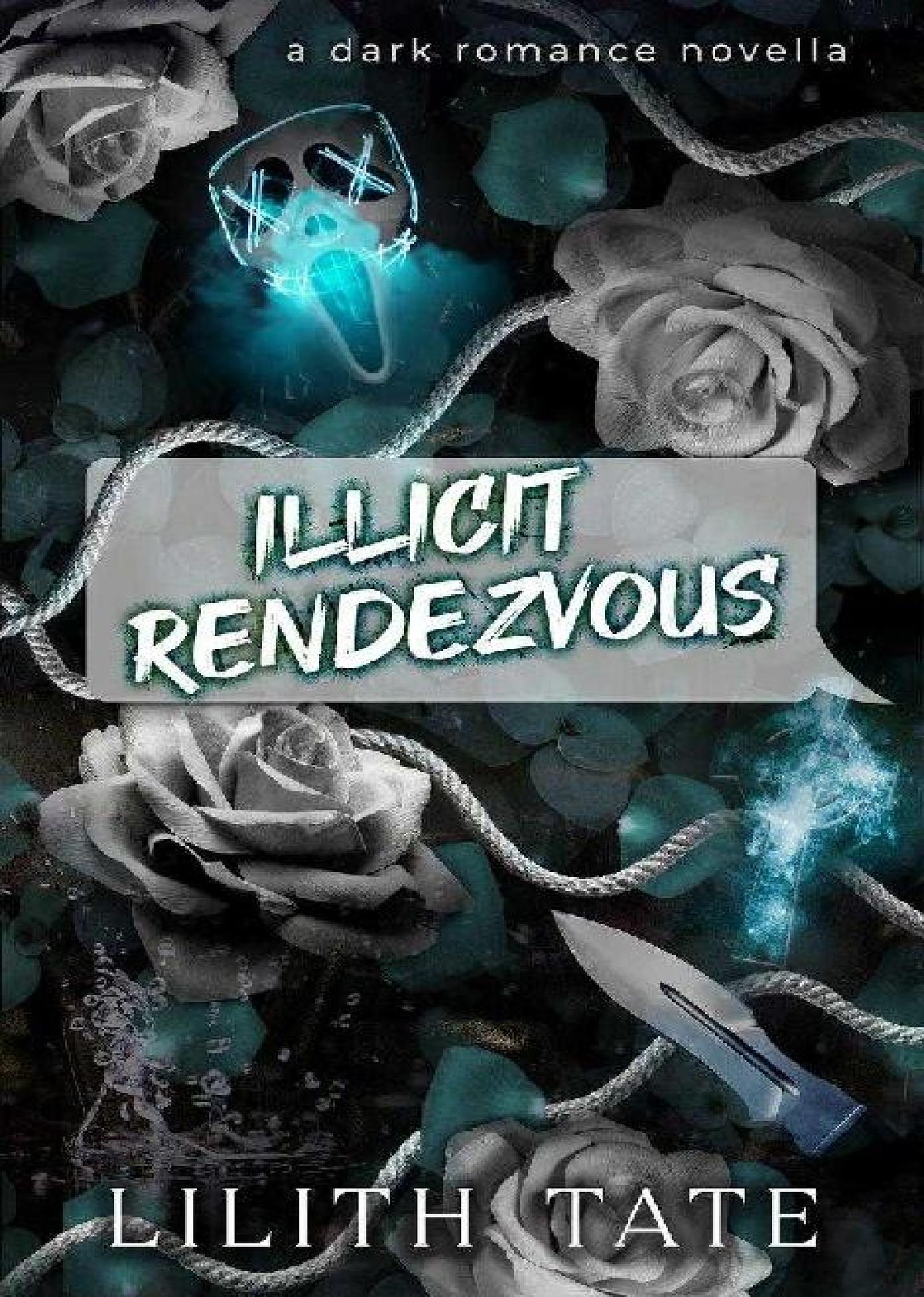


a dark romance novella



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LILITH TATE

illicit rendezvous

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Illicit Rendezvous

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playlist

Trampoline- SHAED

The Nights- Avicii

Disturbia- Rihanna

Run Run Rebel- Hidden Citizens, ESSA

Play With Fire- Sam Tinnesz, Yacht Money

The Hills- The Weekend

Cemetery Gates- Pantera

Slut Me Out-

Animals- Maroon 5

RUN RUN RUN- Dutch Melrose

Graveyard- Halsey

American Horror Show- SNOW WIFE

I WANNA BE YOUR SLAVE- Måneskin

Under the Influence- Chris Brown

Daze and Confused- Ruel

Needed Me- Rihanna

Mine- Bazzi

author's note

Illicit Rendezvous is a dark romance that is not intended for anyone under the age of 18. It has content with adult themes that may be triggering to some readers. If you have any questions about the TW list, please don't hesitate to email me at lilithatebooks@gmail.com, or you can reach out to me on any of my social media (links can be found in the back of the book, and I am most active on TikTok).

Trigger warning:

Kidnapping, non/dubcon, knife/blood play, degradation, restraining, choking/breath play, drugging, stalking, insertion with an inanimate object, and heavy use of the word fuck

*To all the filthy little whores who live in their masked book
boyfriend era year round and are looking for a chase this ones
for you.*

P.S. I hope you like it dirty

prologue

Wolf: Good morning, Prey.

Me: Good morning.

Me: There's something I'd like to ask you...

Wolf: Ask me anything. However, my answer may not be the one you're looking for.

Me: Why do you call me Prey?

Wolf: Because

And the text bubble pops up, the dots filling the screen roll in time with the waves of anticipation in my stomach. Then the chime of an incoming message lights up the dimming screen once more.

Wolf: A wolf always catches its prey.

Wolf: And when that day comes I'll devour you.

Hope warms my chest and arousal saturates my panties.

Me: Holy fuck

Wolf: Say the word, Prey, and I'll become your worst nightmare.

Me: My worst nightmare may not be what you think it is.

A grin tugs at my lips before I promptly log out of the app.

one

There was no time for me to shower this morning. I was lucky enough to spritz some dry shampoo in my hair and douse myself in body spray. It's not my best look, but it will have to do.

Once downstairs, I run to the laundry room, grab my favorite Betty Boop scrubs from the running dryer, and quickly get dressed. Thankfully they are mostly dry with a slightly damp spot along the cuff of the pants.

"Mom!" Maddox, my six year old, shouts.

Before I get a chance to respond, he screeches again, and this time it vibrates my eardrums. "Mom!"

Breathe, Mickie. Breathe.

He's only been up for thirty minutes and couldn't have created too much chaos in such a short time.

"Maddox! Don't yell in the house!" I yell...while in the house.

"But Thor and Zeus are digging holes in the front yard!"

Son of a bitch, not again.

Thor and Zeus are my neighbor's dogs. One is a German Shepherd, and the other, a Rottweiler. When I first met Gideon's dogs six months ago, the first thing I noticed was Thor's teeth. He seems to wear a perpetual smile. The downside is that those scary sharp canines are always on display. He shows them every time he growls at a passerby for stepping too far onto his side of the yard and oddly enough on

my property as well. I wince at the thought of one of them puncturing through a person's flesh. Granted, I've never seen them be violent with anyone, and doubt I ever will, but the imagery in my head gives me a grotesque visual. All Zeus the Rottweiler has to do is stand by with a protective stance. His bulky shoulders pushed back with his meaty head held high, making pedestrians think twice about crossing the street.

Their bark is bigger than their bite though. They're the sweetest dogs I've ever met and I've never had to worry about the kids accidentally running to catch a ball in Gid's yard.. Weirdly enough, both dogs turn into completely different animals around them. They're little fucking angels who would never hurt a fly. However, they have a bad habit of jumping the fence to dig. They shovel dirt like grave robbers and my backyard is an unmarked cemetery filled with buried treasure.

Swallowing down my annoyance, I concentrate on getting ready. "Grab your bookbags. I'll deal with them on our way out," I holler.

Maddox whines, "But we're going to be late."

"Well excuse me sir. Do you have an important board meeting to go to?" I tease.

I can hear his *humph* from the other room and it makes me smile.

It's difficult enough getting all of us out of the house on time on a normal day, but today is especially difficult because I have to get to work earlier than usual. I'm the manager at a nearby dental office, and today is our monthly event. It's the only day we offer a free clinical visit. I love participating because it's so helpful for those in the community that can't afford dental work. The only downfall is that it is scheduled early in the morning before normal business hours. Therefore, I'm always scrambling to get everyone ready on those mornings.

Pulling the laces tight on my shoes, I stand. "Everyone out the door," I announce, then grab my purse and diaper bag off the counter. There's a tug at my pants, and I peer down to see the cherubic face of my green-eyed little girl. She's smiling at

me like I'm her favorite person in the whole world, and I can't help the warmth it causes to spread throughout my chest.

"Hey, baby girl," I whisper.

Lincoln, my oldest, is standing on the threshold, eating a powdered doughnut. "Mom, the neighbor's dogs are outside again."

"Thank you, Linc," I respond, hoping I successfully dodged the carnage of his breakfast he spat out while informing me of something I already know.

"Are you dumb? I already told her that!" Maddox hisses his displeasure at possibly not getting the credit for tattling on the neighbor's pups.

"Maddox! We don't talk to each other like that," I scold, scooping Tillie up, hoping to shave a few seconds off the journey to my minivan.

"Is he?" the sweet little voice of my three-year-old breaks through the chaos.

"Is he, what?" I ask absentmindedly before giving her a little squeeze against my chest.

"Is he dumb? Maddox. Is he dumb?" Great. Now my kid has a new question to ask her daycare friends.

"No sweetie, he's just a boy." I know that's probably not the best thing to say either, but I've got no time to contemplate the best parenting practices. Thankfully, it's a bit cool from the crisp May morning air, so at least I'm not going to start my day being frazzled *and* sweaty. But then I see them, charging toward me. Apparently they dug up everything in the backyard and are now focusing on the front. Zeus and Thor are big babies and the least aggressive dogs I've ever met, but they're incredibly hyper. And incredibly...friendly.

"Quick, get inside!" I urge in my least urgent voice possible because everyone knows kids do the complete opposite of what you want them to do. I don't need those dogs knocking my kids over like bowling pins.

The boys turn my command into an opportunity to race, and both sprint to the van. Linc is four years older, so his slightly longer legs get him there a second before Maddox.

When they reach the back driver's side, Lincoln shoves Maddox into the car then follows. I get Tillie into her booster seat on the other side, and as soon as I bend over to buckle her in, I hear the pitter-patter of the dogs on the concrete of my driveway. They are close. If I get out of this situation unscathed, I will be grateful. I rush to my door and am about to get in when I glance back to see how far away they are. That was my first and last mistake before I'm shoved against the windows.

Oof. This damn dog weighs more than I do.

Hot breath fans my cheek. A heavy weight presses against my chest and I crack open my eyelids. I'm face to face with Thor. His maw is open wide, enthusiastic to see me. Just when I think I'll make it out of this with only dirt to wipe off, I get a huge pink tongue in my eye and slobber in my hair.

Fuck my life.

"I don't want any kisses, Thor. Get down," I command sternly behind gritted teeth.

I swear his eyebrows arch as if he understands what I'm saying because he immediately plops down on his butt. He listened. It's a small victory, but now my only clean scrubs are filthy.

Damn it. I don't have any other clothes washed for work. Lincoln and I lost track of time building his science project last night, so it was around ten P.M. when I remembered I needed to do my laundry. I had grabbed the first matching set of scrubs from the dirty pile and threw them into the washing machine by themselves to save time. Unfortunately, I fell asleep on my bed while paying bills online. So much for that bright idea. When I woke at the ass crack of dawn, I had quickly thrown them into the dryer and prayed I wouldn't have to go to work wearing a wet and musty smelling outfit.

A loud whistle pierces the air, getting the dog's attention and probably everyone else's in the neighborhood.

"Mickie, shit! I'm so sorry." My neighbor's voice sends instant shivers down my spine and I prepare myself for the interaction. "I'll fix the holes," Gideon calls loudly as he approaches the mayhem, taking long strides from his yard onto mine.

My breath catches. God damn, is he sexy.

Gideon has to be at least six feet tall with a tight muscular frame. Well, I can only imagine he has muscles because I've never seen him with his shirt off. He mows his grass twice a week but has the audacity to do it without taking his shirt off. There have been a few times when I've caught myself staring at where his shirt meets his waistline, imagining his six pack and Adonis belt.

His strikingly blue eyes always make him look so serious but behind the stoic expression there's something dark I can't quite put my finger on. However, I haven't had the time nor nerve to stand there and figure it out.

Gideon usually has his long shiny brown hair pulled back in a haphazard man bun, but today it's trailing freely down to the middle of his shoulder blades. If I didn't want to sound like a dolt, I'd ask him what shampoo he uses.

Ugh. Now my scrubs aren't the only thing wet. After seeing my hot as fuck neighbor, I'll need to change my panties too. This makes me even angrier, although I'm mindful that this reason is completely unjustified.

He's lived in the home next door for six months, and we've only exchanged the platonic, neighborly pleasantries.

I'm not ashamed to admit that he has starred in more than a few of my midnight fantasies, however I've never had the balls to approach him. Fuck, even if I had the nerve, I probably wouldn't have the energy to do anything on the off chance he's interested.

He's never given me any indication that he'd want to be more than being neighbors. He's never asked me any personal

questions nor have I asked anything of him.

From local gossip, I found out he bought George's mechanic shop in town. Although I've seen his bike in the parking lot, I've never seen him outside of the business, talking to coworkers and customers. I've debated bringing my car in for an oil change in order to confirm he actually works in the building, but I thought it may be too awkward if I barge in and start tapping mechanics on the shoulders.

Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever seen him talk to anyone. He's never had anyone over when I've been home. No late night suitors or women doing the walk of shame, early in the morning. The only *socialization* I've seen him do is with his dogs.

Even with his unruly canines, I'm oddly drawn to him. Especially the times I've seen him working in his garage on his motorcycle, wearing those tight, worn jeans that leave little to the imagination. When he bends over, they hug his delectable ass. After getting an eyeful of that, I always have to check my chin for drool.

I shake my head free of those fantasies and focus on my current situation. "It's okay, Gid. It really is, but I'm running late." I hope I'm not coming off as an ass, but seriously, why did this have to happen today of all days?

"Mickie, I..." he begins as he halts in front of me.

I hold my hand out to stop him from saying anything else. I don't need an apology, what I really need is more time. I scan my body to determine if my uniform can be salvaged. It can't. I was hoping it was merely dirt which I could easily rub off, but the mud I find instead creates a whole different obstacle. When I glance at Gid, he's checking me out too, but for a completely different reason than I am. I must be hallucinating because there's no way his gaze lingered on my breasts. Was that a glimmer of interest I saw sparkling in his sapphire eyes?

Probably not.

Only a crazy person would want what I have to offer. I'm five foot five inches tall, long, curly black hair, and a somewhat trim body from being on my feet all day. At the age of thirty-seven, I know I'm still attractive, but it's challenging not to worry about my looks with the perpetual bags under my eyes. Or the fact, I'm always wearing scrubs and my main accessory is the kids hanging on me.

This has been my life since my divorce from Kevin two years ago. As far as I can tell, Gideon is way out of my league and I have no chance with him. Not that I have the mental capacity to start any kind of relationship. But god, I do miss sex.

I swallow down that thought and concentrate on the present. "Gid, it's fine. Really. But I don't have time. I have to go back inside to change," I puff out in exasperation.

Without waiting for his response, I yell for Lincoln to watch his siblings as I scramble back to the house. What the fuck am I going to wear now?

