



*Feral*

**MATE**

ARTABOO



# *Feral Mate*

AR TABOO



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# *Feral Mate*

BY AR TABOO

**TABOO**

How can she deny him when he's this worked up?

# Chapter One

GRAY



It's dark out, and the rain is pouring, but I don't mind it so much. Running in the rain was my favorite thing when I was a pup, but I haven't gotten to do it in a long time. Not since they locked me away. I turn my face up to the moon and howl as I let my wolf take over. They won't come looking for me until tomorrow, and by then it will be too late.

My claws dig into the damp earth as the scent gets stronger and my need bears down on me. I'm in heat, and there's only one thing that's going to satisfy my urges.

Two days ago, I had a visitor where they kept me locked up, and that's when I started planning my escape. The compound is supposed to be a safe haven for shifters like me, but really, it's just a place for them to maintain control of the feral wolves.

My cousin came by to drop off some new clothes, and after he left, I found a letter tucked deep inside a hidden pocket. It was from my sister Megan, and my cousin must not have scented it or he would have never let it get to me. The moment I inhaled her sweet fragrance, my body began to change. It was all I could do to keep from shifting long enough to make a plan. A single hint of her and I was transported back to when we were pups and how much I wanted her.

She's the reason I was sent away because my family was worried that I'd do something to hurt her. Or worse, breed her.

Her letter was simple, and maybe if any of the guards had found it, they might have let it through. But I saw what she wasn't saying, and I knew I had to get to her.

Thunder rolls over my head, and lightning strikes in the distance, illuminating the little house in the woods. It's not too long now and I'll be there.

When I'm close, I slow down and watch for danger. Slowly, I make my way around the cabin and scent the area. There are a few strange scents that I don't recognize, but they aren't fresh. Still, I don't make a sound as I approach the cabin cautiously.

I'm something my pack calls a hybrid when I shift. I still keep the body shape of my human form, but everything else about me is a wolf. I'm covered in dark fur, and my hands have claws, but my face has wolf-like features. That's what some find the most disturbing and part of the reason I was sent to the compound. Wolf packs don't like anyone to be different, and the fact that I was a feral hybrid made me dangerous.

They have no idea how dangerous I can be.

Easing myself against the outside of the cabin, I peek inside one of the windows. It's dark, and I don't hear anyone inside, but I can't be too careful. I brace one hand against the cabin, and the other goes to my cock. It's hard and throbbing from all my adrenaline and the fact that I'm in heat.

Wrapping my hand around the thick shaft, I stroke myself a few times. All it takes is a couple of pumps before I'm spurting cum against the cabin. Once I've finished marking it, I go around to the back of the cabin and do it again near the door. I mark the cabin three more times so I can be sure that any shifter within ten miles of here will know that this one is claimed and protected.

Now that I'm in heat, I've got an endless supply of cum. I'll be hard for days, and the only thing that can relieve the ache is my mate. They tried to give me bitches at the compound, but it never worked. The females would shift and bend over, but I would turn my back on them, and eventually they'd leave. The guards thought that if I mounted someone,

anyone, it would keep me sane. They had no idea that no matter how hard I was or how bad I hurt I'd never fuck anyone but my litter mate Megan.

After securing the cabin and setting, I set a few traps in case someone comes poking around. Once I feel like the area is safe, I silently make my way up the front porch.

Reaching for the handle of the heavy wood door, I'm surprised when it turns. There's no lock as I quietly push it open and step inside. The room is dark, but my wolf eyes adjust as I close the door behind me and turn the deadbolt.

The scent of Megan is so strong my body begins to shake, and I can feel the fur along my back standing up.

Up ahead, there's a hallway, and in the distance, I see a dim light come on. It's followed by a sound like sheets rustling, and my hearing sharpens. Soft footsteps practically echo in the silence, and my mouth waters.

Everything inside of me tightens just before my Megan comes into view.



## Chapter Two

MEGAN



I knew writing to Gray was against my pack's wishes, but I had to. He was my best friend, and he was sent away because of me.

When we were little, we would run together in the nearby woods. It was our safe place and where I saw his wolf transform for the first time. We didn't know it was a bad thing, but I'd heard whispers of hybrid wolves being sent away, so we kept it quiet.

For a few glorious years, we were inseparable. We slept in the same bed, took baths together, and were always within touching distance of one another. He would cut my meat into smaller bites and sometimes feed them to me. He would even wash my long hair and brush it every night before bed. It was my favorite thing in the world, and when they took him away, I chopped it off. I couldn't stand the feel of it on my skin without his scent, and it made me sad.

