Captivity

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by SinfulSecrets

Summary

AU: When Klaus Mikaelson opens his eyes, he finds himself locked inside a cell... with Hope. A room of horrors quickly manifest his worst nightmares as a faceless enemy psychologically tortments both father and daughter to commit unspeakable acts. Hope's life is on the line, and Klaus has never been more desperate.

18+
Graphic sexual content
PART I

Everything seemed so hazy. His head was pounding as a sharp ringing noise pierced through his eardrums. It was difficult to stand when he felt like he’d been hit by a bus. Klaus finally slipped back to consciousness and immediately scanned his surroundings in a panicked state.

It was pitch dark, but his eyes immediately adjusted. Hope’s unconscious body was lying on the floor next to him. Acting on instinct, he immediately rushed to her side and checked her pulse.

“Hope!” He shook her.

Relief rushed through his veins when she whimpered and looked up at him.
“Dad? Where… where are we?”

“I’m not sure, love. I… I can’t seem to recall what—”

A blast of white light suddenly poured into the room as Klaus covered his eyes. The ringing sound seemed to get louder, but it was all in his mind. When he was finally able to see, he realized that they were imprisoned inside a room that had no windows.

There was a twin-size bed in the corner, a double chest of drawers, a small kitchen table with chairs, and a door that presumably led to a bathroom. The Hybrid rose to his feet and began to investigate.

As he opened the door, he realized that his assumption was correct: it was a bathroom that also had a stand-up shower.

“Dad?” Hope’s voice echoed behind him. “What is this place?”

“I don’t know, sweetheart.”

“Are we in danger? I’m scared.”

It broke his heart to see the terror in her eyes. Klaus pulled her into his arms and held her as soon as he heard a voice speak through what seemed like a P.A. system: it sounded digitally edited, almost like the creepy voice of the Jigsaw Killer.

“Welcome to your new home, Klaus Mikaelson.”

“Show your face, you coward!” Klaus roared in anger.

“I would advise you to calm down,” the anonymous speaker responded.

Klaus searched the ceilings and noticed that there were cameras. He was about to tear them down and smash them to pieces when that creepy voice said, “If you touch any of the equipment, Hope dies.”

Klaus froze.

“Don’t believe me?” said the voice. “Eyes on your daughter. Watch.”

The poor girl suddenly crumbled to the floor, crippled by excruciating pain. She screamed and begged her torturer to stop.

“What have you done to her!?” Klaus yelled, rushing to her side as Hope continued to cry out in unfathomable pain. “FOR FUCK’S SAKE, STOP!”

Hope suddenly stopped convulsing as she lay there in tears, curled up in a fetal position.

The P.A. system turned on again with static dead air before their captor spoke. “There is an implant inside of her. All I have to do is press the right button and she will die… slowly. You don’t want that, do you?”

Klaus pulled Hope’s upper body onto his lap and tried to soothe her. He said nothing and forced himself to carefully listen to the sadistic enemy that had somehow captured them.

“My family will be looking for me,” he warned.

“I’m sure they already are. It won’t matter, though. They won’t find you.”
“What do you want from me?”

The sinister voice suddenly chuckled before it paused and said, “I’m going to break you. Both of you. And once I’ve achieved that, you’ll have finally gained your freedom. Play by the rules and she won’t die. Disobey me and… well… I’ve already demonstrated the consequences.”

Red hot rage simmered in his veins as Klaus shut his eyes and tried to tone down his hostility. “Let her go, please,” he begged. “Whoever you are, you can do what you want with me, just let my daughter go!”

“I’m afraid that’s against the rules, Klaus. I have a series of tests and challenges. You will move ahead accordingly, as I will give you both twelve hours to complete the task. Fail, and she will die. Refuse, and she will die. There is no room for negotiation. You will receive your fill of blood bags and meals three times a day through that sliding panel to your left. The bathroom is stocked and will be restocked every so often as I see fit. You will find no personal items in this room. Do not try to break out of here as the walls are fortified with titanium, and magic proof. Your sister won’t be saving you this time.” The evil voice laughed. “With that being said, I have provided several items for entertainment…”

One of the walls suddenly flipped around, revealing a mounted television and theater system. Another wall turned over as well, revealing a large bookcase filled with books. And then… part of the ceiling slid open, and a platform was lowered, revealing… a stripper pole.

Klaus was horrified.

“Every day you will receive a little card through the same compartment where your meals will be delivered. Read it carefully, follow through with the task. The clock will start a minute after you read your task. Look up to your right.”

He turned his head and noticed a holographic image of a digital clock.

“Once you’ve completed your challenge, the timer will stop. If you fail, she dies. Don’t bother trying to remove her implant. I’ve used very advanced surgical technology.”

Klaus could no longer hold back his temper as he shouted, “Who are you!?”

“A friend.” The voice laughed. “Try and get comfortable. You’ll both be occupying this space for a while. Dinner will arrive on the hour.” There was a pause before the static noise faded altogether.

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Day 1: 7pm

Their first meal had arrived right on the hour, just as their captor had promised. The only thing that was missing was a blood bag. Klaus could feel his strength depleting as he watched his daughter force herself to eat. They sat across a little table, in their makeshift prison.

“Dad, you should eat something.” Hope met his tired eyes with nothing but love and concern. She adored this man. No one could ever replace the love that she had for him. It pained her to see him suffer.

“I’ll be fine, love. Eat your dinner.”

She stabbed another piece of steamed broccoli with her fork and chewed it down.

“Who do you think brought us here?” she asked.

“I’m not sure, sweetheart. I have a long list of enemies and unfortunately that means that you’ve inherited them.”

“That’s not your fault.”

“It feels like it is. I thought I could protect you.” He fixated on the stripper pole, dreading all the possibilities for its use. Whoever this sicko was, they were going to exploit his relationship with his daughter, Klaus thought, ignoring the terror in his heart.

Hope was so innocent, so pure, and beautiful. He wanted to protect that purity, but how? How could he possibly protect her now when he was at the mercy of a faceless psycho?

When she finished her meal, a static noise echoed through the mounted speakers before that same
demonic voice started speaking.

“Klaus,” it said. “You haven’t fed. It’s time to eat.”

He clenched his fist and said nothing.

“As much as I appreciate your patience,” said the maniac, “your meal has been sitting across from you all along.”

The Hybrid locked his gaze on Hope. She didn’t appear to be afraid, but she had no idea what it would do to him if he fed on her.

“What are you waiting for?” the voice taunted. “You know what will happen if you don’t feed…”

Klaus stood up, looked into one of the cameras and shouted, “I refuse to do this! You promised me blood bags!”

“And they will come… after you feed on her.”

“Dad.” Hope stood up and touched his arm. “Just do what he says. It’s okay.”

He whipped his head around and looked at her with intimidating intensity. “No. That is not going to happen.”

She rolled up her sleeve and exposed her creamy skin. “It’s okay, really.”

“I’d listen to her if I were you, Klaus. Don’t make me show you the consequences again.”

The Hybrid cursed under his breath, slowly pacing the space. He was desperate. He was trapped and he absolutely hated it. Hope’s life was on the line.

He focused on one of the cameras again and said, “I know where you’re going with this, you sick fuck! It won’t happen!”

“Oh?” the voice laughed. “Whatever do you mean? I guarantee by the end of this week you’ll have her screaming ‘Daddy’… and she’ll love it.”

Consumed with rage, Klaus flipped the table and smashed the chairs on the wall, breaking them. “LET US OUT!”

Hope was so startled, oblivious to the sexual threat that was exchanged only seconds ago.

“Oh my,” said the voice. “How unfortunate. Temper tantrums will not be condoned, nor encouraged. I’m afraid I’ll have to punish you both for that. Since your father is not good at obeying the rules, I’ll extend them to you, Hope.” There was a short pause before it said, “Escort your father to the sofa please.”

Hope met Klaus' frantic eyes and reached for his hand. It was the first time she had seen him so afraid… so vulnerable. She had to be strong for him, she told herself.

“Dad, please.”

He took her hand and let her lead the way. When they both sat on the dark leather sofa, their invisible enemy continued with instructions.

“Mount him.”
Klaus snapped once again and shouted, “NO! FOR FUCK’S SAKE, STOP! PLEASE!”

Hope touched his arm to try and calm him down.

“Don’t listen.” There were tears in his eyes and she couldn’t understand why he was so afraid.

“Mount. Him. Tick tock…”

“Dad”—she caressed his face—“It’ll be okay. I promise. Just do as he says.”

“It won’t… it fucking won’t,” he kept muttering deliriously.

The seventeen-year-old stood up and carefully maneuvered herself onto her father’s lap, sitting astride, facing him.

The fear in his eyes only intensified, and all she wanted to do was take it away.

“Unbutton her blouse, Klaus.”

He paused, so visibly at war with himself. How could he defile his precious daughter? He was ready to die first.

“Don’t make me repeat myself.”

Hope was shaking like a leaf. She had never been in such a compromising position before with any boy, let alone her father. But she decided to take matters into her own hands and started unbuttoning her shirt for him.

The sinister voice chuckled through the speakers. “What a great sport! See! She’s willing and ready!”

Klaus was about to get up when Hope stopped him, begging him to listen.

“Dad, please… please just do whatever he says. I don’t want to die… I don’t want to feel that pain again…. It feels like I’m burning from the inside out.” She cupped his face and tried her best to break his iron will.

“Unfasten her bra, Klaus.”

The Hybrid shut his eyes, as a tear rolled down his cheek. Hope guided his hands around her waist before she hung her arms over his shoulders and waited.

“Ten seconds, Hybrid…. Ten…nine… eight… seven…”

“Please, just do it!” Hope begged.

Through sheer force of will, he unsnapped her white lace bra, refusing to open his eyes.

“Look at her,” said the voice. “Look at her and take off the bra.”

He felt her trembling and it absolutely gutted him. Knowing that he had no leverage over his foe, he gave in and slowly slipped Hope’s bra straps off her shoulders before he discarded the bra with a quivering hand. He was her father. This twisted scenario was beyond depraved and extremely inappropriate, yet something twitched inside his pants when he cast his eyes on her beautiful breasts. They were a generous size, with rose-bud nipples that were hard as bullets. He knew it must have been a combination of fear, adrenaline, and cold that must have made them so erect.
“Oh my… what a pretty set of nubile tits!” The voice laughed darkly. “You did well, Klaus. Behold your creation.”

Hope was crying with him. It broke his heart. She was forced into humiliation and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

“I’m so sorry, love.” He wiped her tears. “Forgive me.”

She suddenly leaned in and hugged him tight, her naked breasts pressing against his chest.

“Awwwwww, what a tender moment between father and daughter!” His enemy taunted. “Hate to end it so soon, but you still haven’t fed.”

Hope leaned into Klaus’ ear and whispered, “Whatever happens, Daddy, I know it’s not your fault.”

He looked into her clear blue eyes and wiped another tear away, feeling his heart shatter by the second. Klaus knew where this was going, and there was no way he could protect her, not from his base desires. He prayed his enemy would not take it there.

“I’m growing impatient, you two! Sink your fangs in her neck and feed!”

Hope took control and brushed back her long brown hair. Her neck was exposed, revealing a pulsing jugular vein. Klaus looked at her with fearful uncertainty before she nodded, giving the illusion of consent.

Dark spider veins formed around his eyes before he shifted into the demon that he was, hovering his fangs over her neck, slowly sinking them in.

A painful cry escaped her lips as he began to feed, drinking deeper and deeper until her blood poured down her shoulder. It was the first time she had ever been bitten by anyone. She never dreamed it would be by her own father.

*He’s hungry. I need to keep him alive, just as much as he’s trying to save me,* she convinced herself, ignoring the psychic arousal that was overpowering her. Hope was part wolf, part witch, and part vampire, after all. Blood sharing was certainly going to affect her. Something hard began to grow beneath her, as she realized that her father’s raging erection was pressed against her crotch.

Klaus continued to feed, gorging on her virgin blood, while desperately trying to ignore the impulse to ravage her. His appetite for sex always heightened when he fed on a living host. Images of Hope bouncing on his cock kept flashing before his eyes as he groaned in pleasure and kept drinking from her. He was fucking her brains out in his mind, and she was screaming in ecstasy.

“Daddy…” She winced in pain.

He suddenly snapped out of it and pulled back. Klaus was breathless. His daughter’s blood dripped down his chin and onto his shirt. He kept blinking until his eyes shifted back to his human mask.

“Well done,” said the voice. “You may get off of him now.”

Hope immediately obeyed, and as soon as she did, Klaus rushed into the bathroom and shut it behind him.

Seconds later, Hope heard him grunting and groaning, as a peculiar sound followed suit. He was stroking his cock, pumping it faster and harder until he jizzed all over his hand. He couldn’t control the impulse. Klaus Mikaelson was a sex addict. Feeding from his daughter had intensified his arousal
in a way he never thought possible. He would have fucked the life out of her if he didn’t get off and relieve himself.

When he finally stepped out of the bathroom, his shame was piling on. It was hard to ignore. He found his daughter standing near the sofa, holding a little card in her hand.

“What is that?” Klaus said, reaching for it.

There were only two lines. It was their first “official” task:

**Teach her how to suck cock. Cum in her mouth**

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In This Together

Day 1: 10pm

If there was such a thing as hell on earth, Klaus was convinced he was in it. Three hours had gone by since they had received their first “challenge,” and the timer on the clock was counting down. They had approximately nine hours left to complete the task. Neither of them hardly knew what to say to each other. The poor girl was terrified just as much as he was. Her innocence was something that Klaus was fiercely protective of, but he couldn’t protect her now. They were imprisoned inside some pervert’s dungeon of horrors, at the mercy of an enemy that got off on humiliating them.

The Hybrid raised his head and looked over at Hope who was sitting on the bed with her head in a book. His heart was broken. He felt entirely responsible for traumatizing her earlier, all because he couldn’t control his temper. Klaus knew that if he continued his angry outbursts, Hope would have to pay the price, and he did not want to give his arch nemesis any more reasons to toy with them.

Even though he had ripped up the cue card, he was fully aware of what he had to do. He just didn’t have the heart to do it. How could he possibly force his daughter to engage in fellatio, with her own father? It was disgusting and perverted beyond comprehension. He could hardly stomach the thought, let alone entertain the fantasy. Her innocence was not to be blemished, but it was already tainted by a deed that he had no choice but to perform.

Day 2: 12am

Time kept ticking away as Hope put her book down and glanced at the clock on the wall. Her father
was still lying on the sofa, staring up at the ceiling in what seemed like a catatonic state. She had read what was on that card. She knew what a “cock” was. She knew what “sucking cock” was; she had even seen it a few times when she’d curiously surfed some porn a while ago. But she had never performed oral sex on anyone.

As much as it disturbed her to even think about engaging in any sexual act with her father, she couldn’t ignore the way she felt when he fed on her. The sensation was undeniable: her nipples had been hard, and she was aroused. She couldn’t forget his reaction afterwards when he stormed into the bathroom.

*Maybe it doesn’t have to be so bad. Maybe… I can do this,* Hope tried to reason. She looked at her hybrid father and kept playing different scenarios in her mind on how she would initiate the act.

*I’ll crawl onto his lap and… oh my God, NO! No-no-no-no! I can’t do this!* She started tearing up.

No matter how many times she negotiated the methods, she was still terrified to touch him that way.

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**1am**

A warm body lay next to Hope as she opened her eyes and realized that her father had come to bed.

“Go back to sleep, love,” he said in a hushed voice.

The fluorescent lamps on the ceiling were finally shut off. The only light that illuminated the darkness was a small vintage lamp that was placed on a nightstand near the bed.

“Daddy.” Hope curled into his body, seeking comfort in his radiating warmth.

Klaus held her closely and gently stroked his fingers through her hair. After hours of thinking in silent madness, it felt good to feel some form of contact; he needed it. He was still partly human, after all.

As he gently rubbed her back, he softly murmured, “Close your eyes, sweetheart. I didn’t mean to wake you.”

They were both still fully clothed, but she noticed that he had unbuttoned his black shirt, exposing his chiseled chest. A palpable pain was present in his aqua eyes as she looked at him. They still hadn’t addressed the elephant in the room. Klaus simply refused to talk about it, even though their enemy had made a clear demand. Time was running out.
A soft little sigh escaped Hope’s sultry lips as she took solace in her father’s tender affection. It had been so hard living without him after the Hollow’s spirit entered his body. She knew that he only stayed away to protect her, but it didn’t mean that she needed him any less. She could only remember a handful of memories when her father was present in her life.

The large gap in their timeline consisted of long absences that could never be made up. Hope knew that he loved her. When Freya had finally managed to kill the Hollow, she was finally reunited with her family. But that reunion only lasted a month before Hope woke up and found herself locked inside a prison with her father.

At least he’s here with me, she said to herself. At least I don’t have to suffer through this alone.

Their eyes locked for a moment, and for the first time, she was able to recognize just how handsome her Hybrid father really was. His features were flawless, ageless, exuding with virility. All her life, all she ever wanted was to spend more time with him; and now that that opportunity had finally arrived, some sicko was taking pleasure in destroying their bond.

“Dad,” her voice squeaked a bit. “… I’m afraid.”

“I know you are, love.” He caressed her face and tried to maintain a strong composure.

“We still haven’t done what they—”

“Let’s not think about it now.” He cut her off.
“But time’s running out! I’m scared that if we fall asleep then it’ll be too late.”

He knew she had a point. He just couldn’t bring himself to make her go down on him and treat her like a whore. Klaus wanted to pulverize his fists through the walls and trash all the furniture, but that had detrimental consequences. They were entirely at the mercy of their enemy.

“I’ve watched porn before,” Hope blurted out.

The Hybrid was in shock. He wasn’t expecting her to go there. But Hope continued.

“I… I know what I have to—”

“Stop.” He shut his eyes, as if it to erase the fact that she, too, was a sexual being. “I don’t want to discuss this right now.”

“But we have to! You know we do!”

Of course, he knew. It was much easier to stay in denial, though, if only a little while longer.

“Dad, please. It’s probably best if you just talk it through with me.”

“Do you have any idea what I’m feeling right now? I feel like a sick, perverted, bastard! Now multiply that by a century!”

Hope hid her face in his chest. She knew he was conflicted, but so was she. They simply had no choice in the matter.

“I’d much rather kill myself,” Klaus bitterly stated. “If only to free you.”

“Don’t talk like that!” She looked up at him, sadness pouring from her deep blue eyes. “I need you.”

“Ever since you were born, all you’ve known is suffering. I blame myself entirely.”

“I don’t blame you for anything. I don’t even blame you for leaving me. Dad, I love you. Can’t you see that? All I’ve ever wanted was to make you proud.”

Overwhelmed with love and pride, Klaus caressed her cheek and murmured, “I’ve always been proud of you, sweetheart. You could do no wrong in my eyes. Even if you killed half the human race… it wouldn’t change a thing.”

A mist of tears blurred her vision before she blinked and shed them. Klaus wiped her cheeks with a gentle thumb and pulled her in closer to his chest.

She needed this. She needed her father’s love. Even though they were abducted by a psychopath, a part of her was grateful that he was there with her, despite their disturbing conditions and rules.

Klaus ran his fingers through her long auburn locks and whispered, “I love you so much. I’m sorry for what happened earlier.”

“It’s not your fault. Please stop apologizing.” She hugged his waist and tried to relax against his muscled body.

“I can never forgive myself.”

“It hurts me when you say that.” She lifted her chin and met his tormented eyes.
If only they had true privacy. The reality was that they were both under constant surveillance; the cameras were a harrowing reminder.

Klaus couldn’t help but smile as he brushed a lock of hair out of her face. “I remember when you were born… you were the most beautiful baby I had ever seen.”

“You’re biased.” Hope giggled.

“I disagree.” He took her hand and kissed it.

She blushed and felt a tight pull at the pit of her stomach.

“I never knew it was possible to create such perfection,” Klaus murmured, running his finger along her delicate jaw.

“Dad… it’s been hours since you last fed.”

He shook his head right away, as if to stop her. “No. I can wait until morning when that bastard—whoever the bloody fuck they are—will deliver me a blood bag.”

“I… I really don’t mind,” she nervously offered.

“I’m touched, sweetheart. But that won’t be necessary. You’d be surprised how long I could last without blood.”

It broke her heart to even imagine him suffering that way. She loved him too much. She loved him selflessly.

“I hate to see you suffer.”

“Who made you so bloody sweet? You must have got that from you mother’s side of the family.”

Hope shook her head and said, “I think I got it from you. You care so much about every one of us. I think you put up this tough front because deep down… you’re so sensitive. I get that. Unlike you, I wear my heart out on my sleeve and I know probably shouldn’t. I haven’t mastered a poker face the way you have.”

She always seemed to move him, which only made it more difficult to defile her. How could he possibly make her sexually gratify him? He didn’t want to sexualize his only daughter. It tore him to pieces. This was truly the worst form of torture, Klaus thought.
“Sometimes,” he began, “being strong means being vulnerable. I admire that about you. I still struggle in this department, unfortunately.”

Hope wrapped herself around him and breathed him in. It was comforting to listen to his heartbeat.

At only seventeen, she was inexperienced and still had so much to learn about the world. Ever since she was born, her life had been a constant battleground, with her parents protecting her from one enemy after another.

“Dad?”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“We still need to… you know.”

“I’m aware. Get some shut eye for a bit. I promise I’ll wake you in a few hours and we’ll talk it out.”

“But what if you fall asleep?”

“I can’t. I’m wide awake. Do you really think I can sleep right now? Given our current situation?”

She glanced up at him and met his gaze.

“I’m gutted,” he said. “I’m broken because I can’t protect you—not even from myself.”

“Dad, I’m old enough to realize that we probably won’t be the same people once we’re out of here—if we ever get out of here. But I just want you to know that whatever happens between us… it won’t leave my mouth. I’d… I’d never throw you under the bus. I feel just as protective of you as you feel towards me. I love you.”

His deep turquoise eyes brimmed with tears as he hugged her close and kissed her head. She was his precious angel. He lived entirely for her. He couldn’t bring himself to do what he was forced to do. But desperate times called for desperate measures.
A/N: Sorry for the late post, everyone! I had a very busy week with school assignments. Hope you enjoy this chapter and thank you for your reviews/kudos!

-Skye

3am

Blood and gold...

She remembered the images flashing in her mind as she watched her father sleep in silent tranquility; it was a beautiful violence. She had felt it, seen it when he’d fed on her. The sensation of his fangs, breaking the skin, slowly sinking into her flesh… the recollection made her shiver.
Who are you, really? Hope wondered, watching him sleep.

She had woken up fifteen minutes ago, only to discover that Klaus had passed out. He looked so peaceful, she thought. It was a stark contrast to the fear and anxiety that had painted his face only hours ago. She wanted to reach out and touch him but changed her mind, worried that he’d wake up.

Time was running out and that only increased Hope’s anxiety. The pain that she’d felt yesterday was so excruciating. She never wanted to feel it again. They were both imprisoned inside some psychopath’s playground, under constant surveillance, as if they were laboratory mice. It was very dehumanizing.

As she lay there in silence, she thought about initiating “the first move.” Certainly, her father was handsome, exceptionally attractive and charming, yet she never allowed herself to feel anything that would have jeopardized their bond.

I can’t. Hope felt so defeated.

Everything about her father intimidated her, despite his passive disposition when he closed his eyes. He was so flawless in her mind. He could have destroyed the entire world and she still would have loved him. As much as she wanted to help him complete their challenge, she was terrified; she was so afraid to touch him like a lover.

Music suddenly blasted into the room as all the lights switched on.

The Hybrid’s eyes snapped open in high alert. He immediately sat up, disoriented with panic. Relief rushed through him when he realized that his daughter was still next to him.

Hope huddled closely to her father and shouted over the music, “I don’t know what’s going on!”

Klaus held on to her and scanned the room. He noticed the clock on the wall and was thankful that he hadn’t overslept. They still had enough time to complete their disturbing task. But what was this madness?

“Dad! Oh my God! Is… is that gas?”

He noticed it, too. A chemical substance that looked like nitrogen gas was spraying out of the vents. Before the Hybrid could even comprehend what was happening, he lost all consciousness.
4:30 am

The sound of rattling chains woke him from a dreamless sleep. His wrists and arms were aching and the iron bar that rested on his back only added to his extreme discomfort; it was an archaic torture contraption that had suspended Klaus from the ceiling.

It didn’t take long before he realized that he had been moved. He despised being chained up like a wild animal: powerless, fearful, and forced into submission. Hope was passed out on the concrete floor below him. He called out to her several times.

“Hope, wake up!”

“… Dad?” She slowly sat up and rubbed her temples. “Where... What happened?”

She noticed his chains and as soon as she tried to crawl toward him, he shouted, “Don’t! Don’t move, love!”

Their eyes locked as she instantly froze. He desperately needed to anchor himself, to escape the chaos in his mind.

Hope examined his chains and steeled herself before she said, “How do I get you down?”

“You don’t. Stay still.”

“But Dad I—”

“Don’t make me repeat myself!”

Klaus was terrified. He knew that his enemy was unpredictable. There was no way he could protect his daughter—not when he was bound in chains. No matter how much he tried to free himself, it was useless; he was only exhausting his strength.

“Where are we?” said Hope, scanning the perimeter.

They were in a new location that much resembled a rundown warehouse. It was empty, cold, but illuminated with light.

Something immediately caught their attention when they heard that deep, raspy voice that sounded like “Jigsaw” himself, echoing around them.

“You're probably wondering why I've chained you up, Niklaus…”

Hope met her father’s eyes and listened attentively.

“I gave you both ample opportunities to complete your first task, and what do you do? You pass out... boring! So, I took it upon myself to help you out—see how thoughtful I am?” The maniac cackled out loud. “Though, I must admit that it does depress me a tad knowing that I always have to put maximum effort to amuse myself...[sighs]... I mean, for once I’d like to be blown away, but I guess that will come in due time.”

Another pause followed with wicked laughter.

“I gave you specific instructions, Hybrid. You’re not following through.”
“WE STILL HAVE TIME!” Klaus erupted, yanking his chains in anger.

“Oh my, yes! There’s that temper! So passionate!” The sinister voice snickered. “Sometimes—in the most desperate of times, I should say—all we need is a little push! I’m raising the stakes. You have two options, Niklaus: you complete the task, right now and instruct your precious little girl how to give a proper blow-job… or, I take your sweet little angel away and make her watch some very explicit material… starring you. I’m sure you’re smart enough to conjecture the implication here… hmm?”

Klaus squeezed his eyes shut and tried to breathe through his desperation. He knew exactly what this sicko was on about. He just didn’t know how they had come into possession of those tapes.

“Time is ticking…”

Hope rose to her feet, never taking her eyes off her father. “Dad, maybe we should consider the alternative.”

“NO!”

Wicked laughter assaulted her eardrums as she shuddered to the core.

Klaus tried to negotiate his options, but he knew he was trapped, either way. “Fuck… FUCK!”

“Watch your language, Niklaus…”

Adrenaline coursed through his veins, pumping his heart on overdrive as he finally met his daughter’s fearful eyes. He wanted to reach inside of his chest and toss his bleeding heart out on the floor. But he knew what he had to do. He’d made his decision. There was no way he could let her see those tapes. She would hate him forever.

“Hope,” Klaus began. “Dry your eyes and step forward, sweetheart.”

“Wise choice!” His enemy cheered.

Hope bridged the distance between them until she was inches away from her father’s hanging body. She had to raise her head to meet his haunted eyes.

“Just tell me what I need to do,” she whispered, “and I’ll do it.”

As hard as he tried to hold it together, it was difficult to contain his emotions. How could he possibly
maintain an erection when his mind was plagued with unfathomable turmoil?

“Dad?” Hope touched his chest.

The warmth of her touch suddenly pulled him out of purgatory, if only for a moment. He locked his gaze on her deep blue eyes and knew what he had to do. Black spider veins pulsed around his chiselled cheekbones as the human quietly withdrew and hid behind the beast. He was more animal than man now. He could give into his baser instincts, if only to save her life.

Hope was mesmerized by his sublime beauty: a horrific tableau of exalted monstrosity. She was moved to tears as she wrapped her arms around his slender waist and hugged him.

Klaus had no choice but to surrender. He was hungry. His beast was deprived of blood… and sex.

As he battled his base desires, he gently murmured, “Unfasten my belt, love.”

Not wanting to let go of his warm body, Hope reluctantly withdrew and reached for her father’s leather belt with trembling hands. Her mind was racing while her blood kept rushing to every erogenous zone.

As she unfastened his buckle, she pulled down his fly and stared at the big bulge that had tented his black boxer briefs.

_Oh my God… oh my God_…

“Touch it,” said Klaus, trying to stay focused.

“Are you sure?” Hope nervously asked.

“Touch. It.”

A combination of shock and fear fled to her face when she pulled down his pants and released his throbbing manhood. The more she stared… the more she became aroused. Hope’s eyes were suddenly glowing and the only person who was aware of it was Klaus. The primal act was triggering her werewolf gene.

She stole a moment to admire the thickness and length of his cock, spellbound by the way his veins kept pulsing around his shaft. Instinctively, she lowered herself on her knees and started to stroke him.

Pleasure exploded through him as he stifled a groan and shut his eyes. He couldn’t watch her do it; he refused to, despite the temptation. Within seconds, his entire shaft was lubricated with pre-cum. He was sexually frustrated, but that worked in his favor; he wanted to cum and get it over with.

Something strange was happening to Hope’s body as she pumped her father’s cock through her fist. Her heart was pounding, and her panties were wet. It was a bizarre hypnosis: listening to his jagged breaths and the sound of skin rubbing together. Despite the disturbing depravity of what they were doing, her body was biologically responding: the wolf within was ready to be bred.

Unable to resist her arousal, Hope engulfed his thick swollen head with her lips and slowly sucked him off.
A loud, guttural groan rumbled through Klaus’ chest as he thrust his hips forward until he was submerged down her throat.

Hope felt her gag reflex and fought to control it. Very slowly, she dragged her lips up his rigid shaft before she went down again. Within minutes, she was lost in a steady rhythm. She had flipped a switch and was mimicking whatever she remembered from watching porn. With a tentative tongue, she teased his cock, sucking on his big testicles and licking his shaft before probing his urethral opening. Hope squeezed his shaft, watching with anticipation as several loads of precum trickled over her fingers.

Klaus groaned again, on the peak of climaxing when he smelled his daughter’s arousal. She was just as turned on as he was. He broke his own rules and opened his eyes, only to find her looking up at him, devotedly sucking away…

He was so painfully hard that he was convinced he would cum bucket loads.

_Cum in her mouth_, Klaus remembered. He knew he couldn’t mess this up; not when they’d gone this far.

On the verge of release, he clenched his fists and grunted through an explosive orgasm.

Hope had stopped moving. Jets of semen were gushing down her throat as she looked up at her father, allowing his cock to throb and pulse away in her mouth. She wasn’t sure if she was supposed to continue stimulating his shaft, but from what she felt, he had successfully ejaculated. She tried her best to swallow everything, but it got to a point where she needed to take a breath. Hope was still a novice.

As she wiped her mouth with her hand, she stood up and watched the way her father’s cock kept bouncing as he continued to ejaculate; it was far from normal. Klaus was the epitome of hyper-masculinity, and that included a hyperactive sex drive.

“Well done!” said their faceless enemy. “Things got a little heated up in here, too, I confess. But you’ve completed your first challenge. Congratulations!”

Klaus hung his head down in shame as soon as he recovered from his mind-numbing climax. His eyes were a pool of pain. He couldn’t face her. He was ashamed. So very ashamed. He couldn’t hold back his tears this time. His enemy had broken him.
“Dad… please don’t…”

Hope felt so powerless. All she could do was hold him while he sobbed in his iron chains like a tortured animal. She loved him too much to watch him suffer. They were both traumatized, subjected to one of the worst forms of psychological duress. As the reality of what they’d done settled in, she held her Hybrid father and quietly cried with him.

Klaus was lost for words. What could he possibly say to Hope? He had watched his own daughter take his cock in her mouth and suck him off… and he liked it. His guilt was all consuming.

“It’s gonna be okay.” Hope tried to reassure him, though it sounded more as if she was trying to convince herself. “It’s not your fault,” she repeated.

It absolutely broke her to see her father drowning in agony. She wanted to make it better, but how? Hope thought, clutching his shirt. Desperate to comfort him, she softly kissed his chest, but it only seemed to pain him more.

“Please, Dad.” Hope wept. “Please stop crying.” Tears were swimming down her face, yet all she wanted to do was soothe him.

When he struggled to speak, Hope enveloped her arms around his waist once more and held him in silence, until his painful cries turned into quiet sobs.

They were broken, Hope knew this. But at least they were broken together.

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Oct 7, 2017
3pm

I managed to find an in one of the bookshelves be making use of it. I’m -sure where to start, thing is just... we woke the room. Dad will help me.
I guess I’m mostly writing just to keep track of time have is that stupid clock so easy to lose track of ti
been locked up 2 days when he ignores me like he’s probably all messed up. I can’t deal with all the shit on my own. Doesn’t he see I need him? That I still feel more alone now. I would talk to me.

7pm

Dinner was delivered an hour ago. Dad finally got the -needed blood bags. I feel so much in love with the
8pm
He still refuses to talk about what happened in that warehouse. I’d like to push him... but I can’t stand this silence. Sure, I’ve stared for hours, but I don’t want him to open up. I need... I need him.

10pm
That sicko seems to have fallen for the night. We didn’t.”

