



Lethal



USA TODAY & WALL STREET JOURNAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR
SHANTEL TESSIER

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Sabotage

USA TODAY & WALL STREET JOURNAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

SHANTEL TESSIER

Sabotage

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For more information about the author and her books, visit her website— <https://shanteltessier.com/>

You can join her reader group. It's the only place to get exclusive teasers, first to know about current projects and release dates. And also have chances to win some amazing giveaways-

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/TheSinfulSide>

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PLAYLIST

“Joke’s On You” by Charlotte Lawrence

“Bad Moon” by Hollywood Undead

“In The End” by Black Veil Brides

“vicious” by Tate McRae

“MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT” by Elley Duhé

WARNING

For those of you who wish to go in blind; please remember this dark romance is a work of fiction, and I do NOT condone any situations or actions that take place between these characters. Continue to the **prologue**, just remember that I warned you. If you do NOT want to go in blind: please read the **trigger warnings** listed below.

Sabotage may contain triggers for some. If you've never read a dark romance, please don't start with this one.

Trigger Warnings include but are not limited to:

rape, branding/cutting, sexual torture, graphic violence, drug/alcohol use.

If you have any questions, feel free to email me, and one of my assistants or I will get back to you. shanteltessierassistant@gmail.com

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Nothing about this is to be taken seriously. It is strictly a work of fiction and for your smut pleasure.

Some things to know about ***Sabotage***:

It is not an RH

It is MF with an MFMM scene (no MM interaction, they are focused on her)

The h ends up with one H

It is told in multiple POVs

OTT (over the top) H

J/P (jealous and possessive) H

A Dark College/Stepbrother Romance

RAYLEE

One thing you need to know about me—I'm not you. Once you understand that, this will make more sense. –Raylee (ray-LEE)



PROLOGUE

COLTON

“G ODDAMN.” I GROAN at the feel of the woman on her knees. My hands tighten in her bleach-blonde hair, and I suck in a deep breath as my hips lift off the dining room chair.

My breathing picks up, and the sound of her sucking on my cock fills the formal dining room. She rarely gags. No, I’ve trained my little slut very well.

Opening my eyes, I look down into her blue ones, and they’re drowning in tears as she stares up at me. Some are already running down her cheeks, smearing the makeup she painted on before she went out earlier tonight. She may have danced and flirted with other men, but I knew she’d come home to me—she always does—needing to be fucked.

That’s one reason I forced her to live with me. I’ve always got my eye on her.

I give her hair a slight tug and pull her off my cock. She keeps her mouth open, ready for me to violate it some more. Snickering comes from the men sitting around the dining room table to my right, but I ignore them.

“Such a good girl.” I lick my lips.

A line of drool runs down her chin when she sticks her tongue out, waiting impatiently. I release her hair from my left hand and shove three fingers into her mouth, forcing her head back. She blinks rapidly from the invasion as a wave of new tears streams down her pretty face. “You like that, don’t you, princess?”

She tries to nod but can't, so instead, garbled words come from her.

"Yeah, a dirty slut loves having her mouth full." As soon as I remove my fingers, she sucks in a breath, and I slap her across the face, making her cry out. It wasn't hard enough to hurt, but it definitely stung. "Say it," I demand.

She shifts on her knees. Her white clubbing dress dips low in the front, showing off her impressive tits, and is barely long enough to cover her pussy. I'm going to shred that thing before the night is over with. "Colt—"

I slap her again, cutting her off, and grip her chin, my other hand still holding her hair. She whimpers, and I lean forward, my face inches from hers, and spit into her mouth. "Say it, princess. Tell me you're my good little slut, and that you'll do anything to please me."

Some women are stuck-up bitches who don't like to explore their sexuality. Raylee Lexington Adams isn't one of them. This woman is pure ecstasy. The fact I hate her fucking guts makes this even better. Knowing she hates me just as much is icing on the cake.

We are hate sex at its finest.

"I'm your good little slut," she finally moans out, shifting on her knees once again. "I'll do whatever you want."

I smile down at her.

"Please?" she begs.

Her once perfectly red-painted lips are now smeared and open for me again, so I release her chin but keep my other hand in her hair. "Prove it," I challenge, sitting back in my chair.

I secured her wrists behind her back with my belt, so she can't use her hands. She will have to show me what her mouth can do. As if I don't already know.

Raylee leans forward and wraps her lips around the head of my dick, and I shove her face-down, holding my cock inside her mouth. She squirms on her knees, and I lift my hips, going deeper. As I slide down the back of her throat, the tightness takes my breath away.