Gray is my brother, and no matter what my pack says, they can't keep him from me. They never let me visit him because they said it was for my own protection. I've tried writing to him over the years, but I knew there was no way he was getting my letters. He wouldn't have kept silent this long otherwise.

When I heard my cousin tell my uncle that he was going to take some clothes to Gray, I knew it was my only chance. I wrote a simple letter but left clues that I prayed Gray would remember and then went to see my cousin. At first, I thought

about sneaking the letter in the clothes, but I knew he would scent it out, so I had to be honest.

I told him I had a letter and then let him read it. My cousin only agreed after I begged and then let him look up my skirt. Thank god my aunt came home early because he only got a quick peek, but I could tell he was going to ask for more. After that, I shoved the letter in one of the pockets and ran out of there as fast as I could.

Even after that, I worried that he might have changed his mind and taken the letter out. But two days ago, I had a feeling somewhere inside of me that Gray was coming. I'm not sure what changed after being separated all these years, but tonight when I got ready for bed, I left the door unlocked.

These woods were our secret place when we were kids, and when I turned eighteen, I had a little cabin built out here. My pack protested because it was on the outskirts of their territory, but in the end, they couldn't stop me. Nothing would stop me from seeing Gray.

I couldn't sleep as the storm rolled through, and my skin felt hot. Then the sound of grunting outside my cabin had me sitting up in bed and holding my breath. When the door to the cabin opened, I knew he was here. I could feel the air change, and I reached for my bedside lamp.

Part of me was scared that I was wrong, and as I slowly padded out of my bedroom, I prayed that Gray was finally home.

"Mine." The snarl coming from the other end of the cabin is chilling, and all I can see is a shadow. The size of it is twice as big as my own, and fear grips me.

"Gray?" I whisper hesitantly, scared that a lone wolf has broken in, but then I inhale, and I can get a hint of something familiar. "Is that you?"

"Mine." The shadow growls and then steps forward into the light.

The hybrid that stands before me is nothing like the Gray from our childhood. He was a sweet boy with dark hair and

kind golden eyes. This hybrid is feral and the size of a beast. His dark fur is thick and wet from the rain, and his eyes are solid black. He's showing his teeth, and there's saliva dripping from his fangs as he takes another step forward.

That's when he comes more into the light, and I can see the claws at his side as they reach for the erection between his legs.

"Oh god." I let out a shaky breath as I watch him stroke his impossibly large length. It's as thick as my wrist and so long that it juts out from the thick dark hair around it.

"Mine." The hybrid groans this time, and I watch as cum spurts from the end of his cock.

It leaves a puddle on the floor at his feet, but he ignores it as he comes closer. I'm a shifter, but I'm only a little wolf, and I've never been mounted before. This hybrid is feral and appears to be in heat, which is a deadly combination. I know better than to run from a wolf because all it will do is whet his appetite and make him want me more. The only thing I *can* do is submit and pray that he doesn't kill me.

My cotton nightgown is threadbare from being worn so long, and as his eyes rake down my body, I wish I had on something that covered more of my skin. Seeing me bare will urge him to mount me, but maybe that's the only way out of this. If I give him what he wants, then maybe he'll let me go.

"Easy, big boy," I say, my voice stronger than I feel. "Just go easy, and everything will be okay." Reaching for the edge of my nightgown, I lift it over my head and drop it to the floor. I'm left wearing only my bikini-style panties that don't cover much, but when he flicks his tongue over his sharp fangs, I know I've got his full attention. "Be gentle. I've never been mounted before. I don't want you to hurt me."

"Gentle." The word rumbles through his chest, and he nods like he understands.

"Gentle," I agree and reach for my panties.

He stills as he watches me lower the cotton material down my thighs and reveal myself fully to him. I've got a patch of

dark curls that covers my sex, and he purrs at the sight of it.

“Lick.” He growls as he goes to his knees and plants his front paws on the hardwood floors. His claws dig in a little as the dark fur over his body shivers.

“Gentle,” I remind him as I slowly lower to the ground and lie on my back, showing my belly and submitting.

I’ve been taught how to deal with feral wolves and what to do when being mounted, but nobody told me what to do when a feral wolf wanted to mount me. I know that the first thing I have to do is show my belly to let them know that I’m weaker. This hybrid is so much bigger than me that it should be obvious, but I want him to know that I’m not a threat and I’m not going to fight.

