

Broken in Their Hands

Ella Jacobs

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The Ruining

Jenna

Age sixteen

“And now, for the senior division, ages sixteen to eighteen, the winner is...”

I wring my hands as the announcer opens the envelope. I already know which name he’s going to call. Killian Ashcroft. It’s always him. Every single time since I started competing four years ago. Yet I can’t stop hoping.

He pulls out the piece of paper, and disappointment churns in my stomach even before he reads the name.

“Jenna Winters,” he announces.

It takes me a moment to realize what he’s saying, and when the words register, they stun me into place. I just sit there, gawking.

“Jenna, where are you? Come up here,” the man on the stage says.

The girl beside me, who won the intermediate division for her beautiful interpretation of Chopin’s Nocturne in A Flat Major, leans in. “Isn’t that you?”

Turning my head, I meet a warm, friendly smile.

“Congratulations,” she says, “I was rooting for you. Now get up there and claim your prize.” She waves her own trophy.

I get up on shaky legs and approach the stage. The concert hall becomes a blur around me, clapping beating, urging me on. My multi-layered dusty pink dress sways around my hips as I ascend the stairs, the silver streaks glittering under the lights.

Realization kicks in when I set foot on the stage and walk toward the trophy the announcer is holding toward me. Taking it in my hands is surreal. My first golden trophy. I have plenty of silver and bronze ones on my shelf at home, but I’d almost given up the hopes of adding a golden one to the collection.

A smile spreads over my face when I turn toward the audience and take a bow. *Finally*. Hours upon hours of arduous practice since I was six have paid off. My heart skips a beat as I take in the moment. *My* moment. The clapping, the sleek metal in my hand, and the lights.

But my smile withers when I straighten and my eyes catch on Killian. The guy who *always* beats me. The guy whose attention I crave even more than this trophy. I thought winning would finally

make him look at me differently, but his expression remains hard and unforgiving as usual. No, worse. Almost angry. *Why couldn't I be one year younger than him, so I could win without beating him?*

Guilt washes over me as I walk over the stage, feeling his gaze fix on me. *This is his trophy, and I somehow took it.*

When I reach the floor and look again, his dad is watching me too. Ian Ashcroft. World-renowned pianist and the one massive advantage Killian has over me, making him unbeatable.

Meeting Ian's gaze knocks the air from my lungs. It's even worse than Killian's. Severe, almost castigating, bearing the weight of mature authority. I feel it lingering—a palpable threat—even as I avert my gaze.

I swallow hard, feeling like I've done something wrong. Yet I can't help looking again, pausing by my seat. Something about him draws me in. Maybe it's the eerie similarities to his son—my crush since I was six. If it wasn't for the white streaks in his dark hair, the lines in his face, and the competent authority he exudes, it would be easy to mistake the two for brothers. They share the same sharp bone structure, piercing blue eyes, and an arrogant dismissiveness toward people they consider below them. Even their dark hair is combed back in the same sleek hairdo, and their suits are the same deep blue color.

Swallowing hard, I sink into my seat. The trophy is heavy in my hands as the girl beside me clinks hers against it, lifting her shoulders and smiling excitedly. I only manage a half smile. I feel like I'm holding something that doesn't belong to me—like I've stolen it. The feeling lingers when the event ends and I make my way out of the concert hall, down the pavement, toward my bus.

I'm surprised when I hear a familiar voice call out for me.

“Congratulations. You finally beat me.”

Turning on my heel, I find Killian leaning against a black Mercedes, arms crossed over his chest, *smiling at me.*

“Um, thanks,” I say, taking a few hesitant steps toward him.

Flashing an even brighter smile, he pushes off the car and approaches me. “Choosing that Rachmaninoff nocturne was a bold choice, but also what made you win. Who knows, maybe you'll beat me again next time.”

Heat spreads into my cheeks. “Nah, I can't possibly do that twice in a row.”

“Sure you can.” Something dark flickers across his face, but it's gone before I can get a good look. “If you continue like this.” He closes the distance between us with another few steps, and I lower my gaze, my heart picking up speed. He hasn't been this close to me while watching me for years. “Can I see your trophy?”

I reach into my bag and take it out, watching his perfect, long pianist's fingers wrap around it.

Sighing, he turns it over in his hands. “I must say, I'm a bit disappointed not to bring this one home myself.” He meets my gaze again, head tilting slightly. “But it's almost worth it, knowing it goes to someone who plays as beautifully as you.”

I bite my lower lip, my breathing coming fast. I can't believe he's finally seeing me. When I walked off the stage, I thought he hated me, but maybe winning was what I needed to make him see me, after all.

