

NEW YORK TIMES & USA TODAY BEST SELLING AUTHOR

MARIAN TEE

Talk dirty
to me

Indebted to a Stranger & Bully Romance

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I made a deal with a very bad man, and now I must answer his every call...or pay the consequences with my body.

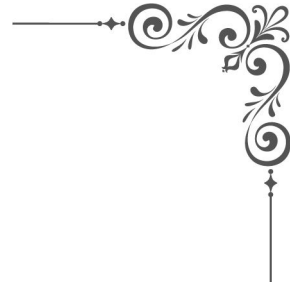


I WAS PREPARED FOR the worst when the “Devil” granted my request.

But what I never expected is our phone calls becoming more deliciously vulgar than violent...

And me losing my heart to a man I’ve never seen.

Note: This is a dirty and dark(ish) billionaire STANDALONE romance. HEA guaranteed. Not suitable for everyone.



About the Book

I look at my face on the phone again, and this time all I see is a girl who no longer cares about other people walking in and hearing what other naughty things she might end up saying...because she's already completely surrendered herself to the Devil.

The thought makes me want to cry out, but I end up covering my mouth instead because...

You're no longer alone, aren't you?

All I can do is silently shake my head while pleading the Devil with my eyes. *Please, please, please don't make it harder than it already is.*

It's a pity I'm not there with you.

I'd love to see your face up close and watch you struggle not to make any noise while I tear your dress off.

I can feel myself getting unbelievably wet and swollen at the sinful lure of his words, and my mind seems to have completely shut down since the thought of the Devil tearing my dress off only makes me feel more thrilled than terrified.

Push your dress up to the waist, please.

I barely manage to swallow my gasp. Have I really heard him right?

I want to see what panties you're wearing.

I've just reached for my dress when I hear the restroom door swing open, and a couple of girls come walking in.

God, oh God.

They're talking and laughing like they plan to be here for *hours*, and yet here I am doing the Devil's oh-so-dirty work as my trembling hands eventually find their way to my dress, and my heart pounds harder and harder against my chest as I push my dress all the way up to my waist.

Ah.

I think I really have lost my mind. That sound he just made isn't pleasant at all, so why did hearing it make my breasts swell even more?

Sheer red lace?

You do love to surprise me, don't you?

Did you choose them with me in mind?

I want to say no, but I can't...because I no longer know the truth. Red has never been my color, so perhaps the Devil is right? Have I subconsciously chosen to wear this because I knew there was a chance he'd end up wanting to see it—

Take them off.

Oh my God, say no, Sheena!

Slowly.

But instead I find myself struggling not to make any noise as I step out of them...and slowly, too, just like the Devil asked.

Very good.

It feels all too surreal and agonizingly lewd to have cool air touching the bare folds of my pussy...while the girls outside my cubicle are talking about their homework for *Physics* and the latest episode of *Wednesday*.

Now open your legs wide...

I hear one of the girls says she's going to pee—

And show me your cunt.

—and I feel like I've fallen into a rabbithole dripping of lust as I obey the Devil's command. I part my legs open, and

let the Devil's gaze feast on my cunt while another girl enters the cubicle next to mine.

You're dripping wet, Sheena.

The Devil's words coincide with the sound of the other girl peeing, but instead of feeling disgusted or appalled, all I can think about at that moment is how there's only the flimsiest of dividers separating the other girl and me.

I can tell that you're worried about getting caught...

But such a prospect also turns you on.

Doesn't it?

I shake my head, but the Devil only laughs at this.

There's no point lying.

Not with my phone zoomed in on your sweet little cunt.

Did he just say he has his phone...*zoomed in*?

On my pussy?

How about I give you a choice?

Is that his new way of saying he wants to play another game that I'm likely bound to lose?

You can choose to touch yourself while I watch...

Or you can simply end the call and step out of the cubicle.

My eyes widen.

That's it?

There isn't a catch.

If that really is the truth, then can I really go just like that?

Now...choose.

There's only one thing that any self-respecting woman should do at this point.

Right?

But the problem is...

Self-respect is the last thing on my mind when I'm feeling like this, and as my pussy throbs harder and harder with every second that passes, things like logic and morals gradually cease to matter, and all that I have left is...desire.

I *want* this, oh God.

I want the *Devil*.

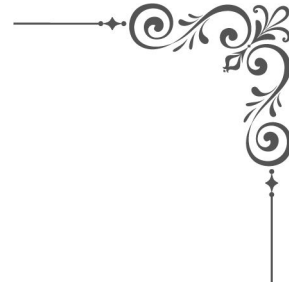
I want him to keep making me do terribly wicked things like touching myself in a public restroom while there's a girl in the cubicle next to mine, and *God, oh God, oh, oh, oh—*

My entire body buckles as I start playing with my clit, and I can only feel helpless and mesmerized and all the more aroused as my own face stares back at me from my phone.

I look like the Devil's slut with my lips parted open like that, and I hear the Devil release a low, growling sound as I start rubbing my clit just a little faster and harder.

Open your legs wider.

Make your clit pop out so that every flick of your finger will make you want to scream.



Talk Dirty to Me

Indebted to a Stranger & Bully Romance

Billionaires of Strakh # 2

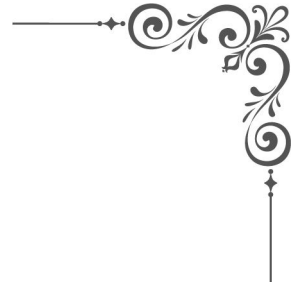
by Marian Tee



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Prologue

An email landed in the Devil's inbox, its subject line succinctly written.

I anonymously reported a crime, and now the perpetrator is after me.

It was enough to have him take a seat back behind his desk and click to read the rest.

I was at a 7-11 near my university when I heard someone clearly begging and saying 'please stop' over and over. The noise was coming from the men's toilet at the back, and one of the windows was open...

I saw a couple of men circled around one other guy. He was naked and curled up on the floor. The other guys had PEED on him. It was so obvious by the smell, by the looks of it.

I managed to take a photo without being seen and tip 911 off anonymously.

You might even have seen his story being reported on the news.

The victim didn't know who his assailants were, but he says they obviously knew him since they were calling him by his name while mocking him.

Isaiah the Faggot. Isaiah the Piss Licker. Isaiah the Dick Eater.

Seeing him break down on TV while saying the words broke me, and I knew I had to do more, no matter what.

So I posted the photo on the Internet, and apparently one of his attackers was wearing this limited-edition cap - there was just 50 of them in the whole world. People who sympathized did their own digging, and each and every one of Isaiah's attackers was identified.

All of them but one pled guilty.

The one who didn't...he says he's got mental health problems, and it's his depression that made him do the things he did. He says that not pleading guilty is his way of standing up for all mental health victims. He's even started writing a book about it, and his former-Senator-father is fully supportive about his "journey".

He's been guesting in TV shows all over the country while Isaiah is still too traumatized to leave the house, and then there's me.

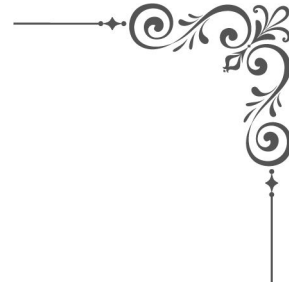
I think he's paid someone to look for me. He blames me for everything's that happened, and last month...someone sent me a letter. Inside was a photo of my parents, and then another photo of me...from that day.

I know he's threatening to hurt my parents if I go to the police, and I can't risk that. I know he's playing with me right now, and that it's only a matter of time...

I know he's just waiting for things to completely die down before he makes his move.

I have no one to turn to, and that's why I'm asking for your help.

Please. Please help me. Please.



#01

My phone rings the moment I step out of class, and I think nothing of it until I answer the call, and a robotic male voice speaks to my ear.

Hello, Sheena.

The whole world vanishes for a single moment, and I'm left all alone with my fear.

He knows who I am.

A part of me expected this, but the knowledge still sucks all the hope out of me, and dragging air into my lungs suddenly becomes a chore. I look around me, but everything is a blur, and my heart feels like it's about to stop beating at any moment.

You knew this would happen sooner or later, Sheena.

You knew.

So deal with it.

Time marches on, and the numbness that's taken my limbs captive gradually recedes. I start breathing again, and with this, I regain the need to survive.

That's better.

This time, I feel like hyperventilating. I have a feeling I know why he's said those words.

You have more color in your face now.

And it's exactly what I feared.

The Devil is here, watching me, and I guess that means either my university was lying about having “top-notch” security...or their best simply isn’t good enough to keep the Devil out.

Start walking to your next class.

Now is the worst time to draw attention to yourself.

Things like this aren’t supposed to happen to someone like me, and the disguised element of his voice only makes things feel more surreal than they already are.

I’m an eighteen-year-old girl in my first year in college. My looks are as nondescript as my grades, and ever since the Devil made me quit my part-time job at the motel for safety reasons, school is the only thing I can write about in my planner.

I’m ordinary with a capital O, the kind that the meanest and most popular girls on campus wouldn’t even waste time bullying. I’m the type of person you wouldn’t even remember having classes with...and yet somehow, I’m the one who ends up in a phone call with a guy who’s supposedly arranged countless unreported deaths of rapists, pedophiles, and murderers.

It can’t get any more surreal than that, can it?

You look like you have something on your mind.

The sudden sound of the Devil’s words nearly has me jumping out of my skin, but even though I’m tempted to lie, I chicken out at the last second.

“I’m worried about what you’d ask of me.”

Ah.

From the moment I answered his call, my mind feels like it’s been spinning farther and farther away from sanity, and the robotic sound of his voice only has my mood creeping closer to the edge of hysteria.

Tell me, Sheena.

It's a struggle to even remember who I'm talking to when the Devil sounds no different from a male-voiced Alexa, but I wouldn't put past it him at all if this is all part of his plan.

What do you think I'll ask of you?

"My nudes." I say this without hesitation, since it's this very thought that has me tossing and turning in bed night after night.

And are they worth asking for?

"Nope."

A strange noise comes out from the other end. I think it's the Devil's laugh, as interpreted by AI.

People usually know better than to lie to me.

Oh God.

I feel like I'm trapped between a rock and a hard place. It's obviously not a good thing for the Devil to think I'm lying to him...but is it going to be any better if he finds out I'm actually telling the truth, and that I do believe my nudes *are* worthless? I'm not exactly the skinniest girl out there, but neither are my breasts the kind that's big enough to *noticeably* bounce.

But because you've made me laugh, I'll let it go, just this once.

I should probably feel relieved at hearing him say that, but his words only make me question my sanity even more. Is panic making me read things wrong...or was that the Devil's roundabout way of saying he thinks I'm hot?

Keep walking, Sheena.

I force myself to get moving again even as my entire body turns cold at the reminder that the Devil still has his eyes on me.

Let's say I do ask for those...

The words make me stumble over my feet.

Would you give them to me if I ask you to?

“Not right away.”

Explain.

“What do you intend to do with them?”

Nothing.

“So why do you want to have them?”

I just do.

“Will other men see them?”

They will be for my eyes alone.

I take a deep breath, and the words eventually tumble out.
“Then yes, I’ll give them to you.”

Just like that?

“The Devil always keeps his word.”

Do I?

My heart slams against the wall of my chest, but I tell myself this is all just a game he’s playing. “People would’ve long stopped asking you for favors if it weren’t true.”

A few moments pass before I hear the Devil chuckle...or at least I think he did. It’s hard to tell with how his voice-disguising software is doing a great job at making him sound like a robot one moment, and a monster the next.

You intrigue me, Sheena.

It’s getting harder and harder not to laugh and cry at the same time.

Most people think I’m boring while the Devil alone thinks I’m intriguing. That must mean something’s wrong with me. Doesn’t it?

So for you, I’m willing to play a game to decide your fate.

This just keeps getting worse and worse and worse.

I suck at games—

Do you have a coin with you?

And I suck even worse when it comes to games of luck.

“Can we play something else?”

I’m afraid not.

Well...at least I can tell myself I tried, and I wouldn’t have to drive myself crazy with endless what-ifs.

Do you have a coin then?

I dig out a quarter from my pocket.

We’ll only do this once, so listen very carefully.

If you flip tails, you will give me your nudes, and you will never hear from me again.

I’m so dizzy with fear I can’t even figure out whether what he’s offering is a good thing or not.

But if you flip heads, you *will* hear from me again, and you must answer my every call.

“But what if I’m in—-”

No excuses.

“What happens if I don’t get to answer your call?”

It’s best that you don’t find out.

I wish I could convince myself he’s just bluffing, but I’ve already heard one too many horror stories about the Devil. If he says it’s that bad, then it surely is.

“And that’s really all I have to do? Answer your call?”

My every call.

“For how long?”

For as long as I see fit.

“And that’s really all you’ll ask of me? Nothing else?”

Yes.

I know I’m missing something here. This is the Devil, after all. There has to be a catch. There has to be. But what?

Do you agree to these terms, Sheena?

My mind is still spinning like crazy, but it's not like I really have a choice. It's the Devil who's calling the shots, and so the only acceptable answer is...

"I do."

Then stop walking, and flip it.

My steps crash into a halt, and in the corner of my eye, I see the other kids looking at me like I've lost my mind when I toss a coin in the air all of a sudden.

It lands on the ground, and my heart starts pounding so, so hard I can barely hear anything over it.

Tell the truth, Sheena. Don't lie. Don't risk lying.

Well, Sheena?

The world around me seems to spin as I hear myself choke out, "Heads."

My fingers tighten involuntarily around my iPhone, and I feel like I'm floating as I wait for the Devil to speak.

None of this still feels real, even though it was only days ago that I had my back against the wall, and I was so desperately terrified I found myself begging for the Devil's help.

Would you like to flip the coin again?

The words are completely unexpected, and they scare me even more for some reason. "I...uh..."

What's the right thing to do here, God?

Make up your mind, Sheena.

Do you or do you not want to toss the coin again?

"N-No." Because only an idiot would choose tails, which would involve sending him my nudes. *Right?*

Another full minute passes.

So be it.

It's the same robotic voice speaking to my ear, but why does it feel like I can practically hear the grimace

underscoring the words?

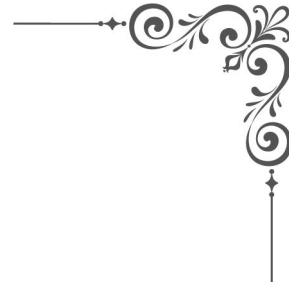
You'll hear from me again.

The line goes dead, and my knees buckle immediately after.

God. Oh God. Help me.

I know I could be dead by now if I hadn't asked the Devil for help.

But what's the point of living if I'm to spend the rest of the days being the Devil's toy?



#02

An entire week passes before I get my second call, and the moment I hear a robotic voice slide into my ear, I realize right away this was all part of the Devil's dastardly plan.

Hello again, Sheena.

The Devil thrives on fear and feeds on despair, and he's been clearly biding his time before making his move. I have no doubt he would've waited a month or even a year if that was what it took. All he cares about is lulling me into feeling a false sense of security. He wants me at my most vulnerable... and that's exactly how I'm feeling now, with icy sweat slowly layering over my skin.

My gaze swerves to the analog alarm clock I have on my bedside table.

6:08 AM.

That's more than an hour earlier than the time I usually wake for class, and I can't think of a single reason why the Devil would want to talk to me this early in the morning.

Do you always sleep like that?

His question has my mind hurtling towards the edge of madness again, and the covers fall away from my body as I sit up and pull my knees under my chin.

He's just messing with your mind, Sheena.

It's just not possible for him to have found a way to spy on me again.

Right?

I imagined you as the pajama-wearing type, but this is a pleasant surprise.

My gaze frantically sweeps all over my surroundings, but nothing leaps out of me. My things are exactly where I've left them, and with shutout roller blinds covering my windows, there's just no way for anyone to see me from the outside.

This can only mean he's lying...unless he's managed to plant hidden cameras in my room.

Is pink your favorite color?

I dive under the covers the moment he says 'pink'.

The Devil is the first man to ever see me in my underwear, and I'm torn between terror and shame when I hear a strange noise emerge from my phone.

It's the Devil laughing at me.

Again.

"Why are you doing this?" I choke out. It just doesn't make any sense for someone like him to waste his time with me like this.

I told you before, didn't I?

You intrigue me.

Oh God, not that again.

Is there no way to 'un-intrigue' myself in his eyes? How can the Devil not see what the rest of the world is seeing? How does he not realize that there's nothing interesting about me?

It doesn't please you, does it?

That I find you intriguing?

"It scares me," I say jerkily.

As it should.

The robotically spoken words only shove my mind closer and closer to its breaking point. He really is the Devil, with

how he tells me I ‘intrigue’ him one moment but then admits to wanting me scared the next.

I am not a nice man, Sheena.

