspicion in his eyes flickered and desire won. Thank God.

He leaned forward, still seated on the couch, and grabbed my hair again, tugging my face closer to his cock beneath the cloth.

"Open up."

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Abigail

My back hit the cool silk sheets of the bed. I barely had time to glance around the room and catch my breath before Finnegan- Ares- was on me, his hands gripping my ankles, spreading my legs wide.

"Stay," he commanded gruffly and the deep timbre of his voice went straight to my very exposed pussy.

My teddy was pretty much ripped to shreds-god, Finnegan was a monster in bed. I watched him move to a sleek cabinet against the wall, my pussy clenched, aching for his cock even though I had just had my mouth full of it.

It was exactly because of that, that my pussy gushed shamelessly, juices rolling down my pussy lips in beads, disappearing down between my ass cheeks. That thick meaty dick pushing against my throat, I had to feel it pulsing against my cunt walls soon.

He opened the cabinet and my breath caught.

There were ropes, cuffs, things I couldn't even name because my head was all ditzy from being rough handled. He selected a black silk rope, snatched a conFinn from the cabinet and came back to the bed, looming above me like the god of war he was supposed to be.

"Arms up," he ordered.

I lifted them above my head and stretched them toward the corners of the bed. His hands wrapped the silk around my right wrist and a soft sigh escaped my lips at the feel of the silk on my skin.

He tied it to something built into the bed frame and switched to my left wrist, his chest so close to my face. I pulled on the firm rope, rearing my head up to flick my tongue at his skin.

"Easy," He growled, reaching down to smack on my tits. A loud yelp of surprise slipped from my lips. "I tell you to stay, you fucking stay. Got it?"

"Yes," I whimpered, throwing my head back.

"Good." He moved to the foot of the bed, wrapping his hand around my right ankle.

He lifted my leg, bent it, bringing my knee up toward my chest until my thigh pressed against my ribs.

What...What was he doing?

Then he tied my ankle to the same anchor point as my wrist.

"Ares," I gasped as he did the same with my left leg.

Holy fuck. I was completely spread open, my arms above my head, legs bent and raised with my knees almost touching my shoulders.

My pussy was completely exposed. I couldn't close my legs if I tried to and I was completely at his mercy. Cool air hit my soaked dropping cunt and I whimpered.

"Look at you," he growled, standing at the foot of the bed, green eyes fixed hungrily on my cunt. God had he looked at me like that on the plane? "You can't close your legs or hide that pretty pussy from me."

Heat flooded my face and my entire body.

"Please," I begged when his finger traced down my inner thigh, so close to where I needed him, but not touching. "Ares fuck, you know what I need,"

"You need what I give you." His finger moved closer, brushing against my outer pussy lips. "When I give it to you."

I tried to push my hips forward, to make him touch me properly but the silk around my hands and legs held me back.

"Fuck!" I cried, glaring at him. "Are you going to shove your cock in my pussy or play games all fucking night?"

A deep chuckle filled the room. He reached for his shirt and stripped it off, his cock jutting up with milky drips of precum rolling down the tip.

His body was incredible. He was all hard planes and defined muscle, abs flexing as he took deep breaths.

"You want this?" The taunting jerk wrapped his fist around his pulsing shaft and gave it a sweet slow stroke.

"Yes," I panted, licking my lips hungrily. "God, yes."

He rolled on the condom on his thick juicy shaft, climbed onto the bed and my eyes rolled when his cock was right there, so close to my entrance. He rubbed the head against my slit, up and down,

collecting my wetness on the tip. I thrashed against the ropes when he pressed the tip down hard on my clit.

"Beg better," he commanded, still teasing my pussy until I was sure I would go up in flames.

"Please, Ares," I sobbed. "Please fuck me. I need your cock inside me. I need you to pound my pussy. Please. I'll do anything. Please- OH FUCK ME!"

He had slammed into me. One deep brutal thrust and his huge cock was buried to the hilt. My pussy was so full, so stretched and a shudder tore through me when he pulled back out, until the knobby tip was just left in my pussy and slammed in again.

And again.

The bed shook. The restraints held me in place to take his hot hard pounding.

"Yes! Yes! Oh god, yes!" I screamed.