In the back of my mind, I wonder if Gray will come save me. I could feel him before tonight, but now I don’t sense him anywhere. This hybrid is confusing my little wolf, and all I can do is whimper as I spread my legs.

The hybrid crawls closer, and I feel his wet nose nudge the inside of my thigh wider. My sex opens, and I watch as his tongue darts out and takes a lick. My body heats at the connection, and I’m ashamed at how it responds. He purrs as he does it again, and this time, his tongue vibrates over my clit.

I gasp as he takes long licks up the center of my sex and then pushes his tongue inside me. It vibrates there too as he keeps purring, and I have to shut my eyes. I’m embarrassed at how wet I am and the way I’m reacting to his mouth. He nuzzles against the soft curls of my sex before licking my clit, and when I look down again, I see he’s got his hand on his cock.

He’s stroking himself while he licks me, and there’s another puddle of cum on the floor. He keeps licking me as cum pours out of his cock in waves and my little wolf responds greedily. She loves the idea of this giant hybrid mounting us and protecting us. He feels safe and warm, and as he licks in all the right places, my little wolf howls in pleasure.

My body agrees, and I arch my back to get closer to his tongue just as my climax hits. Without thinking, my fingers go to the fur on his head and I hold on to him while I cum. He flicks his tongue over my clit quickly as the vibrations move up and down my body. One orgasm turns into another, and I'm lost in pleasure as warmth spreads in my veins.

"Mount," the hybrid demands as my body softens. He grabs my hips and turns me over onto my belly before pinning his fists on either side of me. "Mount."

"Gentle," I plead once again as I get on my knees with my ass in the air. I look over my shoulder as I present myself to him and spread my knees. "My wolf is little."

"Gentle," he repeats, and I lower my head to the floor.



# Chapter Three

GRAY



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I can scent Megan's fear as she presents to me, but doesn't she know I won't hurt her? I can feel her little wolf whimper as I mount my body on top of hers and nudge my cock against her opening. Maybe she can't fully scent me since I'm in heat, but once I release inside her, I'll be more in control.

My wolf purrs loudly as I lick her back and shoulder and the tip of my cock presses into her. She's not been claimed yet, and I want to howl in satisfaction that I'm going to be her first and only.

"Mine," I tell her before I place my teeth at the tender place where her neck and shoulder meet.

My claws dig into the wood for purchase before I thrust all the way inside in one hard plunge. Cum pulses from me at the feel of her wet heat on my cock, and when she screams, I bite her delicate skin. She should know better than to fight me, and I pin her down as I pull out and thrust in again.

My cock swells as it keeps coming and she does her best to remain still. My teeth barely break the skin but it's a warning for her to submit. She understands what I want and when she

finally stops moving, I fuck her harder. I release my teeth and lick the places where I drew blood.

The taste of her blood while I fuck her is like a drug, and I rear back and roar. I'm cumming so much that it's gushing out of her pussy every time I thrust my cock back in. It's forcing it to drip down her thighs and all over me, but I can't stop. The sight of her bent over and stuffed full is all I've ever wanted.

My feral heat begins to relax the more I cum in her pussy. When I lay my body completely over hers and purr, her little wolf responds. I close my eyes as I feel her clench around me, and then she's cumming too.

I can feel her wolf accept me and my wolf breathes a sigh of relief. Megan is mine now and I've laid claim to her. No one can separate a wolf from their mate, not even if they're from the same litter. Those are rules set by our pack but they tried to send me away to stop it from happening. They had no idea that keeping me from her made me want her all the more and now that I've mated with Megan there's no going back to the compound.

My thrusts slow as I lick her neck and nuzzle her ear. I'm still hard, but now that I'm in her pussy I can take my time.

"Better?" Megan asks, and I nod. "Will you let me go now?"

I tense, and my eyes fly open at her question. Let her go? Why would she want me to let her go?"

"I let you mount me. Now will you please let me go?" Her voice is soft, and then her little wolf whimpers in protest. She wants to keep me, so why doesn't Megan?

"No." I say and pull out of her pussy. My cock is covered in her cream as I grab her by the hips and flip her on her back. "Mine."

"Please." She turns her head to the side, showing me her neck in a show of submission. "You have to let me go. I belong to someone else."

The growl that leaves me echoes in the room as I claw the wood floor in anger on either side of her. "Mine," I demand

again through clenched teeth.

