

A black and white photograph of a person lying down, possibly on a bed or couch. The person's face is partially visible, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The lighting is soft, creating a moody atmosphere. In the foreground, a small, single white rose lies on a dark surface. The overall composition is intimate and evocative.

SHAMEFUL
Cravings

Sybil Reese

SHAMEFUL CRAVINGS

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DEDICATION

To the dirty girls. The ones who work so damn hard, who try to be so damn perfect. Sometimes you just need to let go.

TRIGGER WARNING

This story is about giving in to our dirtiest desires. There's absolutely no judgment here. If you're not into it, move along.

Triggers include but are not entirely limited to: dub-con, non-con, CNC, spit play, impact play, rough sex, degradation, praise, forced proximity, orgasm denial as a punishment, and probably a few more.

Enjoy.

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“MOM!”

My hand freezes halfway to my mouth, my toast with grape jelly begging to be eaten. A soft groan slips from my throat as I place my breakfast down with a longing look. It’s not the breakfast of champs by any means, but I’m already running late and I needed that toast in my stomach fifteen minutes ago.

My husband, Mason, gives a quiet laugh, bending to press a sweet kiss to my head. “I’ll check on the girls. Finish up, sweetheart.” He smiles at me, hazel eyes shining with affection, before he sets his coffee down on the table and wanders upstairs to see what our pre-teens are yelling for this time.

I love my girls, my *family*. I wouldn’t trade any of it. But sometimes, it’s nice to get some time away. Alone with a good book or raunchy reality TV, and I’d feel refreshed for once.

The thought sends equal measures of guilt and excitement through my nerves. Mason recently got a promotion, and I’ve

been doing well this year with home sales. It's my birthday weekend, and my husband of seventeen years put together a few days away just for me. A high-end hotel, all the room service and spa treatments I could want. He's truly spoiling me.

I'm exhilarated.

After my quick breakfast, I steal a couple of sips from Mason's coffee, and then go upstairs to grab my bag. I packed last night and called the cab company to pick me up bright and early. The cab driver is already waiting outside. He's an impatient bastard who's been honking at me to hurry for about five minutes now. Any longer and I bet he'll leave without me.

But fuck *that*, I'm getting my well-earned vacation.

When I turn the corner at the top of the stairs, my face breaks out into a grin. My two daughters, Ashley and Emma, and my husband are standing in the middle of the rec room, holding a sign that says *Happy Birthday, Mom!* My girls rush forward and hug me, squeezing so tight that I almost forget how stressed they make me sometimes. Mason winks at me, joining the hug and getting a handful of my ass.

Once I'm sure I'll crack a rib from their embrace, I pull away with a laugh, saying, "Thank you, girls. What a nice send off. I promise to miss you both just a little bit." I give them each a cheeky grin, and they roll their eyes.

Emma props a hand on her hip with a cocky little smile. "We're going to have a blast without you. Don't waste a second of your weekend thinking about us."

Ashley leans her head on Emma's shoulder, sticking her tongue out at me, before saying, "Go do boring old people stuff, Mom. We'll be just fine."

Mason chokes out a laugh, and we share a quick look. *Old people stuff*. The nerve of these little brats. I kiss them each on the cheek, telling them to behave over the weekend, and then the cab driver honks again.

Mason grabs my bag and leads me outside. He ushers me into the cab, tipping the guy way too much for waiting on me. I shake my head with a tight smile, leaning in to kiss him, and murmur, "I would have told him to shove that horn up at his while he fucks off."

Mason shrugs, smiling easily, showing off two matching dimples. "Didn't want to send him running off without you. You deserve this weekend, and we can't wait another hour for someone else to come get you." He presses his lips to mine, teasing me with his tongue until I almost don't want to leave. The cab driver clearing his throat *loudly* is the only thing that breaks me away from my husband.

Mason gives me this *look*, full of filthy promises, and I squirm in my seat. "I'll see you later," I say, a bit out of breath as I fight back the heat in my cheeks. Seventeen years of marriage and he still does it for me. I'm a lucky fucking girl.

The cab takes off and I twist in my seat to wave to Mason, laughing when I see our girls running out to join him, waving me off like it's a sport. I don't know if the excitement on their faces is because I'm leaving or because they're happy for me

to have a special birthday. Maybe a mixture of both. They wouldn't be my daughters if they were little assholes sometimes.

Settling back into the worn leather seat, I let out a deep breath and do a little happy dance. It's been a long time since I've gotten a couple of days to myself. Got to do what I wanted instead of what's best for my family. I don't know how I'll be able to come back after this weekend and know that I have to dive right back into being a busy wife and mom with a full-time career.

The thought alone almost ruins my mood, but I shove it away for now. That's a problem for future me. Current me is giddy with excitement, and I'm going to soak it all in while I can.

After half an hour of driving, I finally allow myself to doze off for the rest of the trip. The hotel is a few hours away, so we'll be on the road for a while still. I want to have plenty of energy to enjoy this weekend, all my *old people plans* — cue dramatic eye roll — so I tuck myself in against the window and give in to slumber.

2

WALKING INTO THE HOTEL is surreal. It's a fancy place, nicer than I've ever stayed in. A feeling of being painfully out-of-place washes over me, and I shudder, suddenly terrified I'm going to scuff up the shiny floors or something.

I remember years ago, when we were just growing our family, money was so tight. I never would have dreamed about affording a place like this, even just for a few nights. Now, as I walk through the shiny marble and gold adorned lobby, I'm thankful for everything Mason and I have accomplished. It may not feel like it, but I do belong here, so I hold my head high and hum under my breath as I wait in line for check-in.

Mason paid ahead of time, so the process is quick and easy once I'm called to the front desk. The young woman at helping me hands over my key card with an excited glint in her blue eyes. "Top floor," she tells me with a wide smile. "It's just you and the city lights up there. Someone made sure you'd have a great time." She accentuates her words with a wink that makes

me feel like some naughty high school girl gossiping with a friend.

Despite my instant blush, I say, “That would be my husband. It’s my birthday weekend.” I shrug half-heartedly, like I’m not about to jump out of my skin if I don’t get up to my room in the next five seconds. Not only do I need to pee so badly, I’m about to embarrass myself here, but I also can’t wait another moment to see my room. Top floor, way overpriced, and a gorgeous view of the city. That’s how Mason described it to me after he booked this trip. I’m dying to see what had him so excited.

“Oh, God. You got yourself a good one, then. Enjoy,” she tells me with a wiggle of her brows, and I take the key card with a polite ‘thanks’.

The elevator trip up to the top floor — the thirty-second floor — is fast. There’s a mom with a giggly toddler who rides about halfway up with me.

“I miss that age,” I say, smiling down at the little boy who’s talking animatedly about dinosaurs.

The woman, looking tired but happy, tucks some blonde hair behind her ear. “Does it get easier?”

I ponder on that for a second, thinking about my girls and all the new challenges they bring with their age. “No,” I answer simply, giving her a sympathetic look. “They just get older. As soon as you’ve got something figured out, a routine that works, they’ll grow up a bit more and with that, they’ll

bring new issues and questions. New fights.” I roll my eyes, only half joking.

The girls didn’t blame me for everything wrong in their lives when they were three, that’s for sure. But they also didn’t ask to go shopping with me on the weekends, or gush about their latest school crushes over late-night dessert. Sure, things have changed, but the entire journey — from infancy to teenage years — is a whirlwind.

The mom nods, absentmindedly snatching something out of her child’s hand a second before it ends up in his mouth. “But we love it,” she says wistfully, brushing back some of his wild curls. “It’s all worth it.”

She gets it, I think as we reach her floor and she ushers her kid out of the elevator. Being a mother is the hardest job out there, and yeah, sometimes I really just need a goddamn break, but it’s all so beyond worth it.

It’s just another reminder that my husband is truly spoiling me. I’ve been running on fumes lately, between soccer practice, homework sessions, packing lunches and driving the girls to and from. Pile on my actual job as a real estate agent, and I’m at my breaking point. Mason could see it. He saw a need in me and answered without thought.

As I get to my floor and wander down the silent hallway until I reach my room, I’m hit with another wave of gratitude. And when I open my door and see the elegant, overly expensive space I get to spend the weekend in, I could just

about cry. “Fuck, I love that man,” I whisper to myself as I move into the room and set down my bag.