He reaches toward my face, and the world stops when he brushes his fingertips across my skin and tucks my hair behind my ear. “Do you want to come back to my place?” He tilts his head toward the idling Mercedes behind him. “I’d love to hear you play the nocturne again and talk about your interpretation.”

I nod, unable to find the words. Suddenly, all my dreams seem to be coming true.

He gives me the trophy, takes my other hand, and leads me to the car. Memories from the first time I met him flicker through my mind as I watch our connected hands. It feels right. Like something I, deep down, always knew would happen again.

He opens the back door for me, and there’s that bright smile again as he scoots in beside me.

His dad doesn’t say anything, just casts a quick, impassive look at us in the rearview mirror, then takes off.

I can’t help gawking as Killian leads me through a soaring entryway with a black-and-white tile floor and an iron staircase that curves in elegant contours, modern art on the walls and spotlights embedded into the ceiling.

“My room is up here,” he says, leading the way up the stairs. “Actually, I have the whole floor to myself since Dad has everything he needs downstairs.”

He shows me his bedroom, the spacious bathroom, a workout room, and a gaming room. Each room is at least twice the size of mine and equipped with everything a teenage boy could dream of.

“Do you even have time to use all of that?” I ask when we leave the gaming room.

“Not really. Only when I have friends over.” He takes me by the hand and leads me over the landing to the last room. “This is where I spend most of my time.”

He opens the door, and I slap a hand over my mouth at the sight that meets me. It’s an open room with white paneled walls, polished pale wooden floors, and tall windows that offer a breathtaking view overlooking the city. But it’s not the view of the city shimmering at dusk, the tall bookcases full of sheet music, or the magnificent paintings of Liszt and Beethoven that have me gasping. It’s the grand piano in the middle of the room.

I take two steps forward, then pause. “Can I touch it?”

“Please.” He gestures to the piano bench in a chivalrous manner that makes him seem more like a grown man than a sixteen-year-old boy.

I carefully sink onto the bench, stroking the soft surface. Even the fabric seems more expensive and delicate than my bench at home. Roaming my gaze over the instrument, I take it all in. The glossy surface, the raised lid, and the golden letters above the black-and-white keys. *Steinway & Sons*.

I gently trace a finger over the letters. “I can’t believe you have a Steinway in your own home.”

“We have two. Dad has one downstairs too.”

“Really?” I caress the polished surface and touch a few keys without pressing.

“It’s as good as the one we played at the concert hall. You should try it. Play the Rachmaninoff piece again.”

I barely notice him moving through the room and settling onto the couch by the windows. All I see is the instrument of my dreams, and it's every bit as magnificent as I imagined when I press my fingers to the keys and begin to play. It's like soaring. The instrument responds effortlessly to every nuance I shape, letting me breathe new life into the music in a way I never can at home. Even the room seems to embrace the sound more openly, its vastness allowing it to travel and expand the way it's meant to.

I let it all sweep me away into another world. Five magical minutes.

When I lift my hands from the keys, I'm speechless. I vaguely notice Killian getting up while I remain in place, staring at the monochromatic pattern, breathing hard from the outlet of emotion. It's only when he's right behind me that I truly notice him. Notes of eucalyptus drift through the air. His scent. The one that always has butterflies flapping in my belly.

I gasp when he pulls my hair behind my shoulders. "You look beautiful when you play. All lost in the music."

His fingers move to my neck, trailing down my sensitive skin. I can't even think. My focus narrows to him and his touch, and I forget everything as tiny shudders erupt down my arms, drawing up goosebumps.

"You have a beautiful neck. Would you mind if I decorate it a little?"

I make a hesitant shake of my head, having no idea what he means, but knowing that whatever it is, I want it.

"Stay here," he says softly, trailing his hands over my shoulders as he steps back.

I remain in place while he's gone, watching the city lights glittering in the darkening evening.

When Killian returns, my entire body starts prickling with awareness. He has brought something that he sets on the floor, but I don't turn to see what. I don't want to ruin the trance of the moment.

"Lift your hair," he says in that same soft voice as before, coming up behind me.

Slowly, I reach back and gather my hair on my head.

"Close your eyes." He trails a finger down the front of my neck—over my windpipe.

I let my eyes fall shut and draw a deep, shuddery breath at the feeling of something wide and smooth replacing his finger. Nervous anticipation skitters across my skin as he wraps it around my neck and fastens it at the back.

"What is it?" I whisper, my pulse speeding beneath the strange thing that grips my neck in a firm embrace.