Fuck, I want to throw her on her back and fuck her face until I'm coming all over it. But I can't. Not tonight. I knew she'd come home wet and ready

for me, and I had a plan. One that will come in handy, eventually. I'm all about playing games. Raylee and I have been playing them for years, and I learned quickly that the only way to win against her is to play the long game.

I release her hair and lift my hands to lock my fingers behind my head, relaxing into my chair. While she gasps and spits all over my dick, she peers up at me through watery and matted mascara-coated lashes. Utter desperation fills her gorgeous blue eyes.

Fuck, she's absolutely stunning.

My teeth grind at that thought. I hate that about her. Hate how she parades around town with other men. Hate how she knows what to wear to turn me on, and how I can smell her in this house. It's aggravating, to say the least. I hate this bitch with everything inside me, but even I can't deny that I want her. That's what makes this so much worse. That I can't get enough of her.

"I'm not convinced, princess," I inform her, making a tsking sound with my tongue and teeth.

Her eyes narrow up at me, making them darken, and she bares her straight white teeth. Good. I want her angry. Because I'm going to humble her real soon.

Laughter grows from the guys to my right, but we both ignore them. Raylee doesn't care who watches as long as she gets what she wants. Plus, she's into humiliation and degradation—they turn this slut on.

Taking in a long breath, she lowers her open mouth to my cock and swallows me whole, her anger making her more determined than ever to get me off. Just another level of our game that she doesn't have a chance at winning.

I lean my head back and close my eyes, enjoying how amazing her hot, wet mouth feels. Soon, my balls tighten, and I look down to watch. Her head bobs at a fast pace, and I'm about to explode down her throat.

With every ounce of willpower I have, I shove her off me. She sprawls onto the floor on her side, and I grip my dick just as I come. Some lands on my jeans, but most of it covers the black marble floor next to her.

I take in a few deep, calming breaths, just watching her lie there. She's gasping, eyes closed, hands still restrained behind her back. Her white party dress has ridden up around her waist, showing me the lace, nude-colored thong that rests high on her hip. I bet if I spread her legs, they'd be soaking wet.

Raylee opens her eyes and pulls her knees up, managing to tuck them underneath her so she can sit up.

I reach out and push her matted hair away from her wet face, moving it behind her ear, allowing her to see. "Look at the mess you made," I say, pointing at the cum covering the floor in front of her.

She whimpers, her body shaking with need. My princess wants more. A slut is never satisfied.

I wrap my free hand around her slender neck, feeling her pulse race, and lean forward to kiss the side of her face. She tastes like the ocean—salty—from all the tears she's cried. "Clean it up," I whisper.

Her body trembles while she breathes my name. "Colt—"

"Clean it up!" I order, rising from the chair. I grip her hair and shove her face next to the cum on the floor.

She cries out but wiggles her body to lie in a more comfortable position, flat on her stomach.

I shift my legs to where I'm standing over her, one boot on either side of her ass that is now showing thanks to her dress. "That's what sluts do, princess," I tell her, holding the side of her face to the cold floor while she sniffs. "They clean up their messes. And you're my good little slut, right?"

Raylee nods the best she can and sucks in a breath.

"Say it."

"I'm-I'm your good little slut," she whispers.

"Now, show me."

She parts her lips, and her tongue darts out, licking at the cum, smearing it across the floor.

"Good girl," I praise her, and she whimpers. I release her hair and smooth it away from her face. "All of it, princess. Every drop. Clean up your

mess.”

I take a few steps back and study her. She’s rocking from side to side, her arms fighting being restrained by my belt, with her tongue stretched out as far as it’ll go to lick up the cum. I smile. Every time I have her like this, it’s a small victory.

Getting an idea, I bend over, grip her thighs, and shove them apart. Then I fall to my knees between them on the floor. “I knew it.” With a smirk, I trail my gaze over the wet spot on her nude underwear. Since her legs are spread, she’s got her ass tilted up off the floor to give me a spectacular view.

I move the thong to the side and graze my knuckles over her wet cunt, my mouth watering for a taste. She’s completely shaved. I know she did this thinking she’d get lucky tonight.

“Please?” she begs. The desperation in her voice makes me want to cave and bury my face between her legs to eat her out right here while she licks my cum up off the floor. But I don’t because this is what she does. She’s my slut, not the other way around.

I slap her ass hard enough to leave a red handprint. She yelps and tries to get away from me, but there’s nowhere for her to go. “Did I tell you that you were done?” I ask, my palm now rubbing her ass and my fingers digging into the sensitive skin.

“No,” she answers in a quiet voice, her body shaking.