Mason has me set up in a suite, with a small living room and kitchenette, and then a bedroom and bathroom down a short hallway. Everything is bright and airy, with little gold accents strewn throughout, and the view from up here is breathtaking.

Rushing through the space, I toss my bag onto the king-sized bed and then use the restroom, before winding back out into the kitchen. If I know my husband — and after all these years, I think I do — then he’ll have ordered some wine and asked the hotel staff to leave it in the fridge for me.

When I open it, I’m not at all surprised to find three bottles of my favorite Riesling, along with a single chilled glass. A grin spreads across my face before I can stop it. I help myself to a large glass and then take it out to the patio. It’s late in the evening now, the sun setting across the city horizon, all the lights down below twinkling as if to say, *Welcome, Everly. Enjoy your stay.* I tip my glass to the sky in thanks before taking a healthy sip.

Already, I can feel the tension in my shoulders ease, and I just know this weekend is going to be everything I need.

3

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN FINISHING THE first bottle and popping open the next, I passed out. Sprawled across the couch, TV on some random channel that I couldn't care less about, I succumbed to the bone-deep exhaustion that's been weighing me down lately.

This is not something I do. Ever. I don't drink this heavily. I don't fall asleep before doing my whole routine with floss and moisturizer and under-eye cream. Sure, maybe when I was in college, but not now.

That's why when I jolt awake in the middle of the night, surrounded by an unfamiliar darkness pressing in all around me, I'm instantly on edge. My heart is beating erratically as I search through the shadows, trying to reorient myself.

And then I hear it. A quiet shuffle. A soft rustle of fabric.

I dart my eyes over to the corner of the room, by the door that I walked through hours ago. "H-hello?" I whisper, my voice raw with undiluted terror. "Is someone there?"

The seconds drag by, testing me, trying to lure me out from the ball I've folded myself into on the couch. When no answer comes, I squint, trying to make out the shape of something that doesn't belong. But there's nothing.

With a heavy exhale, I rise on shaky legs, embarrassed that I got so unsettled. *You're up here all alone, remember?* With a shaky laugh, I snatch my cell phone from the floor and head to the bedroom, ready for more sleep so I can enjoy my first full day of vacation tomorrow.

Maybe I'll swing by the spa and get a full service. Facial and hot stone massage, coming right up. *God, yes.*

As I'm rounding the couch, on my way to the bedroom, my eyes drift to that corner again. I'm so busy studying the dark space, swallowed whole by pitch-black shadow, that I miss the sound of heavy footsteps coming up behind me until it's too late.

The attacker grabs me before I can make a single sound, one hand clamped tight on my mouth and the other across my stomach, digging painfully into my hip. All I manage is a pathetic whimper as I thrash in his arms and kick out my legs.

He jerks me so hard my head spins, growling into my ear, "Knock it off, bitch. It's just you and me up here, all alone. You can enjoy it, or I can mark up your pretty skin and force you to behave." He shrugs behind me, a soft chuckle escaping his chest. "Truthfully, I'd prefer the second option."

A scream tears up my throat, muffled by his giant, callused hand. Sight and sound blur together until all I know is the

unsteady pounding of my heart. I squirm in his hold, but it's useless. As he marches me toward the bedroom, I realize my phone is still clutched in my hand, and as subtly as I can, I peek down to unlock it.

I pull up the call screen, ready to dial 911. Relief shoots through my muscles because I'm thinking, *I'll be fine. I'm okay. Help is going to come.* But I'm stupid. So fucking stupid. He feels it when my shoulders sag, a sobbed breath rushing from my lungs.

Wrenching me to the side, my attacker manhandles the phone from my grip, nearly breaking my fingers to get it free. Holding me tight to his chest, he tuts in my ear. "You really think you can get away from me so easily, Everly? By the time anyone realizes you're in danger, you'll be all used up. It won't matter who finds you then." He licks the shell of my ear, sending a violent wave of nausea rushing through me.

My chest deflates with a defeated sob, my eyes filling with tears that blur my sight. My mind spirals as I panic, wondering how long he's been planning this, how he managed to get into my room without a sound. "Please don't. *Please,*" I beg through his hand, but if he can tell what the words are, he doesn't show it.

The man gets me into the bedroom, shutting the door behind us, before carelessly throwing me to the floor by the bed. I land hard on my hands and knees, a shocked yelp escaping my lips as I collapse. Before I can get my bearings, he's behind me, grabbing a fist of my short dark hair and yanking my head

back. I'm peering over at him as he kneels beside me, so close I can feel the heat radiating from him. Through the panic, the empty hopelessness spreading from my chest, my mind latches onto minor details.

He's tall. Even kneeling, I can tell that much, from his long legs and the memory of his solid body behind me. He fills out his black clothes well, but not like he's overly muscular. His face is hidden behind a ski mask, leaving only dark holes for his eyes to glare down at me. I can't tell what color they are, only that I can feel the pressure from his stare searing into my face.

Without thinking about anything past the next second of fight and survival, I curl my lips up in distaste, pull my head back as much as I can manage, and then spit in his face.

Every muscle in him tenses, coiled and ready to strike as he lifts a hand to wipe the spit wad off his cheek. Then he surges forward, wrapping a hand around my throat. "Oh goodie," he seethes as his fingers flex and squeeze tighter, cutting off my air completely. "I'm going to enjoy beating the spoiled bitch right out of you."

The last thing I see before the lack of oxygen overwhelms me is his eyes. They're beautiful. An angry, swirling mess of greens and golds, locked onto me as I take a final futile attempt at drawing in air.

WHEN I WAKE, I'M naked.

That's the first thing that I realize as awareness floods my mind. Next is the fact that I'm spread out on the bed, wrists bound to the headboard and legs splayed wide open. *My feet are free*, I think desperately, flicking my eyes around the dark room. I snap my legs closed the second I'm sure that I'm alone for now. I'm fucking seething at the thought that this man undressed me and placed me on the bed how he wanted like I'm a goddamn doll.

Pulling on my hands does absolutely nothing. I learn that quickly and painfully, my wrists rubbed raw and bloody within seconds. I lie still after several minutes of screaming and pleading and thrashing around. With my eyes glued to the bedroom door, I pant and choke back sobs as I wait for him. The tall, imposing man who's decided that I'm at his mercy.

He doesn't keep me waiting long.

The bedroom door swings open silently, and in the next breath, he's walking in, head held high and shoulders squared. It's actually painful how still I hold myself as he moves fluidly through the room, setting up my phone on the dresser across from the bed. I assume it's set to record whatever he plans to do to me. And if this is some sick game, then I expect that video to go straight to my husband when this is over.

Once he's happy with where the phone is pointing, he moves over to me. Stopping beside the bed, he tilts his masked face as if studying me, before reaching down and gliding the pad of his thumb over one of my exposed nipples and then the next.

The touch is searing, a brutal shock to my system. I hiss in a breath as I mindlessly pull on my restraints again, wiggling my body to get away from his touch. "What do you want?" I grit out through my teeth, trying to curl in on myself as much as possible. It's not easy, considering I can't move very far without nearly ripping my arms out of the socket.

His eyes dart up from my nipples to my face, and if I could see his expression, I'd bet he's smirking down at me with malice. "Isn't it obvious?" he asks, voice low and gravely, sending a spark through my chest. He sits on the edge of the bed, far too close to me, and wordlessly skims a hand down my chest and stomach, stopping when he reaches my tightly closed thighs. He exhales deeply, flicking his sharp eyes up to mine like he's disappointed in me for closing them. Like he'd expected me to lie in the position he'd placed me in and await his unwanted touch.

Well, fuck him.

Squirming up the bed a bit, just far enough so that his hand isn't resting over my pussy, I start begging. I'm not proud of my lack of bravery, but the words fly out of me before I can think better of it. "We-we have money. Savings, cars, a house. It's all yours. If you let me go, I'll get you whatever you—"

A slap to my left tit abruptly stops me, the words floating away on a shriek. Then he grabs both of my breasts, roughly squeezing and massaging, until I'm sure I'll be bruised and sore for days. "I don't want your fucking money," he grinds out. After a painfully long stretch of silence, he finally pulls his hands back, only to stand and undress. First, his boots and socks, then his belt and black jeans.