‘tasks’
Dad refuses to sleep next...
help but feel like I did wrong. I’m sad and confused and afraid.
Taunting the Beast

A/N: Hey steamy readers! Sorry for the long hiatus! I was swamped with finals last month and I've been experiencing writer's block. Hopefully I can get back in a steady writing rhythm again. Thank you for your patience and enjoy x

Day 24: 8:30pm

Klaus had given up. Nothing and no one could reach him. His enemy had bested him, and for the first time in his immortal existence, he felt the weight of defeat crushing his soul. He couldn’t protect Hope; not from his enemies, not from the world… not from himself. It was a bitter truth to accept.

Weeks had passed since the incident in the warehouse. His dreams were plagued with sinful lust: an illicit desire he was determined to repress. Every time the Hybrid closed his eyes, his daughter’s sultry lips would appear… wrapping around his cock… a steamy collage of sinful recollections.

It was wrong.

He couldn’t forgive himself, even though his enemy had left him no other choice, it didn’t matter.

The scent of Hope’s blood drove him mad. It was especially difficult to ignore, given the tight proximity of their space; a pathetic excuse for living quarters: a cell.

Every day he feared the worst. While their captor had seemingly left them alone, Klaus knew that it was the calm before the storm; his nightmare had only begun. How much longer before that psychopath would demand him to…
No, Klaus shuddered at the thought. He refused to think about it. Not now. Not ever. Even in his mind, he found no solitude, no refuge.

You can’t escape the inevitable, boy, Mikael’s malevolent voice echoed in his consciousness.

Throughout these weeks their meals were delivered on time, as promised; and yet, all communication between him and his enemy had come to a halt. No more “surprises” in the middle of the night; no more taunting insults through the speakers. Klaus could not determine why this had occurred, but he was thankful for it. He needed time to process what had happened with him and his daughter.

He refused to share a bed with her, no matter how much she insisted. It simply wasn’t safe, Klaus thought. Temptation was always around the corner.

You’re nothing but a licentious bastard, his conscience berated him. You raised her, and now all you can think about is fucking her senseless...

NO!

Admit it.

The Hybrid was losing his mind. Being locked away in isolation didn’t help his condition; it only brought him closer to insanity… closer to deviancy. Limiting his conversations with Hope worsened his psychological state. It was impossible to look at her without sexualizing her in his head, and he hated himself for it.

“Dad?”

Hope’s sweet, feminine voice caught his attention and pulled him away from despair.

“What’s wrong, love?” he answered.

She abandoned her diary on the bed and walked towards him, seating herself next to him on the sofa.

“You seem like you’re in a better mood tonight.” Hope broke the silence. “I thought it might be a good time to talk.”

“About?”

“… what happened in the warehouse.”

Klaus was uncomfortable as he met her gaze. “I told you before, there’s nothing to discuss. I wish you’d leave it alone.”

“Do you really think I’m stupid? Every day I see you tormenting yourself in silence… why? We both know what the stakes are. We both know what we must do to survive. Do you honestly believe I blame you for all this? All I want is to be close to you… I feel so alone…” She paused as her vision hazed with tears. “You’re all I have, and you treat me like I’m invisible… That hurts!”

He met her anguished eyes and felt his heart squeeze in pain. It felt like instinct to pull her into his arms and console her, yet Klaus still restrained himself.

“I need you,” said Hope, wiping her tears away. “Ignoring me only hurts me more. I don’t understand why you’re so apathetic.”

“It’s quite the opposite, sweetheart,” he finally spoke. “I feel too much… my immortal curse of which there is no cure.”
“So you shut down?”

He ignored her patronizing tone and replied, “I haven’t.”

“Could’ve fooled me.”

“Hope, please don’t be so difficult. Try to understand my perspective.”

“But that’s just it! You won’t share it! You refuse to talk about anything related to how you feel!”

“Because it’s bloody obvious!” Klaus erupted. “We’re in here because of me! Your innocence has been blemished because of me!”

Hope was about to respond but stopped as soon as she heard the familiar sound of mechanical gears turning. It caught Klaus’s attention as well as he turned his head towards the adjacent wall. The small lift where their meals were delivered suddenly opened, revealing a little white card on a silver platter.

Klaus was paralyzed with fear as he sat, fixed in place. When Hope got up, he snapped out of it and told her to sit down.

“I’ll get it,” he firmly stated.

Hope watched her father and did her best to mask her own anxiety. She knew that whatever the task was—no matter how deranged or perverted, she would do her best to make it easier on her father. He meant the world to her, even though her life was on the line, she was determined to protect him from himself.

“Dad, what is it? What does it say?”

The sound of static filled their ears before demonic laughter blared out of the speakers.

“Did you really think I was gone?” said the Jig-saw voice. “Dead, perhaps? I’m sure you thought about it, given my radio silence… I gave you weeks to dwell in your misery. Now it’s time to play! Time to let out some demons that you hide away in your closet, or should I say… crypt.”

Klaus had lost his fighting spirit. He returned to the sofa in a listless state of trance and sat down.

Hope retraced his steps to the lift. As she reached for the card, she flipped it and read what was written with a black sharpie:

**Bend her over. Naked. Gag her. Flog her. 50 Lashes.**

**Make it hurt. Make her cry.**

The lift was suddenly raised back up before it was lowered, revealing a multi-tailed leather whip, a black ball gag, and black lace lingerie.

“You have twelve hours.” Their enemy reminded them. “Clock starts now.”
A/N: Thank you for all your amazing reviews/comments <3 I’m sorry for the delayed upload. Hectic schedule! Hope you guys enjoy this one! Original upload date was gonna be this Friday, but I finished early. More chapters to come xx

-Skye

Music in chapter: Klergy-World on Fire

11:30pm

Sin: An act of transgression against divine law; an immoral act; an act regarded as a serious or regrettable fault, offense, or omission.
Klaus was convinced that the sins of his past had piled up, and karma had finally come knocking at his door. His inner demons had never left him; they were very much alive. No matter how hard he struggled, the war was never won. It was ongoing and relentless.

His daughter should have been a comfort to him, he thought to himself, hiding his face in his hands as he sulked in silence.

_I can’t protect her._

No matter how many times he told himself, reiterating the facts never changed their circumstances. Klaus could hardly repeat the repulsive words he had read only hours ago. He knew what was expected of him; he simply couldn’t bring himself to do it. How could he possibly unleash his demons on his innocent little angel?

_Not so little anymore, Hybrid._

Klaus squeezed his eyes shut and tried his best to ignore the voice in his head. It was a familiar voice: a taunting voice… a demon embodied as sinful desire.

“Dad?”

Her warm touch pulled him away from his madness, as he met her anxious eyes. He wanted to die a thousand times over. How could he possibly hurt her?

Hope reached for his hand and said, “We’re a team. We can get through this.”
How? Klaus thought. How can you be so strong? How are you not traumatized?

Instinctively he answered, “I can’t. I can’t do it, Hope. I can’t hurt you.”

“You have no other choice. I’d rather be whipped and flogged than to experience that crippling pain ever again. Please, Dad. Please don’t make this harder than it already is. We…”—her voice wavered—“We have to comply.”

She knew that compliance went against his very nature. She knew that this was breaking him little by little, but Hope was just as helpless as her father. Their only chance at escaping alive was to obey the psychopath who had captured them.

“It’s better if we just get it over with,” she said. “If we don’t do this, something worse could happen like last time.”

Klaus averted his gaze in shame. He hated being reminded.

“We can do this,” Hope emphasized again, squeezing his hand. “I think it’s best if we…” She paused abruptly, wondering if she had lost him. “Dad? Are you listening?”

He couldn’t hide his guilt-stricken face as he slowly met her gaze. “You should hate me.”

“I could never.”

“How can you not? I hate myself,” he bitterly stated.

Hope softened her tone and murmured, “You’re my father. You made me. You’ve gone out of your way to protect me… all through mom’s pregnancy, all throughout my life.” Her eyes brimmed with tears. “You’re a part of me, and I’m a part of you. We’re bonded for life. I could never hate you, Dad. I love you.”

Her touching confession moved him inside as he contemplated their fate. His sullen eyes shifted toward the silver platter where the cat o’ nine tails and ball-gag were lain. Something had grown restless within him as soon as he’d read that cursed card; as soon as he saw that whip…

“I’m going to take a shower,” said Hope. She stood up and looked back at her father. “We can do this, Dad. I’ll be okay. I promise.”

Her reassurance was hardly a comfort, he thought. Klaus knew there was only one way to complete this challenge. He had an itch that needed to be scratched, and his enemy was exploiting it to the fullest degree.

Creamy fair skin… pink, pouty lips… smooth globes of flesh. Hope examined her taut midriff in the mirror as clouds of steam evaporated around her small frame. Vanilla scented bodywash had permeated the air in the bathroom, reminding her of her mother’s hand lotion; she missed her terribly.

Was she looking for them? Hope wondered. Would her family ever find them? How long until they were finally released? Would they ever be released? So many questions left unanswered.

As she reached for a towel, she ignored her anxieties and tried to focus on the present. Their abduction was clearly a game to the psychopath who had captured them. She knew that the only way
to survive this was to adopt a competitive state of mind.

*They’re just challenges. Sick, perverted challenges. But my life is at stake.*

She towel-dried her hair and looked at the lacy lingerie that she’d laid out on the vanity.

*Oh God,* Hope thought, her stomach twisting in knots.

The teenage tribrid had never owned anything as *riské* as this. She felt so out of her element. Her fingertips brushed the lacy garment before she slipped on the thong and snapped on the push-up bra.

A rosy shade of blush spread across her cheeks as she examined her figure in the mirror. She felt embarrassed. The reality of what was about to happen was hitting her hard.

*You can do this, you can do this,* Hope repeatedly told herself. She was the only one who could coach herself through this ordeal.

Her hands were trembling as she reached for the doorknob and hesitated.

*Just open it, dammit.*

---

Such a vile invention, Klaus thought, examining the woven leather tails.

*Abused like cattle…*

Debauchery at its finest.
Flickers of memories flashed before his eyes as he tried to control his darkest impulses. The crack of the whip… painful cries of desperation… begging… *pleading*. He hungered for their pain. He feasted and gorged on it; his pleasure derived from it; his demon *demanded* it. He was a sadist, through and through. His humanity never stood a chance. Mikael had broken him young.

Klaus lifted his gaze as soon as he heard the bathroom door open. His heart rate accelerated as he waited for his daughter to emerge from the threshold. Seconds went by as he seemed to understand her hesitance. Klaus couldn’t be selfish. He had to help her through this. He had to be strong for her, regardless of his endless shame and guilt. He had to take the lead. She couldn’t possibly lead him on this one, he concluded, clearing his throat.

“*It’s okay.*” He softened his tone. “*Come out, sweetheart.*”

A long-winded sigh echoed from the bathroom as Hope finally stepped out. She kept her head down as she walked toward the sofa and stood in front of him.

How vulnerably exposed… helpless… powerless. He caressed her body with a loving gaze before he stood up and enveloped her in his arms.

Hope felt as if she could breathe again as she hugged him back and took comfort in his warm embrace. Her father had always been her protector; he still was, in her mind.

Klaus kissed her head and stroked her damp hair. A strawberry fragrance intoxicated his senses; but her outfit was what had triggered his inappropriate erection. It throbbed against Hope’s naked thigh, and he felt horrible for reacting the way he did as he swiftly withdrew.
“How are we going to do this?” she asked, nervously rubbing her arm.

He exhaled slowly and fixated on the instrument of torture. Her beautiful body would be covered in lashes—bloody lacerations. Klaus was at war with himself.

Hope seemed to sense his inner turmoil as she said, “Dad… please, just do what you need to do. I can get through this.”

It was fight or flight once again, and sadly, he couldn’t choose either. Klaus had no choice but to be an obedient dog. As he reached for the ball-gag, the bulge in his pants grew bigger.

Dark spider veins formed around his cheekbones as he induced his transition. In that moment, his beastly form had to dominate him. It was the only way.

The Hybrid held his daughter’s face and softly said, “You’re going to feel a lot of pain. What I’m about to do to you is not right. It is not an expression of love. It’s not something that any good person should ever experience; it’s inhumane.”

“I understand that,” Hope replied, mesmerized by his black and gold irises.

“I’ll heal you right after, I promise.” He left a chaste kiss on her forehead before he asked her to open her mouth. She obeyed him and waited.

Klaus inserted the ball-gag inside, fastening the buckled strap at the back of her neck. There was no way of making her comfortable. Flogging her on the sofa would have stained it in blood, so he decided to guide her away from their makeshift living room, into the kitchen area.

“Bend over the table,” he instructed.

Hope complied. Nothing was audible, apart from the buzzing sound of the fluorescent lights. But that would quickly change, Klaus thought, dreading the inevitable.

He turned around and stood directly behind Hope. The whip was roughly 30 inches in length, but he knew the damage it could do… the power of his superhuman strength.

*Face down, ass up...*
Graphic images suddenly overflowed from his memory bank. His overpowering lust was impossible to temper. This was his daughter he was about to harm, and yet, his demon within was revelling at the opportunity to punish her for a crime she was not guilty of.

Klaus gripped the cat o’ nine tails and inhaled deeply, holding his breath as he raised the whip.

THRASH!

Her breath quivered.

She didn’t scream.

His expectations had been subverted.


A red welt mark began to bloom on her shapely bottom, as his erection tented his trousers. He raised his arm again and unleashed another blow.

CRACK!

Her body flinched and jerked forward.

Not a peep out of her.

Is she challenging me? Or putting on a brave face?

Was this strategic on her part? Klaus wondered

The father who loved her was slowly fading away, as something more sinister emerged.

Make it hurt. Make her cry.

Overpowered with unreasonable rage, Klaus unleashed all his fury and counted down as he struck her violently, taking private pleasure in her pain. He would make it hurt, all right. He would make her cry. He needed… her pain.

Hope’s beautiful face was soaked in tears and sweat. Her entire body was trembling from the trauma she’d endured. Her father had flogged her so hard she was numb to the pain now. But on the last and final blow, she broke. She had screamed and broke down crying. It took every ounce of strength to contain her agony. Hope had wanted to be strong for him. She knew that if she caved and succumbed to the pain early on, he might have stopped. Yet upon the final lash, she unraveled and sobbed uncontrollably.

Scarlet lines were dripping down her legs as Klaus admired the bloody mess. Crimson lacerations on pink, swollen skin. Was there beauty in this violence? No.

He was a monster.
What have I done to her?

The Hybrid blinked several times, forcing the spider veins to disappear. His demon was finally sated, but his bloodlust was far from satisfied, and his impulse for depravity was even stronger. He had to gain a sense of equilibrium before he lost all self-control.

Dropping the whip, Klaus reached for the buckle on the ball-gag and unfastened it.

Hope immediately spat it out and coughed a few times while catching her breath. The rubber ball was covered in saliva as it rolled on the table, but Klaus was far from repulsed. It was only weeks ago when those beautiful lips were wrapped around his cock, pleasuring him... making him explode.

He erased those explicit images and wiped her tear stained face. “Hope.”

She met his gaze with defeated eyes, breathing, trembling.

He had exposed her to trauma. He’d exposed her to his demon. He could never forgive himself. Tears filled his eyes at the sudden realization. No matter how many times Klaus apologized, it could never undo this moment.

He acted quickly and punctured his wrist with his fangs.

“You need to drink so I can heal your wounds,” he said, hiding his distress.

Hope did not hesitate this time. She held his wrist to her mouth and took greedy gulps from her father’s lifeforce, while an electrical current flowed through her body. The more she drank, the more luminous her eyes glowed.

A familiar sensation was returning to him. It had happened when he’d first fed on her: an overwhelming arousal that defied all reason; an animalistic urge to take and devour; to ravish, defile, and possess.

The slightest moan escaped from Hope’s lips. It was nearly his undoing as his cock throbbed and swelled, restricted in his trousers. He had to break the spell. He had to yank his wrist away and stop this.

It was wrong. On all counts.

But Klaus couldn’t stop.

“Hope,” he breathed, fighting internally. “That’s... enough!”

After what seemed like forever, he finally found the strength to pull back. Her lips were blood stained; those eyes that were glowing a brilliant gold had returned to a turbulent ocean. He wanted to calm the waters.

“Don’t move;” said Klaus.

He left her briefly and returned with a warm, wet towel. The timer on the clock had stopped, invoking a rush of relief.

Hope hadn’t moved. She was too exhausted to stand upright, even though her injuries had healed. She rested her face on the cold surface of the table, as her father crouched behind her and washed off the blood: a loving ritual: a caring gesture that was so different from the man who had unleashed a world of pain on her body... a monster.
Static suddenly buzzed from the speakers.

“Well played, Hybrid,” said their enemy. “You completed your task—way ahead of schedule this time, too. I’m impressed. I’ll reward you both, certainly. See how I allowed you to heal her? That was thoughtful of me, wasn’t it? I’m not as heartless as you believe I am.” The maniac chuckled.

A mechanical sound of winding gears caught Klaus’s attention as his eyes darted toward the wall.

“Well played, Hybrid,” said their enemy. “You completed your task—way ahead of schedule this time, too. I’m impressed. I’ll reward you both, certainly. See how I allowed you to heal her? That was thoughtful of me, wasn’t it? I’m not as heartless as you believe I am.” The maniac chuckled.

A mechanical sound of winding gears caught Klaus’s attention as his eyes darted toward the wall.

“Enjoy,” said his enemy. “You deserve it.”

Klaus walked toward the lift and slid the compartment ajar. He was thankful to find a pile of blood bags instead of another cue-card from hell. Instantly, he ripped one open and gorged on it, emptying the bag in seconds before tearing into another.

Suddenly, the lights shut off.

Panic fled to Hope’s face but was quickly assuaged when the light returned. Only this time, it wasn’t the cold white light of fluorescent tube lamps; rather, a soft, warm glow from flush mount ceiling lights, slowly dimming by the second.

Soft music started playing from the speakers, amplifying a romantic ambience that was artificially created. They were actors on a set, with no choice but to satisfy their “deranged director.” It was a play of tragedy. A father and daughter enslaved, unaware that they were slowly becoming enslaved to each other.

In a world on fire...

2am

A pleasurable moan was ringing in Klaus’s ears as soon as he opened his eyes. The woman he had been making love to was not Aurora or Cami, nor a fantasy goddess. His dreams were now plagued by unconscious desires too sinful to describe. He turned his head and looked at Hope’s sleeping body, feeling nothing but overwhelming guilt.

She had practically begged him to cuddle her that night, and he couldn’t deny her, despite how horrible he felt for what he’d done to her. He knew the truth deep down.
The music had died down an hour ago as they lay in the darkness. It seemed impossible to burn away the image of Hope’s half naked body from his mind. Everything about her was beautiful, Klaus thought, brushing back her tresses.

Hope stirred in her sleep, responding to his touch. She hummed in quiet contentment as her eyes slowly opened.

“You’re awake?” she asked.

Klaus heard the exhaustion in her voice and said, “Go back to sleep, sweetheart.”

“What’s keeping you up?”

“I had a nightmare.” He lied.

“About?”

“I can’t remember the details.”

Her pupils adjusted to the darkness as she shifted closer, molding herself to his muscled body.

As much as he was taken back, he didn’t stop her from sliding her leg over his hip and caressing his face.

“It was just a dream, Daddy.”

Klaus couldn’t help but smile. “You hardly call me that anymore.”

“I outgrew it.”

He took her hand into his and kissed it softly. A brief spell of silence passed between them before he said, “I can never give you a normal life again. Maybe there’s a way to compel you after all of this is over—if it ever will be.”

“I can’t be compelled,” Hope replied. “And even if I could, I wouldn’t want to be.” She snuggled closer.

The heat between their bodies was driving him mad with lust, yet he couldn’t pull away.

“You don’t know what you’re saying, love. It’s going to get a lot worse. I know it. There’s no point in pretending. I can’t shelter you from the truth. I can’t… protect you. I feel terrible for what I did to you earlier.”

“What you were forced to do,” Hope informed him.

“I can’t live with myself. No matter what you say, it’s my burden to bear.”

“It’s our burden.”

“None of this is your fault.”

“It’s not yours, either.” She frowned, saddened by his all-consuming guilt.

“There are things I’ve done in my past,” said Klaus. “Things I’m so ashamed of. None of it
compares to this.”

“Please stop. Please stop thinking that this is something you’re responsible for, because you’re not.”

He paused pensively. “How are you so wise beyond your years?”

“I had to grow up fast.”

Klaus was suddenly filled with overwhelming love for her, so much that it made him feel ashamed of relishing in her pain a few hours ago. He leaned forward and softly kissed her forehead.

Hope had placed him on so high of a pedestal that he constantly worried about falling from it. The man that she knew was a persona he had created. The Hybrid was convinced that his true identity was a dark entity that lurked within him; a demon that he struggled to decimate.

He held his daughter close, slowly fading when Hope said, “Dad?”

“Yes, love?”

“Please don’t ever abandon me.”

Klaus held her face and stared at her with a penetrative gaze. “I’d die first,” he murmured.

Those lips were begging to be kissed, yet he ignored the urge, convinced that their blood sharing was the reason behind his illicit desire.

“Close your eyes, sweetheart.”

“Don’t leave.”

“Where could I possibly go?” He chuckled.

“The sofa.”

A genuine smile eclipsed his brooding face as he told her to roll on her side.

Hope felt his arm glide over her waist, pulling her in as he spooned with her. She sighed softly, grateful for his comfort and warmth. They were prisoners, but at least they were imprisoned together.

Klaus leaned into her ear and whispered, “Live to fight another day.”
A/N: Thank you again for all your encouraging reviews and comments on my last chapter :) I just wanted to clarify that although Klaus’s werewolf gene is triggered during the moonstone ritual on *The Vampire Diaries*, you will notice some slight differences in my story; the divergence is small but deliberate since this is an AU fic. Also, Camille is still alive. Enjoy :)

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990 A.D.

*Nordland, Kingdom of Norway*

“No more! I beg of you!”

“Shut your mouth, *whore*!”

The crack of the whip.

Cries of agony.

“Harlot’s must be punished!”

“Please, Master! No more… no more!”

A young boy of twelve peeped through a keyhole, watching as his father flogged a helpless servant
girl. Eliza was the most beautiful girl that Niklaus had ever seen, with long auburn hair, bright blue eyes, and soft, fair skin. She was his mother’s handmaiden. Her entire family had been murdered by bandits when their village was burned three years ago.

It was Esther Mikaelson who had been the one to take Eliza under her wing when Mikael saved her from the fire. Although she was destined for a life of servitude, Esther’s kindness never wavered.

Gradually, Eliza moved on from her grief and adapted to her new life. She took charge of the domestic duties and was faithfully devoted to her household chores. She loved all the Mikaelson children, especially Klaus and Rebekah. When the siblings were younger, she used to stay up and tell them bedtime stories. She would coddle and care for them as if they were her own, taking the role of a dedicated nanny. Truly, she was loved by the entire family.

As Klaus outgrew his primary years, his love for Eliza began to transform into a different kind. He realized it on the day he secretly followed her to the river to watch her bathe. She was ravishingly beautiful. It was at that moment that he vowed to take her hand in marriage and love her for eternity—such were the dreams of a naïve young boy, blindly in love.

On the eve of Klaus’s thirteenth birthday, he rose from bed and quietly slipped outside, careful not to wake his sister. As he stole away into the darkness, he headed towards a shabby little shack that was next to his father’s stable.

Expecting Eliza to be fast asleep, Klaus slipped a love letter under the door and turned back to run when something suddenly caught his attention… a blood curdling shriek echoed in the distance.

The flickering glow of lantern light shone through a window in the stable across the field, beckoning him to come toward it. His heart kept pounding in his chest as he approached, compelled by fear. He knew the consequences if Mikael caught him outside. His stepfather ruled his household with an iron fist; to disobey was to voluntarily ask for a beating.

Out of all his siblings, Mikael was always hardest on Klaus. Esther’s infidelity was never truly forgiven, and he fervently resented her for it. But most of all, he resented the existence of an innocent boy who had no fault for the ways in which he was conceived and brought into the world. He did not love the child. He never did. He simply tolerated him.

Yet, this never deterred young Niklaus from going above and beyond to gain his stepfather’s respect. Mikael was the only father he had. All he ever wanted was to make him proud, and he failed every time, simply because he was not his biological son. He could not change his DNA. Even though his siblings loved him regardless of his parentage, they could not fill the void that had spread like a crater inside his chest. They could not give him the unconditional love that he needed from Mikael. He was always known as the bastard child: an eye sore to a man who did everything in his power to make him feel worthless.

His father withheld his love and set restrictions when it came to Klaus. Elijah was more of a father figure, yet he could never properly fill that role that Mikael was expected to live up to. Regardless of
Mikael’s shortcomings, Klaus never lost hope. He was determined to prove to his father that he was truly a Mikaelson, despite the wolf blood that coursed through his veins.

Unbeknownst to Klaus and his family, his werewolf gene was the reason behind his superb hunting abilities and acute hearing; it explained how he was able to hear what fell on deaf ears that night… a woman screaming.

As he entered the stable, he followed the sound and opened an empty stall, where a pile of hay had been shoveled to the side. Klaus noticed a small cellar door in the floorboards. The screaming continued as he yanked on the iron ring and descended into the darkness.

A flight of wooden stairs creaked beneath his boots and took him to an underground tunnel that was lit with torches. He followed a dirt path, until he stood before a tall, wooden door.

“Please, Master! Please, no more!”

That voice, Klaus thought, crouching down to the keyhole; it was big enough for him to see what was happening inside. He feared the worst as his curiosity got the best of him.

She was naked.

Bound to a wooden cross.

In chains.

If only his eyes could un-see what he beheld. If only he’d turned back sooner. He was only a child, an adolescent boy who had discovered something so shocking, so atrociously horrific that it shook the foundations of his vulnerable mind.

Klaus watched as his father whipped Eliza over and over, slicing thin red ribbons into her back. He wanted to run, but the poor boy was paralyzed with fear and rage. How could he possibly save her? Too young to defend himself, he knew that he was no match for Mikael; he would have killed him first. Klaus had to come up with a plan—perhaps tell his mother, he thought.

His aqua eye shifted toward his father again as he watched him approach Eliza in the candle-lit room. It was the first time he had witnessed such obscene nudity. Overcome with shame, Klaus focused on Eliza, resting his hands on the door as he spectated something no child should have seen. He watched as Mikael poured hot candle wax on Eliza’s nubile breasts, grinning as she screamed in pain. He still couldn’t look away when Mikael slid his hand between her thighs and roughly assaulted her sex before releasing the girl from her chains and bending her over a table.

Mikael’s pleasurable groans echoed into Klaus’s eardrums as he aggressively slammed his hips against Eliza, mounting her from behind.

“I’m going to fuck you like the swine you are, filthy whore!”

Blood was rushing to his groin as Klaus became wild with arousal. It was the first time he had witnessed something like this: gory sexual violence; yet the sound of Eliza’s moaning and jiggling breasts were driving him mad with lust, as his teenage hormones went haywire.

Disgusted by his anatomical response, Klaus ripped himself away from the door and ran… down the tunnel… up the stairs.

He left the stable and swiftly returned to his sleeping quarters as his heart hammered in his chest.
“Nik?” said Rebekah, rising from her bed. “Where did you go?”

“Nature called,” he lied. “Go back to sleep, Bekah.”

Too tired to inquire further, Rebekah dropped her head on her pillow and shut her eyes.

He was in bed now, ignoring a painful erection that refused to go down. It was a sin to pleasure himself, according to his father. Mikael always read passages aloud from the Bible every night. He considered himself as a man of providence: a man of God, despite his pagan heritage; yet everything that Klaus had witnessed that night contradicted what his father had preached.

Eliza’s agonizing screams still echoed in his head as he forced himself to sleep. He was determined to save her, but how? Klaus wondered, at war with himself.

The following morning, Klaus followed Eliza into the woods and confronted her about what he’d seen. Expecting that she’d intreat him for help, he was ultimately shocked by her response.

“Please, Niklaus… it—it’s not what it looks like.” She dropped the empty pail near the well and said, “Your father loves me. He has loved me from the moment he saved me. Please do not tell Esther. She will have me sent away!”

Klaus could hardly believe what he had heard as he angrily shouted, “My father hurt you! How is that love?”

“I…”—she fidgeted—“I wanted him to. You are too young to understand.” Eliza grew desperate as she placed her hands on Klaus’s shoulders and pleaded her case. “Your family is all I have. I care for Mikael. He is… misunderstood. You know what that is like to be misunderstood and villainized, do you not? Do you not, Niklaus?”

He nodded, despite his confusion.

“Please, I beg you, if you have any love in your heart for me, keep this secret. Your mother will have me burned at the stake. I love you all too much to part ways with you in this life. You are still very young. When you are old enough, you will understand just how complicated love can be.”

Eliza’s dress suddenly slipped off her shoulder, perturbing Klaus as he noticed her bruises. “Why?” He scowled. “Why do you let him hurt you, Eliza?”

“I… I am not too certain myself. I merely… I need it as much as he does.” She paused and then added, “Good Lord! You’re too young to discuss this with. Please, swear to me that you will not tell. Swear that you will keep our secret.”

The fear in her eyes was crushing him. Eliza was the first girl he ever loved in his own boyish way.

“Please, Niklaus.” She begged again.

“I promise,” he finally replied. “Only if you swear that you will come away with me.”

“You are hardly a man yet. I cannot—”

“In three years’ time.” He cut her off. “I shall be sixteen. Swear you will be mine. Swear that you will forget my father and love only me. That is my condition.”
Eliza couldn’t hide her smile. He was so naïve, so innocently naïve. She knew she would never run away with Klaus. Mikael had promised to take her away with him by the next summer solstice. But she lied through her teeth and said, “I promise you, Niklaus. You have my word.”

“You are my betrothed now. Do you vow to never surrender your body to him again?”

“Your father is master of this household. I cannot deny him of anything. I do not have the authority to.”

“Did he force himself on you?”

She frowned and pursed her lips. “In the beginning, yes.”

“I shall slit his throat!” Klaus turned on his heel in rage but was stopped when Eliza grabbed his arm.

“No!” She fell to her knees and cried out, “Don’t be foolish! Please, Niklaus, I gave you my word! You have no knowledge of the history between me and your father. As I mentioned before, Mikael is a man who is severely misunderstood. He has his demons. I know he has mistreated you. I know that he has hurt you so much, but I have been doing my best to help him.”

“By allowing him to harm you?” Klaus balled his fists in rage. “Are you in love with him?”

“No. But I care for him. I do not expect you to understand it.”

“Help me to, Eliza.”

“I am but a servant girl. I have no power or place to fend for myself. My status is different than yours. I know you are angry, but you must practice patience if you truly wish to be with me.”

In desperation, she pressed her lips against his and offered him his first kiss.

“He may have my body,” said Eliza, “but you have my heart.” She lied, preying on the innocence of a young boy in love.

There were many nights when Klaus would sneak away to the stables, creeping through the tunnel that led to that big wooden door. He would watch as his father whipped, bruised, and branded the woman he loved with hot iron. As much as it tore him inside to see her subjected to such vile and cruel treatment, he could not bring himself to end his growing obsession… a dark fascination with sex and violence.

His father’s sadistic tendencies had infected him. It was far too late to reverse the damage of witnessing the act, over and over. It was especially difficult to keep Eliza’s secret whenever Mikael was cruel to him. His jealousy drove him mad, but his love for her was stronger.

Two years passed and Klaus had still struggled to rid himself of a shameful habit. He could not keep away from secretly spying on his father’s debaucheries, oblivious to the trauma of witnessing such violence; oblivious to the demon that was birthed within him; a demon that was nurtured every time he watched what happened beyond that dark door.

At fifteen, Eliza finally took his virginity near a riverbank in the woods. He had followed her to watch her bathe one evening, and she had caught him. Aroused by his voyeuristic urges, she offered her body to him and initiated Klaus into manhood. His obsession for her had only worsened. He needed to possess her. He couldn’t wait to double-cross his father and steal his most prized possession.
From that moment on, they engaged in secret, surrendering to gentle love making. He refused to put her through what his father did to her, even though his dreams were filled with graphic scenes of horror.

When Klaus reached his sixteenth birthday, he was finally ready to escape with Eliza, but she implored him to delay, convincing him that it was not the right time to run yet, that the best time to leave was when his father left for his voyaging expedition the following year. This would have given Niklaus more time to gather his resources and prepare for a proper getaway.

But another three years passed, while Eliza continued to make excuses.

It all came to a climactic end when Klaus had his twentieth birthday celebration. That night, he abandoned the festivities and followed Eliza into the woods. Mikael had been waiting for her near the well. Klaus hid behind a tree and watched as she ran into his father's arms and kissed him. It was like daggers to his heart, yet he could not tear himself away. He stayed completely still and eavesdropped, as their reunion turned sour.

“You said you’d leave her! You promised! I’ve waited so long, Mikael!”

“Be careful how you speak to me. I am your Master. Do not forget that.”

She lowered her head in defeat before she met his cold blue eyes and whispered, “I love you. Why won’t you leave her? Why must you make me wait? You swore we would run away together!”

“Esther is my wife! I am duty bound! I cannot abandon my children!”

“How can you love a woman who was unfaithful to you and carried the child of her lover?”

SLAP!

Eliza suddenly burst into tears as she held her burning cheek. He had struck her hard across the face, shaking with anger as he tried to tame his rage.

She crumpled to the ground and cried at his feet.

“Get up,” Mikael gruffly demanded.