“Then keep licking,” I command. “I want that floor clean, princess.”

I ignore her soft cries as she goes back to what she was doing while my eyes drop back to her pussy. I can’t help myself; I shove a finger into her and bite my tongue to keep from groaning out loud over how wet she is. Don’t want her to hear how much I want her.

I remove my finger and stick it in my mouth. “Desperation tastes so good,” I say, pulling it free from my lips.

The boys laugh, and this time, I glance over at them. They have all pushed back their chairs from the table to ensure them the best view of Raylee. Finn has a joint between his lips, one hand holding his knife handle while he twirls the end of the blade against his other palm, watching her lick

up my cum. Alex is smoking a cigarette, his eyes glued to her ass up in the air. And Jenks, well, he's doing what I told him to do. I wait for him to make eye contact, and then I nod at him. He does the same before pocketing his cell.

I look back down at her glistening cunt and thrust two fingers into her this time, making her moan. I know she wants more. Raylee likes it rough. I fuck her with my fingers, her body rocking back and forth. She whimpers and gasps between lapping at the floor like an addict who spilled what little drug she had left and won't let it go to waste.

Her pussy clamps down on my fingers, and her body stiffens. I remove them, and her body sags the best it can in her position while her panting now fills the silent room. I like to tease her. Make her crawl on her hands and knees while begging for me to fuck her.

I glance at the floor and see that she has cleaned up most of what I gave her. "Good girl."

I smile as I stand. Then I grip her blonde hair and yank her to her feet. She cries out before I toss her onto her back on the formal dining room table, crushing her arms underneath her, making her scream this time.

"Finn, shut her up," I tell him.

He stands and removes his belt. "Open wide." Before Raylee can follow orders, he places his belt into her mouth, shoves it behind her teeth, and wraps it around her head. He ties it off, securing it in place.

I lean over the end of the table, reaching up to run my thumb over her teeth where she bites on the black leather. My gaze trails over the cum on her face and in her hair as she breathes heavily through her nose. I grab the nearly see-through material she calls a dress and rip it down the center, exposing her breasts. She isn't wearing a bra. I'm honestly surprised she was even wearing underwear.

I run my hands up her ribs and grab her large breasts, squeezing. Her body rocks back and forth, rattling the table.

Her eyes go from mine to my three friends, and I watch them grow even heavier. I also notice her nipples harden, and she arches her neck.

Interesting.

“Who wants a taste?” I ask.

I’ve never let them have a piece of her. If I’m being honest with myself, I hate the fact that she fucks other men. But I can’t let her know that about me. And this is about my control over her right now, not the other way around.

She’s my fucking toy to use and pass around.

Finn leans down close to her face and blows out a puff of smoke from his joint. She swivels her head back and forth while unintelligible words come from her gagged mouth. Laughing, he answers, “I’d love a piece.”

I lift her knees, placing her black hooker heels on the table, and push her upward so she’s more in the center. “Spread your legs, princess,” I order her, and they fall open. “Such a greedy slut.” I slap her inner thigh, making a loud popping noise.

Raylee arches her back, attempting to relieve the pressure on her restrained arms, but Alex places his hands around her neck, holding her in place.

I rip her underwear off and shove a finger into her. Pulling it out, I hold it up in front of Finn’s face. He parts his lips, and I push my finger into his mouth. When he closes his lips around it, his eyes grow heavy, and he moans from deep in his throat.

I pull it out and smile, making up my mind. “Remove the belt from her mouth.”

Alex lets go of her neck and undoes the belt, yanking it from her mouth. I place my hand under her neck and lift her to sit up, bringing her face to mine. She looks like she’s been through a thunderstorm—tears, drool, and cum cover her face and hair. She looks fucking gorgeous.

“You missed some,” I say as I glide my finger along her wet cheek, cleaning off the cum and smearing it over her plump lips.

She licks them and opens her mouth, waiting for me.

“Do you want to come?” I know she’d do anything to get off right now. I left her on the edge for a reason.

She nods. "Please," she begs and starts to cry. "Colt, I need it. God, please..."

"Shh," I say, planting a soft kiss on her forehead before bringing my eyes to hers again. "You belong to me tonight, understood?"

"But—"

"Let me make this very clear, princess." I fist her hair and yank her head back while I trail kisses along her jawline. "You are to please them. Only I please you. Understand?" They know how much I hate her, but they also know I'd kill them if they ever touched her behind my back. What can I say? I'm a complicated man.

I claimed her the moment I met her. And everyone in this town knows that. Another reason the men she goes after don't stay around for very long.