It's a slow process, and his eyes are latched onto my naked body every step of the way. With each article of clothing that falls to the floor, my breathing picks up until I'm sure I'm hyperventilating.

When he grabs the back of his shirt and pulls it over his head, I swallow roughly and turn my head away. "Don't do this to me," I whimper, slamming my eyes shut against the fresh tears building. "I have a family. I have children... I won't say anything; I haven't even seen your face. *Please.*" My words are mostly wild ramblings of a last effort. We both know he's not letting me go.

He doesn't answer me, but the bed sinks by my hip. I snap my head forward in time to watch his naked body — all but the mask — climb over me, a knee on each side of my waist.

He's hard, his cock pointed right at me and weeping precum already. The sight makes me shudder, and I tell myself it's out of disgust and fear and nothing else. But when he leans down, when he lifts the bottom of that mask so he can lick my nipple, an unbidden heat shoots straight down my body and settles between my legs.

And I cry.

I cry because this isn't how birthdays should go. Because I should have fought harder. Because I should scream at the top of my lungs until I pass out...

But also because I'm all twisted up inside, and this is making that all the more obvious. Because I'm getting wet. Because my nipples are peaking and begging for more. Because, despite my fear and revulsion, there's a deep, dark, long-hidden part of me that wants this.

Wants to be forced. Wants to be terrified. Wants to be hurt.

So I sob and wail and pull at my hands, and he ignores me. He teases my nipples and grinds his erection against my stomach, groaning obscenely as a bead of precum drips onto my skin.

"Smile for the camera, filthy little whore," he whispers darkly, cradling the back of my head to tilt my face up.

My eyes shoot to my phone across from the bed, getting a clear shot of what's happening. And despite the pain and the fear, the surety that this man is going to take me roughly at some point, my pussy floods with arousal.

I slam my eyes shut because he's right.

I am a filthy, dirty, broken little whore.

HE DROPS MY HEAD back to the pillow, grabbing my face with a firm grip, fingers digging painfully into my cheeks. “Look at me,” he growls, body hovering only inches from mine. The heat radiating off of him is unsettling. I know without having to look that his dick is too close to me, too close to being able to rip into me without permission. Hell, I don’t understand why he hasn’t forced his way into me yet. Maybe he likes to draw it out, to tease and taunt until I’m too broken to fight. Maybe he just likes the taste of my tears and the rawness of my cries.

The tip of his cock just barely brushes against my over heated skin, and a wall of revulsion slams into me. My lashes flutter open reluctantly, meeting his hard stare with a vicious glare of my own. He laughs at my expression like he thinks my will to fight is a colossal joke.

“I know Mason,” he explains, peering into my eyes and slicing my chest to pieces.

“What?” I blink through the fog in my brain, brows furrowing as I try to make sense of this shitty night. “My husband?”

A slow nod causes his nose — through his mask — to nudge my own. He’s so close, I can feel his warm breath even through the black fabric. “That’s right.” He licks a wet path up my cheek before burying his nose in my hair and inhaling deeply. “I’ve been watching you. Learning some of your secrets, Everly... He bores you, doesn’t he? You can’t fucking stand him anymore.”

I’m shaking my head before he even finishes speaking. “I love him,” I argue firmly, kicking out my legs, trying to buck him off of me. “And when he finds out about this, he’ll fucking kill you!” I scream it right into this guy’s face, a new fury rising dangerously inside of me.

My flailing might as well be the force of a spring breeze, though. He doesn’t budge while I tire myself out, yanking on my hands, bucking and thrashing my lower body until my energy leaves me. The whole time, he just sits above me, his cock hanging heavily between us, one hand still clutching my face.

“Done?” he asks dryly when I bite my wobbling lip to stop my wretched cries from escaping.

“Fuck you,” I snap.

Wrong answer, apparently.

With a renewed aggression sparking in his eyes, he reaches down and forces my legs apart, no matter how much I scream and try to keep my thighs glued together. My body goes on alert, and I'm a wild, bucking mess all over again. Amidst my fighting, I get one leg free of him and I jut my knee up, missing his balls by a fraction of an inch. I almost got him. I could have escaped.

That's when I know I'm in trouble.

He freezes on top of me, eyes flicking up to mine as he grabs both of my thighs with an iron grip and holds them out as far as they can go. The stretch hurts, but not as much as his hold on me. He digs his fingers in until I whimper. The pain is sharp and instant, and I know the second his fingernails have broken through my soft skin.

“You can fight all you want, you little bitch,” he spits, grinding his hard cock over my exposed pussy. “No one is going to save you from being my toy. And when I'm done, I'll hand-fucking-deliver you to your husband, all used up. Let's see if he still wants you then, huh?”

As a tear falls and slides to the pillow beneath me, I turn my head away from him. I lose all my fight, my hope of getting out of this. My wrists are rubbed raw and my abs and legs are aching from the futile effort. There's nothing I can do. I sink into myself, hiding away in my mind, recalling the soft, adoring look Mason gave me this morning as he sent me away.

He loves me, and I love him. We'll get through this.

That's what I hold on to when the masked man tentatively lets one of my thighs go. I keep that thought close to my chest and let my mind drift off as he reaches between us and thrusts two fingers into my pussy.

I may as well be a rag-doll. A toy, just like he said. Because I feel nothing. My chest is hollow. My mind numbed. Body limp and pliant.

Everything except for the spot between my legs...

No matter how much I try to ignore it, his fingers spark up something dark and desperate there. A need, a craving, that I've starved for too long. And the longer this man teases me, even though I feel so dirty and broken, it makes me want to give in just for the sake of knowing how it feels to be used.

I'll fight as long as I can, but the desperate pulse in my core is going to win, eventually. I already know it.

6

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S worse. This man fingering me rough and deep, eyes carefully watching my every twitch like it somehow matters to him if I enjoy it or not. Or the wetness quickly gathering between my legs, proof that it's working and that he's turning me on.

I don't want to like it. Internally, I scream at myself to be strong, to put up a mask of indifference. But it doesn't work. Those thick fingers keep pushing in, and my pussy contracts pitifully when he curls them and hits the right spot. A choked groan leaks from me, no matter how much I try to hold it in.

He laughs softly, rubbing his thumb over my clit. "You dirty fucking whore. I can feel your pussy, can feel how soaked you are for me. Just for me, yeah?"

I glare at him, grinding my teeth against another wave of arousal. "Just because my body has a physical reaction doesn't mean I like it. In no world would I enjoy being touched by someone like you!" To prove my point, I try to kick out my

legs again, getting free enough to slam them closed around his wrist.

His fingers stall inside me, his eyes growing dark and demented in mere seconds. He pulls his hand from between my legs and then slaps my pussy. Hard. When I cry out, he shushes me softly, stroking his fingers — still wet from my arousal — over the tender skin.

I'm breathing heavily, my body a war between confused arousal and sharp pain. "Stop, please, just stop," I plead as the pain subsides and my pleasure rises again with his touch.

Another slap to my pussy. Another soothing gesture after. "I'll stop when you're leaking my cum from every hole you have," he answers simply, before trying to lower himself between my legs.

"Spread for me," he whispers, nudging my thighs for more room. I clamp my legs tighter against him, shaking my head frantically. "This can be bad, or it can be a fucking blood bath. Your choice," he adds. My legs tremble, but I hold firm, hoping he gives up or, I don't know, *drops dead*. "One," he starts, a clear warning lacing his deep voice. "Two." He narrows his eyes at me.

I'm anticipating pain. I'm expecting it, bracing myself for it. But the shock hits nonetheless when he skips right over *three* and bites into my inner thigh. The force is so intense, I swear I can feel every single tooth as it buries itself into my flesh.

A wail bursts from my chest, and my thighs spread on instinct, trying to put as much space between myself and that

fucking mouth as possible. “You sick piece of shit, go fuck yourself,” I gasp out when he pulls his teeth away. He surges forward the second there’s room for him, fitting himself tightly between my thighs, his face hovering an inch from my pussy.

And there he goes again, shushing me softly, whispering gentle words that I can’t even comprehend. It’s like this guy is trying to give me whiplash. Hurting me one second, soothing me the next.