He pounded into me, hard and brutal, each thrust driving deeper than the last. The wet sounds of his cock driving into my soaked pussy filled the room.

He growled, gripping my thighs for leverage and fucked me harder, deeper. The headboard slammed against the wall, my tits bounced with each thrust, my head thrashed around and then I felt it.

The mask shifted. Just slightly, the edge lifting from my cheek with the force of his thrusts.

No. No, no, no.

Another brutal thrust of his cock into my pussy and the mask shifted more, slipping higher on my face.

Fuck!

I couldn't reach up. My hands were tied. I couldn't adjust it.

If it fell, if he saw my face...Panic seized my chest.

I buried my face in my arms, pressing my forehead against my bicep as hard as I could, using the angle to keep the mask from sliding off completely. Hot jolts of pleasure surged through me.

"I'm gonna cum! I'm going to-" My words died in my throat when his hand wrapped around it and squeezed.

"Not yet," he commanded. "You don't cum until I say."

"Please-" I choked out.

"No."

He fucked me harder, his thumb found my clit and rubbed harsh circles. The pressure peaked and my eyes rolled in their sockets.

"Hold it," he ordered. "Don't you dare fucking cum!"

"I can't hold back," I cried, my pussy lips clinging to his cock whenever he pulled out and then gape apart to let him back in. The pleasure was too much, too intense, my entire body shuddered and my pussy clenched around his cock, quivering as I held back, begging the mask desperately.

Please don't fall. Please don't fall. Please don't-

He growled, slamming into me harder. The bed frame groaned, I felt the mask slip another millimeter.

Oh god.

My breathing came in panicked gasps now. I tried to angle my head differently, I was so close to cumming and I lost my mind when I did.

"Please!" I begged. "Please let me cum, please."

His hand wrapped tighter around my throat and squeezed. "You don't cum until I say."

His thumb found my clit, rubbing harsh circles and the pressure brewing in my lower belly peaked. My eyes squeezed shut behind the mask, the mask that was barely holding on.

"Hold it," he ordered. "Don't you dare fucking cum!"

"I can't," I choked out, my face still buried against my arm. "I can't hold back."

I was going to shatter. I was going to lose control. And the mask was going to fall and this was all going to end and-

He leaned down, his lips ghosting my ear.

"Cum," he growled. "Cum all over my cock, goddess."

My entire body lit up and I fucking exploded.

"Ares!" I screamed his false name as I shattered. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me, my pussy clenched rhythmically around his cock. My whole body convulsed, shook and broke apart.

Through it all, I kept my face buried, the mask pressed against my skin with my arm, even as my vision went white and the best orgasm of my life tore through me.

I kept that fucking mask on.

"Fuck," he cursed, his thrusts becoming erratic. His grip on my thighs got deeper. "You're squeezing me so tight,"

He slammed deep one last time, his cock pulsed and I whined at the loss of his cum spurting deep in my pussy. He grunted, collapsed forward, his forehead pressed against the side of my face through our masks, both of us panting heavily.

He pulled out slowly, drawing a whimper from my lips. I wished he would remain a little longer inside me. Dazed, I watched through slit eyes, as he tied off the conFinn, tossed it in a bin under the bed and finally reached up and untied my ankles, then my wrists.

My limbs fell to the bed, boneless. The second my hands were free, I reached up, grabbed the mask and pressed it firmly against my face.

My arms shook and my whole body trembled, but I held that mask in place like my life depended on it.

Holy smokes that had been intense and too close. I laid there panting heavily while he watched me from the bed, those green eyes dark and intense.

Then without another word, he strutted out of the room leaving me on the bed, my entire body still humming and my pussy still quivering from how good he had fucked me.

Best. Fucking. Night. Ever. But a thought lingered on my mind, I was playing with fire. Would I get burnt when he found out?

Chapter 18: YOU NEED TO SEE THIS

Abigail

"Wakey, wakey, sleepyhead!"

I groaned, burying my face deeper into my pillow. Memories of last night ran through my head and my toes curled just from remembering the pleasure. God, it had been worth it though. Finnegan was a freaking beast.

"Wake upppp," Annette drawled, tugging at my bedsheets.