"And then I can come?" She swallows nervously.

I can't help but smile and drop my mouth to her exposed neck. "Depends."

"On what?" she whispers.

I pull back and meet her pretty, hopeful eyes. "If you're a good girl or not."

Licking her lips, she nods once. "Always."

"We'll see." Yanking on her hair, I pull her down onto the table and over to the edge on her side. I center her over the left corner with her back facing where I stand. That way, her ass and pussy hang off the edge of the table, and her head almost hangs off the other side. Easy access for everyone.

Finn already put his joint away and has his dick out. By the way he's looking at her mouth, he's decided where he's going.

Alex enters the formal dining room, and I didn't even realize he had left, but it's obvious by the canola oil in his hand, he's going to go for her ass. He and Jenks roll condoms over their pierced dicks and step up to my right, where her ass and cunt hang off. Jenks lifts his shirt up and over his head and undoes his jeans before shoving them to his ankles, getting comfortable.

Leaning over her side, I grip the back of her knees and shove them up to her chest, locking them in place with my arm.

“Colt,” she whimpers, her body trying to fight me. I know she’s uncomfortable with her arms still tied behind her back. *Too bad.*

My free hand grabs her hair, and I yank it back, now completely off the side of the table. “Sluts don’t get to choose how they’re fucked, princess.”

With no warning, Jenks fingers her pretty pink pussy, making her squirm more in my hands.

I lower my mouth to her lips and whisper, “They just take it. And you’re my slut, aren’t you?”

“Y—es,” she cries out, and I don’t have to look to know that Jenks is finger-fucking her.

Alex tosses the canola oil onto the table and it rolls off onto the floor. “This might hurt.” He laughs and runs his fingers over her ass, smearing the oil to get it ready. Once satisfied, he pushes one finger into her.

She moans, her body shaking against mine.

“Make them feel good.” I lean down and kiss her cum-covered face. “You always make me feel so good, princess. It’s their turn.”

Raylee’s eyes squeeze shut, and she stiffens, her legs pushing up against my arm.

“Relax, just relax and take it,” I say. Alex groans. “I know you like to have your ass fucked.”

“Oh,” she cries out. “God—”

Finn tilts her head up off the table while his free hand shoves two fingers into her mouth, shutting her up.

I look down at her pretty face, and tears run from her eyes like a waterfall. Could be because her body is twisted like a pretzel right now. It could be because she needs to get off. That’ll have to wait.

Removing his fingers, Finn demands, “Open wide.” She parts her lips for him and he guides his cock into her mouth.

Her body moves, rocking back and forth on the edge of the table. I’m bent over, holding her in place while my three best friends have their way with her. She gives me too much power over her. Stupid girl. She knows I’ll only take advantage of it.

“I see why you fuck this slut even though you hate her.” Alex groans. His cock slams in and out of her ass, not giving her much time to adjust. But he was right. His dick isn’t the first one there. I was. And I wasn’t easy on it.

“Right?” Jenks says, still fingering her. Waiting for Alex to be done with her ass so he can take his turn. With the position she’s in, they can’t both fuck her at the same time. “This cunt...” He bites on his lower lip. “She’s so fucking wet.” He slides his fingers out and leans over, running them over the side of her face. “Feel how wet you are.” He chuckles at himself. “But I’m not surprised. Sluts prefer to be used by multiple cocks at once.”

Raylee mumbles incoherent sounds around Finn’s cock while she blinks rapidly. I have the urge to lick her juices off her cheek, but refrain. She’ll be all mine later.

Finn lets out a low whistle. “Shit, she’s got a mouth on her.” He shoves his cock all the way down her throat. Her body shakes against the table, and her eyes grow heavy.

“Don’t you dare, Raylee,” I growl, knowing exactly what’s happening. I’ve trained her. “Don’t you dare fucking come for them.” I didn’t offer her up so she could get pleasure from them.

Only I can please her.

Finn moves his hand to her face and pinches her nose, cutting off her air. Her eyes go wide, her body thrashing against all of us.

“I’m coming,” Alex calls out breathlessly. He slams into her ass one last time and grunts before pulling his semi-hard dick out and stepping back. Without a word, he walks out of the dining room, removing his condom.

Jenks doesn’t waste a second and grips her hip, slamming his dick inside her pussy and not letting up. I watch and see her wetness coating his lower abdomen.

I’m surprised at the rage that bubbles up inside me, like a pot of water about to boil over. The thought of her coming all over his dick pisses me off. But I can’t stop them now. She’ll never let me live it down. This is what she expects from me. To be used. To be an object. We don’t give a shit about one another.