I’m on high alert, my entire body strung tight, but my cries of pain finally die down with each gentle word he whispers to me. He’s looking right into my eyes, the bottom of the mask still lifted, showing off short, dark stubble and perfect, pink lips. He smirks at my obvious perusal, and then licks a firm path up my pussy, stopping at my clit to circle it a few times before dropping to my entrance and doing it all again.

My hips jerk automatically. Shame and hatred burn hot in my chest, but my body reacts without protest as he kisses and licks me into a quivering mess. Tears are flowing again — or maybe they never truly stopped — and I push my head back into the pillow so I don’t have to watch my own undoing.

I’m right there, right on that cliff, ready to take the dive. Even if it kills me.

And then he stops, pushing up to his knees and wiping the remnants of my juices from his chin. “Delicious,” he mutters darkly.

An embarrassing whine slips past my lips, and I’ll deny it later, swear on my life that I wasn’t careening head first into

bliss with open eyes, but in this moment, I can't even fight it off. "Don't stop. Please," I whisper, voice choked and weak.

My masked attacker smiles sharply, and I have a split second of erratic thought that he'd probably be handsome with a nice smile. Before I can make any sense of my headspace, he leans over me and licks into my mouth, forcing me to taste myself on his hot tongue.

Jerking back, I spit the flavor from my mouth, right into his face. "Let me go!" I scream. My mind and body are tired — so goddamn fucking *tired* — but it's like I'm walking a straight wire. I might tip a bit in one direction or the other, and I have no control over it. One second, I'm irate, envisioning this bastard bloody and beaten. But the next, I feel myself leaning into his bruising touch, just... wondering.

What it'll be like when I fall. When that inevitable orgasm crashes into me. Will I hate myself more then? Will I shrivel into the black recess in my chest and die? Or will I come to terms with some abandoned part of myself that I've hidden for years?

Because as horrifying as this night is turning out to be, I can't deny that it's not too far off from some vividly disturbing wet dreams I've had.

7

IN THE HOUR OR so that this psychotic game has been playing out, I've caught on to the pattern here. He takes from my body, I panic and lash out, he gets angry. Then comes pain.

For the second time tonight, I've hurled spit at him, and for the second time, I'm seeing my end reflected in his wild eyes. He doesn't need to say a word, but I know his patience has run out.

I could plead and cry, scream and fight, but an acidic whisper in my mind says, "*You did this. Suck it up.*" So I hold firm and still, glaring at him, a silent dare to show me his worst.

I regret it half a second later when he lines his cock up with my pussy and thrusts in with one brutal push. My back arches and a feral cry rips from my chest. I may have been turned on, so close to that damning climax, but I wasn't anywhere near ready for him to shred into me without warning.

My lungs stutter, my thoughts blanking until I'm positive this is it. Death by dick.

He holds most of his weight on his arm, his other hand creeping up the side of my body, cupping my breast, and then winding around my throat. He hums a deep, pleased sound as his eyes flick over my face. And then he fucking *spits* on me. On my face; my lips and chin. An outraged growl claws out of my throat, and I yank on my hand, trying to wipe it away, but the ropes stop me.

Smirking victoriously, he says, "Spit on me again, you fucking bitch, and I'll do a lot worse than pay you back the blatant disrespect." His fingers tighten painfully around my throat as he speaks, eyes dark and deadly, just daring me to try my luck. "Understood?" he adds sharply.

My nod is shaky, my stomach revolting against the feeling of his hot spit trickling down my chin and the front of my neck. "Got it," I whisper, trying to fight the wobble of my lower lip.

He buries his face into my neck, his mask still partially lifted, allowing him to bite the sensitive skin there. It's not as painful as the bite to my thigh — or maybe I'm just shutting down and everything is going numb. He pulls his cock out and pushes back in, somehow going deeper, hitting an unknown spot inside of me that has me clutching the ropes that bind me to the headboard. Half pain, half pleasure, but wholly consuming.

Nothing about this is gentle, not that I thought it would be. It's fast and hard, bordering on unbearable. It confuses me. Because after a handful of punishing thrusts, when I should be curling in on myself to protect whatever is left, instead I let my legs fall open wider so I can feel his every inch.

He breathes a deep chuckle beside my ear, nudging my temple with his nose. "Take my fucking cock like the whore you are," he rasps as he pushes in deep. "I bet your husband never hurt you so fucking good, did he?"

Whatever my answer is supposed to be, it doesn't make it past my lips. Instead, I choke out a ragged sob as I try to force down the orgasm that's already wanting to explode from me.

"You're going to come for me," he adds, voice straining like he's close too. "And when you do, this dirty part of you will always belong to me. It'll be our little secret, how tight your soaking wet pussy is squeezing me." He grabs a handful of my hair and forces our eyes to meet as he reaches down with his other hand and rubs circles against my clit.

He sees it all. The shuddered breath I take right before. The crease in my brows as the first wave of white-hot pleasure crests. He watches with rapture as I toss my head back on a scream of tainted pleasure. And then he steals my breath when he drops his mouth to mine, his kiss just as forced and bruising as the stilted punch of his hips. He keeps his eyes open when he kisses me, and the second I give in and kiss him back — too weak and ashamed to even bother fighting — he explodes.

A roar travels up his throat and funnels into my mouth as he pushes as far as he can get into my abused pussy, his hot cum erupting into me. As he rides his climax out, there's a flicker of humanity in his eyes. A man behind the mask, who's maybe not so rough and punishing.

Every muscle in me pulls tight. "Don't," I warn quietly, desperately, my limbs shaking. "Whatever that was, just don't."

He narrows his eyes down at me, giving a slow roll of his hips before he pulls out. "I'm not done with you yet. Promise." His eyes flick down to the spot where we were just connected, and slowly, he reaches out with two thick fingers and gathers his cum as it leaks out of me. Then he meets my hard gaze again, lifting his hand and letting it hover over my chest, right over my racing heart. He makes an X on my skin with his cum, saying, "Hope to die."

AT SOME POINT, I pass out. I know that I should stay wide awake and on alert, but after the war of emotions and the physical brutality I've endured, my eyes fell shut all on their own. I jerk awake, probably hours later, with a strangled gasp. Everything hurts. My muscles, my skin, my heart.

“There she is,” the masked guy muses. I follow the sound of his deep voice, looking up in time to watch him untie my left wrist, thumb gently caressing the agitated, bloody skin there. He presses his lips, through the mask, to the fresh wounds, as if I'm suddenly something to be cherished. As if he isn't solely responsible for the broken and bruised state of my body.

“Happy birthday, my sweet little whore,” he says, smirking against my wrist. He gives me a pointed look and then tilts his head toward my chest, and cautiously, I follow his gaze. I don't know why I didn't feel it right away. Maybe my system is just shot to shit, or I'm in such a state of shock that I'm blocking everything out.

But there, between my breasts, is a single white rose. It's just laying on me, the thorns digging into my skin enough to sting, but not to draw blood.

I scoff, ripping my hand out of his hold and throwing that damn rose off of me. "Whatever this is, it won't work. If you're hoping to play nice and lure me into some kind of complacency, you're fucking deluded," I seethe, lips curled in a snarl.

Without a word, he rounds the bed and unties my next wrist, his stormy green eyes never once leaving my face. He makes these little sounds as he inspects me, like he's coming to some kind of conclusion about me. It makes me incredibly uncomfortable. Like he can see right through my skull and dive into my deepest thoughts. The ones that spark to life at the mere sight of this terrifyingly dangerous man.

Not for the first time tonight, a wave of shame washes over me, like a knife to the heart that's intent on bleeding me dry as slowly and painfully as possible. My eyes water as I recall the way he felt inside me. I fought until I couldn't, but the second the pleasure won over the fear, I folded like a desperate whore and gave in to it. Relished in it, even. And now that it's done? I want more.

"Hey," he says gruffly, grabbing my cheeks and wrenching my eyes to his. "Don't fucking cry. I won't be so nice next time."

"Nice?" I ask with a sarcastic bark of laughter, though with his hold on my cheeks, it comes out a bit muffled through my

squished lips.

Finished with the ropes, he throws my hand down as if he can only stand my touch for so long and he's reached his limit. "Down right accommodating. I think I've earned some gratitude. I let you come, didn't I?" He spears me with a heated gaze, somehow both obscenely dirty and chillingly threatening.

