



FORGIVE ME FATHER

FOR I HAVE SINNED...
SEVEN TIMES

LAYLA KNIGHT

FORGIVE ME FATHER FOR I
HAVE SINNED...7 TIMES

OceanofPDF.com

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MIRIAM

“This is so wrong,” I whispered, squeezing my eyes shut so I didn’t have to look at him anymore. This man was far too handsome for his own good, and I found it hard to resist him when he was crowding my space like this. “We shouldn’t be doing this, Alex. It’s wrong on so many levels.”

My words didn’t deter him in the slightest as he crossed the little distance between us and caged me against the kitchen counter. I cursed myself for not moving faster, but there wasn’t anything I could do now. I had tried before, and it ended with him lifting me onto the counter and fucking my brains out.

I had already made that mistake once. It couldn’t happen again.

Don’t get me wrong. It was mind-blowing, and I had never been fucked the way this man fucked me, but it was wrong on every level.

I may have met Alex before our parents introduced us, but we were step-siblings now.

“Why is it wrong, baby?” He bowed his head to press his lips to my ear, his warm breath sending a shiver down my spine. “We’ve danced this dance before. Why should we refrain now?”

“It can’t happen again.”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re my step-brother,” I groaned and pushed on his chest, but Alex was quick to trap my hand, forcing me to feel his impressive abs which felt even better pressed up against my naked body.

“That didn’t stop you last time.” He smirked against the slope of my neck, and I felt his lips part as he sucked the skin into his mouth, hard

enough to leave a mark. When I gasped, I felt him smirk against my neck and his hands dropped to my hips, pulling me closer and grinding his groin against my stomach.

He was so hard, and I couldn't stop myself from moaning at the delicious feeling. My pussy clenched desperately, needing to feel him inside me again...but it couldn't happen. Not again.

"Admit it, baby. You want this just as much as I do."

"I don't."

"You're lying."

"I'm not."

"Prove it," he demanded with a cocky smirk.

My lips curved down. "What?"

"Prove it to me that you don't want this as much as I do."

"I don't need to prove anything to you." I rolled my eyes.

His smirk turned sinister, taking my words as a challenge. "Let's see about that, shall we?"

Before I could question what my wicked step-brother meant, he slipped a hand into my leggings and pressed two fingers to my core over the lacy material of my panties. My face grew hot, and I could do nothing but caress his chest while he stroked my pussy through my panties, feeling how soaked the thin scrap of material was.

Alex's smirk grew wider and even more insufferable as he slipped his hand out of my leggings and showed me his fingers, the tips glistening with my juices.

"You're soaked, baby. Looks like I proved you wrong. You owe me."

"I don't owe you anything," I scoffed and looked away. "You need to leave me alone, Alex. You stay on your side of the house, and I'll stay on mine. The less we see each other, the better." I pushed on his chest with both hands, and relief washed over me when he took two steps back, finally giving me space. I struggled to think clearly when he was so near.

"That isn't going to work for me, Jolene. You're too damn irresistible for me to stay on my side of the house. It's silly of you to ask the impossible of me."

Before I could make my getaway, Alex hooked an arm around my waist and spun me so my back was pressed up against his chest. His hand slipped inside my leggings once again. This time, he pushed the thin material of my panties aside and slipped two fingers inside me. The wet clenching of my

pussy as he thrust his fingers in and out of me sent a furious blush to my cheeks, and I threw my head back to rest on his shoulder, succumbing to the pleasure that only my step-brother could give me.

My fingers itched to turn the page and read what dirty things Alex did to his step-sister, but my sheet was suddenly pulled back to reveal me lying on my stomach in bed, reading with the torchlight on my phone.

“Miriam Salome Chiswell!” My mother yelled with a furious expression on her face. Her eyes were so wide and angry that it looked like they would roll out of their sockets at any moment now, and her face was slowly turning an angry shade of red, making her look like a ripe tomato.

I was too stunned at being discovered to realise the magnitude of the situation.

For other girls my age, being discovered reading a book in the early hours of the morning wouldn’t be that big of a deal, but it was for me. You see, my parents were devout Christians and believed this genre of literature came directly from the Devil himself.

My whole family already thought I was digging a grave for myself in Hell with my skirts that ended above the knee, shirts that stretched too tight over my chest, and the blonde colour that I had dyed my hair a few months ago. I was a natural brunette like my mother and sisters—my father’s hair was darker than the night sky—but I had never been a fan of the colour. I always thought it made me look mousey so for my nineteenth birthday, I decided to bite the bullet and treat myself to a hair transformation. I had gone full strawberry blonde and hadn’t looked back since. Not even when my mother begged me to dye it back.

My entire family—my parents and two elder sisters—were devout Christians—Catholic, to be specific. Their religion taught them that divorce was wrong, so my parents had been unhappily married for years. Instead of attempting to resolve their issues or leaving each other for the sake of their own happiness, they spent more time at Church than they did with each other.

We attended Church every Sunday like a lot of Christian families did, but we didn’t stop there. My father worked a corporate job to put food on our table and keep a roof over our heads, but he spent the weekends volunteering at the Church. My mother stayed at home to look after us but now that we were older—I was the youngest at nineteen—she also volunteered at the Church. She helped organise charity events, fundraisers,

and other Church functions. Both my sister studied at the local college to stay close to home and the Church as they had been part of the choir since middle school. My parents always wanted me to join them, but I refused. They were disappointed, of course, but that was nothing new.

Not only was I the black sheep of the family, but I was also the family embarrassment.

Like my parents, all their friends were super religious as well. Whenever there was a function or party, my parents forced all three of us sisters to attend with them to keep up pretences. My sisters didn't mind, but I always begged to be left at home. It never worked. The last thing I wanted was to spend my time among old farts who constantly walked around like they had a permanent stick wedged up their ass and made their religion their whole personality.

Sure, I believed in God and a higher power up, but I liked to live life on my terms and not on the terms mapped out in an old book I could hardly make sense of.

This evening, at their friend's birthday party, I voiced my opinion about God and religion when asked, and my parents were so embarrassed and angry they shunned me to the car for the rest of the evening.

I snuck back into the backyard where the more rebellious teenagers were passing around some beer and cigarettes. I wasn't much of a smoker, but I could never say no to alcohol, and that was how my father found me when he stepped outside to take a phone call.

My parents were mad. Beyond mad. More furious than I had ever seen them before.

They tried to ground me for a month, but I was nineteen. I planned to move out as soon as I had saved enough money for a few month's rent on an apartment and wouldn't risk sleeping on the street. I'd much rather put up with listening to the Bible for another year or two than go hungry and become homeless.

"Do you know what time it is?" My mother screeched.

I glanced at my phone. "It's six past one in the morning, but you didn't have to come into my room to ask the time."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Doesn't look like nothing to me," she snorted, her face growing redder.

I tried to hide the illustrated paperback under the pillow, but my mother was quick. She grabbed the book and my phone out of my hands before I could do anything, and her eyes grew wide as she began reading the words on the page that I left the book open on.

Fuck!

“Miriam!” She screeched even louder than last time. “How could you read such filth?”

“It’s not filth, mother. It’s just a book.” I tried to grab my belongings from her hand, but she stepped back and hid them behind her back.

“More like the Devil’s book,” she snorted, and before I could stop her, she turned on her heel and marched out of my room. “We’ll discuss this in the morning,” I heard her faintly say.

Well, that would be a fun conversation to have over breakfast tomorrow.

Without my phone and book to finish the hot scene I was reading, I was left to the whims of my colourful imagination to take the edge off. It wasn’t the same, and my eyebrows furrowed together in concentration, but once I imagined myself pinned between Mr Larsen, my high school Math teacher who always gave me detention for not doing my homework on time and looked devilishly handsome in a suit and tie, and Mr Hemmingway, the old librarian who appeared to have a kind, gentle soul, but I had spied him fucking one of the student librarians after hours once, I was racing toward my climax in no time.

My body relaxed with a sated smile after I came over my fingers, and I burrowed under the sheets, finally ready to fall asleep.

If my parents found out what I had just done, they would send me to Church to get doused in holy water to cleanse me of my sins. Little did they know there wouldn’t be enough holy water in the world for that.

MIRIAM

“**M**iriam, can you come in here, please?” My mother called for me from downstairs.

“Now?” I groaned, scrolling through TikTok after having snuck my phone back from my parent's room early this morning. Even though I was nineteen, my parents thought they were entitled to confiscate my belongings like I was a child. I figured out a long time ago that they kept everything hidden under the loose floorboard under their bed.

“Yes now!”

I rolled my eyes and headed downstairs, leaving my phone on the bed so they couldn't confiscate it for whatever I had done this time.

“What did I do wrong this time?” I asked when I stepped into the kitchen.

“Don't get me started on all the things you did wrong yesterday, Miriam,” my mother huffed, her face pinching together awfully as she pinned me with a harsh glare. “But last night was the cherry on top of the cake.”

“It was just a book.”

“Just a book?” My father roared, looking just as disgusted as my mother. He stood behind her with his hand on her shoulder, looking like the perfect tag team. “How can you say that-that *filth* is just a book? It's from the Devil!”

I rolled my eyes. “You two are being dramatic.”

“You won't be saying that when you're burning in Hell,” he scoffed.

“I've done worse than read a smutty book,” I sneered, and my parents flinched as if I had physically attacked them.

My mother gasped, and my father abruptly left the kitchen.

“You’re going to walk down to the Church right now and confess your sins, Miriam!” She demanded, pointing an angry finger at the door. “But make sure that you get changed first. I don’t want the Pastor to see you dressed like that,” she snarled at my choice of pyjamas: an oversized top and short shorts. “He’s already concerned about your commitment and loyalty to the Church. I don’t want to confirm it with you turning up there looking like a common hooker.”

“I’m pretty sure hookers are more stylish than me,” I smirked, unable to help myself from jesting even though my mother looked at me like I had grown three heads.

“I’m serious, Miriam.”

The smirk slipped off my face. “You have got to be joking,” I scoffed, crossing my arms over my chest. “I’m not going to Church, and I’m not confessing anything to anyone. Especially not to your precious Pastor.”

My mother’s glare hardened, and before I knew it, I was dressed in a little black dress which was five inches longer than I would have liked and covered so much of my chest that I might as well have worn a black bin bag, I was heading out the door to Church.

“Don’t return home until you’ve confessed all your sins, Miriam!” She screamed after me. “This will be a new start for you! Make the most of this opportunity!”

“How about I don’t come home at all?” I scoffed and made a point of slamming the door shut and stomping down the steps.

Every rebellious bone in my body—all two-hundred and six of them—begged me to turn the other way and spend my day doing literally anything else, but I knew my parents would check with boring old Pastor Clark to make sure I actually went to Church to confess my sins. If they learned that I defied them, I would be in even more trouble than I already was.

Not for the first time, I wondered if it would be easier to find my own path in life instead of living like this—with no savings and on a gap year after college. The logical thing to do was to live at home while I worked on my book, work part-time to save some money and figure out what I wanted to do with my life, but it was proving to be more trouble than it was worth.

Naturally, my parents weren’t a fan of me becoming an author, and that was without me telling them what genre I wrote.

Confessing my sins was literally one of the worst things my mother could have forced me into. Not only was Pastor Clark a boring old fart that smelled a little like mouldy old cheese, but my list of ‘sins’ was so long that I would be stuck in the confession box all day, and my book wouldn’t edit itself.

I managed to turn the ten-minute walk to Church into half an hour, but it still felt too soon.

When I slipped inside, I wasn’t surprised to find the holy building empty. It was nine in the morning on a Saturday. My parents were the only ones crazy enough to send their teenage daughter to Church on a Saturday morning.

“Hello?” I called out, dragging my feet down the aisle as I looked around for someone. Anyone. “Hello? Is anyone here?”

I didn’t expect an answer because the Church was empty, but it came from above me.

“Hello. Can I help you?” An unfamiliar masculine voice answered from above, the tone low and husky, and I craned my neck back to spy a man standing on the second floor, leaning over the railings and staring down at me with a small smirk.

This man wasn’t Pastor Clark.

He couldn’t be further from Pastor Clark if he tried.

While Pastor Clark was a short, tubby man in his sixties and always had that old man smell, this man had to be at least forty years his junior. The scruff on his jaw made him look older, but I estimated him to be nearing thirty at the very most. His hair was wound in tight blonde curls, giving him an angelic look, and his eyes were hazel brown with emerald green flecks in them, giving them so much depth. The scruff that decorated his jaw hardened his otherwise soft look, and I gulped as he stared at me so intently it felt like he was slowly undressing me with his eyes.

Very non-Pastor-like, if you asked me.

“Who are you?” I managed to ask, sounding too out of breath for my liking. It made no sense since I had walked to Church at a snail’s pace.

“Pastor James.”

“Pastor James?”

“That’s my name,” he smirked. “What can I help you with today...?”

My face flushed at the intensity of his gaze. It was the kind of look where even if the Church was filled with people, his stare would make me

feel like the only person in the room.

What was happening?

I had never reacted like this around anyone of the opposite sex before. Especially not a Pastor.

I usually had this effect on guys, not the other way around.

“Miriam. Miriam Chiswell,” I introduced myself. “Are you new here, Pastor James? I’ve never seen you around here before.”

“I guess you could say that.” His lips curved higher, and there was a twinkle in his eyes. As if he was in on a secret joke. One that revolved around me.

“Where’s Pastor Clark?” I asked even though I didn’t care.

“He’s tied up with something.” His smirk turned secretive. “Can I help you with something?”

“My parents sent me here to confess my sins,” I said.

“Do you do everything your parents ask you to?”

“Hardly,” I scoffed. “It’s fine. I’ll just tell them that Pastor Clark wasn’t here and come back another time.”

“What’s the rush?” The young Pastor chuckled and pushed himself up from the railing. My eyes followed him as he walked around to the stairs, his steps down them slow and purposeful while he kept his eyes trained on me the entire time. “You forget that I’m a Pastor as well, Miriam.”

“Don’t worry about it,” I tried to dismiss him. “This actually works out in my favour, so thanks, but no thanks.”

I turned to leave.

“You said your name was Miriam Chiswell, right?” Pastor James was now standing on the last step.

I paused at his question and stared at him with a small, confused frown.

“I did.”

“Youngest daughter of Pete and Harriet Chiswell?”

My lips pursed and I felt the hairs at the back of my neck stand to attention. “Yes.”

“And you live on 5 Manton Drive? I believe that’s a ten-minute walk from here, right?”

“That’s right,” I murmured, starting to feel a little creeped out. “How did you know that?”

“Pastor Clark has filled me in on all his *troubled* attendees. I know all about you, Miriam.” His smirk grew bigger.

“Is that what we’re calling unreligious people now? *Troubled attendees?*” I scoffed, crossing my arms over my chest, trying to deflect how uncomfortable this new Pastor was making me feel. Mostly because he was super attractive and I was struggling to ignore that as every part of me was accustomed to being against everything and anything associated with religion and the Church.

“Why don’t we get in the confession box?” Pastor James suggested, already moving toward it. I had been in there several times before—my parents seemed to always think it would reform me, but it never did—so I was familiar with it already. However, it felt different this time.

I would be in there with Pastor James.

“There’s no need,” I tried to dismiss.

“If you leave, I’ll be on the phone with your parents before you even make it halfway home. By the time you get home, I’d have told them all about this, and they’ll either punish you or send you back here, so it’s your call. My suggestion? Save us both the time and trouble, and just get in the confessional.”

My jaw clenched, and I exhaled deeply. I hated to admit it, but he was right.

“Fine,” I sighed, giving in.

Despite the different Pastor, the confessional was the same. There was a thin partition separating the two sides of the box. I couldn’t see Pastor James, but I could feel his presence and hear every breath he took. There was something so intimate about that.

It had never felt like this with that boring old fart, Pastor Clark, before. With him on the other side, I usually couldn’t wait to get out of here, but I wasn’t in much of a rush today.

“Go at your own pace, Miriam.” The way his tongue rolled around my name sent a hot flush all over my body. I crossed one leg over the other to ease the ache in my pussy that had slowly been building since I turned around and spotted Pastor James watching me from above, looking more like a dark angel than a man of God.

“Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned,” I murmured, the words sounding so much dirtier now that I was in here with the hot, young Pastor.

“Proceed, child.” His tone was mocking, but my body still reacted to it. It was wrong, but I was so turned on.

“My mother caught me reading a dirty book in bed last night. Well, it was a smutty book but she called it dirty. She got mad and took it away, and now here I am. My parents think confessing my sins will reform me and put me onto the path of God, but I think it’s stupid. It’s never worked before. I don’t know why they don’t just give up on me. I’m not made for religion, and religion isn’t made for me. The sooner they get on board with that, the happier we’ll all be.”

“What kind of dirty book were you reading?” Pastor James asked, his question surprising me.

I had only done confessionals with Pastor Clark before, and he never spoke much. Mostly prompting me to be honest and then, in the end, saying that I was forgiven before instructing me to drink some holy water.

Pastor James clearly did things differently.

“Smutty,” I corrected. “It was a stepbrother-stepsister romance.”

“Does that turn you on?”

My eyebrows shot up in surprise, but I found myself answering anyway.

“Yes,” I said in a small voice. “Why is that relevant?”

“What other dirty books do you read?” He asked, ignoring my question.

My cheeks coloured furiously. “A lot, but enemies-to-lovers is my favourite trope. The spicier, the better.”

“A Pastor and a naughty Church girl. Does that qualify as enemies-to-lovers?” He chuckled, and I didn’t answer, far too embarrassed and turned on. I was very outspoken with the boys that I was with, but most of them were my age and they were the ones blushing, not me. It was oddly refreshing for the tables to be turned, but it was also terrifying. “What other sins do you have to confess, Miriam?”

“I sometimes touch myself while I’m reading. Porn is good, but they don’t compare to sexy books.”

I grew hotter and more turned on as I continued confessing my sins and getting everything off my chest. Somehow, Pastor James got me to open up, starting from the first cock I sucked behind the bins at school to more recently when I snuck a boy from Church into my room while our parents were having tea downstairs and had him lick my pussy. Once I came, we went downstairs with the taste of my come still on his tongue, and he kissed his girlfriend of three years without washing his mouth. She, an acquaintance and unknown to what had gone on upstairs, had later confided in me that her boyfriend had never kissed her like that before.

Pastor James turned out to be a better listener than I could have expected, and for the first time in years since I started confessing, I started to feel lighter. It was refreshing to open up to someone in a judgement-free box, and once it felt like I had gotten everything off my chest, I was completely pooped.

I yawned and covered my mouth.

“Sorry, Pastor James. I don’t know why I’m suddenly so tired.”

“This is normal, Miriam. You have nothing to apologise for. Why don’t you take a nap?”

“What?” I sounded aloud in tired surprise as my eyelids grew heavy. “Why would I do that?”

“Give in to it, Miriam. Close your eyes. Let sleep take over your body.”

My eyebrows furrowed together at the Pastor’s words. The request was strange, but I yawned again. Eventually, I couldn’t fight the tiredness any longer, and my body slumped against the partition as my eyes drifted close.

PRIDE

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3

MIRIAM

I woke up feeling refreshed and sleeping on sheets so soft it felt like I was sleeping on a bed of the purest cotton. It was so soft and gentle against my skin, and I groaned quietly as I stretched and rolled over onto my stomach.

Wait.

Cotton? Bed?

How did I end up in a bed?

Last I remembered, I was in the confessional with Pastor James, confessing my sins. When I told Pastor James I suddenly felt sleepy, he strangely prompted me to give in.

Could it have been Pastor James? Did he do something to me?

Panic washed over me. If he did something to me, I didn't feel it. There was a wall between us in the confessional, and before then, he had been on the second floor, watching me. He hadn't been close enough to slip me anything or have me sniff something without my realising it.

But if Pastor James didn't do something to me, then what happened?

How could I have fallen asleep and woken up here? Where even was here?

I shot up in bed, and my eyes widened as I stared back at myself. My reflection in the mirror. Except, I didn't have a mirror opposite my bed.

I turned my head frantically, looking in every direction.

Mirrors, mirrors, and more mirrors.

The four walls of the room were covered in mirrors, and it felt like there were a million versions of me staring back at myself as I sat on the bed. Completely and utterly naked.

Naked?

Why was I naked?

Did Pastor James slip me something in the confessional and kidnap me to the house of mirrors?

“Where the fuck am I?” I cursed under my breath, threw the sheets off me and crawled out of the big bed. It was much bigger than my parents’ queen-sized bed, and it was a chore to crawl out of it. When my foot touched the floor, I yelped in surprise. The ground was freezing cold and when I looked down, I saw it was all mirror.

It wasn’t just the walls that were mirrors. The entire room—the walls, ceilings and entire floor—was one big mirror.

It was so strange to see myself from so many different angles. When I stared ahead, I saw my slender shoulders, perky boobs that were a little heavy for my otherwise petite frame with the slightest hint of curves, and my shaved mound. When I glanced to the left and right, the side angle of my boobs and ass looked great. My ass was on the smaller side, but I made up for it with all the short skirts in my wardrobe. When I glanced down, I could see up between my legs, and when I spread them, my clit slipped out from between my pussy lips to greet me.

I was hot, even if I did so myself.

With the bedsheet wrapped around me, I walked across the room, looking for a way out.

Nothing made sense right now, but hopefully, I would find some answers outside this room. If I ever made it out of this never-ending void of reflections, that was.

I paced the room several times, and when I glanced down, I could see the trail of my footprints showing my path. It looked and felt like I had covered every inch of the room, yet I still couldn’t find a way out.

“How the hell am I going to get out of here?” I huffed under my breath, squinting my eyes as I slowly looked around the room for the outline of a door or a protruding knob of a handle.

“Looking for a way out?” A deep, husky voice whispered in my ear, warm breath fanning across the back of my neck.

I jumped in surprise, but a pair of muscular arms wrapped around my waist from behind, pulling me back and flush against a hard, chiselled chest before I could attempt to escape.

My eyes moved up, and I stared at my captor in the mirror. His beautiful blonde hair fell in luscious waves, ending an inch or two above his shoulders. His green eyes were captivating, and his sharp jaw, button nose, and dark, fluffy brows made him look mesmerisingly angelic. The confident smirk offset it and added a rough edge to him which had my pussy clenching. I was below average in height at five-foot-three, but this man made me feel even shorter as the top of my head barely reached halfway up his chest.

I gulped at the mirth in his eyes as he smirked at me in the mirror. It was enough to send me reeling back to reality, and I gasped loudly. The seriousness of the situation—this strange yet drop-dead gorgeous man held me captive in a room full of mirrors—hit me, and I yelled for help and flailed about, trying to escape the arms of my kidnapper.

“Let go of me, you bastard!” I shrieked, digging my nails into his arms, but the man didn’t budge. He didn’t even cry out from the pain.

“Such a filthy mouth for a good little girl.” His smirk widened, and he bowed his head to bury his face in the crook of my neck, pressing a wet, open-mouthed kiss there.

My clit throbbed almost painfully, and I squirmed in his hold.

This was not the time to get turned on!

“I don’t know who you are or what you want from me, but I don’t have any money. If this is about money, you’ve got the wrong person.”

His arms tightened around me, and he propped his chin on my shoulder. “I don’t want your money, Miriam.”

My breath hitched, and my body stilled as I stared back at him in the mirror, but his eyes were trained on himself with an appreciative glint in them. I watched as his eyes raked over himself, growing darker as he took in more.

Was this man checking himself out?

“How do you know my name?” I asked, and my question snapped his attention back to me. His hungry gaze ran down my body, over my full breasts and rosy, pebbled nipples. His eyes only grew more appreciative as he took in more of me, lingering on the mound between my legs where I faintly smelt a waft of desire. If I could smell myself, then so could he.

I had never been self-conscious about being naked in front of a member of the opposite sex before, but this man was drop-dead gorgeous and far more good-looking than any boy I had ever slept with.

“I know a lot of things about you, Miriam,” he murmured in a low, husky voice.

“How did I get here?”

“I think you already know.” He trailed kisses down my neck and shoulder, leaving tingles in his wake and doing sinful, unspeakable things to my body. I tried to pull away again, but there was no point. He was simply too strong, and his hold unrelenting.

“I don’t know.” I hated how raspy my voice sounded, giving away his effect on me. I hated his smirk against my skin even more.

“You do.”

“I don’t,” I insisted.

He didn’t acknowledge me with a response this time.

“Please, let me go,” I begged and pushed on his arms in an attempt to free myself, but it was no use. He was far too strong. If anything, his hold tightened, making it even harder to escape him.

My captor quirked a perfectly arched eyebrow at me. “And why would I do that?”

“Because I can’t possibly have anything that you want.”

“That’s where you’re wrong.”

“What do you mean?” I dared to ask.

“I want this.” One arm dropped from around my waist to cup my pussy, his palm brushing against my clit. My face grew hot when I felt my desire drip onto his hand.

I cursed my traitorous body for the betrayal.

I prayed the man wouldn’t notice, but when he moved his hand back and forth, rubbing against my throbbing clit in the most delicious way, I knew he knew. There was no way he didn’t know when I was practically dry-humping his hand at this point.

This was so wrong on so many levels. I had no idea who this man was, but he was somehow involved in my kidnapping. My body shouldn’t be reacting this way to him, yet I felt myself grow continuously slick and wet between my legs, my pussy throbbing and weeping for him.

“I don’t want you to touch me,” I protested, but my voice was shaky as he played with my pussy. “Please don’t touch me. Please let me go.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” I answered in an airy voice.

“Your pussy is wet.”

“I’m not wet. It’s discharge,” I lied.

“I know a wet pussy when I feel one, baby,” he snorted.

“Don’t call me that.”

“Baby?”

I nodded, breathless as he rubbed my clit with the rough pad of his thumb. It was slow and torturous, edging me slowly but not enough to make me come yet.

“Why not?”