"A collar."

"Why?" I lift a hand to touch the leather and find a ring attached to the front.

"Because it suits you."

It feels utterly wrong. A collar around my neck. *Only animals wear collars.* But somehow, it feels entirely right too. Like I belong to him.

"Take off your dress," he whispers.

A trance-like state descends upon me as I slowly get up and turn to face him—the guy I've been yearning for ever since the first time he took my hand in his and even through the years of taunting and derision that followed.

I reach behind me and pull the zipper down, push the straps off my shoulders, and let gravity drag the heavy skirt to the ground, landing in a pool around my feet.

He watches my every move, then rakes his eyes down my half-naked body. “Stay,” he says with a roughness that has my blood swooshing.

He steps out of my line of sight, and the soft clatter of objects marks his movements as he rummages through a bag and sets things on the floor.

Then he comes up behind me, and the feeling of something descending over my head makes me draw a sharp breath. It’s more leather. Covering my eyes. Shrouding my world in darkness as he tightens the part over my nose to a snugger fit.

His fingers come to my bra clasp, flicking it open, then slipping the straps off my shoulders. “Have you ever played with cuffs?”

“Hand cuffs?” I ask nervously. “No.” I shudder at the idea. I have only had sex once, and I’m not sure that even counts. The guy came so fast I barely realized he had penetrated.

“Me either.”

Something rattles. Cold metal snaps around my right wrist, sending shudders through my body. Rapid clicking sounds as Killian fastens another cuff around my left wrist, locking my arms together behind my back.

I pull at the cuffs to test the strength. No give. And I can’t see. Suddenly, the situation descends over me. I’m alone with the guy who has been taunting me for years. Cuffed, blind, and helpless.

“I-I’m not sure I like this,” I stutter.

“No? I happen to like it very much. You look very beautiful like this.” He drags his hand down my spine, sending a cascade of shudders across my skin and deep into some foreign place within my belly. “I want you, Jenna, bound and at my mercy. Don’t say that you don’t want this too. I’ve noticed how you’ve been looking at me all those years.”

“W-why now?”

“Because you won.”

I release a small laugh. “I honestly thought you’d be mad at me for winning.”

He kisses my shoulder. “How could I be mad at such a beautiful little thing?”

A giggle erupts from my throat as he kisses and nibbles my skin just below the collar.

“Do you want me, Jenna?” he asks in a seductive voice that has a flood of heat rushing through me and washing away the uncertainty.

I release a shuddery breath. “Yes.”

“I want you to show me just how much. Will you do that?”

I nod eagerly, suddenly gripped by an urgent need to please him. “Of course.”

“Will you be a good girl and take whatever I want to give you?”

“Yes. Anything.”

“You really are so much more than I expected.” Wrapping his hand around my throat, over the collar, he pulls me into him, and I nearly moan at the intense heat of his body pressed against my naked back. “We’re gonna play a game now,” he rasps into my ear. “I’m gonna ask you whether you want something, and you’re gonna say yes or no—very clearly, so there’s no doubt—and then I’ll do that to you. *If* you say no, I’m gonna stop, and you won’t get more tonight. Are you up for that?”

I clear my voice. “Yes.”

He chuckles. “I thought so. Stay put.”

He moves away, and I stand completely still, breathing hard with the rush of it all as he moves things around, both smaller objects and bigger things.

When he comes back, I'm like putty in his hands, openly letting him turn me around and steer me forward. He makes me tell him how much I want him while he helps me onto the piano bench, on my knees, then makes me bend over the now closed piano lid.

"You look beautiful on your knees. All ready and waiting for me."

I gasp when he nudges my legs apart and strokes a finger over the crotch of my panties.

"Do you want me to take off your panties, Jenna?"

"Yes," I all but moan.

From then on, all that escapes me is long strings of 'yes' after 'yes' and breathy moans. I have no idea what's gotten over me. Killian asks if I want him to pull down my panties and spank my ass. I say yes. He asks if I want him to put nipple clamps on my breasts. I say yes. He asks if I want him to gag me. I answer in a full sentence, telling him to push the horrible rubber ball past my teeth.

I barely know what I'm agreeing to, yet I know that I want it all. Every little perverted thing he does. I crave his praise, his gentle touch, and even the pain that somehow drives my need higher. I crave the intoxicating feeling of being fully and completely at his mercy—being his.

All the while, Killian taunts me with how wet I'm becoming, touching my opening and teasing, driving my need to insane heights and making me reckless in my desire.