I don't answer him. It's pointless. We both know I came hard as he fucked me into the mattress. With a depraved chuckle, he leans down and effortlessly lifts me into his arms. My face screws up in disgust and pain because, *fucking hell*, everything is aching.

"Put me down, you fucking lunatic!" I snap, kicking my legs out and reaching for anything to scratch. Preferably his eyeballs. I honestly don't think my legs would carry my weight if I tried to stand, but I'm going to hold on to my last shred of dignity for as long as I can. And getting carried, naked and freshly fucked, by a man who broke into my hotel room and used me like his personal sex slave doesn't bode well for my quickly diminishing self-respect.

He grunts with the effort it takes to hold me still. He takes a handful of steps, just reaching the door to the bathroom, before giving up. Rolling his eyes, he just... fucking drops me. One second, I'm hoisted up in his arms, annoyed by the firm, naked chest beneath me. The next, he opens his arms and smirks wickedly as I plummet to the hard tile floor.

My hipbone smacks the hardest, but my head gives a dull throb of pain too, after colliding with the doorframe. It takes several seconds to blink away the stars clouding my vision. By the time I gather my bearings, I'm already being hauled up to my feet with a punishing hand in my hair. I don't scream, though. I won't give this fucker the satisfaction. I bite the inside of my cheek until the coppery tint of blood floods my mouth, but it does the trick, distracting me from the pain he's causing.

My knees are unsteady beneath me, but he doesn't care. Why would he? My attacker drags me over to the large walk-in shower, tossing me inside carelessly, and turning the faucet on before I can protest. Icy needles erupt over every inch of my skin, and it's all I can do to suck in a shocked breath through tight lungs.

"Jesus, fuck!" I cry, backing into the corner of the shower as soon as my body catches up to my mind. I wrap my arms around my chest, hiding the peak of my nipples and protecting the broken skin on my wrists. "What are you trying to do? Fucking kill me?" I snap, glaring at him.

He grins, but it's not nice. It's a deadly show of teeth that have already left their mark on me. "Maybe," is all he says.

MY WIDE EYES DROP down the naked, tanned body of my attacker as he walks into the shower after me. His mask is still on because, *clearly*, he's not completely sane.

He gets under the spray, running his hands over his head as if he's wetting his hair. I watch, horrified, as he tilts his face to me, the water running down his forehead and obstructing my view of his eyes. I flinch back into the tiled wall when he reaches for me, but really, I don't know why I bother.

With an impatient huff, he snatches my sore, bloodied wrist in his large palm, yanking me into his chest and under the now heated water. One hand holds me close, his fingers bruising the skin on my hip, while his other hand slowly curls up the bottom of his mask.

My traitorous eyes hone in on his lips the second they're free. Swallowing down my shame, I open my mouth to spew off another round of verbal assault, but I don't even get a single syllable out.

“I’m fucking your ass next,” he tells me, his voice quiet and raw. He licks his bottom lip while his hungry eyes stare into my goddamn soul.

“I— fucking excuse me?” I choke out, trying and failing to push back from his chest.

He quirks a dirty smile, leaning down to whisper in my ear, “Right now. Turn around and bend over. Show me that pretty hole.”

The deep tenor of his voice sends tingles down my spine, but I jerk my head back with a look of disgust. “Or what? You’ll bite me? Slap me around? Tie me to the bed again?” I narrow my eyes at him, jutting my chin up in defiance. I have nowhere to go with his death grip around my waist, but I keep my voice tough and confident anyway, like I’m not scared shitless. “Newsflash, asshole. I’d rather fucking die than—“

He spins me around and slams my cheek into the cold tile wall, my words dying off on a shocked yelp. Planting a rough hand on the back of my head to keep me pinned, he kicks my legs apart with a sharp exhale.

“Your death can be arranged. Don’t tempt me,” he threatens as he skims one finger down my spine, over the curve of my ass, and then between my ass cheeks.

I curl my fingers into fists against the wall, squeezing my eyes shut on a whimper of pain, defeat, and dread. “Do it then,” I whisper, my voice cracking uncontrollably. “Don’t do this to me. Just kill me already, if that’s the end goal... Please.”

“Shhh, shhh,” he whispers behind me, gently prodding my tight hole with his finger. “I can’t do that. I promised I wasn’t done using you yet.” On my shaky, half-sobbed exhale, he pushes his finger in, breaking through my resistance with no effort. With a dirty chuckle, he pulls out, spits — presumably on his fingers — and then adds a second one, thrusting in deep and fast. My knees almost buckle beneath me, a shock of unwanted arousal coursing through my veins.

It’s not my first time back there. Mason and I met in college, and I was a bit of a wild child, wanting to try everything. Getting on my knees between the stacks in the library? Check. Spreading my legs under the bleachers at football games? You bet. Giving him my ass the first time he told me he loved me? Done and done.

So, no, this doesn’t hurt. Not physically. But inside, I’m screaming in agony because I’m just a few thrusts away from begging him to shove his dick inside me and ruining me permanently. I don’t even want to fight this tainted desire any longer. I just feel like I have to. And I think, maybe, that’s the worst part.

My hips begin a slow circle all on their own, chasing a rhythm that promises ecstasy. I drop my forehead to the shower wall, breathing heavily to keep my desperate moans inside. It’s bad enough to enjoy it, to be so twisted up inside that I’m soaking fucking wet for this man and the brutal way he’s using my body. I don’t need to broadcast my arousal to him.

My stomach drops when he eases a third finger in, slowing down his tempo as he stretches me out. “You like it,” he rasps quietly. It’s not a question. It’s an observation. He groans, deep and guttural, sliding his fingers out only to replace them with the head of his cock. “My dirty fucking whore,” he grunts as he slowly pushes into me.

Both of us take a deep breath when he bottoms out. He leans in and trails wet, sloppy kisses across my shoulder and up my neck. He bites my earlobe, finally dragging his cock back out and giving me some sweet friction. The next thrust is brutal, slamming into me and forcing my body flush against the tiled wall. He keeps up that pace — fast, hard, punishing — digging his fingers into my hips and leaving teeth marks on my neck.

My internal battle ends with a soft moan. It’s the first sound I’ve made since this started, but the second it’s free — along with guilty, hot tears — I’m lost. I push my hips back to meet his strokes, reaching back with one hand to curl my fingers behind his neck and keep him close.

“Oh, god, *fuck*,“ I pant, building up to something that’s going to shatter me irreparably.

He winds a hand in my hair, pulling me back against his shoulder and slamming his lips down on mine. I swallow his groans and he teases out my cries. I’m so close that I can’t even focus on the wrongness of all of it. The tainted, broken parts of me that like this, that *crave* it. Instead, I focus on chasing my orgasm.

Trailing my hand down my slick body, I find my clit and start rubbing it. My hips buck wildly, but he clamps down and holds me still, biting my bottom lip until blood coats our tongues.

He pulls back from my mouth enough to look into my eyes, and that's when my climax roars to life. With his lips hovering a breath from mine, his eyes consuming me, his dick punching into my asshole like I owe him a debt and he's come to collect.

Every muscle in me coils tight and then snaps into oblivion.

THE ENTIRE TIME I'M riding it out, feeling the crippling orgasm overwhelm me, we don't lose eye contact. I have a second of clarity. It's too tender, too intimate, too... something I'm not ready to face. He keeps fucking me, but slows his pace, looking down at me like I'm—

No. He can't do this. He can't break down my armor and fuck his way into my fantasies like this.

As soon as I can catch my breath, I'm stiff again. He's close to coming, having just felt my muscles clench around him, no doubt assuming that I'll be sated and weak. Which means he's easy to shove off. I turn so quickly that he can't stop me, his cock slipping out of my ass and bobbing angrily against his taut stomach.

“Don't you dare touch me again!” I shout, a shaking finger pointed at his face. “I'm not a fucking toy to use and toss aside! Despite what you think, I don't belong to you!”

He blinks at me, and whatever softness, whatever sex-driven longing that had built up in his eyes vanishes in an instant. His lips curl up into a snarl, and then he lunges for me. One hand clamps over my shoulder, shoving me to my knees before I can even think to resist. My screams and hurled insults fall on deaf ears as he gets me into the position he wants.