Discarded clothes mark my path as I make my way to the bathroom. I hold a white washcloth under the faucet then use it to wipe the paw prints off my arm. From the tiled floor of my en suite bathroom, I grab a dirty scrub top and bottoms. I do the smell test and don't find them to have an offensive odor so I should be safe. They're not matching, but I don't give a single fuck at this point. I swiftly yank them on then take a moment to pause and check my reflection in the mirror.

Thankfully, there's no mud on my face. A wisp of my curly hair has escaped my ponytail, and I tuck it behind my ear. I wish I had time to at least swipe on some mascara. When getting ready this morning I didn't know I would be having a face to face with my hunky neighbor.

Ensuring I'm as presentable as time allows, I sprint back to the car.

"If you bring your finger any closer to me I'm going to break it off," Lincoln yells, I'm assuming at Maddox. I inhale deeply and calmly turn to defuse whatever's going on. Sure as shit, Maddox is trying to poke his finger into Lincoln's ear,

and it's dripping wet with saliva. Successfully, I'm able to hold myself back from cringing at that spit laden finger.

"That's enough," I say sternly without raising my voice. "Maddox, I'm adding wet willies to the list of things you're not allowed to do. Get a fast food napkin from the pocket behind my seat and clean off your finger," I command before directing my attention to my other son. "And Lincoln Christopher, if I hear you threatening your brother one more time, I will change the Wi-Fi password so fast you'll never play video games with your friends again. You got that?" He nods his head in response.

I check on my baby girl, her jet black hair catches the sunlight, making it look like she's wearing a halo. She's giggling and smiling in her booster seat, enjoying the chaos. She was enjoying the show so much that she had kicked one of her little sparkly pink sandals off. At least I hope this happened in the van so I'm not delivering her to daycare with only one shoe.

Once I'm satisfied all is in order and everyone is buckled in, I put the car in reverse. As I back out of the driveway, I lock eyes with Gideon through my driver's side window. He has a shovel in one hand, and gives me a two finger salute with the other. True to his word, he is in front of my failed attempt at a flower bed, filling in the dog induced divots. My colorful impatiens lay limp in my yard but I'm really not that upset about it. Especially since I get a good view of his ass in those jeans as he bends to replant them. His dogs lie contently at his feet and I swear one of them gives me a wink. I begrudgingly chuckle to myself and make a mental note to reward them with a treat later. Not for the ruined scrubs and causing me to be even later for work of course, but for that view of my neighbor's sculpted derrie air in my front yard.

I turn my concentration on my current task of getting my kids to daycare. I'll have to race if I am to get them there in twenty minutes when normally it takes me at least forty.

Hopefully, the end of my day is better than the beginning.

two

If there wasn't a waiting room full of people I'd chuck my phone across the reception desk. Kevin and his texts have a way of pulling that emotion out of me. I was married to the man for eight years. Eight fucking years! I shouldn't be surprised, but I am. I guess surprise isn't the feeling I'm experiencing. It's disappointment. But not for me, it's for the kids.

Kevin: Something came up. I'll be late picking up the kids.

I shake my head, bringing my fingers to my temples and rub. The tension headache I'm trying to keep at bay is causing a dull throbbing behind my right eye. I don't need this right now.

I should be immune to this. I've had lots of experience with Kevin and these situations. Kevin and I met when we were twenty-five. It was good while we were dating. So good that after only five months, he asked me to marry him. I accepted. Shortly after we wed, we had Linc and I thought everything was perfect. However, after the stress of being new parents, our relationship changed. I kept trying to make the relationship work, giving him what he wanted. What I thought would strengthen our relationship. But after the birth of Tillie, everything became a downward spiral of destruction. It became a toxic routine of him pulling away, coming home and spending more time with his bourbon than his family. I no longer enjoyed spending time with him. I was over trying to fix what was broken and more concerned with the effect his

drunken behavior had on the kids. Then there was the whole thing of me walking in on him fucking another woman, but I block that out when I can. It makes me too angry. Needless to say, the transition has been hard on the kids, especially when it comes to Kevin not making his kids a priority. Like today.

He was supposed to get the kids from school and daycare. Tuesdays have been his scheduled day since we drew up our custodial agreement. It has been this way for at least a year. Something always seems to come up and it's wearing on the kids. Thankfully, our babysitter could get them up and keep them until Kevin could pick them up at seven.

He'll keep them overnight and drop them off at school tomorrow morning. I'm sure all three of them will probably be in mismatched clothes and Tillie's hair won't be brushed but I'll take it in stride like I always do. The grins on their faces as they run into my arms is priceless. I don't work for the rest of the week so I'll have time to get my Betty Crocker on and make some cookies for them during the day.

It's nice to have the free time while the kids are gone but once the cleaning is done, the house gets eerily quiet and my heart aches with how badly I miss them.

As I pull into the driveway, my headlights reflect off the graying white paint of my front door. Ever since the divorce, I've slacked on the house's exterior. Between having to be primarily responsible for the kid's welfare and doing the little things Kevin did around the house, like mowing the yard, my time is limited.

The sky is painted with bright pinks and purples as the sun begins its descent to the horizon. I'm glad I made it home before dark, I needed to go to the grocery store again for what seemed like the thirtieth time this week. With how much the boys are eating from their current growth spurts, I seem to spend all my free time cruising the snack aisles.

Rounding my silver minivan, I pop the trunk and determinately hang all the grocery bags from my arms.

This bitch doesn't make two trips.

While juggling my purchases, I attempt to gracefully close the trunk but that's not happening. My bottle of soft scrub decides to be an asshole and tries to escape the confines of its plastic bag. I fumble, grab it, then stick it under my chin, holding it against my chest.

I'm not even three steps from my vehicle when my tennis shoe makes a loud squishing noise as if I stepped in a puddle of mud. I can't remember the last time it rained, but I can't look down in fear of losing my soft scrub.

Once inside, I make my way to the kitchen and plop my cargo on the counter with a huff. It feels good to get rid of all that weight, and now I can mark *Lifting* off my to-do list for the month.

Ready to catch up on all the shows I've missed throughout the week with a cocktail, I put the groceries away much faster than I usually do when I'm tripping over kids. I'm about to grab a bag of my favorite BBQ potato chips from the pantry, but I stop when a disgusting, putrid smell assaults my nostrils.

What. The. Fuck.

Ground into the tread on the bottom of my shoe is fucking dog shit. And I trailed it across my light beige carpeting of my living room and onto the tile of my kitchen floor.

Ugh. There goes my night.

Angrily, I kick my clean shoe off at the opposite wall. It sounds with a loud thunk at the contact, the noise only slightly satisfying. Later I would be thankful it hadn't left a dent or a skid mark on the cream paint, however right now, I'm in no mood to look at the glass as half full.

Very carefully, I step out of my soiled shoe attempting not to spread the mess any more than it is. My throat flexes at the stench and acid coats my tongue. Ugh, this is why I refuse to own dogs.

To stop myself from gagging, I hold my breath and stomp up the stairs in stocking feet. There's a maze of toys and the boy's sports equipment cluttering the hall like land mines. I have to shuffle around them on the way to my room so I don't

trip and fall on my face. That would only add injury to insult right now.

I cross my fairly clean bedroom and arrive at the dark stained dresser that holds my comfy clothes. These are the clothes that can be wrinkled because I only wear them around the house. Unlike my scrubs that need to be ironed and hung in my small, walk-in closet. Which reminds me, I have tons of laundry to wash. I hold back my sardonic laughter thinking of how my night was supposed to be relaxing but will be filled with cleaning dog excrement from my carpet and ironing my uniforms.

Quickly rifling through my drawers, I grab a matching purple crop top and legging set. I forcefully yank off my scrubs as if they insulted my grandma's cooking and leave them in a heap on the floor. I slip on my clean items, adjust my hair and trudge back downstairs, my anger not abating one bit.

The mess is still there, staring back at me like a disgusting Rorschach test. If I squint, I think I can discern a hand holding up the middle finger in the pattern of crap. This mess is going to have me up all night, cleaning and sanitizing.

At the bottom of the landing, my fists clench when I spot Tillie's gray and white stuffed dog covered in the smelly substance. The longer I stare at her favorite toy on the ground, the deeper I dig my nails into my palms. I don't have to look to know there will be red crescent shaped marks when I release my fist. I hadn't realized I stepped on it when I was trekking through the house. It must have fallen out of my diaper bag this morning during all the chaos. It's her favorite and I covered it in shit. The sight of it lying ruined on the floor pushes me past my breaking point.

That's. It.

Fire licks at my fuse, lighting it. The flame travels along the wick, creeping through my veins until it reaches its destination, igniting the bomb. The explosion of pent up anger and fury and irritation explodes like dynamite on my chest, causing it to flush to a cherry shade of red.

Cleaning up after the kids is one thing. It sucks but I chose to have them and they're my responsibility. Plus, I love those little assholes.

I didn't choose to have dogs that for some reason are obsessed with being in my yard.

I'm sick of Gideon being unable to keep his Goliath ass dogs off my property.

I pinch the tongue of my soiled shoe between my fingers and hold it at arm's length as I slide on the flip-flops I keep at the door.

"Gideon, what the fuck?" I yell, descending my front steps toward his house.

I'm drawn to the light from his garage that's pouring into his yard, like a moth that's angry as fuck. He was inside of it, working on his motorcycle when I pulled into my driveway, so that's where I'm headed. With as loud as I'm tromping I know he hears me coming.

The silver tool in his hand glints as he sets it on his toolbox and straightens. "Mick, calm down. What's wrong?" he asks, as he takes long strides, meeting me in the middle of his yard.

One thing a man his age should know is when you see a woman who is clearly upset, you never tell her to calm down. Doing so only invalidates her feelings and will likely piss her off even more. Plus, it's just damn annoying.

"This!" I shout, dropping my shit-covered shoe at his feet as if it's a used condom. "I was late to work because Thor and Zeus were in my goddamn yard again, and now I have to clean the crap out of my carpet."

He drags his eyes up from the evidence on the lawn. "Michaella, calm down," he repeats.

Once again, with the *calm down*. Then he called me Michaella. I hate when people call me Michaella. It reminds me of my ex Kevin who called me that all the time. Having a wife named Mickie didn't fit the persona of the professional investment banker he strived to be.

He offers me a stupid, apologetic grin that I want to smack off his gorgeous face. “I’m so sorry. I’ll take care of it. I have an industrial carpet cleaner.” He shoves his hands in his back jeans pockets and rocks on the heels of his black motorcycle boots.

I stand there, hands clenching at my sides. Noticing I haven’t responded, he brings his eyes to mine. “I’ll bring it over and clean the mess myself. You’ll never know it happened. You shouldn’t have to do it. Then in the morning I’ll check the yard for additional land mines.”

I can tell he’s sorry and I feel a little bad for yelling. But damn. I need a break. “I appreciate the offer, Gideon, but I’ll take care of it myself,” I huff, releasing a big breath and some of the tension in my shoulders goes with it. I’d rather not deal with the dog shit but I’m in the mood to be stubborn. Even though being hard headed will only result in additional work for me. Kevin has the kids, and I would much rather be alone. Plus, these aren’t the best circumstances to try and learn what he’s hiding behind his mysterious facade. As if emphasizing my comment, a loud crack of thunder vibrates the ground beneath my feet. I tilt my head back to see black clouds rolling in against the darkening sky. A sardonic giggle slips from my lips and I don’t care if I look crazy as I laugh at the sky.

In the next second large drops of rain begin to splatter against my face.

“What’s funny?” Gideon asks, not realizing he’s the reason.

Thinking of how my day began and ended, I answer him, “When it rains, it pours.” I don’t wait for his response. I’m sure I probably sound and look like a mad woman but I’m too far gone to worry about such things. As if I don’t have a care in the world, I strut back to my house.

three

I trot up the wooden stairs of my front porch and gaze at my door with the quaint welcome mat laid out before it.

Matching potted plants of green foliage and white flowers bracket the sides like little wilted soldiers. Getting lost in the mundane view before me, I contemplate my next move.

With a heavy sigh I turn and take in the street as the raindrops bounce off the asphalt. Any light from the moon is obscured by the rolling storm clouds. Lulled into a sense of peacefulness I plop my butt down on the porch swing and let myself be put into a trance by the rain's peaceful rhythm. I sit here for a minute, enjoying nature's serenity. Today has left me mentally and physically exhausted.

Not wanting to subject myself to the horror awaiting me inside, I decide to leave it for tomorrow. It will be a craptastic way to start my day.

I close my eyes and listen to the squeaking chains while the swing rocks, contemplating how my life became a giant circus. Twenty years ago, I wouldn't have thought this is what my life would have looked like. Divorced with three kids and no boyfriend. Shit, the last time I had sex was with Kevin and it was lackluster at best. Our love life could be described mostly as vanilla. I never felt comfortable revealing my dark desires to Kevin because never seemed receptive to anything new. Plus, he was only concerned with getting himself off.

I was always an afterthought.

The intrusive sound of a garage door closing loudly on its tracks has me opening my eyes to see Gideon making his way to his front door. My lights are off so I have free reign to admire him under the dark cloak of anonymity while he walks inside. I bet for Gideon it is a prerequisite to get his partners off before finding his own pleasure.

All this stuff with my neighbor has me reevaluating everything, a bit. Maybe I'm ready to get out there and date again. With my hectic life, I don't know the next time I'll ever feel the touch of a man. Fuck, I'm only thirty-seven I want to know what it feels like to be all someone lusts after. I'm still young and I should live life while I can. Battery operated boyfriends can't hold you after you come down from a euphoric high.

I pull my phone from my side pocket and stare at the black screen and the possibilities it represents. The answer is right in front of me all I have to do is make the first move. Once I do this there's no going back to how my life used to be. Am I ready for my life to change? Am I ready for the possible disappointment of my desires being actualized then not being fulfilled by it?

There's only one way to find out. *Mickie, take a leap for once in your life.*

I swipe my phone awake, ready for this adventure. My finger finds the teal letter X centered on the black square of the app icon, taunting me. I go to the folder of correspondence and open it. In no time, I find what I'm looking for and hit the send arrow before I have time to change my mind.

Me: Rendezvous

Wolf said he would become my worst nightmare. All he needed from me was to say the word.

Now's the time!

If I wait any longer, I may never follow through with it. With having kids, it always makes me feel guilty when I attempt to have a life of my own. As if all my spare time needs to be spent with them.

Standing, I stick my phone back in the tight zipped pocket of my leggings, and once I do, I descend the stairs to the sidewalk. Nothing beats walking in the warm summer rain. I'm excited for the unknown that's hiding among the ominous shadows.

In the past, I would walk for hours in order to escape the chaos at home, but when Kevin left his family for a skank ten years younger than me, my opportunities to spend time alone dwindled.

At a steady pace, I stroll the sidewalk for a few minutes and stop in front of the open field surrounding our local elementary school. There's no way to distinguish the one-story brick building in this weather and with the darkness of night. I've spent many long evenings here for the boys soccer games though, and know exactly where I'm going.

I pause for several moments, scanning my surroundings, not giving any mind to the rain soaking me through. I make sure to stand in plain sight by the school's sign for a few moments. I feel a little like a bug under a microscope but I ignore the sensation.

My head is on a swivel as I glance around before jogging across the street. There's an instant rush of nostalgia when I step onto the grass and the long blades tickle the tips of my toes. The closer I get to the playground the more the distinct smell of wood chips fills the air, and I breathe deeply, enjoying it.

The seats of the swing set are waving in the wind, beckoning me.

I'm not going to let a little downpour prevent me from riding so I begin the trek toward it. The black hard plastic band is wet but I don't let that stop me from plopping my ass on it. The rain transitions from a slight trickle to a freezing downpour but I ignore it and force pump my legs back and forth. I keep pushing myself to build enough momentum until I'm soaring among the tree tops. Air whooshes against my wet skin and the sensation is electrifying. Each time the swing bolts toward the heavens I'm slowly brought back to life.