“I cannot! You do not love me, Master.”

“On your feet, Eliza. That is an order!”

She wiped her tears and slowly stood up, afraid to meet his threatening gaze.

“Look at me.”

Reluctantly, her deep blue eyes locked onto his as he reached out and gently cupped her face.

“Do you have any idea how beautiful you are when you cry?”

A teardrop rolled down her cheek as he wiped it away, taking pleasure in her pain.

“You have bewitched me,” Mikael confessed.

“I love only you.”

“Then listen to me when I say that now is not the time to leave. You belong with me, Eliza. You
belong to me. Do you understand?"

She nodded and felt her heart explode when he kissed her passionately before he bent her over the well, lifted her dress, and gratified his sexual appetite.

Klaus could hardly control his rage and jealousy as it poisoned his bloodstream and seeped into his soul. Eliza had lied to him. She’d sworn her heart to him... all lies. He finally realized that she never had any intention to keep her promise. All she had done was buy herself more time. She was protecting Mikael. She was in love with him. She wanted to run away with him.

Klaus had experienced his first heartbreak and betrayal.

You never loved me, he grieved in silence, fighting tears as he ran through the woods.

He wanted to confront Eliza that evening. He desperately wanted her to convince him that she was lying to Mikael, and that he was the one whom she truly loved.

But the following day when Klaus met her near the river, desire overpowered his logic, as they wound up entangled in each other’s arms, lost in the throes of passion. He was on top of her, taking her to the edge of ecstasy when he suddenly reached for her throat, and squeezed.

“Yes...” Eliza gasped. “Just like that.”

He gave her his speed, harder and rougher, until his other hand wrapped around her delicate throat. Adrenaline rushed through him as he cut off her air supply, never taking his eyes off her.

Within seconds, her lustful gaze dissipated, replaced by panic and fear.

She couldn’t breathe.

He was choking her so hard that she could no longer speak as she sputtered for breath. Klaus watched her face turn beet red... and then purple... veins bulging along her temples and forehead. Eliza tried to claw his hands away, desperate for oxygen, but he was too powerful.

“You betrayed me!” Klaus shouted, welcoming the rage, embracing it.

He squeezed and squeezed until her eyes rolled back. Uncertain whether she had passed out, he refused to release her, secretly reveling in her powerless state. His hands had turned into weapons of
destruction.

The woman that he loved since childhood, soon gave her last breath before he sent her to an early grave.

No farewell kiss.

No romantic declarations.

It was death by asphyxiation from a scorned lover. A young man who had committed a crime of passion. Something had snapped within him.

When his fog of rage finally lifted, Klaus came to terms with the reality of what he’d done. He was so distraught that he got up and paced in panic, crying inconsolably. He had killed Eliza. He had murdered his father’s mistress. Even though she had deceived him, he still loved her.

Overwhelmed with guilt, he kneeled before her corpse and pulled her into his arms, begging for forgiveness. It was simply too late. He had lost his first love.

Klaus burned Eliza’s body deep in the forest before he returned home that evening. He’d made sure to scatter her ashes and remains into the lake to hide any trace that she’d been killed. He knew that he could never tell a soul what had happened. He felt so remorseful. While his father had sent out a search party to find their missing servant girl, he eventually stopped all efforts, concluding that she had run away. The truth was never discovered, but it never erased Klaus’s guilt.

In the next coming weeks, Eliza was soon replaced by another beautiful maiden: a seventeen-year-old girl who had been sold by her impoverished parents in exchange for some land and cattle.

It wasn’t long before Klaus noticed his father preying on the girl and seducing her. He seemed to have forgotten about Eliza completely, as he was determined to groom and possess another sex slave. For months, Klaus carefully watched and learned the ways of seduction, as Mikael finally lured the girl into his dungeon in the tunnels. He had gained her love and trust, and with it came submission.

Klaus despised his father. But what he hated most was his own violent fantasies that ceaselessly plagued him. Now that Mikael was back to old habits, Klaus knew that he had no choice but to confront him, kill him, or expose his transgressions to his mother.

He chose the latter when his father left with Elijah and Finn to hunt one afternoon. What Klaus had not expected was Esther’s complicity.
“I’ve known, Niklaus,” she said, touching his shoulder. “I’ve always known, even before I married your father.”

Horrified by the truth, he recoiled from his mother’s touch and stared at her with revulsion. “How… how could you allow this?”

“Rest assured that your father loves me. We all have demons inside, my son.”

“Does he hurt you too, Mother?”

“No. Never. He refuses to engage in those—activities with me, though I worry that Eliza’s disappearance was his fault. I have seen the lengths of his violence.”

Klaus was immediately crippled with guilt. He could not bring himself to admit the truth to his mother, even though he was confident in her love for him. He was far too ashamed to confess his sins.

“Please, Mother, you must stop him! It is wrong!”

“Your father is free to take on a lover, just as I am free to choose my own. How else do you think you were born? My pregnancy with you was indeed accidental and he resents me for it, though I still love you, regardless of the shame it brought upon me.”

“Father is a hypocrite!”

“He has a social reputation to maintain in our community, Niklaus. Do not resent him for that. It is not easy to be a leader.”

Klaus could hardly believe his ears. Both his parents were adulterers. It was too much for his young mind to digest. He wanted to leave. He wanted to take Rebekah with him and run away. But he knew she would never abandon her family. Despite his own rage, he loved his mother and siblings far too much to leave them. Mikael would not be the reason that would push him into voluntary exile; Klaus refused to give him that satisfaction. And so, he decided to stay and keep his parents’ secret.

As the seasons changed, Klaus tried his best to avoid the tunnels at night. His relationship with Eliza had made him so afraid to give his heart to another. There were many beautiful girls in his village who desired him as a favorable suitor, yet he always confined himself and limited his social interactions.
Klaus had vowed to rid himself of his violence within, but it only amplified once his mother turned him into a vampire, many years later.

Throughout his lifespan he bedded many lovers, all of which inevitably turned into vampires as well. He always fed them his blood to ensure that if he got carried away through his violent passion, they would wake up again; their eyes would not shut forever like Eliza’s. Such was his pattern. He needed to inflict pain to feel pleasure. He was not born a sadist, for Klaus had always been nurtured with love from his mother. However, witnessing the primal scene at a vulnerable age had produced a complex within him; a complex he could not reverse.

For centuries he had fled from his father, knowing that Mikael was relentless in his efforts to kill them all. He loathed and despised the man with every fiber of his being. Carrying the burden of his parents’ secrets had damaged Niklaus, but he knew that he was no better than his father. Still, he found an odd sense of peace when he eventually drove a white oak stake through Mikael’s heart.

The man who had tormented him all his life had finally died in Mystic Falls at the hands of Esther’s bastard son. Klaus and his siblings were finally free. They no longer had to live in fear on the run.

Out of all the places to settle down in, New Orleans had always called out to the Hybrid, which explained why Klaus had uprooted his life once again. A thousand years had passed since his birth,
and the Original continued to indulge the monster within. He could not rid himself of his demons.

Hayley Marshall’s pregnancy had been unexpected.

He never knew it was possible for him to even father a child, given his supernatural bloodline. But when she gave him the news, Klaus did not hesitate to express his disapproval. At present, it filled him with shame to remember his reaction. Hope was the best thing to have happened to him. He wanted to be a better man and father to her, even though he had severed ties romantically with Hayley. His daughter was his guiding light in the darkness. She was hope personified.

Klaus had never shared his troubled adolescence with anyone, not even with Camille. The bombshell blonde was in love with him; this he knew as a fact. And yet, he could never bring himself to take their relationship to the next level. It terrified him to reveal his demons to her. It scared him even more to be intimate with someone he genuinely cared for. He had to hide. He had to hide the monster within.
Klaus always believed he was “bulletproof”—given his immortality. He’d bested all his enemies, every threat throughout his life. He had defeated the Hollow, even though it cost him so many years away from Hope. He never thought he would live to see the day where he’d be locked up like an animal, completely powerless. He couldn’t save himself. He couldn’t save his daughter whose innocence had been corrupted too young.

No matter how much he denied it, the truth was that he’d enjoyed hurting her… his own flesh and blood. Klaus could not justify his depraved desires. All the hours spent in therapy with Camille were pointless. He could not be honest with her. He could never reveal his darkest secret and deepest shame.

Now that he was locked away, he had hours upon hours to reflect on the identity of his adversary. Was this Dahlia’s doing?

No.

She was dead, he thought. Had he pissed off the wrong coven? Klaus’s list of enemies was too long to count, and Hope had paid the ultimate price for his inability to establish peace within the city. He had failed to listen to Marcel’s wise counsel. He couldn’t live with himself.

A month had passed since their abduction and they had already crossed so many boundaries that never should have been trespassed on. As much as Klaus despised how Hope had been dragged into a threatening situation, the most selfish part of him was grateful he was not alone. She loved him through this insanity, regardless of her trauma.
In psychoanalysis, the **primal scene** is the initial witnessing by a child of a sex act, usually between the parents, that traumatizes the psychosexual development of that child. The scene witnessed may also occur between animals, and be displaced onto humans ("Primal Scene" *Wikipedia*).
A/N: Thank you again for all the kudos/reviews <3 I was planning to upload this chapter by Friday, but again, I finished earlier than I thought. Moving ahead, you can expect a new upload from me every week between Friday-Sunday. I will try my best to stay consistent with a regular posting schedule, but if I delay, please understand that life has gotten in the way. I love sharing my creativity, but good writing takes time and I can get very busy with work and life in general. I try my best to edit my writing to the best of my ability so that it makes your reading experience more enjoyable.

-Skye xx

Day 33

Blood… there was so much blood. She was covered in it… bathing in a crimson river… his lips on her neck… breathing… moaning… craving…
Hope woke up with a gasp, her face completely flush. As her heart kept thudding with adrenaline, she soon realized that she had been dreaming. The explicit images were still fresh in her mind.

Klaus stirred in his sleep and pulled her closer to his body, hugging her waist.

It was her only comfort, Hope thought, ignoring her arousal. His affection was something she always yearned for during his long absence. In a way, it made her sad to realize that it took a psychopath to force them into captivity in order for her to experience this side of her father.

She stayed completely still and tried to relax her heart rate as he held her in his arms. Hope was startled when she felt something throbbing against her.

Oh my God... What is wrong with me?

She blushed in embarrassment and closed her eyes, resisting the urge to rock her buttocks against him. Her hormones were all over the place, unaware that she had reached the age of sexual maturity, oblivious to her hot-blooded urges (being part wolf).

A few days had passed since their last challenge and Hope was worried that her father would continue to keep her at a distance; but somehow, they had grown closer. She was grateful for that. She needed him. She needed his love. She needed his attention. She needed him to help her through this as much as he needed her.

As she tried to go back to sleep, she did her best not to think of her father’s raging hard-on pressing against her, growing bigger by the second. Shutting her eyes did not ease her situation, either. All she could see were flashes of memories... his body in chains... kneeling before him... the taste of his...
slowly rocked against Klaus’s twitching shaft.

He reacted and groaned in his sleep, gripping her waist.

Lost in a fog of forbidden desire, she could not comprehend these changes. All she knew was that it felt good. It felt good to be wanted. It felt good to feel some form of pleasure throughout this painful ordeal. They were living in a completely different world within these walls, with no contact from society.

Unaware that she was practically grinding on him, her shallow breaths deepened until she accidentally woke her father.

Klaus opened his heavy eyelids and felt a pleasurable sensation below his waist. He was painfully hard, on the verge of combusting when he felt something wet soak through his boxer briefs.

Horrified by what was happening, he panicked and immediately put a stop to Hope’s endless rocking.

“For fuck’s sake!” He ripped himself away from her and sprang out of bed, facing the wall to hide his erection.

Half embarrassed, Hope sat up and tried to tame her unexpected arousal. She had never been so turned on like this before. She couldn’t understand why it was happening; why her body was reacting the way it was. How could she possibly explain it to her own father?

“I-I’m sorry,” she nervously stammered. "... I was dreaming.”

Klaus shut his eyes and focused all his energy on draining the blood from his bulging manhood. It was risky sleeping next to his daughter with so little clothes on. He had an insatiable sex drive that was difficult to control. Since they had transgressed certain sexual boundaries, it was even harder to resist his own impulses.

How fixed were his morals? He contemplated. Could he resist his darkest desires? These questions haunted him everyday. Truly, he believed he was wicked and depraved, unworthy of redemption, unworthy of forgiveness.

Disappointed with himself, Klaus released a lengthy sigh and glanced at the holographic clock. It was almost 8am.

“I need a shower,” he said, not bothering to turn around.

“Okay,” Hope replied, feeling awkward and embarrassed.

Her feelings of shame continued to spread throughout her psyche, causing nothing but conflict and confusion. How was it possible to love this man so much and feel sexually attracted at the same time? He was her father, not her lover, she told herself as she buried her face in her hands.
He had to resist. A quick morning “wank” would only increase the urges. Klaus was starved of all sexual contact for over a month. It was driving him mad. His enemy was breaking him down, agonizingly slow; and although he was afraid of their final destination, the darkest part of him was impatient to get there.

*I should have told her,* he said to himself. *I should have told Camille everything.*

Maybe she could have helped him. He never gave her the chance.

Soaking in regret, Klaus squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his palms against the shower tiles. What happened earlier had taken him by surprise. He was so afraid of what he might have done, had he not controlled his own impulses. Hope was his daughter. He had to stop sexualizing her in his mind. He had to erase what had happened between them.

*Good luck trying,* his subconscious responded.

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After Klaus finished washing up, he wrapped a white towel around his waist and stepped out of the bathroom.

Hope was sitting at the table, spreading some jam on her toast.

“Breakfast is served,” she said with a smile.

“I see that.” He eyed the blood bags and heard his stomach growl.

There was no divider in the room to offer any privacy (aside from the bathroom). Every week, as instructed, their laundry was placed in a bag in the lift, and within hours it was replaced with clean clothing the same day.

Klaus sauntered toward the chest of drawers and grabbed some fresh clothes. He dressed himself in the bathroom and joined his daughter at the kitchen table. She handed him a blood bag as he thanked her and tore it open, quenching his thirst.

No words were exchanged while they ate in quiet solitude.

“I miss being outside.” Hope broke the silence. “I’ve got major cabin fever.”
“I can relate, sweetheart,” Klaus replied, opening another blood bag.

“Do you think we’ll ever get out of here?”

“We will.”

He didn’t sound too convinced, Hope thought.

She glanced up at the surveillance cameras and asked, “Are we really being watched all the time?”

“I would assume so.”

Buried rage rose to the surface as she raised both hands and flipped off their voyeur.

Klaus was worried at first, but when nothing happened, he eased up and flashed a devilish smile.

Hope sighed and said, “I’d give anything to just feel the sunlight on my skin—even for just five minutes.”

Saddened by her confession, he slid his hand toward hers and clasped her fingers. “I promise you we’ll escape this hell.”

Their eyes locked as they had a tender moment, but it was quickly ruined by a familiar sound that they always dreaded.

When the lift suddenly stopped, Hope got up from her seat.

“I’ll get it,” said Klaus.

He pulled back his chair and walked toward the wall, avoiding his anxiety. As he opened the compartment, he lifted the buffet lid and reached for the cursed cue card. The writing was noticeably longer this time as he started reading in silence:

Teach her how to kiss—with tongue.

5 min=challenge is complete

20 min=No tasks for 2 weeks

30 min + heavy petting=half an hour of fresh air.

Finger fuck her and I’ll make it an hour ;)

“Dad? What does it say?”

As disturbing as it was to read those demands, at least they had options this time, Klaus thought.

Five minutes and we’re done, he told himself.

“Can I read it?” Hope asked.
He denied her the opportunity as he ripped up the cue card and disappeared into the bathroom.

She heard the toilet flush and stood up. “What are you doing? Why didn’t you let me read it?”

He entered the living room again and sat on the sofa, satisfied with his decision. “Five minutes,” Klaus revealed. “We kiss for five minutes and then we’re done.”

Hope was confused. Their last challenge had been much worse and he hadn’t ripped up the card that time.

Why now? she wondered.

A screeching sound suddenly echoed from the intercom system.

“Good morning! I trust you both slept well through the night and enjoyed your breakfast. I must admit, I didn’t quite appreciate your rude little gesture, Hope. But to answer your question, yes: I see and hear everything. Why else would I have cameras installed?” The voice chuckled darkly. “Now, Klaus… what you did earlier… tsk, tsk, tsk… that wasn’t very nice, robbing your precious angel of the opportunity to choose…”

A perpetual frown appeared on Hope’s face as she regarded her father. “What is he talking about? Wait—is that why you ripped it up?”

“It’s a shame, really,” sighed the maniac. “I was enjoying this traditional method of communication. It’s so… early 19th century, no?” He laughed. “No matter. I have other forms of technology to utilize.”
Suddenly, the television turned on, catching both their attention. Everything that had been on the card was now on the screen.

A sinister chuckle echoed around them, saying, “Try flushing that down the toilet!”

Klaus swallowed his anger and clenched his fists. He looked over at Hope in attempts to read her, but she was too busy reading what he’d tried to conceal.

The Jig-saw voice laughed again and said, “I thought I’d sweeten the deal a bit and offer Hope the chance to fulfill her wish, although it really depends on how far you choose to take it. Time is of the essence…”

The intercom shut off, as they looked at each other.

“You knew how badly I wanted to be outside… you knew, and you didn’t even let me decide!”

Klaus closed the distance between them and pointed at the television screen. “Do you not see what it says? What that sicko demands in exchange for so little freedom? I refuse to follow through with his perversions!”

“What you did wasn’t fair! I’m going crazy in here!”

“And you think I’m not?” He raged, unable to lower his voice.

Hope paced the room in frustration. The clock was counting down, and although they had twelve hours to weigh out their options, she had already come to a decision.

“It’s just kissing,” she casually said. “Not sex.”

“Does that make it any better?” Klaus replied.

“Please, Dad… we’ve been prisoners here for over a month… I’m desperate.” She stopped and met his eyes. “I feel so depressed. I try to keep it to myself, but it’s getting harder.”

It broke his heart to see her so helplessly sad. Of course she needed sunshine. Had he been unfair to deprive her of a choice?
No, Klaus thought.

She had been through enough. He didn’t want to put her through any more trauma. Kissing his own daughter was a repulsive idea to entertain, but to take it to pornographic levels was beyond despicable. His conscience would not allow it.

“Dad…” She stood before him, tears misting her clear blue eyes. “We’ve already done things that are worse than what’s on that screen right now. We don’t even have to do the full hour. I’m happy with just thirty minutes of fresh air… please.”

How could he deny her when she was pleading with him?

You’re afraid, a voice answered inside.

“It’s all an act,” Hope asserted. “All we have to do is act—pretend… make believe. It’s not real.”

Klaus averted his gaze and tried to collect his thoughts. He needed more time to consider whether this was the right thing to do or not.

“How, I’m trying my best to be a good parent to you.”

“But this isn’t a disciplining moment. Nothing is normal in here! Our life… what we’ve become…”

What have we become? Klaus questioned.

He looked at her again and said, “What if we’re being lied to? There’s no exit in here.”

“Then how do you explain us ending up in that warehouse? Somehow, we were transported—that’s why he—she—whoever they are, gassed us. Just because we can’t see a door, doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist.”

He knew she was right.

“Please do this.” Hope reached for his hands. “For me. I’ll take the burden of guilt—all of it. It won’t be on you, Dad. I promise it won’t.”

Klaus caressed her face and pulled her into his arms. He loved her beyond love itself. His daughter was his one true weakness, as much as it pained him to admit.

“Will you do it?” Hope murmured in his chest.

He kissed her head and whispered, “We still have time. Let me think about it.”

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A/N: The next chapter might be uploaded this weekend. The latest will be next Friday-Sunday.
The Kiss

8pm

Psychological warfare. It was an endless battle in his mind, day in and day out. How much longer would it take before his enemy would finally break him? Was he already broken? At what point and time had his mind shattered? Klaus was drowning in a dark body of water, desperate for a life raft, anything that would save him from himself.

Time moved slowly in their room of tortures. He wasn’t sure if that was the real source of their endless torment or if it was the constant threat to Hope’s life. Whichever it was, the sins of his past had finally caught up to him, and there was no escape.

“Dad.” Hope sat on the sofa. “It’s been hours.”

He couldn’t look her in the eye. It was a daunting task.

She called out to him once more and touched his shoulder.

“I heard you the first time,” Klaus replied.

Wounded by his cold approach, she ignored his moody disposition and asked, “Have you decided?”

The last thing she wanted was to irritate him further by being pushy, but the clock was ticking.

“Yes,” he answered, meeting her gaze. “Option one. My decision is firm.”
Hope tried to change his mind, but he stopped her immediately and said, “Don’t. I don’t want to hear it. As your father I have more authority than you. Therefore—”

“But that’s hardly fair!”

“I don’t trust this lunatic.” He rose to his feet and raised his voice. “Do you not see what he’s trying to do? What he is doing to us? Are you blind, Hope? Do I need to spell it out for you?”

“Stop yelling at me!”

“I’m not!”

“You are!”

“I’m angry at this fucked up situation!”

“So am I!”

Klaus thrust his hands through his hair and exhaled loudly. He did not want to project all his rage onto his daughter; she was innocent. Controlling his temper was the more sensible choice, but it was difficult to stay calm when he was raging inside.

After a brief lapse of silence, he looked at Hope and said, “I apologize. I know I have anger issues. I didn’t mean to take it out on you.”

Hope stood up and closed the space between them. Compassion poured from her voice as she replied, “I understand what’s happening. I know how you’re feeling about all this.”

“Do you truly?”

“Yes.”

“Then you must understand my decision.”

“I do,” she nodded. “But I also understand that we’re playing a game in here. We can either bring our ‘A’ game… or forfeit. Everything’s a performance in this fucked up place, don’t you realize that?”

Klaus was quiet.

“I just want to feel the open air again,” said Hope. “Please, Dad. We can do this.”

He clenched his jaw and looked at her with a stone-cold expression. “No.”

“But—”

“I refuse to argue about this any further! As I said before, the answer is no!”

Dejected by his response, Hope averted her gaze and accepted defeat before she muttered, “Fine. Let’s get it over with then.”

Klaus studied her inquisitively when the lights suddenly started to dim.

Their enemy was watching… always watching.
“How do you want to do this?” Hope asked her father. “The bed or the sofa?”

Klaus had done all he could to bide his time. There was no point in avoiding the inevitable. He met Hope’s anxious eyes and slipped her hand into his before he led her toward the black leather couch. Her thudding heartbeat echoed in his ears as the veins in her wrist pulsed against his fingers.

As they approached the sofa, he seated himself first, and she followed. Klaus tried to read her expression, but it only worsened his neurotic state. She was his daughter. He had contributed to the creation of this beautiful being, and now, he was going to take something from her; something that was never his to take.

“So, um…,” Hope began. “What now?”

Klaus glanced at the clock and reached for Hope’s face. “I’ll keep my eye on the time. Five minutes.”

He heard her heart rate accelerate when he brought his lips towards hers.

“I-I’ve never done this,” Hope blurted out. Her cheeks went flush as she nervously added, “I’ve never been kissed.”

Her confession melted his icy heart as he looked right through her.

“You don’t have to worry,” Klaus softly murmured. “I know what I’m doing.”

“But… I don’t.”

A wistful smile tugged at the corner of his mouth as he caressed her cheek and said, “I can’t really give you an instruction manual, sweetheart… just let me lead.”

She nodded and tried to calm herself, but her adrenaline spiked in overdrive when he got close again… his lips slowly edging closer… closer…

Contact.

Heat.

Transmutation.

It happened as soon as Klaus pressed his mouth against hers.
Electrical currents flowed through Hope’s body while her blood rushed in her veins, responding to the heat of her father’s kiss. Every neuron was suddenly firing away in her brain, feeding on a surge of dopamine. She felt his lips gently sweep against hers as she closed her eyes and surrendered herself to him; letting him sedate her with a dose of sensuous desire.

His kiss was tender as Klaus took his time with her timid lips, unaware that he was amplifying her arousal, despite his tempered passion. As soon as he slipped his tongue inside, Hope whimpered softly.

It unraveled him.

Completely.

He was starved of intimacy for weeks. He couldn’t stop those rushing sensations from overpowering his self-control.

This kiss. This one kiss had initiated them both into a world where no boundaries existed. It was a dangerous line they were crossing as Hope gained confidence and kissed him back with a passion that consumed him. She never broke contact, crawling onto her father’s lap and kissing him deeper, harder, needing… craving.

In that moment, all the rules were thrown out the window. Their animal instincts had taken over, and that instinct was so strong that it obliterated the foundations of rationality and crushed the pillars that upheld their morals.

She wanted him.

He wanted her.

It was a dance of the wolves: a mating ritual; a passionate prelude to a compulsion… an addiction that neither could abstain from.

Drowning in a sea of lust, Hope was unable to rip herself away from his lips. She wanted more. Her hunger for his affection had taken on a life of its own; a consciousness that was transforming every mechanism in her vulnerable psyche. Klaus was an Original, a Hybrid, her father; and yet, she did not care. She no longer cared for what those blood ties meant.

Lips, teeth, and tongue collided together as an inferno of lust incinerated their souls. They were lost in unrelenting passion when a robotic female voice echoed in the background.

“Five minutes completed.”

Immediately, it pulled Klaus out of his mental fog.

“Hope,” he breathed against her lips, groaning when she kissed him deeper.

“Don’t,” she panted. “Don’t stop.”

They stared at each other with nothing but intensity, winded from kissing and erotic arousal. He noticed her beautiful eyes, glowing a brilliant blue. Hope’s werewolf gene was clearly triggered. Klaus was uncertain about what this meant, but he was powerless to stop what was happening as Hope initiated another kiss and moved his hands to her hips.
Everything felt so natural to them, as if they had been lovers for centuries, reunited and relearning each other. He’d forgotten about their task and all that was at stake, as he focused his energies entirely on Hope, needing her, while resisting the urge to ravish her.

As the minutes passed, Klaus found himself forgetting who she really was to him. He could no longer discern fantasy from reality. All he knew was that he was hungry; he was starved of intimate contact. The beast within had a voracious appetite. The demon inside was on edge, seconds away from completely dominating his mind and usurping his power.

“Hope,” Klaus said her name again, desperately controlling his impulses.

But she ripped open his shirt and kissed him harder, thickening their fog of lust, so that he wouldn’t find his way out.

He felt her warm, wet tongue brush against his, amplifying his insatiable desire. His steel magnum shaft had tented his trousers, painfully throbbing against Hope’s crotch. She rocked back and forth, simulating sex, craving penetration. Her body was on fire. He felt it. She needed release.

Give it to her, said a voice in his head.

“But,” Klaus breathed between sinful kisses.

Things were escalating too far and so quickly. Hope seemed determined to continue their heated make-out session, unphased by what was happening, unbothered by the consequences.

By some miracle, Klaus managed to tap into his reservoir of strength and tore himself away from his daughter’s sultry lips. Her scent, intoxicating; her taste, on his tongue.

He stared into her glowing eyes and breathed as she peeled his shirt off him. His shy little girl was gone, replaced by someone he did not recognize.

Klaus caressed her delicate jaw and brushed his thumb across her swollen lip.

“What are you doing to me?” he murmured, lost in the liquid heat of her gaze.

Hope gently ran her fingers down her father’s throat and whispered, “You don’t want to stop”—she licked his lips—“Do you?”

Spider veins pulsed around his eyes as Klaus felt her lips against his neck. He wanted her. The wolf within was not protesting. His demon was only hungry for more. If he’d had his way, he would have slammed his cock into her right then and there and fucked her senseless, until she blacked out. But
this was his daughter: the one person he’d sworn to protect. How could he fantasize such vile and wicked thoughts?

Hope left a trail of kisses down his neck and slid her arms over his shoulders. Her heart was pounding so hard, she feared it would explode.

“Slow down,” Klaus desperately urged.

“I can’t.” She took off her shirt and threw it behind her, never taking her eyes off him.

The energy between them was vibrating at such a high frequency that it was difficult to contain, as their lips collided once more in heat and passion.

He traced every curve of her body with his greedy hands, touching places that were forbidden to him; squeezing forbidden fruit… the tender flesh of her breasts… her heart shaped bottom. It wasn’t enough to feel her this way over clothing. Klaus yearned for skin on skin contact.

Their intimacy was suddenly interrupted again, as that familiar “Siri” voice signaled another time stamp:

“Twenty minutes completed.”

Klaus cursed in his head, unable to end his degeneracy. He had been kissing his daughter for over twenty minutes and he could. Not. Stop.

But as soon as Hope reached for his belt, he came to his senses and gently pushed her back.

Gripping her shoulders, he breathlessly uttered, “This has to stop. We’re… we’re not… thinking…”

She shook her head and leaned forward to kiss him again, but his hold was too strong.

“Hope!”

“We’re almost there,” she panted.

They had both lost control as they stared at each other with glowing eyes.

Hope moved his hands away and leaned into his lips, whispering, “Ten more minutes, Daddy.”

It was too dangerous. He was seconds away from abandoning his morality. She had no idea what he was capable of—how dark his insidious nature was.

Klaus quickly came undone when she sucked on his bottom lip.

In half a second, Hope was flipped on her back on the sofa, with her Hybrid father hovering between her quivering thighs.

A feral groan rumbled through his chest as he pressed his throbbing cock against her. He wanted to rip her jeans off and fuck the life out of her, but Klaus continued to deny himself of what he needed most. He crushed his mouth against Hope’s and kissed her deeply, pinning her hands above her head so she wouldn’t reach for his belt.

They kissed like this for the longest time before he released her hand and moved his own along her inner thigh.

Hope was so turned on she could hardly think straight. Her panties were soaked, and her body was
more than ready for sex. She reached for her father’s neck and pulled him down, kissing him with burning passion as he continued to stimulate her through her denim leggings. Wanting to help him, she unbuttoned her jeans, zipped down the fly, and encouraged him to touch her.

Klaus was at war with himself yet again. There wasn’t a shadow of doubt that he wanted her, but he was worried he’d lose all control if he felt her tight, wet folds.

As he pulled back for air, he pinned down her hand again.

“No,” Klaus panted.

He blinked several times and tried to return to his human state, but the dark veins around his face would not disappear. His monster refused to leave.

Hope took the opportunity and leaned in his ear, whispering, “Just make it look like you’re doing it…”

No.

He could not trust himself. But temptation was driving him mad. It didn’t help that she was basically grinding herself against his rigid cock. The scent of her arousal was intoxicating his senses.

“Please, Daddy,” Hope murmured, nibbling on his earlobe, enticing his demon.

She chipped away at his resolve, until Klaus finally surrendered and moved his hand back down, slipping his fingers beneath the edge of her lace panties.

His digits were immediately drenched as he raked them along her slit. Hope arched her back and moaned in pleasure. Her rosy nipples had popped out of her bra. Klaus leaned forward and sucked on each one, until they were hard as bullets.

With a rotating thumb, he gently continued to stimulate her clit while teasing her slippery entry.

Finger-fuck her.

He couldn’t. He wanted nothing more than to impale her with his fingers and feel her tightness stretch and expand for him, but Klaus was determined to discipline his urges.

They continued to kiss and engage in soft foreplay, reaching their final time limit.

“Thirty minutes completed.”

Half an hour of debauchery had gone by, yet neither of them could put an end to what had tragically started.

Hope curled her toes into the sofa and felt a pressure building inside of her: an avalanche of pleasure. She became more aggressive with her kisses as she drove her tongue deeper into Klaus’s mouth, making a second attempt to reach for her father’s belt. In a matter of seconds, she managed to free the throbbing snake and wrapped her fingers around it.

Klaus groaned in pleasure and let her stroke his massive length. His veiny shaft pulsed in her small hand as he kept rubbing her clit, avoiding the urge to pierce her hymen with his finger. He kissed her harder and continued pleasing her, until she whimpered through a mind-numbing climax.

“Oh God… Oh my God!”
Her thighs were trembling as Hope moaned into her father’s mouth while he silenced her screams of ecstasy. A rush of euphoria flowed through her body. All she could do was surrender to sensation.

Her fist was dripping with precum as she pumped his pole harder and faster, determined to make him explode the same way he’d done to her.

“Fuck! *Fuck*!” Klaus cursed under his breath.

Semen retention was a bad thing; he was ready to drain every drop. He couldn’t take his eyes off his daughter as she continued to stroke him with an expert hand, breathing and panting while he slowly slipped the tip of his finger inside of her.

Careful not to penetrate too deeply, Klaus teased her entry and flicked it wildly, until his testicles tightened, signaling an explosive release. A loud, violent growl escaped his lips as he finally erupted in Hope’s hand.

Nine blasts of thick, hot semen jetted out of his swollen head and spilled onto her stomach. Wave after wave of warm sticky cum burst out of his throbbing cock and painted her navel in a creamy white mess.

He’d abstained from self-pleasure for weeks and now that massive load was all over his daughter’s belly, dripping down her skin.

Hope had instinctively slowed her rhythm as she stroked her father’s Hybrid cock, watching as thick ropes of cum sprayed all over her.

His biceps tensed and tightened as Klaus held his weight above her tiny frame. He buried his face in her neck, groaning while he ejaculated uncontrollably. Being a supernatural freak of nature meant that his sex drive was unlike the average human. He was always able to sustain an erection after sex. Ejaculation usually lasted for minutes on end.

Hope wrapped her thighs around his waist and kept stroking his shaft as it pulsed in her hand. She realized that she had been the source of his pleasure; it inflated her ego with narcissistic pride. They had done the unthinkable.