“I don’t like it.”

“What do you like, *baby*?” I felt him smirk into the crook of my neck as his hand moved across my slit and toward my entrance. I gasped when he slipped a finger inside, going slowly at first until his entire finger disappeared inside me, and the palm of his hand slapped against my throbbing clit.

“I like it when my kidnapper isn’t touching me inappropriately,” I said, but the words came out around a moan.

“Oh, I’m not your kidnapper, baby.”

“If you’re not my kidnapper, what do you call this?” The sound of my squelching juices gave me away as he continued to thrust his fingers in and out of me.

“You came to us willingly.”

I froze. “Us?”

“Everything will make sense soon but right now, it’s just you and me, baby. Let’s enjoy it.” He slowly fucked me with his fingers, the delicious sensation making me slowly go delirious. “Look at us.” He moved his other hand up to cup my chin, forcing me to stare into the mirror in front of us. “Don’t we look good together?”

He moved his hand down and wrapped it around my neck. I gasped, but it was more from surprise than displeasure or fear. Especially not now that he’d slipped two more fingers inside of me and was fucking me harder than some guys had done with their cocks.

“Don’t we look together, baby?” He pressed a kiss under my ear, breathing nearly as heavily as me. “Answer me.”

“Yes,” I whispered, and my eyes fluttered shut when his hand that was wrapped around my neck slipped down to grope my boobs and pinch my nipples.

Between his mouth and tongue on my neck, one hand roaming my body and the other fucking my pussy, the pleasure became far too much for me to bear, and I came undone on him. My pussy clenched tightly on his fingers, but that didn't stop him from fucking me with them to prolong my orgasm.

Did that just happen?

Did I just come on a stranger's hand?

A stranger that was possibly my kidnapper?

"Stop," I whined, squeezing my legs shut around his hand. "I've already come."

"Don't tell me the boys you're with only get you off once."

I didn't answer. The truth was, some of them didn't even get me off at all. Half the time, I edged myself before they put their cock in, or I had to make myself come after they did. I wouldn't say my sex drive was overly high, but I had struggled to find people to match mine. Mostly, I corrupted little virgin Church boys with the promise of a good time. The thrill of it was exhilarating, but the actual delivery rarely lived up to expectations.

"Your silence is my answer." He pressed a kiss to my shoulder and finally let me go.

The logical thing to do would have been to run and desperately search for the door. Or even try and hurt my kidnapper-slash-pleasure-giver to buy myself time, but I found myself just standing there, my legs still shaking and unable to take my eyes off him in the mirror.

He held my eyes with a small, triumphant smirk.

My body betrayed me when a warm flush spread throughout it, and even though I had just come on his fingers, my pussy tingled in a way that I had never felt before. Not even when reading the kinkiest, spiciest romance novel I owned.

"My name is Pride," he grinned at me in the mirror and reached for the bottom of his shirt. "Remember it, baby, because you'll be screaming it later."

4

PRIDE

“**W**hat are you doing?” Miriam whispered, her eyes growing wide and almost fearful as she watched me slip my shirt over my head.

“Getting undressed.” My socks were the next to go.

Her eyes followed the movement of my hands as I reached down to unbutton my jeans. They normally fit fine and were flattering on me, but as soon as I laid eyes on Miriam, they got very tight around the crotch.

“Why are you taking off your clothes?” She gulped, the hunger shining in her eyes clear as day.

“We’ll have more fun that way,” I smirked and dropped my belt to the floor.

Miriam winced at the loud sound of the belt buckle hitting the glass, but I didn’t even react. These mirrors were made of the strongest material—they had to be for a man of my build and strength—so I wasn’t the least bit worried. My jeans were quick to follow, leaving me in my birthday suit since I ruined my boxers earlier today and didn’t bother replacing them with a clean pair. All it took was one look at Miriam and I knew that putting on boxers was only going to result in more laundry for me.

“We’re on the same playing field now, baby,” I grinned and reached down to palm my stiff cock which had been leaking pre-come since Lust brought Miriam back with him.

Since I had picked the longest straw, I got to play with her first. Wrath, the most hot-headed out of all of us, picked the shortest straw, and I couldn’t wait to see how that went down. His frustration was building by the second, and I knew our latest plaything was in for a good, hard fuck

when he finally got his hands on her. That would only be after all our brothers had their way with her first, starting with me.

I had already felt Miriam's tight pussy clench around my fingers—tighter and hotter than any pussy I had ever played with before—and I couldn't wait for more, but first, I wanted to know how to pleasure her.

Everyone was different, and they had different preferences and triggers. I liked to learn what my bed partners liked before I tended to them. I took pride in everything, especially my work which included pleasuring the women I slept with like they had never been pleased before.

My name was Pride for a reason.

I moved to take a step toward Miriam, tantalising me with that sexy little body of hers, but she inched backwards and held a hand up in front of her. As if that would keep me away from her.

"You can't touch me," she instructed, raising her chin to show me that she meant business. It was cute and made her look like an adorable little kitten, though I doubted that was what she intended.

I quirked an eyebrow. "Why not?"

"Because it's wrong." Her chin trembled, and she looked away as if she didn't trust herself to look at me. Unluckily for her, her pebbled nipples, glistening pussy, and the waft of desire coming from between her legs gave her away.

Miriam wanted me just as much as I wanted her, and there was no denying it.

"You want me to touch you," I stated the fact.

"I don't." She shook her head, but the defiant little kitten lifted her head and met my eyes. "You kidnapped me. Do you know how messed up this is? I never should have let you touch me in the first place. It was wrong, and it's not going to happen again."

"We've already been over this, baby," I chuckled lowly, stalking up to her until the tips of our toes were flush against each other's, and there was nowhere for her to escape. Not that she would be able to make it out of this room without me allowing it. "This isn't kidnapping. Not when you willing came to us."

"You keep saying *us*, but I don't understand. It's only you and me here. And I would never come willingly to a place like this," she huffed and tried to move away from me but didn't make it very far. I curled an arm around her waist and pulled her close so her boobs pressed up against my chest.

The feel of her hard nipples brushing against my naked sin was delicious and downright sinful.

“You don’t like my room?” I quirked an eyebrow and couldn’t resist stealing a peek at her perfect little bubble butt in the mirror. It was on the smaller side but perky, though her full tits and deep blue eyes more than made up for it.

“It’s very...vain.” The smirk on her face told me she thought it was an insult, but her words made me feel good.

People said the truth hurt, but I loved it. There wasn’t a single part of me that I wasn’t proud of.

“I’m a vain Sin, Miriam.”

“Sin?” She frowned, her face a mask of confusion.

“I said what I said.” I shrugged with a knowing smirk.

“What does that mean?” The adorable little kitten grew even more confused.

Before she could respond, I bowed my head and slanted my mouth over hers, claiming her mouth in a hard, bruising kiss. I had been thinking of doing this since the moment Lust showed us the new plaything he brought back for us.

Miriam melted under my mouth. Her lips were slow at first, hesitant about kissing me back, but one swipe of my tongue against hers had her clinging onto me for dear life while I devoured her mouth. She tasted like the sweetest, most appetising dessert I had ever tasted, but I was going to withhold that judgement until I tasted her pussy first. Something told me that would be the sweetest dessert I had ever tasted.

“Pride,” Miriam moaned quietly against my mouth, sliding her hands up my chest and looping them around my neck. She rose on her tiptoes and slanted her head, deepening the kiss.

“That’s it, baby. Moan my name. You’ll be screaming it later.” I raked my teeth over her bottom lip before my mouth moved down to trail a path of wet, open-mouthed kisses until I reached the special spot under her ear. Her pussy instantly got so much wetter when I discovered the spot earlier and now, when I sucked on the skin there, intent on leaving a hickey for Miriam to remember me by, her legs buckled underneath her, but it was no issue as I was more than happy to hold her up.

Miriam’s hands grabbed my arms while I tasted her skin, and my cock grew even harder between us. Her stomach grew wet with my pre-come,

and my balls started to ache. When her hand trailed down my chest to cup my balls, I groaned and was quick to pull away before I lost control.

I was never one to say no to a beautiful woman wanting to play with my cock and balls, but there was only one place I planned to come today, and that was deep inside her perfect little pussy.

I placed one last lingering kiss on her swollen lips before I stepped away to put some distance between us.

“Why did you pull away?” Miriam whined and moved to wrap her arms around my neck again, wanting more kisses, but it was me who put their hands up to stop it this time.

“I thought you said this was wrong,” I chuckled, the sound strained as my cock wept to fill her pussy.

“It is, but I’m too turned on to worry about that now.”

“I like the sound of that,” I grinned and palmed my cock, my eyes raking over the delicious sight of her naked, and primed and ready for me. “Get on the bed, baby. It’s time for some real fun.”

Miriam’s eyes were clouded with hunger as she climbed onto my large bed, her perky ass shaking in my face. I couldn’t resist and spanked a pert ass cheek hard enough to turn it a beautiful, deep shade of red.

“That was so hard,” she whined as she moved to lay on her back, but it wasn’t enough to deter her from spreading her legs to give me a beautiful and unobstructed view of her pussy.

“You liked it,” I grinned, jerking my cock faster at the sight of the sweet Heaven between her legs. It felt amazing to have her pussy clench around my fingers, and I couldn’t wait for her to do the same around my cock, but first, I wanted to play.

Miriam’s eyes were full of lust and desire as she stared at me, following my every move when I propped one knee on the bed and grabbed her ankle. She already had her legs spread for me, but I was a greedy bastard—not as greedy as Greed—and I wanted more.

I forced her legs even further apart and peered down at the sweet nectar that pooled between them, slowly dripping down the crevice of her ass and onto my expensive cotton sheets.

“Touch yourself for me, Miriam.”

She blinked slow and hard. “You want me to touch myself?”

“Yes.” I grinned devilishly, my tongue poking out to lick along the seams of my lips to savour the lingering taste of her. I thought it would help

tame my desire, but I only wanted her more. “Show me how you liked to be touched, baby. Show me what makes you feel good so I can learn and make you feel better.”

Miriam hesitated for a moment, but then her lips curved up at the corners in a grin nearly as depraved as mine. My thumb pressed against the slit of my cock as I watched her suck two fingers into her mouth. When they were adequately wet and glistened with her saliva, she slipped her hand between her legs, pried apart her puffy pussy lips with her other hand and pressed the tips of her fingers to her weeping entrance. Her other hand groped her boobs and pebbled nipples while she fucked herself, purposely gyrating her palm against her slick, throbbing clit.

I tugged my cock harder at the dirty sight in front of me, drinking in her every little action and the little erotic sounds she made as she pleased herself.

“Look at yourself in the mirror, Miriam.” I cupped her jaw and turned her head to the side, forcing her to watch herself while she played with her pussy.

“That’s so hot,” Miriam moaned, staring at herself as she fucked herself with her fingers. “Are you touching yourself as well?”

A throaty groan rumbled from deep within my chest.

“Yes,” I panted, tugging my cock harder at the downright dirty scene in front of me. It only got dirtier when her other hand trailed down to play with her clit.

Miriam’s breath grew heavy and erratic as her hands moved faster to pleasure herself. She thrust her fingers faster and deeper into her pussy, getting closer and closer to her orgasm, and when she finally came, her back arched off the bed. My balls ached to the point of pain, and a few more tugs of my stiff cock had me coming on her pussy. Groan after groan escaped me as I continued to jerk my cock, my whole body pumped with pleasure and adrenaline as I spurted out the final few drops on her.

“I want to try something,” Miriam whispered in a breathless tone after we both finished coming.

My eyes watched her every move as she got onto her knees and leaned forward to suck the large, bulbous head of my cock into her mouth. My eyebrows shot up in surprise, but I didn’t complain. She fondled my balls and hollowed out her cheeks, sucking hard for the last few drops of my

come. When my balls were finally empty, Miriam pulled away and opened her mouth to show my milky come on her tongue.

I reached out to pinch her chin.

“Swallow, baby,” I demanded. “Swallow my come like a good girl, and maybe I’ll give you what you really need.”

Miriam’s mouth closed faster than I had seen anyone do before, and she gulped hard. When her lips parted again, I was pleased to see that she had indeed followed orders like a good little girl.

“That was so wrong, but it felt so right” Miriam chuckled nervously and moved to lay back on the bed, panting lightly.

“It’s about to feel even better.” I lowered my body over hers and tasted her addictive mouth again. I groaned at the salty taste of my come on her tongue, and I greedily licked and lapped for more of it. “I hope you’re not too tired, baby, because we’re only getting started.”

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5

PRIDE

The fight left Miriam's eyes. She looped her arms around my neck and hooked her legs around my hips, pulling me closer. I thought the angry kitten would put up more of a fight, but I wasn't complaining.

"What do you mean we're only getting started?" She murmured, her eyes fixed on my mouth. My lips tilted higher at the corners, and I couldn't resist dropping my head to give her what she wanted.

Miriam moaned when I slipped my tongue into her mouth, and I groaned when she sucked on the tip of it like she had sucked the come out of my cock. I groaned throatily and rubbed my cock between her slit. It was hard again, and ready to blow.

"It means exactly what it sounds like, baby." I raked my teeth over her bottom lip, delivering pain before soothing it with a lavish swipe of my tongue. "I've made you come once, but that's only the beginning. My balls are nearly as heavy as your tits, and I'm dying to bend you over and fuck the living daylights out of you."

Her mouth parted, probably to protest, but I swallowed it with a dirty kiss.

"You can't tell me you don't want this, Miriam. You can't tell me that you don't want me." I dragged my mouth away from hers and chuckled when she lifted her head, seeking more.

She could try and deny it as much as she wanted, but her body betrayed her. She wanted me, and she wanted me bad.

Miriam gnawed on her bottom lip as she watched me with a hungry look in her eyes. For a girl that was trying to resist me not long ago, she sure looked like she couldn't get enough of me right now.

“I’ve had a lot of sex,” she murmured. “Probably more than most girls my age, but it was always with boys.”

I dropped my hand to her chin and pinched it, forcing her lips apart. I slipped my tongue inside her mouth and curled it around hers. I swallowed her whimper and ground my cock against her pussy when she pressed the soles of her feet into my ass to force me closer.

“What are you saying, baby?” I whispered against her mouth between kisses.

“I’ve never had sex with a man before.” She dug her nails into my back and scratched down, the pain setting my body on fire in the best way.

“That’s a shame.”

“Why?”

I pulled away with a grin which tipped even higher at the corners when she pouted at the loss. It was quickly replaced with a gasp when I slapped my cock against her pussy, playing with my come that still decorated her pussy and making an even bigger mess.

“Because I’m all Sin, baby.”

“If I wasn’t so turned on right now, I would find that was really corny.” Her adorable pout returned when I moved to get off the bed. “Where are you going? I thought you said we’re only getting started.”

“We are.”

I turned to admire myself in the mirror. There was a warm flush to my naturally tan skin, making me look darker than I usually was. My hair was in messy disarray from when she had run her fingers through it while we kissed earlier, and my mouth was ruby red and swollen from devouring Miriam’s. My chiselled chest and rock-hard abs glistened in the lighting, and I couldn’t wait to see a thin layer of sweat over it later while I fucked her.

The others wouldn’t agree, but I was, by far, the sexiest Sin. Call me biased but it was true.

“It looks more like you want to fuck yourself,” she joked from the bed.

“Oh, I fuck myself all the time, baby.” I grinned, my mirrored room showing me the appreciative glint in her eyes as she watched me. More like eye-fucked me. “But don’t worry, I’d much rather enjoy you while you’re here and fuck myself to the memory of you when you’re gone.”

Her tongue poked out to lick along her full lips as if savouring my lingering taste. I couldn’t fault her as I had unashamedly done the same.

An impatient huff escaped her. "Then what are you waiting for?"

"I like to take my time, baby. Make sure I do a real good job."

Miriam looked torn for a moment, unsure if she should reach out for me to fuck her good like we both knew I would or if she should take care of herself again like before. If the former, I was already one step ahead of her with my plan, and if the latter, well, she wouldn't hear any complaints from me.

"Crawl to me," I groaned in a husky voice, curling a finger at her, beckoning her to me.

The tick in her jaw looked like she wanted to complain, but she surprised me when she dropped to all fours and slowly crawled her way to the edge of the bed. Her heavy boobs swayed with the movement, and I snapped a mental image of the moment for the spank bank later.

I may be the first person I thought of when masturbating, but Miriam would now be a close second.

"You make my cock hurt, baby," I groaned and reached out to tweak a hardened nipple. She moaned at the feeling and pressed her boob into my hand, turned on and desperate for more.

"I can help with that." Miriam subconsciously licked her lips, her eyes transfixed on my cock. She lowered her head to suck my cock into her mouth again, but I moved back before that could happen.

I had already come somewhere other than her pussy, even though that's where I wanted to come the most.

I slipped up once, but I wouldn't make that mistake again.

"Pride!" She hissed through her teeth, her face a mask of frustration. "Your name should be Slow instead."

"Slow?" I questioned, taking it as a challenge. One moment, she was on all fours and the next, she was bent over the bed with my cock wedged between her ass cheeks, one hand around her throat and the other landing a harsh slap on her wet pussy. "You don't want slow, baby?"

Her movements were restricted as I was wrapped around her from behind, but the answer shone clearly in her eyes.

Miriam wanted hard and fast. And just this one time, I was going to indulge her.

With one thrust of my hips, I buried myself balls deep inside her. My balls slapped against the curve of her ass, making her cheeks bounce and

her body jerk forward. Her knees buckled, and she would have fallen flat on her face if I wasn't holding her up.

"Watch yourself, baby. Watch us. Watch me fuck you." I sunk my teeth into her shoulder, my eyes locked on hers in the mirror as I rocked my hips into her, pulling out and slamming my cock back into her delicious pussy each time. "Look how good we look together." I trailed kisses along the column of her neck, my hands gliding up her body to palm and squeeze her tits while I fucked her. "Don't we look good together?"

"Yes," Miriam moaned, her eyes fluttering at the overwhelming pleasure.

"Keep your eyes open, Miriam." One hand moved up to squeeze around her throat in warning. My lips curled into a satisfied grin when her eyes flew open with a throaty gasp. "Watch me fuck you."

"I'm watching," she whispered in a raspy voice. Her back arched, and she pushed her ass back on me, sliding me deeper inside her. "That feels amazing. You fuck me so well, Pride."

"Your pussy takes me so well," I whispered in her ear. "Do you see how eagerly she welcomes me back each time?"

"Yes."

"Do you see how perfectly our bodies mould together?" I cupped her face and turned it to stare into the mirror to our right, forcing her to watch us and the expert movements of my hips as I made her pussy cry.

"Yes," she moaned.

"How?"

"Perfectly."

I nipped her neck in warning. "That's not good enough."

"It's like we were made for each other."

"That's better." I rewarded her by dropping a hand to her pussy and rubbing her clit while I fucked her. "You have the perfect body, Miriam. You're so beautiful." I cupped one heavy boob, squeezing hard. "These babies are the perfect handful." I rubbed her clit and grinned when she mewled, her pussy walls clenching tightly around me. "This pussy takes me so well. It clenches so tightly around my cock and fingers, and it grows so wet from a simple touch. I've never felt anything like it."

Miriam's pussy grew hotter and wetter as I whispered dirty praises and promises in her ear, and it wasn't long before she came hard with me still inside her. Her pussy clamped tightly on my cock, determined to keep me

inside her as she came down from the high, and it took everything in me not to nut right then and there.

My face was an angry shade of red when I eventually slipped out of her pussy. Miriam panted heavily, staring at me and watching my every move with dark, hooded eyes as I palmed my cock. It was wet with her come, and my balls were dying to sink deep into her pussy again.

“If you thought I was done with you, you’re very mistaken.”

I pressed a soft kiss to her mouth. Before she could return it, I pressed down on her lower back and kicked her legs, forcing her to spread them for me. I bent at the knees and drove into her wet pussy again. It welcomed me back with a squeeze so tight I nearly came then and there.

“Your pussy is so tight, baby. Are you sure you’ve been fucked before?” I growled against her shoulder as I slammed my cock into her tight channel, my orgasm building exponentially.

I so badly wanted to last longer, but I made the mistake of looking up and locking eyes with Miriam in the mirror. Her face was pressed into the bed, only her eyes looking up, and my body was covering hers, driving her wild as I rode her to my heart’s desire until finally, my balls ached to the point of pain, and I climaxed deep inside her.

Needing to feel her come around me one last time, I peppered wet kisses along her shoulder while I reached a hand underneath her and lazily massaged her clit. The contrasting combination had her coming on my fingers and my cock again in no time.

Miriam moaned and whimpered when I slipped out of her, and I lazily wiped us both clean with the corner of the sheet before crawling into bed behind her tired body.

“You did so well, baby. The others are going to love you,” I whispered into her hair, petting it as she fell asleep in my arms.

GREED

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6

MIRIAM

The first thing I noticed when my eyes drifted open was that the ceiling wasn't made of mirrors. When I sat up in bed and spotted only one large standing mirror across the room, I knew I wasn't in Pride's room anymore. There weren't nearly enough mirrors for Pride and his over-inflated ego.

The walls were painted a pearly white, and a gold border ran throughout the room. The gold accent was reflected in the finishing on the large four-poster bed I had woken up in, the sofa set on the other side of the room in front of the white and gold marble fireplace, the floor-length mirror across from the bed, and the crystal chandelier that hung above my head.

Everything in this room screamed money.

It was nothing like Pride's room which was far too vain to be about anything but the man himself.

First the confessional, then Pride's House of Mirrors, and now this ultra-bougie, ultra-expensive golden palace.

What was next?

A castle?

What did this mean for me? Was this another room in Pride's house, or were there two kidnappers?

And speaking of Pride, where was he?

Was I supposed to be happy that Pride wasn't here? Or worried?

And how did I end up here in the first place?

So many unanswered questions swirled around in my mind that I couldn't think clearly anymore. I groaned in frustration, but the sound was

quickly followed by a gasp when I felt a pair of cold hands grasp my thighs and force my legs apart.

My eyes widened in shock, and I flung back the sheets. They grew even wider when my eyes landed on a full head of brown curls between my legs.

“I couldn’t wait for you to wake up, darling.” The grip on my thighs tightened as the man between my legs lifted his head. I was met with a pair of dark grey eyes, almost black, and a knowing smirk. “I hope you don’t mind, but I started the party early.”

This man was just as handsome as Pride but in a completely different way.

“Who are you?” I squeaked and moved to close my legs, but it proved impossible. The man’s smirk widened when he realised what I was doing, and he rested his chin on my stomach.

“Didn’t Pride explain everything to you?”

I shook my head. “No.”

At least I now had confirmation that there were two kidnappers instead of one. I didn’t know what good that did for me, but it felt nice to have an answer to one of my questions.

“That’s a shame.” His tone was melancholy, but he didn’t look disappointed in the slightest. “I’ll let the others explain everything to you. They’re better at it than me. And in the meantime, let’s get started with some fun.”

“Wait!” I screeched, but my lips parted in a throaty groan when I felt him kiss my lower stomach. Butterflies erupted inside me and goosebumps covered my skin when his tongue slipped into my navel. I squirmed at the strange sensation, but my pussy clenched, hungry and eager for something to fill it.

He shot me a bored look as his kisses slowly continued down, edging closer and closer to my pussy. I wondered if it was still wet from the *fun* I had with Pride earlier.

“Where’s Pride?” I asked the first question that popped to mind.

Something dark flashed in the man’s eyes. “You’re with me now, Miriam. Forget about Pride because I’m going to make you feel so much better than he did.”

I yelled for him to wait again, but this time, his mouth had moved down to my mound, and his hot breath fanned over my throbbing clit. I wanted to squeeze my legs and grind against something, desperate for some friction,

but the man between them was so big that I could barely move. Especially not since he had my lower half pinned to the bed.

“What’s your name?” I tried again, trying to buy myself some time before this sinfully sexy man put his mouth on my pussy and made me sin some more. I didn’t have an aversion to one-night stands and men I didn’t know, but sleeping with my kidnapper felt wrong. It was even worse because I had done it once before.

When my parents sent me to confess my sins this morning, I doubted their intention was for me to confess and immediately follow it up by committing more sins.

“Greed.”

My eyebrows furrowed together. “Pride and Greed?”

“You’re not a fan of our names?” Greed’s lips curved up at the corners.

“They’re...peculiar.”

“How so?”

“They’re not very common. I’ve never met anyone called Pride or Greed before.”

“Well, you have now,” he murmured and bowed his head to tease my pussy some more.

I squirmed under his hold as his hot breath fanned over my most intimate parts. When he pressed his tongue to my clit and dragged it down my slit, all the way down to my entrance, I moaned loudly. Everything inside me was screaming that this was wrong on so many levels, and I needed to find a way to get him off me, but that proved difficult when his hot mouth on me felt so amazing.

How could something so wrong feel so right?

Greed slipped a finger inside my clenching pussy, fucking me with it a few times before he pulled it out. His face lifted from between my legs and his eyes locked with mine as he sucked and licked my juices off his finger. My lips parted at the naughty show he was putting on for me, and another groan slipped out past them when he slipped another two fingers inside me. Greed kept this up for a while, simultaneously fucking me with one hand while he sucked my juices off the other. This continued until I came around his fingers, but Greed didn’t seem the least bit fazed.

If anything, it only proved to turn him on as he bowed his head and sucked my clit into his mouth.

“Greed,” I whispered in a husky voice, already feeling the effects of another orgasm starting to build even though I had just come. “What are you doing to me?”

“I’m making you feel good, darling.” He whispered the words directly into my pussy, and I didn’t know what to focus on. His hand which crept up my naked body to cup my boobs and play with my nipples, or his mouth which sucked on my clit while he fucked me with his thick fingers. “I want to lick and taste you everywhere.” He delivered a perfect thrust, the tips of his fingers brushing against that magical spot inside me. “I was supposed to start with a kiss, but you kept rubbing yourself against my cock in your sleep, and I couldn’t deny myself anymore.”