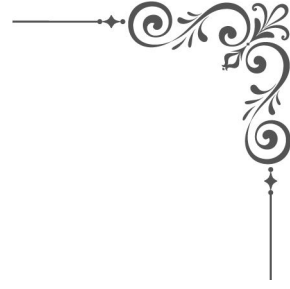
Does he really think I don't know that?

And there is nothing I hate more when someone breaks their word with me.

The line goes dead, and the urge to laugh and cry at the same time now feels painfully familiar.

Nothing about this make any sense, and maybe that's the point of all of this.

The Devil being who he is, maybe all he wants is to watch me unravel call after call, wants me completely broken by the time he tires of me...just for fun.



#03

If it felt like forever has passed before the Devil called me for the second time, his third call is the exact opposite.

Only mere hours have passed since I last heard from him, and I'm three-books-deep in my research at the library when an unregistered number has my phone vibrating in my pocket.

Hello, Sheena.

I can't believe I'm on another phone call with the Devil. That's twice on the same day, and if I didn't know any better, I'd have suspected him of being weirdly obsessed with me.

This is the part I expect you to say 'hello' back.

I can *feel* his reproach despite his voice still being disguised, and I hastily squeak out a hello.

That wasn't so bad, was it?

I make a sound that I'm hoping the Devil will interpret in any favorable way he wants, and I think it does just that when I hear him chuckle in response. Or at least I'm hoping that's a chuckle. It's kind of impossible to tell, when the noise he's just made sounds part animal and part alien.

We should talk about what you're going to call me.

Make these conversations of ours sound as natural as possible...

I don't know whether to take him seriously or not. *That* can't be the only reason he's calling me. Or can it?

You understand, don't you?

“I do.” When it’s the Devil asking the questions, the only acceptable answer is whatever you think he wants to hear.

Ah, Sheena.

I can’t help wincing at how his robotic sigh brings to mind a dinosaur growling in hunger.

Every time you say those words, you make me feel like I’ve asked you to marry me.

I nearly fall out of my seat when his meaning sinks in, and I end up stammering incoherently in response.

“*Wh-what? N-No. I...I...*”

You sound like you don’t think I’d make a good husband.

That almost sounds like the Devil’s teasing me. But that can’t be. Right?

Do you?

A good lover, the Devil will make, *probably*.

But as a husband?

He’s the Devil, for God’s sake. It goes without saying that he’d make the most terrible spouse. But since I’m neither stupid nor brave enough to say those words out loud—

“Marriage hasn’t really, um, crossed my mind?” I’m hoping that’s enough to get me out of harm’s way, but...*nope*.

But if you were given a choice...

It seems like the Devil’s determined to nail me down for my opinion, and it’s all up to me to figure out what’s the best thing to say when he asks me—

Would I be the kind of man you’d like to marry?

I almost end up choking.

No girl in her right mind would even *consider* marrying the Devil, so how do I even answer that?

If I say ‘yes’, will the Devil kill me for lying? But what if I say no, and the Devil kills me anyway for pissing him off?

That should’ve been an easy question to answer.

And the fact that you don't find it so speaks volumes.

Oh God, he's really going to kill me now, isn't he?

"I'm sorry," I blurt out. "It's not you or anything, but it's just, um...I'm only eighteen—"

You make it sound like this is about your age, but we both know that isn't it.

My fingers tighten around my phone, and my heart starts to race like I'm about to fall off a cliff. Everything about this conversation feels frighteningly dangerous all of a sudden, and it feels like we're about to cross forbidden territory at any moment.

Would you like to know what I think?

No, I don't.

I think the reason you've never thought about marriage...is because you're looking for something in particular. And it's something that none of the men around you has.

No, no, no.

I realize all too late that *this* is why I'm feeling on edge. I should've remembered that the Devil has a silver tongue, and I just don't have enough experience to stand against the perfidiously sweet guile of his words.

So tell me, Sheena.

I bite my lip hard, but I know I'm just delaying the inevitable.

What exactly are you looking for in a man?

"I've never...I swear I've never thought of it—"

Then think about it now.

Shameful heat coils between my legs at what he's asking of me, and I want to cry and cry out at the feel of it.

There's no need to be shy.

I squeeze my eyes shut, but it's no use. The Devil has me under a spell, and I can all too easily imagine him *crooning* the words out even with the computerized tone of his voice.

It will be just like our little secret.

I squirm and turn this way and that. I cross and uncross my legs. But everything I do is just painfully futile—

No one else will have to know.

And so the heat pulsing between my folds turns silken even when it's against my will.

Why do I have this feeling...that you've already figured things out?

"I d-don't know what you're talking about—"

You don't truly think I'd buy that, do you?

I wish I could convince myself that this is simply the Devil being masterfully manipulative. That this is merely a textbook case of Stockholm Syndrome at work. But how can I even think that when I haven't even been abducted?

Just tell me what I want to know.

His words feel like a trap I can't escape from, and all I can do is shake my head.

Tell me what you're looking for in a man.

"I really don't know—"

How surprisingly stubborn you are.

"Please." I don't even know what I'm begging the Devil for, but one thing I'm sure of is that he's the one who has the upper hand between us.

Please what?

"Please j-just stop this."

But of course the Devil doesn't heed this, since tormenting me is all he seems to live for.

If you want to put a stop to this, then answer my question.

"I can't."

Why?

"I just can't."

Then shall I say the words for you instead?

Panic bursts out of nowhere, and the librarian shoots me a quelling look from her counter as I jerk to my feet, and the legs of my chair scratch shrilly against the floor.

I'm sure you already know this.

No, no, no.

Deep down inside of you...

I bite back a cry as I fight against the suffocating urge to cover my ears and escape the insidiously magnetic pull of his words.

You've always known this.

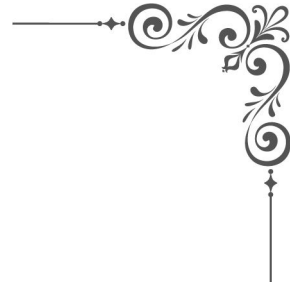
Oh God, it's happening again.

And this time, it's so, so much worse, since it's not just my mind that's splintered apart.

There's only one kind of man that you'll ever pine for in this lifetime...

Madness has also laid seige on my body, and I barely manage to keep myself from writhing as moisture coats my throbbing folds.

And that type of man...is someone like me.



#04

I still feel sick to my stomach when I meet Paola for lunch the next day, and the other girl looks at me in surprise. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“More like the Devil,” I mutter under my breath.

“What’s that again?”

“Er, nothing.”

Paola’s brows meet together in a frown. “Something is clearly wrong, Sheens.”

I give up trying to eat my sandwich. I’ve completely lost my appetite ever since the Devil’s last call, and now I’m thinking, maybe...maybe I need a second opinion about what’s been going on with me.

“Can I ask you something?”

The other girl looks at me suspiciously. “Go on.”

“What would you picture my first boyfriend to be like?”

“Someone gentle and nice.” Paola doesn’t even seem to think twice as she answers my question. “Your typical boy next door basically, and he’s going to treat you like a queen.”

“Oh.”

“You obviously think differently.”

Color bursts in my cheeks. “No, of course not—”

My friend laughs. “Chill out, Sheens. I was just joking.”

I force myself to smile. “I know.”

Paola's gaze turns sly. "This is the first time you've shown interest in boys. Someone's obviously asked you out—"

"No, it's not like that—"

The other girl chortles. "It's written all over your face, Sheens. Admit it." Paola eagerly leans forward with a flurry of questions. "Who is it? Is he in one of our classes? Or yours? How did you—"

Riiiiing.

I take my phone out, and my heart skips a beat when I see an unregistered number listed on the screen.

Paola grins. "It's him, isn't it?"

"There is *no* him."

"Then why are you blushing?"

"I'm not!" Am I?

The other girl starts laughing. "Oh my gosh, you're just too cute. Is this your first crush? First date? First—"

Riiiiing.

I realize too late that I'm in danger of missing his call, and all I can do is wince as I'm forced to answer the Devil's call in Paola's presence. "Hello?"

Hello, Sheena.

I try standing up to leave, but Paola only flashes an evil grin as she grabs hold of my free hand...before yanking me back down.

You sound...distracted.

"I'm not."

Are you with your friend?

"Yes." I'm not even surprised that the Devil knows all about Paola, and all I care about at this point is that I don't accidentally get the other girl involved in my mess.

"Let me talk to him," Paola says loudly, and I'm torn between strangling her or strangling myself.

Who is she talking about?

“No idea?”

Paola grins upon hearing this. “He heard me, didn’t he?”

Oh God.

“I’m talking about you, lover boy—”

Heat invades my cheeks, and I can only feel my face turning a hotter shade of red when I hear the Devil chuckle in my ear.

What have you told her about me?

“Nothing.”

Who does she think I am?

“I...I think you already know.”

The Devil chuckles again, and even though it still sounds like the awful mutation of aliens and monsters—

It seems like I’m *still* under his spell, with how my ears are exercising a huge amount of creative license...that I’m able to imagine myself hearing something silky and alluringly masculine instead.

God, you’re so hopeless, Sheen.

I thought of you all night.

“Oh.” It’s the best I can do, with how his words have me squirming while Paola starts watching me like my life has become her new favorite reality show.

And you, Sheena?

Have you thought of me at all?

“I have.”

Several moments pass, and my heart starts pounding for some reason.

Do you remember what I told you yesterday?

“Um...”

I said we should talk about what you’re going to call me.

Now that, I do remember, and I tell him so.

Have you any suggestions then?

Do you have any name in mind?

“What about Sir—”

There you go surprising me again.

My eyes widen. How exactly have I surprised him? I kinda thought my suggestion would’ve been a no-brainer, since his disguised voice sounds more AI than human.

I never thought you’d be bold enough to suggest such a thing.

Huh? Did I hear him right? How can the name ‘Siri’ be bold in any way?

But I like it.

“I’m...glad?”

Sir.

“Um...what?”

I’m glad, sir.

You said you wanted to call me ‘sir’, didn’t you?

You can start doing so now.

Holy. Holy. *Crap.*

I’m sure you’ll find yourself more used to it with enough practice...

How do I tell him he’s made a mistake?

Don’t you think?

“Uh...”

Uh...what?

“I, um...”

I’m loathe to end this call until I hear you say it.

God, he’s good.

I should’ve known the Devil would get what he wants one way or another, and since he’ll always have the upper hand

between the two of us—

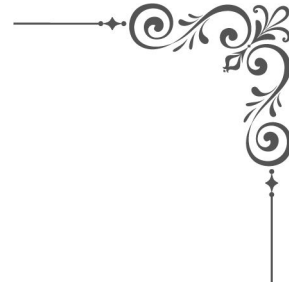
“I also think I’ll, um...get better with practice...*sir*.” My voice is barely audible when I finish, but Paola still hears this with how she’s choking in her laughter.

Good girl.

And then the Devil abruptly hangs up, just as he promised...but this doesn’t make me as happy as I thought it would.

What the heck is wrong with me?

Paola lets out a hoot as soon as she sees me put my phone down. “Oh my God, Sheen.” She looks at me with a mixture of amazement and approval. “Who knew you had it in you to be kinky?”



#05

It's another restless night as thoughts of the Devil have me tossing and turning for ages, and having my years-old electric fan suddenly die on me only makes things worse. I'm hot and bothered in a non-sexual way, and frustration eventually gets me out of bed.

I might be too cheap to splurge on a dorm room with A/C, but one amenity that's been absolutely non-negotiable for me is having an en-suite with its own tub.

There's just nothing like a nice, cool, lavender-scented bath on a hot, humid night, and I set the timer as my eyes droop close.

My trusty analog clock goes off thirty minutes later, and it's when I'm back in my room and feeling light and fresh in my underwear (black and pink because I'm a huge fan of Jenny) that I remember to check my phone.

I missed call.

That's when my whole world crashes on me as I click on my call log, and an unregistered number stares back at me from the very top of the list.

I'm dead.

I try calling the number even though a part of me already knows this won't do me any good, and all I get is an automated message that's easily summed up with just two words: *you're dead.*

I pace back and forth as I try calling the Devil's number again and again, but it's just no use, and I end up falling asleep

on my desk.

My alarm goes off at 7:05 like it always does, but the thought of going to school doesn't even cross my mind. I try calling the Devil one more time—

“The person you are calling is currently unavailable.”

Well, that does it then.

I grab one of my notebooks and flip to a blank page.

~~*Here begins the story of the idiot who lost her life because she fell asleep in the bath.*~~

I feel like laughing and crying again. Should I at least be proud that I've managed to keep my sense of humor even though I know I could die at any moment? I wish I was exaggerating things really, but I've done my research on the Devil, and every single story about him says the same thing.

When the Devil grants you a favor, the Devil will ask one in return, and you are free to say no at the cost of your life.

There are no ifs or buts about this, and there absolutely isn't any exception—

Riiiiiiing.

Oh God, it's the Devil calling.

I wish I could convince myself the Devil can't possibly be shallow enough to take my life for missing his call, but who says motives for killing sprees have to be valid?

Paola once told me about this girl who started shooting people simply because she hated Mondays, and considering how Lady Luck and I aren't exactly the best of friends...

Riiiiiiing.

My entire body feels like it's turned to ice again, and my fingers are shaking so badly I end up asking Siri to answer the call for me.

Hello Sheena.

“Hello, sir.”

You've been writing for quite some time.

I should have expected this, shouldn't I?

But I didn't, and so the realization that he's been watching me for 'quite some time' has my heart dropping to my stomach.

What exactly are you writing?

"Um..."

Now would be the worst time for you to lie.

Even though the Devil still sounds like a male-voiced robot, the warning still sends shivers down my spine, and the whole truth comes tumbling out.

"I'm writing goodbye letters to my parents and friends."

I see.

"But I didn't mention you in any of them, I swear."

I didn't think you would.

This feels like my only chance to make a last-ditch effort to save my neck, and the words just come rushing out.

"I'm so sorry I missed your call, sir." I still remember how I initially struggled calling him that, but now all I'm thinking is how I'd be happy to call the Devil 'sir' for the rest of my life.

That did come as a surprise to me.

"I'm so sorry again, sir. I know it's no excuse, but I fell asleep in the bath—"

That doesn't sound safe.

I suppose he's right, but...it's not like I'm a stranger to danger at this point, being indebted to the Devil and all.

"I'm so sorry again," is all I can think of saying in the end. "I'm really, really sorry, sir—"

You do sound sincere.

"I am!"

But...

Oh dear God, why is there always a ‘but’ when you least want it?

I can’t let you off simply because you apologized.

My rules are not only there for people to trust me.

They’re also there for people to fear me.

You understand, don’t you?

My eyes squeeze shut. If he’s really intent on killing me, then the most I can hope for is a quick, painless death, and since I won’t get that by lying—

“I...do.”

Ah, Sheena.

I remember too late that I should’ve just said ‘yes’ the moment I hear the Devil say ‘ah’ in that strange monstrously alien voice of his.

You do love to say those two words, don’t you?

My cheeks darken as I remember what the Devil’s been inclined to think when hearing said two words. “I’m not doing it deliberately—”

I know.

But as much as I find those words charming when you say them...

His voice trails off gradually, but its effect is instantaneous. I’m having a hard time breathing again, and my heart is also racing triple time because I know.

Of course I know what he’s thinking—

“Please, sir.”

And I’m not opposed to begging.

“I’m sorry.”

He doesn’t say anything, and my stomach starts to cramp as the silence between us gnaws louder. Rays of sunlight have lazily streaked into my room through the windows, but fear has made me blind to its bright, golden rays. Hopelessness has

blanketed my world with darkness, and when the silence becomes too much to bear, I hear myself blurting out my worst fear.

“Are you going to kill me?”

Do you think I’m capable of doing that?

“Yes.” There’s no point denying the obvious, and just hearing my own voice crack makes me feel all the more terrified.

Smart girl.

And let’s not forget intriguing as well.

I’m already praying even before he’s done speaking.

Dear God, if you heard me wish to ‘un-intrigue’ myself in the Devil’s eyes...could You maybe just ‘un-hear’ that instead?

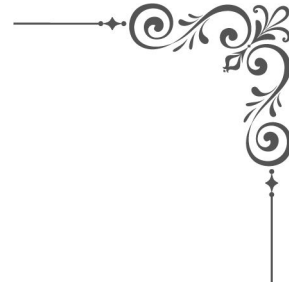
Which is why, instead of killing you—

Oh, thank You, God, thank You.

Anything’s better than getting killed.

I’ll need you to do something for me instead.

Oh, crap.



#06

I've had the Devil in my life long enough by now to know that it's absolutely no coincidence when my phone rings the exact time I reach the address he's texted me.

Riiiiiiing.