"Go away, Annie," I mumbled, pulling it against me.

"Nope!" The mattress dipped as Annette bounced onto the bed. "It's past noon, babe. You've been dead to the world for like twelve hours."

Twelve hours? What the hell?

I peeked at the room with one eye open. Sunlight streamed through the curtains, way too bright for my liking.

"What time did you get home?" I asked, my voice husky with sleep.

Annette laughed. "Around eight this morning. You passed out cold. Like, I had to check if you were still breathing." She poked my shoulder. "Last night was that good, huh?"

A grin spread across my face despite the exhaustion in my bones. Opening my eyes fully, I threw my hands up and stretched, arching my back, feeling every delicious ache in my muscles. "You have no idea."

"Oh my gosh, details!" She grabbed my arm, shaking me. "I need details right now or I'm going to explode!"

A giggle slipped past my lips. I sat up immediately, while suppressing a wince. Yeah, I was definitely going to feel Finnegan Wolfe all through the next week.

Thank God it was Sunday. If I had had to drag myself into work today, I couldn't even imagine how that would be possible.

"Let's just say the man I met last night," I licked my bottom lip, "...fucked my brains out. Thoroughly."

Annette leaned forward, her eyes sparkling with mischief "I need the how, the where-"

I curled my lips in mock disgust. "Ewwww, You're insatiable."

"Says the girl who just got railed in a sex club." She wiggled her eyebrows. "Come on, Abby, Spill."

I bit my lower lip, heat creeping up my cheeks at the memory. His hands. His mouth. His cock... oh sweet lord Jesus.

"He tied me up," I admitted and Annette's jaw dropped.

"Shut up."

A giggle slipped from me. "Girl I couldn't move, couldn't do anything but take his cock, I don't think I've ever been fucked like that."

"Holy shit." she squealed. "I told you going to the club was going to be amazing!"

"That's not even the best part," I leaned closer, lowering my voice. "It's Wolfe."

The room went so silent, if a feather got dropped to the ground, it would make a deafening sound. Annette's eyes were wide as saucers as she whispered.

"You're kidding?" her fingers dug into my arm so hard I yelped. "Are you fucking kidding me right now?!"

"No I am not,"

"Your boss?! The ice king himself?! That Wolfe?!"

"The one and only. I would know that body anywhere, Annie, especially after he fucked me on the plane."

She sat back, looking dazed. "Your boss fucked you at a sex club. Did he know it was you?"

"You think if he did, he would still fuck me?" I laughed. "I had to change my voice and stuff and then my mask almost fell while he was fucking me and I almost died from the panic,"

I told her about how Finnegan fucked like some savage beast. The way my head thrashed and the mask shifted with each thrust. I had to bury my face in my arms to keep it from falling off completely.

"Jesus Christ," Annette breathed. "That's... that's actually terrifying... and hot. Terrifyingly hot?"

"I knowwww," I gushed, slapping my palms over my face. "Drake could never,"

"Drake who?" Annette scoffed in disgust, flopping on her back beside me. "Please do not contaminate this sacred moment by mentioning that swine. I didn't even know your boss went to places like Sanctuary."

"Neither did I." I lay down beside her. "He's always so cold at work, but at the club..." I bit my lip. "He's a different person."

"Ooh, you have to come next opening day." Annette clapped her hands excitedly in the air. "If Wolfe came once, he might come again. And you-" She poked my chest. "-need to be there when he does."

My heart raced at the thought. I could have another night, another chance to feel him inside me.

Another risk of getting caught. Maybe I shouldn't be too greedy and just treasure this one night with him? But I would be around him every single weekday, seeing those arms, that cold face, knowing just how he looked when he had his cock sucked, his growls, his grunts... his pleasure.

How could I not want more?

"Oh I'm so jealous," Annette's whining dragged me from my thoughts. She threw her hands up. "Do you have any idea how badly I want to know who Zeus is? Like, I've tried everything, Abby. Every hacking trick I know. And I still can't get into Sanctuary's database to find out his real identity."

"You tried to hack the club?"

"Of course I did!" She looked offended that I asked that. "But their security is insane, you'd think it was run by the government. Whoever runs Sanctuary does not fuck around with member privacy."