This is the place I go and what I do to feel free. Each inch higher I get off the ground is an inch higher I am from my problems.

The raindrops pelting against my body causes my leggings to mold to me like a second skin and a strand of soaked hair clings to my face obstructing my view. I carefully remove a hand from the swings chain to peel the lock from my cheek. When I reach the peak of my next upward swing I catch a movement from behind a tree about a tennis court's length away.

Our neighborhood has been at war with native wildlife ever since the subdivision was built. With homes taking up a lot of the animal's habitats, we chased them into the heavily wooded surrounding area. Therefore, it's commonplace to spot random deer or coyotes using our streets as a shortcut to the other side of the forest. Regardless of the species of my discovery, my hackles rise, and my danger flag is flying.

My text to Wolf was probably five minutes ago. He couldn't be here already.

Could he?

Goosebumps raise, causing the little hairs across my body to stand at attention. I could blame them on the frigid temperature, but I'd only be lying to myself. Maybe I shouldn't be doing this, It was a stupid idea.

I need to go home.

I can be adventurous another night, when plans are more thought out, or perhaps when it isn't raining. I look down at my feet, realizing flip flops aren't the best type of shoes to be wearing. Not exactly weather appropriate footwear.

To stop the trajectory quickly, I scrape my heels against the rubber mat each time the swing of my self-induced pendulum is closest to the earth and jump off when I'm confident I won't fall on my ass or break a bone. I stick my landing and have to think quickly.

A large shadow lurks near the path I took to get here. I swipe at my eyes, the rain is really impairing my vision. The

light from the streetlights barely reaches that area. That, along with the wind, creates the perfect environment for dancing shadows. Still, I don't want to chance a possible encounter with a creep who watches people from behind a tree. My only other option is to run around the school to try and avoid running into him.

My flip flops slip in the wet grass as soon as my foot leaves the wood chip bottom of the park's playset area.

God damnit.

My heart is thumping like there's an angry mob inside my chest pounding on my rib cage to break free. I really should stop to let it regulate and take these unrealistic shoes off. It would be easier to run without them, but I don't want to spend the night cleaning poop *and* blood off my carpet. With my luck, I'll step on a shard of glass contaminated with a flesh eating bacteria. The badly lit school sign comes into view again as the snap of a nearby twig gives me pause. Is there something behind me? Or someone? What are the chances it's a raccoon or stray cat? I turn and it's too dark to be sure but it seems like someone is there, watching me, but there's no one. The rain falls like a curtain over the world around me, closing me in and confining me to the very spot I stand. My hands tremble at my sides, because if anything was out here with me, I wouldn't be able to see it until it was right up on me. Who in their right mind would be out on a night like tonight, hanging out at an elementary school in the rain?

Me. I'm the one not in their right mind.

Not wanting to linger over my stupidity and keep debating the noise, I continue running. The chill is getting to me so I wrap my arms around my chest. It's an awkward position to run in but so is wearing flip flops.

There is no way I am imagining it. That's definitely the sound of someone splashing in a puddle behind me.

And they're getting louder.

This isn't a raccoon or a stray cat. Someone is chasing me.

Unlike stupid girls in horror films I don't look back. Realizing my arms aren't doing any help keeping me warm, I unwrap them from myself. I begin swinging my arms in time with my legs, now I have better balance and can avoid falling again.

There's no time to be cold.

Concentrating on putting distance between us, my flip flops slap loudly onto the pavement. Then I hear it clear as day. Heavy footsteps are mimicking mine, and they're right behind me.

As much as I dare, I turn my head. From the corner of my eye, I see a flash of whoever is pursuing me. He's wearing all black, an oversized hood conceals his face in a dark shadow. By the quick glance at the person's build, it's a man. A large man.

Turning my head was so stupid. The proof is immediately given when I turn around. I'm so distracted by the situation I'm in, I trip over the lip of the sidewalk. I lurch forward, arms coming out to brace myself. Thankfully I don't nose dive into the pavement. Instead, I'm hovering over. My sports bra is cutting into my rib cage as it, along with my shirt are being held taut against from behind me.

No. No. No.

This can't be happening.

four

“G otcha,” a deep voice growls.

Without releasing his grip from the back of my bra, my captor wraps his other arm around my neck and yanks me back. My esophagus is being crushed by the crook of his elbow and the tighter he squeezes the more he constricts my breathing. Is he planning to strangle me on the side of the road? I claw my nails into his sleeved arm and try to pull him off me, but he’s too strong. My head is becoming light from the lack of blood flow. His grip is tightening and my consciousness is slowly waning. Right as the houses in front of me start to fade into a giant blurry blob the man lowers his arm. I suck in air, filling my lungs and gasping for more. But then something sharp pricks into my abused neck. The way it feels against my flesh tells me it can only be one thing. A blade.

“Don’t move a fucking inch,” he seethes, jarring my body as if to jerk some sense into me. “I can slit your throat and kill you in seconds.”

Fear grips me as his statement only reiterates that this isn’t the man I was supposed to meet tonight. Wolf and I had multiple, thorough conversations about not using weapons during our rendezvous. My heart races, its thunderous beats echoing through my chest as I realize the repercussions of my actions. The icy tendrils of apprehension creep up my spine, sending shivers to my trembling limbs. A nearby animal screeches and its claws clack against the pavement as it scampers away. It’s probably competing with another critter

for coverage in this torrential downpour. Every nerve in my body stands on edge, hypersensitive to the slightest sound or movement, as if my senses are in overdrive.

There's no other option but for me to fight, I have to get the fuck out of here.

My sweet babies flash through my head like a flip book. I can't believe I took this risk. Why couldn't I be happy with my dull, sexless life?

Screw self-perseverance, I'll do whatever it takes to get back to them.

Headlights appear out of the abyss of night, the beams only feet from illuminating us. The man lowers the knife and wraps both arms around my midsection from behind.

I wonder if that's Wolf driving to our meeting spot.

How long will he wait before thinking I ghosted him?

With the threat of the weapon gone I have to move quickly.

Mustering all the courage I can, I flail my arm in the air in an attempt to catch the driver's attention and flag them down, but the man pins them tightly against my body before I'm seen.

"I told you not to fucking move. The situation will only worsen if you don't listen," he hisses and presses the knife's blade back into my flesh.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

God, I'm so stupid. How did I think I could do this, do something so frivolous with my life? I'm about to die and I'm going to leave my kids motherless.

"Please don't hurt me. I have three children, and I'm all they have," I say, gritting my teeth to keep my bottom lip from trembling.

His movements still for a moment as if he's considering my words. He must have a soft spot for kids, because almost instantly he removes the blade from my neck.

Small victory. Just as I'm about to let myself experience a bit of hope, it shatters when he begins to drag me back among the cover of trees.

"If you let me go, I promise I won't tell anyone. I haven't seen your face. Just let me go and we can pretend this never happened." I plead.

My head is jerked around as he harshly yanks on my ponytail, pulling tiny strands of my hair with it. My scalp burns like it's being pricked by a million tiny needles. He's using it as a leash, establishing that he is in charge and I'm completely at his mercy.

He throws something over my head, and I swallow the lump forming in my throat. It's rough in texture and constricts my face. I can't see anything but darkness.

What the hell is that? A t-shirt, maybe?

It has an odd yet intoxicating scent of campfire smoke and aftershave.

He yanks me back again by the base of my ponytail, and his lips caress my ear with each word, he growls, "I don't give a fuck what you have at home. You're mine now, Bambi."

Bambi? This definitely isn't Wolf. And what does he mean by, *I'm his?*

"There are only two ways to get out of this. Either I lose interest in the chase, or I catch and slowly defile every inch of your body until you're begging me to stop." My heart is almost pounding from my chest. The only thing I'm begging for him to do is let me go. "On second thought," he growls, jostling me so that his lips brush the base of my neck, "you'd probably beg for more like the filthy little whore you are." His words are sinister and although I can't see his face, I know he's grinning as he says them. He's enjoying this.

I wonder, what will happen if he loses interest?

Do I get to go home?

Regardless, it has to be better than him defiling me.

“No, please,” I plead, begging him to let me go. “I. I. I don’t want this. This. This isn’t what I wanted,” I hold the sides of my head, trying to keep the strands of my hair from pulling free from my scalp.

His warm breath fans over me again and there’s a wet smack as if he’s licking his lips then he says, “No one innocently plays in the dark expecting to make it home unsullied, Bambi. The monsters aren’t under your bed. They are right here among the shadows, ready to snatch you up.”

My eyes burn from tears I refuse to shed for this creep. I wanted this, but not with whoever this is. My chest hurts but there’s an ache even deeper, touching my soul. Where’s my wolf?

Without being able to fight back, he grabs both of my wrists with one of his massive hands and pushes me forward while still holding my hair by the root.

Teetering blindly forward, I rely solely on him guiding me by a fistful of my hair, resembling a reverse reign.

Rain continues to pour down around us with no regard to my current situation. Not even Mother Nature cares that I’m in danger. The cloth is so wet now that water and whatever else on the shirt is dripping into my mouth. I can’t breathe through my nose anymore for fear of waterboarding myself.

Oh my god, I’m going to puke. I need to get this shit off my face. But I don’t know how I’m going to do that with my hands restrained behind my back. I scrunch my nose in hopes it will lift from my mouth, but it doesn’t.

He lets go of my wrists, but his hold on my hair remains. With the force of a mom who has everything to lose, I grab at his hand, and the instant his elbow bends, bringing me closer to his body, I attack.

I punch at anything that feels like a body part. I must land a hit to his dick because he yells, “Son of a bitch,” and releases my hair.

Not thinking twice, I rip the fabric from my face, throw it to the ground and frantically look for a way to escape. With

him behind me, the only direction for me to go is forward.

I take off down the dimly lit street and there aren't any other cars or people in sight.

Where the fuck is everyone? Usually, all my nosey-ass neighbors are outside gossiping on their porches, but when I need saving, poof, like magic, they're all gone.

It's ten o'clock at night, Mickie!

They're probably all sleeping safely tucked in their beds. Where I should be.

Promptly, I take a sharp left off the street and into the grass. The fastest route to my house is to cut through the patch of woods that line the backs of the houses on my street. Surely that psychopath with a knife won't know about this short cut. I know, I know. This is the stupidest move a woman can make while alone and being chased. I honestly don't think I have any other option.

There's a barely noticeable clearing in the brush up ahead from the teens in the neighborhood going back there to party. It's perfect for my escape. To avoid a stick stabbing me in the eye, I crouch to enter, but damn near fall on my ass when I run straight into a branch with my forehead.

What the fuck!

Why does this shit keep happening to me?

Rubbing my forehead, I stumble upright. My chest is heaving so hard that it's becoming harder to inhale. *You don't have time to pass out, you stupid bitch. You willingly took the path through the woods.* While taking a precious second to recover, I listen for footsteps. The only thing I can hear besides my heavy wheezing is the rain drops hitting the ground.

Ducking the fucking branch, I take off. There's a giant oak tree ahead with huge bushes surrounding it. All I have to do is get past it and I'll be a few yards from my house.

I need to move faster, but there's no traction or grip on my flip flops. The path narrows the closer I get to the tree, forcing

me to slide against the bushes. Thorns tear at my clothes and there's an irritating sting along my arms. My skin rips open from the sharp plants as I barrel through it, and the sting transforms into an agonizing ache that's traveling to the top of my shoulder.

Son of a bitch that hurts.

Once on the other side I catch a glimpse of something moving in front of me but I'm so close to home I don't think much of it. There's always random wildlife meandering around my property. I would gladly welcome the company of deer as long as they leave me the fuck alone and let me get to where I'm going. But as I get closer, I quickly realize it's not a deer. What I see is straight from a horror film.

The man who has been chasing me is right there. In the middle of the path blocking me from advancing any farther. He's a formidable sight, in all his hooded glory. With an air of relaxation, he crosses his arms against his broad chest. His stance is casual, as if this isn't the most pivotal moment in my life. As if that's not completely horrifying, he has donned the iconic black and white Ghost Face mask.

What the fuck? Was he wearing that before and how did he beat me here?

The masked figure lunges forward, head down like a football player. Before I can move, he shoves his shoulder roughly into my stomach. In one fell swoop, I'm in the air, and my feet are dangling. His arm constricts my legs like a safety bar on a roller coaster. My hair dangles in my face. He may have part of my legs restrained, but that's it. I still have the ability to fight. He hasn't taken that from me... Yet. I immediately thrash around wildly, all my appendages in motion. I'm kicking, attempting to loosen his grip, punching his back and screaming hoping someone will hear me, but he pays no mind. Even after several moments of me tenderizing that area, he doesn't move a muscle when my fists connect with his rock hard form.

He hugs my thighs tightly to his chest and stalks to where the grass has been flattened to almost nothing by the kids

partying. We pass my backyard, and my gaze remains fixed on the blackened upper floor windows. All the light from my once lively home has been washed away like a sidewalk chalk drawing in the rain, leaving a dark presence in its wake.

Ghost face abruptly stops, throwing me off balance. The sudden movement causes my nose to collide into his back. He's lifeless for a moment before he tosses me on to the mushy wet ground with no regard for my well being. As soon as my head hits the unforgiving earth, my molars clamp down on a fatty chunk of my cheek, briefly stunning me in place. There's no time for pain. I need to get the fuck out of these woods. On all fours I dig my nails into the cold soil for added grip and crawl as fast as I can to put distance between us. I try for a split second to get to my feet, but they slide out from under me, the mud making everything too slippery. Spotting the bushes this stranger had just walked past, I make a mad dash, or rather a mad crawl, aiming for them. My skin is going to be ripped to shreds, but it's worth it if I can get in deep enough for him not to reach. I need enough time to yank out my cell and dial 911. I learned my lesson of trying to get to my feet, so I crawl. The man allows me to proceed a few feet before he places a heavy boot on my side and pushes me. It wasn't a kick, just enough pressure to knock me off of my limbs. I fall to my side with an *oomph*.

The sound that reaches my ears is the most unnerving noise I've ever heard, echoing through my senses. He's laughing. It's deep and soul piercing. My blood runs cold when I catch a glimpse of the man's white slash of a smile through the mesh. The mask is almost completely opaque, but that doesn't stop me from imagining my monster. I can almost picture the sinister glint in his eyes that somehow shines as strong as the beam of a lighthouse, piercing through the turbulent, stormy night. What I see before me is terrifying, what lies beneath must be hell. The overwhelming horror grips me so intensely that its ominous presence seeps into my very being, leaving its putrid taste in my mouth.

I need to get away. My heart pounding, I try to regain purchase on the slippery grass and mud. *I need to get away.* Each inch of distance feels like a huge victory, even though I

know, *I know*, it's futile. He's looming over me, his feet are right next to me. I've made it a few agonizing feet when all the faux success I stupidly allowed to sprout in my soul dissipates under the stress of reality. That's when the full weight of his body pushes me down into the mud.

Bile burns up my esophagus when the proof of Ghost Face's arousal stabs my lower back, but I swallow it down. I need to hide my feelings because I sense that he would use them to manipulate me. Or for his pleasure.

My torment is getting him off.

"Fuck you! Get off me!" I scream so loud my throat goes raw.

His warm breath creates goosebumps across my body when he leans in to whisper in my ear, "Fuck me? Don't you worry, my little Bambi. One of us is going to get fucked, and it's not me."

Then with one of his ogre sized hands he palms the crown of my head like LeBron would do a basketball. The man yanks back so my chin lifts from the mud. A deep muffled noise breaks from behind the mask and there's a vibration rumbling against my back before I realize the mother fucker is cackling maniacally. His laugh is evil, closely resembling the Joker's. His next words are just as twisted when he says, "I'll stick my dick so deep inside of you that I'll make a kabob out of your innards. But first, you're going to wrap those lips around my cock."

five

“Get on your knees,” the masked man barks as he lifts off me, but I can’t move. I think I’m in shock.