It's my first time using wireless buds, and I don't realize my volume needs adjustment until I nearly go deaf as my phone starts blaring out directly to my ear.

Ouch!

Never putting my cellphone on silent is the Devil's new rule, but since I don't like having people look at me because of my phone ringing, I'll need to quickly get a hang of these stupid wireless things before I go deaf.

Riiiiiiing.

I fumble for the controls, and I barely avoid missing the Devil's call for the second time.

Cutting it quite close, aren't we?

"I'm sorry, sir."

Ring the doorbell, please.

I do as asked, and the Devil thanks me in his usual disguised voice. I still find it surreal how the Devil seems to have the loveliest manners every time he talks to me on the phone, but maybe this, too, is part of his plan to keep me from ever regaining my bearings. It's hard to remember he's a cold-blooded killer when he's being so gentlemanly.

My uneasy gaze swings back to the three-story building in front of me. Black slate walls, heavily tinted windows, and double steel doors that make me feel I'm about to enter a vault. But since there's no commercial signage that points to it being a bank, curiosity eventually gets the better of me, and I hear myself ask, "Is this someone's house?"

Most days, it is.

Uh-oh.

I don't think I like the sound of that. I've watched my share of crime thrillers, and it always starts with the protagonist (me) doing something stupid (totally me) and next thing they know, they're already working for the drug cartel and caught between gang wars and—

Click.

The sound of the doors automatically unlocking interrupts my thoughts.

Go on.

I take a deep breath and brace myself for the worst, but all that greets me is a foyer with the same black slate walls and chessboard tiles.

The owner of the place is an acquaintance of mine, Lance Perry.

Perhaps you've heard of him?

"I don't think so?"

He's the official photographer for various European royal families.

My heart drops to my stomach. Does he really think his acquaintance's credentials will make any difference?

You don't seem pleased to hear this.

If I needed more proof that the Devil's watching me again, that would be it, but right now that's the least of my worries.

Why?

"Because I know what you're planning."

Enlighten me.

“I’m here to have my nudes taken,” I say stiltedly. “Aren’t I?”

Strange, alien noise bursts from the other end of the line.

It’s the Devil laughing at me.

Again.

And I’m starting to realize I might have said something stupid.

What is it with your obsession with your nudes?

I slowly cover my flushed cheeks...and scream silently into my hands.

When will you stop embarrassing yourself, you idiot?

I’m starting to think you have a subconscious desire to give me your nudes.

“No, I don’t!”

You can give them to me, you know.

I’d be happy to take them.

“I don’t have any nudes—-”

The combined sounds of laughter and footsteps cut me off, and I glance up to see a distinguished-looking man in his forties descending the staircase. His eyes twinkle as our gazes meet, and he only speaks upon reaching me.

“So...”

His gaze turns keen with interest.

“What’s this I’m hearing about nudes?”

Oh my God. He heard that?

“I, um...” I wait for the Devil to tell me what to say, but all I hear instead is the telltale sound of the call being terminated from the other end.

Well, crap.

The older man chuckles. “Relax, my dear. I was only teasing you. I’m Lance, by the way, and you are, of course, Sheena.”

“Um, yes.”

“My studio is in the third floor,” Lance adds as he leads me up the stairs, “and I’ve got the entire squad waiting.”

I’m torn between wanting and dreading to know what *kind* of squad he’s talking about. The words ‘goon squad’ keep flashing in my mind, and that’s entirely possible, isn’t it? This is the Devil we’re talking of, after all, and—*oh*.

We’ve finally made it to the third floor, and I’m just plain confused this time as Lance cheerfully introduces me to his colleagues, which include a hair stylist, makeup artist, wardrobe consultant, and skincare specialist.

“This will take hours,” Lance warns with another grin, “but I promise you’ll have fun every minute.”



I’M IN A DAZE WHEN Lance’s *glam* squad finally lets me go, and Lance laughs at the way I can’t stop staring at my reflection in the mirror.

Silky, shiny hair? *Check.*

Fresh, glowing skin? *Check.*

Clothes that are actually *presently* fashionable? *Check.*

Suffice to say, every part of me that required trimming, waxing, and shaving *has* been trimmed, waxed, and shaved, and I can’t even remember just how many outfits Lance had me try...before taking a photo of.

A part of me is still worried that those photos of his could be well on their way by now to the highest bidders, but at least they’re not nudes, right?

I kind of expected people would be looking at me when I get back to the dorm, but the way *everyone* is staring at me has alarm bells ringing in my head. I know Lance’s given me a bit

of an upgrade in the looks department, but there's just something about the way they're staring at me...

Oh, so that's why.

Everything becomes clear as soon as I enter my room, which has also benefited from a makeover of its own, and a rather costly one at that.

My old electric fan is gone, and I now have a fancy-looking A/C installed. My secondhand bed has been replaced with something big and new, my old chair swapped for a stylishly ergonomic Herman Miller model, and my en-suite is now equipped with not just a fully-automated Japanese toilet but a state-of-the-art single-person Jacuzzi as well.

I have no idea *how* the Devil made all of this happen in a matter of hours, but what's more puzzling than that is the *why* of it.

Why is the Devil doing this?

Honestly, I'm not even sure if I want to know the truth, and my uncertainty only grows when my phone starts to ring.

Good evening, Sheena.

The sudden change of greeting makes me feel self-conscious, and I find myself stammering in response. "Good, um, evening?"

Do you like your surprise?

I swallow hard. "I, uh, yes..."

You don't sound like it.

"I'm just overwhelmed and confused. I don't understand what this is about."

Are you sure?

Don't make any assumptions, Sheena.

I repeat the words over and over, but it's no use, and I find myself holding my breath. Is the Devil about to tell me...*he likes me?*

You're a smart girl.

I mean...

All of this is like a scene straight out of *Pretty Woman* except I'm more nerdy than, um, hooker-ish, so what else can this be but—

I'm sure you've figured it out by now that this is your
punishment.

I feel like slamming my head against the wall.

So stupid, Sheena!

He's the Devil, after all, and I should've expected that his reasons for doing these things would be something appropriately devilish.

Everything in your room now reminds you of me.

And everything you'll be wearing from here on is what I bought for you.

I know I should know better by now, and not let have anything he say affect me, but...

The Devil's words are still treacherously beguiling as ever, and my legs snap together as heat starts tingling through my body.

The picture he's painting is mesmerizingly sensual, but...

“How is that a punishment?”

It will be once people inevitably start asking you questions.

Humans, not cats, have always been the more curious of creatures.

Sooner or later, they'll want to know how this is all came about—

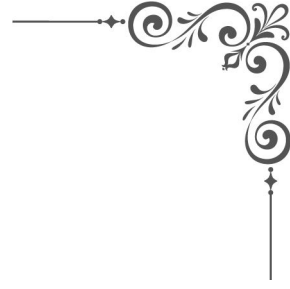
“And how am I supposed to answer them then?”

You'll tell them the truth, of course.

You'll tell them that all of this, and all of you...belongs to me.

“The Devil?”

You'll tell them you belong to *Sir*.



#07

‘I inevitably’ happens as early as the next morning, and I find myself standing in front of the full-length mirror that the Devil’s minions have also added to my room.

Every piece of clothing I have on, from my cotton wrap dress to my lacy pair of underwear, is something the Devil purchased, and every time my skirt flirts around my legs, I can’t help but feel it’s the Devil’s own fingers caressing my unusually sensitive skin.

The other kids in my dorm don’t even bother hiding the fact they’re whispering about me as I walk past, and I’m feeling rather tired and drained by the time I join Paola at our usual table for lunch.

“You’re a local celebrity now, woohoo!” She grabs her can of Pepsi and knocks it against my water bottle in a congratulatory toast.

I make a face at my friend. “Quit it.”

The other girl flashes a cheeky grin. “*Never.*”

“Paola!”

“This is the most fun I’ve had as your friend—”

“Uh...did you just insult me?”

“And can I just say how much I *love* the new you?”

“There’s nothing new about me—”

“Says the girl whose dress is worth ten thousand bucks—”

My eyes widen in shock. “You’re kidding, right?”

“So do your shoes, in case you’re wondering.”

I can’t believe I’m wearing stuff that’s worth *more* money than I’ve ever seen in my entire life.

“Please tell me you’ll stay like this forever—”

“No.” I start shoving mac & cheese inside my mouth in hopes that my friend will take the hint, but *nope*.

“I don’t get why you’re acting embarrassed about this,” Paola remarks with a wrinkle of her nose. “Aren’t you also the same girl who’s told everyone this ‘new’ you—”

“Stop calling me that,” I groan.

“—is all because of your ‘sir’?”

Aaargh.

I knew we’d get to that sooner or later.

Paola looks at me slyly. “You could’ve called him something else if you wanted to hide his identity. But you didn’t. Is it because—”

“He’s very private,” I say weakly.

“Or kinky. He *made* you call him that, didn’t he?”

I fight to keep my face expressionless, but it’s no use, and Paola gasps. “Oh my God, I’m right, aren’t I? *Way to go, girl!*”

I should’ve known Paola would think it’s a good thing I’ve hooked up with someone who insists on letting everyone know I call him ‘sir’, and all I can do is brace myself when I see my friend eagerly leaning forward. I’m sure she’s going to say something more embarrassing—

“Have you had sex yet?”

“Oh my God, Paola.”

The other girl’s face lights up. “Now I get it. He’s kinky, you’re prudish. No wonder this guy’s obsessed with you—”

I cross and uncross my legs at the thought of the Devil being obsessed with me. “It’s not like that—”

“Oh, please.” Paola rolls her eyes at me. “After everything he’s given you, and with how much you’ve changed because of ‘sir’—how can it be anything else but that?”

When she puts it like that, I get why it seems to her that my ‘sir’ is obsessed with me, but will she still think the same thing if she finds out that ‘Sir’ is none other than the Devil himself?

It’s because of my friend’s research that I found out about the Devil in the first place, and since Paola’s the type to have a pretty strong opinion about everything, I can only wonder what the other girl would have to say if she finds out I’ve made a deal with the Devil.

If Paola finds out that the “new” me is merely a by-product of the Devil’s punishment, will she still think he’s obsessed with me...or will she also see things the way I see it, and warn me against letting the Devil get under my skin?

I’m still thinking about this when Paola and I head our separate ways, and I must’ve been so lost in my thoughts that when I turn around the corner I end up bumping into another girl—

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

The furious screech yanks my head out of the clouds, and the first thing I see is Tara Glendale freaking out over the iced coffee she’s spilled on her dress.

Crap.

“I’m so, so sorry—”

“Do you know how much this costs? *Do you?*”

“I’m really sorry again.” Tara may be one of the prettiest faces on campus, but everyone also knows she has the tendency to go off the rails over the slightest provocation. “If you could tell me how much—”

“Do you really think I’d wear the kind of dress someone like you can afford—” Tara suddenly breaks off as her gaze narrows at me. “I can’t fucking believe it. How do you have that?”

“Have what?” I genuinely have no idea what she’s talking about, and I’m only more confused when Tara visibly seethes at my words.

“Are you trying to make fun of me, you bitch?”

I don’t have a chance to answer, with the other girl already throwing the rest of her iced coffee on my face, and her friends laugh as Tara pats my cheek like I *am* her bitch.

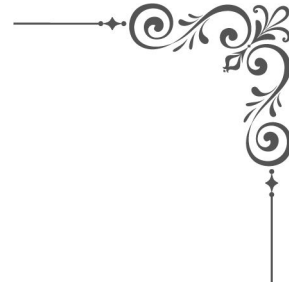
“Now, we’re even.”

She shoulders past me as she walks away, but one of her friends stays behind to show me the photo on her phone.

“Since you’re such an attention hogger,” she says sweetly, “I thought you’d appreciate this...”

The photo she’s uploaded to her Instagram account is my hair and face dripping of iced coffee.

“Don’t forget to like and follow, bitch.”



#08

What seemed like an impossibly long day has finally come to an end, and it takes only mere moments before I'm naked and neck-deep under the hot bubbling waters of the Jacuzzi.

Bliiiiiiiiiiss.

I remember the Devil telling me how he wants every square foot of my refurbished room to remind me of him, and it does. But what I'm too tired to figure out is why thoughts of him at this moment feel more comforting than threatening.

This could be Stockholm Syndrome at work again, or maybe it's because the Devil's been effectively grooming me since Day One, but...why does Tara feel more *unreasonably* evil than the Devil himself?

Ah, whatever.

I'm just going to enjoy my time here in the Jacuzzi and pretend that the outside world doesn't exist—

Riiiiiiiiing.

Or not.

Water swooshes noisily around my body as I hurriedly reach for my phone. One punishment for missing a call is already one too many, thank you very much.

Hello, Sheena.

“Hello...sir.” I feel rather awkward calling him that again for some reason.

I would think you'd be used to calling me that by now, considering how many times you had to explain to other people about me...

My eyes widen. "You can't have been spying on me all day?" Can he?

Can't I?

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

I hope the Devil doesn't think I had fun telling other people I have someone like "Sir" in my life.

Is there something about today that you'd particularly like to hide from me?

"Nope!"

Are you certain?

"What do I have to hide?" Aside from how I'm feeling increasingly strange towards him, that is.

You tell me.

Has anything out of the ordinary happened today?

"Um..."

An altercation with another student perhaps?

Oh, so that's what the Devil was hinting at.

"It was nothing—"

No, Sheena.

Even though the robotic tone of his voice doesn't change at all, I just have this really bad feeling the Devil's insanely pissed.

Anything that has to do with you has everything to do with me.

Don't you dare feel pleased about that, Sheena.

And disrespecting you means disrespecting me.

Don't you dare!

Such disrespect cannot go unpunished—

Whoa.

My back shoots up straight when I realize where his words are leading to. I know I can try insisting what happened was my fault and beg him not to get anyone else involved. But I also know all of it will be useless.

Everyone knows that the Devil's appetite for vengeance is never-ending, but if these days of talking to him on the phone have taught me anything worthwhile about him...

"How about a game?" I force myself to croak out.

Several moments of silence pass before the Devil gives me his answer.

Go on.

I sag in relief against the back of the tub. I know this doesn't guarantee anything, but at least he's willing to give me a chance to change my mind.

"Heads, you won't do anything to Tara—"

Unacceptable.

"Because I'll be the one extracting revenge for myself," I manage to improvise without missing a beat.

If you break your word, you understand that I'll have to punish you as well—

"I—" I almost say 'I do' out of habit but catch myself in time. "—understand."

And the other girl's punishment shall also be more severe—

"What? Wait—"

—than what I originally intended?

"But—"

You didn't really expect to play a game with me and be able to lay down the rules—

I actually did, idiot that I am.

Did you?

Rather than admit to my stupidity, I think I'm going to change the subject instead.

“Can we talk about what will happen if I flip tails?”

Proceed.

“If I flip tails, *we* will decide together on what to do with Tara—” I hold my breath and wait for the Devil to protest against this.

Go on.

Phew.

“But I'll also owe you another favor in return—”

Flip the coin then.

“But I haven't—”

Don't wait for me to change my mind.

Oh crap.

“Let me just get out of the bath and find a quarter—”

Don't bother.

“It will only take a sec, I prom—”

The Jacuzzi has a built-in phone mount at the side.

Use it and put your phone on loudspeaker then look for a coin-flipping simulator online.

I hurry to do everything he asks.

All done?

“Done.”

Share your screen with me.

“I'm not sure how—”

The Devil patiently gives me another set of instructions and guides me step-by-step until the Devil's able to see what I'm doing on my phone.

Flip it then.

I do as asked, and my heart stops beating when it flips tails.

Would you like to flip it again?

I can't help feeling suspicious at the question. Isn't he being a little too nice? "Is this some kind of a trap?"

Do you or do you not want another flip?

"I do——" The words are already out before I realize what I'm saying, and all I can do is fight off a blush when I hear the Devil release a chuckle.

Don't let him distract you, Sheena!

I straighten up in the Jacuzzi and clasp my hands together in a gesture of prayer.

Please, please, please.

I touch the *Flip* button on the screen one more time.

Come on, come on, come - oh, c'mon now!

I can't believe I flipped 'tails' again, and I'd have imagined the Devil was cheating if I hadn't been the one who had chosen which coin-flipping site to use.

Would you like one last try?

Is it just me or is he being a little too nice?

Unable to shake off my suspicions, I swipe back to the remote sharing app, and my heart starts pounding as I start checking its settings——

Oh my God.

I hear the Devil laugh as I sink back under the bubbles with a cry, and it's only my face visible above water.

The app's default settings include having the front cam activated, and all this time I've been happily flipping coins with my naked breasts completely bared to the Devil's gaze and God knows who else.

"W-Was anyone else watching——"

Everything between us will always remain between the two of us alone.

I don't know if I should believe him or not, but it doesn't change a thing either way, does it?