A static noise suddenly echoed in the background, as the Jigsaw voice spoke through the intercom.

“Sexual tension always leads to an explosive release. I trust you are both satisfied now.” He darkly chuckled.
Klaus was afraid to meet his daughter’s eyes. He couldn’t look at her. He hid his face in the crook of her neck and tried to catch his breath.

“And to think,” said the psycho, “you initially aimed to complete only five minutes… look at the time now! A record breaking forty-five!” He laughed. “I’ll make good on my promise. You’ve more than earned it.”

They had fooled their enemy. Klaus had not completely penetrated Hope; he didn’t “finger-fuck her”… but that psychopath didn’t need to know that.

“If I didn’t know any better, I could’ve sworn you wanted to fuck her brains out!”

Hope shuddered when she heard his demonic laughter again. She knew their enemy was using some sort of voice morphing software, but it still creeped her out.

Suddenly, the walls retracted upwards.

The mechanical sound startled Klaus as he lifted himself off of Hope and scanned his surroundings.

_Glass…_

He abandoned his daughter on the sofa and walked toward the floor to ceiling windows to investigate.

They appeared to be on top of a cliff, somewhere in the wilderness. A full moon was in the sky, casting its reflection in the dark waters below. Klaus wasn’t sure if this was merely smoke and mirrors or if they truly were trapped up there inside a glass box in the middle of nowhere.

“A door will open at sunrise,” said the voice. “As I said before, this property is protected with magic. You have no means of escape. If you attempt to jump off the bluffs, you might injure yourselves, as I’ve sealed your surroundings with invisible barriers—hard as titanium! Nothing can pierce through it; magic cannot be syphoned or channeled through the natural elements of the earth, so don’t even think about it, little witch. You are my prisoners here and the sooner you accept it, the sooner you may be released… enjoy your night!”

There was dead static before the intercom shut off.

Hope sat up and wiped the mess off her stomach with her shirt before she joined her father near the window. Despite their intimate encounter, she was still nervous around him. Born with strong empathic traits, she could always sense a person’s mood and energy, which explained why she sensed her father’s anxiety.

Without saying a word, she wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged his body from behind.

Consumed with guilt, Klaus shut his eyes and collected himself before he forced himself to face his daughter.

The animalistic lust that had seeped into her eyes was no longer there; they were a calming blue, but full of uncertainty and… _fear_? he wondered.

“Are you all right?” He caressed her face.

Hope nodded, grateful for his warmth.

“I got carried away. I didn’t intend for things to go as far as they did.”
“Dad, I don’t care.”

Klaus frowned and withdrew his hand. “I suppose you don’t. You got what you wanted.”

Disappointed by his sudden reproach, she watched him walk past her before he disappeared into the bathroom.

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11: 30 pm

A citrusy scent of bodywash invigorated Hope’s senses as Klaus emerged from the bathroom, wrapped in nothing but a towel around his trim waist. She instantly blushed when her eyes moved downward, remembering the way his cock throbbed in her hand. Her father’s body was intimately known to her now; they’d gone far enough.

Having showered before him, she lay on her side on the bed and watched his movements. Klaus sauntered toward a chest of drawers before he retrieved a fresh pair of clean boxer briefs. Right when he was about to turn, Hope closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep. She knew he would sleep on the sofa like he usually did, but a part of her hoped he would join her on the bed if he believed she’d already drifted off.

His footsteps padded against the floor as Klaus walked toward her. She felt his weight slowly ease into the mattress as he carefully shifted himself beside her.

She was nervous.

She wanted to open her eyes and look at him. She wanted to mold herself against his chiseled body and take comfort in his inviting arms. But more than anything, she wanted him to initiate affection first.

“I know you’re awake,” Klaus softly spoke.

Hope’s fluttering heart was beating rapidly. She wondered if that was what had given her away.

“Open your eyes and look at me.”

As intimidated as she was, she obeyed her father and met his hypnotic gaze. He didn’t blink once as he stared back at her, admiring her stunning features in the darkness.

“Dad,” Hope weakly uttered. “Are we okay?”

He searched her eyes and said, “Your father is a narcissistic man.”

“I don’t believe that.”

“Why not?”

“Because you love others. You… you love me.” She paused and frowned. “Don’t you?”

Her vulnerability was so disarming as he felt this overwhelming need to kiss her and erase all her doubts. Klaus reached for her face and softly pressed his lips against hers. His kiss was gentle and tame; a stark contrast to the way their mouths had crashed into each other in the heat of passion. But his loving gesture was still dangerous. It triggered things inside of him now, as much as it did for Hope.
She pressed her palm against his naked chest and loosened her mouth for him, but he pulled away before her lust could consume him.

“Lie on your back,” Klaus demanded.

Hope looked into his eyes, as if she doubted what she’d heard before she rolled on her back and stared up at the ceiling.

Her father’s soothing touch dispelled her anxiety as he caressed her skin and slowly massaged her throat chakra, brushing his thumb along her feminine jaw. Hope shut her eyes and released a breathy sigh.

Klaus watched her face while he continued to shower her with his affection, gently massaging the pulsing vein in her neck.

Hope wondered if he wanted to feed as she quietly asked, “Are you hungry?”

“I’m always hungry, love.”

“You can feed on me—if you want, that is.”

“I appreciate the offer, but I already left quite a mess on you earlier.”

Her cheeks flared up in heat at the memory.

“Dad?”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

She hesitated before she said, “Were you acting?”

Klaus stopped what he was doing and tried to gather his thoughts. He had to be careful. Hope was his daughter. He had to protect her from his truth, even though his demon was desperate for exposure.

“Hope, I need to tell you something.”

She turned her head in his direction, but he stopped her.
“Don’t. It’s easier this way. Easier for me.” He paused and took a deep breath. “There are two versions of me. I’ve always been this way for as long as I can remember.” Klaus placed his palm on Hope’s taut midriff. “One version of me… wants to do this…” He slowly glided his hand up her shirt and gently squeezed her left breast, carefully watching her face to gauge her reaction.

Hope breathed out sharply, as her body came to life when he touched her. She closed her eyes and felt a sweltering heat between her thighs while he pinched her rosebud nipple and tugged on it, teasing her.

Klaus spoke in a hushed voice as he said, “And the other version…”—he pulled his hand away—“knows that I shouldn’t.”

Disappointed from the loss of contact, Hope met his gaze and tried to decipher him.

“I hope that answers your question, love.”

He listened to her heartbeat and hovered his hand above her chest, close enough for her to feel the radiating heat from his palm. Klaus moved his hand above her right breast and waited, watching as her nipple went completely erect through her gray shirt. He then moved to the other breast and repeated the same technique, until her left nipple was as hard as a bullet, and he hadn’t even touched her; it was merely body heat.

Despite his carnal desires, he was cognizant enough to understand that he was seducing her. He also knew that he had to stop. He had to control himself, otherwise his selfish impulses would completely take over and ruin them.

Something throbbed down below as he watched her unbutton her shirt, exposing her beautiful globes of flesh. She wasn’t wearing a bra. He’d already made that discovery when he slid his hand up her shirt.

“Hope.” It sounded more like a desperate plea.

“I want you to touch me.”

“If I do, I’ll want more,” Klaus shamefully confessed. “I’m not reading from a script at the moment.”

“Neither am I.”

He watched her chest rising and falling, her nipples still hard, begging to be sucked off slowly… aching slow.
As badly as he wanted her, he knew he had to stay in control.

“I’m your father, I can’t.” Klaus covered her breasts with her shirt.

“But… you want to… right?” Hope sat up on her elbows and looked at him.

He looked so torn, so completely anguished and conflicted.

“This place is making us both crazy. It’s what that bloody bastard wants: to break me—my morals. Hope, I was absent for much of your life, and I think that’s why…”

She waited for him to continue, but he didn’t.

“That’s why…?”

“Nothing,” he said, changing his mind. “You need to get some sleep.” Klaus was about to get up, when Hope grabbed his arm.

“Don’t go,” she pleaded.

“I have to. I can’t sleep next to you anymore.”

“Just hold me. We don’t have to do anything. I won’t do anything, I promise.”

Klaus chuckled in disbelief. “It’s not you I’m worried about. It’s me. Whenever I touch you—when you touch me… I feel things I shouldn’t. It’s not something new, sweetheart. I noticed it ever since I returned last year after the Hollow was destroyed. You must have thought I was distant and unfeeling, that after all these years apart I would be more affectionate with you… but your father has demons, love. And they are terrifying. I couldn’t understand why it was happening, so I tried to limit our contact and refrain from being around you. In hindsight I should have told Freya. I think the person who abducted us knew this, though I can’t be too sure.”

Overwhelmed by his confession, Hope suddenly admitted, “I felt it, too.”

“What?” He met her eyes in confusion.

“I felt… attracted… to you.”

“Are you just saying that to comfort me?”

“I’m being honest. I’m always honest with you, Dad.”

He sighed and said, “I think I’ve been cursed, perhaps we both have.”

“Does it matter?”

“Of course it does.”

“Why?”

“Because if it’s simply magic, then the spell can be broken. There are always loopholes.”

Hope was saddened by his response and he immediately caught on, reaching for her face.

“I’m sorry,” said Klaus.

“For what?”
“For not being open with you sooner. I have my complexities, to be sure, and I’ve committed unspeakable evils, but never doubt my love for you, Hope. Despite everything that’s happened between us, I—”

She cut him off and kissed him full on the mouth. It was a powerful kiss. A kiss that held a promise of something more… something deeper. Every cell in her body wanted him. She needed him to know that, as she kissed him passionately, running her hands through the back of his hair.

Klaus did not break her kiss. He suddenly found himself on top of her again, running his warm wet tongue along her jugular vein.

Hope moaned when she felt his erection pressing into her panties. Their contact was dangerously close. All he had to do was rip off the flimsy fabric and her pussy would be fully exposed.

Things were quickly heating up again between them as Klaus played tug of war with himself. He immediately snapped out of it when she reached for his cock.

“Fuck!” He growled, pulling back. He leapt out of bed and tried to catch his breath. “I can’t! I can’t do this! Stop tempting me! Just—sleep here—and don’t get up!” He grabbed a pillow and marched toward the sofa, muttering a string of expletives.

Hope was still trying to wrap her head around everything that had happened. She decided not to challenge him further and dropped her weight back on the bed to sleep.

*He wants me,* she told herself, elated by the revelation.

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Day 34: 7:30am

For the first time in over a month, Hope woke up in a room that was bathed in sunlight. Golden rays shined on the bed, tingling her skin with warmth. She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and scrambled out of the sheets before heading to the bathroom.

She found her reflection in the mirror and turned on the tap.

Last night felt like a dream, Hope thought, splashing water on her face.

As she brushed her teeth, her mind began to wander, accosted by steamy images: his lips on her neck… his hard body… grinding… kissing…

Hope dried her face with a towel and tried to shake off the memories.

By the time she came out, she noticed that the wall beside the bed had completely disappeared. All she had to do was walk several feet and she would finally be outside.

Expecting to find her father on the sofa, she panicked when he wasn’t there.

“Dad?”

“I’m out here.”

She turned her head in his direction and saw him standing near the cliff.
Clad in a pair of ripped jeans, Klaus finished drinking his blood bag and turned around.

“The wall retracted a few minutes ago.” He held up the empty bag and added, “Breakfast was also delivered. You should eat.”

“I’m not hungry yet.”

It felt so good to walk on the mossy earth, Hope thought, walking toward her father. The grass was still wet from morning dew, but it didn’t bother her in the least. She had missed the sunshine and yearned for fresh air. They were clearly someplace warm, given that it was mid November. As she walked toward the edge of the bluffs, she noticed the vastness of the wilderness and was mesmerized by its sublimity; rows upon rows of cypress trees had covered the mountainous terrain in the distance.

“I don’t think we’re in New Orleans anymore,” said Hope. “The landscape is beautiful, though.” She looked at her father and asked, “Can we lie down?”

“Here?” He seemed surprised by her question.

Hope nodded.

“Let me fetch a sheet.”

“No,” she said. “We don’t need it.”

She crouched on the bed of grass and lay back before he joined her and wrapped his arm around her. She curled into his chest and slid her leg over his waist. It felt like second nature to them, but it didn’t make it right.

“We’ve only got an hour out here I think,” Klaus broke the silence.

Their sexual tension was so palpable. Last night’s kiss had changed them both, including their confessions.

“I trust Elijah’s been looking for us,” he continued, forcing conversation to stop him from doing other things.

“I don’t think they’ll find us,” Hope replied. “I think we’re the only ones who can help ourselves.”

“Feels like we’ve been trapped in here forever.”

“Thirty-four days now.”

“You’ve been tallying?”

“Every day.”

Klaus sighed. “Just over a month.”

He had investigated the premises as soon as the wall had gone up. Their prison had clearly been built with sophisticated architecture. He wondered if other innocent victims had been captured in this place before, or if it was devotedly constructed for their own captivity. His enemy’s “headquarters” were unidentifiable, given the fact that they were literally trapped inside a glass box on a cliff. The only explanation Klaus could think of was magic.

Cloaking spells, he concluded, questioning if their reality was real.
A part of him desperately wished it wasn’t; that their imprisonment was simply transpiring in his mind. For all he knew his physical body was possibly somewhere else, while his astral body was here, in another dimension, an alternate reality.

But she felt so real to him. Was it simply all magic? Who could have done this? Who had he pissed off? A scorned lover? Klaus questioned the possibilities every single day.

“Did you fall asleep?” Hope murmured.

“No, sweetheart.”

“You’re quiet.”

“Just thinking.”

“About?”

“Everything.”

“Like?”

“How we’re going to get out of here… when… what it will take… if that’s even a possibility anymore.”

She looked up at him and caressed his chest. “I haven’t lost hope.”

“Of course you haven’t.” His smile was subtle. “You personify it.” Klaus kissed her head.

Hope was grateful for their closeness. Last night’s events were far from traumatizing, or so she believed. She didn’t care about the lines they had crossed. Deep down, she was ready to cross them all. The poor girl was completely oblivious to the depth of her father’s darkness. Blinded by love, he could do no wrong in her eyes. The person she loved was only one of many masks that he wore interchangeably.

She looked up at him and said, “I can’t stop thinking about last night.”

“You have to. It can’t happen again.”

“Unless we’re forced into it?”

He didn’t answer her.

“I just hope you’re not blaming yourself again.”

More silence.

“Dad.” Hope sat up and admired his ageless features. “What if I told you that we don’t have to fight what we feel for each other?” She shifted her weight and mounted him.

It took him by surprise, but he didn’t push her off. The darkest part of him desired the contact… desired her.

“What if we just let go and—”

“No.” He shook his head adamantly. “You’re young and you don’t understand the consequences that would follow. We still don’t know if we’re dealing with dark magic.”
“But that’s just it… I don’t care if this is caused by magic or not.”

“Hope.” He frowned, caressing her wrist. “I’m your father, that’s never going to change. What we’re experiencing in here—it’s… it’s not natural.” Klaus raised himself on his elbows and gently said, “It’s not right, sweetheart.”

“No one else has to know.” She held his face.

“I was worried this would happen. It’s what I was afraid of all along.”

“Of me wanting you?”

Blood was rushing to his nether regions… engorging his massive manhood, and he couldn’t stop it.

“Get off me please,” Klaus said, ignoring his growing erection.

“But… you want me.” Her blue eyes were glowing, signaling her own arousal.

“I won’t ask you again,” he sternly stated, seconds away from ripping her shorts off. “This is a dangerous game you’re playing with me and I need to keep a level head, now get… off.”

Daunted by his serious gaze, Hope obeyed and removed herself off his lap. Her eyes widened with lust when she noticed his bulge.

He was painfully hard and in need of release, but Klaus disregarded his urges and got up, stretching in the open air. He had to get his mind off it. He had to stop thinking about sex… with Hope.

Another morning alone without him. Another day to endlessly worry about his whereabouts and go through her day wondering if he would ever return. Camille had cried herself asleep last night, like she did every night since Klaus’s disappearance. The Mikaelson’s were doing everything in their power to track him and Hope down, but every lead always led to dead ends: cold trails. A month had passed, and she was always fearing the worst.

Flecks of sunlight pierced through the blinds of her studio apartment, as Camille forced herself out of bed. Klaus’s absence had brought on a deep depression within her. She never realized just how attached she was to the Original, until he was taken. Her extreme aversion to this man had transformed into the deepest love throughout the years. She felt like she was the only one who truly understood him, even though he’d made it clear that he had demons inside. In Camille’s eyes, Klaus was a broken soul who was in desperate need of healing. She wanted to be that person for him. A deep bond and friendship had been forged between them. His therapy sessions with her had been helpful, or so she thought. No matter how much he’d shared about his past, Klaus remained an eternal mystery that she wanted to solve. She needed to know him inside out. She wanted to save him in ways that Elijah couldn’t. Camille had been in love with the Hybrid for so long that it took a deranged enemy to abduct him for her to finally realize it and face the truth.

As she entered the kitchen, she turned on her coffee machine and mentally planned out her agenda for the day.

*Call Freya… Marcel’s at six… pick up demon box… drop off demon box…*

She ignored the dishes in the sink and decided to take a quick shower.
From the moment she had met Klaus, he had occupied her mind, rent free, and there was nothing she could do to evict him. He was so deeply embedded in her now that she promised herself to confess her feelings to him if the higher powers returned him and his daughter safely home.

No one knew if Klaus and Hope had been abducted together, but a certain vampire coven was under suspicion. Elijah and Kol were following a lead for the past few days. Camille only hoped that they’d return with the other missing Mikaelson’s.

It felt good to stand under the hot water. Memories of Klaus kept flashing in her mind.

She remembered when he kissed her on his veranda for the first time; how that kiss had made her feel.
I never should have pushed him away, she grieved in regret.

He was her client, and she didn’t want to violate those boundaries as his therapist. In hindsight she only wished she had been brave enough to confess her feelings to him then; she should have dropped him as her patient and embarked on a new relationship, Cami thought.

So many regrets, she said to herself. So many…

The sun was high in the sky as Hope lay on the grass and soaked up as much vitamin D as she could. She wasn’t sure what her father was doing, but she decided it was best to give him some space. The chirping sounds of birds and nature reminded her of the bayou, where she spent many summers with her mother and stepfather. She missed them dearly. She missed everyone.

Klaus watched her from a safe distance and couldn’t help but smile. He wasn’t able to give her freedom, but at least that psychopath had kept his promise; he took comfort in that.

As she started to daydream, her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by an unwelcome announcement.

“Your hour is up. Kindly step back inside.”

Hope didn’t want to get up. “Please just ten more minutes!”

“Do not negotiate with me,” their enemy answered.

Klaus abandoned his blood bag on the coffee table and stepped outside.

“Hope,” he said with concern, walking toward her. “Come on.” He reached out his hand.

“Five minutes, please! That’s all I ask!”

But as soon as she said it, regret sank in. She screamed in agony and rolled in a fetal position, clutching her hair. The pain was beyond excruciating, searing through her head.
Klaus reacted quickly and scooped her up in his arms before he hastily carried her back to their cage.

The pain didn’t end. She shrieked and cried hysterically as her father sat on the edge of the bed and held her close.

Klaus looked into one of the cameras and shouted, “WE’RE INSIDE! MAKE IT STOP!”

Her wailing suddenly ended as the glass enclosure came down.

There was static from the intercom again.

“I don’t appreciate disobedience.”

Hope hugged her father’s neck and sobbed in silence. Her brain felt like it was still on fire, as if someone had injected her with acid and the corrosive substance was burning her from the inside.

“Do not test my patience again.”

Klaus was so angry, he wanted to snap. But he knew what would happen if he did. He had to control himself. He had to calm his temper and pacify the monster within.

“Tell me who you are!” he shouted at the cameras. “Only a coward would hide their identity! 
*Answer me!*

But there came no response.

They had been reduced to nothing but lab rats in a cage. It was a hard pill to swallow.

For both.
Trauma Bond: the result of an endless cycle of abuse in which the interchanging reinforcement of reward and punishment produces powerful emotional bonds that are resistant to change (Painter, “Traumatic Bonding: The developmental…”).

“Are you all right, love?”

“Yeah… I think so—pain’s subsided.”

“You should have listened.”

“Dad, please don’t lecture me about the obvious.”

“I hate watching you suffer.” Klaus lovingly stroked his daughter’s hair.

“It’s the worst pain I’ve ever felt in my life,” said Hope. “I wouldn’t wish it on my worst enemy.”

“I would.” He scowled, glancing at the cameras. “I’m not as forgiving as you are, sweetheart. I don’t
believe in ‘turning the other cheek.’”

“But maybe that’s what’s got us here in the first place. Ever thought about that?”

Klaus sighed and propped a pillow behind him on the bed before he leaned back and opened his arms.

Hope molded her body against his and held him closely, grateful for his comfort. They no longer had access to the outside world, nor could they see or feel the daylight from the windows; all the glass enclosures were obstructed by thick slabs of concrete.

A few minutes passed in silence as they held each other.

“Dad?”

“Hmm?”

“What are you thinking about?”

“… My sanity. I’m not sure how much longer I can take being trapped in here. It’s been over a month and no one’s found us. I’m afraid for us, Hope… afraid of what we’ll become.”

The doe eyed beauty met her father’s gaze and felt her heart shiver.

“You’re the strongest person I know,” she confessed. “If anyone knows how to survive, it’s you. We’ll get through this together.”

“I can’t live with myself knowing you resent me.”

Hope frowned in confusion. “Why would I resent you?”

“For corrupting you the way I have.”

“Dad, we’ve been through this before—so many times. I haven’t been corrupted. We’re a playing a game in here. We’ll win.”

“At what cost? I feel like we’re losing everything. I’m… I’m losing who I am.”

“I won’t let that happen.”

“There’s so much that’s changed between us, Hope. I spent a good portion of your life chasing enemies in attempts to keep you safe from harm. I stayed away from you for years to protect you. And now… look what’s happened. We might as well have been destroyed by the Hollow.”

“Don’t say that!”

“It’s the truth. Look around you. We’re like mice in here… puppets… play-things.”

“Dad, I was angry at you for never writing back to me, but I understand your sacrifice now. What you did was a big deal—for everyone in our family.”

He leaned forward and kissed her forehead before their tender moment was suddenly interrupted by grinding gears.

Klaus glanced at the adjacent wall. The storage lift had been lowered, which meant…
“I’ll get it,” said Hope, hopping off the bed.

She stopped in her tracks when the television switched on. They had a new task to complete. Hope paused and read what was captioned on the screen.

Two Options:

1. Inject her with the needle

2. Inject her with some Hybrid cock—

back door entry ;)

The choice is yours :)

Oh God, Hope panicked in her head.

Klaus tried to show no reaction as he brushed past his daughter. He opened the sliding door to the lift and discovered a pre-filled syringe on a silver tray.

“Dad, what is it?”

He raised the tray to his nostrils and used his superior sense of smell to identify the substance.

“I’m not sure. It’s odorless… heroin’s like that”—he sniffed it again—“in its purest form.”

“Wait… you’ve done drugs?” Hope was stunned.

He reluctantly met her gaze and answered, “Yes. The 60s and 70s were, um… an interesting time for me, to say the least.”

They joined each other by the sofa and sat down. Klaus set the tray on the coffee table and stared at the needle.

“So,” Hope nervously uttered. “What are we going to do?”

“I knew this pervert would up the ante…”

“Well, whatever’s in that needle won’t kill me. Remember the rules?”

He looked at her with nothing but concern. “Hope, if that’s heroin in there, it will absolutely change your brain chemistry. It only takes one trip before you find yourself chasing after that first high… you’ll do anything for it… it enslaves you… you’ll never recapture that rush again.”

“So then we go with option two.”

“No.” He scrunched his face in disgust. “Absolutely not! It’s degrading and wrong on all levels—it’s sodomy!”

But Klaus was a hypocrite; anal sex had always been a pleasurable indulgence for him… for centuries.
Hope extended her arm and closed her fist. “Find a vein.”

“We still have time.”

“Why wait?”

“I need to think this through.”

“What’s left to think about? Just do it, Dad,” she urged.

Klaus pressed a thumb and index to his forehead and tried to organize the chaos in his head.

“I’ll feed on you after I inject you.”

“What? Why?”

“To flush the drug out of your bloodstream. I won’t be able to get it all out, but I can lessen its impact.”

“You’re so certain it’s heroin?”

“I’m almost convinced, yes.”

Hope fixed her gaze on the needle and felt her palms get clammy. “Are you sure don’t want to consider the other—”

“Stop. It’s not an option, Hope. I refuse to violate you that way.” The intensity of his stare pierced right through her as he added, “It’s beneath my character.”

That was a lie and he knew it.

“We’ve got twelve hours,” Klaus reiterated. “We’ll complete the challenge after dinner.”

7:30pm

Their last meals were served right on schedule; however, dinner conversation was nothing but a quiet lull between them. Hope had to force her food down, since she didn’t have much of an appetite that
evening. She knew her father wouldn’t let her leave the table until she had cleared her plate.

When they finished dinner, she placed their empty tray in the lift and closed it before joining Klaus on the couch. Hope seated herself next to him and watched as he unfastened his belt and asked her to roll up her sleeve.

“This causes pressure to build up so I can find your vein,” he informed, compressing her arm with the belt.

“I figured.” She felt a slight discomfort.

“Are you afraid of needles?”

“Not really, no. There are worse things to fear out there.”

Klaus never took his eyes off his daughter as he tightened the belt buckle.

“Close your fist for me… good girl.” He turned around and grabbed the syringe off the tray before uncapping it.

Hope was nervous, but she tried her best to wear a brave face.

“Okay.” He sat next to her, tapping the syringe to clear the air bubbles. “Are you ready?”

“Now or never.”

Klaus pressed his fingers in the middle of her forearm until he felt a swollen vein. “Perfect. Found it.” He unfastened the belt to avoid collapsing her vein, as he was no novice at this, though it had been years since he last used, let alone helped a partner shoot up.

He met Hope’s anxious gaze and said, “I’m going to insert the needle soon. Talk me through your symptoms—whatever you’re feeling once the drug takes effect. It should be instant if it’s an opioid. You’ll probably start to nod off from the intensity of the rush.”

“I’m ready.”

Klaus paused and glanced at the holographic clock; it was still counting down.

Fuck you, you bastard, he cursed in his head.

As nervous as he was, he steeled himself and gripped Hope’s arm. “You’re going to feel a sharp pain.”

“Dad, I’m no stranger to needles.”

“This isn’t a medical vaccination,” he asserted. “We have no idea what could happen.”

“The sooner you inject me, the sooner we find out.”

He held his breath and slowly exhaled. With extra caution, Klaus slanted the needle at an angle and gently pressed the bevel into her vein. The shaft softly touched her skin as he pushed the syringe just far enough, until the transparent liquid was completely injected inside.
“Hope?”

The side effects were instantaneous as Hope’s eyes fluttered and rolled back, succumbing to a hazy, trance-like state. She sank into the sofa and nodded off, slipping in and out of consciousness.

“Hey!” Klaus shook her. “Stay awake, sweetheart! Can you hear me?” He leaned over her and opened her eyelids to inspect her pupils: they were dilated.

“Bloody hell, I was right… Hope… Hope, look at me.”

She opened her eyes and tried to focus on his face, smiling in a blissful state of euphoria. “This feels…un…believable …” Her speech had significantly slowed as she slurred her words. “Mmmmmmm… you’re a… rain…b-bow…” Hope giggled, high out of her mind.

Time was running out, Klaus thought. He knew what he had to do. He was just afraid of what would happen once he’d do it.
Lost in delirious ecstasy, Hope moaned when she felt her father’s vampire fangs pierce through her neck.

He supported his weight above her and punctured her jugular vein, drinking deep greedy gulps of warm, coppery blood. Klaus could taste the opiate as it rapidly triggered opioid receptors in his brain.

“Feels so… good,” she breathed, losing all consciousness before everything faded to black.

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Hey guys!

Sorry for the long hiatus. I can’t tell you how difficult it is to write when you’re feeling depressed. Thank you to my readers who have been patient and supportive. Although this chapter takes a different direction, just keep in mind that this story is AU. I’ve always been fascinated by esoteric knowledge, so I decided to include it a bit in this chapter. It seemed fitting, especially after a drug induced high… (for Hope—not me lol)

Enjoy x

-Skye

p.s. since I discovered that tinypic. com is shutting down, most of my previous gifs will no longer show up in chapters. I’m going to try to fix this issue and use a different site. but if anything i might just stop using gifs, or using less gifs--it's a lot of tedious work.

**EDIT**: I updated all the gifs and images in previous chapters using a different hosting website for this story and will continue to upload graphics through that site.
“The body is a vehicle for sensation… surrender to it, Hope. Surrender to sensation.”

*Where... am I?*

“You are within the void.”

*I can’t see anything.*

“I know.”

*Who are you?*

“My guide.”

*... What happened?*

“I will show you.”

Flickering images flashed in Hope’s mind as she saw herself from a bird’s eye view, passed out on a sofa. Her pupils were dilated, and Klaus was on top of her... feeding, gorging on her blood.

*He... he injected me. I remember now.*

“Yes. It wasn’t heroin.”

The memories slowly faded, as Hope found herself floating in the darkness once again.

*This isn’t real.*

“It is.”

*It can’t be! You’re a drug induced hallucination!*

“Yes. Your human brain is not capable of conceiving 5D interdimensional beings in your 3D world.”

*Is that what you are?*

“I am your guide. Listen to me well before you return to your vessel. I have vital knowledge I wish to impart. The physical realm is merely an illusion.”

*Why are you telling me this?*

“The vessel you have chosen to incarnate in has been determined by two things: desire and awareness. As shards of consciousness, we choose our experiences in Physical Creation: your material world of the senses. Everything is interconnected with incarnation. Certainly, your world is governed by cosmic laws ordained by the Source.

“However, it must be emphasized that as a supernatural being, your creation is not an abomination. In occult philosophy, you will learn the paradox of time; more specifically, Cosmic Time and its illusion. Your existence in this realm is transient, yet all is cyclical... seasons... human stages of life. Death is an illusion. Your thoughts and actions will determine your next incarnation. Morality is a man-made concept. The evil that exists in your world is a natural phenomenon that is in accordance with Divine cosmic laws.”
I’m so lost. I don’t understand any of this!

“Physical Creation exists for a purpose, despite it’s illusory manifestation. Your desires and intentions for what occurs in this world are all in your mind, Hope. You must remember that Physical Creation existed long before human existence. You are merely participating in its reason for existing within this cosmic dreamworld. Every living being has a greater purpose, and supernatural beings are not excluded.”

Why am I here?

“To evolve. All beings have past lives and different life paths that all lead to the evolution of consciousness—to ultimately transcend the human experience and exist in dimensions that are governed by higher energy vibrations. Regression is also possible, in which your consciousness will decline to lower vibratory realms upon death. Death is merely a doorway.”

Who was I in my past life?

“Firstly, you should know that you were not supposed to exist in this realm. You ignored the prophecy that was scribed by your elders and chose to incarnate in your present vessel to reunite with your lover. The separation had lasted for three millenniums.”

My lover?

“I will show you.”

Hope suddenly found herself standing on a terrace, looking up at a large blood moon. A young woman with long brown hair walked past her. The train of her sheer red dress dragged behind her on the granite floor.

Who is that?

“You.”

But… she doesn’t look like me.

“You had chosen a different vessel in your past life.”

An attractive young man with short golden hair suddenly appeared behind her. He was tall and had the bluest eyes. Hope was entranced as she watched him wrap his arms around his lover’s waist.

Is that…
“Your twin flame, yes. He was killed in the Great Cosmic Battle and banished to earth when he attempted to reincarnate in your 5D realm.”

*What’s a twin flame?*

“Every soul, every piece of consciousness has an identical twin who embodies Divine feminine and Divine masculine energies. A twin flame union originates from the same blueprint of creation. In other words, you are both cut from the same cloth, molded from the same block of clay. The souls separate when they incarnate in different realms as they attempt to come in union once more with each other to fulfill their higher purpose in the physical dimensions.”

The young woman kissed her lover, and Hope felt nothing but desire as she watched her former self.

*Will I ever meet my twin flame again?*

“You already have.”

*What? When?*

“The moment you were born as Hope Mikaelson. The moment he held you in his arms and cried tears of joy.”

*Oh my God… no… it can’t be…*

“You chose to incarnate in the vessel of your twin flame’s progeny. That man that you see on the terrace is now Niklaus Mikaelson, hybrid vampire and wolf.”

Suddenly, the lovers evaporated.

*What’s happening?*

“I want to show you your death.”

Hope was a silent spectator once again, as she saw her former self standing in a circle of flames on top of calm waters. She was holding a ceremonial dagger to her chest, pointing directly at a glowing ruby gemstone that was attached to her skin. An elderly woman was chanting in a foreign language while raising her hands to a star-studded sky.

“You were an immortal being,” said the guide. “You sacrificed yourself to reincarnate in this world after the Cosmic Battle. It was the only way to die and find him again.”

*That explains why I’m—*

“In love with him.”

Hope could hardly believe what she was seeing and hearing. It was too much to take in at once. The past life memory faded once again.

*Who abducted us?*

“A powerful warlock who is more a friend to you than a foe.”

*A friend wouldn’t lock us up and torment us with sick games every day.*

“These trials are part of the prophecy; they are deliberately designed to be psychologically challenging. Transcendence must come with sacrifice. You are being tested. In order to be truly
liberated, one must fully embrace and accept their shadow. Your purpose here is to fulfill that
prophecy. Only then will you be released from captivity.”