Granted he’s behind me and wearing a mask, but the intensity of his stare pierces through my back like a burning laser as he hovers over me. Fuck, I need to do something before he takes out his knife again. Next time, it might not be a threat. Trembling uncontrollably, I plant my hands in the mud to push myself up. Before I can straighten my arms they give out from under me, and I collapse back into the wet earth. A furious groan escapes me, as I lay here motionless. My limbs are jello, sapped of all strength. Fuck, I’m frustrated and angry at myself for feeling so weak.

“Now, Bambi,” the man growls, jerking my head back roughly with a fistful of my hair.

My scalp is on fire, and if he pulls any harder, strands will be ripped out. I clench my eyes shut wishing for this nightmare to end, but a silly wish isn’t going to save me. Only I can save myself from my self inflicted fate. I gulp down the saliva pooling under my tongue, force my chest up and out of the mud, steadying myself on all fours. Leaning back into his pull, I’m able to get on my wobbly knees.

Ghost Face releases his grip from my hair once I’m steady. A soft whimper breaks from my lips at the instant relief. The pounding rain has made the ground beneath me nothing but a muddy soup. I wish it was one of those cartoons from when I was a kid and I was actually in quicksand. I would love for the earth to swallow me up right now.

Without moving my head, I scan my surroundings and spot a large broken branch lying a few inches in front of me. If I move fast enough, maybe I can whack him in the head with it. It wouldn't have to be too hard, just hard enough to distract him so I can make a break for it.

My captor must know what I'm thinking because his next words come out with a sharp bite. "Don't move. I've allowed you to try and get away, I'm done with that now. I'm in charge, do you hear me? And if you move, it will make me very angry. You don't want to make me angry, do you?"

I don't know if he's expecting an answer from me but I whimper a response anyways. "I won't move. I promise."

The words barely leave my mouth when the crotch of the masked man's black denim pants is inches from my face. A large hand thunks me on the head, as if he's patting me like a pet owner rewarding his dog for its obedience. The thought forces a shiver to course through my being, because all I want to do is fight back.

"Open wide bitch," he grunts, unzipping his pants enough to release his cock. It's inches from poking me in the eye. It's straight as an arrow with a reddish purple head. The vein that runs along the underside of it is slightly throbbing with his perverted deviance.

Yeah, there's no way I'm putting that thing in my mouth. It's massive in length and girth. I'll end up choking on it. Hmm, maybe I should do it. Then I can throw up on him when it hits the back of my throat. Maybe that will distract him and I can book it home. Ugh, but I rather not put his cock in my mouth at all. Instead, I draw my lips in, biting down so forcefully that my jaw aches from the pressure. Noticing my defiance, he grabs my cheeks between his thumb and pointer finger, lifting my face so I'm looking right into the black mesh of the mask. There's nothing there. It's as if this man is soulless, oppressed by darkness, because I can't see even the slightest hint of a man. Only a monster.

Ghost Face tightens his grasp, puckering my lips together like a fish, "You will obey me." The pressure is pushing the

insides of my mouth against my teeth. If he adds any more pressure to this vise grip, my teeth will cut into my skin.

He holds my gaze for a few, terrifying moments before he releases his hold. When my mouth doesn't instantly open, the hand that has been crushing my cheeks rears back. There's no time to think as I stare at it up in the air before a loud ringing fills my skull. He open-palm slaps me. Hard. My head jerks to the side, my wet hair following suit and whipping me across my face as well. While my cheek throbs with the sharp sting, I'm frozen in shock. I keep my face turned from him, while I try to process my current situation. *Son of a bitch.*

That wasn't necessary!

I hate showing such weakness, but I can't stop the tears from flowing. That fucking hurt. Maybe he won't notice the evidence of my crying while the rain is falling around us. At least cold drops slightly alleviate the fiery sting of his slap.

"Bambi," he demands of me. I squeeze my eyes close. *Nonononononono.* "Look. At. Me!" he roars.

Not wanting to get hit again, I slowly comply and turn to meet his gaze. Well, fuck if I know if I'm meeting his gaze or not. The black, dense mesh covering them makes it impossible to see his eyes.

Once he knows he has my full attention again, he repeats, "Open wide."

I can't see but I swear he's smiling behind that mask. A grin so evil it rivals the devil's. When I don't open fast enough for him, he slaps me again, but this time with the tip of his mushroom head against my pressed lips. This doesn't hurt, but is more of a warning and a small mercy, because I know he could do so much worse. Doing as I'm told, I hesitantly open my mouth. I'm slow in my movements and a nervous thrill races down my spine. My lips are barely parted, but Ghost Face manages to ram his entire length into my mouth. He grabs a fistful of my hair in each hand and uses it like a handlebar to slam deeper into the back of my throat, causing me to gag. My eyes water as I look up at him and my hands instinctively go to his jean clad thighs. I push against him but

it's no use. His grip is firm as he holds himself within my esophagus, stealing my breath. He could have given me a warning before fully making me deepthroat his massive size. If his cock goes any further it will be halfway to my stomach.

“Don't sit there like a dead fish. Use your fucking tongue, whore,” he growls. I have no choice but to obey.

My head swims from the prolonged lack of oxygen, but I attempt to follow his commands by meekly swiping my tongue back and forth over his shaft. The spots in my vision gather and my grip on his thighs loosen. As if he can tell that I'm on the brink of passing out, he gives me slack to allow me to suck down gulps of air. Not wanting that again, I sloppily lick all around his shaft. I run my tongue from his base stopping at the tip. Deciding I'm not going to be a good little girl, I sink my teeth down into it.

He doesn't flinch. Granted, I didn't bite hard enough to draw blood but it was hard enough to hurt. His only response? Chuckling. The sick fuck is chuckling.

“Nice try, Bambi, but your little love bite only makes me want you to do it again, but harder,” he says, thrusting back into me, my nose almost touching the trimmed, dark pubic hair above his shaft. When I begin choking again, he pulls out, giving me a quick second to breathe before forcing his cock back in and pounding me relentlessly.

I need this to end. I can't be outside, giving a stranger a BJ. If he keeps this up, I'll probably die from penile asphyxiation. Unable to do much with how forcefully he is using my mouth, I find the pulsing vein from earlier on the underside of his shaft and swirl my tongue around it. The masked man's dick gets even harder from this and I almost regret the action, however, I'm hoping this will make him come soon. Knowing this is probably my only option, I quicken my ministrations.

“Oh, fuck,” he groans, throwing his head back in ecstasy. I'm mesmerized by his bobbing Adam's apple which is slightly peeking from under his mask. Once he recovers, I return my focus to the situation at hand. “Mmmhmm, tell me,

is fucking your throat as good as fucking your pussy?” he growls.

My eyes widen at the insinuation of taking my cunt. If this fucker wants me to respond, he’s got another think coming. The man swipes a finger through the saliva dripping down my chin and says, “I’m going to fill that filthy mouth of yours full of cum, and you better swallow it without spilling a single drop.”

You better swallow pierces through the heavy sound of my heartbeat pounding in my ears. I am not a swallower. The few occasions Kevin guilt tripped me into swallowing his spunk ended terribly wrong. As soon as his sour thick substance would hit my tongue, I’d throw up all over him. Every single time. After the first incident, you would have thought he would’ve learned his lesson but he was, once again, only thinking of himself.

But this... this seems different.

Ghost Face’s movements slow, bringing me back to reality. I think he’s about to pull out and save me the treachery of tasting his jizz, but I’m not that lucky. Instead, he drops the makeshift handlebars he made of my hair, grabs me by the back of the head and slams my face into his coarse pubes. I struggle and gag. I can’t breathe. But if the man cares, he doesn’t show it. No, as he uses my mouth for his pleasure, a dominating power emanates from him. The only scent that infiltrates my nostrils in this position is the mixture of his natural body odor and the fresh after shave scent from before.

Without further warning, he shoots streams of hot cum onto my tongue, and I gulp all the salty fluid down, not wanting to find out what he’ll do if any spills. His thick baby batter trickles down my throat slowly and I swear I can tell the moment it seeps into my stomach. Surprisingly, I don’t retch, which causes an odd sense of accomplishment to wash over me.

Why is my gag reflex choosing now of all times to cooperate? Especially with a crazed man wearing a fucking mask. With two fingers under my chin, he tilts my head back

for me to gaze up at him while his cock rests on my tongue. The man peers down at me daring me to slip up. When he's good and satisfied, he pulls out of my mouth, leaving me feeling dirty and degraded.

“I knew you would be my good little cumslut.”

I close my eyes in despair as I fall forward and heave, trying to regulate my breathing. I'm careful not to puke, but it's hard. Wondering what he'd make me do if I did, makes me want to hurl even more. Would he make me keep giving him blow jobs until I got it right? I don't know if my mouth can endure another beating like that. Or worse. Would he make me lick up the mess?

I squeeze my eyes even tighter, trying to rid my brain of the possibilities. Thunder rumbles, shaking the ground beneath me. I turn my head toward the sky and focus on the rain pelting down my face. Hoping for a baptism of sorts to wash away my sins and quiet the voices. The same voices that thought it would be great to walk on the wild side, take risks, and seek thrills. Where my wolf was supposed to chase me safely through the woods, a monster found me instead.

The unmistakable noise of him zipping his pants sounds as he disappears behind me out of my peripheral vision. *Great, I wonder what he has in store for me next.* For the most part, I have composed myself, however, the taste of him still lingers in the back of my throat. There's a part of me that's tempted to spit it out, but my mouth is so dry now I don't think anything will come out.

The pelting raindrops make it hard to determine his next move. I'm about to turn in the direction I last perceived him to be when a familiar cloth covers my eyes, thrusting me back into the unknown. He's covered my face in the same soaking wet fabric as before, and I know without a doubt it's his way of telling me he's not done with me yet.

“It's time to go. Stand the fuck up,” he orders, grabbing me by the throat roughly from behind and yanking me up. I have nothing to grab onto as my feet dangle freely. I'm in a slight panic until I finally touch solid ground. The sensation of relief

is short lived, because he jerks me into his body and abruptly lets go. The forced trajectory causes me to bounce right off his hard chest jolting me forward into the mud. Cold wet soil wraps around my torso like the arms from the lost souls in hell, embracing me in earth's hold. I grapple for purchase, sliding on my hands and knees when a hearty rumble erupts behind me.

This bastard chuckles and right before I can right myself, he's wrapping his muscled arm around my neck again, but this time, he doesn't let go when he pulls me against him. Instead there's a flash of metal before something pointy pokes at the juncture of my leggings. I freeze and my breathing follows suit. With more pressure the sharp end of the object pulls on the stretchy fabric as he presses it deeper into me. The terrifying fact that he's toying with me is glaringly obvious. I need to make a conscious effort to not move a muscle, because if the son of a bitch slips he'll pierce my most sensitive flesh.

I suck my lips into my mouth and bite them to seal them closed. My sex clenches as he ever-so-slightly jostles it against my clit. It doesn't cut through the fabric otherwise I'd feel intense pain, but somehow this man knows exactly where my clit is. He applies just enough force to dance with danger.

"Are you being a good girl for me now?" Hopefully he doesn't expect an answer because there's no way I can provide him one. Well, not a coherent one anyways. Then the pressure between my legs is gone. Right as I'm about to release my lips that I have trapped in a vice grip between my teeth, the muscles twitch in his knife-wielding hand. *What is he about to do?*

My question is answered in the next breath. Taking the blade he rubs it against my clit which is quickly followed by a harsh slap from the flat part of the blade. The bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs throbs with intensity and I have to strain to keep my mouth closed. I don't want to give this fucker the satisfaction of knowing what this is doing to me.

"I intended to fuck you with my dick first, but if you make a peep, my dick won't be what enters you next." Ghost Face roughly smacks my sex once more but this time with such

force I can't hold back any longer. A shrill rips its way from my throat, shaking the tree tops around us.

Did he just allude to what I think he did? From base to tip, the blade has to be eight inches long. It will carve my insides to shreds if he tries fucking me with that thing. Fuck, even if he only inserts the tip, it will cause irreparable damage. I'd probably never be able to enjoy the pleasures of sex again. Damn, I may even die. An imaginary sharp stab of pain pierces my vagina as images of my lifeless body lying on the cold ground while blood oozes from between my legs flicker through my head.

His hold around me loosens and I'm shoved roughly, my legs wobbling as I stumble forward. The man yanks my arms behind my back, my shoulder blades almost touching each other with how rough he's manhandling me. I hang my head as I'm jerked around, the rain gathering at the tip of my nose and falling in large, accumulative drips.

His hand binding my wrists together is replaced by something rough. I squeeze my eyes shut at this new addition that has to be a rope. The scratchy and abrasive fibers chafe my skin as he pulls it tight. He must have had it hiding in the pocket of his black denim pants. It makes me wonder, what else does he have hiding in those jeans?

Ghost Face presses his body against mine so the dangling polyester fabric at the bottom of his mask flits across my collarbone. "We're going to go for a little drive now, Bambi, so be a good fucking girl and don't fight me," he whispers. A lone streak of lightning snakes through the sky, as if my tormentor and Thor are working in tandem to make his words even more terrifying.

My eyes slam open at this revelation. Going for a drive? I'm most certainly dead. Every woman who watches true crime TV knows that if you are taken to a second location, you are basically dead. And *I* am essentially the next cold case.

The rain may have chilled me to my bones, but his words send shards of ice straight to my soul. If he's taking me, I'm not going down easy. I scream as I'm lifted from the forest

floor and thrown over his shoulder. My cheap flip-flops are sucked off my feet by the mud that was trying to anchor me to the earth. If I weren't being kidnapped, I'd probably laugh at the miracle of them staying glued to my feet the entire time I ran through the woods but decide this is the moment they abandon all hope for me.

His shoulder bone jabs into my stomach as he swiftly makes his way to wherever he's taking me. I mentally say goodbye to my backyard. To my home. To my children. But out loud, I scream for help. His arms become a steel band around my thighs preventing me from kicking. My arms are superfluous as well, the binding impeding my ability to fight, but thankfully, he has no control over my mouth.

I don't know how long I'm pleading to be rescued, but before I know it, the beeping of a car pierces the air. My heart sinks with this new revelation. I don't know why I'm even a little bit shocked. Did I think we were going to stay in this forest of fuckery and then he'd let me go?

Fuck, this can't be real. If he puts me into a vehicle I'll never see my kids again.

Like a broken doll, he roughly tosses me inside what I assume is a vehicle causing my shirt to lift with the momentum. I skid, my side rubbing raw against the rough upholstery carpeting. My face wasn't left unscathed. My cheekbone and chin burn from the same harsh treatment. The stench of mildew and motor oil infiltrate my senses. I close my eyes and try to focus but the slamming of a door rocks the compartment like an earthquake confirming my assumption. The man has me locked inside a trunk. A second slam is muffled, making me think he's probably taken up the driver's seat. When the engine roars to life, it throws my last bit of hope out the window.

Slowly I become aware of a familiar melody drifting on the air. Pantera's Cemetery Gates is resonating through the front speakers and when my captor starts singing along I want to scream. Of course this psycho would be into the same music I am. Why wouldn't he? His voice is muffled but I can make out every single word.

To check the amount of space I have I slowly stretch my legs until they are fully extended. Sure as shit I have plenty of room to move. I must be in some type of SUV or van.

The longer this drive continues, the higher my terror builds. I'm clearly just a sex toy to this man, an inanimate object for him to do with what he chooses. But where is he taking me? What's his end goal here? As our journey drones on, my chances of escaping grow more distant with every mile.