I had to admit, that was kind of impressive and reassuring. If Annette, who could hack into pretty much anything, couldn't break Sanctuary's system, then my secret was probably safe. I just had to find a way to secure my mask and practice a different voice before the next opening day-

"Wait." I sat up suddenly. "Speaking of hacking, what about tracking down who sent that package?"

"Oh yeah that," She mumbled.

We had written it off as a prank, probably Drake being a dick, trying to mess with my head after the breakup.

But something about it nagged at me. Drake wasn't that smart to come up with a prank like this.

"I'll get right on it after breakfast," My best friend mumbled. "Should be easy peasy, whoever sent it probably didn't cover their tracks well."

After a good hot bath, and breakfast,

I spent the afternoon sorting through emails on my laptop. My body still ached, but I was less sore than I was when I woke up this morning. Every time I shifted in my seat, I felt Finnegan's hands on my thighs and the memory of his cock stretching me open.

My pussy clenched and I winced at the soreness. Shit.

I was halfway through responding to a client's email when Annette appeared in my doorway, her face pale like a ghost.

My stomach dropped. "Babe? What's wrong?"

She walked over slowly and sat down beside me on the couch. Her knuckles were white as she gripped the laptop, a look of horror plastered on her features.

"You..." She swallowed hard. "You should see this, Abby."

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

My throat went dry as a desert as I read the words on the screen. There was a picture of an old newspaper.

LOCAL COUPLE KILLED IN TRAGIC ACCIDENT.

The headline screamed across the page in bold black letters. Under it, was a photo of my parents, so young, so happy. My Dad's arm around Mom's shoulders, both of them looking at the camera like they had their whole lives ahead of them.

My vision blurred.

I blinked. Big fucking mistake. The moisture gathered at the corners of my eyes, threatening to spill over.

"I know they died in an accident, Annette," I said thickly, swallowing a laugh. "Everyone knows that,"

It was raining that night. I had been in the back seat of the car, playing around with my stuffed bunny, while mom and dad talked in the front seat. They said my parents were speeding above the limit and the bad weather conditions contributed to the single-vehicle accident.

I was nine. My memories of the accident were pretty hazy but it was what, fifteen years ago?

"Why are you showing me this?" I asked Annette and she sighed.

"I found this, linked to the address on the package. There was a dummy website and well," She tapped on the down arrow button, pushing the page up and on the screen was another document that had the official letterhead of the police department seal embossed at the top.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT - CASE #04-7721

The words swam on the page.

"Brake line tampering... evidence of forced entry... The existing damage is inconsistent with impact... recommendation for further investigation..."

There was a photo attached. It was black and white, and grainy, but I knew it was a picture of my parent's car crumpled like a crushed soda can. Glass scattered across asphalt like diamonds. Dark stains...Blood. Their blood.

My stomach lurched, acid rose up my throat.

I couldn't look away. The passenger door hung open, all shattered to bits and the front of the car was completely destroyed, where my parents were.

"Conclusion: Strong indication of vehicular homicide. Case transferred to Homicide Division for further investigation."

Homicide? What the hell did they mean by homicide? Were the papers in the box right all along?

A sound escaped my throat. My chest constricted, tightened until I couldn't breathe like there was a fist gripping my lungs.

"Abby-"

"No, okay, this is probably just another prank," I muttered, shaking my head.

"I ran the dates and checked the database-"

"No, okay, Annie-"

"It's real Abby!"

I closed my eyes and I was back there again in the car that night.

The windshield wipers going swish-swish, catching the droplets pouring from the sky.

Mom's laugh from the front seat, Dad saying something I couldn't hear over the radio. My fingers gripping a stuffed rabbit, watching something out the window.

Then suddenly we were spinning.

Glass exploded, metal screamed and groaned as the car turned upside down. My head hit something hard and Mom's weak voice called for me as I sobbed in the backseat. My seatbelt cut into my chest, holding me suspended in the air, Dad gave a low groan and finally went quiet.

Even in my memories and dreams about that night I couldn't see the images of my bloodied parents. The therapist Meemaw made me see all those years ago had said it was my brain's way of coping through trauma by blocking those awful memories.