He's seen what he's seen, and he didn't owe it to tell me about the app's settings.

Would you like one last flip?

"Yes." I'm already reaching to touch the screen when the Devil speaks again.

Not so fast.

What now?

You'll need to sit up if you'd like another flip.

I should've seen that coming.

Shouldn't I?

Well, Sheena?

The thought of having the Devil stare at my breasts makes my stomach cramps, but if that's the price I have to pay for another chance to keep myself from owing the Devil another favor...

Smart girl.

Why is it that every instance the Devil calls me 'smart' is the time I feel the most stupid? I can feel my entire body turning red again as I slowly rise from the water like some awkwardly-reborn Venus, and I can feel my nipples shamefully puckering as water laps teasingly against my skin.

Go on then.

Flip the coin one last time.

My heart pounds as I reach for my phone, but it has more to do with the knowledge that the Devil can see how my nipples are fully erect. Even my breasts feel heavy and swollen, and the flesh between my legs has also been tingling nonstop.

Concentrate, Sheena!

I close my eyes and take a deep breath.

C'mon Lady Luck, please, please, please smile at me just this once.

I click the Flip button and hold my breath as the simulator shows a coin flipping multiple times as it slowly falls to the ground.

Lady Luck then smiles at me as she says...

Better luck next time.

It's *tails* again.

Am I the unluckiest person in the world or what?

Who else is able to flip 'tails' for three consecutive tries?

Well, now...

The fire between my legs burns hotter when I see a window pop up on my phone. It's an invitation to a meeting room, and my body feels hot and cold at the same time as I click *Yes* to accept the invitation.

Oh God.

The screen splits into two, with the top half mirroring what my front cam is showing while the bottom half reveals a man lounging lazily in a sleekly stylish armchair and with a glass of liquor in his hand.

God, oh God.

I feel like I'm about to explode with all the emotions churning through my body, and the countless thoughts racing through my head only make things worse. There's just so much to see, so much to feel and think of.

One part of me is unable to tear my gaze away from what my front cam is showing, and I can't stop wondering what the Devil could be thinking or feeling as he watches my breasts with its crested peaks bob against the water with every breath I take.

The other part of me, however...

That part is obsessed with what I'm seeing for the first time. It's a glimpse of the Devil himself, and all I can think of is how devilish appearance is, with his black suit and loosened tie. He looks tall and lean and muscular, sophisticated and powerful.

He looks like the kind of man who would never look twice at a girl like me, so why—

Don't start acting stupid again, Sheena.

Why can't I shake off this feeling that the Devil is enjoying the sight of my naked breasts?

I thought it would take a lot longer for us to get here.

But this is one of the few times I don't mind being wrong.

I've done my best to cling to my sanity the moment he started speaking.

But it's just no use.

Madness has taken over me once again, and I'm already fighting against the urge to writhe as that secret, burning part of me starts to swell and ache.

I have been looking forward to this for a very long time,
Sheena.

God, oh God.

I feel like hiding at his words, but another part of me also wants me to thrust my breasts out so the Devil can stare at them some more.

From the moment you invited me into your life,

I knew I'd be your first.

I squeeze my eyes shut against the sensual impact of his words, but this only backfires on me, and all I can see now are images of a man in a suit drawing me into his world until I'm straddling his lap.

Note to self, Sheena: stop reading isekai manga!

Every orifice of your body will be mine to claim.

I used to think ‘orgasm’ was the most potent O-word there is, but trust the Devil to prove me wrong on this, and when he says every ‘orifice’, oh God...

Your mouth.

My senses spiral into an immoral abyss of lust, and my lips part in a soundless moan.

Your cunt.

My body arches up at the thought of the Devil taking my virginity, and my nipples tauten even more as cold air slaps against my wet, tingling skin.

Your ass.

My throat tightens as that secret part of me begins to throb and throb and throb—

Oh God, oh God, no.

I know what this means. I know what this can lead to if I don’t get myself back under control. I know I can’t let it happen—

They’re all mine.

But it’s too late.

All of you is mine.

Because it’s already happening, oh God.

I know it’s wrong, but I can’t help it.

I can’t stop it.

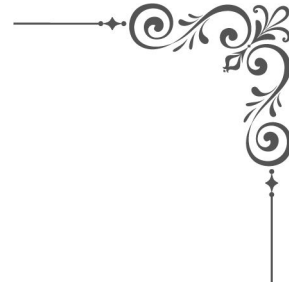
I’m coming at the mere thought of the Devil possessing me.

I’m coming at the sound of his words.

I’m coming while he’s watching me, and I come so, so long and hard, that by the time my gasps and shudders fade, there is nothing of me that’s left—

Because it’s already exactly as he said.

All of me is his now, and this changes everything.



#09

I've heard people say sex is just a human activity that's as natural as breathing and sleeping. Now I know for sure it isn't true. Sex can and will rock your world if it's with the right person...or with the Devil, in my case.

To say I'm in a daze as I put on another new dress would be the understatement of the year. Just feeling its soft fabric press against my skin is an agonizing reminder of the Devil's words. Everything I'm wearing belongs to him, and after last night...a part of me has also become his, permanently.

I've never been the head-turning type, but it seems as if *more* guys are looking my way the moment I step out of my dorm. Is last night also to blame for this? Do men instinctively know when a girl's pussy has finally had its first taste of release?

The more I try *not* to think of the Devil, the more I remember how his voice, even when it's disguised, was more than enough to make my pussy tingle.

Is that even normal?

Or am I just one of those hypersensitive types who can cum at the slightest simulation?

I'm still stunned at what I've allowed to happen, and when I start thinking about how the Devil will make sure it happens again and again—

"Found ya!"

Paola comes out of nowhere as she throws her arms around me from behind, and I pretend to stagger at her weight.

“I’m not *that* heavy,” Paola says huffily.

“I know.” I swiftly shove all thoughts of last night out of my mind and paste a smile on my lips. “I just wanted you off me.”

Paola looks at me closely. “I gotta say...you look amazingly unbothered even with Tara painting a huge target on your back, and everyone convinced you’ve got a sugar daddy bankrolling you.”

Crap.

I’ve been so caught up ~~fantasizing~~ fretting about sex with the Devil that I actually forgot how certain circumstances have made me go from nonexistent to notorious in less than 24 hours.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” my friend asks in a sober tone.

“I’m sure this will all blow over in a day or two,” I answer determinedly, “and everyone will forget about me by then.”

Paola looks relieved to hear this, and I’m glad one of us is buying the lie since no, I’m not actually alright.

At all.

Aside from my newfound notoriety and Tara likely plotting my demise this very minute, I’m also worried about how close I am to emptying my savings account since I still haven’t found a job the Devil considers “safe”, and then there’s my parents asking me to visit them again, and me needing to come up with an excuse to say ‘no’ because I don’t want to risk being around them until my mess is all sorted out.

Phew.

To say I have a lot on my plate is an exaggeration, but as horrible as this is to admit, last night is what bothers me the most.

How can you let that happen, Sheena?

I still can’t believe I was so out of my mind with need that the Devil was able to make me cum.

Devil!

Me!

Cum!

The words pop repeatedly in my mind like gunshots while Paola and I head to class, and my friend looks at me in amused surprise when I start slamming my head against my desk as soon as I'm seated.

“Uh...what are you doing?”

I straighten up with a glum sigh. “Just trying to knock some sense into me—”

Paola chokes back a laugh.

“But I don't think it's effective.”

Our Lit professor enters the room just as my phone starts ringing, and all eyes are on me as I hurriedly go through my dress's pockets for my ear buds. I can't even remember if I brought them with me—

“Feel free to leave the class and answer your phone,” Professor Chant says politely.

“I'm so sorry, Professor, I just—”

The older woman points to the door. “I insist.”

Crap, crap, crap.

I hear other students snicker as I leave the room, and I want to kick myself in the head when I actually do find my ear buds when it's already too late.

Why am I so unlucky?

I plug my ears and walk to the other end of the hallway before answering the Devil's call. “You had me kicked out of class—”

I had.

“You *knew* I'd still be—” I break off when the implication of his answer really sinks in. “What do you mean you *had*?”

I asked your professor for a favor, and he was kind enough to grant it.

Now I'm not sure whether to feel impressed or terrified. How is it that my own Lit professor owes him a favor as well?

Where are you right now?

“Uh, next to the restroom—”

Perfect.

Go in, please.

I'm dying to say no, but the word still hasn't crossed my lips even as the restroom door swings shut behind me.

You're so ~~spineless~~ pragmatic, Sheena.

The Devil tells me to get to the last cubicle, and paranoia has me making sure the other stalls are empty before doing as he's asked. I just have this feeling that whatever reason he has for wanting me to be here, it's likely going to get me in trouble —

Now...tell me what you're wearing.

And I'm right.

“I don't think I can—”

Can't or won't?

“What if someone comes in and hears me—”

Then would you rather show me instead?

Aaaargh.

“No, that's not—”

It's alright, Sheena.

Anything to make you comfortable.

Why is the Devil so good at getting the last word?

Accept the invitation, please.

Polite as always, the Devil is, but...he has to know that manners won't change the fact he's forcing me to do things

against my will. *Right?* I mean, I can say ‘defecate’ instead of ‘shit’, but it will still be the same pooppy synonym, you know?

Is there a reason for the delay?

Crap.

I hurriedly click ‘Yes’, and my phone’s front camera gets to work.

You look incredibly beautiful in that dress.

Don’t you dare take pleasure in that compliment, Sheena!

Don’t you dare!

But now I’m thinking I might have made the wrong choice in buying it.

My brows furrow, and I ask uncertainly, “What’s wrong with it?”

That dress follows every curve of your body.

Every fucking curve, Sheena.

Oh God.

Hearing him drop the F-bomb flips some invisible switch inside of my body, and my mood swings from confused to aroused in a heartbeat.

Have I always been this perverted or has the Devil corrupted me for good?

Do you know what that means?

“I...”

That dress will have every boy on campus staring at you.

And it has, hasn’t it?

I start to say no...until I remember how it did seem to me this morning that more guys were looking my way.

One look at that dress will drive a man out of his mind.

He won’t be able to stop thinking about it.

About you.

And whether those tits of yours are just the right size for his hands to swallow.

Oh God.

I almost wish I've covered my ears the moment the Devil started speaking. The luridness of his words has madness slowly taking over my body again, and it's all I can do not to writhe and moan.

Remember where you are, Sheena!

Did the thought of having men fantasize about your tits turn you on?

“N-no—-”

Don't lie to me.

I look at the phone helplessly, and the expression on my own face is mortifying. “You already know,” I choke out.

Then say it.

I want you to look at the camera and imagine the Devil staring at you as you say the words.

Just thinking about what he wants me to do has me squeezing my legs closed together. “Please...” What if someone suddenly walks in and hear me say—

Having other men fantasizing about my tits turns me on.

Oh God, oh God.

Say it.

My dazed gaze focuses on the phone, and it feels like I'm staring at someone else - a girl whose tits are heaving under her dress and whose lips are trembling as they part open, and the words slowly come tumbling out.

“Having other men...”

Oh God, am I really saying this?

“Fantasizing about my tits...”

I can't stop writhing as I hear myself say something so vulgar.

“Turns me on...”

And there’s no denying it now.

I *am* turned on, more so than ever—

Don’t you feel much better now that you’ve heard yourself
admit the truth?

I look at my face on the phone again, and this time all I see is a girl who no longer cares about other people walking in and hearing what other naughty things she might end up saying... because she’s already completely surrendered herself to the Devil.

The thought makes me want to cry out, but I end up covering my mouth instead because...

You’re no longer alone, aren’t you?

All I can do is silently shake my head while pleading the Devil with my eyes. *Please, please, please don’t make it harder than it already is.*

It’s a pity I’m not there with you.

I’d love to see your face up close and watch you struggle not to make any noise while I tear your dress off.

I can feel myself getting unbelievably wet and swollen at the sinful lure of his words, and my mind seems to have completely shut down since the thought of the Devil tearing my dress off only makes me feel more thrilled than terrified.

Push your dress up to the waist, please.

I barely manage to swallow my gasp. Have I really heard him right?

I want to see what panties you’re wearing.

I’ve just reached for my dress when I hear the restroom door swing open, and a couple of girls come walking in.

God, oh God.

They’re talking and laughing like they plan to be here for *hours*, and yet here I am doing the Devil’s oh-so-dirty work as my trembling hands eventually find their way to my dress, and

my heart pounds harder and harder against my chest as I push my dress all the way up to my waist.

Ah.

I think I really have lost my mind. That sound he just made isn't pleasant at all, so why did hearing it make my breasts swell even more?

Sheer red lace?

You do love to surprise me, don't you?

Did you choose them with me in mind?

I want to say no, but I can't...because I no longer know the truth. Red has never been my color, so perhaps the Devil is right? Have I subconsciously chosen to wear this because I knew there was a chance he'd end up wanting to see it—

Take them off.

Oh my God, say no, Sheena!

Slowly.

But instead I find myself struggling not to make any noise as I step out of them...and slowly, too, just like the Devil asked.

Very good.

It feels all too surreal and agonizingly lewd to have cool air touching the bare folds of my pussy...while the girls outside my cubicle are talking about their homework for *Physics* and the latest episode of *Wednesday*.

Now open your legs wide...

I hear one of the girls says she's going to pee—

And show me your cunt.

—and I feel like I've fallen into a rabbithole dripping of lust as I obey the Devil's command. I part my legs open, and let the Devil's gaze feast on my cunt while another girl enters the cubicle next to mine.

You're dripping wet, Sheena.

The Devil's words coincide with the sound of the other girl peeing, but instead of feeling disgusted or appalled, all I can think about at that moment is how there's only the flimsiest of dividers separating the other girl and me.

I can tell that you're worried about getting caught...

But such a prospect also turns you on.

Doesn't it?

I shake my head, but the Devil only laughs at this.

There's no point lying.

Not with my phone zoomed in on your sweet little cunt.

Did he just say he has his phone...*zoomed in*?

On my pussy?

How about I give you a choice?

Is that his new way of saying he wants to play another game that I'm likely bound to lose?

You can choose to touch yourself while I watch...

Or you can simply end the call and step out of the cubicle.

My eyes widen.

That's it?

There isn't a catch.

If that really is the truth, then can I really go just like that?

Now...choose.

There's only one thing that any self-respecting woman should do at this point.

Right?

But the problem is...

Self-respect is the last thing on my mind when I'm feeling like this, and as my pussy throbs harder and harder with every second that passes, things like logic and morals gradually cease to matter, and all that I have left is...desire.

I *want* this, oh God.

I want the *Devil*.

I want him to keep making me do terribly wicked things like touching myself in a public restroom while there's a girl in the cubicle next to mine, and *God, oh God, oh, oh, oh—*

My entire body buckles as I start playing with my clit, and I can only feel helpless and mesmerized and all the more aroused as my own face stares back at me from my phone.

I look like the Devil's slut with my lips parted open like that, and I hear the Devil release a low, growling sound as I start rubbing my clit just a little faster and harder.

Open your legs wider.

Make your clit pop out so that every flick of your finger will make you want to scream.

The utter wickedness of what he's asking nearly makes me cry out, but when I do as he says and force my legs to open wider—

Oh God!

My clit pops out like he says it would, and even though I manage to keep myself from making any noise, a jolt of tortuous pleasure strikes my flesh at the first flick of my fingers, and I accidentally lose hold of my phone.

Thud!

The other girls gasp at the sound of my cellphone hitting the floor, and I hastily scramble to pick it up.

Don't stop touching yourself.

I stare at my phone in horror. *Seriously?*

You heard me.

"Is someone here?" one of the other girl asks.

Keep your eyes on this phone.

"It's the stall next to Marie's," I hear another girl whisper.

And no matter what—

“Oh my God, I know those shoes.”

Keep playing with your clit until you make yourself cum.

My emotions are a complete mess, and my body even more so when I reach for my clit and start playing with it even as the other girls outside my cubicle start whispering among themselves.

I’m more dismayed than surprised when I hear my name pop out, but it’s as if I’m trapped in a cage of my own making, and I just can’t seem to stop touching myself.

I know it’s only a matter of time before one of them tries to take a peek, but my fingers are still furiously rubbing my clit like having a climax is my only goal in life.

Imagine it’s the Devil touching you.

If it were my fingers on your clit...

How do you think I’d play with it?

The answer to this comes to me hard and fast, just like how I imagine he’d try to make me cum. If it were the Devil rubbing my clit, he’d know I’d want him to be gentle and careful, and that’s why he’d be the opposite.

He’s going to be rough.

Forceful.

Dominant.

And just when I try to imitate how I imagine the Devil would play with my clit—

That’s also the moment I see a pair of hands curling over the top of the door.

Oh God!