I'm so fucking fucked.

six

The vehicle bounces along on its journey as depraved scenarios race through my head. Depravity inflicted by my masked abductor. The images racing through my mind become more terrifying the longer I lay there. Being auctioned to the highest bidder then being locked in a billionaire's sex dungeon did flit through my thoughts for a moment. But then the asshole took a turn too fast and my arms strain against the bindings from the force, reminding me this isn't a damn dark romance book.

You're definitely not getting a happy ending, Mickie.

I don't know if we're off roading or he's auditioning for Dukes of Hazzard, but for the briefest of moments, this hatchback of horror is airborne. My body levitates for not even a heartbeat before gravity slams me back down, derailing my train of thought. However, it's not jarring enough to rouse me from this nightmare I can't wake from.

Wherever Ghost Face is taking me must be off the beaten path because that first bump was just the start of our off road adventure. This whole time I've been cognizant of the turns and approximate distance between them but it's pointless. If given the right opportunity, I thought it would provide a better chance at escape, but there's no way I'm in the right state of mind to keep track of anything. The man's driving erratically, and I'm being thrown around that's reminiscent of a marble in a pinball machine.

The vehicle slowly comes to a stop, and the rumbling engine clicks off. I'm rendered helpless with my vision

restricted and arms restrained. This is it. I'm going to find out what he has in store for me very shortly. Tears burn my eyes but I don't let them fall. I'm already wet enough. Between the rough carpet and my soaked clothes, my skin is raw.

I'm unable to control the full body tremors wracking my limbs. My teeth are chattering as the driver's door opens. The vehicle rocks as he exits and slams it shut. I revel in the momentary stillness. I'm all alone right now. Well, I think I'm alone. I hold my breath so I can hone in on auditory signals, searching for clues as to my location. However, my heart is pounding loudly, limiting anything to reach my ears. *Where am I?* My heart is aching, I can't believe I put myself in this absurd position. All because I was tired of my mundane life. Right now I would give anything for a sliver of that mundane. To be in my warm bed, under my cozy comforter, eating last night's pizza and watching reruns sounds like heaven.

With a beep and a pop of the lock, the trunk opens. Wind blows a cold mist of rain at my exposed skin and the scent of damp leaves wafts throughout the confined space.

I'm not done fighting yet. I'll never be done fighting. I have too much to lose. My arms are cramping from being tied behind me and it's becoming harder to breathe, but I don't let that stop me. After licking my lips, I take in a lung full of air and begin screaming. I'm not even saying anything. Just screaming. I'm desperate. I need someone, *anyone* to hear me right now.

"We're miles from civilization. Scream all you want. No one is coming to save you." The voice behind the Ghost Face mask all but laughs, "As a matter of fact, scream louder. Scream harder. Scream until your throat is raw and until you get a headache. I like it. It gets me all kinds of hard."

Sick fucking asshole. The vehicle dips with the man's weight as he crawls in beside me. A mechanical whirl sounds with a second beep and the residual rainy mist slowly ebbs. *Great. Now I'm in this small, enclosed space with a psychotic man, and a thousand miles from nowhere.*

FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

He's not touching me, but I can *feel* him. My damp skin paired with his breath on the back of my neck creates involuntary shivers to wrack my body. In the next instant, two thick arms wrap around my midsection, yanking me to his rock hard form. I'm too scared to think straight, but I know I need to get away. I kick, connecting with his legs and the walls around me but no matter how hard I try I cannot break free. The man's strength is overpowering and he demonstrates this by hefting my wriggling form to my knees. He contorts me around. It's hard to tell what's happening with this shirt over my face. All I know is this space is cramped. The longer we are in here together the warmer it gets. Between his solid form and the heavy breathing, we are creating a sauna. Before I can think of my next move, I'm upside down with my butt up in the air. My head is dangling freely and my chest is resting on... a seat? Did he just throw me over the back seat? A guttural groan sounds from behind me, the primal element hard to deny. His large hands run up and down the outsides of my thighs.

"Such a pretty picture," he laments. "I just want to..." his sentence fades and there's a shuffling behind me. Then his front is pressed to my back. I know because I can feel his hardened length against my ass. My chest tightens in anticipation for what's to come when a weird pinching sensation erupts on my right cheek.

What the fuck?

It almost feels like *he just fucking bit me!* "Tastes good too. But it will taste even better without all this fabric covering it," he says, squeezing my rump like a stress ball in his firm grip.

Something cold and metal pricks my skin at my waistband, and I flinch. During the long drive, I was more concerned with trying to map out the journey on the off chance I would escape and need to know my way back to civilization. As if I could feel any more foolish than I already do. How did I think that was a possibility? His threats had taken a backseat but now they are all I can think of. How could I have forgotten the warning that he may fuck me with a god damn knife.

I try to gain purchase on the floor with my knees so I can catapult myself over the seats and flee. My attempt is thwarted when he uses his pelvis to pin me in place. I twist my hips in a last ditch effort, but he latches his monster sized hand around the back of my neck, halting me.

“Stop fucking moving, or I’m going to cut up that pretty skin of yours.”

My body betrays me and obeys. “No, please,” I plead, but before I can finish, the sound of my pants being torn resonates around me louder than a jet engine. My body jerks as he saws through my waistband with one hand, exposing my flesh. Finished with his knife, it thunks beside me and he continues his removal of my pants, shoving them down to my knees. In my crop top and thong, the unidentified man displays my nakedness to his creepy stare. A hand slides up my bare thigh in a confusing, gentle caress. The man who has been nothing but violent and demanding is stroking my backside as a lover would. It’s tender and almost calming, perplexing me. Then a smack lands so hard across my left ass cheek that it savagely thrusts my hip bones into the hard back of the seat.

That’s going to leave a bruise.

A small whimper is forced from my lungs as his palm continues to whack me. Over and over, he spanks my bare ass in the same spot, spewing taunts and making this moment even more degrading.

If this is so terrible, why is a tingle forming between my legs?

“You’ve been a bad girl making me chase after you.”

SMACK

“And bad girls deserve to be punished.”

SMACK

Fire shoots up my spine after that one, but I clench my teeth and bear it. In this position, there’s not much I can do anyways. Wisps of my wet hair keep getting plastered to my face with the momentum. The fist around the back of my neck tightens to keep me in place.

“Such a filthy little whore getting off on the pain. I can see your arousal through your panties.”

Ugh, of course, he does.

I'm not ashamed but I am angry. It's natural for my body to react and not something I can control. *But apparently he doesn't understand that just because my body likes it, doesn't mean I consent.* He smacks me three more times in succession, but instead of hitting the same throbbing spot the tips of his fingers slap against my covered pussy.

“Good thing we're only getting started.”

Getting started? What the fuck is that supposed to mean? My ass can't handle any more punishment, and the rest of me is barely hanging on.

On his last smack, he keeps his hand on the abused flesh and calmly soothes the stinging with a gentle touch. This gives me some relief, but now the man's touch goes straight to my sex. *It's involuntary but I groan. I don't want this, do I?* Hearing my surrender, the man chuckles and continues with his manipulation of my pleasure.

A thick, calloused finger runs circles over the increasingly wet spot. Without moving my panties to the side, he presses the thin fabric inside me with the tip of his finger. As he inserts it deeper, he uses his other hand to play with my clit. With two fingers, he pinches the sensitive nerve, pleasure is injected into me like a needle into a vein. Warmth and electricity bloom from the point of contact, swirling around each cell of my body. The taste of copper hits my tongue as I bite down hard on my lip. I'm not going to give this man the sound of my pleasure again but fuck, every time he touches me this foreign tingling sensation shoots through my body.

“Your cunt is so tight around my finger. I'm going to need to stretch this out before I stick my dick in you,” the masked man growls. Then he harshly removes his dripping digit from my pussy and tears my panties off in the same motion. The rough treatment of my panties against my skin surely left a burn because it stings like a motherfucker. Those books

always make it seem like a sexy, pain free procedure. I'm quickly realizing those books are all a bunch of bullshit.

I'm still lamenting to myself about my underwear incident when something hard runs through my slit, slow and deliberate before breaking past the barrier of my entrance. When I realize it's lacking the warmth of a body part, I'm still holding my breath. I try not to move a muscle.

Son of a bitch. What is he fucking me with? He pushes the object farther into my pussy, and I'm ashamed at the lack of resistance it has due to my slickening core. It's hard to decipher but I'm fairly certain it has squared edges, and they're scraping against my inner walls. When it hits just the right spot, I writhe forward, and a slight gasp escapes my lips. Hopefully, the man didn't notice my blunder.

"You're going to slice that sweet pussy of yours if you move another inch," he informs and my body returns to its frozen state.

Oh. My. God.

It's the knife inside me. I'm being fucked with the handle of his goddamn knife... which means he has to be holding the blade. His pace quickens and I have no clue how he is pounding into me so roughly while holding the sharp end of a knife. I scour my mind as I'm being violated from behind, trying to remember if he was wearing gloves. If he isn't, he's cutting the shit out of his hands. He thrusts a few times and it feels odd at first. I'm not used to something of this shape being inside me. There's a bite of pain, but the pleasure is slowly creeping up and taking the reins. Good thing I'm on my knees because my legs tremble from this new sensation. Lava begins to flow from low in my belly, the heat cascading to between my thighs. My wrists are getting pretty raw as I quiver with the building fervor. I'm on the edge of coming. I need merely a few more seconds of his manipulations but his movement stops mid thrust while the handle is inside me.

"No," I whine, but then mentally curse myself when I realize I gave voice to my desire.

Shit, I fucked up.

“Was my filthy little whore about to come?” he asks in a deep throaty chuckle. “And don’t lie to me. I can smell your answer.” Hopefully he doesn’t see the way my sex clenches around the weapon at the vulgarity in his words.

“I knew you were a bad girl and would enjoy this, but you’ll have to earn an orgasm. I want to hear you beg.”

With that, he again moves the instrument of exquisite torture inside of me in slow circular motions. His momentum builds and I’m ashamed at the squelching noises it makes as it jackhammers into my body. He thrusts faster and faster, simultaneously adding a twisting motion. I can feel the object getting deeper, meaning the sharp blade is getting precariously close to entering me.

The climax he had interrupted me from having is now bubbling uncontrollably within me, intensifying with each second and thrust that goes by. My hips have to be bruised from constantly hitting the hard back of the seat. My stomach muscles ache as I try to use my core to keep my head up so all the blood doesn’t rush to it. But all this is background noise compared to the loud shrill of need building in my core.

“P...please,” I whimper. I can’t help it. He now has me begging and I don’t care. I have a one track mind and that track is leading me to an explosive orgasm.

Suddenly he yanks my head back with a fistful of my hair, pulling me back into his large frame. I’m panting from anticipation and fear, the heady concoction as confusing as it is intoxicating.

“That’s a start, Bambi, but you know one word isn’t enough. When I told you to fucking beg,” the hard plastic of his mask presses against my cheek when he demands, “I meant I wanted you to fucking beg as if your life depends on it.” His last words are a sentence all by themselves. His comment hangs on the humid, sex scented air. He releases my head and I fall forward, silence coats my skin, replacing the sweat and rain.

I close my eyes and take a deep breath as I whisper my ear-splitting plea.

“I need it. Please, make me come.”

I can hear the smile on his lips when he says, “When you’re willing, you’re no longer prey.” He returns to fucking me with the weapon relentlessly, taking what he wants from my pussy.

It feels so good I can’t help but scream my need, “Yes, please. Give me more.”

A finger probes the puckered rim of my backside, pushing into it slightly. I’ve had plenty anal experience with myself and a dildo, but never with a man, and never while my pussy was being fucked at the same time. And I especially have not been penetrated with something as solid as the hilt of a knife. So when he withdraws his partially penetrating digit, relief washes over me. I may have asked for too much. In this situation, I don’t know if I can handle both of my holes being filled at once without having a complete mental breakdown.

My reprieve is short-lived, though. With his free hand, he grips one of my ass cheeks in a tight squeeze, opening me up, exposing me further. I’m sure the freak is admiring my forbidden hole. Then I hear the distinct sound of him spitting. The warmth of his saliva drips down my crack to the hilt of the knife.

“You call that begging?” He asks but I know it’s rhetorical. He makes a tsking noise before continuing, “My little girl, there’s a big distinction between pleading and begging. And I’m about to show you the difference,” the masked man growls then without warning and at the same time he yanks my head back by my hair and viciously slams his cock deep inside of my asshole, “Beg harder!” he yells into the void of my despair.

“FUCK” I scream. Beg for him to stop or beg for him to continue? I think he’s leaving that decision up to me. The pain by the sudden intrusion is slight and swiftly, quickly giving way to a soft buzz of pleasure. His dick feels way thicker than it did when it was in my mouth not too long ago.

He pummels into me with wild abandon, both to my detriment and the detriment of himself. How is he thrusting his hips so closely to the blade of the knife? If it’s slicing his skin,

he isn't showing any sign of it. I'm fairly certain if his willy was getting cut, he wouldn't be so enthusiastic about hammering into my backside.

I've never felt so full, with him setting his pace to the rhythm of a song only he can hear. The knife goes in, his cock pulls out. Over and over again, the pain in my scalp is a reminder of my position but I welcome the stinging it brings. The line between pleasure and pain is as thin as the membrane separating the knife and his cock. His dick must also feel the hardness of the foreign object as they slide against each other. Thinking of him also getting pleasure from this has that volcano of yearning wanting to erupt again, I almost don't recognize the breathy moan that falls from my lips.

"Mmmm...yes. God, yes!"

"I know you get on your knees to pray, but with what we're doing, he wouldn't approve. So instead of calling out for a man who can't save you, pray to one who can fuck you on your knees, because there's no god here, Bambi."

With those words, his cock and the knife slow to a snail's pace. It's a nice change from the previous harshness and it's just as good. The trembling in my legs turns to a full-blown body shake, and I can't hold back my reaction any longer.

"I'm so close. Please don't stop. I need you to keep fucking me," I moan my plea.

The masked man removes the hilt from my sex and it thunks as he drops it to the floor. What is he doing? Why is he stopping? *And why do I want him to continue?*

My mouth betrays me, confessing what I'm trying to hide. "No, don't stop," I whimper.

He releases my hair and attaches his punishing grip to my bare hips. I can feel each of his digits dig into my flesh...I love it and hate myself for it. But fuck, this guy somehow knows exactly what I want and need.

His dick is still fully seated inside my ass, but I need just a little bit more. The euphoric pleasure I had been on the precipice of experiencing is in danger of lessening to a

dreadful throb. Since the threat of the knife is gone for the moment, I'm half tempted to start rocking back on his dick to relieve the ache, but that would make this situation even more fucked up than it is. I have a long list of regrets for tonight and don't want to add bouncing on a psychopaths dick to it.

Thankfully, I don't have to move an inch. The masked man pulls his cock almost all the way out, so the tip is barely breaking the ring of tight muscles. There's a warm sensation on my puckered hole, then the man says, "My blood looks so perfect on your tight ass, I'm half tempted to tattoo it on you."

Blood? I knew the blade must be cutting him, but to use his blood as lube is insane. I'll probably have to get tested if I ever make it out of this. The air is ripped from my lungs like I was hit in the stomach with a baseball bat when he plunges all the way in. He's rutting into me now like a wild animal, desperate for release as much as I am. Each thrust becomes rougher, and the slaps of his pelvis hitting my bare ass is echoing off the vehicle's interior.

"Please," I cry. Not sure if I'm pleading for it to stop or for him to finally let me come. But I know I'm no longer pleading for him to let me go.

seven

“**W**ith a bruising grip around my hips, Ghost Face power drives into my ass a few more times before his orgasm erupts inside me. I know he’s coming because his growl of satisfaction vibrates against my bonded arms. He’s as close to me as physically possible in our position, and breathing heavily, allowing his climax to roll through him. The hold he has on me is sure to leave marks, but oddly enough, I don’t want him to let go.