What prophecy?

“Your decision to incarnate on earth had consequences, Hope. Sex magic is extremely powerful in
your 3D world. Remember what I said about this illusory realm. Do not resist your carnal desires.
You cannot fight fate. Heaven and Hell exist within the mind, nowhere else.”

Why should I trust anything you say? This could all be part of that psycho’s game—a trick!

“As I said before, it is an initiation. Everything has happened for a reason, including this dialogue
with me. You will not remember much of this conversation, but it was important for it to linger in
your subconscious. *Succumb to your desires, Hope. Embrace the shadow...* I must go now. You are
about to wake up.”

What? Don’t go!... Hey!

Rushing relief poured over Klaus as soon as Hope opened her eyes. He was afraid that she’d lost too
much blood. He’d done everything in his power to drain the drug out of her system, but at some point
she had passed out cold. Instinctively, he pulled his daughter to his chest and held her, endlessly
cursing himself for injecting her with God knows what.

“Dad, I’m okay,” said Hope, sounding groggy from sleep. “Don’t worry.”

Not wanting to let go, Klaus eventually released her and examined her eyes. Her pupils were no
longer dilated. She seemed to be sober, he concluded.

“Are you sure you’re all right, sweetheart?” Klaus caressed her cheek.

Hope flashed a faint smile and nodded.

“You gave me quite a scare. You’ve been knocked out for the past two hours.”

“I was dreaming... I think.”

“What do you remember?”

“I... I can’t explain it.” She met his intensive gaze and felt her heart palpitate. “Something about the
world being—” Hope stopped midway when she heard the dreaded sound of the intercom.

“Welcome back to earth, Hope!” said the Jigsaw voice. “As much as I’ve enjoyed playing with my
little mice, I’ve decided to offer you the opportunity to free yourselves once and for all.”

There was a long pause before Klaus stood up and sternly said, “We’re listening.”

“Everything comes with a price, including freedom. If you wish to leave this place unscathed... if you
truly wish to be released from your shackles, you must complete one last and final task.”

“Well?” he said, looking annoyed.

The maniac paused for dramatic effect. “… Lie with thy progeny.”
Klaus clenched his jaw and closed his fists, desperately trying not to lose composure.

“No,” he replied through gritted teeth.

“She is seventeen years old. Fornicate with her seventeen times and I will release you both from this prison.”

“Did you not hear me?” Klaus raged. “I said, NO!”

“If you refuse, your captivity will be doubled in duration, and you also run the risk of her viewing those God-awful tapes...”

“Dad?” Hope looked at him in confusion. “What tapes?”

Klaus was panicking. He never felt more desperate in his life. He knew exactly what that psycho had on him. He couldn’t let Hope see it... the extent of his debaucheries... He just couldn’t.

“You knew this was coming, Hybrid. I’m simply giving you the chance to get it out of the way and obtain your freedom. Or, you can continue entertaining me and prolong your captivity. I don’t mind either way.” The psycho laughed.

Hope stood up and reached for her father’s arm. “Dad.”

He met her fearful gaze.

“Let’s just do it,” she murmured. “I don’t want to stay here anymore. We have an opportunity to leave.”

“Hope, we can’t. You can’t expect me to—”

“He’s going to make us do it eventually! There’s no way to avoid it! Please, Dad... I can’t take it anymore. I need to get out of here. We need to get out of here.”

Klaus looked up at one of the cameras and gruffly asked, “How can I trust your word?”

“You can’t. It’s called blind faith. I could have made a much harsher demand, knowing your vices”—his enemy chuckled—“but... the choice is ultimately yours.”

There was nothing but dead air before the intercom switched off.

Klaus was alone with his thoughts yet again. His eyes widened in shock when he noticed his daughter removing her clothing.

“Stop! What are you doing?”

“What does it look like I’m doing? Let’s get this out of the way.”

“Hope!” He grabbed her arm before she could unzip her pants. “We have to talk this through, for fuck’s sake!”

“There’s nothing to talk about.” She shook free and divested herself out of her jeans.

Something immediately throbbed down below, which only made Klaus panic even more. He sat down and desperately tried to control his animalistic urges. His efforts were futile, though. He could feel himself transitioning, as dark veins pulsed around his cheekbones.
Hope unsnapped her pink bra and let it fall to the floor. She stepped in front of her father, wearing nothing but pink lace panties. Her crotch was so close to his face, he could have ripped them off right then and there.

“Dad.” She steeled herself. “Look at me.”

It was no use. She was his kryptonite. He’d already tasted her desire for him; it haunted his waking hours, including his dreams.

“Please,” Hope gently insisted.

He still didn’t respond.

“Whatever happens in these walls, stays within these walls.” She glanced at his hands and noticed their slight tremor. Klaus was so visibly at war with himself, but she knew she had to convince him. She couldn’t give up.

“I want you. I want you to fuck me.”

She said it.

Out loud.

At long last.

As inexperienced as she was, her need for her Hybrid father had overpowered her logic, as Hope stood there, terrified, aroused… waiting… wanting.

Klaus let her words sink in before he slowly looked up at her. His golden eyes glowing, radiating heat, desire, and sexual aggression.

The poor girl had no conception of his violence within; and here she was, sacrificing herself for the slaughter, teasing the wolf… luring him out.

All it took was one move; one move and he’d devour her in seconds… her innocence on a silver platter, all for him to feast on… over and over. How could he possibly tame this beast? This lecherous demon? Klaus thought.

The knot in Hope’s stomach kept twisting tightly as her father’s eyes cascaded down her virgin body. She had to resist the urge to cover her breasts from embarrassment. Her nerves got the best of her when Klaus finally rose to his feet and towered over her at full height. He was intimidating, she
thought. His monstrosity was beautiful.

Their eyes locked.

Her breath quivered.

Before the kiss.

Before their ultimate sin.

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A/N: There will be a small time jump ahead, but many flashbacks—just a heads up. I’m trying to experiment with the climax of my story.
When I write, I usually need to get myself in a dark place.

These beats slap HARD--check'em out:

Øfdream - First Woe

Nine Inch Nails-Closer(Thrust Remix)

Eli Sostre - Drama (prod. Blair Norf & Soriano)

Music in chapter:

KADEBOSTANY - SAVE ME

Day 56
9pm

Freedom. It came at what cost? Hope thought, following her father down a wooded path. Everything had changed between them. Fifty-six days of psychological warfare; fifty-six days of transgression; fifty-six days they could never erase. She still remembered the sound of those titanium doors opening. They had achieved what had seemed like the impossible. They had finally escaped, and they both paid a hefty price for it.

“Dad, slow down!” Hope stopped running and tried to catch her breath.

“We have to keep going!” Klaus urged, worried that their newfound freedom was nothing but a cruel joke.

It seemed too good to be true. Their deranged enemy had been hellbent on breaking them slowly. But they were already broken, Klaus thought, moving branches out of the way in the darkness.

He slowed his pace and glanced back at Hope. “I see a boat in the distance. Give me your hand and stay close.”

She reached out and felt a volt of electricity flow through her body as soon as their fingers came in contact.

His hand had touched her in places she never would have imagined two months ago. Those slender fingers had slipped, rubbed, and penetrated her to the brink of orgasm. The reality was that her father’s flawless body was known to her now. Every inch of him was intimately familiar. They could never take back what they had done. She could never forget it… the way she felt being under him...
... over him...

on her hands and knees... moaning in shameless pleasure as he fucked her hard.

Hope could still taste him on her tongue.

She could still feel the imprint of his lips pressed against hers, crushing her beneath his naked body... biceps bulging... his thick cock throbbing in her dripping sex.
There was nothing romantic about what they’d done, she tried to convince herself. From the moment they were thrown inside that God forsaken cell, they were treated like lab animals.

*He only slept with you because he had to,* said a voice in her head. *He probably hated every minute of it. Every. Single. Time. You make him sick. He can hardly look at you.*

She wanted to cry, fighting tears as they stung her crystal blue eyes. Hope fought through her turmoil and focused on the sound of her breathing. A wolf howled from the mountains, followed by another. The moon was high in the sky, and the north star twinkled brightly on a black canvas above them.

When they finally reached the embankment, Klaus quickly helped his daughter into the rowboat before he joined her and started rowing. A dense fog had rolled in as the moon cast its silver reflection on the water, lighting their way through the night.
Wooden oars caressed the water in powerful strokes as Klaus maintained a steady pace. The sound was almost soothing, but he was still expecting the worst at any moment. He had no idea where they were, all he knew was that he was determined to return home in one piece. As soon as those doors had opened, they bolted together and didn’t look back.

He studied Hope’s face and tried to read her thoughts while rowing.

*Does she hate me?* Klaus questioned, fearing the answer.

*She’ll never forgive you, his conscience whispered. You’ve corrupted her. You’ve destroyed any chance you had at being a good father to her. You’re just like him…*

“Dad, are you all right?”

Hope’s calming voice pulled him out of purgatory as he met her gaze and forced a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry about me.”

Hope looked past his shoulder and said, “I see a dock in the distance!”

Klaus stopped momentarily and turned around. “We need to find a road when we’re back on land.”

Hope had never walked so much in her life. The trek back to civilization was a daunting feat. Their perilous journey through the wilderness seemed like an endless maze. The silence between them was even more uncomfortable, as if they were strangers who had forgotten the intimate ways in which they had explored each other’s bodies for days on end. She’d sworn him her secrecy. Everything that had happened inside those walls were never to be spoken to a living soul, much less a dead one. She knew that she would protect him at all costs. Her love for her father had only increased, not diminished, despite what they were forced to endure.

Their sexual encounters had only brought them closer. The trauma had bonded them in ways that no one could ever understand but them alone. From the beginning of their captivity, all she yearned for was normalcy, yet a part of her was terrified to re-enter the mundane routine of her former life. Nothing could ever be the same again—not between them. Hope wondered if he also recognized this. She was too afraid to ask.
Her sexual awakening was experienced inside a prison, under surveillance, with none other than her own father. She had no idea how to register everything that transpired between them… all the feelings… physical sensations. How could she possibly act like it never happened? Could she ever talk about it with him? she hopelessly thought, sinking into melancholic silence.

Klaus suddenly stopped in his tracks. “I hear a car. We’re close.”

“I’m so tired.”

“I know, sweetheart. We’ll be home soon, though. I promise.” His comforting smile rekindled her hope as she continued following him in the darkness.

They had no cellphone, no watch, no weapons… nothing but the clothes on their backs. Her father was an immortal being—the deadliest weapon of all, Hope thought. The only person who was truly at risk was her. Despite her supernatural blood as a tribrid, she was still very much human and capable of dying from natural causes. The hero beside her was invincible, but she was not.

Not yet, she told herself.

“Dad,” Hope weakly uttered. “Can we please take a break? My legs are killing me and I’m cramping. I can’t walk anymore.”

Klaus stepped toward her and said, “I’ll carry you.”

“But—”

He scooped her up in his arms before she could protest any further.

And then it happened.

Again.

His touch was like live wire, sending currents through her entire body. She wrapped her arms around his neck and listened to his breathing as he sped through the wilderness at supernatural speed. Her surroundings became nothing but a blur.

*I should have done this earlier,* Klaus thought. It would have saved them more time.

After what seemed like twenty minutes of sprinting through the forest, he finally stopped and gently placed his daughter on her feet.

Hope skimmed her environment. “*Finally,*” she sighed.

They were in the middle of a one-way road that had no streetlights.
Klaus scanned the perimeter for any visible threats. “Wave down the first car that passes,” he commanded. “I’ll take it from there.”

Stealthily, he hid himself on the side of the road and kept a sharp eye on Hope. Minutes passed before a silver SUV approached.

Hope waved her arms in the air, shouting, “Stop! Please!”

The driver slowed down and pulled over, switching on their hazards before they stepped out of the vehicle.

“Hey!” said the middle-aged woman. “What happened? Are you all right?”

Hope was about to respond when her father came rushing toward the unsuspecting lady at vampire speed.

Klaus grabbed her shoulders and used psychic compulsion on her.

“Stay calm.” His pupils dilated and retracted. “Give me your keys. Get in the back seat and keep quiet. You won’t remember anything that happened when we leave.”

The blonde woman obeyed his every word and surrendered the keys to her Ford Explorer.

He was so hungry. He had to fight his instincts and avoid the urge to feed on the human. The last thing he wanted was to traumatize Hope more than she already was.
“Get in,” said Klaus, opening the front passenger seat.

It was a little past midnight, as Hope glanced at the stereo clock. They had been driving for a short while before it dawned on her to rummage through the woman’s handbag.

“I found a cellphone!” she said, feeling accomplished.

“Open Google maps,” Klaus replied. “What’s our location?”

She opened the app and waited for a signal. “Um… looks like we’re in Atlanta.”

“Call your Uncle Elijah.”

Hope opened the keypad and hesitated, feeling somewhat embarrassed. “Crap… I can’t remember his number.”

“Call Freya.”

“… I can’t remember her number, either.”

“Your mother?”

Hope punched in some digits and cursed under her breath.

Klaus sighed, shaking his head. “This is what happens when you become too dependent on technology. Hand me the phone.”

She surrendered the iPhone, feeling foolish for not having memorized their numbers in case of emergencies. The only number she knew off by heart was her father’s. But he didn’t know this, and she didn’t bother to tell him.

“Elijah, it’s me,” said Klaus, holding the phone to his ear as he drove. “… Calm down, we’re fine… I’ll tell you when we get back… She’s with me, yes… We’re in Atlanta… We escaped… I don’t know… the next available flight… Not necessary… I’ll handle it and get a burner phone in the meantime… Don’t worry… Call Hayley and the others… See you soon, brother.” He hung up and gave the phone back to Hope.

“Are we flying home tonight?” she asked.
“Yes.”

“But we don’t have any ID on us.”

“Have you forgotten how I got us in this car?” Klaus quirked his brow at her.

“Compulsion… right… always convenient.”

He flashed a devilish smile.

“What are we going to do about”—Hope pulled out the woman’s driver’s license—“…Mrs. Vera Winthrop?”

“Well, I don’t intend on leaving this poor lady without a vehicle.” He glanced at her through the rear-view mirror. “Auto theft is a serious crime, but desperate times call for desperate measures. We’ll drive to the airport and I’ll send her on her merry way.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Hope yawned, her eyes getting heavier. “I think I’m gonna fall asleep.”

“Rest, sweetheart. I’ll wake you up when we reach the airport.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want you passing out behind the wheel.”

“No sleep for the wicked.”

“I guess that includes me now.”

“Absolutely not,” Klaus sternly stated. He reached for her hand and squeezed it gently, saying, “I don’t want you blaming yourself for what happened between us. Do you hear me?” He looked at her, his heart sinking when he noticed her sadness.
She offered him a weak little smile, desperately needing his touch: the only thing that grounded her from all the chaos in her head. She loved this man beyond words, beyond comprehension, beyond all logic or reason. The things they had done to each other had broken the boundaries of a healthy father/daughter relationship. He was no longer just a protective force in her life, no longer a voice of authority. Klaus had transformed into an idealized lover. Hope was undeniably in love with him.

His ageless face was devastatingly handsome, proving his immortality to be a curse and a blessing. How could she have not fallen in love with him? Hope wondered, floating between consciousness and lucid dreams.

Was their captivity entirely to blame for this new dynamic? Had she always been in love with him? He’d told her many times that she was the light of his life, that she owned his whole heart. Did she own his body now?

Desire stirred in the pit of her stomach as Hope was confronted by steamy recollections. It had hurt so badly, the first time he penetrated her… his massive size. She blamed herself, though. She’d gone out of her way to provoke the beast. She’d wanted them to do it and “get it over with,” after all.

Seventeen and no longer a paragon of virtue; no longer a virgin “princess.” The shameful truth was that she still wanted him. She’d slept with her own father, and instead of being disgusted by the act, she secretly yearned for more. She needed him in ways that were sinful and wrong; in ways he could never fulfill in the real world, now that they were released from hell.

_But was it really?_ Hope asked herself.

To live in a world without her father was unfathomable to her. His existence in her life made all the difference. She needed him to know this. She couldn’t bear to lose him.

Even though they were both in dire need of psychiatric help, they had survived the worst together.

_There is an implant inside of her_, Hope remembered that chilling voice. _All I have to do is press the right button and she will die… slowly._

It terrified her to know that their enemy still had power over her life. Wherever that implant was, she wanted it out, A-SAP.

---

He had to stop thinking about it. Who was he fooling, though? She was so deeply embedded inside of him. It was pointless and impossible to get her out. There was no way he could turn back time and do things differently. He couldn’t give himself amnesia. The darkest part of him didn’t even want to
consider that option. The truth of the matter was that his demon reveled in the madness that had transpired within that room. The notorious Niklaus Mikaelson had slept with his own daughter, his only heir.

Hope’s breathy moans echoed through the caverns of his consciousness, triggering memories that simultaneously aroused him and filled him with the deepest shame. Night after night… moving inside of her… thrusting himself so deep… watching her sensuous lips releasing cries of ecstasy.

Was he just as sick as that psychopath for indulging in all that was forbidden? Was he just as fucked up for wanting to pleasure her first before blowing a massive load all over her stomach?... for wanting to cum so deep inside of her?

Klaus gripped the steering wheel and tried to shake off his unspoken desires. He had to return to “Dad-mode,” whether he was capable of it or not. There was no other choice. Cami would surely probe him with questions during therapy.

*I’ll avoid it altogether,* he resolved.

There was no way he would ever open up about what really happened between him and Hope to anyone. Not his brother, not Cami, not a single soul. This was *their* secret only, but Klaus was still worried about exposure. The cameras in that room had been there for a reason. He feared the worst: being blackmailed.

After driving for nearly an hour, exhaustion started to creep up on him. He was glad that Hope had finally managed to sleep, at least. The woman in the back was so quiet, it seemed as if she wasn’t there at all.

Klaus grabbed her cellphone and checked the date. It was the first of December. They had survived two months of lock up. But nothing would ever be the same between them.
Probably a good thing she’s going off to college.

Perhaps some distance was best. He’d always wanted her to live a normal life from the moment she was born, even though his enemies kept undermining that goal. It was also Hayley’s wish to shield their daughter from their supernatural world. Hope had tried her best to convince her parents to let her live in Vienna to attend a secret academy for the supernaturally gifted, but they wouldn’t budge on their decision. They wanted to keep her away from all things involved with witchcraft, vampires, and werewolves. It didn’t matter that she had tribrid blood in her veins. As parents, their only wish for their daughter was to keep her safe from everything that threatened their own existence.

Klaus was determined to support Hope's endeavors. But everything was so terribly complicated now. She had power over him in a way that made him feel uneasy, on edge… vulnerable. He didn’t want her to live with the shame of what they had done. It killed him inside to know that he’d taken so much from her: her innocence, her first kiss, her first orgasm; all her “firsts” were with him, inside that wretched room.

Deeper... Oh God... Yes... Fuck!

Hope’s whimpering moans echoed in his ears as he drove, distracted by X-rated images that had plagued his mind. In all the years of his immortal existence, nothing had felt more pleasurable than to penetrate his own progeny. How could he possibly make himself forget those sensations? Her tight, wet...

Klaus turned on the radio and lowered the volume. He had to distract himself. Dwelling on these illicit memories would bring nothing but trouble. Everything that happened between them was beyond inappropriate. He had to force himself to forget.

But he couldn’t. He couldn’t erase the way she bounced on his cock, rocking her hips back and forth while she dug her nails in his chest...
or the way she kept grinding her firm round butt against his erection at night, wakening his inner beast before he’d fuck the life out of her;

or the times she woke him up in the mornings with her lips wrapped around his big veiny cock, begging him to fuck her.
Were they truly victims? Klaus questioned himself. Was it all an act? Had Hope been faking it—*all of it*—for his sake?

It nauseated him to entertain that possibility. He refused to believe it; there was no way. He’d seen it in her eyes every time he was inside of her: scorching hot desire… a desperate need… love and lust merging. She was his Heaven, and he was unworthy. He’d entered an Edenic paradise every time he’d been inside of her. The paradox was that in order to gain entry to such a forbidden place, he had to engage in forbidden acts. He’d lose himself in her heaven, only to find himself back in hell.

Was he more of a monster for passionately making love to her whenever she had initiated? Should he have been ruthless and sadistic, like he’d been with past lovers? Would that have prevented the probability of her becoming addicted to him? Addicted to the sex? Was *he* an addict now? The questions were endlessly forming in Klaus’s mind. He found no solace.

Whatever peace he had fought to protect within himself had abandoned him. There was no road to redemption. It simply wasn’t an option anymore, not for someone like him, he vehemently believed. He had become his own judge and jury, and he would take the role of executioner, if necessary.

*Mikael was right. I destroy everyone and everything around me… everything I touch.*

Hope stirred in her sleep, catching his attention. He hadn’t forgotten about her implant. Removing it was at the top of his list of priorities once they were back on home turf.

*How many times did we actually…?* Klaus questioned. At some point, he had stopped counting. They both had stopped.

It absolutely gutted him to pieces to know that he had become her abuser.

*I had no other choice.*
You relished in it, his shadow responded. Cease your pathetic state of denial. You want more, don’t you? Don’t you, Niklaus?

No.

You’re nothing but a hollow, sick, freak of nature. A mistake. You’re not capable of love, you poor bastard. When will you admit it to yourself? You use and abuse others for your own personal gain. You’ve always been this way. It’s all you know.

But he refused to believe it. He loved Hope. He would have sacrificed himself in a heartbeat for her.

If you really love her, his conscience whispered, stay away from her. Stay far, far away.

I can’t.

You must.

I need her.

You will destroy her.

Captivity had done a number on his fragile mind, as he staggered between sanity and madness. How could he help his daughter when he couldn’t even help himself? Would this secret eat them alive?

Klaus was almost at their destination, as he flicked his right turn signal and took the next exit off the highway.

Hope could hardly believe that they’d made it, as they sat waiting near their boarding gate. It was only hours ago that they were locked away in a room with no contact with the outside world, aside from each other. She’d never seen her father compel so many people before. His psychic compulsion was something to envy, as he’d long mastered the skill. There were so many things that she admired about him, ever since she was a child: his charm, intelligence, artistic talents, strength, resilience, his selflessness and loyalty… the list was endless. But now that she knew him intimately, she had so many other traits to add to that list.

Hope could never forget that night when he made her edge for a solid hour in bed before he pounded her so hard, she had a full body orgasm for several minutes. It had also been the first time she’d experienced the female equivalent to male ejaculation: squirting.
The incident had happened only once because she’d been so embarrassed by her sudden loss of control of her bodily fluids. Klaus had reassured her that it wasn’t something to be embarrassed about, even though she had soaked his chest and his entire lower body, including the bed sheets. Hope was too self-conscious, and in order to achieve such an explosive biological reaction, it was necessary to free one’s self of all inhibitions, something she was not able to do again.

The memories were all she could think about as she sat next to Klaus, ignoring the sexual tension between them. He’d hardly had a proper conversation with her aside from his one word-demands: “Come”, “Go”, “Stay”, “Wait.” She desperately needed to talk to him about everything. Where would they go from here?

“You must be so exhausted,” said Hope, breaking the silence.

“We have another twenty minutes before we start boarding. I’ll sleep on the plane.”

She looked at him and thought that he must have been starving. “Are you hungry?”

“No.”

“You’re lying. The last time you fed was yesterday morning.”

He met her worried eyes. “Hope, we’re surrounded by people. I can’t just pluck a person from the crowd and feed on them.”

“You can feed on me.”

“Even worse.” Klaus sighed in frustration. “Besides, there are cameras everywhere.”

“Let’s go to a restroom.”

He looked away and fixed his gaze on the floor to ceiling windows, watching as domestic planes took off in the distance.
“Dad?”

“No,” he firmly stated.

“But—”

“I said, no.”

The intensity of his stare burned right through her. An ominous darkness had permeated his aura; it followed him everywhere he went. She’d always felt it, even as a child. But now that she was older, Hope was more sensitive to that dark energy. It affected her in ways that made her feel intimidated.

“I’m sorry,” she said, averting her eyes.

Klaus exhaled slowly. He was irritated with himself. The last thing he wanted was to hurt Hope’s feelings by acting like an insensitive jerk. They could have easily stolen away to a restroom where they had enough privacy for him to feed. In truth, he was afraid; afraid of what would happen if he was alone with his daughter... terrified of what he’d do to her.

*Can’t she understand that?* he thought, brooding in silence.

It was too triggering. He couldn’t take the chance. He would have much rather starved himself until he was able to gorge on a generous number of living hosts.

The reality was that he wanted nothing more than to sink his fangs into her neck and feed while he fucked her brains out, like he did many nights ago… *back to back*, unleashing his demon, exorcizing it in inside of her, between her thighs… lapping up gushing crimson lines that dripped… *dripped*…
pooling at the back of his throat. He had fed straight from her vein, transmuting her lifeforce to what he believed was nothing but love in its purest form, before he’d expelled every drop of passion into her sultry lips. It was a powerful fusion of energies every time they did the unthinkable within those walls.

How could he forget? How could he cure himself of this endless need? Nothing had ever felt more intense than being with her… driving his cock into her tight, wet folds, feeling her writhe and quiver beneath him. How could he ever recapture anything close to what it felt like to be inside of her… his own daughter.

Hope had somehow tamed his aggression that was always out of control with previous lovers. Was it a narcissistic pursuit to have wanted her to feel nothing but pleasure, instead of pain? Klaus questioned while he sat, pensively staring out the window.

It seemed impossible to be in her presence now without thinking about what they did in that bed… on the sofa… the table… the shower… the walls.

He couldn’t look her in the eye without undressing her. Her naked body… so many places his lips had kissed, his hands had caressed… explored.
“Daddy?”

He reluctantly faced his daughter, hating himself to no end.

“Um… are we okay?”

The flicker of pain in her eyes betrayed her calming voice, as Klaus pulled her into his chest and held her close.

“We will be,” he replied, desperately hoping that it was true.
A/N: I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. The flashbacks were intentional. Don't worry, there will be a chapter devoted entirely to a detailed klope sex scene.
A/N: This chapter’s a flashback with smutty goodness ;) Keep in mind that this isn’t a fluffy conventional love story. There are many dark elements, which I hope you can all appreciate.

Enjoy x

Day 35

12am

_I want you. I want you to fuck me._ Her words kept looping in his mind as he faced his daughter with a heated gaze.

Would they ever be released if they did what that bastard wanted? Klaus asked himself, feeling conflicted. It was harder to rationalize when Hope was standing right in front of him, half naked, being the unapologetic cock-tease that she was.

He had a decision to make, but whichever choice it was, it would lead them to the same destination. Sex was unavoidable; his enemy had made that clear. It was a means to an end.

Klaus reached for his shirt buttons and started opening them.

“Is this what you want?” he asked, looking at Hope.

But before she could respond, he slammed her against the wall at vamp speed, his golden eyes
piercing right through her. Within seconds, he swiftly unfastened his belt and pulled out his swollen snake, making her touch it.

“Daddy,” she breathed, nervous and aroused.

The spider veins around his eyes kept pulsing, mesmerizing her in a trancelike state.

Klaus helped her wrap her fingers around his throbbing pole while he carefully watched her face, groaning when she squeezed his shaft. For weeks he had been sexually frustrated, but all of that was about to come to an end, now that Hope had willingly offered herself to him. He was so turned on he could hardly think. All he knew was that he needed to be inside of her. His animal instincts had fully taken over. He no longer cared about their blood ties. He needed to devour her. He needed to fuck her.

Hard.

Hope gasped as soon as her father hoisted her up against the wall and tore off her panties, leaving a welt on her inner thigh. He discarded the shredded garment and rubbed his cock between her smooth virgin lips.

The sound of her hammering heart exhilarated him as he slid the tip of his head against her clit, lubricating her with precum.

“I’m giving you one last chance,” said Klaus, breathing heavily. “Once I’m inside, I won’t be able to stop… no matter how much you beg me, do you understand?”

Hope nodded, falling under the spell of his seductive voice.

It was no exaggeration. He knew himself best. Her first time was going to be hard and violent. She had no idea just how rough he could be in the bedroom.

She spread her legs wider and wrapped them around his V-shaped waist, gaining confidence as she whispered, “Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me hard—”

Hope suddenly screamed, unable to finish her sentence. The pain was sharp and searing, as her insides stretched and resisted his intrusion. Her father’s Hybrid cock was balls-deep inside of her, pulsing, throbbing, filling her to the hilt. He didn’t even give her time to adjust to his size. One hard and powerful thrust was all it took to tear her thin hymen, impaling her with his thickening length.
It was a pleasurable sensation that was so foreign to him, amplifying by the second as he felt her getting tighter and tighter, as if her pussy was trying to push him out, recognizing the gravity of their sin on a biological level.

This was wrong.

So wrong.

“Bloody hell,” Klaus cursed under his breath. “You’re so fucking tight…”

Tears were misting her vision as Hope pursed her lips and tried not to scream again while he rocked himself into her. She never dreamed it would be this painful, but taking eleven inches that was also thick in girth was a serious matter for a novice like herself: a virgin. She shouldn’t have provoked him. She’d simply underestimated how excruciating it would be. She’d underestimated his technique.

Hope clutched her father’s shoulders when he grabbed a fistful of her cheeks at the back, bouncing her on his cunt craving cock.

She screamed in pain, a tear rolling down her cheek.

Klaus licked her tears and kissed her, resisting the urge to pound her savagely. She needed time to adapt to his length before bucking into her at full speed. His arousal was far too heightened to contain. Never in his life had he experienced a sexual encounter that was this pleasurable; it was new territory for him.

Her pulsing walls were so warm and tight, driving him wild with lust as he kissed her with uninhibited passion. Hope whimpered, unable to repress her painful cries when he thrust his cock into her once more.

“Shhhh,” Klaus said in hushed voice. “Look at me, love.”

Her visible distress was exciting his inner beast; at the same time, he didn’t want to cause her such discomfort.

She met his aqua eyes, her body tense and legs quivering.

“It hurts the first time,” he breathed through his arousal. “But I promise it’ll feel good soon.”

He gripped her firm butt cheeks and gave her another powerful thrust before she screamed. His arousal intensified as she dragged her nails down his back.

“Just breathe… through the… pain…” He huffed, ramming his cock deeper into her, using his strength to support her weight.

The right thing to have done was to have laid her on the bed and taken his time. But all of that had
gone out the window. It was too late to even try. There was no way he was pulling out of her until he found sweet release. It didn't matter that she was his daughter. It felt so good to be inside of her, Klaus thought. He couldn't focus on anything else apart from filling her up. He grunted over and over, possessed with maddening lust, unable to satiate his appetite.

How come it never felt this way with the others? he questioned, crushing her lips with his mouth.

"Fucking hell..."

“Daddy…” Hope squeezed her eyes shut. “It... hurts... so bad...” Her beautiful breasts kept bouncing as he slammed his hips into her, sucking on her neck.

He knew he was hurting her. He had to make it so.

“Always bloody teasing me.” Klaus growled against her jaw. “You wanted me to fuck you... remember?” He sucked backed her bottom lip. "Consider this your punishment...”

He clutched her hips and pounded her vulnerable pussy, his balls slapping below her mound in a steady rhythm.

Her screams of agony echoed all around them while a sadistic voyeur watched their degeneracy, taking full credit for such a sudden twist of events. Everything had led to this: this moment. All those years of patiently waiting for the young girl to grow and reach the ripe age of womanhood, only for her father to defile her. There was no need for any more mind games. The prophecy had been set in motion.

Labored breathing… Feral moans... kissing... biting...

Hope had lost track of time as she remained pinned between her father’s hard body and a cold brick wall. She stared right at him, lost in his hypnotic gaze, mesmerized by the flecks of gold that glistened in his irises. A dull ache pulsed inside of her, but the excruciating pain had finally subsided. No matter how much she had begged him to slow down, he’d insisted that it was the best way to numb the pain, to keep going. He’d mercilessly pounded her so hard that all she felt was mind numbing pleasure, now that he’d finally slowed his pace.

Klaus stared at her intensely as he breathlessly uttered, “Feels good… doesn’t it?” He gripped her thighs and gave her one forceful thrust after another, slamming into her cervix.

The sound of her moaning was like music to his ears as he held her weight and drove his cock deeper into her.
“Daddy,” Hope whimpered. “I think… I think I’m gonna—”

He kissed her roughly, ramming his steel hard shaft as deep as it could go, fucking her faster and harder. Hope closed her eyes and listened to the sound of his jagged breaths, his heavy testicles slapping against her dripping sex as he ravished her neck with sloppy wet kisses.

“Oh God!” She moaned, a pressure building in the pit of her stomach. “…Fuck…FUCK!”

Hope had never been one to curse out loud so lewdly, but it felt like instinct to do so in the heat of the moment. There was something about that four-letter word that broke right into the eardrums in the most satisfying way. She was no longer an awkward, timid teenager. Her father was unlocking her vampire gene, unbeknownst to them. All he had to do was share his blood and kill her, and she would have been resurrected as an immortal being like himself.

“Cum for me,” Klaus breathed against her skin, driving himself into her, determined to make her shatter against him.

And then, it finally happened.

Her body tensed up. She arched her back and screamed in pleasure, contradicting the painful cries of agony that had escaped her lungs when he’d first penetrated her.

A gratifying groan rumbled through his chest as Klaus felt her walls contracting all over his shaft. He’d made her orgasm, and the sound of her moaning was so intense that it triggered his own pending release.