Don’t you dare fucking stop.

My fingers continue wreaking havoc over my clit even as a marriage of fear and lust tears through me when I hear the other girls giggle.

It’s only a matter of time before I get caught, only a matter of time when others will see for themselves how the Devil’s

turned me into a slut—

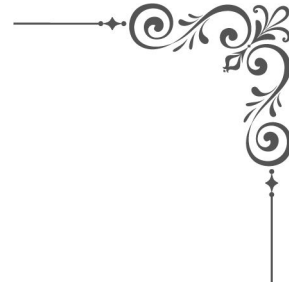
God, oh God, oh God!

Thunderous bolts of pleasure stab my pussy as I start to cum, but none of the girls sees me shatter...since the fire alarm just so happens to go out at the same time.

The girls gasp as they hurry out of the restroom, and no one is around by the time I completely break down, and moan after moan slips out of my throat as sticky, creamy cum gushes out of my pussy.

Oh God, when is this going to end?

I'm just cumming and cumming and cumming, and I cum harder than ever when I hear the Devil say he wants me to leave my panties behind before I leave.



#10

The rest of the day passes in a daze. All I remember is feeling out of sorts, with my heart racing and my painfully bare pussy tingling every time someone looks my way.

I somehow manage to stay sane until I'm done with all of my classes, but just as I'm all set to rush back into the safety of my dorm, my phone starts to ring, and...

It's not the Devil who's calling me.

Unfortunately.

An old friend from high school asks if I'm still looking for work, and in less than an hour I'm already at Hotel Aehrenthal's staff quarters for temps, and Jenna is hurriedly filling me in about tonight's gig. "I know that's a lot to take in, but what do you think? Can you handle it?"

"Sell tons of coffee, make VIPs laugh, but act invisible otherwise. Did I miss anything?"

Jenna gives me a thumbs-up. "I *knew* I could count on you!"

I change into my new uniform soon after that, and I feel like cringing as I stare at my reflection. My bright red apron is cute and appropriate for the upcoming holidays, sure, but the black off-the-shoulder dress under it is a little too skimpy for comfort, and I find myself tugging the dress down every so often when I finally get to work.

Why does Lady Luck hate me so?

I can't believe I'm going around selling coffee in public without a scrap of undies under my dress. Every step I take, every turn I make is excruciating, and I have to constantly remind myself that this gig pays 300 bucks for just three hours of work.

It's half-past eight in the evening when my shift finally ends, and I've only just said goodbye to Jenna when my phone starts ringing.

You were supposed to inform me first before taking any job.

Oh crap.

The Devil's voice is still disguised, but I can easily imagine him biting the words out between clenched teeth.

"It's not really a job," I say weakly. "It's a one-day thing so I didn't think it would matter."

I warned you before, didn't I?

If you're not going to follow my rules, then you should've asked someone else to protect you.

I might have balked if all the Devil wanted was to order me around, but when it's clear that he only has my safety in my mind...

"I'm sorry."

What else can I do but apologize?

"I promise this won't happen again."

I hold my breath and wait for him to speak, but when the silence between us only lengthens, I surprise myself by feeling desperately wanting to *woo* the Devil out of his bad mood.

"Please, sir."

Still nothing.

"Is t-there anything I can do—"

Yes. There is.

The abruptness of the Devil's response catches me off guard, and I can't help feeling apprehensive when he asks me to head over to one of the hotel's private cinemas.

Having an entire movie theater to yourself and your date has been all the rage lately, and while the timing doesn't make sense...what if the Devil wants to use this opportunity to reveal himself to me for whatever reason?

I know it sounds absurd, but I can feel my heart racing when I finally reach the cinema, and I find it completely empty save for myself.

Sit in front.

"Is there anyone else here?" I ask nervously.

It's just you and me.

Does that mean I'm right?

Will the Devil finally reveal himself to me?

I wait for the lights overhead to switch off, but they remain ablaze even as the huge screen in front of me finally lights up...and I find myself staring at a giant-sized reflection of myself.

Oh my God.

"What is this?"

You said you wanted to do something for me.

"That doesn't answer my question." My voice trails off as I notice something about my reflection.

Oh my God.

A gasp escapes me when I realize I can see a large-scale version of my pussy on the screen, but the Devil stops me when I'm about to snap my legs close.

Don't.

I can only squirm as I stare at my exposed flesh, but even as my cheeks flush with embarrassment, I can also feel moisture already lining my folds.

Get rid of your apron.

Heat weaves sinuously around me as I untie my apron from the back before setting it aside.

Are you wearing a bra under your dress?

Should I tell him the truth or—

Don't bother lying.

I can already tell just by looking at you.

"I didn't have a choice." I sound defensive to my own ears, but I just can't help it. "My bra didn't have detachable straps, and it wouldn't have looked good—"

Then you don't have any fucking underwear in that dress?

Not one fucking piece?

"N-no?"

If I ever find out you've gone somewhere again without your underwear without telling me...

I'll make you wear one myself the moment I find you.

I can only gulp and nod, but this clearly isn't enough for the Devil.

You're mine, Sheena.

And being mine means you're not fucking allowed to drive other men crazy with how you look.

"It wasn't my intention—"

Just look at yourself, will you?

My gaze swings back to the screen, and I bite my lip hard at the way my breasts have grown noticeably swollen under my dress.

Do you get it now?

No man gives a fuck about what you intend.

The moment they see you like that, all they'll think about are your fucking tits, and how long they'll have to squeeze and knead them until your nipples start crying out.

If that's what the Devil wants to know as well, then he now has his answer, since his words alone already have my nipples poking against the thin fabric of my dress.

Goddammit, Sheena.

I cry out when I see the camera suddenly zooming in on my chest.

I'm getting fucking mad here, so why are you turned on?

Oh God.

You've become a really bad girl lately, haven't you?

"N-no..." I shake my head in denial even as my nipples continue to pucker up.

If all I have to do is rage and talk dirty to turn you on...

I lift my arms to cover my chest, but when I hear the Devil speak again—

Then how about we make you do something dirtier?

Let's see you turn fucking nasty when you start playing with your tits.

Can you do that for me?

I'm helplessly bewitched, and instead of covering myself I end up doing as he asked.

Imagine it's the Devil's hands cupping your breasts.

I'm cupping my breasts the way I imagine the Devil would do it, play with my tits the way I imagine he would play with them—

Yes, that's it.

Get nasty for me, Sheena.

I just can't stop myself from crying out at his words, and the way the sound bounces against the walls only makes my breasts ache more desperately for the Devil's touch.

I want to see you at your fucking nastiest...

My heart hammers when the camera zooms in at my legs.

So can you open your legs wide for me?

Here we go again...

And now...your cunt.

Hold them open for me, please.

God, oh God.

The way he can sound so terribly polite while asking for something so vulgar is irresistible, and I feel myself growing dizzy with desire as I slowly pull my nether lips open.

More.

Secret parts of my body start to stretch as I pull my folds further apart.

You have such a hot little cunt, Sheena.

I just can't help it, and another moan spirals out of my throat.

Have you ever tried pushing your fingers inside of your pussy?

I shake my head.

Why?

"I...I guess I was scared?"

Scared of what?

"That I'd do it wrong..."

Shall I teach you how to do it?

My eyes widen. "No, I—"

There's no need to be shy.

I'm happy to be of assistance.

"B-But—"

Let's start with just one finger.

Trace the length of your folds.

I can barely breathe as I reach between my legs, and my stomach clenches as my finger comes into contact with my swollen folds.

Move your finger up and down.

Wetness drips down my thighs as my finger moves up and down just like he's asked.

That's it...

Can you feel where your cunt is starting to suck you in?

That's where you push your finger in...

My breath turns erratic as I try pushing my finger in.

Slowly now...

We don't want you taking your own virginity.

Push just enough until the first crease of your finger...

My entire body shudders as about an inch of my finger finally makes it inside of my pussy.

How does it feel?

"S-Strange..."

What else?

"And s-stuffed..."

The Devil makes a sound that I don't think I've ever heard before. Was that a groan?

You do know...that my cock is a lot bigger than that finger of yours.

Oh God.

Don't you?

"I g-guess—"

You don't have to make any guesses.

My cock being bigger than your finger is a fact.

But...what if I tell you that my dick is an entire foot long?

My pussy tightens around my finger at the question, and I feel like I'm about to burst into flames at any moment.

Can you imagine being fucked by a cock that long?

Just *trying* to imagine it is enough to make me moan—

Ah, Sheena.

I can't wait to hear you moaning straight into my ears.

No wireless buds. No phones. No fucking anything but just you crying out nasty things to my ear as I fuck you hard and fast.

Can you imagine how that would feel like?

“Yes.” I can imagine it so, so easily, and I know this isn’t right, but I want it to happen so, so bad.

I want the Devil, and I want to be nasty for him.

Imagine what it would be like to hear my voice.

My real fucking voice telling you how hot and nasty you are.

My pussy contracts around my finger, and another moan ripples out of me.

Imagine my tongue fucking your ear—

God, oh God.

I just can’t take it anymore, and I find myself sobbing out in surrender.

“I want that, too...”

The Devil makes another unfamiliar sound, but I’m already too lost in my need to even guess what it is.

What did you say?

“I said I want it, too—”

Fuck.

Just hearing him cuss has lust licking all over my pussy, and it only makes me more shameless and desperate.

“I want you—”

Fuck, Sheena, fuck.

The software he’s using still makes him sound like a robot even when he’s cursing, but I just want him so much that hearing it only makes me moan anew.

Do you trust me?

The question catches me off guard, and I’m not sure who’s more surprised between us when the answer instantly rolls

down my tongue.

“Yes.”

And as soon as I say it, I realize it's true.

For better or for worse, I do trust the Devil, and that's why

—

Pull your dress down until your tits pop out.

All I can do is writhe and whimper even as I hurry to do his bidding.

Keep that one finger inside of your cunt.

Use your other hand to start playing with your tit.

Yes...that's it.

You've got the most gorgeous pair of tits, Sheena.

More so when they're blown up like this.

The camera zooms in on my bare swollen breasts as he speaks, and all I can do is moan while my pussy starts squeezing tighter and tighter.

Ah, Sheena.

Can you squeeze your tit for me?

As hard as you fucking can.

My fingers bite into the sensitive flesh of my tit—

Harder, Sheena.

Harder.

—and the mix of pain and pleasure makes me delirious.

Your nipple seems like it's begging for my attention.

Pinch it for me please.

What he's asking for is entirely new to me, and I can barely hear anything over the thud of my heartbeat. My nipple grows even more pointed when it's finally between my fingers, and when I finally give them a pinch—

Aaaaaah.

I almost feel like I have to be punished at how sinfully good it feels, to know that the Devil is watching me while I'm pinching my nipple.

Now is not the time to be gentle.

Pinch it harder.

Harder.

Pinch it like you're punishing your nipple for daring to tease up against your dress while its owner isn't around—

I'm shuddering with every wicked word the Devil utters, and my nipples feel like they're about to leak as I alternate between pinching one and the other, and as hard as I possibly can.

Look at yourself, Sheena.

I want you to imagine you're looking straight into the Devil's eyes while you're pinching your nipples...

My world starts to spin out of order as I stare at the large-scale version of myself on the screen.

I can see it in your face...

You're close to cumming.

'Wanton' is the only way to describe the expression on my face, and when I think about the Devil seeing me like this—

Make that finger inside of you move.

Don't push deeper.

Just draw small fucking circles inside of you.

Imagine it's my finger exploring the secret places of your cunt.

That's it, yes, that's fucking it.

Get really fucking nasty and cum for me, Sheena.

Cum for me.

I'm not sure how long my orgasm last this time. It felt like an eternity to be honest, but at the same time, it also felt like it wasn't long enough.

All I know is that by the time he tells me I'm free to go, my legs feel like jelly under me, and my fingers are all thumbs as I struggle to retie my apron.

I feel like I'm floating when I step out of the cinema, but I find myself crashing back down in reality when I bump straight into a man's chest—

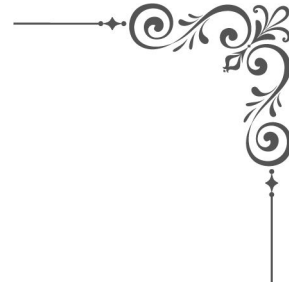
“Sorry.”

“I doubt it.”

That voice.

My head jerks up, and I see *him*.

The man who threatened to ruin my life...and all because I had the courage to report him for destroying someone else's.



#11

The last thing I see is a look of shock on Aaron Bronn's face as I shove past him, and I run as fast as I can without looking back.

My voice cracks as I ask Siri to email the Devil, and I nearly weep in relief when it only takes a moment before my phone starts ringing.

"He's here," I burst out even before the Devil can say a word. "He's here——"

Calm down.

I gave you my word that I'll keep you safe.

Don't make me punish you by acting otherwise.

I find the Devil's threat particularly reassuring for some reason, and I can already feel my heartbeat slowing down.

Where are you?

"I'm still at the hotel——"

Good.

Head up to the second floor.

There's only one ballroom in use.

Enter it.

'Great idea' is the first thing that pops in my head when I hear the Devil's orders, but I find myself second-guessing this when I see the words SNOWDROP BALL displayed on the digital screen next to the ballroom doors.

You can't live in Miami and not know about Snowdrop Ball. It's our local version of the Met Gala, and while I would never in a million of years even *think* of gatecrashing an event like this—

If the Devil says this is where I should go to stay safe, then...

Crap, crap, crap.

People start looking and talking about me as soon as I'm past the doors, and I can see right away why I'm standing out at the worst possible way. Everyone I've seen so far is in tuxes and gowns while I'm *still* in my red Cueshe Coffee apron.

“Oh my God.”

The shrillness of the woman's voice is unfortunately familiar, and I already know it's Tara even before turning around and finding the other girl looking at me like I'm a piece of trash that should be taken away before I start stinking.

“You really are the most desperate social climber there is, aren't you? How did you even manage to get past security?”

That's actually a great question, and I can only guess the Devil has something to do with how I've been able to slip in without any trouble.

“And what's up with that costume?”

“It's a uniform, actually—”

“Is there a problem here?”

The speed in which Tara's sneer shifts into a coy smile has me blinking, and it's a struggle not to roll my eyes when I hear her speak in an equally coy tone.

“Oh, Mr. Adrianov, *hi.*”

A shadow falls over both of us, and I turn warily as a man steps between Tara and me.

Bluish black hair, tiger-gold eyes, and deeply tanned skin.

I've never been the type to keep track of who's who among the rich and famous, but *this* Mr. Adrianov, I have no problem

recognizing.

I think it was about two months ago that he came to my university to hand over a check, and I remember how his dark, good looks had my heart skipping a beat. I also remember going my merry way after seeing him, since I've never been the type to waste time crushing on guys I consider out of my league.

Tara looks up to the billionaire with a regretful smile. "I feel so bad about admitting this, but I actually know this girl ___"

A part of me is completely enthralled by the way Tara is inching closer and closer to the billionaire...until she ends up with her breasts brushing against his side by the time she finishes speaking.

"—and I'm absolutely sure she's not on the guest list."

But the other part of me also knows this is my chance to escape while Tara and the billionaire are distracted with each other, and so I slowly make my retreat while the other girl continues to talk shit about me.

Phew!

I'm hoping I can really lose myself in the crowd this time, but nope.

"Hello again."

Holy crap.

Sasha Adrianov is suddenly at my side, but it's his words that make me trip on my own feet, and I'd have fallen flat on my face if not for the billionaire swiftly pulling me back with an arm around my waist.

My heart pounds as my gaze lifts up to his, and I just know...

I just feel it deep down in my guts—

I'm absolutely certain the fact that his first two words are 'hello again' can't possibly be a coincidence.

It's the Devil finally unmasked, and my mind nearly breaks down when facts and figures I've subconsciously absorbed about him in the past start flashing before my eyes.

Early thirties, multilingual, played basketball in college.

Younger brother of Dmitry Adrianov, and supposedly the more charismatic of the two.

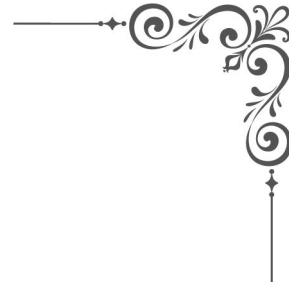
Dated a succession of famously beautiful women, but never reported to have a serious relationship with any of them.

Even though Sasha's reputation is more angelic than devilish, I'm willing to bet my life I'm not mistaken about him, and that's why...

I don't understand...

A gesture from the billionaire has security flanking me on each side, and Tara quickly takes a photo of me as while I'm being led off like I'm some high-risk criminal they can't afford to let loose.

"Don't worry, Sheens," the other girl calls after me. "I'll make sure you'll stay relevant, since you're a famewhore and all."