I remain frozen in place. An anticipatory high is all my mind is focusing on, nothingness engulfs the rest of me. Behind the obsidian of my lids, I’m picturing myself about to jump off a cliff but the closer I get to the edge, he pulls out, slowing his motions.

Then I’m being pulled out of my fantasy world into reality. But I keep my eyes closed. I do this for good reason. It’s because I know when they open, the fear of the unknown will consume me all over again. I’m unsure of what I’m supposed to do after giving into my perverse desires with a complete stranger.

A completely dangerous stranger.

When his dick begins to soften, he shifts back a bit then slowly pulls out of me. Apparently his cock was acting as a plug because his cum gushes from me like my pussy is a broken Hoover Dam. I can’t see it but I can feel it has to be a substantial amount. I wouldn’t be surprised if it was coating the old worn carpet.

Oh. My. God. Is he edging me?

What the fuck is happening? He can't be done fucking me down.

I shut my eyes and revel in the quiet before the storm. He's gotten what he's wanted. What will he do with me now? Because there's no way he drove me all the way out here for a quick fuck in the back of his car, right?

The silence is short-lived though when Ghost Face smacks my ass in the same raw spot from earlier, making my back bow in response. "I'm going to undo your bindings and let you out of the SUV."

A whoosh of air escapes my lungs at the thought of being set free. What conspired here tonight was straight from a horror film with a side of erotica. I do love a good movie and smutty book, but I'm relieved to know it's over. When I'm safely behind the confines of my house, I can take a scalding shower and wash away any evidence of this nightmare and try to process my muddled thoughts.

"You're letting me go?" I whimper with unintended anticipation.

He chuckles and that sweet relief that was just within my grasp quickly dies. "We're only getting started. I wouldn't get too excited, yet," his answer sobers me immediately.

My heart sinks to my stomach. I swallow hard but the disappointment feels like a cotton ball is lodged in my throat. Then a swell of animosity surges through me. Most of it I can prescribe to my captor for the situation he has put me in. However a small percentage of that anger is geared toward myself because I enjoyed this. Hell, dare I say I want more? Did I want him to flip me over and continue fucking me on the dingy carpet? It was a horrific experience, but I have never come so hard in my life.

This makes me think of Wolf. I wonder if I escape this alive, would he still be open to correspondence? Or did he take my change of mind as a revelation that I wouldn't be ready for his kind of kink any time soon? The scenarios we had

discussed didn't involve half the things I had just experienced. I'm not sure if Wolf's *kind of kink* comes anywhere close to my abductor's.

With the knife that had been inside me, Ghost Face cuts the rope from my wrists and straightens my form so my head brushes the upholstered roof. He removes the cloth from my head, sweat, rain, and sex-scented air fills my lungs. I blink a few times to ease the sudden change of light entering my eyes, however that doesn't take long. There's only light from a small flashlight laying in the corner.

I don't turn my head to look at him. I keep them focused on the floor. I'm not ready to look back into the daunting black abyss of his mesh-covered eyes. I don't even know if he is *allowing* me to look at him.

Hesitantly, I sit my naked ass on the rough flooring and pull my knees to my chest. I hug my legs as close to me as possible. The chill which was once forgotten is now at the forefront, and I rub the exposed flesh revealed by my tattered leggings barely hanging on. Rain pelts the roof in an irregular rhythm which would've been soothing if this was any other situation. All it does now is remind me how cold I am.

I steer my gaze to the faint birthmark on the inside of my wrist near my thumb. It's in the shape of a four-leaf clover. When I was younger, I thought it brought me good luck, but today I've been proven wrong. I now believe it's more like a bad omen.

"We're going to play a game," he says so smoothly you'd think he was trying to win me over.

"A game?" I stutter.

"Yes, a game. I like to play with my pets before..." he pauses as if what he's going to say next is a hilarious punchline to a joke I'm not privy to, "...ruining them."

At his threat, my eyes dart to his face as he crouches, getting on my level. His back rests against the SUV's beige trunk door, and of course, he's still donning that creepy,

fucking, mask. If I didn't think he was a psychopath, him referring to me as his pet has sealed the deal.

“When I open this door, you can run.” I tilt my head, knowing he's not done talking, but also dreading that he might be.

He must notice my betraying expression of disappointment that this might be the end, because he leans forward far enough to boop my nose with the finger of his bloody leather glove.

“Awe, don't be sad Bambi, you're only getting a sixty-second head start before I give chase.”

Wait. I rewind that sentence in my head.

He booped my nose with the finger of his bloody glove.

Since when do kidnappers *boop* noses? And where did the blood come from? I'm not internally bleeding. There's no pain between my legs aside from the usual soreness after intercourse. If it's not from me, then where *did* the blood come from?

Once I realize I'm pondering things that are irrelevant to my situation, the weight of his words hit me, paralyzing my lungs, not allowing me to breathe. Not only is he not setting me free, he's going to chase me through the woods like I'm some kind of fucking animal. Because he doesn't see me as human, I'm just a plaything. With his next words, he adds even more credence to my determination.

“I'm willing to give you one last chance at tasting freedom. It's not to make you feel better though. It's because it's going to be *so* satisfying to watch the sliver of hope your harboring drain from your eyes.” My anger spikes, causing me to flare my nostrils from his assholery.

The FOB must be in his pocket because he grabs something, and a second later, there's the beep of doom as the SUV door rises slowly. The dome light flashes on washing us in a bright yellow hue that burns my retinas. The introduction of light reminds me of a curtain being drawn up on a stage,

and I'm standing there ready to perform the final act of my life.

No matter how hard he is trying to crush my willpower, my brain won't let me give up. If I make it out of here alive, I need to know what this man looks like. It will be the one thing to save me from glancing over my shoulder at every corner or dark alley. Plus it would help the police to catch this sicko. With that new idea percolating in my thoughts, I lunge forward, reaching for his mask. I need to yank that fucking thing off his head. My fingertips barely graze the edge of hard plastic before he grabs me by the wrist and twists my arm behind my back. He was more agile than I had anticipated.

Is he going to punish me for what I just did? The hair on the back of my neck raises when he whispers in my ear, "Take my mask off, Bambi, and you'll never get to go home. You will have to stay with me forever as my live-in sex doll."

As if to emphasize the point, he flashes me the blade of the knife that I foolishly thought he was done using. I could kick myself for not going for that instead of his mask. In one slice, he makes quick work of discarding my tank top and sports bra. If I thought I was cold before, I was sadly mistaken. My nipples turn to harden peaks from the frigid air and I cover my breasts on instinct as if there's any modesty left to preserve. Taking advantage of my occupied hands, he proficiently removes the remainder of my pants, leaving me completely bare.

There's no time to contemplate my state of undress because before I know it, I'm roughly being shoved from the vehicle without any concern for my safety. I stumble out, bringing my arms in front of me to catch my fall. The landing is rough. My palms scrape through the gravel as I slide like a baseball player stealing home plate. My knees don't fair much better, but I don't pay any heed to the burning from the rocks embedded in them.

I rush to my feet while simultaneously scanning my surroundings. We must be far from the city as there's no light pollution to help me see. Through the rain and darkness, all I'm able to make out is an endless amount of trees spanning in

front of me. I only take a moment to hesitate before I dart forward, wanting to put distance between us. With my first step, I curse at the stinging of rocks at my feet. It's not as bad as stepping on Legos but it's close. With my second step, I curse at the stinging of my asshole that had just been mercilessly used for this monster's pleasure.

I'm a couple yards away when the masked man's booming voice begins his countdown.

“SIXTY...”

I'm taking long strides, desperate to make it to the grassy area only a few feet away.

“FIFTY-NINE...”

I wipe at an errant strand of sopping wet hair that is plastered across my face.

“FIFTY-EIGHT...”

“Fuck!” I scream at my slow progress. My tits bounce heavily as I run. I want to grab them and use my hands as a makeshift bra, but I need my arms for balance and drive. Without them, my pace would be further hindered.

Obviously having heard my cussing, he bellows, “Now is that anyway for a lady to talk? You better move faster, Bambi, if you want any chance at making it home.”

“Son of a cunt-loving-bastard,” I mumble under my breath.

He laughs before proceeding with,

“FIFTY-SEVEN...”

I need to put more distance between us, and quickly.

I hit the grass and immediately take advantage of the new terrain. My toes dig into the wet earth, launching me forward. I pump my legs as hard as my body will allow. The fact that I'm naked for the world to see doesn't cross my mind until the wind whips cold rain at my aching sex.

“FIFTY-SIX...”

I'm still not sure where I should be going, but I need to decide soon. The forest is only a few feet ahead of me. It's the darkest time of the night and will only get darker once I reach the canopy of the trees. The only light helping guide me into the forest is from the moon's sparse rays when they randomly find their way through the storm clouds.

"Fuck," I screech again as I stampede through branches, leaving broken pieces in my wake. There's no worn path for me to follow like in the forest by my house but that doesn't deter me from pressing forward. A thorny branch catches my thigh, leaving a red line of blood to bubble over on my flesh, but I feel nothing. Adrenaline and fear coat me like armor.

"FORTY-FIVE..."

The further I venture into the woods, the less confident I am that I'll make it to the other side. The trees are blending together and there's no way to tell if I'm going in the right direction. With my luck I'll run in one giant circle. My heart begins palpitating so forcefully I'm sure it's about to explode from my chest at the thought. There's a real possibility that I could get lost out here.

"FORTY-FOUR...FORTY-THREE..."

He continues his hollering as I crouch behind a freshly fallen tree and take a few deep breaths. I'm fucking disoriented and I need to gain my bearings. I draw in a few more lungfuls of air, but these are more for centering myself. I won't last another second in this state of unbridled panic. I try to reason with myself, as long as I keep going forward and take no turns I should make it to a road eventually.

Right? Ugh. There's no other option but to try. I need to get going. I'm not making any ground hiding behind this tree trunk.

The world around me tilts and the rough bark digs into my hands as I regain my stability. The cold mud squelches between my toes as I dig my heels into the earth. My heavy breathing has left me a little light headed putting me in danger of toppling over. I take a step when I feel composed enough to move.

This turns out to be a bad idea. Misjudging how slick the ground is I step forward and that foot promptly slides in the slick earth, throwing off my equilibrium. My knees land hard on a large exposed root with such a jarring force I bite my tongue. I contort my body, limbs flailing until I come in contact with the tree. I frantically claw at the trunk, desperate for balance. In my frenzy for purchase, I catch a fingernail in a groove of the bark. The continued momentum pulls me, bending my nail backward. A sharp stab fills my nailbed and I release what little hold I have left. My world that was only on a tilt before is now in a complete tailspin. I can't stop the loud shriek that escapes me as I fall, but it's quickly cut off with an *oof* when I manage to land on my back on that same fucking root.

I've calmed myself to a state of feeling again and my body is screaming. It seems to be one big bruise but I need to ignore it. I blink rapidly up at the dense canopy of branches as the rain peppers my face. Not only is my back going to have a massive mark, which is the least of my worries, but I just gave away the vicinity of my location. Groaning, I cautiously roll to my side and off that god damn fucking root. But then I remind myself, I don't have time to wallow in my self pity and scramble to my feet. Hoping I'll be able to throw him off a bit, I pivot on my heel and take a ninety degree turn left. My fantasy of discovering a road by running straight deteriorates as I scramble for a different plan.

The haunting bellow of the man's voice echoes through the trees, causing every little hair on my body to rise. I'm not sure what number he yells this time because I was distracted by how close he sounded.

What the fuck? I thought he was giving me a head start?

I should've predicted he'd break his own rule. It was stupid for me to think there would be any kind of honor among kidnapping assholes. My intuition has obviously been shit this whole night.

The rain has let up a touch, but it doesn't make a difference on the slick foliage underfoot. My lungs begin to burn from the exertion, and pain radiates from several areas of

my body but I'm not letting that slow me down. I use my physical distress as motivation and regulate my steps to keep a steady pace. My tongue is sandpaper as I swipe it over my lips. I'm desperate for water but the chances of me stopping and licking raindrops off fallen leaves to quench my thirst is pretty nonexistent.

I've put so much of my effort into not tripping and creating distance that I've failed to realize his voice is no longer chasing me. With my head on a swivel, I continue on the path I've set out for myself. No numbers. No scary man yelling or tallying my misgivings, laughing at my descent into oblivion.

It's... *quiet*.

I stupidly take the time to peek over my shoulder, attempting to spot him or his shadowy figure among the trees when I'm swept off my feet yet again. My foot catches on some kind of detritus, causing me to lurch forward. Instead of landing in a pile of leaves or a puddle like before, I fall feet-first into a black abyss.

Pain shoots from my right ankle as my cartwheeling comes to an abrupt stop against a wall of dirt. *A wall of dirt?* The puddle of mud that I had disturbed from my less-than-graceful landing sprays all around me, bathing my naked flesh. I'm dazed, my head cloudy with intense discomfort and confusion. It's so dark and about ten degrees colder. At least for now the rain seems to have stopped. I blindly fumble around for something to help me stand but all my hands find is soupy earth. Trying to regain my composure, I attempt to get to my knees. I bump my ankle in the process and am rewarded with a piercing jolt of fire. By the grueling pain shooting up my entire leg, I think it's fucking sprained.

This is the last thing I need. I can't run with one working foot. I should give up and let the stranger do whatever he wants to me. Besides death, nothing he does can be worse than what I've already gone through tonight, and at this point death might be the lesser evil. Would it be so bad if I curled into the fetal position and cried?

Yes, bitch. It would be bad.

My emotions are threatening to get the best of me and I can't let that happen. I don't have time to wallow in this misery. I'll do that when I'm home in my comfy bed, because I have three babies who still need me. I *will* return home to them, no matter what. I'm not going to let this stranger determine how my life ends. Right now, I need to woman-up and get the hell out of here.

I square my shoulders and fill my lungs with the earthy, musty air. *You've got this, bitch.* I get on my knees again, ignoring every pang of agony. Bringing my left foot forward, I stand, pushing off the floor with the aid of my hands. Keeping my right knee bent so I don't apply any pressure on my bad ankle, I examine my surroundings.

Everywhere I turn, I'm met with a sheet of dark black earth. I'm turning my head so frantically, my wet hair acts like a whip and slaps me in the face. Even the ground beneath me is the same soulless color. The only place left now is up.

Above me, peaking between the trees and angry clouds, the moon is trying to shine for me. The small amount of light able to squeeze through, highlights the edges of the hole I've fallen into. I want to laugh when I realize my ass-salient took the time to make this hole a perfect rectangle.

What the fuck?

Did I fall into a pre-made grave?

My grave?

Perhaps my bravado was premature. I lean against the slick wall as I scan up and around. It's a feeble attempt but I stand on the tiptoes of my good ankle and stretch, reaching for the sky. Despite my efforts, my hands never touch the edge. Nowhere near close enough to pull myself out of here.

"Son of a bitch," I sigh.

This hole has to be over seven feet deep.

"FORTY..."

Fuck!

"THIRTY-NINE..."

By the volume of his booming voice, he's close again. He had to have dug this hole but how did he know I would come this way? Mulling over this information, it's hard not to come to the conclusion that before I stepped foot in this wretched forest, my destiny was predetermined. I was never going to make it out of these woods. He knew I'd fail.

I can't worry about what I should have done. That's a problem for tomorrow. I need to concentrate on the here and now. If I'm not tall enough to pull myself out, my only option is to climb. Hopefully, the four days I've spent in the gym this year will pay off.

“THIRTY- FOUR...”

“THIRTY-THREE...”

“THIRTY-TWO...”