Dangerously close to filling her womb with Hybrid seed, he pulled out just in time and shot jets of cum all over her tummy, vigorously pumping his swollen cock as it violently twitched.

Hope looked down and watched her father spraying thick ropes of sticky semen all over her. It dripped down to her beaten pussy in a creamy mess. Her eyes widened when she noticed the blood, but Klaus seemed unbothered by the sight, as he finished ejaculating and shoved his cock back inside of her.

She moaned in ecstasy.

It felt so good to be penetrated again, even after a mind-blowing climax, despite the painful start. Hope wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him closer to her body. No words were exchanged between them. Words were not needed to fill the silence. Their physical union was complete; synergies balanced. They had surrendered to their baser instincts, breathing slowly in post coital bliss.

Klaus buried his face in the crook of her neck and held her up, gripping her thighs.

Hope was so happy she could have cried. She had never felt so whole. There was something about the intensity of their love making that felt so familiar to her, but she couldn’t understand what it was or why; it was simply a feeling. He was more than just a father to her now. They could never go back.

“I’m sorry I hurt you,” Klaus murmured in her ear. “I got carried away. I didn’t want your first time to be like that. I didn’t want to be the one to even…” He exhaled in disappointment. “You provoked me.”
Hope looked into his turquoise eyes and lost herself in his love and warmth. She caressed his face and softly whispered, “I know.”

“You understand why I did it, though, don’t you?”

She nodded, opening his shirt and brushing her hands down his chiseled chest. His body was perfect, she thought. His body was hers, at least within those walls.

“Daddy?”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“I want to do it… again.”

He searched her eyes in disbelief. He wanted nothing more than to throw her down on the bed and begin round two, but he had to know if she understood why this was happening.

"Hope."

She kissed his neck and met his gaze, caressing him like a lover.

"The goal is to leave this place. You understand that, right?" Klaus clarified.

"I haven't forgotten."

"You know that I love you, don't you?"

She nodded, unable to hide her smile.

"Then you also know that once we're out of here, we can't..."

"Daddy, I know."

He was throbbing so hard inside of her, growing fully erect. There was something about the way she said Daddy that always made him painfully aroused.

"Just..." Hope hesitated. "Just take me."

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The flight from Atlanta to New Orleans was approximately an hour and a half before the plane landed. Klaus had managed to get some shut eye, but he was still exhausted. They both needed a bed to lay on.

“Maybe we should get an Airbnb for the night,” said Hope, strapping on her seatbelt. “It’s late.”

“Elijah’s waiting for us and it’s only a forty-five-minute trip from here. I’m perfectly capable of driving us.” Klaus switched on the ignition and pulled out of the parking lot of the car rental place.

The last thing he wanted was to be alone with Hope in a room again. It wasn’t a good idea. They needed distance. Sitting next to his daughter was torturous, especially when he was starving.

Elijah had offered to pick them up, but he didn’t want to trouble his brother.

It was raining outside as Klaus pulled out of the underground garage. He turned on his wipers and carefully merged off the ramp to a four-lane highway.

“Close your eyes,” he said, adjusting the temperature in the car.

“I can’t sleep,” Hope replied, looking out the window.

She wanted to talk. She needed to talk to him about what would happen now that they had escaped.

“I missed two months of school.”
“Don’t fret over it. You’ll catch up. I’m sure your mother has already provided your principal with a reasonable explanation for your absence.”

“I wouldn’t have to live such a double life if you guys never transferred me out of my last school. Mystic Falls wasn’t so bad. There were others like me.”

He shot her an irritated glare and said, “There is no one like you. You are entirely unique in your making.”

Hope rolled her eyes. “You know what I meant.”

Klaus slowed down as they approached some traffic ahead.

“Traffic at this hour?” said Hope.

“Must have been a collision.”

“If that’s the case, I hope no one’s dead.” She paused. "Maybe that’s what I should be… a vampire paramedic—best way to save lives.”

Klaus chuckled. “Technically, you are not a vampire.”

“But I have the gene.”

“You’re meant for much greater things than to live the rest of your life driving around in an ambulance.”

“It’s not just driving around… I’d be saving lives.”

Klaus merged into a carpool lane and sped past the traffic. The rain was pelting down hard, but the sound was relaxing to Hope. As drowsy as she was, she resisted sleep and decided to address the elephant in the room.

“Dad?”

“Hm?”

“… what now?”

She'd been afraid to ask, but she needed to know where his mind was at.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I—I just… after everything—and us being…” Her cheeks were flaming up as she struggled to articulate her words. “I mean… what are we supposed to do now?”

He gripped the steering wheel and slowly flexed his fingers, stealing a moment to think. They were trauma survivors now, though he felt like Hope was more of a victim than he was.

Klaus peered at her and gently said, “Do you need to talk to someone? A professional?”

“What? No!” She seemed appalled by the suggestion. “The only person I need to talk to is you, hence why I’m bringing it up. I promised you I’d keep everything a secret. I won’t break my word.”

He felt so guilty.
“I just,” Hope continued, “I need to know what happens now between us.”

“I thought I’d made it clear what would happen if we were to escape.”

“I know.” She stared down at her hands and started fidgeting with her ring, saying, “I’m just not sure how to compartmentalize everything.”

Klaus was so angry at himself. Of course she would struggle, he thought, she was only seventeen. Camille would have told her that what she was experiencing was cognitive dissonance.

“Hope.” He briefly paused. “The people we were inside that place are not who we really are outside of it. Do you understand what I mean? We were under a lot of psychological duress.”

“But Dad, we—we were together.”

“I don’t need a detailed summary,” Klaus said in a glacial tone. “I haven’t forgotten.”

She was afraid to press him further with questions. She hated making him mad, but at the same time she was desperate for some form of acknowledgement that he still wanted her, just as much as she wanted him.

“Here’s what’s going to happen,” he continued. ”We get you back in school. You catch up and start your college applications.”

“But I don’t want to go to college!”

Klaus ignored her and kept going. “… move you in with your mother.”

“Wait—what?” Hope turned her head and scowled at him. “I’m not moving out! I don’t want to live with Mom!”

He hadn’t expected her to get so upset, but he stayed calm and tried his best to make her understand his reasoning.

“It’s the best option right now.”

“Best for who? You?”

“Calm down.”

“No! I can’t believe you’re trying to get rid of me! After everything we’ve been through… You’re abandoning me!” Fresh hot tears filled her eyes as she pushed them back.

“I’m not abandoning you,” Klaus adamantly stated.

“You are! That’s all you’ve done from the moment I was born—dumped me off from one relative to another, Mom included!”

That was it. He could no longer maintain a pacified temperament as he angrily shouted, “You know why I had to stay away! Are you going to hold that against me for the rest of your life? Do you have any idea who I am? Who I really am?”

Hope laced her tone with nothing but bitterness as she said, “I think I know perfectly well who you are, considering the fact that you fucked me for weeks.”

She suddenly gasped as her body jerked forward when Klaus slammed on the breaks, nearly rear-
Emotions were high as they sat there in traffic, angry, frustrated, and suffering in silence. But Hope refused to back down. She was poking the beast on purpose.

“Did you hear me, Dad? We *fucked.*”

Klaus turned his head and looked at her with nothing but hostility. “Watch. Your. Mouth with me, young lady.”

“Or what? You’ll pull over and ‘punish me’? Go ahead.” She simpered.

“Is that what you think I am now? A monster? Why are you provoking me like this? I’m bloody exhausted!”

“I’m not trying to start a fight! I’m trying to make you see that everything that happened between us is a big deal! You keep acting like it’s not!”

“You have to file it away in your mind and forget.”

“I can’t!”

“There’s no other choice!”

“There is!”

“Oh, really?” he sarcastically replied. “Please, by all means, do enlighten me, since you seem to have all the answers.”

“Why can’t we just be together?”

She finally said it, knowing that she couldn’t take it back.

“Are you mad?” Klaus responded, accelerating once again. “Being together is not an option.”

“We had sex more than ‘seventeen times’ and you know it!”

“You’re completely mental!”

“The light on the lock was green, Dad! I know you saw it! The doors were unlocked weeks before we left!”

“That’s not true.” He shook his head.

“It is! Neither of us acknowledged it, and you want to know why?”

“Stop.”

“Because you wanted me, just as much as I wanted you.”

“No.”

“You knew that once we left, we could never find an excuse to be together the way we were. Why can’t you just be honest?”

He startled her as he raised his voice and erupted in anger. “*It was all an act!* For fuck’s sake, Hope! It was all a bloody act! I had a choice to make and I chose to make it pleasurable for you. In
hindsight, I probably shouldn’t have—I don’t know! I don’t fucking know! I don’t have all the bloody answers, okay? Drop the subject and let me drive in peace!”

A tear rolled down her face as she sank back in her seat, feeling so defeated. Hope had no choice but to swallow her pain and control her emotional state, since he wasn’t making it any easier on her.

He’s lying, she told herself, refusing to believe that every time they were intimate, he was simply “pretending.” She always made him come; she always watched him explode all over her.

How could he possibly fake that? What did he mean by “acting”? She was so confused and conflicted. She hated the way he trivialized their experience together.

Having sex with her Hybrid father had changed her on every level. She couldn’t just return to a platonic relationship at the snap of a finger. It was unfair of him to expect that from her. They had been locked away in isolation with nothing to do but fuck each other’s brains out. How was she supposed to transition back to normal life so quickly? Hope was addicted to him now; addicted to the way he made her orgasm all over his cock.

As much as Klaus denied it, she knew those doors had been unlocked much earlier. They had lost count at some point, but that psychopath hadn’t. All they had had to do was walk out and they would have been free. Instead, they waited. They waited until their enemy opened the mechanical doors himself… wide open.

Klaus had a hyperactive sex drive. If her sexuality had been dormant before, it was fully awake now and just as hyper as his. A part of her still wished they were in captivity. After their first time, he never denied her whenever she initiated sex.
The emptiness that Hope had felt all her life always disappeared when he was inside of her. She felt desired, wanted, and complete. She couldn’t imagine herself with anyone else but him, and it terrified her to think about the possibility of him being with someone else… someone like Camille.

Their prison had been a "honeymoon" in hell, but Hope wanted to go back, not realizing that she had a bit of Stockholm syndrome—except she didn’t love their captor; she loved their captivity. It had opened doors in her mind that never would have been opened, had they never been abducted. For months they were together every day. It killed her to be separated from her father. She didn’t want to move out of his mansion. She didn’t want to be away from him.

What a mess he’d made of his life. What an absolute bloody mess, Klaus thought, exiting the highway. He never intended on arguing with Hope, but he also knew that it was inevitable.

_The doors were not unlocked_, he repeatedly told himself. _She’s wrong._

He simply couldn’t accept it. He was aware that at some point he'd lost track of the number of times they had slept together, but it just didn’t make any sense. Those high security titanium doors had opened for a reason, and that reason was that they had fulfilled that pervert’s challenge; he’d made good on his promise.

But now that they were out and back in the real world, they both had trouble re-adjusting. Hope had made that clear to him:

_Why can’t we just be together?_

Her words echoed in his mind as he turned his head in her direction. She had fallen asleep. It explained why the remainder of the drive was so quiet. Klaus did not want her to leave his place, but he knew it was the healthier option. It wasn’t good for her to be around him. He couldn’t trust himself to be alone with her. They could have easily relapsed to old habits. What would have been his excuse then? He would’ve had none, other than admitting that he wanted to fuck the life out of his own daughter, that he needed to be with her… _so deep inside of her._

He felt his erection growing and tenting his jeans, which only frustrated him more, increasing his shame.
It was true, a switch had gone off in his head after they'd had sex for the first time. He had a goal in mind, and that goal was freedom. He also knew that he was capable of ejaculating at least thirty times on average a day, being the supernatural freak he was. His refractory period post orgasm was insanely fast: under sixty seconds and he’d be fully hard again. He could have easily fulfilled their task in two days max… but he didn’t. Instead, Klaus maintained his erections for hours every time they were intimate. He made it his highest priority to make Hope scream in pleasure with multiple orgasms before he’d finally pull out and explode.

How could he justify this? He hadn’t whipped or flogged her during sex, but had he done something much worse?

*You groomed her, you bastard. You groomed her to be the perfect sex slave.*

The sudden realization revolted him. But it seemed plausible, now that it had come to his awareness.

If he was willing to be honest with himself, he would have recognized that he wanted to enslave her to those sensations. He needed her to want him, so that he could take... and take... whenever he needed. It was all about power and control. His seduction was calculated. His motives had not been clear at the time, since they were buried in his unconscious mind. But now that those motives had surfaced, he felt disgusted.

*You're worse than Mikael.*

Klaus reached a red traffic light and slowly came to a stop. The family mansion was minutes away. Elijah had said that he’d be up waiting for them. He wasn’t sure if his other siblings would be there to welcome them home, considering the time; but he knew a proper reunion was well overdue once Kol and Davina would return from Europe.

As he turned down a street, he eventually reached the gated property and parked the vehicle in the courtyard. The lights in the mansion were on. Klaus killed the engine when he noticed his brother and sister emerge from the front door.

“Hope.” He gently shook her arm. “Wake up, sweetheart, we’re home.”

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Elijah, Hayley, Freya, and Camille had been waiting, ever since Elijah had notified them about Klaus's phone call. Hayley was the first to embrace her daughter, rushing to her and hugging her close while crying from happiness. It was an emotional reunion for all of them, as they took turns embracing one another, feeling nothing but joy and relief.
“Always and forever,” said Klaus, smiling at his sister before she pulled him into her arms.

Hope only had eyes for her father. She watched him step towards Camille and slide his arms around her waist, triggering the sharpest twinge of jealousy inside of her. Overwhelmed with pangs of anger and envy, she forced herself to look away and followed her family towards the front door.
They’re just friends, Hope tried to reassure herself. But she couldn’t help but look back and meet her father’s gaze, longing for him before she disappeared into the home.

“Where is Marcel and Rebekah?”

“They’re on a flight back home as we speak,” Camille replied.

“Where?”

“From Italy.”

“Italy?” Klaus looked confused.

“They thought they had a lead. We’ve all been through hell trying to track you down—both of you. Freya tried so many spells... Vincent did everything he could to help, too. The city was on the verge of war. We have Elijah to thank for his peace keeping diplomacy.” She reached for his hand as they stood in the courtyard alone.

“Klaus.” She met his haunted eyes and asked, “What happened?”

What didn’t happen? he replied in his head.

“I shall divulge my experiences tomorrow. I’m hungry and tired, Camille—bad combination.”

“Of course.” She nodded understandingly. “I’m just so glad you and Hope are safe. Hayley was a wreck.”

“I can imagine.” He walked toward the front door.

“Were you both abducted together?” Cami followed him.

“Yes.” Klaus paused and looked at her. “Do you want to stay the night? It’s late and we have plenty of room for guests.”

“Oh, no—thank you, though. I just wanted to be here when you came back. I literally hopped out of bed and got in my car as soon as I got that call from Elijah.”

“You should have slept through the night and visited me tomorrow.”
"I couldn't wait. I... I've missed you."

His smile was subtle as he reached for her face, gently caressing her delicate jaw.

They had a moment where they both contemplated making a move. But Klaus decided it was best to avoid rekindling anything for now, letting his hand fall from her face.

“I’ll drop by tomorrow,” she said. “Sometime in the evening?”

“I’ll be here.”

“Great.”

There was an awkward air of silence between them before Camille threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tight. Klaus had a delayed reaction, but he eventually reciprocated her affection and held her comfortingly.

“You have no idea how scared I was for you.” She sniffled, wiping her tears.

“I’m immortal, remember?”

“You’ve had so many close calls from the moment I met you.”

“And to think that a stupid white oak stake would be my end all. I’d much rather go down at the hands of a worthy adversary.”

“Don’t jinx yourself now.”

“My entire existence is a curse, Camille.”

*If only you could see yourself through my eyes, she wanted to say.*

“You’re not a curse.”

“Your kindness is always appreciated.”

His deep baritone voice... that charming English accent... it always did things to her. Her empty heart would fill with love and desire every time she looked into his eyes. Surely, he must have known that she cared a great deal for him, Cami thought.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Klaus.”

“Goodnight, Camille.”
She desperately wanted to kiss him, but her lips somehow landed on his cheek instead, before they parted ways.

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Disclaimer: As much as I enjoy being eloquent with my writing, I also enjoy being lewd and descriptive with certain sex scenes. My intention is not to offend or gross anyone out, but to provide some very satisfying “word porn” for readers who enjoy taboo/incest fiction.

Enjoy

-Skye
Do you like that, Daddy?

SLAP, CLAP, SLAP, CLAP…

Klaus opened his eyes, slightly disoriented. The curtains were drawn by the windows, blocking out the mid-day light. As relieved as he was to find himself in his own bedroom, he sat up and noticed his painful erection, twitching beneath his sheet. He’d been dreaming of Hope. But it was more than just a nocturnal emission; it was a memory.

Unable to resist his need for release, Klaus pulled down the sheet and let his massive cock spring up at full attention, wrapping his fist around his thick, veiny shaft. It seemed more logical to rub one out fast and relieve himself, rather than to ignore his arousal and let it frustrate him all day.

He’d gotten used to his daughter waking him to a mind-numbing blow job… those pink pouty lips, sucking his cock, teasing the bulbous tip of his phallus. He hadn’t stopped her the first time she’d initiated. He couldn’t. Not when it felt so unbelievably good.

Klaus relaxed against his pillows and closed his eyes, letting his lust claim full dominance. He’d sworn to never touch her again, but at least he could fantasize. It was harmless.

But was it really? Was he merely feeding a demon that would only get greedier and more demanding?

Daddy… I’m cumming…
Hope’s breathy voice echoed in his ears as he pumped his cock faster, lubricated by the sticky sounds of dripping precum.

The Hybrid’s masturbatory material typically involved BDSM fantasies, anal sex, and orgies, but the only thing that aroused him now to immeasurable degrees was Hope… *penetrating her*. A mechanism had changed inside his vulnerable psyche; he wasn’t sure if it was damaged or simply evolved. All he knew was that he couldn’t stop sexualizing his daughter in his mind. The only way he could get off was remembering… remembering what they’d done in captivity.

His breath kept hitching as he got closer to the edge of a mind blowing release.

“**ff-fuuuuuuck!**” Klaus fiercely growled, stroking his snake faster until his muscles started to burn.

Explosion was near, as his testicles slightly retracted before he was buried in an avalanche of pleasure.

The first load spurted up and landed on his chest.

The second load sprayed all over his stomach.
This pattern repeated, till he had drained his balls entirely of cum, leaving his torso painted in a gooey mess.

Klaus was breathless but satisfied.

It happened every time he'd had sex with her: the dopamine rush of illicit euphoria, and then the unbearable guilt and shame that dragged him to hell, post orgasm.

Feeling disgusted with himself, he got out of bed and wiped off all the cum off his chest and stomach with his sheets before he tossed them in the laundry hamper for the maid to clean.

It was almost 2pm as he glanced at his phone and noticed several missed calls from Kol, Rebekah, and Marcel. He had to get cleaned up. He was sure his siblings were dying to question him about his disappearance. Klaus had to prepare himself. As much as he wanted to keep the entire experience between him and Hope, he needed to come up with a believable narrative.

After a much needed shower and replenishing his strength, Klaus tossed the empty blood bag in the garbage and entered the gathering room where he found Elijah and Freya talking among themselves.

“Where’s Hope?” he asked, joining his sister on the dark leather sofa.

Freya met his gaze and said, “Hayley took her out for lunch to spend some time with her.”

Elijah stood by the mini bar and poured himself a glass of brandy. He handed one to Klaus and seated himself in an armchair.

“So,” said Freya. “Are you going to tell us what happened?”

Klaus took a sip and carefully thought about which details to share.

“We were ambushed the night we were taken—on the road,” he began. “I was picking up Hope from a friend’s house… a car crashed into us.”

“On highway 90.” Elijah interjected. “We were notified about the accident. The only thing that gave us hope was the fact that your bodies were not found inside the vehicle. We assumed you were taken.”
Klaus gulped back the liquor and let it slowly burn down his throat before he continued to relay the following events:

“I had lost consciousness. When I woke up, I found myself inside a room with Hope.”

“A room?” said Freya.

“Yeah, though it was more like a prison. There were no windows.” He glossed over some major details about how that room had been constructed.

“We had a bed, a bathroom, a kitchen, table and chairs, sofa, TV… our meals were delivered on time every day through this lift contraption in the wall. Our living conditions were sanitary, but slightly claustrophobic—maybe 500 square feet, the size of a bachelor studio. The place was tightly secured with titanium doors. We were told ahead of time that no one would find us. Our prison was basically ‘magic proof.’”

“I guess that explains why my locator spells never worked.” Freya sighed. “We thought you were taken by Alistair's vampire coven. Marcel nearly started a war by accusing him of treason for conspiring against the King of New Orleans.”

Klaus avoided eye contact as he continued his story, “There were cameras.”

Elijah frowned in confusion. “What for?”

“What do you think they were for? We were being watched. We were under surveillance the entire time.”

“But why?” Freya asked.

“The person who took us hid their identity. He—she—whoever they are, they communicated with us through an intercom system and used some sort of voice morphing software to distort the sound of their voice.”

“What did they sound like?”

“Honestly?” Klaus released some laughter. It was a defense mechanism to hide his fear and discomfort. “Did you ever see that film Saw?”

Freya looked stunned as she narrowed her eyes. “The Jigsaw killer?”

Klaus nodded.
“Oh God… that is creepy.”

He finished his drink and looked at his sister. “I have no idea who took us and why. All I know is that they knew me—and if not, they did their research.”

He couldn’t mention the tapes.

Elijah pondered in thought for a moment before he said, “You made too many enemies throughout your existence, Niklaus.”

“And what do you suggest I do now, Elijah? Make a goddamn list and narrow it down somehow?”

The Original understood his brother’s frustration, which explained why he chose to stay quiet while Klaus cooled down.

“There were speakers in the room, ceiling lights that were manually controlled… a holographic clock on the wall.”

“Were you given blood bags?” Freya asked.

“Yes, every day. Not as much as I would’ve liked, though.”

He left out the part where he’d fed on Hope multiple times, especially when they were intimate.

Elijah regarded his brother and asked, “Were you harmed in any way? Was Hope?”

Klaus hesitated to respond. He had to be very careful with his words, as he said, “I need another drink.”

He got up and sauntered toward the bar.

Freya met Elijah’s eyes with nothing but concern as they seemed to make a silent exchange with one another.

“Klaus,” she said. “Did they hurt you or Hope?”

He finished pouring his drink and returned to the sofa. “We came back in one piece, didn’t we?”

His siblings seemed unconvinced as they looked at one another with a hint of skepticism.
Elijah spoke in a calm, gentle tone, saying, “Were you forced to do anything?”

Klaus showed no reaction, despite how badly that question had triggered him.

“What makes you think that?”

“The cameras,” said Elijah.

I should have left that part out.

He hated how intuitive his brother was. Elijah always saw right through his poker face. Klaus wasn’t sure whether to tell them about Hope’s implant. His brother was razor sharp with his investigative skills. He couldn’t allow him to connect the dots. It would have exposed him.

“I had to draw blood from Hope through an IV every week—myself included.” He lied. “They never disclosed the reason, but if I didn’t follow through, there were consequences.”

Freya was almost afraid to ask as she said, “What consequences?”

“Somehow, they had managed to insert an implant inside of her—not sure where, but when I wouldn’t listen, she would be paralyzed with pain and her life would be threatened. I had no choice but to follow through on their demands.”

“She’ll need a medical examination to extract the implant.” Elijah pulled out his phone. “I’m acquainted with an excellent surgeon in the city. I’ll make an appointment for her.”

“Wait,” said Freya. “Let me try and locate it first with magic. I think I know a way to destroy the foreign object in her body without surgical intervention.”

Klaus agreed with the decision.

“Klaus.” Elijah turned his attention on him. “How did you manage to escape?”

“I made a deal when I was offered a proposition.”

“What deal?”

“I can’t say. It’s for your own safety.”

“Dear God, Niklaus…” Elijah stood up, pacing. “Please tell me you didn’t put your own life up on the chopping block.”

Klaus hated lying to his siblings like this, but he felt there was no other choice.

“No,” he reassured them. “Look, I really can’t tell you.”

Freya touched his arm. “If you tell us, we can help. You’re no longer in the clutches of your enemy. Please, Klaus. We’re family and we promised to always have each other’s backs no matter what. Trust in us.”

“I do.”

“Then why won’t you tell us?” she persisted. “The only reason I can think of is that you offered to sacrifice yourself. No one knows where the last white oak stake is, but you.” Freya paused. “I think you were abducted to have your blood harvested—yours and Hope’s.”
He certainly made it seem that way. But Elijah had a strong sense that there were missing pieces to the puzzle. Klaus was hiding something, he concluded. He just wasn’t sure what it was and why.

“The details are irrelevant,” said Klaus. “All that matters, is that we’re back.”

Freya didn’t want to push her brother for full disclosure, so she decided to be patient in attempts to help him open up at a later time. “I think you should consider having her home schooled for a while. How do we know she won’t be taken again? You were both targeted.”

“Hope will certainly not be happy with that decision, but I think it would be best for now. I was planning to move her into a safehouse with Hayley while I hunt down the bastard who took us. They could be forging their own army with our blood for all I know.”

Elijah stood near the fireplace mantle and ruminated in silence.

“That’s not a bad idea,” he finally said. “We could move them into the colonial home that Vincent had spelled for Davina’s protection.”

“It’s not too far from the French Quarter, either,” Freya added. “I would, however, like to try and see if I can channel magic to protect our mansion.”

“No.” Klaus shook his head. “The last time you tried that you nearly killed yourself, given the size of this place. You can’t do it alone.”

“I’m much stronger now. If I can cast a protective shield, we won’t have to move her out at all. She can stay here.”

He looked at his siblings and said, “I want you both to move back in with me, if that’s possible.”

“Absolutely.” Elijah did not hesitate. “You know that we’ll never abandon you in your time of need, brother.”

Freya agreed with him.

“I appreciate the support.”

The only reason why he wanted his siblings around him was so that he could hold himself accountable and prevent the possibility of engaging in a sexual relationship again with his daughter. There were no cameras in the mansion, but it was necessary to have extra eyes around him if Hope were to stay. He couldn’t trust himself.
“Marcel and Rebekah’s flight will be landing around five,” Elijah informed, glancing at his Rolex. “I’m picking them up from the airport. I’ll make sure to get them caught up on everything. We need to put our heads together and devise a plan to keep you both safe. I want to speak with you in private later tonight, Niklaus.”

“As you wish,” he replied, hiding his anxiety.

All throughout her outing with her mother, Hope was distracted and depressed. She couldn’t get her father out of her head. She yearned to be with him. Waking up next to him every day was something that she’d gotten used to; being in his arms, feeling his naked chest pressed against her back… his massive cock rubbing between the one place that never should have touched his sex organ. They had always been equally aroused in the mornings.

It had felt so strange to find herself alone in bed when she woke up only hours ago. Klaus had advised her earlier not to share any details about their captivity if anyone asked. When Hayley questioned her about it during lunch, she simply said that she wasn’t ready to talk about it yet but was grateful her father had been with her; that it would have been unbearable if they were kept apart from each other.

Klaus was an enigma to her. There was so much about his life and his past that Hope wanted to learn about. Being as old as he was, he had centuries worth of experiences on her. All she knew was that he never liked to talk about his childhood. Her Grandfather Mikael was a sore topic for conversation and he always made it known that he hated the man, even in death.

She tried to organize her thoughts as her mother drove them back to the mansion.

“You know you can talk to me whenever you’re ready,” Hayley said, glancing at her.

“I know, Mom. Thanks for that.” Hope pulled out her cellphone and texted the only number she knew off by heart:

I miss u.

She waited expectantly, praying that he would respond. As the seconds turned to minutes, an unbearable sadness oppressed her soul.

But then her phone vibrated.

She saw his name and instantly felt as if she’d died and came back to life, reading his text.
“Who are you texting?”

“Dad.”

She quickly tapped her thumbs over the keyboard, unable to hide her smile. She wondered how he knew that. As much as she wanted to continue that conversation, she didn’t want her mother sneaking a glance, so she did as he requested and hid her phone in her handbag. Protecting him was all that mattered to her. She was old enough to understand the social stigma
surrounding incestuous relationships, whether they were consensual or not, it didn’t make a
difference. Society frowned upon such blasphemous unions. Two months ago, she would have held
the same opinion, but everything she knew about love and attraction had changed after two months
of captivity with a man who was a supernatural sex symbol.

Hope *crawed* him. It was an endless need, ever since she had opened her body to him; as if she no
longer had an identity unless he was close to her… *inside* of her, giving her wave after wave of
intensifying pleasure.

To be sure, this type of codependency was extremely unhealthy, but she lacked the wisdom to
understand its impacts down the road.

“Mom?”

“Yes, sweetie?”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Of course.”

“I know you love Elijah—and I can totally understand why, but given the history you have with my
dad, and the fact that I share you both as parents, I have to ask… were you ever in love with him?”

Hayley stopped at a red light and carefully thought about an appropriate way to answer her question.

“I don’t want to lie to you,” she answered. “Your father and I were never in love, but there was a
strong physical connection between us. We just sort of… collided.”

“So, you never had any deep feelings for him?”

A flood of memories appeared before Hayley's eyes.
“Klaus and I met at a time when we were both going through a lot. I was lost, and so was he. We found comfort in each other one night, and that’s how you were conceived. I have no regrets and I’m confident that he doesn’t, either.”

“Do you think that if Uncle Elijah wasn’t around you might have fallen in love with him?”

“It’s possible.” Hayley smiled, driving again. “Your dad is quite the charmer.”

Hope was blushing. She knew exactly just how charming he could be.

“I know you were robbed of the opportunity to grow up with him, but you have to understand that he was, too. It wasn’t easy for your father to stay away all those years, but he did it to protect you—to protect all of us. It was the biggest sacrifice he’d ever made in his life—the hardest. I know you’re still angry at him for not writing back and answering your letters, but you have to know that he loves you so very much.”

“I know, Mom. I’m not angry anymore.”

She was blindly in love.

“Has Dad ever talked about his past with you?”

“Why do you ask?”

“I’m just curious. It seems like there’s danger everywhere we go because he’s pissed off too many people.”

“I always had a weakness for bad boys.” Hayley giggled. “Klaus perfectly embodies that archetype—but he has a good heart. I’ve seen it. I don’t know a lot about his past, other than the fact that it’s extremely convoluted. Elijah has always been your father’s guardian since they were children. He believes in him. Klaus is far from a saint, but he’s significantly risen above his mistakes throughout the years because of Elijah. That’s why I love your uncle so much. He sees the good in people. He keeps this dysfunctional family together and saves your daddy from himself every single time.”

Hope sat there quietly, digesting her mother’s words before she changed the subject.

“Mom, is it possible for me to get pregnant, since I’m technically a tribrid?”

“Why do you ask?”

“I might want to start a family one day, you know?”

“It’s absolutely possible, yes. Your vampire gene hasn’t been activated.”
“And what if I want to activate it?”

“Hope, we’ve discussed this before. Your dad and I don’t want that kind of life for you.”

“But you can’t keep fooling yourselves thinking you can shield me from everything supernatural! Just look at my life, Mom… it’s been one failed attempt after another. The best thing you ever did for me was sending me away to boarding school in Mystic Falls. I learned a lot about myself and my powers. The worst thing you did was transferring me out.”

“You know why I made that decision.”

“All because of some stupid prophecy?”

“You almost killed everyone that night, Hope! The only reason why you didn’t succeed is because of Alaric. Thank God he intervened when he did.”

“Josie and Lizzie syphoned all the magic out of me. They could syphon it back.”

“Hope, you’re always going to have a propensity to lean towards the dark side because of the remnants of the Hollow that are still inside of you. It was naïve of us to think that you could somehow control it.”

“I don’t want to live an ordinary life, Mom. I’m far from ordinary.”

“We can’t take that chance again. You’d be a danger to yourself and the entire world.”

She hated feeling as if she was a weapon of mass destruction. Hope’s intentions to hone her magical powers had always been with good intent. She wanted to harmonize supernatural beings with nature, not destroy the world.

After several minutes, Hayley drove the car into the driveway and parked it. “And… we’re here.”

Hope unfastened her seatbelt and took out the shopping bags before she entered her father’s monstrous mansion.

Needing him.

Craving him.

Wanting him.
It was difficult for him to concentrate on anything when he knew she was so close by. After a long and strenuous dinner with his family, Klaus locked himself away in his study to recharge from hours of socialization. Marcel and Rebekah were over. When they first arrived, they were just as relieved
as everyone else to find that he and Hope were all right. They talked with Klaus and spent a great deal of time during dinner questioning the identity of the person responsible for the abduction.

The truth was that he had one too many enemies, and it seemed impossible to find the culprit when they hardly had any clues to begin with. Klaus had given a lengthy explanation about their whereabouts; how they had been on top of a cliff and had escaped through woods, someplace in Atlanta.

The only thing that gave him comfort was knowing that Hope’s implant was no longer active. Freya had managed to destroy it without resorting to invasive procedures. The tiny chip had been inserted in the back of Hope’s neck, enflaming her nervous system, which resulted in her crippling reactions whenever it was activated.

As grateful as he was that his brother took charge of the city, a part of him was not ready to take back those responsibilities. At the same time, Klaus knew it was best to occupy himself with work and stay distracted.