"So fucking wet," he says, dragging a finger through my pussy lips.

I mewl around the gag, more than a little embarrassed. But when he moves his wet finger backward, through my ass cheeks, I start to tense up.

"You're *so* wet"—he presses his finger deeper, onto *that* hole—"I could lube your ass with your own juices."

"No," I protest around the gag, going completely rigid.

"Do you want me to stuff something inside your ass, Jenna?"

I'm about to repeat my garbled protest, but something makes me hesitate. That reckless desire to succumb to whatever he wants. And when he moves his finger back across my slick opening and finds my sensitive nub, all sense of logic crashes in a flood of desire.

I cry out, and more moans have me sputtering uncontrollably around the gag as he circles my clit. His touch is smooth and slick, sending jolts of electricity deep into my pussy. I jerk and buck from the onslaught of sensation, almost afraid I'll make the piano bench topple over.

But then it all stops. Killian pulls his hand away and takes a step back.

I reel for a moment, feeling lost. Tears well in my eyes as my body keeps pounding with the need to... just go a little further.

"Ease," I beg around the gag.

"Please what? Stuff something inside your ass?"

I nod frantically, barely even knowing what he's saying. All I know is that I want—need—more.

"Do you want me to stuff that tight little hole of yours, Jenna?"

I nod again and keep doing so as he presses his thumb to my forbidden opening.

"Are you such a nasty girl that you want me to stuff your ass?"

I groan in utter humiliation, but even so, I can't stop nodding. "Ease," I repeat, the gag killing my ability to utter more than slurred strings of vowels.

“Okay then. If you say so.”

A twinge of worry strikes through my brain at his hardened change of tone, but I’m too far gone—too deep in the needy haze—to consider the meaning. I’m surprised when he leans forward and rips the blindfold from my eyes, but before I can understand why, he probes something at my slick pussy. I yelp, but the sound morphs into a cascade of moans when Killian circles the toy in my juices.

“Fuck, I’ve never seen anything like it,” Killian rasps, pushing the toy inside me and bringing it back out. “It’s like a goddamn waterfall down here.”

I groan at his humiliating comment, but somehow, it only drives me wilder.

He continues, in and out, a few times, and that small motion alone drives me onto the edge of something I can’t explain. It almost feels like an orgasm, but the orgasms I’ve given myself have never felt like this—like the warning tremors of an earthquake about to rip everything apart.

I wail with desperate need when he removes the toy, leaving an achy emptiness. But then he presses it between my ass cheeks, and a whole new type of sensation awakens, making me moan and arch in open invitation.

“Such a little ass slut.” He smacks my ass. “You actually *want* this.”

I want to shake my head, but the violent sensations have me crashing down the road I’ve set out on, unable to stop. All I can think is that I need more.

“Fuck,” he groans as he starts pushing the toy inside. It’s not big, but it stretches my inner walls unnaturally. It’s wrong and humiliating in so many ways, but still, I want it.

“You’re such a little slut,” he mocks, all trace of affection now gone. The toy sinks into place, and he steps back, taking it all in. “Show me how much you like this and wriggle your hips.”

Despite the coldness having crept into his voice, I obey, too lost in his control to do anything else.

He delivers a hard smack to my ass, then leaves my side. Blinking against the light of the room, I stare after him. He goes to the tall bookshelves and picks something up. *His phone*. I watch the blue cover as he places it on the piano surface beside my head.

“I think I have what I need now,” he says.

The fuzzy fog draws back for a moment as I hover, waiting for more.

I hear a buckle open followed by the scratch of a zipper. Then there’s a wet, rhythmic sound. A fist pumping a cock.

I blink repeatedly as the world draws in on me and nightmarish colors infiltrate the dream. Whimpering, I pull at the cuffs and try to scoot off the bench. But Killian grabs the chain of the cuffs and keeps me pressed to the surface.

“Fuuck,” he groans. It’s my only warning before sticky ribbons of cum spurt onto my lower back and ass.

“Ooo,” I cry out around the gag, trying to say *no* and *stop*. But it’s already too late. The transgression has already happened; it just hasn’t quite sunken in yet.

“Disgusting slut,” he spits and delivers another smack to my ass. Keeping his grip on the cuffs, he leans over the piano beside me. “Now, let’s see what delicious footage you’ve given me, princess.”

Tears sting my eyes as I jerk against his grip without achieving anything. I try to protest again, but the pathetic sounds coming out around the gag has me swallowing back the words. Humiliation hits me over the head and knocks the air from my lungs. I turn my head as the sound of his voice comes through the phone speaker, playing what I thought was the start of a dream, but really was a nightmare.