Shit. He's almost here. *Hurry the fuck up, Mickie.*

I extend my right arm as high as it will reach, latch my fingertips around a slippery tree root and say a silent prayer that it will hold my weight. What appears to be another root sits above that one, out of reach. I grit my teeth and dig my right foot into the wall, ignoring the searing pain vibrating up to my shin. With my other foot, I give a little bounce and propel myself higher. Once high enough, I grab the branch, and bring my right leg up. As quickly as possible I try to make a foothold in the shifting wall of dirt. When I'm able to alleviate my injured ankle from my weight, I grunt in relief but that's not before one last shock of pain sizzles up to my ass cheek.

“TWENTY-SIX...”

“TWENTY- FIVE...”

“TWENTY-FOUR...”

His countdown is getting louder as he seems to zero in on my location. In a frenzied rush to escape before I'm discovered, I yank hard on the root to try and propel myself higher but I end up pulling it out. The wind is knocked from me as I land hard on my ass. The puddle of muck that I landed

in does nothing to cushion my fall, and now, I'm covered head to toe in a cold muddy mess.

And I more than likely have mud so far up my crack that it will live there in my afterlife.

Maybe I can lie flat and camouflage myself at the bottom of this pit? The man will overlook me, and I can rest until I have enough strength to escape this fucking hole. *Ha*. Yeah, right, but I don't have much of a choice.

Mud mushes between my fingers when I dig my hands into the ground at my sides. Grabbing huge fistfuls, I swiftly slap it on my chest, rub it all over my stomach and legs. When I feel I'm concealed enough, I lay on my side and press my back against a wall of my grave. I'm barely in place when that haunting voice penetrates my brief moment of peace.

“ELEVEN...”

“TEN...”

“NINE...”

I squeeze my eyes close and try to regulate my breathing.

“EIGHT...”

The tickle of what must be a bug brushes along my back but I don't move a muscle.

“Seven...”

A crack of lightning almost has me jolting from my spot but a mixture of exhaustion and pure fear keeps me still. I hold my breath, knowing my time alone is coming to an end but I'm trying to hang on to that sliver of denial. For now, I'll stay glued to my spot against the wall and pray to all the higher powers that he overlooks the lump at the bottom of the big ass hole in the ground.

I'm waiting for the next number to be yelled but when it doesn't come, hope starts to ignite in my chest. Is it possible he thinks I made it out of the woods? Could I have beaten him at his own game?

My eyes are so heavy that every time I blink, it takes a little longer to force them open. I'm fighting the urge to fall asleep with everything in me, but losing the battle terribly. I curl in on myself, using my hands as a pillow. The mud is hardening over my skin much like a cocoon and is helping to hold in my warmth. Maybe if I rest for a few minutes, I can find a way out of this hell hole.

eight

“**G**ood morning Bambi. Did you have a nice nap?” the masked man asks.

His dark grumbly voice startles me awake from a dream he had been haunting. My skin cracks when I move and I remember this isn't some crazy nightmare. I'm not in my bed.

Good morning? I turn my head from side to side, not exactly sure about what's going on but I know it's not fucking morning. How long was I out? Even more importantly, how long was his crazy ass watching me?

I can't believe I fell asleep in this hole. It takes me a few moments until I'm able to focus, but when I do, I see him leaning nonchalantly against the dirt wall opposite me with one leg propped up behind him and his arms crossed. I can feel the weight of the man's stare behind the creepy black-and-white mask and it makes my skin crawl.

Could I still be sleeping? I close my eyes, maybe when they open, this will all have been a dream. Ghost Face won't be haunting me, and I'll wake up in my bed instead of being in a muddy, cold pit. But when I force my lids apart, I face my reality. I'm not dreaming, and the man is now kneeling in the sludge beside me.

“What's the matter? Are the accommodations not up to your standards?”

Ugh, of course I'm not dreaming. Not sure how else to respond so I shake my head. The strands that were wet before are now muddy and slightly stiff from drying in random

places. I'd love to come back at him with a smart-ass comment about it not being the accommodations and more like the forced company, but I'm not ready to face my death quite yet. For now, I'll stay quiet.

"Cat's got your tongue, Bambi? Speak up, I can't hear you," he roars as he lunges, getting rid of the few precious inches between us. My muscles jump but that's all I have time for before he's roughly grabbing me around the ankles. He drags me through the mud, forcing me on my back. I flail my arms, trying to find something to grab onto to use as an anchor.

"You are such an ungrateful little whore. I spent days digging this hole trying to make it perfect, and you won't give me the common decency of answering a simple question." His firm grip reignites the burning pinpricks in my ankle, causing a twinge of fire to shoot all the way up my thigh as he continues to spit nonsense at me.

Fuck! I was right! Ghost Face dug this damn hole to trap me.

"Ow, son of a bitch! Let go!" I shriek with all my might. My little nap revitalizes my tenaciousness. However, he doesn't let my returned sass deter him. Not in the mood to relent, he squeezes tighter, seemingly to get pleasure from the grimace on my face. Then he stops, pulls my legs apart, spread eagle and kneels between them. I'm feeling more exposed than I ever had while getting a pap smear or giving birth.

"Wrong answer, Bambi. Clearly, you don't know how to be a good girl," he growls as he takes his sweet time examining my pussy. Once he's had his fill, he continues, "Looks like I'll have to force you to be obedient." He releases my ankles, leaving me splayed out like a fucked up sacrifice. His eyes devour me, but I'm left frozen in shock at his veiled threat. How is he going to force me?

He turns his head from me and saunters to the other side of this narrow grave. I can't tell what his next move is, but my eyes stalk his every action for a clue. When he pauses with his back to me, I plant my hands in the mud. Using all the body

strength I can muster, I pull myself into a sitting position, propping my back against the wall of my grave.

He must've heard me because he turns, steps next to me and kneels. In a much louder aggressive tone, he says, "Your cunt is so filthy from all your adventures. I need to get you cleaned up."

Standing, he returns to his side of our makeshift home, leaving me to ponder his words. Did he say he's going to clean me? And why is this fucker acting like it's my fault that I'm dirty? It's not like I stripped naked, went for a run in the rain, jumped into a random hole and spent the night making mud angels. The thought of him cleaning me and what that entails has me imagining very depraved things.

Busy going through the rolodex of possible sexual torturing techniques, I'm taken by surprise when the distinct sound of a zipper breaks through my imaginings. Knees bent, Ghost Face rummages through a large hiking pack that I hadn't noticed before. After all I've gone through tonight, I'm terrified to find out what's hiding inside.

Hurriedly I drop my head and aim my stare down at the dirt. Maybe if I don't look at it, it will disappear. I know it's stupid but anything I can do to keep my sanity is worth it. To distract myself from whatever he's doing in the bag, I watch a worm inching through the mud in front of me. It's pathetic, but in my current predicament, I'd kill to trade places with the slimy critter. Especially now that he's digging himself into the soil, slowly disappearing from sight.

My examination of the local wildlife comes to an abrupt stop when a gush of freezing water washes over me in a torrential downfall. I close my eyes and mouth, place my hands over my head as if I could ward off the onslaught. Freezing liquid still manages to get up my nose and I involuntarily choke. My body is trying to forcibly rid itself of the invasion.

It takes a few moments, but when I'm no longer getting sprayed, I lift my head to see what the fuck is coming next. I'm met with the wide black eyes of the mask and an empty

bottle of water. The son of a bitch just poured freezing water over me, and it doesn't look like he's finished.

Crushing the plastic container so it now resembles an hourglass, he carelessly tosses it over his shoulder. With the same hand, he's able to slam me on my back. He drops down and straddles my thighs, wrapping a giant hand around my throat. With a powerful hold, he squeezes until bright stars begin waltzing to the rhythm of my rapidly beating heart. My hands, which are wrapped around his wrists, begin to go numb. The rest of my limbs seem to have gained a hundred pounds as they become heavy from the lack of oxygen. I try to kick my legs but now I can't even tell if they are attached to my body.

Then my waning vision is consumed with only *him*. Ghost Face is leaning over me as if he is a god, looking down at me from heaven. It's then I know I'm still alive. He'd be reaching from beneath me to pull me down to his perverted version of hell.

After a few moments of him examining me, he releases his hand from my neck and shifts himself down my body, forcing my legs to open with him slithering on his knees between them. He's not looking at me, he's concentrating on his fingers as he swipes a digit through my slit.

God, I hope his hand is clean. They have to be more hygienic than mine are right now.

His fingers pause before reaching my clit then he spreads my pussy lips apart with his thick fingers. With his free hand, he grabs another bottle leaving two behind and proceeds to pour the water over my sex. An intense tingling sensation rushes through me as soon as it splashes on my sensitive nub, and on reflexi my legs try to snap closed but can't with his giant body in the way.

"What the fuck," I screech like a wife who walked in on her husband sleeping with another woman.

Unbothered by my pitch, he douses my most sensitive spot again before grabbing what appears to be a small towel that he has strewn over his shoulder. Immediately, he uses the soft

fabric to wipe off all the filth. He repeats the process dragging the cloth along my inner thighs and between my ass cheeks until I assume my cleanliness is up to par. The bite from the initial temperature shock turns into tiny pricks of pleasure with each swipe.

My lips chatter so violently from the cold water I'm afraid I'll chip a tooth, but I can't help it. With a less damp piece of fabric, he pats my entire lower half dry. His gentle touch confuses me, but he breaks that uncertainty with his vile mouth.

"Now that you're clean, I can sink my dick in that tight cunt of yours."

I curse myself for not making it out of the woods. I should've tried to run faster, or better yet, I should've gone home to clean the dog shit out of my carpet after talking to Gideon. What was I thinking, trying to meet Wolf on a night like tonight? I wasn't thinking with my brain, that's for sure. More like my pussy.

Ghost Face warned me what would happen if I didn't make it out of this maze of trees, so his statement about fucking me shouldn't be surprising. But it does. We're in a fucking grave, for fucks sake. How can he possibly want to fuck me? Sure, he wiped me off a bit but I'm nowhere close to being considered clean.

I really wish he wasn't wearing a mask. It would be easier to slap him or spit in his face. While I had been debating my fuckability, Ghost Face pulled out his cock without me noticing. I know, because it's hard to miss when it stands at full mast, staring me down like some hungry anaconda. With the rag and water container discarded, he runs his hands up my gunk-covered thighs to cup my ass cheeks. Not wanting him to think I'll reach for his mask again, I slowly shift my arms beneath me, using them to prop myself up. From this angle, I have an unobstructed view as he lifts my hips from the ground, aligning my pussy with his hardness. There's no time for me to wiggle away, because in one swift thrust, he disappears inside me. There's a sharp twinge as my entrance tries to accommodate his size, and when he inserts himself to the base,

I've never felt my pussy hug someone or something so tightly. I knew this man was big but holy shit it feels like he's breaking past my cervix. The sensation of being filled by him has me leaning into him more instead of pulling away like I should.

He grips my ass roughly and pounds into me with so much force my arms grow weak. I can't support myself for much longer. My elbows wobble, and my shoulders fall back to the ground. Even though I expected him to be rough, my eyes grow wide at the brutal intrusion.

"What has you so turned on, huh? Your cunt is dripping," he tightens his grip on my hips, pulling me as close to him as possible in order to bury himself to the root. "Was it the chase or the added stimulation from the cold water?"

Fuck, he's not wrong. I'm a slippery mess. He was able to glide inside me with ease. I don't have time for self-reflection, but I wouldn't be able to deny either possibility.

"I need to get deeper," he growls on an upward thrust. Releasing my ass, he runs his hands over my thighs all the way to my ankles. He squeezes them as he parts them as far as his wingspan allows. I squeak from the sting of my injured ankle, but it's more from being surprised than from pain. The wide stretch creates a burn in the back of my hamstrings but astonishingly enough, I love it. It adds to... well...it adds to my pleasure. I can no longer deny it. Being spread open in this position allows the man to drive deeper into me than anyone has ever before. I could come like this alone. What the fuck, am I a masochist? And did I just come to this conclusion while being dicked down by Ghost Face? The spanking earlier got me wetter than any foreplay in the past ever has. Come to think of it, I don't think anyone has ever been so rough with me. If I get out of this alive, I don't think I'll ever be able to have vanilla sex again. My days of missionary with the lights off are over. I just hope I won't need my future partners to wear this god forsaken mask in order to get me off.

In this new position, his cock hits *that* spot in me and my legs quiver and try to snap together. To my surprise, he doesn't suppress the movement but instead allows it. He releases my

legs and they end up on either side of his head. He leans forward, the back of my calves now scraping against the chest of his sweatshirt. A foreign noise is ripped from my throat and is absorbed by dirt walls. If I hadn't made the noise, I would have been convinced an animal was nearby getting mauled. I guess that's not too far from the truth.

He slams a hand in the mud by my head causing a spray of dirty water to splash against my cheek. His body snuffs out the sliver of moonlight when he leans over and wraps his long fingers around my throat again. However, this time is slightly different. I'm waiting for the pain of bruised skin being squeezed, but it never comes. I gulp down air, preparing to be starved of oxygen once more, but that doesn't come either. His hand seems more of a claiming or warning, telling me I'm to do as I'm told because he owns me.

I wish he wasn't wearing a mask. Not so I can give the police a good description for a sketch, but so I could read his expression. Maybe get a glimpse of what he's thinking, or what's going through his head.

My hands return to his wrist, and I hold on while he pounds into my pussy. He leans over me, folding my body in half, my breasts being squished by my thighs.

"Such a dirty little whore." His deep, muffled grunts are hard to hear from behind the black and white mask. This time when I groan, it sounds exactly like what it is: a woman having the best sex of her life.

I swear the jackass laughs as he continues drilling into me. "You like getting fucked in the mud, don't you?"

He isn't completely wrong. I don't particularly love the setting we're in, but there is something primal about the way he's driving his cock into me while we're covered in a mixture of mud and dried blood. This should make me sick, but it doesn't.

My pussy clenches around him when he loudly demands, "Answer me!"

He doesn't wait for my response this time. Instead, he pulls his length from me slowly, inch by agonizing inch. Fully removed from my body, he grabs my ankles with one hand, keeping my boney knees jabbed into my collarbone. With the other, he reaches to the side and grabs another bottle of water. My heart pounds against my thighs, unsure if he's going to drown me with it or not. I'm desperately searching the black mesh of his mask, hoping I can find his intent when he lifts it over my sex, which is on full display in this position. If I could see his face, I know it would hold a mischievous smirk right now. Then he pours it over my sensitive flesh and slams his erection inside my awaiting cunt.

The extreme chill shocks my system and I scream, "Yes, Mask Daddy!" The water adds a new dimension to my pleasure. That's what I'm blaming my outburst on. My cheeks heat in embarrassment. *Daddy?* Where did that come from? I've never called someone, daddy, before. Not even my own father, Why would I now?

"Fuuuuuck," he growls from deep within his chest.

The endearment must've flipped on a beastly switch inside him, because he quickly tosses the bottle to the side and pulls himself from me once more. In a swift turn of events, he flips me over, pushing my face down in a puddle. I accidentally inhale on the way down, filling my nose and mouth with murky water. Coughing violently in panic, I try to lift myself with trembling arms.

Once again, I'm the punch line to his night. His sardonic laughter makes it to my ears as he wraps an arm under my stomach and positions me on all fours. I've barely caught my breath when Ghost Face thrusts inside me with such force my hands slide in the puddle. I'm in a literal face-down ass-up stance. His fingertips dig into my shoulders, giving him added leverage to pound into me harder. My body jerks with each sweet and tortuous thrust that his hold on me loosens. He takes advantage of the momentum and roughly claws down to my lower back, while he continues slamming into me.

"Ahhh, yes god," I whimper.