“I slept in your bed?” I asked between pants, my pussy walls spasming and clenching tight around his fingers, feeling myself racing toward my second orgasm.

“Yes, and now we’re about to do a whole lot more in my bed.” He thrust his fingers into me a few more times, his palm slapping against my clit now that his mouth had started trailing wet, open-mouthed kisses up my body.

With him playing with my body, I came quickly on his fingers again. There wasn’t time to come down from the high as Greed sucked a rosy nipple into his mouth while he tweaked the other, making me writhe and moan underneath him. Now that he wasn’t forcing my legs open to assault my pussy, I was free to wrap them around his narrow waist, hooking them around his hips and reeling him in, needing to feel him closer.

Though, I wasn’t sure we could get much closer than him sucking and kissing my boobs while his mouth was still wet with the taste of my juices from two orgasms.

“This is so wrong,” I groaned and his mouth moved to my collarbones. He dug his teeth into them, and my body jerked at the new sensation. The pain stung a little, but it made my pussy clench wantonly even though he had already made me come twice with his fingers. My legs subconsciously tightened around his waist, and his cock grew impossibly harder between us, pressing against my stomach. All he needed to do was angle his hips a little lower, and the thick mushroom tip would slip inside me.

And right now, consumed by a cloud of lust and everything wrong and sinful, I wanted nothing more.

“Pride said you kept saying that,” Greed chuckled against the column of my neck, raking his teeth all over my skin as he slowly moved up my body.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, allowing my hands to roam freely over his muscular back. If he got to feel me, then it was only fair I got to do the same.

“How do you know Pride?” I murmured, panting slightly as his mouth inched closer to mine. “Did you both kidnap me together?”

“Nice try, darling, but you’ll find out soon enough.” I felt a chuckle rumble from deep within his chest before I heard it. “Forget about Pride for now. Just focus on me. I’ve never been good at sharing, and I’m not about to start with a pretty little thing like you, darling.”

His teeth dug into my chin, and I moaned. Greed took advantage and slipped his tongue into my mouth, exploring and dominating me until I pulled away, desperate for air. His lips trailed over my cheek and back down to my neck where he sucked the skin into his mouth and left hickeys in his wake.

“You must be tired.” He moved to whisper in my ear, and before I knew it, he turned us on our sides, though our naked chests remained flush against each other. “Why don’t you take a nap, darling? We can continue playing when you wake up.”

“I’m not tired,” I protested, angling my head in search of his addictive mouth.

Greed grinned and covered my mouth with his, stealing a kiss, giving me what I wanted while his hand roamed my naked body and slipped two fingers inside me. I gasped at the welcome intrusion and parted my legs.

“Are you sure about that, darling?” He chuckled throatily in my mouth and fucked me with his fingers until I came on them once again.

After three powerful orgasms—not counting the ones Pride had given me earlier—my eyes drifted shut as I came down from the high.

When I opened them next, there were seven pairs of eyes staring back at me.

7

MIRIAM

Green, hazel, blue, grey, brown—both light and dark—and black. Those were the colours of all the eyes staring at me from around the large table.

“We’re glad you’re awake, Miriam,” The man at the head of the table greeted me. “We were starting to get worried.”

I usually would have come up with a witty response, but I hadn’t been myself since the confessional at Church.

The seven men sitting around the table stared at me like I was the most interesting thing in the world which made no sense since all of them looked like they belonged on a fashion runway.

My breath hitched, and I leaned back until my back pressed uncomfortably against the glass chair I was sitting on. Thankfully, I was wearing clothes this time—the same Sunday best I had worn to Church this morning—otherwise, I couldn’t imagine how uncomfortable it would have been to have my bare ass sitting on the cold glass.

I imagined it couldn’t be more uncomfortable than having these seven men staring intently at me.

“What’s wrong, Miriam? You’re very quiet.” Another familiar voice chuckled. “You had a lot of questions earlier. Now would be the time to get them answered.”

My lips parted, but no words came out. I was far too stunned by all these bizarre situations I kept waking up in. When the men—or *Sins*, as they seemed to refer to themselves—began murmuring among themselves, I snapped out of the daze and took the time to look around the room.

The nude carpet under the table appeared soft, but my feet dangled in the air several inches above it. The walls were painted a creamy white, but there were no windows to let in any light. Instead, the entire ceiling was a skylight which lit up the room.

The decoration was minimal with a few photo frames nailed to the wall here and there and a large showcase with knick-knacks and souvenirs I couldn't make out much from where I was sitting.

And finally, in the centre of the room, there was the grand dining table which we were all sitting at.

I sat at one head of the table, and Pastor James sat at the other head. His deep blue eyes were trained on me, and a knowing, secretive smirk played on his lips. Even though I had suspected him to be a part of my kidnapping from the very beginning, it felt surreal to see him here in person. It was proof that I was right in my theory that he was behind all of this.

I recognised Pride and Greed sat on either side of him. Four other God-like men were sitting around the table, two on each side. The two closest to me looked like they could be twins if their hair colours weren't on opposite sides of the spectrum. The one on the right had platinum blonde, almost white hair while the one sitting across from him had hair darker than the night sky. Their eyes were both brown, dark for the one with light hair, and light for the one with dark hair. Those two looked so similar yet contrasted greatly at the same time.

The two other men sitting in the middle were just as handsome as the rest.

The man on the right was ginger. His beard was a shade darker, and his eyes the colour of the ocean. His skin was pale and riddled with light freckles, but his hard, stony face structure and what appeared to be a permanent stoic expression as he regarded me added a sort of scary edge to him.

The man on the left came across as a lot more laid back and relaxed, though his appearance was dark but in a completely different way. His hair was a coppery bronze, a sort of shimmer about it under the bright light of the room, and his eyes were darker, nearly black but not quite. His skin was the tannest in the room and made me feel a little subconscious about being so pale.

"Pastor James," I finally called out and gulped when I was met with yet another smirk. "What's going on here?"

“It isn’t obvious?” He joked, but I didn’t laugh.

“No.” I gnawed on my bottom lip, my eyes constantly moving around the table. “I don’t know your friends. Care to introduce them to me?”

“With pleasure,” Pastor James grinned and began with himself. “You know me as Pastor James, but everyone else knows me as Lust.”

My eyebrow raised, but I didn’t know why I was surprised. With names like Pride and Greed, Lust as a name fitted right in.

“Pride, Greed, and Lust?”

“Those are our names, baby.” Pride winked at me from across the table. “Of course, you’re already familiar with mine from screaming it in bed earlier.”

My cheeks coloured at his suggestive words, but none of the men at the table seemed all that bothered. If anything, most of them looked excited and a few...jealous? The jaw of the Ginger clenched tightly, and instead of seeing it as a red flag, the mound between my legs tingled again.

“Too bad you’ve already had your fun, Greed.” The man next to him smirked, though there was a green hue to his skin that wasn’t there before. “I’ll be sure to remember you when I’m buried in her tight little pussy later.”

My eyes widened at his carefree words and attitude, but I think I was more surprised by how much I liked it and the wanton way my body reacted to them. The warm flush that was buzzing under my skin didn’t help either.

What was wrong with me?

And why did my body react this way to these strange men with even stranger names?

“That’s Envy.” Pastor James–Lust–pointed to the coppery-bronze-looking God next to Pride. The hue of his green died down a little, but there was still a hint of it. “Wrath.” Next was the Ginger who appeared to be in a permanent state of anger. “Sloth.” The platinum blonde offered me a lazy smirk. “And finally, we have Gluttony.” The final man to be introduced was on my right–dark hair and light eyes–observing me with a carnal look in his eyes.

“Well, I guess it’s nice to meet you all,” I murmured. “Does that make all seven of you my kidnappers, or was it just one of you?”

They all made a show of glancing around the table with knowing smirks.

“I guess that’s a group effort then,” I replied dryly and returned my attention to Lust. “I don’t understand how I got here. Did you drug me?”

“There were no drugs involved.”

“Then, did you make me sniff something?”

“Don’t worry, honey. I didn’t make you sniff anything.”

“Then I don’t understand how I got here.”

“We’ll answer your questions over lunch, Miriam. I don’t know about you, but I’m starved,” Lust said, quick to dismiss me. “Gluttony, care to do the honours?”

“With pleasure,” Gluttony grinned and at the click of his fingers, the table was covered with food. It appeared that I was the only one who wasn’t surprised as the men didn’t waste any time digging in, but I had no idea where to start.

I also didn’t know how Gluttony had managed to summon a feast load of food at the snap of his fingers. It was far from normal, and no human I knew could do that.

Sloth leaned forward to whisper, “I’d hurry up if I were you. With Gluttony around, food is never around for long.”

“I heard that,” Gluttony grunted, tucking into his meal without sparing us a glance.

“Am I wrong?”

“I never said you were wrong. Just that I heard you.”

My eyes lingered on Gluttony when he reached for another portion of lasagne. He seemed to really enjoy it with the bread and mashed potatoes, but all I could think about was that I would never be able to consume so many carbs in one day, let alone one meal, and still fit into my jeans.

How could he eat like that and still be in such good shape?

“You should take a picture, sugar. It’ll last longer,” Gluttony chuckled.

My cheeks warmed at being caught red-handed ogling him, and I busied myself with loading up my plate. However, with so many options around me, I didn’t know where to start. And that was not including all the other dishes on the other side of the table that I couldn’t reach.

I could always take a leaf out of Greed’s book and get up and help myself, but the lingering way he looked at me told me an ulterior motive drove him to this side of the table.

“You should get some of the oysters, darling. They’re aphrodisiacs.” He leaned over me to reach for the spaghetti carbonara even though he could

have easily done so without getting all up in my personal space.

"I'm not a fan of seafood," I murmured and channelled all the self-restraint I possessed to keep my eyes on the food and not Greed.

"Miriam won't need aphrodisiacs when she's with me," Sloth grinned lazily.

"I wasn't insinuating that she needs aphrodisiacs when she's with me." Greed's back stiffened, and his eyes hardened as he glared at Sloth. "I was suggesting that once I'm through with her, she won't have any energy for the rest of you."

"That's mighty kind of you, but why don't you get back to your seat, Greed?" Gluttony barked, waving a dismissing hand. "Your disgusting sexual prowess is turning me off my food."

"You know it's bad when Gluttony gets turned off his food," Sloth snickered.

Gluttony was greedy when it came to food, and Greed was greedy when it came to everything else. And apparently, that included me.

Greed rolled his eyes, but before he left, he swooped down and pressed his lips to mine. A startled gasp escaped me at first, but it didn't take much coaxing from his expert tongue for me to melt into the kiss. Before I knew it, my arms were wrapped tightly around his neck, pulling him closer as he deepened the kiss, stroking and curling his tongue around mine.

When Greed pulled away from me to return to his seat, my chest was heaving, and I was panting for breath, watching him go.

Someone chuckled in my ear, and when I jumped in surprise, I found Sloth sitting much closer to me than before. He must have slid his chair closer to mine when I was lost in the depths of Greed's mouth.

"You put on quite a show there," he smirked at me, his voice growing lower and huskier as his face leaned closer to mine. "But we're about to put on a much better one."

Even though I had been kissing another man only a few moments ago, it felt like there was this magnetic force pulling Sloth and me together until his mouth was slanted over mine, and he was sucking on my tongue like it was his favourite lollipop flavour.

A breathless moan escaped me, and Sloth swallowed it with his mouth, but another, much louder one was quick to follow when I felt his hand disappear under the skirt of my dress. A startled gasp escaped me, and Sloth eagerly swallowed that sound as well.

The way his lips curled into a lazy smirk both turned me on and aggravated me at the same time. Though it was difficult to think straight when his fingers tore through the thin material of my tights, pushed aside the soaked slit of my panties and stroked my clit.

“Sloth,” I gasped into his mouth, my nails digging into his muscular arms as his finger slipped lower toward my entrance, slowly and teasingly pressing the tip in. “What are you doing?”

“If you have to ask what I’m doing, then I’m not doing it right, sweetheart.”

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8

MIRIAM

Sloth's fingers slipped inside me before I could stop them. I tried to clamp my legs shut, but he slid them apart easily to make room for his hand.

"Do you still not know what I'm doing, sweetheart?" He kissed under my ear, dragging his teeth down the lobe and sucking it into his mouth.

My lips parted to answer, but all that came out were airy whispers and quiet, husky groans. The little Church girl inside me was determined to remain as quiet as possible even though everyone around the table probably knew what we were doing.

I enjoyed sex and wasn't a prude, but that didn't mean I was an exhibitionist.

The knowing smirk in Lust's eyes from across the table as he watched me intently while slowly chewing a mouthful told me that he and everyone else around the table knew exactly what was going on underneath the table. Instead of being disgusted or embarrassed as I expected, a pleasurable shiver ran down my spine, and I found myself spreading my legs to make room for Sloth's hand without even realising it.

Maybe I was becoming an exhibitionist.

"I definitely know what you're doing now," I finally answered in a husky whisper, and Sloth rewarded me by slipping another finger inside my seeping entrance. My pussy walls contracted tightly around his fingers, eagerly sucking them in each time he pulled out but thankfully, he was always quick to thrust them back in, going harder and faster each time.

"Your pussy is so greedy for my fingers, sweetheart." He raked his teeth down the column over my neck, fucking me nice and hard with his fingers.

“I can’t wait to find out how tight it’ll be around my cock later.”

“Sloth,” I whimpered at a particularly hard thrust and curl of his fingers that hit that magical trigger inside me. When he did it again, my eyes squeezed shut, and my lips parted in a silent scream as a powerful orgasm washed over me.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Clench that pussy tight around my fingers. Imagine that it’s my cock you’re coming on right now.”

I was already coming, but Sloth’s dirty words of encouragement drew it out until my legs felt like Jell-O.

“Your face is so pretty when you come.” Sloth rewarded me with a wet, open-mouthed kiss, and I shuddered. “I look forward to seeing it again when it’s my turn.”

Through the lust-filled, post-orgasmic daze, I quirked a surprised eyebrow at him.

“When it’s your turn?” I echoed, my tone confused.

“You heard me, sweetheart.” He winked and held my eyes as he lifted his fingers to his mouth. They glistened with my juices, and my cheeks heated when he licked them hungrily. His eyes darkened with each swipe, and my pussy began trembling again.

“Don’t be greedy like Greed. Learn to share,” Envy grumbled under his breath, and before Sloth could do or say anything, Envy leaned forward and sucked his fingers into his mouth.

My eyes widened as I watched the exchange, more so the fact that Sloth didn’t push Envy away. Or Pride when he leaned over to do the same thing, keeping his eyes locked on me the whole time and making me feel hot and needy all over again.

How was that possible after coming so many times?

Before I knew it, all the men around the table had licked my juices off Sloth’s fingers. When it got to Greed, he sucked greedily, and there wasn’t more than his saliva left for the others, so Sloth slipped them back inside me for a top-up. This time, my legs spread on their own accord to make room for his hand, and I moaned loudly when his palm grazed against my needy clit. The innocent way he blinked at me when he lifted his fingers to his mouth for another taste told me there was nothing accidental about that touch.

Once they had all finished licking my juices from Sloth’s fingers, I pinned Lust with a hard stare.

“You said I’d get some answers over food. There’s food here.” I gestured to the table, though only half of it was left now. I had only managed a few mouthfuls before the distraction from Sloth, but the guys managed to work their way through a good portion of it—mostly Gluttony.

“I did say that.” He smirked at me. “Well, go on then, Miriam. Ask away.”

“How did I get here?” I asked, opting to start with the most pressing question.

“You came here willingly.”

My lips pursed. “That’s not what I asked, and it’s also not true.”

“The confessional is not just for people to confess their sins.” I hated how his cocky smirk didn’t waver.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, my lips turning down at the corners. “What else are people supposed to use the confessional for if not to confess?”

The smirks were strong around the table, but it was Pride who answered me. All while making sure his hair was perfect in the reflection of a spoon. “It also acts as a transportation portal.”

I blinked hard.

“A transportation portal?”

“Yes,” Greed answered. “You were in the confessional one moment and the next, here. Hence, a transportation portal.”

“But why? Why did this happen to me? What did I do to deserve this?”

“Don’t think of this as a punishment, sweetheart.” Sloth reached out to caress my cheek, and instead of swatting him away as I should have, I found myself leaning into his touch. “Think of this as your way to repent. To start again with a clean slate.”

I was silent for a long moment, trying to wrap my head around everything.

“I’ve already slept with one of you and allowed two others to finger fuck me and eat me out. That doesn’t seem like repenting to me,” I muttered under my breath bitterly.

Snickers sounded from around the table even though I thought I had been quiet and didn’t intend for them to hear me.

My eyebrows furrowed together in the middle. “How did you hear that?”

“You said it out loud,” Wrath grunted, his gaze fiery intense and unwavering as he stared at me.

“I said it quietly.”

“Not quietly enough,” he muttered.

“And where did the confessional transport me to?” I dared to ask, afraid of the answer.

“Here,” Envy answered.

“Where is here exactly?”

They all glanced at each other, seemingly engaged in a private conversation. Being out of the loop made me feel self-conscious. Especially since I knew they were talking about me.

“Let’s just say you’re in *another world* right now,” Lust finally said.

“I don’t understand.”

“You’re not in the human world right now. That’s all you need to know about it.”

“Okay,” I murmured, sounding unsure as I struggled to wrap my head around it all. “Then how do I get back to the human world?” It felt foreign to say, but it was the only way I could make them understand.

“You’ll have to earn your freedom,” Gluttony stated as he reached for his fourth chicken breast. Something told me that he wouldn’t stop until they were all gone.

“I have to earn my freedom?” I echoed in surprise. I guessed I was kidnapped, but it felt so strange to hear it out loud. To hear that I was their prisoner.

“Yes.”

“You can’t just let me go?”

“Unfortunately, not,” he tutted and shook his head, but I knew he was playing with me.

These men could let me go if they wanted to, but they actively chose not to.

“Why not? What’s stopping you from opening up the...transportation portal again and letting me go?” I could hardly believe what I was saying.

Another world? Transportation portal? Food at the snap of Gluttony’s fingers? What was next?

“You can only return to your normal life once you’ve worked off all your sins,” Greed explained.

“Worked off all my sins? What sins?”

“The ones you confessed in the confessional with Pastor James,” he chuckled and gestured toward Lust who was beaming at me, proud for pulling a fast one over me.

My eyes grew wide, and I felt my cheeks colour. “That was supposed to be private!”

“Don’t worry, baby doll. We won’t tell anyone.” Envy winked cheekily at me.

My breath hitched, and I forced myself to look away from him. These men were doing dangerous things to me, and my traitorous body betrayed me by reacting to them each and every time.

“How exactly am I going to work off my sins?” I asked in a low voice, dreading the answer.

“By having sex with us all,” Lust stated as if it was obvious.

“You have to be kidding,” I scoffed. Despite my tone, a small part of me buzzed with excitement.

“I’m afraid not, darling,” Greed grinned. “I had a taste earlier, but my turn isn’t over yet. You’re not finished with me until I say so, and I intend to take my time with you, so I hope you’ve got the energy to keep up.”

Something told me that even if I didn’t have the energy, Greed—and the others—would be more than happy to do more than their fair share of work for the desired benefits. A shiver ran down my spine at the thought, and the lingering looks and growing grins around the table told me they knew the effect they had on me.

“Your turn?”

“We all get turns with you, love.”

My eyes widened as understanding washed over me. It was paired with an embarrassed flush which only seemed to please them more.

“You mean sex?” I don’t know why I whispered since Lust wasn’t a real Pastor, and these men weren’t the least bit shy or bashful. I usually wasn’t either, but this situation was out of this world. Literally.

“I’d prefer to call it *making love*.” Sloth winked at me.

“That’s sappy,” Wrath snorted. “I’m going to fuck Miriam nice and hard when I finally get my turn.”

“I did that, and let me tell you, my cock is still pulsing from her tight pussy.” Pride grinned, proud.

“You’re purposely trying to make me jealous now,” Envy growled. “We all know you’ve fucked her already, Pride. There’s no need to rub it in our

faces.”

“Someone’s cranky,” Lust teased.

“Someone’s always cranky,” Gluttony snorted. “I can’t wait to spread her legs wide and taste that sweet little pussy. She tasted amazing around Sloth’s fingers, but it wasn’t enough. I bet she tastes better when I have my tongue inside her and I’m the one making her wet.”

“Nothing is enough for you.” Wrath rolled his eyes. “I don’t know about you guys, but I really need my cock sucked. I haven’t had a blowjob in ages.”

“Fuck!” Pride cursed. “I didn’t remember to do that.”

“I’ll be sure to tell you all about it.”

“You’re all talking about me as if I’m not here right now,” I grumbled, crossing my arms over my chest. “And you can all keep dreaming because I’m not sucking any of you off. And I’m not having sex with any more of you either.”

“I guess you’re stuck here with us forever then, darling,” Greed said, pretending it was a shame, but I saw right through the act.

My eyebrows furrowed together as a thought popped into my mind. “If this is...another world, then how are you all here right now? How are you able to live here as humans?”

They all exchanged a look.

“What is it?” I asked. “What aren’t you telling me?”

“We’re not exactly human, honey,” Lust sighed.

“How can that be possible?”

“I know you’ve noticed our names are a little strange.”

“Yes. They’re definitely unique. I’ve never met anyone with any of your names before, but what has that got to do with anything?”

“That’s because we’re unique, sugar,” Gluttony smirked at me. “We’re one of a kind. You won’t find Sin like us anywhere.”

“Sin?” I frowned in question. “Why do you keep referring to yourself as Sin?”

“I’m sure you’ve heard of us. We’re the Seven Cardinal Sins,” Wrath growled, his eyes dark and angry as he drank me in.

“Come again?” I blinked, surprised.

“I’ll let you come as much as you want if you ask as nicely as that, but now’s not the time for it, love.” His lips twitched at the corners in a barely-

there smile, but it disappeared after a single blink, leaving me questioning if it had really been there in the first place.

“As Wrath said, we’re the Seven Cardinal Sins, hence our names.” Pride stepped in. “Seven Cardinal Sins. Seven Deadly Sins. It’s the same thing.”

“Let me get this straight. You’re not human. You’re the Seven Cardinal Sins and you want me to have sex with you all to get out of here?” I blinked hard, struggling to process all of this.

“Yes,” Sloth stated as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

“What if I don’t want to have sex with you all?”

“You can choose to do that, but we don’t make the rules.” He shrugged but didn’t bother holding himself back from smirking in a way that told me they knew they would get their way. It bothered me that he wasn’t wrong. “This is how it’s always been and we’ve never questioned it.”

Of course, they haven’t questioned it. Why would they when they were personally delivered fair maidens to bend over and fuck as hard as they pleased?

“If you don’t make the rules, then who does?” I asked.

“The being your parents pray to,” Lust answered.

“God?” I didn’t intend it to be a question, but I didn’t know what to believe anymore.

I believed in a higher being, but not enough to commit to a single religion. Well, that was the old me because I was currently sitting around a table having lunch with the physical embodiments of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Honestly, at this point, I didn’t know what to think or do anymore.

“The one and only,” Lust grinned. “You’re here to work off your sins, honey. We’re just here to help you. Don’t hate the messengers.”

“Besides, I’ve already fucked you and you loved it,” Pride added.

“And you came on my hand relatively quick.” Sloth offered me a lazy smirk.

“Multiple orgasms?” Gluttony licked his lips in hunger as he stared at me, finally focusing on something other than food. “Doesn’t sound like a bad penance to me.”

“Besides, it’s obvious you want this. Your body wouldn’t react this way if you didn’t want us,” Envy growled, his skin beginning to turn a light shade of green.

My cheeks flushed, and my whole body ran warm. As much as I didn't want to admit it, they were right. My body felt alive under their touch and attention, and my pussy was already clenching for the next big cock to fill it. Pride had felt amazing, and I couldn't help but wonder if it would be the same with the others.

Something told me it would.

As if sensing the direction of my thoughts, Wrath curled an arm around my neck and brought me closer to him. My eyes widened when he rested his forehead against mine, but everything melted away when he pressed his lips to mine. I was surprised by how gentle the kiss was at first. With a name like Wrath, I was expecting him to destroy me, but he was surprisingly soft and sweet as he kissed me.

Maybe the Wrath part would come later.

I felt another pair of lips land on the back of my neck, brushing my hair to the side to give them better access. I moaned into Wrath's mouth, and he eagerly swallowed the sound. The same happened when someone groped my boobs, tweaking my hard, pebbled nipples over my dress.

"You fuckers can have your fun later. It's still my turn," Greed announced, and before I knew it, I was staring upside down at the others, hanging over Greed's shoulder as he carried me to his room.

9

GREED

Miriam was still bouncing on the bed when I kicked shut the door. My eyes were dark and hungry, and I licked my lips as I slowly approached the bed, stripping my clothes until I was as naked as the day I was created.

“Take off your dress, darling,” I demanded in a husky growl, my hand inching down to palm my hard cock. I had been rock-hard since the moment I laid eyes on her. It had been nearly impossible to keep my hands off her during the impromptu lunch Lust had organised to bring Miriam up to speed with everything.

But now, lunch was over and I didn’t need to keep my hands to myself anymore.

Miriam stared at me with wide eyes and plump, parted lips. I felt her gaze travel down my chest, hungrily taking me in. They travelled lower and lower, and I subconsciously puffed out my chest, determined to give her a real show. A quiet gasp escaped her when her eyes finally landed on my cock, and I watched as her tongue poked out of her mouth, licking her lips.

“I’ll let you have a taste later, darling, but I need you naked first.” A low grumble sounded from deep within my chest.

My gaze turned dark and appreciative when Miriam rose to her knees on the bed and bunched up the bottom of her dress. I had to restrain myself from ripping her clothes off as she undressed in front of me.