#12

T*hree weeks ago*

When a secretary was promoted to being the boss's wife, it typically meant a move from working at the office...to living in the lap of luxury. But for [Tahey](#)'s first anniversary, however, what she asked for was her very own corner office... and the coolest gadgets and software to help her catch the bad guys.

Tahey's skills lied in forensic accounting, which typically involved combing through spreadsheets until she found that one anomalous transaction used to illegally siphon funds from one account to another.

It was mostly repetitive but ultimately rewarding work except on a few special occasions, such as when her brother-in-law asked for Tahey's help to empty one of the secret Cayman accounts of a former senator.

Tahey waited for Sasha's nod before initiating the transfer, and her brother-in-law allowed several moments to expire before using their system, which was protected by numerous layers of security, to make an anonymous call.

"Who the fuck are you?" Rage had Aaron Bronn's unnaturally shrill voice shaking as he spat out each word, and the sound, broadcasted as it was through the room's speakers, reminded Tahey of a spoiled little boy throwing a tantrum.

"You sound angry, Mr. Bronn."

"You stole twenty-fucking-five-million dollars from my family," Aaron exploded. "You think I'm going to send you a bottle of champagne for that?"

“I told you I was capable of doing it. You were the one who chose not to believe this...hence the demonstration.”

“*Fuck you, asshole! Fuck—*”

“Do you want me to go after another one of your father’s accounts...or are you now ready to make a deal?”

“Just tell me what you want, damn you.”

“What I want is simple. All you have to do is forget Sheena Pearson ever existed.”

Aaron’s knuckles turned white at how tightly he was gripping his phone. “Are you fucking saying all of this is because of that—”

“I’d advise you to stop there,” Sasha warned between clenched teeth, “if you want to see that twenty-five million returned to your father’s account.”

Aaron couldn’t remember feeling this impotent, and since he had already wasted thousands of dollars at trying and failing to find out who this fucking *Devil* was—

“Do we have an understanding, Mr. Bronn?”

There was only one other person he could focus all of his hatred on, and it was the same person that the Devil wanted him to forget.

“Yes, damn you.”

Aaron was about to hang up when he heard the asshole from the other end of the line release a robotic sigh.

“That might’ve sounded convincing to others, but I’m afraid it’s not enough for me.”

“I already said yes, dammit—”

“And you were lying when you said it.”

How the hell did this asshole know that?

“If you want to continue living...do not go after her again, Mr. Bronn.”

Sasha ended the call with a click of a button, and Tahey looked at him uncertainly. “Is it over then?”

“I doubt it.”

Her brows furrowed. “Then...”

“I’ll have to kill him if he breaks his word.”

Tahey knew she should be used to this by now, but it still had her wincing every time she heard her brother-in-law speak of death so freely.

When she first started working for Strakh, Inc., she had been just like everyone else in the way she could only see the noble side of Strakh: a secret organization ran by *five* modern-day Robin Hoods, and the youngest among them was Sasha, who had struck her as kind and boyishly charming.

It was only after she had gotten to know everyone better that Tahey had come to realize one thing: a person could never work for a company like Strakh without harboring some semblance of darkness to begin with, and neither she nor Sasha were exceptions to this.

“Just spill it out, Tahey.” Sasha could tell by the way his sister-in-law was gnawing on her lip that she had something on her mind.

“This case isn’t like your usual, is it?”

Sasha’s expression turned disbelieving. “Bronn is just a boy. Are you genuinely worried I won’t be able to handle him?”

“No, it’s not that, *at all*,” Tahey hastened to assure him. “I’m actually more concerned about, um, well...her?” She saw his gaze turn hooded, and Tahey knew right away her instincts were right on the mark.

“She’s special to you, isn’t she?” Tahey asked eagerly. “I’ve never seen you *this* invested—”

“*Tahey...*”

“I know, I know. You always say you’re *not* looking for love, but what if you don’t have a say, since love’s already found you?”

Sasha's expression turned pained. "Are you seriously trying to matchmake me with one of the Devil's cases?"

"Can't I?"

"She knows me as the *Devil*, Tahey."

"So? I'm sure she knows you're not *bad bad*—"

"I kill people, Tahey. How is that not bad?"

"Can I just be honest?"

"Since my older brother is likely to kick my ass if I say no..." Her brother-in-law subjected her to a dry look. "Yes, please, do be honest, Tahey."

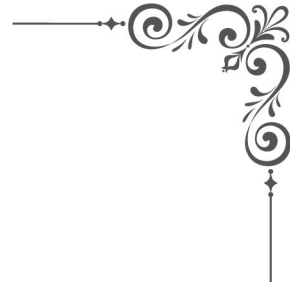
"I have this feeling you're being unusually sarcastic, but..." Tahey smiled brightly. "You did say I can be honest, so let me just say that *you*, dear brother-in-law, have always been too hard on yourself. You chose to become the Devil because you blame yourself for your sister's death—"

A smile wobbled to Tahey's lips when she saw the way Sasha stiffened. "And we both know that's not true at all."

"Don't turn me into a saint, Tahey—"

"Then don't buy into your own hype and start believing you really are the Devil. You're *not* evil, Sasha. You never were, never will be, so if this girl is really special to you—"

"She *is* special," Sasha bit out, "and the only way she'll stay special is if I get the fuck out of her life as soon as this is all over."



#13

The billionaire's bodyguards walk me out of the ballroom through the fire exit, and they're quick to let go as soon as the doors swing close behind us.

"Mr. Adrianov asks that you wait for his call, Ms. Pearson."

I stumble back a step upon hearing what they've called me, but they're already walking back to the ballroom before I can say a word.

Fear assaults my senses as soon as I realize I'm all alone, and I run as fast as I can until I'm out of the stairwell. My heart pounds frantically against my chest as I find myself back in the lobby, and there's this tiny part of me that's already drowning in despair.

This is the end, isn't it?

Aaron has to be looking for me right now.

And he'll find me before the Devil can.

Nausea threatens to claw out of my throat as I make my way out of the hotel and take the bus back to the dorm.

You're okay, Sheena. You're okay. You're okay.

I nearly jump out of my seat when my phone starts to ring, and my fingers curl against my lap. "Hello?"

"Is it true?"

I don't know whether to feel disappointed or relieved that what I'm hearing from the other end is Paola's voice and not the Devil's.

“Sheen? Can you hear me?”

I clear my throat and force myself to concentrate on Paola’s words. “Sorry, what was that again?”

“Have you seen Tara’s Instagram story? I want to know if it’s true—”

“I...I don’t know. What did she post?”

“She has a video of you being escorted out by security from some party you supposedly gatecrashed—”

“It’s true,” I admit stiltedly.

“And?”

“What do you mean ‘and’?”

“I *know* you, Sheen. You’d never gatecrash a party without a valid reason, so that can’t be the whole story. There’s more, isn’t there?”

The conviction in Paola’s voice means the world to me, and I realize that while I may not be lucky with most aspects of my life, I sure hit the jackpot in the friend department.

“Thank...you.” My voice catches in the end.

“Oh, Sheen.” Paola’s voice fills with worry. “What’s wrong?”

How do I even begin to answer that?

Tara wanting to turn me into some social-climbing psycho I can care less about, but...I’ve just bumped into the man who threatened to ruin my life while the other man I asked help from turns out to be a billionaire I don’t think I can or should trust.

Those are just *some* of the things that aren’t right about my life, but I also know I can’t talk about any of it to Paola and risk having her involved in my mess. And besides—

“Can we just talk later?”

“Oh, um, sure. Take care of yourself, do you hear?”

I’m getting this feeling that Paola thinks I’m in a hurry to end the call because I don’t want her to hear me bursting into

tears, but it's not like I can tell her the truth—

“Hello, Sheena.”

Like the fact that I have the Devil on call waiting, and oh God...

It's my first time to hear his voice - his *real*, undisguised voice purring into my ear, and the sound of it has my knees wobbling as I hop off the bus.

“I'm sorry I had you thrown out of the ballroom like that.”

I want to know why he's done that, obviously, but right now there's something else more pressing that I want to know about.

“It's really you then?” I whisper. “The Devil?”

“Yes.”

Hearing him admit this so easily has me walking really, really fast, and still keep walking even when I realize it's a subconscious attempt to run away from reality.

Sasha Adrianov is the Devil.

Isn't that too crazy to be true?

“I know you have a lot of questions,” he says quietly, “and you can ask me anything you want, and I'll answer all of them. But right now, let me ask the questions first.”

“W-What kind of questions?”

“First of all, I need to know if you're alright. Has he hurt you in any way?”

I almost answer him outright, but I hesitate in the end because things have changed...now that I know who he is.

“Sheena?”

Hearing him say my name so normally like that makes me bite my lip and take the longer and darker way back to my dorm. It's not a particularly scenic route, but at least I know there'll be fewer people likely to see me crying if I do end up breaking down.

“I need to know why you’re doing this,” I say jerkily. How can I trust him if it turns out that what’s life and death for me...is nothing but a game to him?

“This isn’t the time—”

“I don’t trust *you*, okay?” He’s a *billionaire*, for God’s sake. What good reason can he possibly have to keep risking his life to help people like me?

“You don’t trust me as Sasha, fine. But you trust me as the Devil...don’t you?”

Oh God.

Why is this man so good at twisting things to his advantage?

“Just think of me as the Devil for now, Sheena. We need to take things one step at a time, and right now, if you need to forget who I really am so we can move forward, then just think of me as the Devil. Can you do that for me? Please?”

I think...it’s that ‘please’ that gets me.

It’s the Devil being polite as always, and it’s *that*, above all else, that makes me realize Sasha Adrianov is still the Devil I trust...even when it’s also possible that he’s a billionaire who happens to think it’s fun to occasionally play Batman in real life.

“Can you, Sheena?”

I take a deep breath. “Alright.”

“Then answer my question earlier. Are you alright?”

“I’m...fine, I guess.”

“Did he try to hurt you in any way?”

“He...didn’t have a chance to. I ran away as fast as I could.”

“I have men tailing Bronn,” the Devil says curtly, “and they’ve been instructed to keep him from ever getting close to you. They’re also in regular contact with the team of men I have watching over you 24/7.”

It says a lot that I'm not even the slightest bit surprised to hear any of this.

"The only reason the two of you ended up in the same place is because you chose to take a job without having me vet it first."

I *knew* that would come back to bite me in the butt sooner or later.

"I'm sorry. I...I promise I'll do whatever you say—"

"Do you mean that?"

The way his voice suddenly hardens makes my stomach cramp.

"Why do I have a feeling you're about to ask me to do something crazy?"

"That's not the answer to my question."

Crap, crap, crap.

I'm tempted to turn and look around me. I just have this really bad feeling that wherever I am now could be my final resting place if things go south, and well...

The good news is that this part of the university has always been considered rather isolated, which makes it an ideal spot for students wanting a secret place to make out.

The bad news, however...is that the nearest school building is a good ten minutes away, which also makes it an ideal spot for killing girls like me.

"What's it to be, Sheena? Do you trust me enough to do what I say without question?"

The cramps gripping my stomach worsen when I think about all the scary things he could ask me to do. But at the end of the day, there's only one answer I can give him.

I almost say 'I do' but catch myself in time. "Y-yes," I say instead. "Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it—"

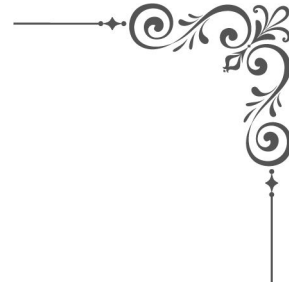
"Then listen to me very carefully."

God, oh God.

“Bronn has been following you for some time now. He’s going to make his move at any moment—”

Oh God, it’s so, so hard to breathe.

“And we’ll let him.”



#14

I feel like I've been walking with my heart in my throat for an eternity...that I feel actually relieved when I finally hear footsteps following behind me...just before someone presses the end of a gun against my back.

“Guess who, bitch?”

The words come out in a strange, high-pitched snarl. I've heard this guy talk more than a few times on TV, and now I'm starting to wonder if his voice in those interviews has been auto-tuned to death before broadcast.

“I'll shoot you if you fucking scream or make any sudden movements. Got that?”

All I can do is nod, but he still pokes my back with his gun for the second time.

“I mean it, bitch.” He suddenly grabs my hair to yank my head back. Don't fucking try anything.” He shoves me away right after, and I nearly fall to my face. “Now turn around slowly...”

Aaron smiles at me as soon as our eyes meet, and even though I believe with all my heart that the Devil will protect me just like he promised—

Old habits die hard, and Aaron's creepy smile makes me weak in the knees in the worst possible way.

I look into his eyes, and all I see there is my past being reflected back at me. All I see are the nights this man had me either crying helplessly in the dark or locking myself in the bathroom while I hyperventilate.

Aaron asks for my phone and starts smashing it under the boot of his shoe, but all I can think about is how this *asshole* had me wanting to jump out of the window because I would rather die than have him risk hurting my parents.

“You’ve been so fucking lucky,” Aaron gripes.

Lucky?

Me?

Is that supposed to be a joke?

“I’ve been planning to fucking kill you for so many weeks now, but it’s like I’ve got the whole fucking universe conspiring against me.”

While my instincts tell me that it’s the Devil and not the universe that’s been working against him—

“I’ve had food poisoning at one point, and some jerk slashed my tires the other day...”

It’s his endless whining that makes me realize how weak and foolish I’ve been, to have let a man like Aaron turn my life upside-down with his threats.

“It’s been one fucking thing after another—”

My fears have transformed him into this scary, larger-than-life boogeyman...when in truth he’s nothing but a man who can only rely on his family’s money and power to get his way.

“And that’s the only reason you’re still alive.”

But just as Aaron slowly raises his gun, another voice interrupts us—

“I’m afraid you have it all wrong, Mr. Bronn.”

I *know* that voice, and if the terror that flashes in Aaron’s eyes is any indication, it seems like he knows it, too.

My heart thunders against my chest when I see the Devil stepping out of the dark.

“Don’t come any closer,” Aaron yells out shakily.

“You look frightened, Mr. Bronn.”

“F-Fuck you!”

“You’re right to feel scared of me,” the Devil says softly. “You may not be prepared to hear this, but the only *reason* you’re alive is because she’s alive...and for the past few weeks, my men have been working hard to keep you from making the worst mistake in your life.”

The Devil takes another step forward, and Aaron’s expression turns slightly hysterical. “I said don’t fucking move ___”

“I warned you, didn’t I? You were supposed to forget she ever existed—”

“Fuck you!”

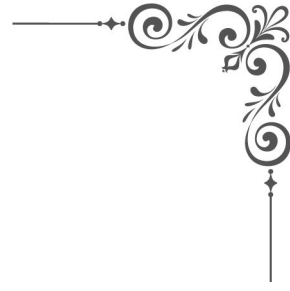
Multiple things happen all at once after that.

Aaron is about to pull the trigger when the Devil lunges at him, and my whole world turns into a tearful blur when the Devil snatches the gun out of Aaron’s hold...and shoots the other man using his own gun.

I’m already sobbing by the time I crash down on my knees.

Oh God, finally.

It’s finally over.



#15

I'm not sure how much time has passed...or how much whiskey I've consumed when my nerves finally calm down, and memories start trickling back in. I remember the Devil swiftly leading me away as Aaron's body falls to the ground, and I remember his men walking past us as the Devil bundles me inside the backseat of his limousine.

"Feeling better now?"

I find myself swallowing hard as the Devil's quiet voice penetrates my mind. I'm not sure if 'better' is the right word to describe how I'm feeling, since all I can suddenly think about is the look on Aaron's face when he realizes he's been shot.

"Is Aaron..."

"He's dead."

My blood turns cold even as relief washes over me. I've done enough research on how the Devil operates to know that come morning, the stage would've been perfectly set. No one will have any reason to even suspect foul play having a hand in Aaron's death, and while I'm glad...I'm really, really glad that I'm finally free from Aaron Bronn's threats, and that I no longer have to live in fear about getting my parents in trouble...

Guilt still razes my heart as I find myself wondering if there was something else I could've done—something that might have put an end to his threats without having Aaron die.

"Don't waste your tears on him."

I don't even realize I'm crying until I hear the Devil speaking from the seat opposite mine, a forbidding expression on his handsome face. "Assholes like him would never stop making your life hell. And they would never hesitate to hurt the people you care about just to see you suffer. He *had* to die. Do you understand?"

"I do."

The words are already out when I remember too late they're the last thing I should've said—

Every time you say those words, you make me feel like I've asked you to marry me.

—but I actually find myself welcoming the blush stealing over my cheeks. It's exactly the distraction I need to stop thinking about Aaron's death.

"I didn't mean anything by it, I swear."

A slight smirk touches the Devil's lips. "I'm not sure I believe you."