There were footsteps on the shattered glass around the car. Someone, a man, crouched down by the car. I couldn't see his face, just darkness where his face should be and he was backlit by headlights from another car.

My eyes snapped open and I gasped for air. A motherfucker killed my parents, it hadn't been an accident. Annette dropped her laptop on the desk before us and pulled me close in a hug.

"Shit, Abby, you need to breathe," She rushed in a breath, running her fingers down my back.

There was another car.

There was definitely another car. The newspaper report had said it was a single car accident but there was another car back then! I turned my eyes to the laptop and forced my eyes to finish reading the words.

Homicide. My parents were murdered. It wasn't a car accident. Then why would it be announced to the public that it was? And why did my grandparents tell me it was a car accident?

"Status of investigation: CLOSED"

"Reason for closure-"

The next line hit me straight in the gut.

"Case closed by order of Chief of Police Robert Morrison. Evidence deemed insufficient and the family declined to pursue further investigation. It is ruled as accidental death."

My grandparents' signatures sat at the bottom of the page. It was them. They were the ones who stopped the investigation and had it written off as an accident. A little laugh left my lips.

"Abby?"

"This is definitely some bull shit. Why would they... why would Meemaw and Gramps lie to me?"

Annette's eyes flickered with worry. "I don't think anyone would go through this length just to stage a prank-"

"I'm calling them. I have to get to the bottom of this," I grumbled, snatching my phone off the couch.

This had to be wrong. My vision blurred and I blinked rapidly, rereading the names at the bottom of the page.

Gerald and Marissa Kellerman.

Gramps and Meemaw.

Fifteen years. For fifteen years I had believed it was an accident, I had thought maybe, just maybe Dad had been driving too fast in the rain and if he had just been more careful, if the weather had been better, if we had stayed home that day, I would still have my parents.

But it wasn't raining. It wasn't bad luck or poor timing. Someone had killed them. Someone had rammed into our car on purpose, forced them off the road, and watched them die.

And my grandparents knew all along.

Why would they lie? Lie to me?

The question circled in my head like vultures squawking over their next meal. Meemaw and Gramps had raised me through nightmares, panic attacks, through every single thing.

How could they have lied to my face for fifteen years? Why would they call off the investigation? Why do I not get a say in any of this? They were my parents.

My thumb swiped over the screen to unlock, while Annie kept urging me to calm down. I tapped on Meemaw's number, pulling my brows in a frown, fighting the urge to cry so bad.

"Meemaw-"

"Hello my little Abby-" My grandma's voice cut off mid sentence, suddenly going high pitched. "Abby, what's wrong? Are you crying? What happened?"

"Why did you lie to me?" The words came out broken as I desperately fought the sob that welled up my throat. "Why would you lie to me, Meemaw?"

"Lie?" She yelled on the other end. "Baby, what are you talking about?"

"I know." My voice cracked, grip tightening around the phone. "I know they were murdered. I know it wasn't just an accident, why didn't you tell me?"

A loud gasp filtered through the receiver. "Oh no. Gerald," Meemaw shrieked on the other end. "Gerald, come here. Now!"

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Abigail.

My stomach dropped. I didn't want to believe the report but hearing Meemaw's panicked voice only told me the reports were right all along. A lone tear streaked down my cheek and I wiped it off angrily.

"Why wouldn't you tell me?" I demanded, clamping down the anger rising through my veins.

"What's wrong?" Gramps' voice boomed in the background. "Marissa, what happened to Abigail?"

"She knows," Meemaw whispered, "She knows about Hugo and Isabella."

I pressed my palm against my mouth, trying to muffle the sob clawing up my throat. Annette's hand gripped my shoulder.

"Why? Why did you tell me it was an accident? Why did you fucking lie to me for fifteen years?"

"Oh, Mellia," Meemaw sighed, her voice growing thick with tears. "We had to. We had to, baby."

Heat flared in my chest. "You had to let me think they died because Dad was speeding? I blamed myself for surviving when they didn't, Meemaw. I... God, I still can't believe you would lie about your son's death!"

"Because we would have lost you too!" she cried.

I blinked rapidly, eyes meeting Annette's who leaned closer to hear the conversation. "What?"