It would be bad manners to send her back in torn clothing. It would also be difficult to explain. Not that anyone would ever believe her if she tried talking about her time here or the Seven Cardinal Sins.

Her clothes were quick to join mine on the floor, and I watched with attentive eyes as she moved back to sit on the bed, leaning against the headboard. Her legs were crossed and her knees pressed to her chest. Her big blue eyes were set on me, sucking me in. So small and delicate, yet so eager and hungry.

“Scared?” I growled lowly and prowled toward her like a predator.

Miriam shook her head, and her eyes watched my every movement, especially the bobbing movement of my hard cock.

“Use your words, darling.”

“I’m not scared.” She denied it, but there was a hint of fear in her eyes as I crawled closer to her on the bed.

“Tell me what you’re feeling.”

“Excited,” she admitted in a small voice. “I also feel torn, but I want this.”

“I’m glad to hear that. Focus less on this being a bad idea and more on how much you want this.” I cupped her face and bowed my head to press my mouth to hers and steal a kiss. “Want to taste me?”

“Yes,” Miriam answered in a heartbeat.

When I pulled away from the kiss, her eyes were dark and hungry, and her tongue licked along her bottom lip to savour the lingering taste of me.

We both knew I wasn’t talking about the kiss, and I loved it.

“I want to taste you first.” I couldn’t resist kissing her again. “I’m going to kiss these lips first.” I sucked on her tongue and pulled her body flush against mine, needing to feel her. “And then,” I murmured against her mouth, sucking her bottom lip as my hand trailed down to between her legs. “I’m going to taste these lips.” I swallowed her gasp when I slipped my finger inside her wet pussy, loving how it clenched tightly around me.

I couldn’t wait to feel her pussy clench around my cock like that.

“I can’t wait any longer,” she moaned into my mouth. She cupped the back of my neck with one hand, pulling me closer, and grabbed my arm with the other, digging her nails in. It was as if she intended to keep me there while I caressed and played with her perfect little pussy. “Can you eat me out now?”

“With pleasure, darling,” I drawled and circled an arm around her waist.

I kept one finger planted deep inside her pussy as I moved to lay on my back, making sure to take her with me. Miriam moaned when my hand

slipped down to her waist and caressed her hip, lowering her sweet pussy to my face.

I had been treated to a taste off Sloth's fingers earlier, but she tasted far better on my face. I dug a second finger inside her pussy, thrusting into her while I sucked on her clit which throbbed in need and glistened for my attention.

Miriam moved her hips and rocked against my face, growing wetter and wetter. My face was drenched in her juices as I delved deep, getting drunk off her addictive taste, but I didn't care in the slightest.

I could hardly focus on anything but the taste of her sweet nectar as her pussy wept for me.

I slapped her pussy, and she moaned loudly. When I realised she liked it, I slapped her greedy little pussy again and again until her thighs quivered, and her face was a perfect mix of pain and pleasure.

"Greed," Miriam moaned, raking her nails down my scalp as she held me between her legs. Not that I wanted to be anything but consumed by the sweet heaven between her legs. "You eat me out so well, but I want to taste you too. I really want your cock in my mouth."

"Impatient, darling?" I chuckled and slapped her pussy again.

"Very." She nodded quickly, the sound coming out as a whimper as she rotated her hips on top of me, riding my face.

"Well, we can't have that, can we?" I chuckled and gave her pussy one last long lick before I picked her up and flipped her around.

I could tell that Miriam was a little confused at first, but it all made sense when I pushed on her back, forcing her to lean forward until she was lying on top of me with my hard cock in her face. I hoped it would make her blush, maybe make her squirm and grind her tight little pussy into my face, but the little sinner suckled on the tip of my cock like it was her favourite lollipop flavour without an ounce of shame or embarrassment.

"Darling." A guttural groan escaped me as she bobbed up and down on my cock. It felt so good, but the tingle in my balls concerned me. I had already come down her throat which made us even in terms of orgasms—one-to-one—but if this continued, I would be coming again without making her come. And I wasn't that sort of Sin.

I would come again, but only after Miriam.

Determined to maintain my gentlesin status, I dug my fingers into her hips and ground her pussy on my face. My tongue eagerly lapped at her

entrance, fucking her with it. When I moved onto her clit, I rubbed her clit with my finger, and when her thighs began quivering around my head again, I knew she was close.

“Greed,” Miriam groaned with a mouthful of cock. “Don’t stop.” Her words were muffled, but it turned me on to know it was because of me.

She pulled her mouth off my cock, panting as she rubbed it. “You eat my pussy so well, Greed. I’m nearly there. Please don’t stop.”

The big man from above could stoop in and try and stop me, but there was no way I was stopping. Not when Miriam was so close, and my mouth salivated for the taste of her come. Sloth’s fingers and our quick session before lunch were just the starters. Now, I was hungry for the main meal.

Her pussy clenched tightly around my fingers as I fucked her, and when I raked my teeth over her throbbing clit, she finally let loose and came all over my face.

I drank up her juices like it was my salvation.

With Miriam’s wet pussy still trembling over my face, I wound a hand in her hair and twisted it. Leveraging her hair as an anchor, I thrust my hard cock back into her mouth. It was deeper than she had taken it before. My balls slapped against her chin as I fucked her face, holding her head in place as I demanded pleasure from her. Though the muffled moans she released around my cock, and the way her pussy clenched for something to fill it while I fucked her mouth told me just how much she liked it.

It didn’t take me long to come down Miriam’s tight little throat. Tiny droplets of come were still trickling out the tip when I flipped us over, so I was on top of her now, this time face to face.

“Show me,” I demanded and pinched her chin, gently prying apart her lips. Her mouth was full to the brim with my come, and a thin stream dribbled down the side. I swiped my thumb along the trail, slipped it into her mouth and demanded, “Swallow.”

Her mouth closed quickly and she swallowed hard. She opened her mouth again to show me that she had swallowed all my come, and my cock stirred at the sinful sight.

Miriam was far too sexy for her own good.

“You’re a dirty girl,” I growled and slipped my tongue past her lips, exploring her mouth. Tasting my essence on her made me horny all over again.

It wasn't difficult to believe that I had already come twice and was now rearing to go again.

My name was Greed, after all.

"You've got such a big cock," she whispered against my mouth, kissing me back with just as much passion and fervour as I was giving her. Her legs circled my hips, hooking around me and pulling me closer. "I loved having your cock down my throat, but now I want it someplace else."

My cock throbbed painfully even though I had just come.

"Where do you want my big cock, darling?" I groaned into her mouth, rolling my hips into her and grinding my cock against her wet pussy.

"Inside me," she whispered, her nails digging into my back as she thrust her hips up, angling herself to slip the tip of my cock inside her, but I wasn't going to make it that easy for her.

"In your asshole?" I half-joked, though the thought of fucking her virgin ass made my cock pulse with painful need.

One lingering look at her puckered hole earlier told me she had never taken a cock in there. The idea of being the one to take her anal virginity turned me on beyond belief, but I didn't have the patience for that right now. I wanted inside that tight little pussy of hers, and the way it wept for me told me she couldn't wait for it either. But I needed her to beg me for it first.

If Miriam wanted me to fuck her, she would have to beg for my cock.

Her cheeks warmed with a youthful flush, and I couldn't resist dragging the tip of my nose across the skin.

"I can't give you what you want if you don't tell me, darling," I whispered the words against her jaw, peppering kisses all along it as I moved down to the column of her neck. I nuzzled and kissed my way down to the crook of her neck where I sucked her supple, salty skin into my mouth. It wasn't hard enough to hurt, but it was hard enough to have her squirming underneath me and leave a faint bruise that would develop further later.

Call me sick, but I wanted her skin covered in my markings. I wanted my Sin brothers to know that I had been here first. That she had let me mark her body while I made her feel good.

That I had had her before them.

"In my pussy," she moaned, writhing desperately underneath me. My cock slid between her juicy pussy lips, inching toward her slick entrance. I

didn't trust myself before to resist the temptation of slipping in and banging her to oblivion, but now that she had said the words, I didn't need to restrain myself anymore.

"With pleasure, darling," I drawled and speared her with my hard cock, driving into her all the way until my balls slapped harshly against her peachy ass. "You have the tightest pussy," I groaned into the crook of her neck as I pulled out of her. The way her pussy clenched tightly around my cock, desperate to keep me inside her, was nearly enough to have me emptying my balls inside her then and there.

"Greed," Miriam moaned my name wantonly, thrusting her hips to match my movements and take me deeper. "You feel so good, Greed." Another loud moan. "Your cock feels so big inside me." She pressed her face into my shoulder and bit hard.

The sensation went straight to my balls, and it felt like I was going to come already. I was quick to pull out of Miriam and flip her onto her back. She didn't have a chance to complain as I replaced my cock with my tongue, alternating between tonguing her pussy and sucking her clit until she was a quivering, grinding mess against my face.

Before she could come, I rose on my knees and lined the thick head of my cock with her pussy.

"I was so close," she moaned, but her words grew muffled when I pressed my hand to her back, forcing her upper body to lay flat on the bed while I held up her sweet pussy to plough and play with as I pleased.

"Sorry, darling." I leaned over her body to press a kiss to her shoulder. My kisses trailed up as I pushed forward and slipped my cock into her pussy again.

From this angle, I could go so much deeper, and if the tight hold her pussy had on my cock was anything to go by, she was loving every moment of it. As was I.

When I felt Miriam come undone on my cock, her pussy squeezing hard around me as she came, milking me for all the essence I had, I couldn't hold myself back any longer. I destroyed her pussy, drilling her into the bed until I exploded inside her and painted the walls of her tight pussy white with my milky come.

"You did so well, darling." I flipped her onto her back and claimed her mouth, lazily stroking my tongue against hers as we came down from our respective highs. "I've never come in such a tight pussy before."

There was a beautiful flush about her as she lay in my arms.

“I’ve never come so much before,” Miriam whispered into my chest. “First with Pride, and now you.”

A chuckle vibrated from deep within my chest. “We have a way of bringing out the sexual fiend in people, darling.” I brushed a kiss against her forehead. “Though you didn’t need much coaxing.”

Her cheeks coloured again and she attempted to hide it by nuzzling her face into my chest.

My come was still wet on her pussy lips and trailing down the insides of her thighs when the door flung open to reveal a furious-looking Envy. His skin glowed a deep shade of green, and Miriam’s breath hitched as she took him in.

I chuckled at the response and stroked a hand through her hair, cupping the back of her neck and bringing her closer to me.

“It appears my brother can’t wait any longer, darling.” I smacked a hard kiss on her puckered lips. She melted under my touch, and I swallowed her whimper when my tongue wrapped around hers. Before I could deepen the kiss and pin her underneath me again, Envy grabbed Miriam around the waist and threw her over his shoulder.

If I couldn’t tell how much he wanted–needed–her right now, I would have put up a fight, but instead, I watched his retreating back and his hand on her perky little ass as he spanked her for squirming on his shoulder.

We may not be physical blood brothers, but we Sins were as close as it got.

And I knew my time with Miriam wasn’t over just yet.

ENVY

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MIRIAM

It felt like déjà vu when Envy threw me on the bed and kicked the door shut behind him. Greed had done the same thing, but Envy wasn't undressing as Greed did. Instead, he glowered at me with a dark green shadow over his face, watching me from the door.

The green hue of his skin didn't revolt me like I thought it would. Instead, I clenched my legs, but the wet feeling of my thighs, still covered in Greed's come, sent a furious blush to my face.

It didn't help that all of the Sins looked downright edible with their ripped bodies and God-level good looks.

"Get in the shower," Envy growled, his jaw clenched and his voice hoarse.

"What?" I gaped, caught off guard by his demand.

"You heard me. Get in the shower."

"You want me to shower? Right now?" My voice was incredulous as I stared at him, still wondering if he was joking.

"Yes."

"Why?" I asked, starting to feel a little subconscious. I had a shower this morning, and as far as I could tell from the subtle whiff I took of myself, hoping Envy wouldn't realise what I was doing, I thought I still smelt pretty good.

"I can smell Pride and Greed on you. Even Sloth's saliva. It's driving me crazy."

He walked up to the edge of the bed and circled his fingers around my ankle. A startled squeak escaped me when he tugged and dragged me

toward him. His hands dropped to my hips, lifting me until my chest was pressed against his.

“I only want my scent on you, baby doll.” He pressed the words to the corner of my mouth. “I only want my come inside you.” His lips moved to the other corner, setting off electric sparks in his wake. “And I want to be the only one you think about when I finally slide inside you.”

Envy had yet to touch me, but I was already panting heavily as if he had done so much more.

“Okay,” I murmured and nodded, feeling like I was in a trance as I stared into his dark eyes. They were so dark they rivalled the night sky. “I’ll take a shower if that’s what you want.”

“Thank you, baby doll.” He grinned and pressed a quick kiss to my lips. It was over before I could lean into him to deepen it, and he pulled away before I could follow through with my desires.

Envy guided me into his bathroom. He leaned against the sink with his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes hungrily watching me. I was already naked from my session with Greed, so all I had to do was get into the shower.

The glass cubicle was large enough to fit three, and the shower head was bigger than any I had ever seen before. The water was warm and washed over me in a uniform stream, drenching me from head to toe. The glass was quick to fog up but even through the hot mist, I could see Envy standing at the sink, watching me. I couldn’t make him out that well through the fog and glass, but I knew he could see me. All of me.

A warm flush ran through my body, and I felt hot all over.

It turned me on more than it probably should. Definitely more than what was normal. Though there wasn’t anything relatively normal about any of this.

There was only a musky, earthy-scented body wash, and a shampoo and conditioner of the same brand and scent, so it appeared that not only would I be washing Greed and Pride off me, I would come out of this shower smelling of Envy.

I could feel his eyes roaming my body as I washed my hair, and when I glanced at him from over my shoulder, his arms were no longer crossed. Instead, one hand clasped the sink behind him while the other was in his pants. My breath hitched, and my pussy clenched wantonly when I realised he was touching himself to the sight of my wet, naked body in the shower.

“What are you doing?” I whispered, my hand stilling as I stared at him.

“You know exactly what I’m doing, baby doll,” Envy groaned throatily, and I watched as he pushed down his pants to free his big cock. It wasn’t as big as Pride’s or Greed’s cocks, but it was girthier. My lips parted in a silent gasp at the prospect of him stretching me wide open with that weapon between his legs, and before I knew it, my hand slipped down my wet body to the junction between my legs.

My breath grew heavy as I played with my pussy, flicking my clit furiously while I watched him touch himself.

“Yes, baby doll. Play with that pussy. Get it nice and wet for me.” His voice was throaty and guttural as his hand sped up. The hard, almost pained expression on his face told me that he wasn’t far from coming.

And neither was I.

The feel of his eyes roaming my naked body as he fucked his fist and the dirty words he spoke that felt like sweet words whispered in my ear pushed me closer and closer to the edge. It was only when I slipped a single finger inside me, curling it and burying it up to the knuckle, that I came, imagining it was Envy’s thick, girth cock deep inside me.

“Envy!” I screamed out his name as I came all over my hand. My thighs quivered, and my whole body spasmed as the pleasure took over me, yet my greedy pussy clenched for more. For something longer and thicker than my finger to fill it.

It didn’t help that Envy had marched up to the glass of the shower and slapped a hand on the glass as he jerked his cock to finish. His hips jerked up as the milky white come shot out of the thick, bulbous head of his cock and splashed against the glass of the shower cubicle. Groan after groan sounded from him, and I couldn’t help but whimper and moan at his mess.

These Sins were turning me into a sex fiend, and I loved it.

My hand developed a mind of its own when I pressed my fingers to the glass where his come was dripping down. I imagined I was playing with his ejaculation, and I held his eyes as I lifted my hand and slipped my fingers into my mouth, sucking on them.

My juices tasted good, but I’d much rather taste his.

Envy allowed me a few moments to finish washing up before he slid open the shower door and grasped me by the hips. He pulled me to him and pressed his lips against mine in a hard, bruising, possessive kiss. My arms

circled his neck, and I parted my lips for his tongue, eager to suck on an organ of his. Hopefully, I would get to suck his cock next.

When I tasted something salty on the tip of his tongue as he explored and dominated my mouth, my eyes widened, and I pulled back slightly.

“Is that...?” My cheeks warmed as my voice trailed off in question.

“Yes, baby doll,” he groaned and dipped his head to slip his tongue into my mouth again. “Consider that a teaser. If you like it, I’ve got plenty more of where that came from.”

My heart was hammering in my chest, and my pussy ached painfully, yet all I could do was suck on his tongue, desperate to taste more of him.

“I can’t wait,” I whispered against his mouth and dropped a hand to cup his balls. My pussy tingled deliciously when I felt how heavy they still were despite painting the shower glass white with his come.

I couldn’t wait to drain them later.

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MIRIAM

Envoy threw me on the bed again.

These Sins sure loved to manhandle me.

I sat comfortably against the headboard, naked and still a little wet from the shower while Envy rummaged for something in his bedside drawer.

I took the opportunity to take in his room.

Much like Envy, his bedroom was cheeky and flirty with a hint of something darker in its undertone. The walls were painted a light olive colour which surprisingly tied everything together. All his furniture, including the large four-poster bed, was a dark mahogany colour, offset by the creamy white rug and sheets on the bed.

The wall opposite the bed was the only wall covered in wallpaper. It looked like something artistic at first, swirls of black, white and nude, but after staring at it for a while, I realised it was drawings of naked bodies of all shapes, sizes, and colours. The other walls that didn't display such art were covered in posters and photos instead. In a few, they were of him posing for the camera—he was shirtless in all of them—and others were of him with the others. He was smiling, grinning or smirking in all of them, flirting even with the camera.

It was apparent that Envy was fond of his Sin family, though that didn't mean he couldn't be jealous of them. Especially when it came to sharing women, it appeared.

"Found it," Envy grunted as he grabbed something from the drawer.

For a moment, I thought he had been searching for a condom but then I remembered that I hadn't used one with either Pride or Greed. Something

told me Envy wouldn't want anything but raw with me since that was the route the others had taken.

Thankfully, I was on birth control—my mother believed it was to regulate my periods and help ease the pain from cramps and not me experimenting sexually with a lot of her goody-two-shoes friends' sons—though I wasn't sure how effective it would be against the sperm of the Seven Cardinal Sins. Or even if I could get pregnant by them. I sincerely hoped not because there was no way I would be able to explain this to anyone. Let alone my parents who would rather die of shame than know I had engaged in pre-marital sin. With a Cardinal Sin, no less.

Go big or go home, right?

At the click of a button, a large screen came out of the ceiling in front of the bed, and my eyes grew wide at the show he had decided to play.

Except, it wasn't a show.

It was porn.

And the porn star was none other than me.

My eyes were glued to my naked body on the screen, my boobs shaking and my face a mask of complete and utter pleasure as Pride drilled into me from behind, ploughing my pussy. When the screen changed, I was suddenly in the sixty-nine position with Greed. Except this time, I could see just how much he enjoyed eating my pussy.

Is this what it felt like to be a porn star? To watch myself get thoroughly fucked and enjoy it like you've never enjoyed anything before?

Was it wrong that I enjoyed watching myself get fucked?

Was it normal to be turned on by myself?

What did that say about me?

When the bed dipped next to me, I glanced over at Envy.

"What's this?" I murmured, my eyes locked on the screen.

"You don't recognise yourself?" Envy grunted, and I felt him smirk against my neck as he kissed down the slope.

I did, but the little prude inside me from being forced to attend Church and Sunday school all those years couldn't bring myself to admit it.

I always thought I was confident in my body and knew what I wanted in the bedroom, but being with these Sins proved how wrong I was.

It wasn't my own confidence that I fed off when it came to my needs, wants, and dark desires in the bedroom. It was the fear, nervousness and lack of experience of my partners that I fed off and channelled into my

sexual prowess as I introduced them to new, forbidden highs and taught them how to pleasure a woman.

Now that I was with these Sins who were far more experienced than me, the tables had turned, and I was surprised by how naturally I took to it and how much I liked it.

I nodded, but my throat was too dry to answer. I gulped hard when Greed fucked my throat in the video, his balls slapping against my chin with each thrust. I had never given a blowjob like that before, and it appeared I had been missing out.

“Use your words, baby doll,” Envy prompted me, his lips travelling up my jaw, inching closer and closer to my parted lips.

His hands groped my perky boobs, tweaking my nipples before one dropped further down to my wanton pussy that was already creaming in anticipation for him.

“Yes,” I whispered, my lips parting even more when he reached them, tracing the bottom lip with the sharp tip of his nose. “I recognise myself.” His hand finally reached my pussy, and he flicked my throbbing clit before dipping toward my entrance and slipping two fingers inside and curling them. “That’s me on the screen.”

“What are you doing?” He sucked my bottom lip into his mouth while he added another finger, now fucking me with three.

I forced my eyes open to steal a glance at the screen. I was with Pride again, on top, riding him.

“Having sex.”

“You can do better than that, baby doll.” He had moved onto my top lip now, sucking it roughly. My lips felt swollen and a little painful to the touch, but I couldn’t imagine stopping. Not when it felt so amazing already, and we hadn’t even gotten to the good stuff yet.

“I’m riding Pride.”

“Riding what?”

I groaned when he bowed his head over my body and sucked a pebbled nipple into his mouth.

“His big cock,” I managed between groans.

“Is his cock bigger than mine?” He whispered against my boobs, taking his time to give each one equal attention while he played with my pussy.

“No.”

“What about Greed?”

“Yours is bigger,” I moaned, rotating my hips to ride his fingers better. When he curled them inside me, they hit that magical spot, and I was desperate to feel it again.

“Out of the three, whose cock do you prefer?” His kisses trailed up, and he sucked hard on my shoulder, determined to leave a hickey for all the others to see when it was my time with them.

“Yours,” I groaned and wrapped my fingers around his cock, tugging on it. When the guttural groan dropped from his lips, my pussy clenched tightly around his fingers. I quickly did it again, desperate to hear that erotic sound.

Envy groaned again, and the erotic sound went straight to my pussy. If this continued, I would come on his hand before I knew it.

“How were you able to record that?” I moaned, my eyes trailing back to the screen. Pride had me bent over the edge of the bed while he pounded into my pussy without abandon.

“I’ve got a camera installed in all my brothers’ rooms.” His kisses moved up my shoulders, neck and chin until he reached my mouth again. This time, he didn’t tease me as he pressed a surprisingly soft kiss to my lips, slipping his tongue into my mouth and dominating it as he explored. “I like to know the kind of fun they get up to while I wait my turn. I like to think of it as foreplay to the foreplay.”

“That sounds like torture,” I groaned, rolling my hips to feel his fingers deeper inside me.

“Prolonged torture is the best form of pleasure, baby doll. And I’m about to show you why sex with my brothers is nothing compared to sex with me.”

“Is that a promise?”

“It’s a warning, baby doll,” Envy grunted, and before I could guess what he had planned for me, he flipped me onto my stomach and straddled my ass, lining the thick, bulbous head of his girthy cock with my entrance and driving in with a single hard thrust.

“Envy!” I yelled his name as he got so deep inside me that I didn’t know where I ended and he began, but the sound was muffled because he pressed a hand to the back of my head and pushed my face into the bed. His thrusts got deeper and harder, his hips slamming into mine as he drilled me into the bed. The feeling of being so overpowered was enough to have me come on his cock in no time at all.

Envy continued to fuck me throughout my orgasm, prolonging the pleasure and making me feel so sensitive.

Before I could catch my breath, he rolled me onto my side and spooned me from behind before he slipped his hard cock back inside me. From this angle, he brushed up against the right wall of my pussy with each thrust and the delicious friction had my stomach twisting into a knot as another orgasm quickly began building.

“Oh!” I moaned, rolling my hips back to meet him thrust for thrust, determined to give just as good as I was getting.

If there was one thing I wasn’t, it was an unenthusiastic bed partner.

“That feels amazing, Envy.” My eyes rolled back into my head as I felt myself edging toward another orgasm, but the sick Sin pulled out of me before I could come again.

He flipped me back onto my stomach, but this time, he grabbed my hips and lifted them into the air before driving back inside me. I came on his cock on the first thrust, but just like last time, Envy was unrelenting as he cruelly fucked me through my orgasm.

“Tell me you’re mine, baby doll,” he grunted in my ear, and his hand curled around my neck, leveraging his hold on me to fuck me harder. “Tell me you belong to me.”

“I belong to you, Envy,” I moaned and arched my back, desperate to feel him deeper inside me. When the tip of his cock nudged against my g-spot again, I cried out and slammed my hips back harder, needing more from him even though he had made me come three times already—once in the shower and twice while fucking me.

“Tell me you’re mine.”

“I’m yours.”

“Tell me you’re only mine.”

“I’m only yours.”

“Tell me I’m the best fuck you’ve ever had.”

My eyes squeezed shut from the pleasure. “You’re the best fuck I’ve ever had, Envy!”

His possessive declaration had my pussy quivering around his cock, clenching tightly, determined to keep him inside me. He fucked me quickly and roughly, his balls slapping against my slick, throbbing clit.

When Envy’s thrusts grew sloppy, his groans louder and throatier, and his cock swelled inside me, I knew he was close. I squeezed my pussy tight

around him, clenching with all my might, determined to feel his come deep inside me. It worked as he came not long after, and his orgasm triggered another one from me, rendering me temporarily immobile as I panted heavily, slowly coming down from the high.

Envy was right.

Prolonged torture equated to mind-blowing pleasure.

I had never felt a man come so hard or so much inside me before—not even Pride or Greed—and frankly, I was already thinking of making this Sin come inside me one more time before I moved on to the next one.