That night, after dinner, he contacted an old friend: Cade Constantine; a twenty-five-year-old heartthrob, who just so happened to be the most powerful warlock in the country, despite his young age. He had promised to fly out from Seattle to visit when Klaus called him.

If the Hybrid were to succeed in destroying his enemy, he needed all the help he could get. To Klaus’s knowledge, Cade was the only warlock who was highly skilled in the dark arts. Before he had moved to Seattle, he was affiliated with a secret fraternity of Masonic warlocks that resided in New York City. The Brotherhood of the Black Star had exiled him when he broke one of their sacred oaths and colluded with vampires: the Mikaelson family. His friendship with Klaus had cost him a great deal, especially when the Grand Master discovered Cade’s relationship with Rebekah Mikaelson. She had sired him sixteen years ago.

The Black Star Brotherhood believed it was sacrilege to mix their magical bloodline with vampires. When Cade’s immortality eventually came to light, they deemed him a heretic and shunned him forever. Unfortunately for Cade, he later discovered that the woman he’d sacrificed his entire life for was still in love with another man who had loved her for centuries: Marcel Gerard.

His wounded pride had forced him to leave New Orleans, unable to fight for Rebekah’s heart. Cade subsequently cut all ties with everyone from his past before he faded into voluntary seclusion.

Klaus had always felt responsible for how badly things had ended between his friend and his sister. He should have warned him earlier on to not get involved with Rebekah, if only he’d known that Cade was in love with her.

He’d been surprised when his old friend had answered his phone call. It seemed as if no time had passed between them throughout their conversation. Cade had immediately offered to fly out and see him when he learned about his disappearance. For years, Klaus was saddened to have lost one of his closest friends; but he always understood Cade’s decision to leave, despite Rebekah’s resentment.

He was in the middle of organizing a pile of documents on his desk when Elijah opened the door and stepped inside.

“You’re in here alone, I see.”

Klaus met his gaze and said, “You know my habits, brother. I need my solitude.”

“Yes, as an introvert I can relate.” The Original headed toward the bar in the corner of the room and
fixed himself a drink. “Name your poison.”

“Bourbon tonight.”

Elijah reached for the bottle and poured the liquor into a glass. Klaus joined him near the fireplace and thanked him for the drink before he sat in an armchair.

“I assume you came in here to speak candidly with me?”

“Actually”—Elijah sat down—“I was hoping it would be the other way around. I couldn’t help but feel as if you were uncomfortable sharing some things while Freya was present. That’s why I wanted to speak to you privately.”

“Ah.” Klaus threw back the glass and let the liquor burn down his throat.

Elijah had infinite patience as he quietly waited for his brother to speak. “Tell me what happened, Niklaus. What was this deal that you made? I only want to help.”

“I’m aware of that, but I’ve got it handled.”

“You said the same thing two months ago when I told you it wasn’t safe for you to stay in the city, that it was better to relocate.”

Klaus met his brother’s soulful eyes and iced his tone as he said, “I refuse to run anymore, Elijah. You of all people know what that was like when Mikael was alive, hunting us endlessly across countries.”

“Don’t you find it odd that you and Hope were taken one week after the Moon Coven massacre?”

“I wasn’t involved in that conflict.”

“No, but you were set up by God knows who. That’s why I had urged you to leave. I was worried something like this would happen, or much worse.”

“The person who abducted us had a personal vendetta against me.”

“Then why would they set you free? What are you keeping from us?”

Klaus slowly sipped his drink and averted his gaze. He didn’t like to be pressured like this. He was tired of talking with so many people that day. He just wanted to be alone.

“Look,” he said. “I appreciate you wanting to help, but I’ve already contacted someone who can significantly aid my efforts in tracking that psychopath down.”

“What do you mean?”

“I called Cade.”

“Constantine?” Elijah hid his astonishment.
“The one and only.”

“I thought he’d gone off the grid.”

“I thought so, too. Last I heard, he’d gone underground. Quite frankly, I wasn’t even expecting him to pick up.”

“It’s been years... When will he arrive in the city?”

“Tomorrow evening.”

“Have you told Rebekah?”

Klaus chuckled in a jeering way. “No. Why should I?”

“Well, they have history—a complicated one.”

“Our sister is entirely to blame for breaking that man’s heart. She sired him, only to abandon him when he needed her most. I often worry for Marcel. She’s a proper man eater.”

“You’re too harsh,” said Elijah, gulping back his whiskey. “Cade had been the one who left her. She was a mess for months.”

“Would you have stayed if the woman you desired revealed her undying love for another? And don’t compare your former situation with Hayley and Jackson to Cade’s—it’s not the same.”
“It’s not?” Elijah frowned. “I loved her, even though she had chosen him over me. I loved her when she walked down the aisle; I loved her knowing she lay next to him every night; and I loved her through her grief when Jackson died and she pushed everyone away, including me. There is no pride in love, only patience.”

Klaus admired his brother. Elijah had always been the virtuous one out of all of them combined, which was why it was so difficult to reveal his recent debaucheries to him. He was about to change the subject when Freya walked in.

“Sorry to interrupt,” she said. “But Cami just arrived.”

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Klaus couldn’t remember the last time he’d made love to a woman. He always fucked them, hard and rough. For centuries, it had been one shameless orgy after another. He’d accumulated an endless harem of brothel whores, prostitutes, loose flapper girls, high-end escorts, and nightclub sluts all throughout the epochs of his immortal existence. He never connected to any of his partners on an emotional level; his feelings were always detached. In his eyes, they were simply bodies to use and abuse; holes to penetrate and desecrate.
The secrets of his sex life were too shameful to divulge to anyone. All the things he had done...

He was a shameless sex addict.
There was never an exchange of love or affection with those nameless bodies, not since he’d had his heart broken… until Hope.

Waves of pleasure flowed through him as she slowly rolled her hips back and forth, breathing heavily while he glided his cock into her slippery hole. It amazed him to feel how wet and ready she was for his massive length. He never felt this way about anyone in his life. Ever. All he wanted to do was make her feel good, for as long as he was able to.

“Daddy,” Hope breathed against his lips. “You can be rough… if you need…”

Klaus slid his strong hands over her firm round cheeks and gave them a squeeze, replying in a husky voice, “I don’t need to, love.” He kissed her back with equal fervor.

It had been two days since he last took her virginity, and it seemed that he’d turned his daughter into a nympho overnight. Whatever was happening between them was too powerful to control, much less tame. He felt so complete, moving inside of her, connecting with her body and soul, while listening to the seductive sound of her labored breaths against his skin… her quiet moans of pleasure… the way she would arch her back and expose her taught stomach and beautiful breasts for his eyes only. He was learning her body so fast. It was never enough, no matter how much he memorized her every curve.

Klaus never realized how badly he had missed this kind of intimacy: slow and passionate, loving and patient. He couldn’t remember a time where it felt anything like this—not even with Eliza.
He was in no rush to climax. He wanted to take his time with Hope. He wanted to enjoy every second inside of her as she drenched his cock in dripping clear honey. He was dying to taste her.

The room had been pitch black, but the lights came on when Hope had initiated her sexual advances. They didn’t care about the cameras anymore, though. They didn’t care that they were being watched. All they could focus on was each other, drowning in one another.

Klaus reached around Hope’s hourglass waist and caressed her lower back as she continued to ride him, nice and slow. He had relinquished his power, slacking his jaw, letting her dominate their kiss.

Her warm wet tongue slipped inside and danced against his. The sound of their kissing was so erotic, it heightened his own arousal.

Earlier on, he had sensed that she needed some form of control, so he gave that to her when he let her mount him. He never would have been this submissive with anyone else. But his daughter held a power over him that no one else possessed. It was undeniable: Hope was drop dead gorgeous. How could he ever be okay with her dating other boys? Sleeping with them, when he knew what it felt like to be inside her? It made him insane with jealousy just thinking about it. He didn’t want to share her.

Ever.

“I want to cum,” Hope breathed, her climax approaching as she quivered in his arms.

“Not yet.” Klaus reached for her hips and forced her to slow down, gently caressing her perfect round ass.

He knew he had to be careful. Ejaculating inside of her was out of the question, especially since they had no protection and she wasn’t on the pill. He didn’t want to take any chances, regardless of her supernatural blood. It felt so unbelievably amazing to be inside of her, raw and deep—no latex barriers to hinder his pleasure. He simply couldn’t imagine it any other way. She was his daughter, and there was a four percent chance of knocking her up using the “pull-out” method, yet he couldn’t imagine slipping on a condom, even if they had some available in that moment. He liked it this way. He loved it this way: the thrill of danger and risk… transgression.

Hope moaned when he cupped her perky breast and sucked on her light pink nipple.
Piercings were always a major turn on for him: nipples, navel, clitoris... yet he couldn’t imagine her mutilating her flawless body that way, nor would he ever force her to... not like he’d done with his last sex slave.

He would never degrade his angel the way he had violated his past partners, Klaus promised himself.

Beads of sweat dripped from Hope’s chest onto his abs. She had been riding him for well over an hour, and he still wasn’t willing to let her have her much needed release. Klaus was an experienced lover. He wanted to make her edge for as long as possible before he’d switch gears and pound the fuck out of her pussy, so she could experience a full body orgasm.

It was risky. He could have easily exploded inside of her during the process, but it was a chance he was willing to take. He was a hedonist, after all.

“That’s it, love,” he seductively murmured, penetrating her gently, feeling her juices soak up his cock, trickling down his massive testicles.

It would have been impossible to stop, had someone walked in on them. For the first time since their captivity, Klaus was happy they were locked away from the world. He would never confess this to her, but he lived for these moments with Hope.

She whimpered softly as he left a trail of passionate kisses on the side of her neck, licking and sucking her skin, bruising it. He loved feeling the goosebumps forming down her back when he kissed her like this… the way she moaned for him. It was never loud and obnoxious like the plethora of porn stars who faked it on camera, only soft and sensual. Everything about his daughter was lovely and sensuous. She had a divine feminine energy that always captivated him and brought out the best in his masculinity. He realized this in their throes of passion.
“Daddy… [breathes]… I want you to… [breathes]… cum in me.”

“Bloody Hell,” Klaus exhaled, squeezing her ass. “Don’t say that to me.”

“Why?” Hope kissed his lips, grinding her pussy on him.

“Because”—he gave her a powerful thrust—“I’m balls-deep inside of you, and I might just do it.”

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

She was caught off guard, screaming in pleasure as her Hybrid father locked his hands around her lower back and pounded her tight wet hole as hard as he could, mercilessly giving her the roughest, fastest, pussy beating of her life.

“OHHHHhHHHMMMMYYYY GAWHHDDDDDD!!?” Hope screamed.

She could no longer move, locked tightly in his grip, taking eleven inches of violent cock assault.

He watched her jiggling breasts, bouncing uncontrollably, while imagining the way her skin was rippling on her fuckable ass.

No.

He couldn’t go there. Klaus couldn’t do that to her. But the thought of shoving his prong into her tightest hole made him insane with lust as he tried his best to withhold his release. He needed her to come first.

Hope kept screaming in ecstasy, her walls pulsing and contracting all over his shaft as he continued
to give her his speed until he was no longer able to hold it.

“FUCK! FUCK!” He pulled out his magnum from her abused little hole right at the last second and blasted thick ropes of cum between her crack.

His volcanic eruption of sperm shot up and sprayed all over her ass and lower back, while he growled through a shuddering orgasm, digging his fingers into her glutes.

The seconds kept passing and he was still ejaculating. Hope giggled and kissed him, gasping when he used all his strength to flip her on her stomach.

“Daddy, what are you—”

He grabbed her hips and pulled her up.

Ass in the air.

Both holes exposed.

She panted breathlessly, feeling the heat of his cock near her swollen pussy. A rosy pink blush bloomed on her cheeks when he spread her holes, groaning while he painted her ass with gooey gobs of Hybrid cum.

It was tempting to slide himself inside of her, Klaus contemplated, but he still appreciated the view, nonetheless… watching his cum dripping down her slit, trickling down her thighs.

Hope moaned when he caressed her left butt cheek and shot his last and final load before he collapsed on the bed, catching his breath.

The lights finally turned off.
A/N: If you didn't know already, the black and white gifs are flashbacks :)

I'd like to think that Camille's character represents a lot of us Klaus fangirls xD <3 lol

p.s. camille's supernatural identity will later be revealed--she's not entirely human... hence, why she is still young
A part of him wished he had rescheduled with Camille. He was mentally drained after an exhausting day recounting his experiences to his family. She seemed to pick up on this, as she sat across from him in a red armchair.

“Thanks for coming by,” said Klaus, smiling politely.

“I would have come sooner, I got held up at work,” she replied, crossing a slender thigh over the other. “How are you doing?”

“Do you want the truth or a lie?”

“Truth.” Her smile was subtle as she added, “Always the truth.”

He gulped back his liquor and met her hazel eyes. “I'm overwhelmed.”

“That’s understandable. We don’t have to talk about it—what happened, I mean. Not tonight, at least.”

Klaus stood up, placing some distance between them as he hovered near the fireplace, drink in hand. “May I ask why you came here then?”

Camille seemed to be at a loss for words as she said, “I… well… you know why.”

He swigged back his drink and placed the empty glass on a side table, meeting her eyes with a sly little smirk. “I do?”

Her heart was pounding so fast, she was scared he could hear it. She had promised herself to reveal her feelings to him, if he ever came back. But now that she had the opportunity, all she wanted to do was avoid the topic.

“Are you drunk?” she asked, charmed by his cheerful mood.

“We both know I can hold my liquor well.”

“Yes, but you also have a tendency to overdo it. I used to be a bartender, remember? I’ve seen so many drunks, and I know what drunk looks and sounds like.”

“Funny.” Klaus smirked. “I don’t ever recall a moment where you’ve found me intoxicated out of my mind.” He flashed a ridiculous grin, ignoring his inebriated state.

She watched him pour himself another drink before he rummaged through some vinyl’s and turned on the record player.
“I missed this,” he said. “Music, I mean.”

Cami scoffed. “God forbid you confess that you actually missed me.”

“You’ve always had a penchant for psychoanalyzing me—hardly something to miss.” Klaus grabbed an empty glass. “I do, however”—he poured some scotch—“miss that pretty face.”

She blushed at his compliment as he offered her the drink.

“Still a charmer, I see.”

“Occupational hazard.”

“For who?”

“You.” He grinned.

“Are you flirting with me?”

“When have I not?”

Cami’s laughter filled the room. She had missed this: their flirtatious banter.

Klaus studied her briefly and said, “I always wondered when you’d resign as my shrink and apply for a different position.”

“Oh, really? What position did you have in mind, exactly?”

He hesitated, gulping back his drink. The truth was that he was undeniably tipsy—and horny. Having sex with Hope at all hours of the day had satiated his appetite. Now that they were back home and had ended their intimacy cold turkey, he was struggling with withdrawals.

Camille was a beautiful woman. She was kind, intelligent, and self-sacrificing. She had all the qualities that would have made any man the luckiest person alive to have won her heart. Without a shadow of doubt, she was wife material.

But she wasn’t Hope.
“Well?” She pressed him, impatiently.

Klaus let out a little chuckle. “Upon intensive reflection, I have concluded that my response would have been absurdly inappropriate to say to such a dignified lady like yourself.”

“Oh, please.” Cami laughed. “Don’t get all ‘proper’ on me.”

“You forget I’m British.”

“You were born in the Middle Ages.”

“Hence, my European bloodline.”

She rolled her eyes and sighed, “Try me.”

“Too late to say it now.”

“Seriously?”

“It’s one of those things that needs to be said in the moment.” He noticed her toned, tanned legs and felt something twitch in his pants.

Klaus had always had a weakness for leggy blondes—especially pretty ones. His short lived “relationship” with Caroline Forbes was proof of that. The poor vampire had tried to win his heart, but even she was not capable of moving him inside. He’d done her a favor by staying away. He had broken one too many hearts in his lifetime. The last thing he wanted was to hurt Camille by making a commitment he couldn't keep.

She looked at him intently and said, “Is it always going to be this way between us?”

“Whatever do you mean, Miss O’Connell?” he teased.

The way he stared at her with those seductive eyes made her skin heat up as she squirmed in her seat. She took another sip of her drink, praying he would initiate something, anything.

“You are drunk, aren’t you?”

“Would you prefer I brood in a corner? I’m good at that.” Klaus laughed.

How could she open up about her feelings if he wasn’t even sober? thought Camille.
He gave her a serious look and said, “I’m not a sloppy drunk, don’t worry. How’s the scotch?”

“Perfect. I love the flavor—very rich.”

“I keep only the best.”

“That doesn’t surprise me.”

“Top notch booze and the company of a beautiful woman... that’s probably what I missed the most.”

She held his gaze and studied him closely.

“You know, Klaus, it’s not uncommon to start self-medicating with alcohol, drugs, or even sex after surviving trauma.”

“Who says I’m self-medicating?” He reached for the bottle on the table next to him and refilled his glass.

“You haven’t opened up about what happened.”

“I told you why. I’m just exhausted.”

Her heart gave a painful squeeze when he avoided her gaze. She loved this man. All she wanted was to help him realize that he was worthy of love and forgiveness.

Camille cleared her throat and said, “We never talked about what happened that night.”

Klaus swigged back his drink and looked at her. “I was in a vulnerable state of mind,” he confessed. “I already apologized.”

“I know. But what I didn’t tell you was that... I wasn’t sorry.”

Her mind was flooded with snippets of memories, everything that led up to that fateful kiss. She watched his face carefully, desperately trying to read him while she sat there like a nervous wreck.

Klaus was silent for what seemed like ages before he looked her straight in the eye and said, “You don’t want to get involved with me, Camille.”

“I already am. I have been, for quite some time now.”

“Don’t.”
But she ignored him and continued, “I never realized just how much—not until you were taken for months.”

“I don’t want to have this conversation.”

“But why?” She frowned, her eyes filling with tears.

Klaus stood up and stretched his legs, fixating on a painting above the mantle. He wasn’t ready to have this discussion with her.

“Klaus…”

“Please,” he insisted, turning around. “You are the only female friend in my life who I haven’t…”

Her eyes never left his face as she said, “Haven’t what?”

“… which is why you’re like family to me.”

“Stop avoiding my question.” Camille stood up and closed the distance between them.

“… and I could never do that to you, never.”

“I’m the only female friend in your life who you haven’t…?”

The intensity of his stare was so intimidating, but she didn’t back down.

“For God’s sake, just say it!”

“Haven’t fucked!” he erupted. “Satisfied?”

Klaus turned away, afraid that she would somehow figure out all his secrets and abandon him if he let her peer into the window of his soul.

“Do you…” Cami hesitated. “Do you want me that way?”

“I’m only a man beneath my immortal mask, Camille. I could have courted you, but I chose not to.”

“Why?” She reached out and touched his shoulder.

He took a deep breath and reluctantly faced her again.

“Everything I’ve shared with you about my life only scratches the surface. I’m not a good man. I’ve done things… things I can never take back.”

“You have to forgive yourself, Klaus. You’ve changed so much throughout the years.”

“I haven’t,” he emphatically expressed. “I’m exactly the same—maybe even worse.”

“Look”—she cupped his face—“I know that you’ve killed people.”
“It’s not even about that. I’ve reconciled my murderous tendencies.” He gently moved her hands away.

“Then why won’t you give us a chance? Am I not good enough?”

“Please don’t say things like that.” Klaus grimaced. “You have no idea how much I respect you.”

“Then give me a good enough reason.” Cami frowned, pushing back tears. “Convince me why we wouldn’t work. I’m good for you, Klaus and you know it.”

“There’s no doubt in my mind. It’s the other way around, sweetheart. I’m the one who’s detrimental to your life.”

She shook her head, disagreeing. “Limiting beliefs.”

“Let me ask you a question.” He paused, debating whether to end the conversation altogether. “How many people have you slept with?”

His question had come out of left field as she stood there, looking slightly confused and embarrassed. “I-I…”
“I don’t need a number, just tell me if you can count all your previous partners on one hand or two?”

At twenty-five years old, Camille had only had three serious relationships and was never promiscuous. It was difficult to look him in the eye and tell him this, but she softly murmured, “One. One hand.”

“I figured.”

“Are you judging me because of that?”

“Not at all.” His face was serious. “Would you like to know my body count?”

“Klaus you’re almost a thousand years old, come on… I mean, of course you’re going to have a lot more—”

“Each day,” he cut her off. “Would you like to know my body count per day, Camille?” She wasn’t sure how to respond as she watched him reach for the bottle and drink right out of it.

He hovered close to her ear and murmured, “Five… ten… twenty… really depends on how fucking horny I am. If it’s an orgy, well then”—he chuckled darkly—“Free for all. No limits when you’re a supernatural fuck-boy.”

His words went right through her. She didn’t take him seriously. She didn’t believe him.

“I know what you’re doing,” said Camille, folding her arms in her chest.

“What? Being honest for once?”

“It’s not going to work, Klaus. I have a degree in psychology for a reason. You’re pushing me away.”

“Would you like to know what I did that night after our kiss?”

“Stop.”
“I went out, fucked six whores, and you weren’t even an afterthought.”

His smile was dark and sinister. For the first time in all the years she’d known him, she was seeing a whole new side to him that he had never revealed to her.

Until now.

“And then I came home,” Klaus added, “and fucked three more. And the next day, when I called you and cancelled our date... can you guess where I was?”

"I said, stop!"

"Not between your thighs, that's for sure." He laughed mockingly.

Camille was in shock, as bitter reality settled in. He wasn’t lying. She could see it in his cold, cruel gaze.

What Klaus had failed to mention was that in all the years of his existence, he never kissed a woman he did not care for. He had no problem bending over a bitch in heat and servicing her with some Grade A Hybrid cock...
But… their lips never came in contact: this was his rule. In truth, Klaus had only kissed a handful of women in his lifetime, and it was only because he deeply cared for them. Camille was on that list.

But instead of telling her this, he turned his heart into stone and hardened his voice, saying, “Do you need more details?”

“Your private life is yours,” she finally answered, brushing away a fallen tear. “It’s not like we were dating.”

“I led you on.”

“No.” She shook her head. “I knew you were complicated.”

“I wanted you to want me. But you were always immune to my advances. So, I manipulated you and seduced you covertly. I shared some sob stories, softened your shell and made you warm up to me. I earned your trust, and you let me in, Camille. I mind f**ked you.”

“NO!” She broke down. “Why are you saying these things?”

“But it’s true! Do you really believe someone like me could stay faithful in a monogamous relationship? You could never change my depraved lifestyle. No one can.”

“You’re damaged. Aurora damaged you.”

“F**K AURORA!” Klaus raged, hurling the bottle as it smashed against the wall.

Camille collected herself and took a step back. She had never seen him get so angry like this before.

“Every woman I ever loved f**ked me over!”

There were others? she questioned, her heart shattering to pieces as he unleashed his wrath on her.

“My life is not a bloody book for you to read at your whim! Take your psychoanalysis and shove it some place dark!”

Things had taken such an ugly turn. She didn’t think her visit would have triggered such an explosive argument. Camille always knew that he was a man of many secrets, she just never suspected that he was a full-blown sex addict. What else was he keeping from her? she wondered, drowning in a sea of sadness.
Klaus was on edge as he looked at her with nothing but self-loathing. “I was morally bankrupt long before my mother turned me into the demon that I am. The only difference is that my degeneracy has magnified.”

“Klaus, please.” She sobbed. "This isn’t you. This isn’t the man I know… the man I…” Cami stopped herself and reached for his hand, but he yanked it away.

“I’ve shared enough truth for one night, Camille.” His eyes were so lifeless. “You can show yourself out.”

He walked past the broken shards of glass and left his study, feeling like the biggest asshole in the world.

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Irreversible

A/N: Christian Grey who?? lol

I write to comfort the disturbed, and disturb the comfortable …
*DISCLAIMER*: this chapter is full of lewd, depraved, explicit content that may tempt you to "indulge" yourselves ;)

Don’t read if it’s not your cup of tea.

Hope was sleepless. She was missing him. The agony of being so close, yet so far was slowly killing her inside. Klaus had ignored her all evening, especially during dinner. He’d hardly even looked in her direction.

Every time she had tried to pull him away to talk, he sabotaged her efforts and had told her that he was busy. It hurt being cast aside, especially when they’d spent every single day together in
She longed for his touch, his kiss, his sweet caresses all over her body. She knew that to pursue a sexual relationship with her temperamental father was wrong on all moral grounds, but she didn’t know how to stop feeling the way she did. None of her high school crushes could compare to his handsome features and the intensity of emotion that she felt for him. She knew there was a darkness inside of him; a darkness that he hid from her. But she didn’t care.

As she lay there restlessly, Hope grabbed her phone and started texting.

She leaned up on her elbow and waited, hoping he would respond.

After a couple minutes, her phone chimed:
But she was unyielding.
Lonely and frustrated, Hope threw her legs over her bed, wearing nothing but a black thong before she slipped on an over-sized T-shirt and snuck out of her room. An exhilarating thrill surged through her as she quietly padded down a corridor, up a flight of winding stairs, until she reached the floor of
her father’s master suite. Two other bedrooms were on that wing, but they were never in use, since Elijah and Freya had moved out years ago. However, that night, her uncle and aunt were sleeping in those rooms, and she was certain her mother was fast asleep next to Elijah.

Her heart kept thudding in her chest as she approached a tall set of dark double doors. Hope prayed he hadn’t locked them, especially since he had specifically told her not to come. But she took a chance and reached for the doorknobs, twisting slowly… slowly…

Something clicked.

Relieved to find the doors unlocked, she entered the forbidden space and shut the heavy doors behind her.

Her deep blue eyes traveled around the dimly lit bedroom. It was the first time she had ever entered his private quarters. She was never allowed in here, even when he was away, the doors were always locked.

Where is he? Hope curiously wondered.

The room was luxuriously decorated with Venetian furnishings, candelabras, a large stone fireplace, abstract paintings, and tall arched windows that offered a breathtaking view of the city. But what caught her eye the most was the king-sized four-poster bed.

Ornate symbols had been carved into the dark cherry wood, as it was masterfully crafted by a skilled carpenter. She stepped toward the bed and admired the black satin sheets. It wasn’t until she was closer that Hope discovered the mirror that was installed on the upper rectangular panel, supported by wooden columns on each corner of the bed frame.

She paused for a moment and put two and two together. It was obvious to her that that bed was not exclusively used for sleeping. She wondered how many other women had been in this room… in that bed… under him.

“I told you not to come.”

His authoritative voice startled her as Hope turned around and saw him emerge from the bathroom. He was clad in nothing but dark ripped jeans that hung low at his waist, exposing the flawless grooves that dipped in a low V near his pelvis. His wolf tooth necklace was the only accessory on his body. She loved his black feather tattoo that was inked on his left shoulder. A flock of sparrows were flying across his chest, giving the illusion of spawning from the feather.

Their eyes seemed to linger on one another before she found her voice.

“We don’t have to do anything,” Hope cautiously stated. “I just want to sleep next to you.” She stepped closer, staring at her father like a lost little kitten, “Please, Dad?”

Klaus clenched his jaw. He had already undressed her in his mind, as soon as she had turned around. It was dangerous being this close in proximity. He regretted unlocking the doors.

You want to bend her over and fuck her, a sinister voice hissed in his consciousness.

But he denied the accusation and silenced his demon.

"Your mother and uncle are right down the hall. Are you trying to incriminate me?”

It was true. If they were to engage in any sort of sexual act, Elijah and Hayley would have surely
heard them; they were supernatural creatures with superior hearing. Klaus had yet to make his bedroom soundproof. His last sex slave was a witch who had taken care of that issue for him when his siblings still lived with him. But after a messy break up, she reversed the spell out of jealousy and hexed him. He had been lucky that his sister was well equipped with enough knowledge on hexes to cure him of the searing pain that had lasted for days in his body. The incident had happened over ten years ago, before the Hollow had forced him into exile.

“Leave,” he warned, a threatening intensity in his arctic gaze.

But Hope was undaunted, as she murmured, “I just want to lie next to you. Nothing more.”

He missed her warm body. He missed being inside of it… buried to the hilt.

“I unlocked my bedroom doors as a courtesy to you, so that I can send you back to bed. Your own bed.”

His glowering expression was merely a mask. She decided to switch tactics and use a different approach.

“Dad, I’m scared. I’m scared I’ll be taken again and this time… without you.”

Klaus believed the sorrow in her eyes and suddenly felt guilty. He understood her fear. She had every right to feel it, he thought. He also knew that his mansion was not tightly secured yet, not unless Freya found a way to cast a shield over it.

Hope took another step toward him. “I promise I’ll leave in the morning. No one will know.”

She was chipping away at his resolve, slowly unraveling him, and he hated it.

“Please, Dad.”

He was at war with himself. On the one hand, he knew it was wrong and risky to give into her advances, and on the other hand, the sexual tension between them was unbearable—almost uncontrollable. All he wanted was to find a sense of solace in her body, to lose himself between her thighs and feel real again, not a walking corpse in a listless existence.

She had him wrapped around her little finger and he felt so powerless in her presence. Hope took advantage of this new dynamic as she reached down and pulled off her shirt, dropping it at her feet.
All the blood in Klaus’s body immediately rushed to his swelling manhood, as the outline of his thick, long shaft protruded through his denim trousers. Two days had passed since their return, yet it felt like weeks since he’d last seen those perky set of tits.

Hope bridged the gap between them and wrapped her arms around his waist, leaving a soft, sensual kiss in the center of his chest.

Her touch was euphoric as Klaus shut his eyes and let her plant another kiss on his skin.

When she peered up, he looked at her and murmured, “Why are you seducing me?”

“I’m not. Like you said, it was all an act every time we were together. I’ve accepted that.” She lied. “I just want to cuddle and sleep without feeling anxious when I’m alone.”

He was skeptical of her motives, but it was difficult to keep shutting her down when she was standing half naked, with her breasts pushed against him. How could he control his lust if he held her in bed? Klaus was afraid; afraid for himself, and for her.

“I promise I’ll behave,” said Hope, pressing herself against his erection.

Unable to hide the obvious, he peeled her off him and stepped back. “You can sleep on the bed.” He exhaled. “I’ll sleep on the chair.”

“But that’s so uncomfortable.”

He picked up her shirt. “Put this on please, and I’ll reconsider.”

“But—”
“I’m not going to argue with you about this, Hope. I’m tired. Put it on or I’m sleeping in the chair.”

She sighed and retrieved her white T, slipping it over her head till it covered her slim frame. Her nipples were jutting out against the fabric.

He noticed.

“Get in bed,” Klaus quietly commanded. “I’ll join you shortly.” He sauntered toward the doors and locked the bolts.

Hope fixed her gaze on his majestic bed and walked over to it. She pulled back the sheets and made herself comfortable, staring up at the mirrored panel above her. Her long auburn locks were beautifully sprawled out on the pillow.

After a brief minute, the lights switched off. Moonlight flooded the room as Klaus folded his jeans over the edge of the armchair and approached the other side of the bed.

She admired the silhouette of his muscular body, watching him slip under the sheets. The smell of his body wash intoxicated her senses. Instinctively, Hope molded herself against him and glided a lazy leg over his.

“Perfect.” She hummed.

Klaus folded his hand behind his head and stared at their reflection in the mirror.

A forbidden work of art, he thought.

He felt compelled to paint her, just like this, if only he could have left his body to fulfill his artistic need near a canvas.

Had they been locked up in their room of horrors, she would have been kissing him… stroking him… and he wouldn’t have stopped her. But they were no longer imprisoned—at least not physically; yet, their minds were equally enslaved to something that had complete dominion over their carnal desires.

Klaus closed his eyes and tried his best to surrender to sleep. It was difficult to fade when he was painfully hard, lying next to his daughter. Her T-shirt hardly made a difference. She had teased him on purpose and laid down her trap, baiting the wolf.

He knew what his body needed. Demanded.

The subtle rhythm of Hope’s shallow breathing only aroused him more, triggering memories he wished to erase.
The memories were vivid in high definition, distorting his reality.

Hope leisurely raked her fingers down his chest.

Instant goosebumps.

This was wrong. Klaus knew what would happen from the moment he unlocked those doors. He was simply in denial.

He swallowed hard and kept his eyes shut, contemplating whether to stop her or to simply feign sleep.

Her slender fingertips slowly grazed past his happy trail, until she reached the edge of his dark boxer briefs.

He held his breath, knowing he should have got up right then and there. The red flags were right in front of him, but he waited in silence, containing the air in his lungs, exhaling when she finally slipped her hand inside and squeezed his throbbing pole.

Now he was truly powerless: a slave to pleasure. It was difficult to rationalize when that big angry snake between his legs was begging to be stroked… and sucked.

His breath caught in his throat as she started pumping him, cupping his large testicles, just how he liked it.

A minute hadn’t passed and Klaus was already spilling pre-cum all over Hope’s hand. The pleasure was immense and indescribable. Unable to resist, he turned his head and crushed his mouth against hers, kissing her deep and passionately while she slowly played with his big Hybrid cock. Her soft
little whimper vibrated in his mouth as their kiss became more needy... demanding... aggressive.

The erotic sound of their wet hot lips gliding over each other heightened Klaus’s arousal. He wanted her.

He needed to fuck her. His inner demon was wide awake and ready to play. But he feared losing control, now that they had privacy.

Hope was breathless when she finally pulled back and looked into his lust drenched eyes. An unbearable heat was radiating from her crotch. She knew what he needed, and she wanted to give it to him, so she sat up and crawled on top.