“Let me help you,” she says softly as she reaches for my cock. “I’ll help you through your heat, but then you have to leave.” She uses both hands to wrap around my length, and then her fingers begin to slide up and down. “I know you’re in pain.”

My hips push forward into her hands, and my cock swells. It feels good to have her touch me like this, but I want more. When she starts to move, I push her back down on the floor, but she shakes her head.

“Let me take care of you.” Before I can stop her again, she wiggles under me and then suddenly her pussy is at my mouth and her mouth is at my cock.

She licks the tip and rubs it over her tits, and I shiver with pleasure. I inhale the scent of her pussy and then bend down to lap at it with my tongue. I lick her cream over and over, and she moans under me as she rubs my cock. I feel her mouth on the tip, but when I get ready to cum, she points it at her tits and lets me mark her there.

Her little wolf calls to me as she cums on my face, and I turn my head to the side and bite the inside of her thigh. Megan cries out, but it’s not in pain this time as she cums again. The more I mark her, the more her little wolf will demand that I stay here.

After I release her, I sit up and stare down at her soft body covered in cum and my bites. It makes my need to mount her even stronger, so I roll her over again.

“No more,” she begs as I spread her legs.

I ignore her as I put my fists on either side of her head and slide my hot length in her cunt.

“Haven’t you had enough?” she whines even as she clenches around me.

“No” is all I say as I rut on top of her like the animal I am.

She gasps and then moans as my cum fills her womb and triggers another orgasm. Her body is so tired that her knees

give out and she falls flat on the floor. It doesn't stop me from stretching out on top of her limp body and fucking her. Even as she closes her eyes and passes out.

Maybe it's better this way. If she's not awake, she can't ask me to leave, and I can mount her as often as I want.

She doesn't move as I release into her and then carry her over to the nearby couch. I gently place her over the arm so her ass is raised in the air. After I push her knees apart, I grip my cock and sink back into her warmth. I get deeper this way, but she doesn't open her eyes as I rut hard and heavy.

My wolf roars with delight as I take what I want and fuck her over and over.

## Chapter Four

MEGAN



The light from the bedroom window shines across my blankets, and I realize the storm last night must have passed. It was so loud, and I ended up having the craziest dream.

When I roll over to stretch, I feel how sore my body is, and then everything comes back in flashes: the hybrid breaking in, mounting me, and then at some point, I passed out. I don't remember anything after that, but the insides of my thighs hurt from being spread wide.

Thankfully, my sex doesn't ache nearly as badly, and it must be because my little wolf protected me. She's happily relaxed inside of me and satisfied in a way I've never felt before.

Peeking down at myself, I see that I'm completely naked, but I have no memory of coming to bed. Maybe the hybrid brought me here before he left.

The sound of heavy breathing almost makes my heart stop as I quietly peek over the edge of the bed. There, curled up on the rug is the hybrid, sleeping peacefully. His dark fur is smoothed down, and his features are relaxed while he sleeps. I have the strangest urge to reach out and pet him, and my little wolf hums with delight.

Before I can stop myself, my fingers go to the soft fur behind his ear, and I touch it gently. His head snaps up, and it



makes me jump back, but when I see the beautiful golden eyes, I gasp.

“Gray?” Could it really be him? I inhale deeply, and although his scent is different from the last time I saw him, it’s so familiar. He was feral last night, and all I could scent was his need, but now I know it’s him.

“Megan,” he says softly, but he doesn’t shift to human form.

“Oh god,” I whisper when I think about all the things we did last night and how many times he mounted me.

“I missed you.” He uncurls from off the floor and starts to climb on the bed. “I missed you so much.”

I have no choice but to fall back on the mattress when his big body crawls on top of me. “But you mounted me,” I tell him even now as his cock nudges against my sex. “Gray, you mounted me so many times.”

“I love you,” he says as he uses his paws to pin me to the mattress. “I love you, my Megan.”

Tears spring to my eyes as he enters me, and I know I’m not big enough to fight him off. “You’re my brother, Gray. My littermate.”

“Deeper.” He purrs as he puts all of his weight on me and thrusts inside.

“We can’t do this,” I cry even as my body responds to his touches.

His mouth moves to my nipples, and he licks me before grazing his teeth on the soft underside. I clench around his cock when I feel him cum, and shame washes over me. I’m cumming with him and he’s marking me, making me his true mate.

“More,” he growls when I shake my head, and then I feel his tongue licking my tears. “More, my Megan. I love you. Give me more.”