Honestly, I'm not sure I believe myself either...since it's just occurred to me that with Aaron no longer alive to threaten me, does this mean I'll never see the Devil again after this?

Golden eyes narrow at me, and I'm not sure if I should be glad or dismayed at how swiftly the Devil's able to pick up on my mood. Is he able to read me so easily because I'm special to him? Or is it only because my face is an open book? Because if it's the latter...then doesn't that mean the Devil would also know that I'm...in love with him?

"What is it? You look troubled."

I'm unable to speak as I stare at him. I've *never* allowed such a thought to cross my mind until now, and maybe it's because I was already subconsciously aware of the truth.

I'm in love with the Devil, and I think I have been so for some time.

"Sheena?"

"What's going to happen now?" I ask jerkily.

“What do you mean?”

“Now that this is all over...”

His lips tighten, and my heart sinks to my stomach.

“I’m not going to see you again after this,” I whisper. “I’m right, aren’t I?”

“Yes.”

“And was that your plan all along?”

“It was.”

I’ve always known the Devil could be ruthless, but it still hurts to hear the utter absence of emotion in his voice.

Just let him go, Sheena.

I asked for his help, and the Devil protected me as he promised. I have no reason to keep him from leaving, but...

“Does it have to be this way?”

“Yes.”

An almost crazed laugh escapes me, but this only has him leaning back against his seat like I’m starting to bore him.

“Is that all you can say?” I choke out. “Are you just going to keep saying ‘yes’—”

“Yes.”

He might as well have told me to fuck off, and while I know this is the part I should salvage what pride I have left and leave...

I just can’t.

Don’t say it, Sheena. Don’t say it, don’t say it.

I don’t have any pride where the Devil is concerned, and that’s when I hear myself whisper, “I love you. D-Doesn’t that mean anything to you?”

Please God, please.

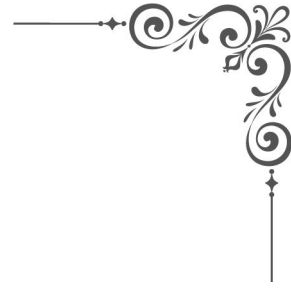
I don’t need the Devil to love me back right this moment.

All I want is a chance for me to stay in his life and win his heart.

That's all I'm asking for, but life right now...just seems to enjoy kicking my butt, since all the Devil does in return is knock on the window, and someone from outside immediately opens the door for me to leave.

“There's no way someone like me should ever end up with someone like you.”

His words flay my heart like a whip, and the last straw... the very last straw that breaks my heart into pieces is how courteous he still sounds when he tells me to *please* step out of the car and leave.



#16

The weeks that followed saw Sasha doing his fucking best to put Sheena out of his mind, but she was not making it easy at all. She called, emailed, and texted him all the fucking time, and he just couldn't fucking find it in him to block her from contacting him.

Why couldn't he forget her, dammit?

With thoughts of her haunting every fucking second of his life, and his resolve weakening with every attempt she made to speak to him...it finally occurred to Sasha that perhaps he was going about this the wrong way.

It might be impossible to make himself forget her, but what if he did it the other way around?

What if he did something that was sure to make Sheena want to forget him?

The thought infected his mind like poison, and as more days passed, and the urge to hear her voice and see her face became harder to ignore—Sasha just fucking bit the bullet and did it.

He headed to the club that he co-owned with the other members of Strakh. Had his photo taken while pretending to have a goddamn blast partying with other women. The thought of how all of this would hurt Sheena made him feel sick to his stomach, but he told himself that he was doing this for her sake.

An angel like her isn't supposed to end up with a devil like him.

The words brought no comfort at all, but they were all Sasha had, and he had to remind himself of this again when he realized the next day that he had finally gotten what he wanted.

There were no new texts, no new emails or any kind of message from Sheena.

He had finally gotten rid of her for good.



DMITRY WAS NOT THE type to meddle in his brother's affairs. But he also remembered the time when it was Sasha's meddling that helped him get back with Tahey...and so he also knew it was time to return the favor, with how his younger brother had only become more withdrawn in the past few weeks.

Sasha's face turned expressionless when he saw who it was that had entered his office unannounced. "Not your style to come barging in like this, is it?"

"Don't pretend you didn't know you had this talk coming."

"I don't want to talk about her," Sasha gritted out.

Dmitry raised a brow. "Did I say anything about a woman?"

Sasha cursed under his breath, and Dmitry's gaze narrowed at his younger brother. "Why are you punishing yourself like this? Talk to me, dammit—"

"Because she's better off without me," Sasha growled. "She's not like Tahey. She didn't grow up surrounded by death. Aaron Bronn was the worst thing that happened to her, and you and I both know that boy is no worse than a kindergarten bully compared to the other guys we've gone after. *That's* why I fucking know she's better off without me —"

"Are you actually hearing yourself right now?" Dmitry snapped. "Do you really not know how fucking stupid you sound? *We* were all like Sheena at one point in our lives... remember? You and I, Tahey and the others... we were no

different from Sheena at the start. But we survived, didn't we?"

Sasha's fists clenched. "I don't want her to *survive* anything. That's why I'm staying away from her—"

"Then let's just say you're fucking right. Let's say that she really is better off without you. What makes you think life's always going to be safe and rosy for her just because you're not around? What will you do when something bad does happen...and you weren't by her side to protect her from it?"

Sasha could feel himself whiten as he realized what his brother was driving at.

"No one has the power to stop life from getting shitty," Dmitry said quietly. "You and I know both know that better than anyone else, after what's happened to Paige."

Sasha had a hard time breathing as he listened to his brother's words.

"Loving another person is more than a choice of leaving or staying that person, Sasha. If you choose to stay away from her for good, then you're choosing to let her fight her own battles all on her fucking own...or you can choose to stay. You can choose to fight by her side and fight for her because you love her."



DMITRY'S WORDS STAYED with him even when his brother was long gone, and by the end of the day Sasha could no longer find it in him to keep resisting. He took his phone out, and he slowly started going through the scores of unread messages Sheena had sent him since he disappeared from her life.

So...I've been trying to figure out why you think we shouldn't end up together, and I just want to know if it's because you think I might become a liability to the Devil? That's it, isn't it?

Um, hey. I just thought you should know I've started taking lessons in self-defense. It might take a while, but I promise I'll

be strong enough to stay by your side, and I can be like the Devil's...minion?

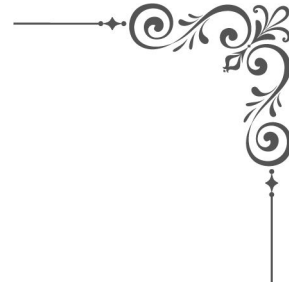
I hate that I'm going to sound like I'm some obsessed stalker here, but can you call or text me when you have the time?

Please stop ghosting me. If you don't want to have anything to do with me, then just say it.

Just tell me what's going on. I don't want to believe that it's really over between us just like that.

The last message was sent a day before he had gone to the club and had his photo taken with other women. She had stopped trying to contact him after that, and the realization had Sasha tasting fear for the first time in years.

Was it already too late for him to fix things?



#17

Since basketball is the only team my university is good at, game nights are always the best time to see and be seen, and it's why I've *never* tried watching one...until now.

"I promise you'll have fun," Paola says.

"I'm sure I will." That's a lie, of course, but Paola has been trying to cheer me up for weeks, and I know I've been driving her crazy with my refusal to tell her why I've been acting all empty and heartbroken all this time.

The arena is already filled to the rafters when our tickets are scanned and we're cleared to enter, and both sides of the crowd are busy hyping themselves up by cheering and booing against each other nonstop.

I'm not sure how Paola's managed to score us seats that are right behind the players' bench, but one thing I do know is that this is a sure way of asking for trouble. This has always been where Tara and her friends are seated, and those girls won't take kindly to losing their "spot" to someone like me.

"Hello, Sheena."

I can feel myself paling as the Devil comes out of nowhere to take the seat next to mine. I've tried so, so hard to forget him, and I think that's why he seems so much more gorgeous than I remembered. He really is beautiful, and just looking at him makes me feel so, so stupid, to actually assume that we had something going on.

"May we talk?"

I remember how I used to *love* the way he sounds so courteous all the time, but all it reminds me now is how he asked me to *please* step out of his car, and how his face hadn't changed at all even when I know...I know he saw me already crying, and it hadn't stopped him from leaving me.

"Sheena..."

Just hearing him say my name kills me, but when I rise to my feet, he's just as quick at tugging me back, and I end up falling straight onto his lap.

Why won't Lady Luck ever side with me? Why?

I try getting up, but this only has his arms tightening around me.

"Will you let me go?" I hiss under my breath.

"Not until you hear me out," he says tautly.

"Don't you have other girls—"

"It wasn't real," he grates out. "What you saw in the photos, me partying with other women and acting like I have a harem at my disposal...I set it all up so you'd leave me alone."

Don't cry, Sheena. Don't cry.

"I wanted to make you forget me...because I couldn't make myself forget you. That's why I never replied to your messages or answered your calls. I knew if I risked hearing your voice or seeing you just once...I'd never be able to stay away from you."

He's saying all of the things I want to hear, but I can't let myself believe him just like that.

"I thought it was better for you that I stay away—"

"You mean it's better for you," I choke out. "You said it yourself, remember? Someone like you shouldn't be with someone like me—"

"I still think that—" The Devil whitens when he sees me flinch. "You can't possibly..."

“Why are you here when you still think that?” I ask painfully. “If you think you’re too good for me—”

“*God, Sheena.*” The Devil cups my face. “Are you fucking serious?”

“You were the one who said—”

“You misunderstood,” he says fiercely. “A devil like me shouldn’t be with an angel like you. That’s what I meant, and that’s still how I fucking feel. Someone good and pure like you should never be with someone like me—”

I can only shake my head. “Why would you think that?”

“Do you really have to ask?” the Devil asks hoarsely. “You know who I turn into in the cover of darkness. You know about the things I’ve done, the things I’m capable of doing—”

“And what *have* you done exactly?” I ask jerkily. “You’re the man who taught me p-pleasure. The man who gave me pretty things to wear a-and turned my room into a h-haven. You’re the man who *saved* me...aren’t you?”

I know I could’ve made this a lot harder for him, and he would’ve let me. I know I could’ve asked him to beg me on his knees, and he would have. I know I could’ve asked for the moon and stars, and he would’ve killed himself trying to reach them just to earn my forgiveness.

I know I deserve to make him pay, but after everything that’s happened and seeing how Aaron could lose his life in a snap—

“Can you please just tell me what I want to hear?”

The Devil sucks his breath in, and tears start falling down my cheeks.

“You’re supposed to make me beg,” he says rawly.

I shake my head at him. “That’s still not what I want to hear.”

“I don’t deserve this—”

“Just say them, please.”

“Can I—” His fingers visibly shake as he slowly traces my lips. “—show you instead?”

The Devil slowly lowers his head, but just as his lips are about to touch mine, someone’s started screeching right in front of us, and I could’ve cried as the Devil swiftly pulls away.

“Let go of me! Don’t you know who I am?”

The Devil’s lips curve when he sees my dismay. “We’ll continue this later,” he promises. “But for now…”

I snap back to reality as soon as I see Tara being held back by the Devil’s bodyguards in front of us.

“Déjà vu,” I whisper without thinking, and the words have Tara looking at me in hatred even as the Devil besides me laughs.

“I suppose you can call it that,” he murmurs, “although we’ve just gotten started.”

My eyes widen, and I look at him in horror. He can’t possibly mean he’ll still have Tara killed—

The Devil bends his head back down so he can whisper into my ear. “You took too long to decide what her punishment will be, so I decided it was time to take matters into my own hands.”

What does that even mean?

Is he or is he not going to kill her?

The Devil rises gracefully to his feet, and my feelings seesaw between worry and jealousy when I see him bend his head, and it’s Tara’s turn to hear the Devil whisper into her ear.

Don’t be shallow, Sheena!

The Devil steps back from Tara just as another one of his bodyguards comes forward with a cup of iced coffee in his hand.

Déjà vu, I can’t help thinking again.

And it does feel exactly like that...when Tara has everyone gasping as she abruptly takes the cup of iced coffee from the bodyguard...before splashing its contents on her own face.

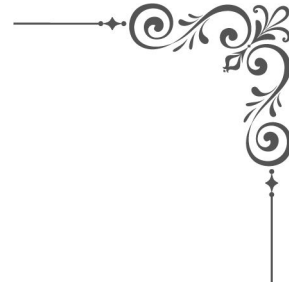
Everyone in the arena gasps, myself included, and but I don't have the chance to feel bad with the Devil already taking my hand in his.

"It's time," he says softly.

My heart skips a beat, but just like it always is when I'm with this man, I'm not sure if I'm afraid or excited or both.

"Time for what?"

"To give yourself to the Devil."



#18

It's a weird walk of shame to have *everyone* looking at us wherever we go, and I can see some of the other students we've walked past start smirking when they realize the Devil is taking me back to the dorm.

If I were with any other guy, I might have probably attempted to lie and say this is just a study date, but...

Let's be real.

Sex is the only thing any girl would be thinking about, once she's alone in a room with a man like Sasha Adrianov.

And I'm certainly no exception, with passion exploding between us the moment he closes the door, and our gazes collide as he turns to look at me.

Oh God, thank You God, thank You.

I have a feeling that's the last semi-coherent thought I'll be having for a long, long time, with the Devil already breathing heavily while I hear myself pant the moment we come together...and start tearing each other's clothes off.

The whole getting-naked process seems to take too long, but it also feels like things are happening too quickly for my mind to catch up.

All I know is that when we're finally standing in front of each other naked—

I'm so blessed.

The Devil laughs, and my eyes fly up to him in surprise.

“Did you just say you're *blessed*?”

Why, Lady Luck, why?

Why couldn't you have let me know before this that the Devil's crazy good at reading lips?

He tugs me close as I shake my head.

"You're that type, I see."

"What type?"

"An angel who lies," he murmurs wickedly. "And in a little while, an angel who's going to sacrifice her virginity on the altar of my cock."

Oh. My. God.

I can't help laughing even as I feel my entire body blush at his words. I can't believe he's said something so vulgar it's almost sacrilegious, but on the other hand...

I do get why women would want to worship him.

He's just so perfectly hard all over, and my head spins at the thought that every inch of what I'm seeing is mine and will always and only be mine to explore.

"Don't you want to do more than look?"

I *am* actually dying to run my hands all over its chest, and that V-shaped mat of hair is also making my fingers itch. I've always known the Devil was gorgeous and hot, but now that he's right in front of me, it almost feels he's too overwhelmingly hot to bear—

"You seem to be having trouble looking below my waist," the Devil murmurs.

"Just a little..." And that's because I already know, even though I've yet to take a peek, that what's below his waist is anything but little.

"Then how about I help you out—"

All I can do is gasp when he suddenly pushes me down, and I find myself on my knees and eye-level with his cock.

I knew it, I knew it!

His cock is *enormous*. I know it's a cliché, but I really have a hard time imagining how something this big would fit inside of me...regardless of which, er, "orifice" he's considering...taking.

My breath catches when the Devil starts stroking himself, and my eyes widen when his cock starts to *swell* larger.

I remember him asking me if I think it's possible for a cock to be an entire foot long, and now I have my answer.

The Devil cups my jaw, and my heart bangs against my chest.

"Let's get you more comfortable with my cock, shall we?"

No way, no, no, no way.

"Be a good girl and say 'aah'."

Don't say it, Sheena. Don't say it.

But the more I stare at his cock, the more it terrifies and excites me, and so it's only a matter of time before I'm surrendering to the Devil's command. My lips part, and as soon as I say 'aah'—

In his cock goes, and my eyes immediately water at how the sheer size of his erection has my lips struggling to stay apart without splitting open.

"Breathe through your nose, Sheena."

"That's it...good girl."

"Am I too big for you?"

I nod, and the Devil smiles.

"Good."

He grips my hair with both hands...and then he's guiding my head to move up and down as he starts fucking my mouth.

Oh my God.

Every plunge of his cock has me seeing stars, and I struggle to remember breathing through my nose.

The way he's fucking my mouth is rough. Forceful. *Hot.*

And I love it, oh God.

I can already feel my pussy quivering and soaking wet, and I get even wetter when his grip on my hair tightens.

“I’m fucking close,” he rasps out in warning.

But when he tries to pull away, something inside of me doesn’t want to let go, and I find myself hastily reaching up to hold on to the muscled cheeks of his ass.

“Fuck, Sheena, let go—”

He tries pulling away one last time, but my grip on his ass only tightens, and the last thing I hear is the Devil groaning just before he starts cumming inside of my mouth.

Oh God.

The furious, thick stream of semen rushing down my throat almost has me choking, but seeing the way the Devil’s squeezed his eyes shut as he throws his head back makes my respiratory challenge all worth it.