He grabs a fistful of my hair, painfully wrenching my face up toward his flushed dick. “You don’t make the rules here,” he growls, jerkily stroking himself. When I glare up at him, trying to shuck out of his hold and push to my feet, he slaps his cock across my face. “Stay still! Fuck’s sake,” he snaps, heaving in harsh breaths as he stares down at me.

My cheek stings, but my pussy gives a pathetic clench, and the shock and embarrassment that I found that hot is enough to keep me compliant. I shut down, eyes dropping to the floor, my body losing all the fight. *I can’t keep doing this.* This will kill me to fight and give in, and fight and give in.

It’s already killing me to enjoy it. The abuse, the roughness of his hands, and gritted insults. It’s all wrong, but *fuck me*, because in the moment it just feels so right. Like a missing puzzle piece that’s finally slotted into place.

I’ve worn a mask my entire life, but one night of debauchery with this man, and it’s crumbling. I don’t know that I’ll ever be able to pretend again. What if he’s rewired me, and I find myself chasing this roughness for years to come?

My next thought is equally concerning and thrilling: Maybe I can just stop fighting and pray for forgiveness when this is all over? Let myself truly enjoy this, since I'll probably never have it again.

His stilted groan pulls me from my thoughts. I snap my eyes up in time to watch him tip his head back on a wave of pleasure, and then hot cum erupts over my face. It lands across my stinging cheek, my lips, my chin. *Such a gentleman, not getting any in my eyes.* If I could roll them without some kind of punishment, I would.

Dropping to his knees in front of me, he takes my chin between his fingers and studies my face for a tense beat, his heavy breathing the only sound between us. His intense eyes examine me carefully. With a slow, satisfied smile, he leans in and licks up his cum from my chin and lips, and I swear to God, I almost orgasm again right there. Except in the next breath, he's pushing his tongue into my mouth with a brutal kiss, forcing me to taste it.

And that's how I know I'm eternally damned. No amount of prayer will absolve me. Because I like it. I lean into his solid chest when I suck the flavor of his cum from his tongue, and we both groan.

Pulling back slowly, he blinks his green-gold eyes open at me, and says, "You try to deny me again, and you really won't like what I do to you. You'll be punished for this, but next time will be much worse." Then, while my face pales in terror,

he scoops me up and stands me beneath the hot spray of the shower.

I don't say a word as he gets to work washing me. He lathers my hair and carefully untangles the knots he put there. He soaps up my body, paying extra care to the cuts and bruises from his touch.

When he's finished, happy with how clean I am, he shuts off the water and wraps me in a fluffy white towel. He must spend fifteen minutes drying me off, making sure every inch of me is ready for the next round.

His brows furrow when he inspects the bite mark on my inner thigh, and he raises his fingers, tenderly stroking the abused skin.

I scoff, startling us both since I've been silent since he came all over my face. "Feeling remorseful?" I bite out, curling my fingers around the edge of the counter behind me.

"Admiring my work," he says darkly with a sharp glare. He leans in and licks the bite, groaning deeply. "I never anticipated how good it would feel to bruise up such a pretty, broken thing like you. A man could get used to it." His voice carries a note of warning, and I shudder at the thought. Seeing this masked man again, sometime in the future, knowing he's grown an appetite for the horrible things he can do to me.

My swallow is loud in the heavy silence between us. I don't say anything because I have no clue what'll come out. Either something harsh and repulsed or...

An admission of how much I might like that.

I'M TIED TO THE bed again. My freedom lasted all of maybe an hour, just long enough for him to fuck me and then wash away the proof.

At least this time, it's only one wrist bound to the headboard.

I'm sitting up in bed, stark naked, mindlessly staring down at the marks on my body. I'm going to hell. No amount of good deeds in my lifetime could ever balance out the dirty want inside me when I trace a dark bruise and recall the exact moment he put it there.

I may be tied to this bed again, but you want to know the worst part?

I didn't fight it when he brought out the rope. In fact, I held out my hands, wrists together in offering, and practically purred the second his large hand circled one wrist and traced the raw skin there.

“That’s a good fucking whore,” he’d whispered roughly, before backing me onto the bed and securing my left hand. “So good for me, even though you know you’re going to be punished.” He cupped my cheek, softly thumbing my bottom lip, and then he left the room.

I’ve been sitting here, waiting for him to make good on that punishment ever since. I mean, fuck it. If I’m giving in to this insanity, I may as well embrace it fully. Enjoy my journey to hell, and all that, you know? And being punished for being a naughty girl is exactly my idea of a good time.

It’s embarrassing how quickly I perk up when the door opens and he strides in, carrying a tray of food and a water bottle. He can’t have left me for longer than ten minutes, but Jesus Christ, I was ready to chew through the rope around my wrist so I could go search for him. So I could bend over the nearest surface and beg for my punishment, beg to get it over with, so we can get to the good parts again.

Next time he fucks me, I’m not going to feel guilty about liking it. I’m going to fall into his touch and let every ounce of pleasure I feel take over until there’s nothing left. I’m not going to think about the wrongness of my desires, or how dangerous this man could be. I’m just going to give in and hope that I can hobble out of this hotel when it’s all over, with at least some dignity intact.

When his haunting eyes lock onto mine as he nears the bed, I whimper. Jesus, I have absolutely no control over myself. It’s not my finest moment, and the slight falter in his steps when

he hears it tells me he's going to enjoy this new dynamic between us.

Sitting down beside me, he gives me a stern look, saying, "Can I trust you not to bite my fingers off?"

Bewildered, I nod slowly, eyeing the plate of various fruits he's holding. Sliced banana, strawberries, and grapes.

"Use your words, Everly," he demands, somehow sharp and tender all at once.

It's difficult to swallow past my arousal, but I manage. "I'll be good, I promise."

He studies me for a long moment, before nodding with a pleased hum. "I know you will," he says softly as he grabs a piece of banana and holds it a few inches from my mouth. "Because you want to be more than a dirty whore. You want to be my good girl, don't you? Want to be praised and rewarded when you please me?"

I nod eagerly, sweeping my eyes down to his cock. He put on boxer briefs after our shower, but I can still easily see the growing outline of it, and a fresh wave of arousal blasts into me. "Y-yes, that's what I want," I whisper.

"Open."

My mouth pops open immediately, and there's a tiny part of me that's sincerely ashamed that I hadn't even thought about it first, but I shove that bitch way down inside until she suffocates on those pearls she wants to clutch so badly. My masked man breathes out a quiet chuckle as he feeds me the

banana slice, and when I moan around the burst of flavor, his pupils blow wide.

“More?” he rasps. I nod, squirming against the sheets and squeezing my thighs together for some friction. Him feeding me shouldn’t be an erotic moment, but it is. It really fucking is. “Needy thing,” he murmurs as he feeds me another piece, and then another after that.

When I’ve eaten everything, he stands, setting the plate on the bedside table and grabbing the water bottle. “Thirsty?” he asks as he cracks open the top, holding out the bottle for me. I reach for it, but he snatches it back out of my reach. “I didn’t hear a *please*.”

“Please, can I have some water?” I lick my dry lips, feeling my cheeks blush furiously at how deliciously degrading this feels.

“Of course you can,” he answers, his voice holding something tender that makes my heart pound. He rolls up the bottom of his ski mask and takes a long drink of water, watching me as he swallows down a few mouthfuls. But he doesn’t swallow the last one.

Grabbing my jaw in a firm grip, he squeezes just enough for me to part my lips. Then he leans one knee on the bed, hovering a few inches from my face, and spits the water into my open mouth.

I wasn’t expecting it, and I jerk back with a gasp. Cool water goes everywhere. It drips down my chest and soaks the sheets. He pauses, arching a brow at me in warning. I’m

shaking, and disgusted, and so fucking turned on it's pathetic. I settle into the now wet bed and open my mouth for him again, eagerly waiting for him to give me the rest.

As the water runs out, he leans in closer, and the heat of his breath washes across my wet face. "Swallow," he commands, his fingers indenting the skin on my jaw. I follow his order without hesitation, without a fucking concern in the world. Smiling, he says, "You've done so well, little whore. But I'm afraid it's time for your punishment."