“This isn’t right,” I whisper as he licks down my neck, and I feel his cock get bigger.

“It’s right, my Megan. Feel me.”

The moan that escapes my lips is the answer he’s seeking, and he cums in me again. I’m already so full of it I can feel it running down my ass, but he doesn’t stop.

“Taste you,” he purrs before he pulls out and slides down my body.

“No, Gray. Please don’t.”

I remember how good it felt last night, but seeing my littermate move his head between my thighs is wrong. His eyes stay golden as he stares at me and his tongue rolls over my clit. My fingers go to his fur, and I try to pull him off, but it’s useless.

“My Megan,” he says before pushing his tongue inside me and making it vibrate.

“Gray.” I’m so lost to the sensation I don’t know if I’m trying to pull him off of me or hold him closer. I close my eyes tight as the orgasm lights up my body and I cum on his face.

“Present to me, my Megan.” He licks my clit again and then gently rolls me over. “Let me mount you like a mate does.”

He’s already done it so many times that what’s the point of stopping him? Even as the tears fall, I push my ass up in the air and spread my knees wide.

“See, my Megan?” he says as his thick cock enters me from behind. “This is how you love me back.”

“I do love you, Gray,” I gasp when he gets impossibly deeper.

“We mount all the time now.” He pushes my shoulders into the mattress as he uses his weight to pin me down. “Your little wolf will have my pups.”

“Gray.” I shake my head, but he’s not listening. “We can’t breed.”

“We are breeding now.” He grunts and releases his cum in me again. “We’re breeding over and over.”

I keep my ass in the air until he's finished, and then he rolls me over on my back. I lie there on the soft mattress with his seed all over me as he stretches out by my side.

"You love me?" he asks as he cocks his head to the side, and I nod.

"Yes, you know I love you, Gray. You're my best friend." I reach for his face, and he leans into my touch just like when we were pups.

"You cut your hair." He points to the locks and shakes his head like he disapproves.

"I'll grow it back out for you," I say, and he smiles down at me.

My brother, who I love with all of my heart, doesn't understand how the world works. We won't be accepted by the pack, but I wasn't exactly in good favor to begin with. Gray has always been different, and when they took him away from me, he became like this. He went feral without me for so many years, and I can't send him away again.

Gray won't be able to take another mate after marking me, and my little wolf doesn't like that idea one bit. How else am I supposed to protect him from the world unless I'm by his side? If that means that he mounts me, then I guess that's the way it's got to be. He'll go crazy otherwise, and he could hurt someone. The best way to keep him safe is to give him my body.

"Mount my Megan again," he says, his hard cock nudging against my thigh.

"Let me mount you," I tell him, and his look of confusion makes me smile.

He lets me push him onto his back, but he scowls until I straddle his lap. Holding the base of his cock, I lift myself up and then slowly onto his shaft. He's perfectly still as I take him deep and then grind my sex against him. I feel the rumble in his chest as I begin to move, and he purrs.

"My Megan mounts," he growls as his claws dig in my hips. He's impatient for me to do more, so he uses me to jack

off his cock. “We breed more ways.”

“Yes,” I tell him as I widen my thighs. “We’ll breed every way possible.” My hands run over the fur on this chest, and I get wetter. “You’ll breed with only me forever. Right?”

“Only my Megan,” he tells me as he pumps his cum inside me.

I clench around him, and we cum together before I’m spent and fall against his chest. I’m breathing hard, but Gray doesn’t stop fucking me as I lie there and take it. I pet his fur and kiss his cheek as he releases in me over and over. He enjoys being inside of me, and even though it’s wrong, I do too.

“I love you, Gray,” I tell him when he finally stops humping.

“I love my Megan.” He licks me on the neck and then rolls us over. I giggle as he licks my breasts and then slowly down my body. “More tastes.”

“More tastes,” I agree as I sigh and open my thighs.

THE END!

# *Peep Show*

BY AR TABOO

**TABOO**

She thought he was only supposed to look.



# Chapter 1

ZADIE



“Are you sure this is the place?” my brother Rosco asks when he pulls up to the restaurant.

“Yeah. It’s not open for another hour, but they told me to come in early,” I explain as I reach for my purse.

He reaches out and grabs my hand, and I stare down at the leather bracelet around his wrist. The black cord has been there so long it’s faded at the edges, but Rosco never takes it off.

“You’re not lying to me, are you?”