Do you want me to take off your panties, Jenna?

My moaned response has me drawing up my shoulders with the need to cover my ears.

“Watch with me, princess,” Killian says, releasing the cuffs to grab a fistful of my hair instead.

“Ooo,” I protest, and a string of drool drips down my chin, driving the humiliation deeper, searing at my very soul. Suddenly, I hate myself as I remember how I enjoyed the humiliation only moments ago.

I try to squeeze my eyes shut to block out the sight of the video of me lying over the piano, cuffed and blindfolded, while Killian spansks my ass.

“Watch,” he demands with a cruel shake of my head that smarts deep in my roots.

I peel my eyes open and watch as he goes harder and I start moaning. When I shut my eyes again, he simply tightens his grip on my hair and gives me another shake. When I close my eyes a third time, he leans in and sneers in my ear, “If I have to tell you one more time to keep your fucking eyes open, I’ll make my dad come up here and see you like this.”

From then on, I don’t try to close my eyes again. Tears are streaming down my cheeks while I watch Killian shove a butt plug inside my ass, and when the video is finally over, I’m shaking with the effort to hold myself together.

Pulling at my hair, Killian brings me up on my knees and turns my head at an awkward angle, getting in my face.

“Here’s how this is gonna go, princess. You’ll stop playing the piano. No more lessons, no more recitals, no more competitions.”

The tears come faster, and I shake my head frantically against his hand, my heart breaking in a thousand little pieces.

He holds his phone up. “If I find out that you’re doing it anyway, or if you tell *anyone* about this night, I’ll put this video online and email it to everyone you know, including your mom, our teachers, and everyone at school. *Everyone* will see what a dirty little whore you are, asking me to gag you and stuff your ass. Do you want that?”

I shut my eyes around the cascade of tears.

“Good. Do we have an agreement then?”

Sniffling, I nod my head.

“I’m happy we understand each other.” He gives me a light slap on the cheek. “This really was much easier than I thought it would be. I had no idea you were such a disgusting little slut.” He says those last three words with a vehemence that cuts deep into my soul. I remain frozen in place, eyes tightly shut and every muscle locked up, as Killian moves behind me and takes off the gag, the nipple clamps, the collar, and the cuffs.

“Now get the fuck out of my house,” he demands.

I scramble off the piano bench, onto the floor where I gather my dress and my purse in my arms. When I straighten, about to rush for the door, the butt plug stirs inside me, sending sparks of electricity through my nerves.

“Wha-what about...” Shame unlike any burns my face as I reach behind me to feel the smooth end of the plug between my ass cheeks. My voice goes shrill. “How do I get this out?”

“Not my problem,” Killian says with a smirk.

I stare at him for a moment, and then I run.

The tears come faster, and I start sniffing. Pausing just at the stairs, I pull the dress over my head, then hurry down the steps.

The mortification continues when I reach the bottom and his dad is there, watching me like I’m some flea-ridden cat that somehow got into his house.

He doesn’t say anything, and I rush past him, out of his house, through the gate, and down the street. The chilly evening air beats around my naked legs, and the unforgiving pavement scratches at my soles. I keep going, running and running without direction, until my lungs are raw, my muscles aching from the strain. Then I find the nearest bus stop and take the bus home, somehow managing to hold the tears back all the way.

“How did it go?” my mom asks when I get home, not even bothering to look up from her computer and whatever new ridiculous game she’s playing.

I slam the golden trophy down beside her glass of vodka and rush past her toward my room.

“Finally,” is the last thing I hear before I slam and lock the door and give in to the tears.

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See blurb below ↓

Blurb:

My Bully. His father. My Ruin.

“This is so, so wrong. You’re his son.”

They ruined my life, crushed my dreams. Killian and Ian—the guy I’ve always loved and his father.

Piece by piece, I rebuild my life and find new hope. But when Killian reappears like a ghost from my past and offers me a way back, I realize I’d do anything to achieve my broken dream: to play on a grand concert stage. Even if it means stepping straight back into the lion’s den—into the hands of the two men who broke me.

Their proposal is dangerous and depraved, but they already have me deep in their clutches, willing to do anything to achieve my dreams, aching to feel another kiss of that sweet depravity that has ruined me for anyone else.

But I’m not the only one who pays the price. What begins as a forbidden arrangement spirals into something far more volatile, baring old wounds, blurring the lines between control and surrender, love and destruction.

Soon none of us knows whether it’s all about to crash or we’re all finding a way to heal.