Envy's cock was still spurting tiny droplets of come inside me when he lowered his arms around me and rested on my back, pressing himself completely against me and forcing me to take his body weight. He panted against my back and kissed his way up to my shoulder, sending a shiver down my spine and making the butterflies in my stomach flutter crazily even though he had already made me come several times already.

His lips travelled up to my ear where his mouth lingered, gently sucking the skin under it into his mouth.

"Those videos with my brothers were amazing, but they have nothing on ours, baby doll." He curled his body around mine from behind, his cock still semi-erect as he rubbed it between the plump cheeks of my ass. "The next time I need to come, I know what I'll be watching," he whispered into my ear, and my breath caught at the insinuation.

There was clearly something wrong with me because the thought of Envy touching himself to a video of us, to him jerking himself off while he fucked me in more positions than I had ever tried, turned me on all over again. I had barely come down from several highs he had so graciously given me, and my body was already rearing for more.

The worst part was that I was so lost in the pleasure that I didn't even notice he had a camera set up and was filming us until he mentioned it.

ENVY

Miriam seemed surprised when I wrapped my arms around her from behind, spooning her. Her body was rigid at first, and she didn't know where to put her hands, but I was able to coax her into relaxing and now, our bodies moulded together as one.

I wasn't usually one to cuddle, but this felt amazing. So relaxing, and it came with a euphoric high of its own.

I now know why the other Sins were such a fan of cuddling after sex.

"Your skin isn't green anymore," Miriam whispered, trailing her fingertips over my arm.

"You've noticed that, huh?" I chuckled into her shoulder, nuzzling my face further into her even though we were already so close.

"I have." Her hand trailed down to mine, and I didn't resist when she entwined her fingers with mine, clasping our hands together. "Why does your skin turn green? Because you're jealous?"

"Yes."

"Are you able to control it?"

"No. I never have been," I admitted. "I've tried to control it, but it's never worked."

"I don't get how all this Cardinal Sin stuff works."

"Cardinal Sin stuff?" I laughed. The warm flush that covered her cheeks was downright adorable, and I couldn't resist pressing a kiss to her cheek. "Tell me what you don't understand, and I'll see what I can do to help make things clearer for you, baby doll."

"Is it just you and the others up here?"

"Up here?"

“I don’t know where here is.”

“Yes, it’s just the seven of us up here,” I chuckled. “In terms of where this is exactly, it’s difficult to explain.” Especially to a human who doesn’t believe in God.

“You guys keep saying that.”

“That’s because it really is difficult to explain.”

“Try me.”

“We’re...above Earth,” I said, testing the waters.

Miriam was silent for a while, but I knew the moment she had figured it out. She glanced over her shoulder at me with wide eyes and lips parted in shock.

“We’re in Heaven?” She gasped.

I shook my head and held back a smirk. “Even higher than that.”

“What’s higher than Heaven?” Miriam asked, blinking rapidly.

“Where we are right now.”

Her lips tugged down at the corners. “I don’t understand.”

“I don’t understand it sometimes, as well. You’d think that the big man upstairs would put the Seven Deadly Sins closer to Hell, but apparently not,” I chuckled and pressed a kiss to her upper back.

“So, Heaven and Hell are real?”

“As real as you and I are, baby doll.”

“And God?”

“He’s very much real.”

“I can’t believe this,” Miriam murmured, her eyes wide and unfocused as she stared into the distance.

“That’s normal, baby doll. It’s usually too much for humans to comprehend, so we try to refrain. Try not to think about the technicalities too much.” I gave her hip a reassuring squeeze. “It’ll be easier if you pretend I hadn’t told you in the first place.”

“I’m not sure I can do that.”

“Forget about it,” I encouraged her. “Tell me about you instead, baby doll. I want to know everything about you.”

“I can’t imagine anything interesting about me close enough to what you just said.” She shrugged, but that response wasn’t good enough for me.

“How old are you in human years?”

“Nineteen.”

“That would put you in what? College? University?” I guessed, but honestly, I wasn’t sure. It had been a long time since any of us had ventured down to Earth.

The women that had been teleported up here by confessionals lately were all middle-aged women and while I enjoyed showing them what they were missing out on, Miriam was refreshing. She was young and inexperienced even though she thought she wasn’t because she had popped a few Church boys’ cherries, I very much loved educating her. As did my Sin brothers.

“I’m on a gap year right now.”

“That’s cool. What are you doing in your gap year?”

“Writing a book.”

My eyebrows shot up in surprise, my interest piqued. “I wasn’t expecting that, but tell me more about it.”

“There’s not much to say at the moment. I’ve finished the first draft but want to re-write some parts in the second draft. It’s very much a work in progress at the moment.” She shrugged, trying to brush it off casually

“What genre is it?”

Her cheeks coloured maroon. “Romance.”

“So, porn?” I grinned cheekily.

“Romance isn’t porn,” she snorted. “But I’ve always been into writing and wanted to give myself a chance while I had the opportunity. My parents weren’t happy about me taking a gap year from university, but it’s my life. Though I’m starting to regret it now.”

“Why do you regret your gap year?” I asked, curious.

“Living with my parents is kind of a nightmare,” Miriam groaned. “They’re really religious, and their whole personality is Christianity and the Church. It wouldn’t be an issue if they weren’t hellbent on making me just like them. It’s like they’re ashamed to have a daughter who isn’t completely devoted to a higher being who, before now, I wasn’t even sure existed.”

“That sounds tough,” I murmured, trailing kisses up the side of her neck to her ear where I raked my teeth down her lobe, sucking it into my mouth. “You want in on a little secret?”

“Yes.” A breathy moan escaped her, and her back arched, grinding her ass against me.

“None of us are a fan of the big guy either,” I whispered, my hand curving over her shapely hip and pulling her ass flush against my hard cock

that was currently weeping at the tip, desperate to drive back inside her sweet nirvana.

Her eyes widened in the most adorable way. “Really?”

“Really.” I nodded with a chuckle.

“Well, I’m glad it’s not just me. Do you want to be in on a little secret?” Miriam mimicked my words, turning around in my arms to face me.

“Yes,” I echoed her breathy moan when her hand landed on my cock, curling around it and tugging it as she started jerking me.

“I’ve enjoyed my time with you Sins more than I let on. I’ve learnt so much about myself and sex, and I can’t wait for my turn with the others.”

Her intentions were good, and a husky groan sounded from deep within my chest at her words, but it was riddled with jealousy as my skin started to turn a light shade of green once again. The colour darkened as I thought of Miriam with my brothers who were eagerly awaiting their turn, no doubt touching themselves and jerking off to the sounds of her pleasure when I fucked her earlier.

I pressed the same button as before and had Miriam sitting propped up against the headboard by the time the screen made its second appearance.

“I can’t believe you filmed me again,” Miriam murmured under her breath, her eyes locked on the video of us playing on the screen. It was from our session earlier and provided the perfect distraction for me to crawl between her legs and push them open.

“Of course, I did, baby doll,” I groaned against her pussy lips as I toyed with her slick clit, flicking it back and forth with my thumb. “Watch the video, and let me make you feel good.”

“Okay,” she whispered in the smallest voice, but it was quickly followed by a breathy moan when I slipped my tongue inside her pussy and fucked her with it. It was quickly followed by a louder moan, but this one came from the TV screen.

The taste of her pussy was as sweet as Sin, and I couldn’t stop myself from lapping up the juices she leaked all over my face.

“Do you like it when I eat your pussy, baby doll?”

“Yes, Envy,” Miriam whimpered. She reached down to spread her pretty pink pussy for me, giving me a great view and easier access.

“I love eating your pussy,” I groaned and slipped in a finger to join my tongue. The way her pussy clenched around me was downright sinful, and I couldn’t wait to slip my cock back into that tight hole. “You taste so sweet,

baby doll.” I lapped at the juices that gushed out of her, and I knew from the tight clenching of her pussy that she wasn’t far from coming undone on my tongue and fingers. “You’re the sweetest dessert I’ve ever eaten.” Her legs started quivering, and I had to slap a hand on her thigh to keep her legs open. “I wish I could eat your pussy every day.”

Miriam was on the verge of coming, but I pulled away before she could.

“Envy! I was so close to coming!” Miriam groaned, her eyes hooded and clouded with frustrated desire as she glared at me. However, the way they flitted back and forth between me and the screen wasn’t lost on me. In the video, I was fucking Miriam doggy style and the way her face contorted in pleasure and her loud moans after each thrust told me how much she loved it. How much she loved having me inside her and fuck her until all she could think about was me and only me.

“You’re only going to come on my cock from now on, baby doll.” I grabbed her around the waist and flipped her onto her stomach.

This way, she could get fucked, and watch herself get fucked at the same time.

It was the best of both worlds.

The complaints died on her tongue when I thrust forward and slammed my cock inside her. The powerful thrust drove me completely inside her, and she moaned loudly when my heavy balls slapped against her throbbing clit, getting them wet with the evidence of her desire.

Her pussy welcomed me with a tight clench, and it was difficult to pull out and thrust back inside of her. But I had to. If I didn’t, I was going to empty my balls inside her right now, and that was no fun.

“This is the tightest pussy I’ve ever fucked, baby doll,” I groaned against her shoulder, watching me fuck her the same way in the video. “You’re so wet. You take all of me so well.”

“And you’ve got such a fat cock,” she groaned, dropping her shoulders to the bed and burying her face in the sheets, anchoring herself as she rocked her hips back to give as good as she was getting.

Such an eager little slut.

“You like my cock in your pussy, baby doll?”

“Yes! You feel amazing inside of me.”

I sucked my thumb into my mouth, getting it nice and wet before I dropped it on her little bubble butt. I slipped the tip into her puckered hole and was pleasantly surprised with how little resistance I was met with.

Miriam's breath hitched, but she didn't push me away. She surprised me by pushing her hips back harder, slipping both my cock and thumb deeper inside her. My eyebrows shot up in surprise, and I pressed my finger further inside her until it was buried up to the first knuckle.

"Do you like my finger inside your ass, baby doll?" I growled against her shoulder as I fucked her. My thumb was gentle and sweet in her asshole, but my cock was determined to tear up her tight little pussy.

"Yes," she whispered with a strained groan.

"Does it hurt?"

"A little, but I like it."

"You like the pain, baby doll?" I groaned, her admission turning me on even more.

"It's more pleasure than pain."

Eager to please the little cock slut, I lubed up another finger with my spit and slipped it into her puckered asshole to join my thumb. She shrieked and moved away from me, so I reverted to one finger. I couldn't bring myself to feel disappointed with how tight her pussy clenched around my cock, turned on from having me play with her tight little asshole.

I continued fucking both her holes, and when I slipped my free hand down to her pussy, I flicked her clit roughly. When I pinched it between my fingers, her pussy spasmed around my cock as she came. My face turned more red than green as she squeezed my cock so tight it felt like her pussy was going to cut off the blood circulation.

My balls ached in the most delicious, tell-tale way, and I knew I was seconds away from coming.

Miriam gasped at the sensation, glancing at me over her shoulder. "What are you doing?"

"Hold your cheeks open for me, baby doll," I demanded with a pained grunt, struggling to keep myself from coming because I desperately wanted to come inside her.

Miriam's face contorted with pleasure, and she was quick to reach her hands behind her to do as she was told. Her puckered hole didn't open much, but it was enough for me to press the thick tip of my cock to it, jerk my cock a few times and fill her tight little ass with my come.

I was breathing heavier than I had ever breathed before as I finished coming and pulled my cock away from her tight little asshole.

“Fuck,” I swore under my breath as Miriam kept her ass propped up in front of me, both her holes leaking my come on the sheets beneath her. “You’re a masterpiece, baby doll. It’s a crime that your holes are not permanently filled with come.”

Miriam moaned quietly at my words, and her eyes gradually drooped and closed in post-orgasmic bliss.

What a beauty. So perfect for us.

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GLUTTONY

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MIRIAM

Envy was fast asleep and snoring quietly when I slipped out of bed. My clothes were still in Greed's room, so I slipped on Envy's creased, discarded shirt from earlier. It was big on me in the width department, but not all that long. It barely covered my ass, and no matter how hard I tugged on the bottom, it pinged back to its regular short length whenever I let go.

I was too tired, hungry, and sore to care. I was hopeful there would be some leftovers from lunch, but I couldn't be too sure with Gluttony and his ceaseless appetite.

I didn't know what I was expecting when I stepped out of Envy's room, but the dining table was no longer there. I didn't know how this place worked or if Envy's room wasn't off the room where we had lunch, but now, I walked into a kitchen with a large open-space lounge area. There was even a TV playing a baseball game. And in the middle of it all, Gluttony was cooking up a storm in the kitchen.

It was all strangely...normal.

Gluttony shot me a grin from over his shoulder. "Perfect timing, sugar. I've just taken the pie out of the oven."

My stomach rumbled at the thought of pie. Sleeping with so many Sins proved to really work up an appetite.

"What kind of pie?" I asked, sitting on a stool at the kitchen island.

"Chicken."

I watched as he licked his lips and placed the large dish in front of me. I helped myself to what I thought was a generous slice of chicken pie, but

Gluttony helped himself to the rest. Once again, I wondered how he could eat so much while staying as fit as he was.

My eyes widened, impressed at the first bite. It was delicious and hands-down the best pie I had ever eaten.

With cooking like this, no wonder Gluttony ate as much as he did.

"I take it that you like it," he chuckled.

With a mouthful, I nodded. Gluttony grinned at me and without saying anything, he curled an arm around my waist and pulled me onto his lap. My eyes grew wide in surprise, but his hold on me was firm and unrelenting when I tried to get off him.

"What are you doing?" I finally asked when I no longer had food in my mouth.

"Holding you while we share a meal." Gluttony shrugged and reached around me to help himself to a bite.

I opened my mouth to complain, but Gluttony shoved his fork into my mouth, feeding me and shutting me up at the same time.

I had never thought of food or the act of eating as something sensual, but Gluttony changed my mind. He took turns feeding us both, and his eyes remained locked on mine the entire time. It felt like I couldn't breathe, and it didn't help that I couldn't bring myself to look away.

When I felt full and like I couldn't eat a single bite more, I shook my head and pushed his hand away when he tried to feed me another bite.

"I can't possibly eat a bite more," I groaned and leaned into his embrace, surprisingly comfortable on his lap. "How do you eat so much and still look so good?"

"I can eat and eat but never feel full. It's both a blessing and a curse, sugar." Gluttony squeezed my hip as he continued eating. I couldn't imagine it was very comfortable with me sitting on his lap, but Gluttony didn't seem the least bit fazed, and the way he was holding me, I doubted he would let me go any time soon.

"How can it be a curse?" I asked, more curious than judgemental.

"I eat because I never feel full. If I don't eat as much as I do, the hunger is maddening," he explained.

I blinked at him in surprise. "I can't imagine how that must feel."

Gluttony shrugged. "I'm used to it."

"Is there ever a time when you're not hungry?"

A slow smirk spread over his face. "Yes."

The carnal look in his eyes told me what the answer would be, but I found myself asking anyway.

“When is that?”

“During sex.” His lips tipped higher at the corners. “Do you know what I love to eat the most, sugar?”

I cleared my throat and looked away, trying to ignore how hot he suddenly made me feel with a simple look.

“What do you love to eat the most?” I dared to ask.

“Pussy.”

My breath hitched, and my lips parted in desire as I stared at him, getting lost in his light brown eyes. When Gluttony raised the fork to my mouth again, feeding me even though I had said I couldn’t eat any more, I found my lips eagerly wrapping around the fork.

My mind imagined my lips were wrapped around something else.

“I bet your pussy is really sweet.”

His dirty words had me choking on the pie he had fed me. Gluttony merely chuckled and patted me on the back, helping me to calm down and then handed me a glass of water.

His hand dropped to my thigh, and I whimpered when it slowly moved up, disappearing under Envy’s shirt that I was wearing. When his hand drifted to the inside of my thigh, I spread my legs without a second thought.

“Is your pussy as sweet as sugar, sugar?” Gluttony whispered against my neck, his voice deep and husky. The sound zapped straight between my legs, and my pussy tingled in want and need, desperately clenching for something long and thick to fill it.

“I don’t know,” I murmured my reply as his hand drifted closer and closer to my core. The sensation was overwhelming, and I found my eyes drifting shut as he drove me crazy with his teasing, electrifying touch.

“Can I taste you, sugar?” His lips trailed kisses down my cheek.

“Yes,” I moaned.

I expected Gluttony to finally press his fingers against my pussy instead of toying with me like he had been this whole time, but instead, he lifted me off his lap and pressed me into the kitchen counter. I was a little confused at first, but then he pressed a hand to my back, forcing my lower half against the counter until I was completely pressed against it, and then I realised what he wanted. What he was about to do to me.

The moment Gluttony slipped a finger between my pussy lips, rubbing up and down my slit, using my juices as a lubricant, I moaned and arched my back. It was a subconscious reaction, and Gluttony seemed to like it as his finger moved up to my entrance and sunk in.

Just like everything else about the Sins, Gluttony's finger felt big inside me. Just as big as two or three of my fingers when I played with myself. He stretched me more than I ever could in a solo session.

Gluttony spat on my clit, and I moaned when he sucked it into his mouth. He was greedy as he fucked me with his fingers and ate me out. He swirled his tongue around my clit, and when I began grinding against his face, needing more, he raked his teeth down my clit in a warning. It wasn't enough to hurt, but it shot near-paralysing pleasure down my spine, stilling me.

It was only when I came down from the high that I realised I had just come from his teeth on my clit.

"Oh my God," I whispered against the counter, panting heavily as the aftershocks of the orgasm rendered me temporarily immobile.

Initially, I was concerned about getting involved with these Sins, but in reality, I was helpless against them. I couldn't do anything to stop them. My body came alive under their touch if they so much as laid a single finger on me. My nipples ached, and my pussy clenched, and after the first turn with Pride, I knew it was stupid to deny this. To push these Sins away when they made me feel more alive than I had ever felt before.

The euphoric feeling was out of this world, and I didn't know how I would continue getting myself off when I returned to Earth.

I had barely come down from the high when Gluttony sucked my clit into his mouth again. I whimpered at the sensitivity, but he gripped my hips to hold me in place while he feasted on me like I was his last meal.

Gluttony really turned me into his next meal when I felt something spray against my clit. It was cold and lightweight, and he quickly licked it up before spraying some more.

"I normally hate whipped cream," he whispered into my pussy, digging his tongue into my entrance and chuckling when I clenched tightly around it. "I wanted to see if your sweet pussy makes it taste better, and it does, sugar," he groaned and buried his face further into my pussy, forcing me to spread my legs even more. It didn't seem enough for Gluttony as he hooked his fingers into my pussy lips and pried them apart for better access.

When I felt the nozzle of the can of whipped cream press into my entrance, I gasped. I gasped louder when he squeezed some whipped cream inside me.

Gluttony fucked the cream deeper inside me with his fingers and licked it out with his tongue. My pussy clenched tighter and tighter as he played with me, my legs quivering and my knees threatening to buckle out from underneath me, and I couldn't hold back the powerful orgasm when it washed over me. My eyes rolled to the back of my head as the pleasure possessed me, and I felt the blobs of whipped cream pump out of me along with my come. That seemed to please Gluttony greatly as he eagerly licked up the cream and my juices.

When I glanced over my shoulder, panting and my eyes heavy in an insatiable desire for him, I groaned loudly at his messy face. It was wet and covered in a mixture of whipped cream and my come.

Gluttony looked carnal as he reached for the can again. He lowered the nozzle between my legs and pressed it against my forbidden hole.

Envy had already slipped his thumb in there and then pressed the tip of his cock against the puckered hole to come, but the feeling of the whipped cream spraying inside, filling me, had me jumping up at the foreign feeling. Gluttony held me down by digging his fingers into my hips, keeping me plastered and bent over the kitchen counter as he went to town on my asshole.

It felt so wrong, so forbidden, and so right, so good, at the same time.

My pussy clenched tightly for something to fill it, and Gluttony slipped a finger in there to sate me, but all his attention was focused on my asshole. He licked around the rim at first, cleaning up the whipped cream before slipping his tongue inside. A finger was quick to join his tongue. It was such a foreign feeling. Especially since his fingers were thicker than Envy's.

I was a moaning, writhing, panting mess. My pussy wept for something bigger to fill it, and Gluttony seemed to sense it as he pulled away from me completely. When I heard shuffling behind me, I moaned in anticipation, but I was most excited by the sound of his belt hitting the ground.

Gluttony slipped his cock inside me all the way up to the hilt in one hard thrust, his balls slapping against my puffy pussy lips and throbbing clit, and I realised then that all this time, we had just been getting started.

And if Gluttony's earlier words held any truth, that his hunger for sex and pussy was nearly as great as his hunger for food, then I was in for a long, wild ride.

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GLUTTONY

Miriam's pussy was the hottest, tightest thing I had ever felt wrapped around my cock. It was almost impossible not to bust a nut right now with how amazing it felt, and it didn't help that her ass was still messy and sticky from our whipped cream fun earlier.

I wasn't joking when I said that I wasn't a fan of whipped cream, but mixed in with Miriam's pussy juice, it easily became one of the best things I had ever tasted.

"That's it, sugar. Squeeze my cock like that with your sweet pussy," I groaned, my hips slamming against hers each time as I pounded into her hard and fast. I tried to be gentle at first, but she kept begging for it harder and now, it felt like my cock was going to explode at any moment from how tight her pussy gripped me.

It felt like she wanted to keep me inside her forever.

"You feel so good inside me, Gluttony," she groaned, pushing her hips back to meet each thrust. "You fuck my pussy so well."

"Tell me you love my cock inside you," I demanded with a growl, my entire being yearning to hear it.

"I love your cock inside me," she mewled, rocking her hips for more. Needing me to make her feel good. "You feel so amazing. All of you Sins have such fat cocks. You've ruined me for all other humans. I'll never be able to sleep with a human man and feel pleasure like this again. I'll always compare their cocks to yours and remember how you made me feel."

I bowed my head to whisper in her ear, "You'll never be able to have sex without remembering us."

Miriam groaned in agreement, and when she stared at me from over her shoulder, her eyes immediately zeroed in on the fork I held in my hand, balancing the large slice of pie I had cut off. She looked impressed, and that only spurred me on to fuck her harder while I finished eating the pie. I felt bad for not sharing, so I cut off another slice of pie and held it to her lips.

“Open wide, sugar.”

She told me she was too full and didn’t want any more pie earlier, but right now, upon my demand, she clamped her lips tightly around the fork and sucked hard. I was met with resistance when I tried to pull the fork out of her mouth, and when she finally let go, it came out squeaky clean.

“That’s my good girl,” I praised and fed her another bite. I had never been so turned on by feeding someone before, but Miriam took to it so well. It was impossible not to get turned on by it.

Miriam shook her head after the third bite, so I went back to fucking her while eating the rest of the pie myself. A few crumbs dropped on her back, and I bowed my head to lick them up. Her body shuddered when my tongue glided up her spine, and I couldn’t resist doing it over and over again.

How could I not when she reacted like that and tasted so fucking sweet?

“Fuck! That looks so good,” Lust groaned, and when I glanced up, I found him, Wrath, Pride, Greed and Sloth, standing to the side and watching me fuck Miriam.

I wasn’t the jealous type—you got over it quickly when you were constantly sharing women with six other Sins—but I did like my privacy. I guess it was my fault for fucking Miriam out in the open like this, but you’d think they would have the decency to leave us to it. Especially those that had already had a turn with her, but apparently not.

“You take his cock so well, baby,” Pride groaned lowly, and I watched as he leaned over the kitchen counter to kiss her. Miriam whimpered into his mouth, and I growled when her pussy squeezed impossibly tighter around me.

“Do that again,” I growled, my fingers digging deeper into her hips as I ground and buried my cock deeper inside her.

“With pleasure.” Pride licked his lips and kissed her again, though it looked more like he was devouring her mouth. If Miriam had any complaints, Pride swallowed them all until Lust pushed him aside so he could get in on the action as well.

The whole time, Miriam's pussy strangled my cock so much that I had to pull out to avoid coming too quickly.

"What's wrong?" Wrath asked me, but his eyes were running over Miriam's half-dressed body and naked bottom as she made out with Lust, and then Sloth who kissed her slower than the others.

Sloth was a lazy fucker, both in and out of the bedroom. Miriam sure had her work cut out for her when she got around to his turn.

"What do you mean? Nothing is wrong," I grunted, unable to resist jerking my cock with both of Miriam's wet holes winking at me.

"If you're going to come already, you might as well finish now and hand her over to the next person." His hungry eyes remained on Miriam the entire time he spoke, and she seemed to notice as she turned to glance up at him as Sloth pushed up her shirt to suck a rosy nipple into his mouth. Pride sucked on the other one, and Greed happily claimed her mouth.

"Fuck you," I growled. "I'm not going to come now." And to prove my point, I slid my thumb over the head of my cock to get it nice and wet with our combined juices before driving it deep inside her again. "Don't rush me. You can wait your turn just like everyone else, Wrath."

"All of you take so fucking long to come," Wrath groaned, his eyes scarily dark as he glared at me. "It feels like I've been waiting an eternity already to feel that sweet little pussy strangle my cock."

Miriam whimpered at his words, and I pulled out of her again. I dropped to my knees behind her, pulled apart her ass cheeks and went to town on her pussy again.

She tasted divine. Even better than before.

"What do you say, sugar?" I slapped a hand on her pussy and took sick pleasure in her loud moan, her body jolting up in surprise. When she wriggled her hips, I spanked her ass. Both cheeks. "Can Wrath have a naughty feel of you before his turn?"

"Yes," she moaned against Lust's mouth—I was losing track of whom she was kissing—and arched her back, showing off her perfect little bubble butt. "Please, I need it."

"You're in luck, Wrath," I grinned at my Sin brother. "Since it's still my turn, you can look, touch, lick and eat, but that's it. You can't put anything more than your fingers inside her."