I *love* seeing him cum, love the way his cock is still going wild inside of my mouth.

I love knowing that his pleasure is all because of me, and butterflies flutter their wings inside my stomach when I feel his fingers gently loosen their grip on my hair.

I look up, and I find the Devil gazing down at me.

“Thank you.”

His cock makes a popping sound as it withdraws, and his gaze glitters with lust as he watches me lick my lips clean. My gaze lifts to his, and my voice sounds unnaturally husky even to my ears when I hear myself speak. “You’re welcome, sir.”

To say the Devil’s surprised at hearing me say ‘sir’ would be an understatement, since it’s not just the expression on his beautiful face that changes. A tiny gasp escapes me when his cock also juts up in response, and all I can do is gasp yet again when the Devil suddenly hauls me to my feet...before tossing me over his shoulder.

Oh my God.

I struggle to free myself as the Devil starts walking to my bed.

“That ‘sir’ sounded rather cheeky and disrespectful—”

“It wasn’t!”

“I think I’ll need to punish you for it, and speaking of punishments...”

A breathless laugh spills past my lips when he throws me down on my bed.

“I seem to recall you owing me several punishments...”

I try to back away and escape, but I only get as far as pushing myself up on my elbows when the Devil yanks me back to him.

“Please—”

“Please what?” The Devil’s tone is deliciously mocking. “Please hurry?” Another yank has my legs dangling over the edge of my bed, and my mouth dries when I feel him pushing my legs open.

Lust-filled eyes meet mine between my parted legs, and my breasts start to ache.

“Shall we play a game?”

Oh God.

A familiar mix of fear and excitement runs through my body when I see the Devil reaching for a penny from the coin tray I have on my bedside table.

“Heads, I fuck you with my mouth. Tails, I fuck you with my fingers.”

He’s already tossing the coin up in the air before he finishes speaking, and I suck my breath in as the cold piece of metal lands right on top of my mound.

He flips the coin back to the tray, and as soon as his head disappears between my legs, and I have my answer as soon as I feel the first flick of my tongue against my swollen folds.

Heads, then.

It's the only thought I'm capable of before pleasure consumes me, and I fall back against the bed with a cry as his tongue starts thrusting in and out of my pussy.

I'm pretty sure all this noise I'm making can be heard outside my room, but I'm just unable to make myself care. Every thrust and stroke of his tongue is driving out of my mind—

God, oh God, it's so, so good—

I can only moan as he reaches up to start playing with my clit while still fucking my pussy with his tongue. Pleasure starts to coil inside of me, and I start to writhe against the bed.

"Please..."

The Devil flicks his thumb against my clit, and it's like having a switch turn inside of me.

Oh God, I can't take it anymore.

My eyes roll back as I cum and cum and cum, and God, oh God—

I'm still cumming when the Devil shoves his cock all the way deep inside of me, and his burning gaze locks with mine as I feel him rip through my hymen.

"I love you."

The way he grates the words out all of a sudden has my body buckling, and when he pulls all the way out before slamming back into me, he says the words again—

"I love you, Sheena."

Tears well up in my eyes, but even though I want to say the words back so, so bad—

I can't.

It's impossible to even *think* with the way he's shoving his cock in and out of me with such dizzying force, and I feel even dizzier because of the way he just *doesn't* stop telling me he loves me with every thrust.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

Only the Devil can make me feel horny and mushy all at the same time, and even though the huge size of his cock makes my walls feel like they're about to burst apart, and I feel like it's only a matter of time before the Devil completely destroys my pussy—

I just can't get enough of it.

I just can't.

I love how he's fucking me harder and faster with every breathless second that passes, and although I wish it could last forever and ever—

The moment he reaches down to pinch my clit, my back arches up as I instantly shatter with a cry—

"Sheena, fuck!"

The Devil groans as his violently throbbing cock fills my pussy with his seed, and all I can do is cling to him as my own orgasm threatens to sweep me away.

My eyes close as exhaustion beckons me to sleep, and I'm not sure how much time has passed when I feel the Devil pull out before gently flipping me to my back.

Oh God.

Is he going to try to fuck me from behind next?

My heart races when the bed dips under his weight, and I can only twist the sheets around my fingers as I feel him settle behind my legs.

Yes, definitely, he's going to—

What is he doing?

My eyes fly open when I feel him gently prying the cheeks of my ass open.

Oh God, no.

I try pulling away...but end up freezing when the Devil bends close to whisper into my ear, "Do you remember what I

promised? I told you I'd claim every orifice of your body—”

Oh my God!

“And I plan to keep my word before the night is over.”

I'm already desperately struggling to free myself even before he finishes speaking, but this only makes the Devil laugh...just before spanking my ass.

“Where do you think you're going?”

“Sasha, please—”

I nearly stop breathing when I realize what I've just said, and I think I also felt him go absolutely still at the same time.

“What did you call me?”

“I...”

“Say it again.”

The thickness of his voice startles me, and I swallow hard before turning to look at him over my shoulder as I plead—

“Please, Sasha. Don't fuck my ass just yet?”

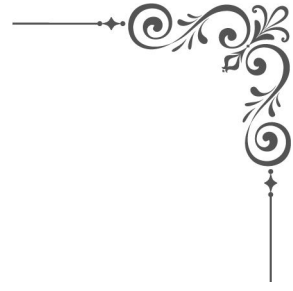
The Devil growls as he flips me around again, and the next thing I know, the powerful weight of his body is already pressing down on my body as he cups my face and takes my lips for a kiss.

Oh God.

His tongue thrusting into mine is a whole new experience in itself, and it's only later...much, much later that I realize how it's just so like the Devil to make me give him my virginity *and* a blowjob...before even kissing me. Most other girls would probably think he's a jerk for doing everything in reverse, but...

He was right all along.

The Devil is the only kind of man I'd ever want to be with.



Epilogue

“*Oh my.* This feels like something straight out of a movie...”

Sheena could only nod in agreement with her mother’s words, since the sight outside her childhood home had her tongue-tied and wanting to pinch herself.

An honest-to-goodness helicopter had just landed on their snow-covered lawn, and Sheena’s heart raced upon seeing her billionaire boyfriend step out.

She had been secretly heartbroken when Sasha had told her he wouldn’t be able to come up to New Jersey to meet her parents, but apparently that wasn’t the case at all, and the Devil’s lips curved into a wicked smile when he saw Sheena running out of the front door.

She flew into his embrace like a homing pigeon, and something inside of her seemed to settle as his arms tightened around her. It had only been over a month since they started dating, but she could no longer remember what life was like without him, and there was no other place in the world these days that she felt safer and more loved than in the Devil’s arms.

“Surprised?”

She nodded against his chest, and her toes curled when she felt him bend his head just before whispering into her ear.

“How do you feel about flying out with your parents...so we can all celebrate New Year in Hawaii?”

“*What?*”

But being the Devil that he was, Sasha was already leading Sheena back to her house, and she could only fight back tears at the way Sasha respectfully addressed her parents as he issued them the same invitation that still had her mind whirling.

All four of them were boarding the chopper just ten minutes later, and Alicia didn’t know what to feel when she

saw their neighbors rushing out to take photos as the helicopter lifted off. She and her family had always been the ordinary type...while there was nothing ordinary at all about her daughter's boyfriend.

It took only another ten minutes for the chopper to reach the airport, and just a few minutes after that for them to be escorted straight to the private jet Sasha co-owned with the other men of Strakh.

Sheena's mother was quick to say 'yes' when the billionaire asked if they would like a tour, and it was while they were walking from room to room that the older woman casually started asking questions.

How long have you two been dating?

Don't you think you're too old for our daughter?

What do you like most about her?

"Mom, please!" Sheena was already dying with mortification. Women generally had the tendency to be blind about their children's imperfections, but this was getting a little ridiculous. Even someone with half a brain would know right away that it was Sasha who was out of her league, and not the other way around.

"I just want to see if he's serious about you," Alicia clarified with a shrug.

Sheena could only cringe. "*Mom...*"

Sasha squeezed her hand. "I'm very serious about her, Mrs. Pearson, and that's why..."

A gasp escaped her as Sasha went down on bended knee just as the billionaire's family and friends joined them in the jet's main cabin.

"There's nothing I'd like more than to have you by my side for the rest of my life," Sasha said quietly, "which is why I would like to ask.."

Tears were already rushing down Sheena's cheeks even before Sasha had finished speaking.

“Will you marry me?”

Sheena threw herself back into the Devil’s arms—

“*Yes!*”

—and everyone laughed as she ended up knocking Sasha to the floor while the cabin crew happily popped champagne and burst into applause.

A full-course dinner was served on board afterwards, and Sheena felt like crying again with how *everyone* was just being so unbelievably nice to her parents. Alicia was at that age where she loved posting anything and everything on her Facebook feed, but instead of making the older woman feel gauche, Sasha and the other guys gamely took selfies with Sheena’s mother while Dmitry and Stelios’ wives successfully charmed Sheena’s normally-shy father into opening up.

It was already close to midnight when everyone retired to their respective suites, and Sasha was about to join Sheena in their suite when his phone rang. What was supposed to be a quick call ended up taking almost an entire hour, and Sheena was already fast asleep in his bed when he entered their room.

The bed barely dipped as Sasha sat down, but it was still enough to have her stir, and his heart slammed against his chest as her eyes fluttered open...and he saw the way a sleepy smile gradually blossom over her lips.

“I love you.” He just had to fucking say it, since every time he saw her smile like this, it reminded him of how close he had been to losing her, once upon a time.

“I love you.” Sheena sat up as she spoke, and Sasha sucked his breath in when he realized she was completely naked under the covers.

A breathless gasp escaped Sheena as he yanked her to his lap, but this soon turned into a moan as his mouth crushed hers in a fiercely hungry kiss.

Her tongue mated eagerly with his, and Sasha’s cock started twitching violently when their kiss had her pussy dripping wet in mere moments.

Sheena whimpered in protest when he suddenly lifted his head—

“You’re so fucking wet,” he rasped.

Sheena writhed involuntarily at the lust-thickened sound of the Devil’s voice. “I can’t help it—”

The words had Sasha growling even as he was busily yanking his zipper off, and *fuuuuuuuck*—

Sheena barely managed to keep herself from crying his name out as he impaled her with his cock, and her head fell back as his oh-so-long cock drove all the way up to her womb.

The way his fingers bit into the soft flesh of her ass had her breasts aching with need, and she could only bite her lip hard when he started bouncing her up and down his shaft. Every plunge had her erect nipples scraping against his hair-roughened chest, and Sheena was this close to losing her mind when she felt him swelling even larger right inside of her pussy.

She so, so wished that this would never end, only to realize how dangerous wishes could be when her beloved Devil suddenly pulled out...just before flipping her on her fours and positioning himself behind her.

“S-Sasha?”

“It’s time, baby...”

Oh God.

She tried her best to escape as per usual, but this only had him releasing a properly devilish chuckle as he pulled her back to him.

“Sasha, please...”

But all he did was dip the head of his cock into her quivering pussy like it was a hot little jar of honey...before applying her own wetness to her nether hole.

OH GOD!

Her back arched as he tested the tightness of her hole with one finger...while he used his other hand to pleasure her cunt.

Three fingers went straight inside of her, and Sheena's mind started to spin as he started finger-fucking her pussy while playing with the tiny hole of her ass at the same time.

Every second was the sweetest kind of pain and the most agonizing pleasure at the same time, and while Sheena had no idea how long it took for her body to adjust...she only knew that it *was* time when he replaced his finger with his cock—

“God, oh God, Sasha—”

He was finally, *literally* fucking her ass, and Sheena could already feel her body tightening in preparation for the wildest of orgasms. There was just no word to describe how it felt, with Sasha shoving his fingers knuckle-deep in and out of her pussy...while his hips loudly slapped against hers as his cock pounded her ass.

Everything was just too good and too hot.

Everything was just too, too much...that Sheena forgot all about her parents sleeping in the next room as waves of pleasure crashed over her body.

“Sasha, oh God—”

Sasha didn't stop fucking her even as he started to cum, and Sheena could only cry out again and again as his cock threatened to destroy her ass in the most excruciatingly delicious way.

She had already passed out by the time his cock finally withdrew out of her tight little ass, and she was already curled up against his chest when she regained consciousness.

“I love you...”

She immediately felt all warm and gooey inside as he said the words over and over while gently raining kisses over her face, and a mixture of nervousness and excitement squeezed her heart when Sasha huskily promised to grant her anything she wished.

“There *is* one thing I'd like to ask,” Sheena whispered.

“If it's within my power—”

“It is,” she said quickly.

“Then it’s yours.”

And those turned out to be his famous last words, with Sasha finding himself trapped in a living nightmare of his own doing a few months later.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Sasha couldn’t remember feeling so fucking terrified his entire life, and the looks on the other guys’ faces told him that all of them shared his fears.

“You can do it,” Tahey was yelling while Bailey was already up on her feet and anxiously biting her nails.

Sheena’s half-Russian, half-Thai opponent finally made her move, and because Sheena failed to step back in time—

Fuck!

Sasha and all the others winced simultaneously as the opponent landed a solid kick to Sheena’s side.

C’mon, baby, c’mon...

His jaw clenched as he watched Sheena get back to her feet, but instead of preparing for her opponent’s next move—

Ah, fuck.

Sheena quickly turned to his direction—

Sasha almost groaned. *No, baby, don’t look at me.*

—and mouthed, *‘I’m okay.’*

Sasha could feel himself turning white.

No, baby, you’re not.

And she sure as hell wasn’t, since the moment Sheena turned back to her opponent, the other woman was all too ready, and her next kick had Sasha’s fiancée flying to the cage.



SHEENA RUSHED TO SASHA and their friends as soon as the award-giving ceremony was over. Everyone was quick to

tell her that she had done a great job, and they were all obviously just too nice to tell her she was crap. But it was when she was finally face to face with Sasha, and she was about to apologize for losing a match for the tenth straight time—

Oh no.

She was the one who had lost the match...so why was it the billionaire who looked as if had just gone through hell?

“Are you okay?” she asked uncertainly.

“Fuck no,” Sasha growled down at her. “That’s your last match—”

“But—”

“You suck at beating people up, Sheena.”

Well...she *did* hate having to physically assault people, but the day after their engagement, she had promised Sasha that she was going to make sure she would never become a liability to the Devil—and no way was she going to break her word.

“MMA might not be for me,” Sheena allowed, “but there are other ways I can learn to defend myself. Maybe, I can...I dunno, learn to shoot—”

“No!”

All five men of Strakh had answered Sheena simultaneously, and Tahey could only fight back a smile when the younger woman blinked at them in confusion. It was just so adorable how clueless her future sister-in-law was!

Stelios glanced at his wife, and the Greek billionaire’s handsome face softened at how much she was struggling not to laugh.

Bailey felt self-conscious when she realized Stelios was staring at her. “What?”

Her husband lifted a brow. “Am I not allowed to stare at my wife?”

Of course he was allowed, but the question here was *why*... since both of them knew their marriage was hardly a love

match.

Stelios could tell something was wrong by the way his wife was suddenly gnawing on her lip.

Bailey's heart was beating hard against her chest. She knew this was *not* the best time at all to ask, but...

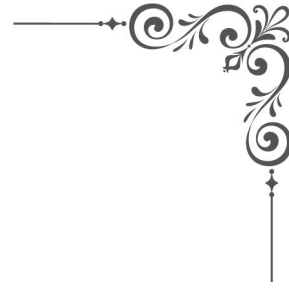
“Stelios?”

“Mm?” Her lowered voice had Stelios thinking that she was about to say something she wished to keep private between them, and he bent his head to hear what she had to say. It was likely something delightfully mundane, something that he would only care to hear from his wife and never from other women.

But in this case he was dead wrong, and it was like being sucker-punched when Stelios heard his wife clear her throat before saying—

“I want a divorce.”

The End



Author's Note

29 December 2022 (Thursday) 1749h
Manila, Philippines



THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR reading *Talk Dirty to Me*

I hope you enjoyed Sheena and Sasha's story, and in case you haven't read it yet, the first book in this series [Bedded and Deceived](#) is all about Dmitry and Tahey.

Please keep an eye out for Stelios and Chrysanthe's book next. It's been a while since I last wrote about a married couple again, so I'm really, really excited about this.

As always, it would mean so much to me if you could leave a short review or a quick rating for *Talk Dirty to Me*. Reader feedback is always a huge boost for indie authors like me.

Please don't forget to [subscribe to my newsletter](#) if you haven't yet. It's the most reliable way to stay updated about upcoming books, and I also occasionally send out newsletters to share exclusive sneak-peeks and free stories.

Thank you so much again!

Until our next journey,

Marian Tee