“Hope,” Klaus whispered in confusion. “What are you—”

But his words were immediately silenced with a kiss, as she guided his hands to the edges of her thong.

“Rip them off,” she murmured against his lips, kissing him wildly while mounting his lower body.

Possessed by an insatiable need to impale her hole, his self restraint evaporated when she moaned in his mouth and sucked on his tongue.

Rrrrrrrrip!

He yanked both sides of the cotton fabric and tossed them away. Her smooth tribrid pussy was now fully exposed, soaking wet and ready for penetration.

For a brief moment, Klaus battled his lust as he desperately said, “We have to stop. It’s dangerous.”

“I want you to fuck me,” she lewdly confessed, rubbing her swollen pink lips between his pulsing shaft.

No one had forced them into this. Their copulation was entirely voluntary. It was a harrowing realization for each of them, as they stared at one another, breathing hard, delaying their pleasure.

Hope was losing all her self-control. She listened to her father’s jagged breaths, while teasingly rocking her dripping pussy against the swollen tip of his cock, feeling something splash and soak her fleshy folds.
Klaus groaned and reached for her waist. All he had to do was move another inch and he would have speared her tiny hole. He was *aching* for that tight, slippery cunt to suction his shaft and swallow him. The temptation was too much to bear.

Hope continued to tease him in a slow and steady pace, lubricating his cock and stimulating the nerves. Her breath hitched when he matched her rhythm and rolled his hips into her, gliding himself at her entry.

Klaus was incapable of stopping now, as he breathlessly whispered, “Sweetheart, I don’t have… condoms.”

“We don’t need any, Daddy.” She licked his lips.

He reached around her firm round ass, gripping the back of her thighs and stretching her flesh, deliberately widening her pussy hole.

Hope let out a quiet little moan when she felt the tip of his prong, probing her dripping entry.

“*Fuck,*” Klaus cursed, kissing her.
The risk of their transgression was a major turn on for each of them, a lot more than he was willing to admit. Hayley was right down the hall—his siblings as well, and here he was, naked in bed with his biological daughter, ready to fuck the life out of her pussy and blast her womb with Hybrid cum. It was wrong.

So undeniably wrong.

But that didn’t stop him from reaching for his magnum shaft and guiding it inside of Hope, before he pulled her weight down on him.

She gasped in reaction to the sudden intrusion, as he quickly clasped his hand over her mouth, muting her whimpering sounds of pain and pleasure. The last thing Klaus wanted was to be discovered.

Gravity did its job, allowing his cock to glide in, inch by inch, until he was completely submerged inside of her. He felt her breath against his palm and slowly let go, reminding her to stay quiet.

In his heart of hearts, he knew he was so unworthy of her. All the women he had slept with throughout the centuries… his mind-bending body count… the way he had defiled his partners, unable to truly respect himself, or them. He had no right to ensnare his daughter this way. She was young and had reached an age of sexual maturity, where her hormones were going haywire. He was supposed to be a father to her—a decent one. He wasn’t supposed to be in bed with his own offspring, probing her pussy with his cock… loving every second of it… needing it.

Addiction.

Klaus had an addictive personality, and Hope had become his new drug.

He kept a measured rhythm, watching her face as she breathed through her pleasure. His hands gently slid down the curve of her spine, squeezing her cheeks while he penetrated her, not caring about the risk of pregnancy. Her pussy was already a creamy mess.
Hope placed her hands on his chest and rolled her hips forward.

A deep low grunt vibrated through him. “Fuck-me… that feels amazing.”

She bit her lip and held her breath when he lifted his hips, gently thrusting into her. As loving as he was, his demon was still there with him, fighting for control. What Klaus didn’t know was that the darkness that remained within his daughter from the Hollow was triggering that side of him, beckoning it to come out.

During their captivity, it had taken every ounce of his strength to restrain himself from exposing his vulgar, licentious nature. But now that they were no longer under surveillance, he was struggling to hold back. He had to choose his words wisely.

“Oh God, Daddy…” Hope panted, circling her hips, enjoying the way he was stretching her.

Klaus reached for her face and kissed her before he withdrew, breathing in a husky voice, “You have no idea how badly I want to fuck the fuck out of your tight wet cunt.”

It was too late to take it back. His demon had successfully made contact with the Hollow.

Her eyes were glowing blue in the darkness as she whispered, “Do it. Do it to me.”

“I can’t,” he huffed uncontrollably. “You’ll scream.”

“Do you like it when I scream for you, Daddy?”

“Fuck.”

Hope was not entirely herself. Hayley had always warned her about the evil that lay dormant inside her soul, but she was oblivious to its underlying influence on her mind, as it was the perfect catalyst for chaos. It seemed to thrive on transgression and grew stronger by feeding on sin.

It hadn’t even crossed Klaus's mind to question whether her attraction to him was influenced by the Hollow, or if it was truly authentic and uncorrupted by demonic forces.

Ever since Hope was a child, she had periodic visions of blood and violence, which explained why she nearly killed everyone at the Salvatore School last year. Syphoning her magic had been the only way to control the Hollow’s influence over her. No one in her family had ever suspected that Klaus’s return would only awaken the dormant remnants of that spirit’s consciousness. The Hollow was still
very much alive inside of Hope.

But their abductor had full knowledge of this. Their enemy's motives were calculated and still unclear to the entangled lovers.

Hope had always been vulnerable. Because the Hollow had also used Klaus as a host, it latched onto his darkness and grew stronger when he and his daughter had intercourse for the first time. Their captor had also been aware of this, as it was prophesied. Hope’s wrongful need for her father was a by-product of an ancient evil that was insidiously claiming her soul, every time she was intimate with him. Klaus was too enraptured, too blinded by love and desire to question her state of mind and realize this truth.

The bed started creaking as Hope sped up and vigorously bounced on him, desperate for a full body orgasm.

“Slow down, love.” He grabbed her hips.

She obeyed his request, breathing heavily in the darkness.

Worried that she’d tempt him into mercilessly pounding her, Klaus raised himself on his elbows and maneuvered them into the lotus position.

Instinctively, she wrapped her legs around him and snaked her arms over his shoulders, slowly rocking her hips.

Their faces were so close now, as Klaus kissed her passionately.

When he pulled back for breath, Hope held his face and whispered, “Mark me.”

“What?” He was suddenly taken back.

“I want you to mark me,” she breathlessly conveyed.

Klaus applied some pressure on her hips and stopped her rhythmic grinding.

“That’s not an option,” he said in a serious tone. “Our family emblem would permanently appear on your arm… everyone would know.”

“I don’t care.”

“I do.”
“I could easily cover it. Don’t you want to possess me, Daddy? To know where I am at all times? Don’t you want to feel secure in knowing that no one else can ever be inside of me…”

He uttered an expletive, tempted beyond measure while debating his decision.

A vampire’s love mark was a sacred blood bond between two lovers. It was an archaic patriarchal practice that secured absolute fidelity from a woman—human or otherwise. Its true purpose was to deter her from carnal temptations with other men. Female vampires did not have this ability, as it was never a matriarchal gift. Its origins were found in a warlock’s grimoire 900 years ago: the same one that Esther had used to turn her family into vampires. The grimoire had belonged to her grandfather.

The mark was a universal symbol that could never be forged by force. It required verbal consent, followed by ritualistic blood sharing during intercourse.

![Love Mark](image)

Ancient vampires were privy to this tradition, unlike the younger generations, unless they sought occult knowledge regarding their own kind.

Once the mark was forged, a woman would belong to her vampire lover forever. To defy the sacred oath and commit adultery through fornication resulted in instant death for her, whether she was human or supernatural; such was the magic of the mark. It was used to secure patriarchal power over women, despite its romantic undertones.

When the ritual was performed correctly, the mark would appear on the woman’s left forearm, as it was closer to the heart. It was a black occult symbol, the size of a silver dollar. But since Klaus was an Original, his family crest would appear, if he were to mark his mate.

Unbeknownst to Hope, he had abused this power throughout the centuries, collecting harems full of sex slaves who willingly offered their bodies and souls to him, only to be heartbroken and abandoned by the man they loved.

Unable to cope with the agony of narcissistic discard, thousands of them committed suicide by breaking the sacred oath of the mark, sleeping with other men who were forbidden to them. Klaus had used and destroyed these women without any remorse. His hands were tainted with innocent blood.

“Dad…” Hope kissed him. “Don’t overthink it.” She started grinding on him once again, determined to make him cave.

“Do you even know… what you’re asking me?” He kissed her throat, licking her neck.

“I do”—she breathed heavily—“Learned about it… school… library...”
“Then you know… what it means.” He resisted the urge to bite her and held her face, staring into her eyes with a heated intensity. “If I mark you, you can never be with another man. Ever. You’ll die if you break your oath, do you realize that?”

“I know. I don’t want to be with anyone but you.”

“Hope, you don’t know what you’re saying.”

“I love you.” She held her hands over his, gazing at him with longing desire. “Not just as a daughter,” Hope whispered, “I… I’m in love with you.”

For the first time in all the years of Klaus’s cursed existence, something happened inside his chest, as the frost around his frozen heart melted.

He brushed a lock of hair behind her ear and said, “Sweetheart, you don’t—”

“You don’t have to say it back. I know things are complicated right now. But I just wanted you to know.”

It was a body and soul connection, something that he desperately could not push against, as the most selfish part of him urged him to take what was being offered. Did he have any right to rob her of the opportunity to be with other lovers? Individuals who were much closer to her in age and not morally bankrupt? Could he truly forsake all others for his only daughter? Was he capable of loving her the way she deserved? These were questions he should have considered with a sober mind, not one that was hazy with lust.

An invisible force was pushing them together. Every part of him wanted to possess her; to know that no other man would ever lay claim over her body. Her holes would only belong to him to penetrate, Klaus thought. It drove him mad with desire as his eyes transitioned into his beastly Hybrid state: dark pools of glistening gold.

Hope was mesmerized as she watched her father take her palm to his mouth, puncturing her skin with his vampire fangs. The pain was sharp but pleasurable to her. He repeated this method with her other palm, breaking the skin until she bled before he punctured his own. With gentle pressure, he closed his hands over hers so that their palms were now touching, fingers interlocked.

Klaus met her gaze and whispered, “Do you give yourself to me, body, mind, and soul?”

She looked at him with nothing but love as she answered, “I give myself to you, body mind, and soul.”

“And if you break your oath?”

“I welcome death.”

The violent beauty in those glowing Hybrid eyes bore into her as he drew his fangs toward her neck and punctured her vein, drinking deeply while lowering their hands, never letting go.

A blissful cry fled from Hope’s lips, consuming her with pleasure. A symbol was forming on her left forearm. Klaus drank from her blood, relishing in the way her crimson liquid gushed down his mouth. He had performed this ritual many times before. But this time it was different. This time, his heart was in it.

When he pulled back for breath, she glanced at her arm and beamed when she saw the Mikaelson crest; it was inked on her skin like a dark red tattoo.
Klaus lifted her chin and searched her eyes, worried that he’d find nothing but regret. Instead, she mirrored his emotions and kissed him deeply.

Although his judgment had been clouded, he was too lost in the moment to have stopped himself.

“I’m yours now,” she said, smearing her bloody palms across his chest.

“You are.” He left a bloody hand print on the side of her face as he kissed her deeply and reached for her hips, encouraging her to achieve her much needed climax.

To their own demise, the Hollow’s hold over Hope’s consciousness had become more powerful upon completion of the ritual. Since Klaus and Hope were blood related, she now had access into his mind during sex. All his thoughts, his fantasies... they would now be exploited by the evil spirit that lived inside of her. Its aim was to destroy them both... to destroy their love.

“I want you to fuck me... hard,” Hope urgently expressed, reflecting his unspoken desire.

“I can’t, love.” He whispered, “We’ll wake the others.”

She suddenly accessed a thought in his mind and said, “Fuck me in the panic room.”

Klaus withdrew from her lips and gave her a queer look. “It’s hardly romantic, nor comfortable.”

“We’ve been through worse.”

This was true, he thought. But then he wondered how she knew about the panic room.

“I can’t cum like this,” Hope shamelessly revealed. “I need you to pound me...”—she licked his lips—”Daddy”.

He couldn’t take it anymore, as he used all his strength and lifted her off his cock.

Once he was back on his feet, he rushed toward a hidden door in the wall at vamp speed, and opened it. He’d never used his panic room before—not even for promiscuous adventures, but he was going to make full use of it now.

Hope followed her father into the room, her thighs soaked in juices.

It was a small space with bright ceiling lights, an array of weapons on the walls, and a glass table that was covered with liquor bottles.

Klaus closed the heavy metal door and sealed it tight by twisting an iron wheel.

Impatient to feel him inside her, she sat on the edge of a white ottoman and leaned back on her elbows, spreading her legs in a wide V as she seductively asked, “How loud can I be, Daddy?”
A devious grin touched his eyes. “Scream your lungs out for me.”

Excitement coursed through her body when he towered over her with his massive cock. She felt a tantalizing heat radiating off his bouncing rod, almost touching her vulnerable pussy.

Klaus never took his eyes off her as he parted her legs and held them above her head. He wanted to tease her with a couple taps on her clit, but was so insanely aroused that all he could focus on was finding release.

With careful precision, he positioned himself at her dripping entry and gave her one full and powerful thrust before…

SLAP-CLAP-SLAP-CLAP-SLAP-CLAP!

Hope’s feral cries of pleasure echoed off the walls as he violently plowed into her, testicles slapping against her swollen mound.

“Oh God…” Her eyes rolled back. “Cum in me… beat up my pussy…”

He had no idea where she had learned to be so foul mouthed during sex, but it only turned him on more as he ruthlessly gave her his speed, pounding into her deep and hard.

Hope looked down at his big fat cock, hammering away into her pussy. She needed this. The wolf inside her demanded it: depraved, uninhibited, animalistic fucking. She wanted to be bred.

A feral growl rumbled through his chest as Klaus tried to hold off an explosion of cum. It was unbearably difficult to pull out this time.
Hayley would have screamed had she walked in on them. She might have even tried to murder him if she’d had the white oak stake. It was a good thing no one could hear, and the door was sealed shut. There was no way they could have done this in his bedroom without getting discovered.

Klaus was on the verge of finishing his mind-numbing explosion, as he drove his cock into Hope one last time, his shaft twitching violently. He had cum so hard, he had nothing left in his tank.

Both of them were breathless, panting in unison, staring at each other.

His chest and forehead were wet with perspiration from a vigorous workout. Klaus kept his throbbing pole inside of her, ignoring the sticky mess that was trickling out of her beaten pussy.

They were visibly exhausted, but deeply satisfied.

“What have you… done to me?” He panted, relaxing his grip under her legs.

"I could… say the same thing," Hope breathlessly replied.

They had been edging for so long, it was impossible to delay a climax. The whole thing had ended in minutes.

Klaus leaned in and let their heads touch. "Bloody hell," he said under his breath.

Hope reached for his handsome face and kissed him deeply with everything she had. Their attraction to each other was on a whole other level; to resist it was to swim against a powerful current.

“Did that feel good?” he asked, looking into her eyes.

“It felt amazing.” Hope sighed contentedly. “Still does.” A delicious thrill went through her body when he pulsed inside of her, giving her undulating waves of pleasure.

Her nipples were hard as bullets as Klaus lowered his head and lovingly showered them with affection.

She took advantage of the opportunity and ran her fingers through his thick golden mane, wondering if he had been this way with her mother during their one night stand. Hope felt ridiculous for feeling jealous. She never would have been born if they hadn’t hooked up.

Klaus sucked back her nipple and glanced up at her. “I cant get enough of you.”

He was drunk in lust, unwilling to admit that he was also drunk in…

“We need to get you the morning after pill today,” he said with concern. “Seeing as I had an accident.”

“Honestly, that was so hot to watch.” She giggled. “Hottest ever.”

He licked her other nipple and said, “I can’t take your word for it.”

“Why not?”

“You’ve never had any other experience to compare it to.” Klaus finally pulled out, as an eruption of sticky white lava flowed out of her pussy.

“Fuck.” His cock twitched again.
“Holy shit, Dad…” Hope reached down, scooping up his Hybrid seed.

“I’ll get you a towel. Don’t move.”

Clean up took a while for Hope before she stepped out of the bathroom, worried that her father’s cum would continue oozing out of her. She wore his mark proudly like a badge of honor on her arm as she slipped into his bed.

Klaus opened his sleepy eyes and pulled her into his arms.

“What time is it?” he asked.

“Close to 4am,” Hope replied, caressing his face.

“I suggest you get some sleep, sweetheart. You have to be in your room before everyone is up, remember?”

She hesitated and said, “Let’s move out... me and you... like... as a couple.”

Her suggestion took him by surprise as he quickly answered, “That’s not an option right now.”

“Why? How can we possibly be together if we have to constantly sneak around? All I can think about is you… being with you… wanting you all the time.” She frowned and whispered, “It makes me crazy. I’m not used to this.”

He worried that their conditioning in that prison cell had made her this way.

No, you bastard. You made her this way.

“It’s just your hormones,” Klaus stated. “You have wolf blood. You’ll settle down in time.”

“I think it’s more than just that.” Hope slid her arm around his waist, huddling in closer.

“I don’t deserve you.”

“Why?”

“You only know one version of me, Hope, and I didn’t really do a good job at living up to it.”

“Dad, it’s not your fault.”

“Then whose fault is it?”

“The psycho who locked us up in that room for two months.”

“Love, look around you. We’re not in that room anymore. Look what we’ve done… what I’ve done.” He sat up, tossing the sheets aside.

His guilt was getting to him. Everything had always felt so good in the moment when they made love, but afterwards, when his lust would dissipate, all he felt was guilt and shame.

“Dad…” Hope sat on her knees behind him and touched his back. “Please tell me you’re not having second thoughts.”
He hung his head, shame faced. “I marked you.”

“I asked you to. I wanted you to.”

“It doesn’t matter, Hope!” Klaus seethed in frustration. “You can never be with another man ever again, not unless you want to die. What I did was bloody selfish.”

“Well…” She got off the bed and stood in front of him. “I’m not worried because I don’t want to be with anyone else but you.” She mounted him. “So unless you’re planning on leaving me, I have no regrets.”

It killed him to even think of being far from her. The Hollow had kept them divided long enough. There was no way he could endure another separation.

Hope held his face and looked into his eyes with nothing but love.

“I’ll always protect you, Dad, even if it means keeping you safe from yourself. Just don’t push me away, please. It hurts when you do.”

She somehow managed to move him inside, as he pulled her into his lips and kissed her deeply.

Their passions took over yet again, when he fell back on the bed and let her crawl on top of him, sliding his rock hard shaft inside of her.

Klaus could not resist her. She was too seductive to him. His hands glided over her curvy bottom, squeezing her cheeks as she kissed him slow and sensually, grinding her pussy on his lubricated cock.

He didn’t want to think anymore. All he wanted to do was lose himself inside of her; to fill her up with cum, and repeat.

“Hand me your phone,” said Hope, riding him slowly.

“What for?”

“Give it to me and you’ll find out.” She flashed a devious smile.

“The only dirty messages you’ll find in there are your texts.” He chuckled, reaching over the nightstand and grabbing his phone.

Klaus watched her with growing curiosity as he handed her his private possession.
She halted her movements and held his phone up above her.

“What are you doing?” He laughed.

“Giving you something to look at when I’m not around.” She snapped several photos from different angles and said, “For your eyes only.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.” He grinned.

Hope finished posing and created a file folder in his gallery entitled: “My Sexy Wolf Princess” She giggled and handed back his phone, rewarding him with a kiss.

He should have been intuitive enough to pick up on her subtle changes... the darkness that was growing inside of her. But Klaus was too blind to see it. The Hollow was using Hope, making her mirror his baser desires to ultimately destroy their love by exploiting Klaus’s own weakness: his depraved carnal tendencies.

It had to be a slow and gradual process. An indoctrination that was undetectable.

Hope took his hand and slowly sucked on his fingers, knowing it drove him crazy while she milked his cock.

“How do you like that?”

He breathed out his pleasure, saying, “Fuck yes.”

After watching her play with his fingers, he withdrew them and fed her this thumb, holding the side of her face as she sucked it back in the most seductive way.
It wasn’t long before he exploded inside of her again, muting her whimpering cries of pleasure with his mouth.

The prophecy was coming true. There was danger in these depths of passion. They were simply too blind to see it.

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PART II

A/N: (DJ Khaled's voice) AND ANOTHA ONE!

lol... my upload rate has been next level haha.

Have a good weekend Klope fam <3

Skye xx

It was mid afternoon when Hope opened her eyes, only to find herself alone in her own bed. The sun was piercing through the window blinds as she sat up and looked at the time. For a moment, she wondered if last night’s events were nothing but a dream, but the mark on her arm proved otherwise. She smiled and brushed her fingers over it, admiring the Mikaelson crest.

*He must have carried me back to bed,* she thought.

Hope had always been proud to be a Mikaelson. But after the mind blowing sex she’d had with her Hybrid father, she couldn’t help but feel as if she’d significantly risen in rank in his eyes. She belonged to him now. Every part of her was entirely his possession.

As she stood up to stretch, she winced and felt a dull ache between her thighs. Their sexual activities had taken a toll on her body. The memories filled her with nothing but bliss.
Niklaus Mikaelson was her lover now. He had crossed every boundary with her. She fully embraced her role as his accomplice in their illicit crimes of love. Neither of them had been aware of the breeding practices that were once accepted among pagan wolf packs in 13th century Europe. As written in the tribal texts, if an Alpha female were to die, the Alpha male would mate with his daughter and breed her to keep their bloodline in its purest form.

The practice was later forbidden by future wolf generations due to medical advancements and studies that were gleaned on inbreeding. Recessive genes between biological partners problematized healthy reproduction, hence it was universally shunned cross-culturally in the human and supernatural world. Nature rejected anything born with deformities. It was common in the animal kingdom for a lioness to abandon a sick cub with abnormalities and let it die. Survival of the fittest.

But because humanity was gifted with higher intelligence, they valued all forms of human life, whether disabled, deformed, or diseased. The possibility of and unplanned pregnancy hadn’t even popped into Hope’s young mind, not until she entered her bathroom and noticed a white paper bag on the bathroom vanity.

*Did he buy this?*

Of course, he would have, she thought, opening the pharmaceutical bag and pulling out the emergency contraceptives. There was a note inside with Klaus’s handwriting:

```
My apologies, love
I got carried away last night.
Take the pill as soon as you're up.
I won't be home until later this evening.
-K
```

A faint little smile touched her lips as she admired his penmanship. He was right, they both had got carried away. The things that they had done to each other… they could never undo it. Their transgressions were irreversible.

Hope opened the package and read the instructions before she filled an empty glass with water and swallowed a pill. The last thing they needed was the stress of pregnancy. Birth control was a must.

*If my vampire gene was activated, I wouldn’t even be worrying about this... If I still had my powers, I probably wouldn’t even need to take any pills,* she thought with annoyance, brushing her teeth.

Maybe there was a way to convince her father to restore what was taken from her, Hope contemplated. Klaus rarely denied her of anything. She wondered where he had gone for the day as she freshened up and stepped in the shower.
“Good afternoon, sleepy head!” Freya beamed. “I was wondering when you were going to be up.”

Hope smiled sheepishly and entered the large kitchen space. She was wearing a long-sleeve shirt to hide the mark on her arm. “You should have woken me up sooner, Aunt Freya. It’s like—3pm.”

“You needed your rest,” Freya replied. She watched her niece hop up on a stool and grab an apple from the fruit bowl. “Do you want breakfast or lunch?”

“Not really hungry right now.”

Freya studied her inquisitively. She knew that Hope was traumatized, which is why she did not want to push her to recount her experience, but she was dying to know about the deal that Klaus had made.

“Did you sleep all right at least?”

Hope nodded, smiling. “Where’s Dad?”

“He left with Elijah and Marcel a couple hours ago—vampire business.”

“Oh.” She took another bite of her apple, chewing slowly before she said, “And Mom?”

“She had an appointment with your school principal.”

“Really? She didn’t say anything to me about it.”

“Your parents decided it was best to have you home schooled for the remainder of the year.”


“Because whoever took you and your dad is still out there. I know you’re upset because your social life will be limited, but it’s for your own safety. Until we identify your abductor, no one is safe in our family, especially you and Klaus. You were both targeted.” Freya paused and added, “I’m going to try and work a spell tonight to cast a protective shield around the mansion. If I fail, we’ll have to move you and Hayley into a safehouse that’s already spelled with protection.”

“What about Dad? Will he come too?”

“I’m not sure. He’s the head honcho of city council. I don’t think he can shirk his responsibilities that easily.”

“Marcel can take over, though. Can’t he? He’s held down the fort for years.”

“You’ll have to discuss it with your dad, sweetie. I don’t know what his personal plans are. He can be very unpredictable.”

Don’t I know it, Hope thought.

“Hey, can I ask you something?” said Freya, leaning against the kitchen counter.

“What’s up?”

“The deal your dad made… do you know about it?”
Klaus had told Hope exactly what to say if their family members were to probe her with questions. She had to keep their story straight.

“Um, what deal?”

Freya sighed and folded her arms in her chest. “I guess you don’t know, either. He didn’t share any details about how you both managed to escape. All he said was that he made a deal in exchange for freedom.”

“Dad never told me anything about it,” Hope replied. “When the doors opened that night… we ran. I questioned how that was possible, but he never said anything about a deal. I just thought that we weren’t needed anymore—our blood.” She met Freya’s eyes with a worried expression. “Should I be concerned now?”

“No, no. I’m sure he knew what he was doing. I was just curious. I’m not trying to give you stuff to stress about. Just—don’t tell your father about this conversation.”

“… okay.”

Freya forced a smile and opened the fridge. She pulled out some cheese and lunch meat before she proceeded to make a sandwich on the island counter.

“Can I ask you something else?” she added. “If you don’t mind, that is.”

Hope looked at her.

“Would you allow me to use magic to sift through your memories?”

Hope’s blood pressure instantly spiked as her heart started racing. “Um…” She tried not to look panicked. “Why?”

“You might have memories that are buried in your subconscious. If I analyze your recollections, I might be able to see something or find a clue that might help us identify the person who took you.”

“I don’t see how that would help. I vaguely remember the night of the accident. We spent fifty-six days in isolation. There was nothing to do but wait, donate blood by force, wait some more, and repeat.” She tried to keep her composure so that she wouldn’t come off as if she was hiding something.

Freya shrugged and smiled saying, “It was just a suggestion.” She slapped a slice of cheese on her turkey sandwich. “You’re a tribrid. I can’t access your mind, even if I wanted to. You’d have to let me. That’s why I asked.”

Hope felt as if she could breathe again. She didn’t want to live in constant fear of her aunt laying hands on her out of the blue and discovering what really happened inside that room. She had to protect him. At all costs.

“We have a house guest tonight,” Freya mentioned, chewing her food. “An old family-friend.”

“Who?” Hope was genuinely curious.

“Well… last I remember he was quite the cutie.” Freya giggled. “Probably still is—being immortal and all. He’s half vampire, half witch… a heartbreaking heretic. If Rebekah hadn’t been dating him, I
“definitely would have made a move.”

“Who is he?”

“Only the sexiest warlock alive—totally not a big deal.” She smiled bashfully.

“What’s his name? Maybe I know him. Alaric made us take ‘Ancient Wizardry and Historical Warlocks 101’ last year as a graduation requirement.”

“Goodness!” Freya tittered. “He’s not that old!” She took another bite of her sandwich and said, “Cade Constantine.”

Hope swivelled off the stool and pulled out a jug of water from the refrigerator. She poured herself a glass of water and regarded her aunt. “Does he have Instagram?”

Freya’s furrowed eyebrows said enough as Hope let out a little laugh. “Kidding. I know how secretive our society is. I mean, why care about having a social media presence when you’re fucking immortal?”

Freya almost spit out her food as she gawked at her niece, slightly stunned. “Since when did you start cursing?”

Hope seemed confused herself as she pursed her lips and replied, “Sorry. It just—slipped out.”

“I think you’ve spent a little too much time around your dad. He’s never been one to censor himself when it comes to profane language. Don’t worry, though. Shit like that will fly with me. Not too sure about your mom or Elijah. He’s always so… unbearably proper.” Freya scoffed and rolled her eyes. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, it’s great to have fine manners and etiquette, but there are studies that prove that the most intelligent people in the world are notorious potty mouths. Pretty sure Klaus and I are in that category. Like honestly…”

Hope tuned out Freya’s voice as her aunt rambled on. An hour hadn’t passed in her company and she was already missing her dad.

He hated these meetings. So redundant and repetitive. There were many times where Klaus had considered abdicating his power and letting Marcellus take charge of council matters. The vampires in the French quarter respected him as their leader; he was an honorary war hero. He had done so much for the city to maximize profits in tourism and maintain a peaceful coexistence with the werewolves and witch covens. Klaus loved him like a son.

“Klaus?” Marcel waved his hand in front of his face. “Hey? Where did you go?”

The Hybrid blinked several times and gave him his undivided attention. “My apologies.” He cleared his throat and addressed the other vampires in the room. “Whatever this man says”—he touched Marcel’s shoulder—“I strongly advise you to listen to him.”

Everyone seemed surprised to see him leave so abruptly.

Marcel looked at Elijah and said, “I’ll go see what’s up. Can you finish talking them through the new safety precautions?”

“Of course.”
He found him in the lobby of his warehouse loft, pacing with his phone in hands.

“Catching up with a mistress?” Marcel teased, walking toward him.

Klaus looked up and immediately put his phone away in his pocket. “Just touching base with Hayley. I’m sorry for leaving. I haven’t been in a very good mental space.”

“Well, I don’t blame you. You just survived two months of living at the mercy of some deranged… God knows who, or what.”

“I never thanked you properly.”

“No thanks are necessary.” He smiled modestly.

“I was framed for a massacre I didn’t commit. There was civil unrest between our kind and the witch covens before I was taken. I expected a full-blown war when and if I ever returned. I’m surprised and relieved to find that my expectations were subverted. Elijah told me what you did, Marcellus. I always believed that in order to maintain power, one must rule with an iron fist. You’ve proven me wrong. If a king does not have loyal subjects, his kingdom will fall.”

Marcel was happy to be noticed and praised in such a way by Klaus. He had always looked up to him as a father; the only father he had and had ever known. Whatever bad blood they had had in the past was all water under the bridge.

The two of them spoke for a while before Marcel asked, “Klaus, are you sure you’re okay?”

“Of course.”

“You don’t sound too convincing.”

“I’m just tired. I had a restless night.”

He had a hard time believing him as he said, “We’ll make sure she’s safe. I promise. Both of you.”

Klaus met Marcel’s compassionate gaze and gripped his shoulder. “From the moment we crossed paths all those years ago, I knew that you were worthy of greatness. You had so much potential, and you have fully reached it. I know I wasn’t always the best father to you, but you turned out to be one hell of a man, regardless. You make me proud to know you.”
“Klaus, where is this coming from? You’re talking as if you’re about to die or something.”

“It had to be said.”

The camaraderie between them was truly touching. They had come so far from where they had started.

“That means a lot,” said Marcel. “I know you’re not one to really express your feelings.”

They chatted for a little while longer before he changed the subject back to business.

“Do you think Cade can help us?”

“I’m hoping he can use the chip that Freya had extracted from Hope’s neck, and channel it to identify the person who took us,” Klaus replied.

“It’s worth a shot.” He paused. “Though, I’m not too sure if he’ll want to see me again… especially after what happened last time.”

Klaus looked at him with a cross expression. “As much as you love my sister, you must recognize her blame for what happened between you and Cade all those years ago.”

“I’d made things more complicated by telling her how I felt. I knew she was in a relationship. Don’t resent her for being torn between two people she loved.”

“He lost everything because of her, Marcel. Those bastards banished him for loving her, for befriending our kind and becoming one of us.”

“Those guys are orthodox to the extreme.” He snickered. “They give the Vatican a run for their money. The only reason they ‘banished him’ was because he had become stronger and more powerful than all of them put together. Cade was a threat. I’m surprised he didn’t kill them all.”

“As am I, Marcellus,” Klaus sighed. “As am I.”

“Before we join Elijah”—he paused—“are we still going to meet up with Lacey at the strip club tomorrow night?”

“We don’t have any other choice, seeing as she won’t meet us anywhere else.”

“The grind never stops with her.” Marcel chuckled. “That’s why she has the most successful gentleman’s club in the city. Ben’s about to go out of business because of her. His girls keep quitting on him and switching teams.”

“Because he treats them like filth and takes a ridiculous cut from their earnings. Serves him right, if you ask me.”

They finished their discussion before they joined the others back inside.

Marcel had no idea that the man he looked up to had committed a despicable carnal sin. The vampire believed that he knew the Original very well, given their difficult history. Indeed, Klaus was licentious and depraved in his sexual conquests, but it never even occurred to Marcel to question his morals as a father. In his eyes, Klaus had already proven himself: he had stayed away from his own daughter for years to keep her safe from the Hollow. It was an admirable sacrifice.
Ten minutes earlier:

I miss u. when will u be home?

an hour or so. I miss you too. Did you take your pill?

What pill?

Hope don’t joke around about this. I left it on your bathroom counter.

Relax. I took it.

Good.

I have a surprise for u Daddy
bloody hell...what did you do??

do u like it?

We never talked about you getting any body piercings. Did you go out alone??

No i went with Jade

pls dont be mad :( i really thought ud like it...

Dad? Don't ignore me pls.
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