"I'll take what I can get." Wrath licked his lips and moved to join me on the ground, kneeling between Miriam's legs. I happily moved over to make

room for him and smirked against her thigh when the others started complaining about not being able to join in on the fun.

Wrath was an angry mother fucker, but he seemed to see red more often when having sex. And I knew this very well because this wasn't the first time we had tag-teamed a woman, and it would most certainly not be the last either.

We took turns sucking on her clit, licking her puffy, swollen lips, and fucking her with our tongues and fingers. I raked my teeth down her clit in the way I knew she loved, but Wrath must have done something magical with his tongue inside her pussy because Miriam moaned loudly and came hard, spraying both our faces wet with her come.

"Did you just squirt, love?" Wrath groaned, giving her pussy one last kiss before he pulled away and rose to his feet.

Miriam moaned quietly and nodded as the aftershocks of the orgasm wore her out. Her forehead was pressed to the counter, still bent over it, panting heavily. The others had stripped her of Envy's shirt, and she was now bare and naked for all of us to feast on.

And feast, we did.

I couldn't resist slipping my cock back into her wet pussy, and even though she had already come twice with me, her pussy clenched tightly around my cock, hungry for my milky come.

When I got tired of the audience, especially the overly horny ones that hadn't had a turn with her yet and were struggling to maintain themselves with the live show, I slammed my cock into her pussy and grabbed her around the waist, lifting her off the counter. I helped myself to one last big bite of chicken pie before I carried Miriam to my bedroom, keeping my cock inside her the whole time.

I kicked the door shut behind me, and we quickly got back to it. Just us two.

My cock was aching by this point, and I had never felt my balls heavier before. With Miriam's tight little pussy clenching around me the way it was doing, I couldn't hold myself back any longer. Loud, throaty groans sounded from deep inside me, resembling an animalistic mating call as I drove my hips into her sweet pussy a few more times, spurting the last few droplets of my come deep inside her.

"That was amazing," she moaned, pressing her face into the pillow.

I knew she was tired from all the sex, but I couldn't resist gathering my pearly white come that leaked out of her and pushing it back inside her again. Her pussy eagerly welcomed my fingers, and I groaned loudly at the dirty sight.

I had never seen anything more delicious or tantalising before. It was so delicious that I couldn't resist dropping a kiss on her slick, swollen clit once again, but of course, I couldn't just stop there.

Not when her pussy was Heavenly, and my Sin brothers and I couldn't get enough of her.

My face was buried deep between Miriam's legs, holding them wide open so I could feast on her ass and pussy when I heard the door open.

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LUST

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MIRIAM

Gluttony rivalled Greed.

When his cock wasn't buried in me, his mouth was on my pussy.

The sex was great, but his mouth on my body, sucking my nipples and eating my pussy was even better. I had already come twice on his tongue after coming on his cock, but Gluttony wouldn't move from between my legs. When I tried to close them, he dug his nails into my thighs in warning, not once letting up as he lapped away at my pussy, eating me out to his heart's content.

By the third orgasm like this, my legs were starting to cramp from being spread open so wide for so long, and my stomach ached from coming so much, but it was difficult to complain when it felt so good.

Gluttony didn't let up when I came on his tongue for the fourth consecutive time, and when I pulled on his hair, trying to lift his face from between my legs, he swatted my hands away and slipped his thumb into my puckered asshole in warning.

"You don't play fair," I whined, writhing under his mouth as he ate my pussy with more enthusiasm than he ate food.

And that was a pretty bold thing to say about someone whose name was literally Gluttony.

I was building up to my fifth orgasm when the door burst open, smacking loudly against the wall and ricocheting off it.

I locked eyes with a familiar pair of forest greens that I had first met back in the human world, and desire flooded my entire body. Gluttony seemed to have noticed as well as he paused, mid-lick, and glanced at his Sin brother.

It appeared that Pastor James was here to join the party.

"I can't wait any longer, Gluttony. Please let me join in," Lust groaned, already moving to push down his jogging bottoms and free his hard cock. His hand immediately dropped to palm his length, and I couldn't resist licking my lips in anticipation.

Having so many hands on my body felt amazing earlier. Greed, Pride, Sloth and Lust kissed me and played with my nipples while Wrath and Gluttony went to town on my pussy, eating me out like they were starved, and my pussy was the only thing keeping them alive. I had never been with more than one man at once, and I couldn't believe how much I loved it.

Even though my pussy was a little sore from all the pounding it had taken today, my body buzzed and came to life at the thought of taking both Lust and Gluttony at the same time.

Sensing the direction my mind was heading, Gluttony flipped me onto my stomach and helped me rise onto all fours. He cupped my ass cheeks, spreading them wide to lick up my slit again.

"I'm game as long as Miriam is okay with being shared."

I moaned loudly, though I wasn't sure if it was from Gluttony slipping his tongue into my ass and swirling it around or from the idea of these Sin brothers sharing me.

"What do you say, honey?" Lust pleaded as he approached the bed, kneeling on it and leaning close to me until his forehead pressed against mine, his lips hovering above my mouth. I remembered the passionate way he had kissed me earlier, nearly making me forget the way Gluttony was fucking my pussy while the others watched.

I had always thought I had a certain level of sexual prowess, perhaps more than the average teenager my age as I was in the habit of luring well-behaved, God-fearing Christian Church boys into sinning with me, but it was nothing compared to the Seven Cardinal Sins.

I had absolutely nothing on the Sins.

They fucked like there was no tomorrow, and I was so grateful to be on the receiving end of their attention.

"Miriam?" Lust whispered against my mouth, licking along the bottom lip to ask for entrance. I granted it immediately and moaned when his tongue slipped into my mouth, battling with my own and ultimately dominating.

I was still on all fours while Gluttony ate my ass and pussy like they were his last meal, so I couldn't do more than wrap one arm around Lust to pull him closer, using the other one to keep myself balanced.

"Yes?" I whimpered when his mouth moved south, trailing wet, open-mouthed kisses down the column of my neck and chest until he sucked an aroused nipple into his mouth.

"Can Gluttony and I both fuck you?" He gazed up at me from under long lashes, his mouth full of my boob.

"Yes."

"At the same time?"

"Yes," I moaned loudly, my pussy clenching tightly at the mental image his question painted in my mind.

Gluttony, me, and Lust.

"We're going to make you feel amazing, sugar," Gluttony chuckled, moving up from between my legs to pepper kisses along my back until he reached my shoulder where he playfully dug his teeth in, pretending to take a bite. "But first, I need to taste Lust." My eyes widened at his words, and I wasn't sure if I had heard him correctly. "Why don't you lie back, relax, and enjoy the show?"

I didn't know what Gluttony meant by that, but I did as I was told. I sat up against the headboard and pulled the sheets to my chest, getting comfortable.

My eyes grew wide as I watched Gluttony crawl to the edge of the bed, lay flat on his stomach and suck the tip of Lust's cock into his mouth. I couldn't believe my eyes at first, but then Lust braced his hands on his hips, gently rocking forward and fucking Gluttony's mouth, making him take more of his cock each time. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, lost to the pleasure of his Sin brother's mouth on his cock.

My lips parted in shock, and my eyes remained locked on the pair in front of me.

I had never seen anything sexier before.

Gluttony was truly a sex fiend.

All the Sins were.

Not only did Gluttony love eating pussy, but it appeared that he loved to suck cock as well. And the way he bobbed his head up and down Lust's length, quickly taking all of it down his throat until his nose pressed up against his heavy balls, told me that he loved every moment of it.

The moans, groans, and grunts from the duo made the show even hotter, and my hand had a mind of its own as it slipped down my body, brushing over my nipples and trailing down my stomach until I reached my hot, wet pussy.

I had already come more times today than I probably had in all my sexual experiences added together, both solo and with other people, yet my pussy still pulsed with need. I circled my thumb around my clit, alternating between rubbing it in circles and flicking it back and forth, and slid two fingers inside me.

My pussy clenched and squeezed tightly around my finger as I watched the live sex show. Gluttony had moved onto sucking on Lust's balls while he jerked his cock, and Lust let out throaty groan after throaty groan. My pussy grew hotter at the sinful sight, and I was on the verge of coming when Lust leaned forward and slapped a hand down on Gluttony's pert ass, spanking it. I watched as his thumb delved lower and slipped into the forbidden puckered hole of Gluttony's ass. Gluttony growled loudly at the ass play, and it appeared to only spur him on as he sucked Lust's big cock back into his mouth.

I knew the moment that Lust came because he threw his head back and roared loudly, thrusting his hips forward and forcing Gluttony to swallow all his come.

I came that very same moment. With three of my fingers buried deep inside me.

Lust was panting lightly when he bowed his head to give Gluttony a sweet kiss. When they pulled away, there was a wet string of come connecting their lips, and my pussy pulsed almost painfully when Lust licked his lips hungrily, enjoying his own taste.

After their fun, the Sins turned to me. Lust moved to lay on his back on the bed, circling his fingers around my ankle and yanking me to him. I giggled when he pulled me onto his chest, and I bowed my head to press my lips against his. We quickly got lost in the kiss, our tongues battling for dominance while our hands roamed each other's bodies, and Gluttony eagerly reminded us of my presence by slipping his hand between our bodies and slipping a finger inside me.

I pulled away from Lust's mouth to moan, and Gluttony quickly removed his finger. He must have been happy with how wet I was because he grabbed Lust's cock at the base and lined it up with my entrance. Lust

eagerly thrust his hips up to pierce me on his cock, and I rotated my hips to meet him halfway and take him deeper.

Lust's cock felt amazing, so big and hot inside me, but it felt even better when Gluttony pressed on my back, forcing me to press my chest against Lust's so he could line up the fat head of his cock to my puckered asshole.

My eyes grew wide when he slipped the tip in. I hadn't taken more than a finger in my ass before, so this full feeling was foreign. At first, it burned, stung, and hurt like fucking Hell, but Gluttony helped ease the pain by staying still and peppering kisses over my back.

Lust thrust gently into me from underneath, and Gluttony rubbed a thumb against my clit. The pleasure slowly started to build up, and when Lust started thrusting harder and faster, I moaned quietly and rocked my hips against them both, wanting—no, needing—to take them deeper.

Gluttony braced his hands on my hips, pinning me to Lust to hold me still as he dragged himself in and out of my ass. It felt oddly erotic to be pinned down like this and have someone take their pleasure from me as they pleased, but I loved every moment of it. With each thrust into my ass, Gluttony drove Lust's hard cock deep inside me, and my thighs quivered when the tips of their cocks met inside me with only a thin wall separating them.

The Sin fucking my ass was the first one to come undone, his cock growing bigger inside me before it jerked and spurted, filling me with his essence. I moaned loudly as he shot his seed deep inside me, and I moaned again when Lust lifted his head to suck on an erect nipple while he drove into me from underneath.

Lust wasn't far behind with his own orgasm, and when I felt the first drop of come shoot deep inside me, painting my pussy walls white, pleasure flooded my body, and my eyes rolled back into my head until I saw white.

It took me a while to come down from the high, and I was still panting heavily when I felt Lust pepper kisses over my face and neck, and Gluttony did the same over my back and shoulders to bring me back to them.

I laid on Lust's chest for the longest time with both of their cocks still inside me, not growing as soft as I was used to. A quiet moan escaped me when Gluttony spanked my ass for the last time and slid out of me. I felt his come leak out of me, and he couldn't resist licking it up before he left to get started on his next meal.

I was so tired after all the sex with all these Sins, but I had only just passed the halfway mark. Lust reminded me of this when he stood up from the bed with me in his arms. My legs hooked around his waist, and I wrapped my arms around his shoulders to make sure I didn't fall.

"Where are we going?" I whispered into the crook of his neck, enjoying the warmth that radiated from his body and wrapped around me, soothing me.

"To my room," he whispered back, squeezing my ass as he held me up. "I hope you're not too tired, honey, because it's finally my turn. I've been waiting to have you since the moment I laid eyes on you at Church."

Excitement coursed through my body. It was finally time for some one-on-one time with Lust.

Or should I say, Pastor James?

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LUST

Miriam fell asleep in my arms before I reached my room which was only across the hall from Gluttony's.

It worked out perfectly as it gave me enough time to set up the fun that I had planned for us both, and when I was done, I sat on the armchair across from the bed and waited patiently for my little Church girl to wake up.

My cock was already hard and leaking pre-come at the tip from watching her when her eyes finally opened. It both felt like forever, and no time at all had passed.

"It's about time you woke up, sleeping beauty," I chuckled and admired how beautiful she looked even when she was blinking back sleep and glancing around the room, trying to figure out where she was.

She looked worried at first, but understanding washed over her when her eyes landed on me, and she moved to sit up. She couldn't, of course, and that seemed to worry her more.

Yes, that's right.

The little Church girl was tied up, and I couldn't wait to have my wicked way with her.

It was nothing short of a nightmare to wait for her to wake up, and now that she had, I couldn't wait a moment longer.

"What's with the rope?" Miriam asked, blinking at me in a state of confusion. "Why am I tied up?"

"It's my thing, honey," I explained with a groan, finally allowing my hand to slip under the waistband of my jogging bottoms to touch my hard cock. It had been nothing short of torture to sit here this whole time,

watching her naked body tied up for my pleasure and not being able to do anything about it. “I felt like I was going to come just by tying you up.”

“Really?” Her eyes widened in surprise, and I was glad that there was only a slight hint of fear in them.

I had never tied up a woman before when they were asleep. I had expressed my kinky fantasies to a few I thought could take it, and less than a handful of them had been willing to try. Only one woman was courageous enough to try it with me, but she used her safe word very early on which I respected.

It was a little disappointing that we had never been given a woman that was willing to explore my fantasies with me, but something told me that Miriam would be the first. It was a bold move to tie her up after she had fallen asleep in my arms, but the way that Miriam gazed at me, her eyes dark and needy, her lips parted slightly as she breathed heavily, and the way she kept trying to close her legs even though they were tied to the posts of the bed, just like her wrists, I knew she wanted to try this. With me.

“Yes.” I nodded with a small, hopeful smile. “It’s been so hard to wait for you to wake up.”

Her breathing deepened. “I’m awake now.”

“Yes, you are,” I chuckled darkly and moved to rise from the armchair, my hand still down my pants as I teased the head of my cock. It was sensitive, and I couldn’t wait to sink deep inside her. “Are you scared, Miriam?”

“Of you?” She murmured, her eyes following me as I slowly approached the bed.

I nodded.

“No,” Miriam spoke with the utmost confidence, and I searched her eyes for the sign of a lie but found none.

“I’m a kinky motherfucker, honey,” I warned her, giving her an out if she chose to take it.

Her breath hitched, but she didn’t look away. “Okay.”

“Would you like to try something with me?” Another out.

“What do you want to try?”

I reached into my back pocket and pulled out the black silk ribbon.

“You want to blindfold me?” Miriam asked quietly, her tongue poking out to lick along the seams of her lips. It made my cock twitch with desire

within the restraints of my jogging bottoms which had never felt so tight around the crotch before, and I groaned lowly.

“Yes,” I whispered and climbed onto the bed, sitting on my knees beside her tied-up body. “Can I?”

Miriam nodded and bit her lip, as if not trusting her voice. When the blindfold was on, she asked, “And the ropes?”

“They stay. Do they hurt?”

She shook her head. “No.”

Relief washed over me, and I reached into my bedside table to grab the toy.

“You need a safe word, honey.”

Miriam thought for a moment. “Confession,” she decided.

“How appropriate,” I snickered and turned on the toy.

Miriam’s eyebrows rose from under the blindfold, but before she could ask where the quiet buzzing sound came from, I dropped my hand between her legs and slipped the tip of the vibrator into her dripping hole. Her greedy pussy clenched around it hungrily, and I pressed it deeper inside. She moaned loudly and moved her hips within her limited capacity, needing more.

“How does that feel, Church girl?” I whispered the words against her mouth, pushing them deeper with my tongue.

“Is that a vibrator?” She gasped when I roughly flicked her clit at the same time. She moaned quietly and tried to close her legs, but the rope restricted her.

“Yes,” I growled into her mouth, nipping her bottom lip and sucking on it. “How does it feel, honey?”

“Amazing,” she exhaled, trembling underneath me as pleasure consumed her. I didn’t even realise she had come until her juices gushed out of her and covered my hand and the vibrator.

I rewarded her by lowering my mouth to her perky boobs and turning the vibrator up a setting.

“Oh!” Miriam gasped again, much louder than before. “I need more, Lust!” She demanded, bucking her hips, but the movement was limited. “Please, give me more.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely,” I chuckled and granted her wish.

I played with her pussy while I licked and sucked her nipples, getting them nice and wet for me. When they were as hard as little mountains, I left

the vibrator inside her on the highest setting and reached into my bedside table again. This time, I returned with a pair of nipple clamps. I got them wet with my saliva before securing them in place.

“What are you doing?” Miriam moaned when I tugged on the metal clamps, testing them.

“I’m making you feel good, honey.” I flicked a thumb over a clamped nipple. She shivered, and her back arched, seeking more. I wasn’t one to disappoint as I bowed over her chest to lick and suck her nipples and the clamps.

My cock felt like it was going to fall off from blue balls by this point, and I couldn’t hold myself back a moment longer.

Miriam whined when I pulled away from her body to strip myself.

“Do you remember your safe word, honey?” I asked, jerking my cock once it was free. I pressed my thumb to the tip and spread the pre-come around the head, getting it nice and wet for her.

“Yes.” She shivered in anticipation.

“What is it?”

“Confession.”

“Good girl,” I praised and climbed back on the bed. “Brace yourself, honey. You’re in for a wild ride.”

My cock replaced the vibrator, and she moaned loudly when I slid deep inside her. She moaned even louder when I pulled out of her and slammed back in, going deeper than before. My cock was nudging the wall of her cervix a few thrusts in, and I slipped my thumb into her asshole. That seemed to be her undoing as her pussy clenched tightly around my cock, creaming around me, and her body convulsed with pleasure.

After she came on my cock, I untied her, flipped her over, and lifted her onto all fours. Her legs were shaky, and she was panting from having just come, but I couldn’t resist kneeling between her legs for a taste.

I spat on her puckered asshole and when it winked at me, I couldn’t resist slipping my tongue in. When she moaned and pushed her hips back for more, I added a finger into the mix. I knew Envy and Gluttony had worked hard to stretch her asshole out, so it didn’t take much work from me until the puckered hole was primed and ready for the taking once more.

When I rose to my knees, lined the head of my cock and pushed into her forbidden hole, Miriam moaned loudly and arched her back, taking me deeper in her ass.

Miriam's pussy was heavenly, and her ass matched it. The tight hole squeezed and clenched around my shaft as I slowly pulled out of her and drove back in several times until my balls ached painfully, and I knew I wouldn't last much longer. But I needed her to come again first.

I pressed two fingers against Miriam's bottom lip, and she opened her mouth like a good little girl, sucking them and getting them wet with her saliva. When her spit dripped down my fingers, I pulled them out and trailed them down to her pussy hole which was pulsing with a need for something big to clench around.

With me playing with her throbbing clit and fucking her greedy pussy with my fingers while I fucked her ass with my big cock, it wasn't long until Miriam came explosively on her cock. With how her tight ass ate up my cock, I could barely manage two more thrusts before my hips slammed into her one last time, and I came deep inside her.

Miriam whimpered when I eventually pulled my cock out of her ass, and I couldn't resist slapping it. She whimpered again and dropped to the bed, tired and worn out.

The sick part of me loved that I had fucked her to exhaustion and that she was too tired to care about my sticky come leaking out of her ass. I watched the milky white fluid for a long time before I left for the bathroom to get cleaned up. Miriam snored quietly while I cleaned her up and once I was done, I crawled under the sheets behind her, pulled her into my arms and pressed a kiss to the back of her neck before closing my eyes and joining her in dreamland.

SLOTH

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MIRIAM

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was that my wrists ached. I turned my head and spotted a thin red line on each one, reminding me of how they had gotten there.

The second thing I noticed was that the bed was empty beside me, and instead, there was a large lump between my legs, forcefully pushing them wide open while the lump feasted on my pussy like a starved Sin.

I didn't need to pull back the sheets to know it was Lust, but I did it anyway. I was met with the sight of his angelic blonde curls between my legs, feasting on my pussy like a starved man. When I moaned his name and slipped my fingers into his hair, fisting it and pressing his face closer to my pussy, *needing* to feel him closer, his forest green eyes lifted to meet mine, and I came instantly.

I was still panting heavily from the orgasm he had woken me up with when Lust moved up the bed and slipped in behind me, but I didn't want that. I wanted to try something different this time.

"Good morning," I whispered against his mouth and threw my leg over his hip, curling it around him and pulling him and his hard morning wood closer.

"Good morning, Church girl," he whispered back, his lips turning up at the corners against my mouth as he kissed me back.

Wrapped up in Lust's arms, warm and sated under the sheets after he had just eaten me out, I couldn't resist sliding a hand down the hard planes of his chest until I reached his not-so-little friend. It was hot, hard, and dangerously close to my pussy which was already wet and pulsing in need of him.

“How about we make this morning better, honey?” He whispered, his hand sliding up my body to grope my breasts and tweak my nipples, making me need him even more.

“Yes,” I moaned and arched my back to press my heavy boobs into his hands, needing to feel his hands on my body.

Lust reached down to fist his cock. My eyes watched hungrily as he gave himself a few sharp jerks before he guided the tip of his cock to my entrance, sliding it in deliciously slow. I moaned his name and wound my arms around his neck, plastering myself to him as he lazily fucked me, and I slowly rolled my hips against his to take him deeper.

The kinky sex with the ropes and blindfold had been amazing, but so was this lazy morning sex.

When I reached down and cupped his balls, Lust grunted loudly and drove into me deeper. I gasped against his mouth, and he swallowed the sound as I continued playing with his balls. I was still cupping them when he drove his fat cock into me one last time and filled me with his seed, his explosive orgasm triggering my own.

“Thank you for the wake-up, Lust.” I leaned in to place one last lingering kiss on his lips before slipping out of bed. “But I have two more Sins to make it through before I can return to Earth.”

“You can just stay here forever in my bed.”

“That’s tempting,” I giggled and turned around, looking for something to cover myself.

Lust sat up in the bed and groaned loudly, his eyes set on my naked ass.

“You need to leave before I fuck you again, Church girl,” he growled, his eyes dark, almost black, as he watched me reach for Envy’s shirt placed on the back of the armchair he was sitting on before.

“Why does that sound like a threat?” I giggled as I slipped the shirt over my head.

“That’s because it is.” His eyes followed the material fall over my body, hiding it from him, and he groaned again. “If you don’t leave now, I won’t be able to resist pulling you back into bed and never letting you leave.”

The glint in his eyes told me he meant business. I blew him a kiss and rushed out of the room before he could make good on his promise. Or was it a threat?

Lust called out after me to tell me it was Sloth’s turn next, and his room was two doors on the left.

Sloth's door was closed, so I knocked gently. Instead of being called in as I expected, my ears perked up at the sound of a faint moan.

Was Sloth in there with another woman?

My lips tugged down at the thought, and I stood outside, staring at his door.

It didn't make sense for me to be jealous. The only reason I was here was because the confessional had acted as a transportation portal, and I needed to fuck my way through the Seven Cardinal Sins to make it back to Earth.

So what if Sloth was with another woman right now? They had made it abundantly clear that I wasn't the first woman that had ended up here, and since I was the only woman up here right now, it was obvious that they had done the same as me to return home.

Despite telling myself this none of this meant anything, I couldn't bring myself to move from Sloth's door. I was so preoccupied with my thoughts and wild imagination that I didn't even realise someone had snuck up behind me.

"Don't worry, sugar. Sloth's too lazy to two-time anyone," Gluttony chuckled and slapped my ass. I yelped and rubbed the sore spot, and when I turned to face him, he handed me a plate with a sandwich. "I figured you would be hungry and need to replenish your energy to get through the rest of us."

Gluttony slapped me on the ass once more and left before I could say anything. I was left confused and with two sandwiches, still standing outside Sloth's door. The moans continued, but it was pointless for me to stay standing outside.

With a deep breath, I raised my hand and knocked on the door.

I heard Sloth grunt. "Come in."

My lips were pursed when I hesitantly squeezed the door handle and pushed it open. I peered around the edge, and my eyes grew wide as I took in the sight before me.

Well, it certainly wasn't what I was expecting.

The moans had technically come from another woman, but she was on the large TV screen and getting fucked by another man. The grunting had come from the man on the screen, but it had partially also come from Sloth who was sprawled out on his bed and lazily jerking his cock as he watched the porno.

How did this man make being lazy so sexy?

“Just in time,” Sloth smirked at me and patted the spot next to him on the bed. “Join me, sweetheart. I can show you some of my favourite stuff while you finish your sandwich.”

It was a bizarre request, but nonetheless, I found myself climbing on the bed and sitting next to him.

Sloth’s eyes lingered on me when I offered him a sandwich, but he eventually shook his head with a small, secret smirk.

“What’s your favourite porn category?” He asked, watching me instead of the large TV screen even though the pretty blonde was fingering herself while she sucked off a huge dick. It was one of the biggest ones I had ever seen, both in porn and in real life, but it didn’t compare to that of the Seven Sins who all sported major tools in the downstairs department.

I had watched plenty of porn on my own, but I had never discussed it with anyone before. Especially not men like Sloth who exuded so much sexual prowess without even trying.

“I like watching cream pies,” I admitted in a small voice, my cheeks burning as Sloth watched me intently.

I took a large bite of a sandwich to distract myself, but that proved nearly impossible with the kinky porn playing in the background. The woman was lying on her back now while the man knelt between her legs, eating out her pussy and fingering her asshole like there was a magic button inside it.

“Have you ever been cream pied?” Sloth asked so casually that I nearly choked on my mouthful in surprise.

“All of you Sins have come inside me so far,” I admitted in a small voice, shy and a little embarrassed.