HE MOVES AROUND THE room, grabbing things from a black bag on the floor that he must have brought in while I was passed out earlier. I pull on my bound wrist, hissing in pain when the rope digs into my raw skin. “I’ll be so good. Don’t hurt me again. I’ll do anything, please,” I rush out, feeling too many things all at once. Fear, excitement, arousal, shame. The list goes on.

He stands, cocking his head to the side as he surveys me. My eyes are welling up all over again. Just because I’m giving in to this horribly erotic, fucked up weekend, does not mean I enjoy being bruised and bitten and dropped on the fucking floor like garbage. I may want to be spanked, shoved down and told where my place is, but the very idea that his punishment will be something worse is what’s making my chest tight with panic.

He shakes his head at me, holding up a little pink vibrator, and says, “Shh, Everly. Don’t cry, or else I’ll make this worse than it needs to be.”

I narrow my eyes at the vibrator as he moves to my side again. “What’s that for?”

His smile is sharp and wicked, sending a chill straight through me. Turning on the vibrator, he answers, “You pushed me off of you in the shower. You tried to prevent my release, even though I’ve been so nice to you.”

“I’m sorry,” I whisper. My head hurts just thinking about my mess of warring emotions and thoughts. I’ve been terrified and angry, confused and aroused. I’ve cried, fought, and given in. It’s been exhausting. To finally let go and take in every minute of this deranged fantasy come to life has been like taking that first gulp of air after holding your breath under water for too long.

Freeing. Exhilarating. Orgasmic.

“I won’t do it again,” I add quietly, too nervous to hold his intense gaze.

He laughs deeply, trailing the vibrator up my arm, from my bound wrist to my shoulder. “No, you fucking won’t,” he agrees harshly. “This is a lesson for you. How you respond will determine whether you’re capable of being my good girl, or if you’re only ever going to be a filthy fucking whore to use and toss away. Be still for me, and maybe it won’t be so bad.”

He trails the vibrator across my collarbone, and my breath hitches. It’s not that it feels like anything remotely sexual, but my skin is sensitive and the moment feels so intense. He’s watching me with a calculating softness in his eyes, studying

my every reaction and adjusting the vibrator to draw out more from me.

The weight of his gaze is suffocating as he moves the little toy down my chest, tracing around my breasts before teasing one nipple and then the next. I have to bite my cheek to hold in the breathy moan that tries to slip free. I don't know what he'll do if he knows how much I like it.

He clicks his tongue disapprovingly when I can't hold myself still any longer. My back arches to chase the pleasure on my nipples, and he pulls the little toy away.

"I'm sorry," I breathe out through my tight throat, desperately missing the vibrator the second it's gone. "I'm sorry, please."

"Sorry?" He shakes his head, bringing the vibrator to the center of my chest, so close and yet painfully far from my peaked nipples. "Don't tell me with words how you feel. If you're sorry for the way you've behaved, show me. Prove it." His voice is hard, his eyes harder.

I blink through the fog in my mind, furrowing my brows as I dart my eyes down to the toy. "H-how? How can I do that?"

He smiles tightly. With his free hand, he takes a lock of my dark hair and twirls it around his fingers. "It's simple," he muses quietly. He drops my hair and grabs my throat, leaning over me. "Be fucking good. Stay still, take your punishment like a big girl, and maybe you won't piss me off again."

My bottom lip wobbles, but he doesn't like to see my tears. I slam my eyes shut and nod, muttering, "Okay, yes. I'm sorry, I won't move again. I'm sorry."

After a moment of heavy silence, he eases the pressure off of my throat. "Like I said, prove it." I nod again, holding every muscle in my body painfully still. He continues the path down my body, circling the vibrator around my bellybutton and then moving it further down.

I think I let loose a soft whimper when he skips right over my pussy, but I'm not sure. It's hard to hear anything over the chaotic drum of my heart. I take in a shaky breath as he moves the toy down my inner thigh and then back up the other one.

I jolt when the vibrator touches my clit. A gasp rips out of me and my eyes fly open. He's staring at me, a clear warning in his eyes as he holds the toy an inch above where I want it most. Where I *need* it.

"Don't move," he reminds me, waiting for my agreement before touching it down to my clit again.

It's actual torture to hold completely still while he rubs the vibrator over me. He eases my pleasure out slowly with gentle circles, light pressure. My breath comes in rapid pants as he pulls his dick from his boxers, stroking it to the same tempo as he uses on me.

"Fuck," he groans, and the rawness in his voice amps up my own arousal. A bead of precum slips from his tip, almost falling to the bed beside me. He takes the vibrator away from me again, and I almost cry out in protest, but then he uses it to

sweep up his precum, rolling the toy against the head of his cock.

“Can’t let anything go to waste, can I?” he asks while I lick my lips, staring at his dick like it’s my personal savior in a world of sinners. He slots the little vibrator against my clit, smearing his arousal over me, and then he moves it down, pushing it inside my pussy with a demented chuckle.

It’s not really deep enough to hit the right spot, but I’m already so worked up that it may as well be his dick thrusting inside me. I’m close and desperate, riding the razor’s edge of oblivion.

“You’re not allowed to come,” he tells me, brushing my hair away from my sweaty face.

I stare at him for a moment, trying to make sense of his words. I think my brain short-circuits because that’s an impossible task. There’s no way he really made that request, right?

WRONG.

When I don't answer, he wrenches my face up so our eyes are locked. "Do. Not. Come," he growls out, pumping his cock faster.

"I— But that's— I'm *right* there!" I whine, like the little desperate whore he thinks I am.

"I don't fucking care," he snaps. "It doesn't matter if I've worked you up until you're sitting in a fucking puddle of your own making, if nothing but a single brush of air against that clit will set you off. You're not allowed to come. Understood?"

I sob despite my best efforts. "Please, please, I can't— I'm already—"

He slaps my cheek and then grips my jaw, abruptly cutting me off. The hit wasn't enough to actually hurt, but definitely enough to shock the words right out of my throat. "Understood?" he repeats, his voice laced with a dark warning.

The vibrator inside me is impossible to ignore, making my pleasure coil tighter and tighter. “Yes, I understand,” I choke out, squeezing my legs together to try to get the stupid little toy in a different position. One that’s not so goddamn good.

“That’s my good little whore,” he says, and despite the pain of holding off my orgasm, the praise has me preening under his gaze. He climbs onto the bed, straddling my chest, his cock right in front of my face. He taps the head against my lips, saying, “Open your mouth and swallow down every last drop of what I give you.”

He doesn’t need to ask twice. I’m eager for the taste of him, and I pop my lips open, holding out my tongue in offering. I use my free hand to reach down and cup his balls, gently rolling them until he grunts out a strained curse. His cum drenches my tongue in seconds, and I moan as I savor it. Once he’s done, I swallow it all, licking my lips for any last drops.

“Thank you,” I breathe out, curling my toes when another wave of pleasure crashes into me.

He blinks heavy eyes at me, reaching down and swiping up some cum from my chin. He feeds it to me, my tongue swirling over his thumb obscenely. When he pulls free of my mouth, he leans back, turning just enough to grab the vibrator from my pussy. I hiss at the loss, but I’m thankful for it. I don’t have superb control, and I was seconds away from coming, no matter what rules he’s given me.

“You did good,” he tells me while he climbs off the bed. “I’m proud of you. You didn’t come because you hadn’t

earned it. That's a good girl."

"Have I earned it now?" I ask meekly, barely resisting the urge to finish myself off right in front of him. I bat my eyelashes at him, softly trailing my fingers down my stomach, eager for this much needed release.

"No," he says, voice firm and dark. He turns away from me, showing me a glimpse of his tight ass. "I'm going to shower again. Do not touch yourself. That pussy is mine, little whore, and only I get to make it weep." He shoots me a stern look before disappearing into the bathroom.

I stare at the door for too long, blinking in frustration and confusion. Where does he get off, telling me that I can't... you know, get off? And how would he even know if I disobeyed? His threats are empty, there's no way—

My eyes land on my cell phone across from the bed, and I know with unshaken certainty that it's still recording. He'd know if I broke the rules, if I slipped my hand between my legs and dove into ecstasy like I so badly want to.

God fucking damn him.