I don’t make eye contact as I tug out of his hold. “Of course not. Thanks for the lift. You’d better hurry or you’ll be late.”

“Fine. I’ll be right here when you’re done. Don’t make me wait,” he orders as I get out of the car.

I feel his eyes on me as I walk to the front of the restaurant and knock on the glass door. There’s a sign that indicates they’re closed, but thankfully, someone comes from the back and unlocks the door. He’s probably close to my age, which I’m happy about. In my experience, adults ask too many questions.

“Sorry, we’re closed,” the guy says, and I wave to Rosco.

“Listen, I know you’re not open, but my brother thinks I work here. Could you let me in until he’s gone?” I give the guy my biggest smile with pleading eyes. “Pretty please.”

The guy looks at Rosco's car and then back at me. "Are you in some kind of trouble?"

"No, he's just overprotective." I smile again, and after a second, the guy opens the door and I walk inside.

Watching out of the corner of my eye, I see Rosco pull away from the curb and drive off. I breathe a sigh of relief as I thank the guy and go to leave.

"Are you sure you're okay?" he asks, and I nod.

"Absolutely."

Once outside, I begin to walk in the direction of the shops on the other side of the restaurant. It's not too far but far enough that Rosco won't be suspicious. He's always hovered over me since as far back as I can remember, but it's gotten worse since I turned eighteen. It's like now that I have the ability to leave, he's tightening his grip harder than ever.

I'm not sure why he's so worried about me leaving because where would I even go? He's several years older than me, and most people think he's my uncle. I used to ask him what happened to our parents, but all he would say is that they took off, so I stopped asking. It's always been the two of us, and he's all I know.

It doesn't help that he's pissed about me getting a job, but I can't keep letting him pay for everything. I'm not exactly sure what he does for a living, but I know that he works for someone really important, and when people see us on the street, they walk the other way. I've never been afraid of Rosco, but there is a real sense of danger that lurks below the surface.

When I see the place up ahead, I take a deep breath and remind myself that it's okay. I'm doing this for the money and so Rosco doesn't have to work so much.

The chime over the door sounds when I enter, and the guy behind the counter puts down his book and stares at me.

"You got ID?" he orders, and I nod.

It's not actually *my* ID but my best friend's. Shelby and I are both eighteen, but I didn't want them to know my real name. Sometimes when people see it, they make a face or get really quiet, so I decided the best way to get this job would be to pretend to be Shelby.

"Right here." I hand it over, and the guy looks at it for a long moment before giving it back to me.

"You here to work or shop?" His tone hasn't changed from barking orders, so I assume this is just the way he talks.

"Work," I say, and he nods.

"Good. I'm Tony. You go on in fifteen minutes." He eyes what I've got on. "You got something else to wear?"

I nod and hold up my bag. "Is there a place I can change?"

He points to a wooden door that's labeled *office*, and I walk toward it. On the way, I pass a few shelves that are filled with all kinds of things I've never seen before. I want to stop and read the packages, but I just keep going and try not to think about what I'm about to do.

A few days ago, Shelby texted me and told me she made five hundred dollars in cash after working one night at Secret Pleasures. The adult toy store not only sells everything you need for the bedroom but also has a small stage in the back. She said they call it the peep show and explained what she had to do.

When I'm in the office, I take out the clothes I brought to change into and try to remember everything Shelby told me. After I've changed and stuffed my regular clothes back in my bag, I walk out and see Tony standing by the door.

He takes one look at my outfit and then lets out a low whistle. "Damn, girl, you play your cards right and I'll make sure you don't go home empty-handed."

I'm already nervous, and he's not helping, but I do my best to ignore him as he stares at all the places my bare skin is showing.

“Since this is your first time, I’ll go over the rules. Number one, the people watching will pay you to do stuff. If they pay you to do it, you do it. No refunds. Got it?” He doesn’t wait for me to respond, so I listen. “Number two, they can’t touch you without your permission. Number three, the store gets twenty percent of your earnings.”

Thankfully, these are all the same things Shelby said, so I’m at least somewhat prepared for what he’s told me.

“Number four,” he continues, but Shelby didn’t tell me there was a fourth rule. “If you wanna fuck, you can take them to the office where there’s a camera. People have to pay extra to watch.”

Tony goes over to a heavy curtain at the back of the store, and I’m left standing there thinking about how I just got undressed in his office. I guess people are about to see all of it anyway, so I follow after him.

What have I gotten myself into?

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