No human man had ever made me feel this way before.

Having a man come inside of you was so hot, but it was also careless. Thankfully, I was on birth control though I wasn’t quite sure how things worked with Sins. I didn’t even know if they could get human women pregnant, but that was only a distant thought at the back of my mind right now.

“Before us, I mean,” he clarified.

“No.” I shook my head, my cheeks burning even more. I had never felt like a prude before meeting these Sins.

“That’s a shame,” Sloth murmured and reached for the remote to change the video.

In the next porn video, there was one woman and two men. We fast-forwarded to the good part, and I was surprised that she took both cocks in her pussy, really stretching her wide.

“Have you had a threesome before us, sweetheart?”

“No.” The closest I had ever gotten to a threesome was fucking two brothers on the same day, but that had been hours apart, and neither of them knew about the other.

“But you liked it when Lust and Gluttony fucked you earlier?”

I paused mid-chew to stare at him, surprised. “How do you know about that?”

“We’re more like brothers than you think,” Sloth smirked at me. “So, did you like being fucked by them both at the same time?”

My cheeks turned maroon in a warm flush. That seemed to be answer enough for Sloth.

“What else do you like?” He asked.

“I like sucking cock.” My voice was louder than before, and I was grateful that I didn’t sound like a timid mouse this time. I had never been one to be shy or back down, but these Sins had a strange effect on me. Besides, if you compared my experience to theirs, I was practically still a virgin even though that was far from the case in the human world.

“And?”

“I don’t know what you want me to say.”

“What’s your favourite sex position?”

I didn’t need to think about that one. “Being fucked from behind while being pinned down on the bed.”

“I’m a big fan of that position as well,” he smirked at me. “What else do you like in bed?”

“I don’t know.” I shrugged. “Just the normal stuff, I guess.”

“You’re more innocent than you let on, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

“I’m not very experienced, but I wouldn’t say I’m innocent,” I defended myself lamely. “It’s difficult to get out there and experience new things like that when everyone around you is a prude.”

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. We’ll figure out what you like together.” Sloth’s lips curved into a lazy smirk, and he watched me for a long moment before he returned his attention to the TV screen.

His hand dropped to his cock once again, jerking himself off beside me while he watched the porn. It felt so wrong yet so erotic at the same time that I couldn't resist slipping a hand between my legs and flicking my clit. It ached deliciously at the simple touch, and my eyes zeroed in on the screen as the woman bounced on one cock while she sucked another.

I had watched plenty of porn before, but I had never watched it with someone.

And it had never been this hot or turned me on so much before either.

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SLOTH

My cock felt like it would burst at any moment now, but I couldn't stop playing with it. I couldn't stop teasing myself, and I couldn't tear my eyes away from Miriam who was too engrossed with the porn on the screen and playing with her perfect little pussy to pay me any attention.

It was probably a good thing because I couldn't stop thinking about how hard her pussy had clenched around my fingers, soaking my hand with her juices and how deliciously sweet she tasted on the tip of my tongue.

"How do they do that?" She whispered with her eyes trained on the screen. "Doesn't that kill their back?"

I followed her gaze and chuckled at the woman balancing on her shoulders, her legs up in the air and being held by her partner. He gripped them tightly and manoeuvred them as he fucked her, but it looked like she was paying more attention to staying upright and not falling flat on her face—or ass—than his cock plunging in and out of her.

"Do you want to give it a try and find out?" I teased.

Miriam pulled a face. "I think I'm good."

"Then how about we try something different?"

"What do you have in mind?" She asked quietly, her eyes immediately falling to my hard cock that had turned an angry shade of purply red from all the teasing and delayed pleasure.

"Come sit on my cock and find out."

Her breath hitched loudly at my words, but there was enough desire swirling in her eyes not to worry me.

It was clear that Miriam wanted this as much as I did.

With the porn now blending into the background, Miriam threw one leg over me and moved to straddle me. I grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it off her delectable little body. Her boobs bounced out of it and I all but foamed at the mouth. I couldn't resist leaning forward and sucking the most perfect rosy pebbled nipple into my mouth, my hand pinching and tweaking the other so it didn't feel left out. It was also perfect, and I took my time to spoil both.

This is how Gluttony must feel when it comes to food.

So hungry.

So desperate.

Never satisfied.

Always in need of more.

Much more.

"Sloth," she whimpered and arched her back, pushing her perfect boobs into me. "That feels so good, Sloth."

Miriam's wandering hands started on my arm and shoulder, gently raking her nails down my skin until she pinched my nipples with one hand and the other slipped between our bodies, twisting, pulling, and fisting my cock as she jerked me off.

"Fuck! That feels amazing, sweetheart." I let her nipple out of my mouth with a pop and cupped the back of her neck, bringing her face down to mine.

The kiss was hot, heavy, and a little bit wet. Much like how my cock felt in her hand.

Miriam was dominating me with her tongue in my mouth, exploring and curling it around mine, and she dominated my cock by squeezing her hand tightly around the base and guiding it to her hot entrance which welcomed me in with little resistance. Her pussy was impossibly tight despite all the pounding my Sin brothers had given it, and I slid into her easily with how wet she was for me.

"You feel so big inside me from this angle," she moaned, curling her arms around my neck.

"That's because my cock is big, sweetheart," I groaned lowly and slapped her ass, watching it jiggle and bounce on me in the mirror to the left.

I had never seen something so sinfully sexy before, and as one of the Seven Deadly Sins, I had seen a whole lot.

Miriam's hips moved quickly as she rode me, lifting herself halfway up my dick and then slamming down again. She alternated between that and rotating her hips, grinding into me and slowly driving me delirious with pleasure. It was obvious that she liked it fast and rough, but my go-to was slow and sensual, and she was forced to do as I said when I dropped a hand on her hip, restricting her movements and considerably slowing her down.

My Sin brothers were right. I was a lazy fucker both in and out of the bedroom. Especially out of the bedroom.

My favourite positions were the ones where I hardly had to do any of the work for pleasure, and like this, with Miriam riding me, I got to watch porn and her ride me in the mirror.

What more could a Sin ask for?

"I've got something for you, sweetheart," I mumbled with a mouth full of her boob, loving how her nipples glistened with my spit.

"What is it?" She panted.

"Patience is a virtue."

She both glared and smirked at me at the same time.

"Does it feel like I'm the patient type?" Miriam whispered in a breathy moan, the sound going straight to my balls.

"No," I growled out, struggling to keep my balls from busting here and now with how tight her hot little pussy was clenching around it. As if determined to drink my balls empty. "But you're going to be patient for me, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes," she whimpered as I dropped a hand to her ass and delivered a sharp slap. When she rocked her hips harder against mine, I slapped her other cheek and then did it over and over again until her ass was a permanent shade of red.

The tip of my finger moved south, and she gasped when it breached her second hole. Her eyes flew open, but I saw nothing but want and desire swirling in her eyes as her movements grew slow and sensual, driving me crazy.

"Do you like having both your holes filled, sweetheart?"

"Yes," Miriam answered in a small voice, and her eyes eagerly followed my movements as I reached into my bedside drawer and pulled out a butt plug. It was a small stopper with a red, furry mass as a handle, and her puckered asshole eagerly sucked it in.

I couldn't resist slapping her ass again, but this time, she jolted forward at the impact, taking my cock so much deeper inside her.

"How does that feel, sweetheart?" I sucked her bottom lip into my mouth, groaning at the sweet, addictive taste of her.

"Cold." A shiver racked through her body when I toyed with the plug, playfully fucking her with it while I fucked her tight pussy.

I loved ass play, and Miriam seemed to love it as well as her hips gyrated against mine, slowly losing control. She was close. The moment my fingers flicked her clit, her pussy clamped tightly around my cock, and the climatic pleasure consumed her.

Miriam had barely finished coming when I pulled out of her. Her juices dripping on my thigh and cock only spurred on my actions as I turned her around and settled her ass over my cock. Even though she was still coming down from her high, and I could tell her pussy was still sensitive, the little minx teased me by grinding on my cock. As if I wasn't on the verge of a heart attack right now by holding myself back from coming.

My innate need for delayed gratitude was going to kill me one day. Though that was only if the pleasure from it didn't get me first.

"Hurry up!" Miriam snapped.

When I only chuckled in response and slapped her ass red again, she reached behind to pull the butt plug out. She fisted the base of my cock and pressed the angry tip against her second hole. I thought her pussy was greedy, but her puckered ass instantly sucked in the tip.

"Fuck, sweetheart," I swore lowly and slipped two fingers inside her pussy, not wanting it to feel left out while I gave her sexy little bubble butt special attention. "Gluttony did a good job stretching you out, didn't he?"

Miriam moaned loudly and leaned forward, resting her hands on my legs while she slowly lowered herself on me, trying to take in more. I squeezed her hip with my free hand to anchor her. As amazing as her tight ass felt around my cock, I didn't want to hurt her by going too far too quickly.

"I'm not following your slow timeline," Miriam snorted and swatted my hand away. She rocked her hips back to take me deeper in her ass, clenching and pulsing tightly around me each time.

Her tight ass demanded my come, and I couldn't hold myself back any longer. My hips jerked forward, and I drove deeper inside her, furiously rocking into her as I emptied my balls inside of her.

“Sweetheart,” I growled into the crook of her neck, one hand squeezing her boob while the other arm curled tightly around her waist, holding her to me as I spurted the last of my come deep inside her.

My cock was still hard when I slipped out of her ass, and it grew even harder when a big gloop of come dripped out of her. Nowhere near done with the naughty little minx, I flipped Miriam around to face me and moved us both to lay on the bed. She immediately threw her leg over my hip and reached for my cock, slipping back inside her wet pussy.

I groaned at the loud squelching sound when I slid deep inside her. She moaned quietly into the crook of my neck and came on my cock after a few more thrusts.

“I can’t get enough of your cock,” she whispered, pulling me even closer as I fucked her throughout her orgasm, pounding away at her sensitive pussy as I chased after my own slow-building release.

“Just my cock?” I groaned and pressed my lips to hers, claiming her mouth in a hard, bruising kiss. When her lips parted to grant me entrance, I slipped my tongue into her mouth and fucked it with my tongue the same way I fucked her pussy.

“No,” Miriam mewled, her face a mask of pleasure. With the way she was clinging onto me and her pussy clamped tightly around my cock, trying to suck me back in each time I pulled out, I knew that she wasn’t far from another orgasm. “I can’t get enough of you either. Or any of the other Sins.”

“The feeling is mutual, sweetheart.” I peppered kisses all over her face as I gently rocked my hips into hers, loving how I was slowly driving her crazy. “I hope I haven’t worn you out yet.”

“No,” she panted against my neck, her body hot and sweaty against mine as she ground her pussy against me, slipping out a few inches of my cock before slipping back in. Hard, rough, and fast was fun, but sometimes, it didn’t stand a chance against slow and sensual.

I grinned at her answer and locked eyes with Greed and Envy who were standing in the doorway, both already hard from watching her take my cock.

“That’s good to hear because we’ve got some guests to entertain.”

MIRIAM

I felt their eyes on me before they joined us in bed. Sloth was still lazily rolling his hips into me, stroking my walls with his fat cock when I felt another fat cock slide between my cheeks from behind. One glance over my shoulder told me it was Envy. His skin was a light shade of green.

I didn't know how I felt about Envy going to town on my ass when he got jealous so easily, but for the most part, I was excited.

How could I not be when I remembered how amazing he felt inside me?

"Miss me, baby doll?" Envy raked his teeth down my earlobe.

"Yes," I moaned and felt a third pair of hands land on my chest, groping and stroking my boobs until they ached deliciously.

With Envy in my ass, rotating his hips and fucking me slowly, really drawing out the thrusts, and Greed's hands and mouth roaming my body, it wasn't long until my pussy was clenching tightly around Sloth's cock. My orgasm washed over me like an intense wave out to drown me, and Sloth only managed a few more sloppy thrusts before he slammed his cock into me harder than he had done this whole time and emptied his balls inside me.

I had never taken a raw cock in my pussy before the Sins. I had always been mindful of protection as I wasn't ready to be a mother, but I saw the appeal of it now. There really was no feeling like an unsheathed, hard, pulsing cock inside you, filling you to the brim with its milky come.

My pussy walls contracted tightly around his cock at the dirty thought, and Sloth let out a low, husky groan when he slipped out of me.

My pussy was still pulsing from the high when Greed took Sloth's place, immediately pressing the wet tip against my entrance and sliding

deep inside me. I whimpered at the sensation of being full again and wrapped my arms around Greed, pressing my face into his chest while he and his Sin brother went to town on me.

It was so dirty to have one Sin fucking another Sin's come deeper inside you.

And it was a whole other feeling to have another Sin fucking your ass at the same time.

"Stop looking at him," Envy grunted in my ears, his hand sliding up my stomach and chest to circle my throat. "Look at me, baby doll." He turned my head to face him, and I moaned at the dark, hungry look in his eyes as he drove his cock harder into me, reaching parts of my ass that I never knew existed or could feel so good. "Focus on me and my big cock inside you."

My lips puckered when Envy claimed my lips in a slow kiss, fucking me with his tongue just the way he was fucking my ass. I moaned into his mouth and curled an arm around his neck, needing to feel him closer, but my eyes flew open when a second hand cupped the back of my neck.

"Don't forget about me, darling," Greed whispered along my jaw, slowly kissing his way up until he got closer to my lips. I barely had time to catch my breath between Greed pushing Envy away and claiming my mouth with his own.

Greed and Envy were both quite rough in their mannerisms while Sloth was a little more gentle and soft. I was surprised by how much I loved both, but right now with these two demanding Sins, I couldn't focus on anything but them. Especially when Envy dragged my mouth back to his for another greedy kiss.

"You're such a greedy fucker," Envy growled at his Sin brother, pushing the words into my mouth with his tongue.

"His name is literally Greed," Sloth sounded from the foot of the bed. When Greed pulled me away from Envy and back to him, I spotted him fucking his fist while he slowly devoured me with his eyes, drawing them up and down my body as he watched me get fucked by two of his Sin brothers.

Being fucked by two Sins and having another masturbate over me was one of the wildest, sexiest things I had ever done before, and something told me the fun was only getting started.

“I don’t fucking care,” Envy all but growled as he claimed my mouth once again.

“There’s no need to argue,” I panted, rocking my hips to take them deeper.

I had always been greedy when it came to pleasure, but I was insatiable when it came to the Sins. I just couldn’t get enough of them. Even if they were bickering about which one monopolised my attention while fucking me.

“There’s plenty of me to go around,” I whimpered at one particularly hard thrust from Envy which made it feel like he was tearing up my tight ass in the best possible way.

“You heard her,” Sloth moaned quietly from the foot of the bed. “Stop fighting like children and fuck her properly. There’s plenty of Miriam to go around.”

The argument suddenly ceased. There must have been some sort of silent communication because suddenly, I was flipped around, and Envy slipped into my pussy while Greed claimed my ass.

They caught me by surprise with the switch, but it was far from unwelcome. My pussy and ass felt so sensitive already and when Envy lifted my leg to hook it over his hip, opening myself up better for them both and allowing them to go deeper, I knew it wouldn’t be long now.

My climax reared its head even sooner when Sloth lowered his face between my legs and sucked my clit into his mouth. He ate me out like a starved man, and with three men working so hard to make me feel good, I couldn’t hold on for much longer.

It was a miracle I had been able to last this long in the first place.

Much to my dismay, both Sins pulled out of me before my holes milked the come out of their balls.

“What are you doing?” I panted, eying the way the three of them sat on their knees at the foot of the bed, their cocks in their hands as they watched me with hungry, animalistic expressions.

“We’ve already fucked two of your holes, baby doll,” Envy grunted, his eyes watching the natural rise and fall of my boobs as I panted, still coming down from the high.

“We want to fuck your third hole now, darling,” Greed said and reached for me. He brought my face to his and sucked on my bottom lip. I moaned into his mouth, but Sloth pulled me away.

“Watching you take both of them made me hard again,” he whispered the dirty words into my mouth, pushing them in deeper with his sensual tongue that did dangerous things to my body and state of mind. “So, I think it’s only fair that you help me with my problem, sweetheart.”

“With pleasure,” I grinned eagerly.

With such hard, glistening cocks lined up for me, no one had to ask me twice. Since Sloth had been a spectator, I sucked his cock first. His cock wasn’t as long as some of the others, but it was girthier and curved up, feeling amazingly deep in my pussy. His cock went deep down my throat as well, and I simultaneously jerked the other two while I sucked on his.

When Sloth finally came deep down my throat, I released his cock with a loud pop and held my mouth open for him to see his come.

“Such a dirty girl,” Sloth groaned. He bowed his head to press a soft kiss to my mouth. His tongue swiped some of his come, and he moaned at the taste of himself. Pinching my chin with his thumb and forefinger, he forced my mouth shut and wouldn’t let up until I had swallowed all of it.

“That was so hot, darling,” Greed growled, his voice hoarse, sounding like he was in pain. His cock was the next I tended to, but I made sure Envy didn’t feel left out.

Whatever I was doing, it seemed to work as there was hardly a faint green tint to Envy’s skin, and it disappeared when I tugged on his cock to bring him closer so I could take both of them in my mouth at the same time. Greed’s cock was longer, and Envy had a thicker tip which made it impossible to take both their cocks deep down my throat at the same time, but what I lacked there, I more than made up for with my hands.

The moment the first drop of come spurted out of Envy’s cock, Greed groaned loudly and came as well. I squeezed their balls and sucked their cocks dry.

I was still on my knees with a mouthful of come when the only Sin I had yet to fuck came to mind.

Wrath was next.

My sore, tired pussy tingled back to life at the thought, and I gulped hard. Wrath had been reserved and quiet so far, especially compared to the other Sins, and I couldn’t wait to get to know him. To peel back the layers and see him. Truly see him.

Something told me that Wrath would be the wildest Sin of all.

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WRATH

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MIRIAM

I was more nervous to knock on Wrath's door than anyone else's. He had been the quietest Sin of all, and honestly, I didn't know what to expect. Other than at lunch with everyone and briefly when Gluttony had me bent over the kitchen counter while he went to town on my ass, I hadn't spent any time with Wrath.

He wasn't as forthcoming as the other Sins which made me immensely nervous.

Wrath didn't answer at first, so I knocked again.

"Come in, love." His husky voice sent a shiver down my spine, and I shifted awkwardly from foot to foot, working up the courage before I reached out and squeezed the door handle to let myself into Wrath's bedroom.

I didn't know what to expect with Wrath. I assumed he was kinky, but then I saw the interior of his room and realised just how wrong I was.

Wrath wasn't just kinky.

Wrath was so beyond kinky and anything I could ever imagine.

The best way to describe Wrath's bedroom was a compact sex dungeon. The room itself wasn't small—it was roughly the same size as all the other Sins' bedrooms—though it felt a little small with how provocatively it was decorated.

The first thing I noticed was how dark the room was. The red hue that filled the room, shining from the lamps and spotlights made everything look sinister. Especially Wrath who was sitting at his desk, the chair turned to face me. His eyes drank me in hungrily, lingering on the bottom of Envy's shirt that I was still wearing and barely went to mid-thigh.

Behind him, a pair of handcuffs hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. They appeared cold, hard and made from the strongest metal one could find. Not the slightest bit fuzzy like the ones I had been eying online recently. A series of equipment was pinned up on the wall behind him, including paddles, floggers, a choker, and some things I had never seen before.

There was so much happening in the room, but Wrath's bed was the main attraction. It was bigger than all the other beds I had been in today and was by far, the biggest bed I had ever seen. It looked even bigger with the black pillows and silk red sheets that covered it. You would think that the combination would be overkill, but Wrath's bed rocked it.

In all honesty, it was surprisingly enticing.

Welcoming.

This room was screaming Dom at me which could only mean one thing. If Wrath was the Dom, then that would make me his Sub.

I had some wild fantasies, many of which I had yet to experience, but Dom-Sub play hadn't appealed all that much to me. It wasn't a possibility with the timid little Church boys I was used to.

But with Wrath, I didn't have to worry about that. There was no denying who would be the Dom between us two.

My body surprised me when a warm flush ran through it, lighting me up from the inside, and my pussy throbbed despite all the action it had already seen today.

"How do you like my room, love?" Wrath asked in a low, husky voice, drawing my attention back to him.

My cheeks heated as I held his gaze. "It's nice," I murmured, unsure of what else to say. Anything else felt silly and out of place.

"Just nice?" Wrath cocked an amused brow at me, his lips twitching at the corners.

My cheeks flushed harder. "It's more than nice. It suits you."

"I'll take that as a compliment." Wrath was silent as he regarded me for a few moments, dragging his eyes over my bare legs and the way the loose material hung off my body, yet my nipples still poked through. "You look ravishing, love. Stunning. The most gorgeous woman I've ever seen."

I don't know why it surprised me, but Wrath was nothing short of charming. The compliment had me blushing even more furiously than I already was.

I offered him a small smile and thanked him.

"I've been waiting a long time for you."

"That sounds so ominous," I joked, but it did little to ease the tension between us.

I wanted Wrath, and he made it very clear that he wanted me as well.

"I guess it does," he chuckled darkly but didn't say or do anything else. Instead, he continued staring at me as if I was his next meal. As if he was absolutely starved for me and could hardly wait for a taste. "Before we get started, there's something you need to know about me, love."

"What do I need to know?" I dared to ask, my voice quiet.

"I like pain."

"Oh?" I made a low questioning sound.

"I'm rougher than my brothers."

"Okay."

His lips curled higher. "I like to use chains and whips. I'm going to give you pain before I give you pleasure, and you're going to like it. The pleasure will be so much more astronomical when the pain is done right, but if we're going to do this, I need you to trust me, love. I need you to trust that I'm not going to hurt you. That I'm only going to do what you like and what you're comfortable with. If you don't like anything, then you have to tell me. I'll stop immediately."

"Okay." My voice was suddenly so much breathier than before, but I was too turned on to be embarrassed.

The amused quirk of his lips told me he noticed, but I didn't care. By this point, I was a horny, panting mess for Wrath, and he hadn't done more than talk to me.

The Seven Cardinal Sins had turned me into a bigger whore than I was before, and I didn't care. All I wanted was their cocks, and now it was Wrath's turn.

"You need a safe word."

"Red," I answered without needing to think.

"Good choice," Wrath chuckled and rose from the chair.

He reached for the button on his jeans, and my eyes widened, eager to see what he was packing. If the other Sins were anything to go off, Wrath was going to be big. And I was going to take it like the good little girl that I was.

"Get naked for me, love. Let me see all of you."

I had the shirt off my body and carelessly thrown to the ground before Wrath could finish unbuckling his belt. He chuckled at my eagerness and took his sweet time stripping himself naked. I whined impatiently with my naked body on display, but it only made Wrath go slower.

“Wrath,” I groaned and crossed my legs, but it did little to appease the growing ache in my pussy. “You’re taking so long, Wrath. Can’t you hurry up?”

“If you can’t handle this wait, then you’re in for a rough time, love.” He chuckled, finally reaching for the bottom of his shirt and lifting it over his head. “But you like it rough, don’t you?”

Something told me that Wrath and I didn’t share the same definition of rough. That his definition of rough was so much more than I had ever dreamed of.

“Yes,” I whimpered and reached a hand down to thumb my clit. Seeing his bare chest snapped my resolve, and I couldn’t hold myself back anymore.

It felt like if I didn’t touch myself now, I was going to combust into flames right here, right now.

“Stop it,” Wrath growled out. “Only I get to touch you, love. I’m the only one that’s going to please you. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I moaned and immediately dropped my hand, but my pussy didn’t stop throbbing. It only ached more, and no amount of clenching or rubbing my legs together could ease it. “Wrath,” I moaned his name. “Please, I can’t wait any longer.”

“Beg me, love.” He dropped his jeans to the floor and kicked them to the side, leaving him in briefs which cupped his prominent bulge. My mouth watered at the sight, and I was willing to bet that if it were open, I would be drooling right now.

“Beg?”

“I’m not touching you until you beg for it, Miriam. Beg for me.”

“Please.” My voice was small, and my face was coloured a furious shade of red.

I had never begged a man before.

I had never begged for cock before.

This was a first, and I was surprised by how much I liked it.

Wrath chuckled and dropped a hand to touch himself over his briefs. “You’ll have to do better than that, love.”

“Please, Wrath. Let me see you. Touch me. Kiss me.” I sounded so needy and desperate right now, but instead of being embarrassed, I only turned myself on more. “You can do anything you want with me, please.”

“You’re so beautiful when you beg, love. You’ve done such a good job that I’m obliged to give you what you want.”

My breath hitched loudly when he pulled down his briefs and let them drop, but my eyes were stuck on his cock. His big, fat cock which beaded with pre-come at the tip. Enticing me.

Wrath had the biggest cock by far, both in length and girth. And the sight of it took my breath away.

“Get on your knees,” he growled the demand.

My body succumbed to his words instantly and I fell to my knees on the ground with a loud thud. My knees stung, but I couldn’t focus on anything other than the need for Wrath to touch me and make me feel good.

“Get on all fours,” he demanded, and I did as I was told without a second thought. “Arch your back, love. Perk out that gorgeous ass of yours.” I moaned at his words and did exactly as I was ordered.

My eyes followed Wrath as he crossed the room and disappeared inside his wardrobe. When he stepped out a moment later, he had a silk blindfold in one hand and a flogger in the other.

I audibly gasped, but it wasn’t from fear.

“What are you going to do with that?”

“I’m going to make you feel good,” he grunted, moving to stand in front of me again.

His cock swayed in my face, and I leaned forward to suck the tip into my mouth. With how big and fat it was, I couldn’t resist. I moaned at the salty pre-come and bobbed for more, needing more of him in my mouth and deeper down my throat.