"Give me the phone, Marissa." Gramps grunted. "Abigail, darling, listen to me. During the investigation, we received threats."

My breath hitched. "Threats?"

"Someone called the house," Gramps continued, "They left notes in the mailbox and told us if we kept pushing for answers, if we didn't let the case die..." He paused. "They said we'd lose you too."

"Let me get this straight," I said bitterly. "They killed my parents then threatened to kill me too?"

"We had just lost Hugo and Isabella," Meemaw sobbed in the background. "We couldn't... we couldn't lose you too. I couldn't survive it. That's why we had to move."

"We had to stop the investigation to protect you," Gramps said quietly.

I bit back a dry laugh. Whoever had killed my parents had some nerve. Threatening to kill me? I gritted my teeth, clenching my hands into fists.

"We hated it." Meemaw sobbed. "We hated lying to you. Every time you asked about the accident, every time you had nightmares, every time you blamed yourself, it killed us. But what else could we do? How could we risk you..."

Her voice trailed into cries. Tears fell hotly down my cheeks and Annette pulled me against her side, her arm wrapping around me.

They were trying to protect me. Someone threatened to kill me if they investigated. They murdered my parents and got away with it.

Not anymore.

"I'm sorry," Meemaw whispered. "I'm so sorry, Mellia. Please forgive us."

"We did what we thought was right," Gramps added. "Maybe we were wrong. Maybe we should have fought harder, or- or found another way. But we couldn't lose you, you were all we had left. You are all we have, darling."

My hand trembled against the phone. "I'm not mad at you."

I wasn't. I was furious, but not at them.

No, whoever did this, whoever killed my parents and then threatened my grieving grandparents into silence, they thought they could get away with murdering my dad and mom?

Fuck. That.

"Abigail, no," Meemaw said as if she could read my mind. "Promise me you won't go after this, Abigail. You can't. Whoever did this, they're dangerous. They're still out there. You can't go looking for them. Promise me!"

It would be easy to lie to them and make that promise. But I couldn't. Someone had sent me that box. Someone wanted me to know the truth. If I could find them, if I could get the police to reopen the investigation, if I could just-

"Abigail." Gramps called firmly. "Did you hear your grandmother? Promise us you'll let this go."

Let it go?

Let the people who murdered my parents just... walk around free? I would rather chew glass.

"I..." I murmured hoarsely, "I'm sorry you both had to go through that. I love you."

"We love you too, baby," Meemaw whispered.

"So much," Gramps added. "Please be safe."

We stayed on the phone for another ten minutes. Meemaw apologizing over and over, Me reassuring them I was okay even though I absolutely fucking wasn't.

When I finally hung up, I sat there staring at the black screen.

Annette was quiet beside me for a long moment.

Then she sighed. "You're going after them, aren't you?"

"Someone sent me that box," I said quietly. "Someone knows what happened and wanted me to find out."

"Or someone's fucking with you."

"Maybe." I wiped my face with the back of my hand. "But what if they're not? What if whoever sent this has evidence or some sort of information, Annie? What if they can help me find who did this?"

Annette bit her lip. "Abby..."

"I have to try." My voice hardened. "I have to know who killed them. Why did they kill them? I have to make sure they pay for what they did."

"What if whoever threatened your grandparents comes after you?"

"Then they come after me." I met her eyes. "I'm not some nine-year-old anymore, Annie. I'm not going to hide."

She groaned. "I want to say, fuck yeah, let's do this, but we're not freaking James bond, Abby." Yet as she spoke, she sighed and grabbed her laptop. "Okay. Then let's find out who sent the damn box."

It took Annette less than thirty minutes to get the address.

"Got it," she announced, spinning her laptop toward me. "The package was sent from a PO box, but the payment for that box traces back to an address on the outskirts of the city."

I leaned forward, reading the screen. "That's like an hour away,"

"An hour and fifteen in traffic." Annette was already standing, grabbing her keys. "Come on."

"Wait, now?"

"Let's just do this before I lose my courage," she grumbled.

Fair point, I thought with a dry smile and rose off the couch. When we arrived at the address an hour thirty minutes later, the door was wide open and what we saw had us shaking down to our toes.