I'm a grown ass woman, but that doesn't stop me from pouting like a child.

I glare at that stupid phone for what must be fifteen minutes. The only thing that rips my eyes away is the cloud of steam that pours out of the bathroom when the door swings open. He walks into the bedroom slowly, ski mask dry and firmly in place, so he must have taken it off to shower properly.

He stops by the dresser, glancing at the phone before arching a brow at me. “Do I need to check this, or did you realize you’d be caught?” He takes a step toward me, asking in a low voice, “Were you a good girl, Everly?”

My heart thrashes in my chest. Fuck it all to hell. I desperately want to be good for him, but I also want the orgasm that’s been taken away from me. I nod, rubbing my thighs together at the thought of him finally letting me come. “I didn’t disobey you, I promise.”

He makes a pleased sound in the back of his throat, half hum and half growl. He drops the white towel, letting his hardening dick out, and my mouth waters. “Go on then.” He gestures to my soaked pussy. “Show me how worked up you are. Give me something to remember long after I’ve had my fill of you.”

Is this a trick?

I’m too nervous to move and get another fucked up punishment.

He laughs, rounding the bed and taking my free hand. He laces our fingers together, his hand on top of mine, and then trails our hands down my body. “You have my permission, little whore,” he murmurs, bringing my hand to my pussy and pressing two fingers to my clit. “Come for me.”

My strokes are slow at first. I watch him with rapt attention, feeling jumpy with him so close, like he might grab my wrist and stop my orgasm at any moment. But when the seconds tick by, and he only groans his approval, I pick up the pace.

I circle my clit, bucking my hips into the feel of it, whimpering every time I feel my pleasure build. With his haunting green eyes locked on my pussy, it doesn't take long. With a gasp, I say, "Oh, God, I'm close."

He grabs his cock, languidly thrusting into his palm like he doesn't even care enough to get himself off; like he only has the energy to watch me.

I think that's what sets me off. His disinterest in his own climax in favor of mine. I arch my back, squeezing my eyes shut on a scream as wave after wave of pleasure assaults me. I'm too far gone and my brain is as good as mush, but I swear I hear him say, "Fucking beautiful."

MY BODY IS SORE, every inch of muscle and flesh screaming after the last couple of days I've been subjected to. I've got bruises, bite marks, and dried cum all over. I've never felt so used. *Little whore*, he called me. The name seems fitting now.

My wrist must have been untied while I was asleep, because I'm curled up on my side, my hands shoved beneath my pillow. I roll over when a finger trails over my arm, eliciting goosebumps across my skin. Meeting eyes that I've come to know intimately sparks a fresh wave of fear, arousal, and dirty pleasure.

His ski mask is gone, and I take a second to catalogue every inch of his face before the peaceful silence is broken. Handsome. That's the first thought that slams into me. He's so goddamn handsome.

He hums, reaching out with tender fingers to brush away some of my wayward hair. "How do you feel?" he asks, his deep voice thick and rough from sleep.

I snort, rolling my eyes at the stupidity of the question. “Oh, you know. Like I’ve been tied down, slapped, bitten, and fucked raw. Repeatedly.”

His full lips twitch with the hint of a smile, and I can’t help it, mine return the sentiment. “Was I too rough with my little whore?” His pupils dilate with the nickname, and it truly does awful things to me.

A long sigh slips out and I turn to lie on my back, staring up at the ceiling. Being tied to this fucking bed for so long, I think I’ve mapped out every little shadow and divot up there. I bite down into my bottom lip, hard enough to bring back the feeling of him doing it so many times over the last couple of days.

He traces a finger down my jaw and then gently grabs my chin, turning my face back toward him. His brows are furrowed as he scans every inch of my face. “What’s wrong?” he murmurs, stroking his thumb down my lip and pulling it free from my teeth.

Shrugging off his worry, I say, “Nothing. I— It’s just...” I shake my head when the words fail me, hoping the pleading look in my eye is enough for him to drop it.

It’s not.

Propping himself up on an elbow, he leans over me, tangling his fingers into the hair at the nape of my neck. “I can make you tell me. But I figured your body has had enough of my abuse. Don’t force me to test that assumption.” His voice

is hard, eyes harder, and Christ help me, because my pussy floods with arousal.

Swallowing roughly, I grab his wrist, keeping him there with his tight hold on my hair. “As soon as I step out of this hotel room, your little whore gets shoved into a box and left to rot. Maybe I don’t want to say goodbye to her just yet. Maybe I like the way you hurt me.” I say that last part quietly, my cheeks flaming with shame.

A flash of toxic desire flares in his eyes, and in the next second, his hand is shoved down between my thighs, rubbing mercilessly over my sore clit. “Maybe I like the way you bruise so fucking prettily for me,” he rasps before plunging two fingers into my pussy. He groans obscenely when he has no resistance, my pussy so wet and needy that I wouldn’t be surprised if I left a wet spot on the bed beneath me. “Who said we had to let this go?”

Through a hitched breath, I answer, “Because it’s wrong.”

“No one has to know,” he insists, rubbing his palm into my clit as his fingers thrust into me, demanding my pleasure. “Nobody ever has to know how goddamn dirty you are for me.”

I’m so overstimulated from my weekend of nonstop orgasms. My climax is already barreling toward me, threatening to consume me whole. My hips rise to meet every stroke, and I dig my nails into his arm so I have some kind of anchor. As I search his eyes, finding nothing but raw need, I come unglued, moaning and writhing underneath him.

Once I've caught my breath, I blink up at him, easing my sore thighs open as he settles between them, slotting his cock against my entrance. "Okay," I whisper, fighting back the depraved smile on my face.

He sinks inside in one slow stroke, eyes locked on mine. "Like you had a choice," he says, finding a rhythm that both hurts and soothes my aching pussy. Dropping down until his lips are a breath away from mine, he adds, "You're my fucking *wife*. Your darkest, dirtiest fantasies are mine to make real."

I moan like a feral fucking animal, hooking my ankles together behind his back and rising my hips to meet each thrust. "What if I've got more dirty cravings?" I whisper into his heated kiss.

Thrusting in deep, he wraps a hand around my throat and answers, "Tell me, and I'll make it happen. Anything and everything you want, and I'll do it."

"No holding back. No mercy. I want you to really make it hurt, no matter how much I fight," I warn, fighting the blush that rises at admitting that fact.

He growls into my neck, pumping his cock into me faster. "Oh, baby. Hurting you is my new favorite thing."

And that's all it takes. Those few words, gritted out through intense pleasure, is what sets off my orgasm. "I love you," I whimper as pleasure assaults me.

Mason slams into me, coming with a deep groan, burying his teeth into my neck. "I love you too," he breathes out once

his muscles go slack, kissing the marks he's just left on my skin.

“Let's clean up and go home,” I tell him, mindlessly running my nails up and down his back, feeling complete for the first time in my entire life.

I didn't ask to be into the dark stuff. I didn't grow up fantasizing about being forced and degraded. It was like a poison, slowly creeping through my veins, taking over until I couldn't function. I don't even remember how the idea got planted, but once it took root, I was never the same. I needed to be bruised. I wanted to cry. I craved the delicious bite of fear.

And now that I've got a taste?

Fuck... I'll never stop needing pain with my pleasure.

NOTE

Who saw that coming? Anyone?

I hope that surprise at the end was a genuine shock, because I tried to be as sneaky as possible!

Before saying anything else, I want to remind everyone that this is fiction. Please do not attempt anything that you aren't familiar with before doing your due diligence. Safety should be a top priority in every relationship. Don't get yourself in over your head by jumping into something like this without clear rules, limits, and trust in your partner. And always have a safe word ready.

Okay, next of course, are the acknowledgements. Here we go: Thank you to everyone who has picked up this story and gave it a chance. Whether you were an ARC reader, or you've grabbed this after it was published, it truly means a lot. I

appreciate every second you've spent reading this dirty little story.

I wasn't sure about debuting with a novella. But you know what? I wanted to start 2023 off with a bang, and my dark college bully story won't be ready for a few more months. So here we are, me having a short story under my belt, and you, dear reader, at the end of said short story.

I hope you've enjoyed this one. I hope you stick around to see what else I have in store. Because this is only the beginning of a dirty and deliciously dark career.

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