A sharp slap landed on my ass, and I yelped, but I didn’t pull away until Wrath buried his fingers in my hair and forcefully dragged my mouth off his cock. Wrath’s eyes were hard and angry as he glared at me, even when he bowed his head to kiss me. His mouth was rough and hard against mine, dragging his teeth over my bottom lip and sucking it into his mouth. I could do nothing but moan as he kissed me and claimed my mouth, and I did nothing when he slipped the blindfold over my eyes, forcing me into darkness.

“Wrath?” I whimpered when he pulled away from the kiss.

The sound of my voice must have done something to him because he bowed his head and pressed another hard kiss to my lips. Before I could deepen it or coax his tongue into my mouth, another sharp slap landed on my ass, but this time, it wasn't his hand that had spanked me. It was the flogger.

"Do you remember your safe word, love?" Wrath's voice was throatier than before as he palmed my ass, soothing the sting. He had moved behind me now and had an unobstructed view of my most intimate area, yet I could do nothing but push my hips back and wriggle my ass in his face, needing him to touch me.

"Yes."

"Remind us both."

"Red."

"Good girl." Wrath rewarded me with another strike of the flogger but this time, it was much lower than before. So much lower, in fact, that it landed on my throbbing clit. I leapt forward at the stinging sensation, my pussy pulsing so hard, but Wrath grabbed my hips and dragged me back into place.

"Don't move, love," he demanded in a gruff voice, squeezing my hip warningly with one hand while the other struck my pussy with the flogger again. "You don't just get my cock. You have to earn it. You have to prove that you can take it."

With my sight compromised, the touch of the flogger felt so much more intense, and after the fifteenth or so strike, my pussy was a weeping mess.

"You did so well, love," Wrath praised in a low murmur. He swapped out the flogger for his hand as he caressed my ass and pussy, soothing the sting with his surprisingly gentle touch.

"Touch me harder, Wrath. Give me your cock. Please, I need it." I didn't recognise myself when I begged, but I couldn't help it. All I could think about was Wrath sinking his hard, pulsing cock inside me and making me come. I wanted him to thrust hard inside me and paint my pussy walls white. I wanted him to remove the blindfold so I could watch his come drip out of me, but he did none of that.

Instead, Wrath disappeared again and when he returned what felt like forever later, there was a familiar faint buzzing sound.

"What's that?" I asked in a low voice, turning my head to glance over my shoulder where the sound came from even though the blindfold was still

in place.

“The next best thing you’re going to get to my cock right now, love,” Wrath chuckled, and the buzzing sound intensified. The buzzing became more intense, but my yelp was louder when I felt something cold press into my pussy, barely breaching the entrance before it dipped lower and pressed into my second hole.

“Wrath!” I gasped loudly and surged forward. My arms gave out from underneath me, and the side of my face rested on the ground with my hips still raised in the air, allowing Wrath to fuck my ass with the vibrator while he watched my clenching pussy weep for something to fill it. It was desperate for something big, fat, and girthy but Wrath cruelly paid it no attention.

“How does that feel?”

“Amazing,” I panted against the ground. “But I need your cock, Wrath. My pussy needs it. Please give it to me.”

“Be patient, love,” he chuckled and pressed the vibrator deeper inside my ass.

“I’m so close,” I whimpered.

I reached down to my clit, needing to touch it to get myself off, but Wrath slapped my hand away with a warning growl. My eyes rolled to the back of my head when he slipped a finger inside me and curled it.

“Don’t come,” he grunted, the palm of his hand slapping my pussy as he thrust his finger inside me. “If you come now, I’m going to punish you.”

Holding back my orgasm felt like punishment enough, but like a good little girl, I clenched tightly around his finger and begged myself not to come.

This continued for a while as Wrath fucked my pussy with his finger and my ass with the vibrator. When it felt like I couldn’t hold myself back any longer, that I was going to come despite him instructing me not to, the blindfold disappeared. As did his finger, but the vibrator remained to torture me.

The first thing I saw was Wrath’s hard cock, less than an inch from my face.

“You were so eager to suck my cock earlier, love, but I didn’t let you. Go on now. It’ll all yours,” he grunted and dropped his hand to my hair, fisting it and pulling my head closer until the thick mushroom head slapped against my lips, smearing his salty pre-come all over me.

That was the push I needed to open my mouth and greedily suck his big cock. My pussy clenched for something to fill it, but I dared not touch myself. I needed to come so badly, but if I touched myself now, Wrath would never let me come, and I didn't think I would survive that.

Could someone die from being denied an orgasm? Because it sure felt like that was going to happen to me.

"You suck my cock so well, Miriam," Wrath growled loudly and spread his legs, bending them slightly at the knee so he could take control and thrust his cock further down my throat.

Wrath took complete control by keeping my head in place with my fisted hair, and his balls slapped against my chin with each thrust. The wet, gagging sounds of my throat as he fucked it turned me on even more, and I was dripping all over his floor, but neither of us cared.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth, giving me breath back. I gasped for air and greedily licked up the string of saliva that still connected my mouth to his cock.

"You want my come, love?" He swiped his thumb over my bottom lip before slipping it into my mouth. I sucked and licked it eagerly which seemed to please him.

"Yes."

"Then you know what you have to do."

"Please, Wrath," I begged without a second thought, leaning forward to suck the tip back into my mouth. "Please come down my throat. I need it. I need to taste you."

Something dark flashed in his eyes, and Wrath drilled his cock back down my throat. He pinched my nose and clasped a hand around my neck, forcing me to take him deep down my throat and keep him there. He pulled out to give me a few seconds to breathe, but I leaned forward and took him deeper until his cock started jerking down my throat. I knew he wasn't far from coming undone in my mouth, and I reached under his shaft to cup his balls. I squeezed and rolled them in my hands, sucking harder until finally, Wrath's hips pulsed forward, forcing me to take him deeper until finally, with one last hard thrust, he filled my mouth with his hot come.

Wrath groaned throatily and bucked his hips a few more times, emptying his come inside me before he pulled out with a loud pop.

He cupped my chin, pinching it open and tilted my head back to spy the mouthful of come. A slow grin spread over his face before he closed my

mouth for me. I held his eyes as I swallowed, and when I opened my mouth again to show him, a long, quiet groan sounded from him.

“You did so well, love,” Wrath murmured, panting slightly as he gripped his hands around the tops of my arms and pulled me up to my feet.

My knees ached when he lifted me from the ground and carried me over to the bed, but I could do nothing but cling to him and pepper kisses all over his neck and shoulders. Hungry for more of him. Borderline desperate.

It appeared Wrath was hungry as well as he unceremoniously dropped me on my back on the bed and grabbed my thighs. He dragged me to the edge of the bed before I had time to gather my bearings, and I watched as he lowered his face to my wet pussy and dragged his tongue up my wet slit.

“Good girls get rewarded.” Another lick. “Have you been a good girl, love?”

“Yes,” I mewled and pushed my hips forward, pressing my pussy closer to his face.

Wrath sucked my clit into his mouth, sucking and licking it while he thrust two fingers into my pussy. He fucked me hard, brushing up against my pussy walls in the most delicious way, giving me the friction I needed, but it was when he raked his teeth across my clit that my climax teetered over the edge and consumed me.

When Wrath finally let me come on his tongue, I was a panting, writhing, flushed mess. My whole body felt like it was working in overdrive to come down from my climax.

My legs were still shaking, and my pussy still leaking when Wrath grabbed me under the thighs and pulled me to the edge of the bed. I shrieked and giggled, but Wrath was quick to shut me up with a dark, hungry look.

It appeared that this whole time, we had only been getting started.

WRATH

I had never had a woman get this wet for me before. I had never had a woman be this needy or desperate for me before. The ones that became too consumed by the pleasure, sure, but they didn't get completely lost like I wanted them to. Like how Miriam was now.

Unable to resist, I ran my finger down her slit and watched it return wet and glistening with the evidence of her desire.

"You're so wet for me, love," I groaned, roughly rubbing her throbbing clit once again.

Miriam mewled wantonly, and her back arched, teasing me, begging me for more.

"Tell me what you want. I want to hear you say it," I demanded in a gruff voice and grabbed my cock. I rubbed my thumb over the tip and rubbed it over her entrance, knowing that it was going to drive her wild.

"I want you to fuck me, Wrath," Miriam begged in a low, sultry voice, her eyes locked on mine. Her hand slipped over her perky breasts and flat stomach to where my cock was rubbing against her pussy, and I watched as she grabbed it, pressed the tip against her entrance and thrust her hips back to take me inside her.

It was torture to pull away.

"Wrath! Where are you going? Get back here!" Miriam moaned loudly, and all I could do was chuckle at how desperate she sounded.

The sound of Miriam begging for my cock was the biggest ego boost a Sin could ask for.

"Just a minute, love," I chuckled, amused, and went to fetch exactly what I was looking for from my sex cupboard.

The rubber ring sat at the base of my cock when I returned to Miriam and her weeping pussy.

“What’s that?”

“A little something to make this experience a whole lot better.” There was a grin on my face before I thrust into Miriam again, but her tight pussy was quick to wipe it off. “Fuck, Miriam,” I grunted and pulled out to thrust deeper inside her. “You’re so fucking tight.”

“And you feel so big inside me.” she mewled and pinched her nipples, tugging and groping them as she rocked her hips to meet me thrust for thrust. “You feel so good inside me, Wrath. Do you like my pussy?”

“I fucking love your pussy, love,” I grunted and bowed my body over hers to claim her mouth, thrusting my tongue inside just the way I was fucking her pussy.

Miriam’s pussy clenched impossibly tighter around my cock, making it throb painfully. I knew from experimenting in the past that it took a whole lot to make me come while I wore a cock ring, but honestly, Miriam’s pussy had me feeling like I was going to combust inside of her any moment now.

I pushed into her pussy with a deep thrust and dropped my hand to slap her throbbing clit at the same time. She moaned and moved to close her legs, seeking some sort of relief, but I wasn’t having that.

“Keep your legs wide fucking open,” I whispered in a gruff voice, dragging my teeth over her bottom lip. “If you try to close them again, I won’t let you come.” She gasped at my words, and her hands fell to her thighs, digging her fingers in and keeping them wide open just like I asked.

Good girl.

Good. Fucking. Girl.

I rewarded her with a kiss to her pussy, but before I slipped back inside that heaven, I moved up her delicious little body to suck on her hard nipples. They were a beautiful rosy colour, and we both moaned when I sucked one into my mouth. I leisurely sucked, kissed and licked her nipples, only stopping my playtime when Miriam writhed underneath me, whimpering and begging for release.

“Please, Wrath,” Miriam begged, tugging on my head to pull me away from her boobs, but that only succeeded in me harshly raking my teeth over the nipple in my mouth and only relenting once she let go of my head.

“That was naughty of you, love.” I punished her with a sharp slap to her pussy and pulled out the vibrator from her ass. I almost forgot it was there.

“Wrath!” Her eyes flew open in panic, and she reached down to circle her fingers around my wrist.

“Yes, love?” I blinked innocently at her and brushed the pad of my thumb against her wet nipples.

“Put it back inside me.”

“But you’ve been naughty,” I grinned.

“I’m sorry.”

“That’s not going to cut it for me, love.”

“Please, Wrath,” she begged with her hand now around my cock, furiously jerking me. “Put it back in my ass. I want both my holes filled by you.”

“That’s better,” I praised and rewarded her with a sweet kiss to her red, swollen lips.

With the vibrator back in her ass, I flipped Miriam onto all fours and lifted her ass high in the air, perfect for the taking. I delivered a sharp slap to her wet, puffy pussy lips before sinking back into the sweet heaven between her legs.

Her pussy felt nothing short of the sweetest form of torture in this angle, and I pounded away as if my life depended on it. When it felt like I was going to come even with the cock ring on, I knew I couldn’t hold myself back any longer. Slipping out of her pussy, I groaned as I rolled the cock ring down and threw it over my shoulder before slamming back inside her for a few more thrusts.

With the cock ring finally gone, I flipped Miriam onto her back, pressed her legs to her chest and thrust my cock deep inside her. Her pussy sucked me in greedily, and all I could focus on were her little moans and mewls, and the pounding of our skin as I fucked her without a single care in the world.

With the way her pussy clenched onto my cock for dear life, sucking it back in each time and putting up a fight when I moved to pull out, I knew I wouldn’t last long. It was virtually impossible with how good she felt wrapped around my cock, demanding my come.

“Wrath,” she moaned my name and tightened her legs around my waist, pulling me closer. The soles of her feet dug into my ass, forcing me deeper inside her, and I could do nothing but oblige. How could I not when her pussy felt so amazing wrapped around me? Like she was made for my cock?

“I know, love,” I whispered into the crook of her neck, my hands groping her boobs as I pressed my chest against her back, joining our bodies in every way as I drove us both over the edge of our climaxes.

Miriam was the first one to come. She moaned out my name as her juices flooded my cock. As much as I wanted to fuck her through it and make her feel even better, her pussy clenched far too tight for me to think straight. My cock jerked furiously inside her, and I panted and groaned against her back as my come spurted deep inside her.

Once I had caught my head, I slipped out of her and groaned loudly at the sight of my come dribbling out of her. I couldn’t resist gathering it with my finger and thrusting it back inside her, making sure her greedy pussy ate up all of my essence. She moaned quietly when I pulled my finger out of her, but she moaned loudly when I pulled the vibrator out of her ass.

Miriam was still panting heavily, her eyes half-closed when I pulled her into my arms to snuggle under the sheets. She peeked at me with tired eyes, and her lips curved into the smallest, most angelic smile I had ever been blessed to see. It moved me so greatly that I couldn’t resist bowing my head to press a kiss to the crown of her head.

“I didn’t take you as the cuddling-after-sex type,” she whispered into my chest, snuggling closer.

“And I didn’t take you to be just as kinky as me,” I chuckled deeply and pressed my face into her hair. It was so soft and smelled faintly of rose and vanilla, gently lulling me into the most peaceful, euphoric sleep.

MIRIAM

I awoke with a jolt.

My body felt stiff and achy, kind of like how I felt after getting off a long-haul flight. A strained groan escaped me when I stretched my arms above my head and then to the side, but they knocked into the wall.

Wherever I was, it was small and dark.

It took some excessive blinking for my eyes to adjust to the dark space, and when I glanced around, everything came rushing back to me.

Reading smut. Getting caught by my mother. Being ordered to Church to confess my sins. And Pastor James.

“Sorry, Pastor James.” I was quick to apologise, but there was no response. “Pastor James?” I called out to him but once again, no response.

I let myself out of the confessional box and glanced around the Church. It was just as empty as before, and I couldn’t spot Pastor James anywhere. I tried calling out to him again and again, but there was still no answer.

With nothing to keep me here, I decided to leave. I had only made it halfway down the aisle when a familiar voice called out to me.

“Leaving so soon, Miriam?”

A gasp escaped me, and I whipped around to face him. My eyes locked with a familiar pair of forest green eyes that made me feel things I couldn’t begin to understand or process, and I found myself reeling from it.

“I think I fell asleep,” I murmured, playing with my fingers as I awkwardly stared at the hot, young Pastor. My body flushed under his intense, lingering stare, and I had to remind myself to act normal. This was a Pastor, after all. I wanted nothing to do with religion and Church, and I

wanted even less to do with a Pastor, yet the way his eyes flitted across my skin made me feel so alive.

“You did,” he chuckled. “Confessing your sins must have really taken it out of you. You went quiet for a while and wouldn’t answer me. I grew concerned and decided to check on you, only to find you asleep. I figured you needed the rest, so I left you to it while I got some work done.”

“I’m so embarrassed.” My cheeks burned harder, and I fanned my face, trying to calm myself down.

“You don’t have anything to be embarrassed about, Miriam. We’re all human. Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone sins. There are Seven Cardinal Sins for a reason.”

Pastor James smirked at me, and at that moment, there was a dark glint in his eyes that hadn’t been there before, and suddenly, everything came flooding back.

The knowing curve of his lips told me he knew that I knew, and I dared not say anything.

“My parents are probably wondering where I am.” I inched a few steps back. “I should get going.”

Pastor James–Lust–nodded, but he called out to me again just as my hand curled around the door handle of the grand doors.

“Yes, Pastor James?” I spared him a questioning glance over his shoulder, forcing myself to remain as calm and collected as possible even though on the inside, it felt like I was being burned from the inside out in the most sinful, delicious way. It felt like their hands were back on me, their tongues licking along my skin and dipping inside me for a taste, quickly followed by so much more.

My face burned so furiously that I knew I had to look like a beet right now.

If Pastor James noticed, he didn’t say anything. Though his eyes spoke the words his mouth didn’t utter.

“Is everything okay, Miriam?”

“Yes, why?”

“You fell asleep in the confessional. That’s a little concerning.”

I dropped his gaze to stare at the ground at his feet. Even the laces of his dark leather brogues were sexy.

“I didn’t sleep much last night. I didn’t even realise I was tired until I got in there,” I tried to dismiss, but my words were far too rushed, and my

eyes far too guilty to be believable. “I promise there’s nothing to worry about. If that’s all, I should be going.”

“There’s one more thing, Miriam.”

“Yes?”

“If you don’t mind me asking, what did you dream about?”

My eyes widened slightly, and my lips parted. I stared back at him for a few moments, our eyes locked, and my lips eventually curled into a slow smile. We both knew what he was talking about, but this little game of cat and mouse proved to be another thing the Sins would teach me.

“I don’t remember.”

“That’s too bad.” The Pastor’s eyes lingered on me, and it looked like he was working hard to hold back a smirk. “Well, have a good day, *Church girl*. I’d love to tell your parents that you’ve been reformed, but between you and me, I have a feeling you’ll be a regular at the confessional.”

The insinuation wasn’t lost on me, but I didn’t have time for anything right now. I didn’t know how time worked up wherever the Sins lived or how it compared to time on Earth, but I knew that I had to have been gone for a while, and my parents were no doubt thinking that I was up to no good again.

Besides, my pussy was very much sore from all the pounding it had taken. It needed time to recover because I was surely be back. That was certain.

“Thank you for all your *help*, Pastor James,” I smiled sweetly at him. “But I should get going now.”

“I hope to see you back at Church soon, honey.”

A shiver ran down my spine at the affectionate term, sending memory after memory with Lust and the others flashing through my mind, but I forced them down and turned to leave.

Pastor James was wrong. I had been reformed.

From this day on, I was a believer and would be attending Church regularly like a good little Church girl.

COMING SOON: SNOWED INN

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AN EROTIC CHRISTMAS WIFE SWAP NOVELLA



Two couples, Sebastian and Sarah, and Clyde and Cindy cross paths at a quaint inn when on their travels to visit family over the holiday period.

When they get caught in the biggest snowstorm England has seen in over a decade, they are forced to stay at the inn until the storm passes.

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SEBASTIAN HARPER

With his marriage on the rocks, Sebastian knows this will be the last holiday he and his soon-to-be ex-wife will spend together. Things haven't been good between them for a long while, and Sebastian has had divorce papers drafted up for six months, waiting for the perfect moment to hand them to his wife and end his marriage.

Being stuck in a quaint inn in the middle of nowhere during the worst snowstorm in decades with his wife was the last thing Sebastian needed.

Or that's what he thought until he returned to his room after drinking his sorrows away at the hotel bar only to find another man in bed with his wife.

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CLYDE GOODWIN

Their marriage was in a dry spell drier than the sandiest desert, and tensions were high. Feeling very unloved and unwanted by his wife, Clyde has been in a slump. When they're stranded at the inn and the snowstorm takes the power out, he decides to take advantage of the situation and woo his wife.

Clyde sets the mood with wine and candles, and the night turns into the best sex he's ever had, but when morning comes by, he's awoken by a man more furious than any Clyde has ever seen before.

The man throws Clyde out of the room. Still naked.

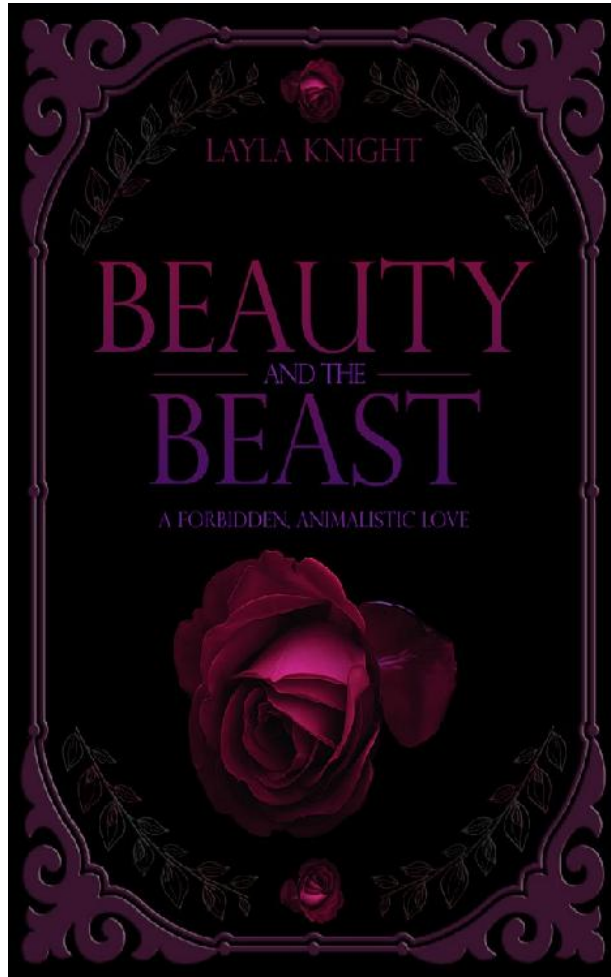
That's when it clicks.

He wasn't in his room.

And it wasn't his wife that he had fucked last night.

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ALSO BY LAYLA KNIGHT



[Beauty and the Beast: A Forbidden, Animalistic Love](#)

Even monsters deserve to be loved.

She's the **Beauty** living in the local village with her mother, and he's the **Beast** living out in the forest. When they meet and have a magical night together, both of their lives change forever.

Renalia

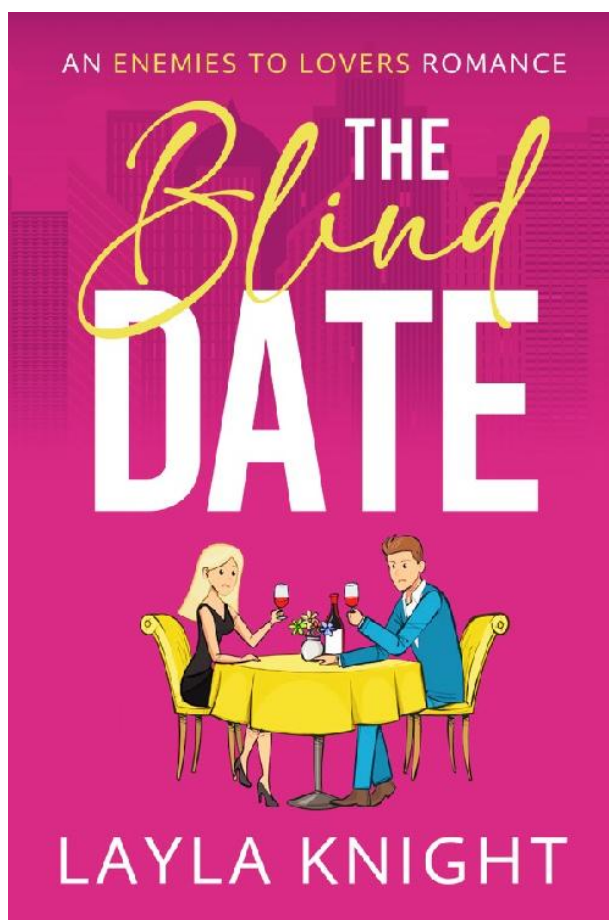
“Pretty flower.” Beast leaned in to press the words against my mouth, licking along the seams of my lips just as I had taught him.

“How pretty?” I moaned into his mouth, moving to straddle him.

“Prettiest flower.” He groaned, pressing one last bruising kiss to my lips before pulling away.

“Am I prettier than these flowers?” I whispered, lowering myself on the flower bed.

“Prettier than all flowers,” Beast promised me, a dark glint in his eyes.



[The Blind Date: An Enemies To Lovers Romance](#)

Ten blind dates in four days. Number one was a raging alcoholic, number four still lived with his parents, number six was a gold digger, and number nine was a woman. Number ten, however, was Cedric Barlowe.

Saffron agreed to ten blind dates a month in hope that it would get her parents off her back. But of the bunch of weirdos her parents claimed were ‘*absolutely perfect*’ for her, the one to stand out—in all the wrong ways—was Cedric. He was self-centred, rude, obnoxious, and a borderline narcissist—the opposite of her type, but she can’t stop thinking about him. Perhaps that’s down to her seeing a few cracks in the walls he was determined to keep up, or running into each other at every chance encounter, thanks to their parents’ meddling, but Saffron finds herself growing fonder of Cedric than she’s willing to admit. Even to herself.

It appears there’s more to Cedric than expensive suits and talks of promotions. The more time they spend together, the more she sees the real Cedric. After a hot, electric kiss, they both know they can’t

deny their feelings for each other any longer. But how are they supposed to give this enemies-to-lovers relationship a fair shot with their parents eagerly watching their every move like it's their favourite reality TV show?

With her parents already in love with Cedric, Saffron knows it will have to be serious. The pressure for things to work out would be too much, and they feared it would destroy them before they even began. Agreeing to date in secret while keeping up the pretence of hating each other in the presence of others, they think they'll stand a fair shot.

It goes great at first, until it doesn't, and then everything spirals out of control.

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THANK YOU!

To all my readers, thank you for reading my book! Thank you for believing in me and for loving my characters as much as I do. I would truly appreciate it if you could take the time to leave a review on Amazon and/or Goodreads. It helps us authors out more than you can imagine!

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