Fully seated inside of me, he freezes. The sudden stillness of his movements lets me know I've fucked up. Why else would he stop thrusting? I want to turn around and see what he's up to, but I'm way too scared of what I may discover. Then his hips move jerkily and nudge against my ass as Ghost Face fumbles with something from his duffle bag, I assume.

"I told you, Bambi, there is no God here." He shifts his weight forward, forcing me deeper into the mud. "Now open your mouth," he commands, and I obey. I'll do anything at this point just so he'll start fucking me again.

A white piece of cloth is placed in front of me and lowered to my mouth. I open my mouth and he places it between my parted lips. I'm assaulted with the same campfire and aftershave essence. The scent is a reminder of my blindfold in the woods so it has to be a folded up shirt like before.

I don't have much time to ponder the material before he barks out, "Bite down."

As I latch my teeth into the fabric, Ghost Face jerks his hold on the makeshift reins, pulling my head back to look up at the black sky. That's not enough rough treatment for him though. He yanks back even farther, forcing me at an awkward angle. Not seeming to notice or care about the position I'm in, he moves inside me again. With the impromptu reins, he pounds into me, pulling me back into him every time his hips thrust forward. His huge dick is causing my pussy to pulse around it. Every moan that leaves my lips comes out as discombobulated jibberish, but fuck does this man know what he's doing.

"I bet you never thought you'd come in a grave dug for you, did you?"

He's cocky with his words and uses a knee to shove my legs apart more, making my hips lower a few inches. The new inclination creates a new sense of bliss as he pounds deeper and harder into me. With every thrust, the tip of his dick rubs against my G-spot. No one has ever been able to reach this spot in me, except for me with my long vibrator. It's so good my eyes roll to the back of my head, crossing to the point I'm

convinced I'll never see the same again. I'm taking everything he's giving me and grounding my ass into him practically begging for more. It only takes a few pumps in this position before pleasure begins to warm me from my toes up.

He must sense that I'm on the verge of coming undone, because he quickens his thrusts, giving me exactly what I need. I can't contain the breathy moans that are able to make their way past my gag when a tsunami of ecstasy rolls through my limbs. It's so consuming that my body shakes uncontrollably, and I close my eyes savoring the moment before it's gone.

He lets the fabric fall from my mouth and spit drips down my chin. Without missing a beat in his thrusts, he groans, "Your cunt is trying to milk my cock dry. Is that what you want me to do? Fill your needy pussy with my cum?"

Fuck yes, I do. I have to admit it even if it makes me fucked up for doing so. I don't know about STDs, but at least I don't have to worry about pregnancy. I've had an implant in my arm since Tillie was born, not that I really needed it. This crazy kidnapping has turned into the best sex of my life, and it can't end until his release is dripping from all three holes.

Just when I think he will drench the last of my holes, he pulls his cock out and sprays me with warm, sticky liquid. I can only assume it's his release coating my backside. The substance leaves a cold trail as it drips down the crack of my ass and through my slit. Not giving a single fuck if he kills me in this grave after the fuck of my life, I roll over onto my back and lie in the mud. My entire body is buzzing from the orgasm. Although I'm spent and would love a warm bath, my crazy side really wants Ghost Face to ram my pussy again and fill the one place he hasn't yet. It's a missed opportunity, if you ask me.

It takes awhile for me to compose myself before I realize I don't sense him around me. I don't feel his body heat behind me nor do I hear anything.

Did he leave me?

Slightly turning my head from side to side, I don't spot him, so I prop myself up to a sitting position and scan the small space of the grave. At the far end with pants back in place, he has his back to me and is rummaging through his hiking pack.

I'm assuming going again is sadly out of the question.

When he straightens, it seems like the altitude has changed around us. The sudden shift in mood has me subconsciously sliding away on my butt. He turns toward me slowly as if sensing my predicament. The hollows of his masked eyes seem more haunting than before. His fists clench at his sides and I don't need to see his face to know...

The *fun times* are about to end.

nine

“It’s time to go.” His tone is emotionless yet demanding. He reaches for my hand, but I don’t offer it up. For some reason, this seems like the scariest part of the night.

“Where...where are we going?” I try to make myself appear strong, but I can’t hide the waver in my voice. “And how do we get out of here?” There’s no way I’m going to try to climb up again with my sore ankle, and I don’t think he can toss me up the several feet it would take to escape this fucking hole.

With a little jump and a few parkour moves that seem effortless, he makes it to the top. I strain my neck to peer up at him as he looks over the edge at me. He better not think I’m going to do all that cause fuck that shit. I’ll stay down here if that’s the only choice I have. Cocking my hip to the side, I cross my arms and continue to stare back at him. He’s examining me, making me feel on display like a critter in a terrarium. That mask set against the backdrop of a stormy sky almost steals my breath. When he reaches for me, I half expect his hand to be a skeletal representation of one, not covered in flesh.

“Give me your hand,” he instructs, but I shake my head *no*.

I think I have a better chance of survival staying down here than being up there with him. He notices my resistance and withdraws his offer. I can no longer see him peeking over the edge. I’m left to believe I’m in the clear, that maybe he will

leave me to my fate in this grave. Low, maniacal laughter floats on the earth- sodden breeze, causing me to shiver, reminding me I'm naked. Then his words from before attack me from nowhere, haunting me.

“There are only two ways to get out of this. Either I lose interest in the chase, or I catch and slowly defile every inch of your body until you're begging me to stop.”

How far will he take it and how much can I handle? Grasping my forearms, I attempt to comfort myself but it doesn't help in the slightest. Everything grows still as I wait for his reappearance, but time seems to drag in his absence. I'm tempted to call out, but immediately shake my head at my stupidity. I'm the one who wanted to stay in this pit, he's only giving me what I asked for. With slumped shoulders, I lean against the side of this literal death trap. My ankle isn't as bad as I'd originally thought, although it'll prevent me from playing another game of hide and go seek that's for sure.

“Give me your hand!”

I gasp and jump at the loud intrusion. Even though he startled me, I can tell his demand was given through gritted teeth. I don't think it's a good idea to make him even angrier, so I do as I'm told. His large, muddy hand engulfs my smaller but equally muddy one.

He pulls me with such force I'm airborne. I'm thankful he never lets go of my hand, and I land somewhat gracefully on the prickly grass at his side. That finesse can completely be credited to Mr. Mask Fucker McFuckerson. If he had let go, I'd have probably landed on my face with my bare ass in the air which wouldn't be the first time tonight.

Once I've recovered, I stare at the plastic face in hopes of anticipating my next order. Maybe that will grant me access to his good graces. Doubt it, but I need to do anything I can to stay alive.

“Turn around.”

I immediately do as I'm told, and my vision is taken from me once more when something is placed over my head,

probably the same thing he had used the first time. I'm fairly certain I'm not going to like what comes next. *Or maybe I will?* I really need to decide if this has been the worst day of my life or the best, but I know I won't come to a final conclusion until I find out how this ends.

"The night isn't over, Bambi. I want to eat your juicy cunt before fucking you again." He binds my wrists a second time, which are still a little raw from before, but luckily, this time he uses a softer material. "Now, if you try anything funny, the hilt of the knife in your pussy will be child's play," he whispers in my ear.

His threat sends a shock to my clit. This man's depravity shouldn't affect me as much as it does but every time he talks in that growly voice, my pussy floods with need. Then he turns my naked body around to face him, and I'm over his shoulder. This seems to be his favorite way of picking me up. Guess he won't be carrying me, bridal style, over the threshold any time soon.

"Don't fight me, otherwise I'll make you walk through the woods again, and if you fall in another hole, I'll leave you there to rot."

"I'm not going to fight, Mr. Loomis. I can't see and will probably end up getting stabbed in the kidney with a stick," I say, a little of my rambunctiousness still there.

He chortles at the original *Scream* reference, then lands a loud smack on my ass. I want to laugh at the interaction as well, but remember I'm a prisoner who's being sexually tortured by a deranged, masked psychopath. Because apparently, that's easy to forget.

We dip as he grabs his pack from the ground, then we begin traversing to devil knows where. This time around isn't as tumultuous as the first time we'd assumed this position. I don't know if he's being more cautious or if I've become immune to his treatment. There haven't been any random branches whacking me which makes me think he's actually taking the time to avoid them. On the other hand, caring for

my well being doesn't seem like something he'd do. Needless to say, this leaves me even more confused than before.

Earlier, it felt like I had run a twenty mile marathon in my quest to get free, but we arrived at his vehicle in about two minutes. He removes the hand that had been possessively on my ass to, I assume, retrieve the fob from his pocket. The telltale beeping of a vehicle being unlocked, sounds. Is he taking me somewhere else? Is he taking me home?

He must've felt my body stiffen at my internal question, because he says, "Wishful thinking, Bambi. I told you I'm not done with you yet. I had you coming on my cock, and I still need you to come on my tongue."

Commanding my sore pussy to not react to his words is a losing battle. My body sways from what I can tell is the masked man opening a door. It feels like he bends over, but it only lasts a few moments before I'm jostled in his hold. There's a crunch of gravel after he shuts the door. His steps pound against the earth in time to my heart. He's walking again which has me wondering what he got out of his car. A new attitude maybe?

After a few more steps and some more jostling, his footsteps change from muffled to hollow-sounding like they would if you walked on a porch. There's a jingle of keys, then my ass is hit with a gust of warm air. Apparently we are in a building now? My mind races with what that signifies. Could he really just want to eat me out?

The clank of keys hitting a table stops the tornado of scenarios from gathering any more momentum and the pitter-pattering inside my chest steadies. I take a deep breath and hold it while he sets me on my feet then swipes the covering from my head. It takes me a second to open my eyes, but once I do and they adjust to the light, I'm flabbergasted by what I see.

And slowly exhale.

What greets me is staggering. I'm in the center of a modern looking cabin. I allow my eyes to wander over my surroundings. It's fairly small, except for the hallway that

leads to who-knows-what. The open floor plan puts everything on display. There's an L-shaped brown leather couch in front of me, facing the cast iron wood stove in the corner. The heat emanating from it calls to me like a siren attempting to bewitch the sailors at sea. Trying to ignore the pull, I scan the wall behind it, not finding any pictures or personal touches. A few feet away there looks to be a set of stairs that lead to a basement...and no Masked Man.

He must've crept away while I was transfixed by my new surroundings. The keys he chucked on the table earlier tempt me, and I briefly debate taking them and making a run for the van, but there's no way I'm able to drive with my hands tied behind my back. Eyeing the top of the table, I search for something that could help me get out of my predicament but it's sans reading material or personalized knick knacks. A fine layer of dust covers every surface, proving that no one has visited this beautiful home for a long time. I pull at my restraints when dust tickles at my nose, wanting to wipe it away before I sneeze.

Turning from the irritant, my eyes land on something that causes me to take a step back. To my dismay, guns of different varieties literally line the entire wall, leaving no space available to add more. What does a person need so many guns for? I don't think I want the answer to that question.

When I leave the showcased armory to check out the elaborate kitchen, I'm spooked and jump nearly three feet in the air by a new masked man. Are you fucking kidding me? There's another one? If he thinks he's going to tag team me with another sick psycho and have some kind of horror flick orgy, he has another think coming.

This one is donning a purge mask with teal blue LED lights. He's wearing dark gray sweatpants and a fitted black t-shirt. In front of him is a fluffy white towel in his giant grasp. I suppress my gasp and frantically try to concoct a way to escape. Before I can move an inch, the man behind the mask speaks.

“Do you think I'd let another man touch you?!”

A feral growl slithers out. He sounds angry that I'd even think that, or irate at the thought of another man with me. A dose of fury threatens to pull me under. This masked fuckface made me relieved that the person in front of me is him. Relief at his presence shouldn't be something I experience.

The most atrocious sin he's committed this entire time is the fact he's wearing clean, dry clothes. Must be nice. It's practically a slap in the face considering I've been naked and freezing my tits off nearly all night. *Fucking fucker!*

After observing the array of emotions flit across my face, he says, "I thought I'd switch things up on you in our new setting. Now, let's get you cleaned up. I have the shower running and a fresh set of clothes waiting for you."

I'm not sure how I feel about this change. Hopefully, it's not indicative of a whole new personality. I just got used to this one.

With my arms still tied behind my back, I follow. I wish I could hit him in the head with something, not only because I was somewhat happy to see my abductor but because I'm willingly following him. I would stalk the devil into hell if I was guaranteed a hot shower at the end.

On his heels, I trail the man down a long hallway. I'm kind of taken aback by his interior design choices for this passageway. Floor-length mirrors line its entirety. I can't help but catch a glimpse of myself as we pass through. I don't want to look but when my curiosity gets the best of me, I come to a complete stop. To say I look a mess would be an understatement. My hair is matted with mud in several spots and there's a random leaf sticking out. I swear to fuck if that worm from earlier is in there, I'm shaving my head, bald. There's several scratches that adorn my body, some with dried blood and a few are bright red. It's hard to tell but if I squint my eyes, I can see the beginning of several bruises under my muddy apparel.

Lost in the hall of mirrors, my abductor demands, "Get a move on, Bambi, before I change my mind." We are a few paces from a staircase leading up. I didn't expect for there to

be a second floor, granted I didn't see the outside of this house.

"You want me to walk up the stairs with my hands tied behind my back?" I ask with incredulity. It would be fine under normal circumstances, but in the state I'm in, I can't trust myself not to tumble ass over teakettle.

There's that rumble of laughter again when he says, "Don't worry Bambi, I'll be right behind you."

Uh, what?

"But I'm naked?" I don't know why I pose it as a question, but I really don't want him that up close and personal with my ass in case he attempts to assault it again.

"I'm aware," is all he offers.

I turn my lips into a tight line. It's a little too late for self-perseverance.

My first step is cautious on the lightly stained, hand scraped stairs. My ankle still has a twinge of pain but it's not horrible.

A few more steps and I hear him groan from behind me.

"If you don't hurry, I'm going to bend you over on the stairs and take my fill of your pussy from behind."

My sex clenches at his declaration. I'm half tempted to pause and test his threat. Then I remember there's a shower waiting for me, and I pick up the pace, but not before he lands a loud smack on my battered ass. I barely feel it though, because I'm solely focused on standing under a hot spray.

Once at the top, we travel down the hall a short distance to an open doorway with the light on. The sound of running water greets my ears, and before I think twice, I dart through the threshold. A strong band snakes around my waist, halting me in my pursuit of cleanliness.

"Not yet, dirty girl. Your hands are still tied behind your back."

It's hard to stand still as he makes quick work of removing my bindings. Steam is billowing over the curtain, and I breathe it in, trying to warm the chill in my soul. The water scorches my feet as I step into the shower/tub combo, but when my skin acclimates to it, the temperature soothes my muscles. To get some pseudo alone time, I try to close the frosted curtain, but the man stops it with his hands and yanks it off the rod. Curtain rings clatter over all the surfaces of the bathroom.

“You don't get to hide from me, Bambi. I've already caught you. You're all mine.”

Whatever. I all but shrug my shoulders at his claim. Let him think what he will, as long as I can stay where I'm at, I don't care at this moment.

Even though the masked man took the privacy of the shower curtain, at least he's not inside the room, gawking while I bathe.

No. He's outside the door, gawking while I bathe.

In an attempt to block his prying eyes, or piss him off a little, I turn my back to him. The water stings as it hits my torn flesh. I grit my teeth and close my eyes, letting the pressure of the water do all the cleaning.

After about ten minutes of remaining stationary, I reach for the bottle of body soap and the white washcloth on the side of the tub. Lathering the eucalyptus and mint scented soap in my hands, I wipe at my face. Suds begin their descent down my body, setting every single laceration on fire. A high pitch squeal escapes me and I whimper as I step under the direct spray of the shower head. If I didn't know better, I'd swear I just used acid instead of soap, and it's burning my flesh away in layers.

My pained whimper must alert the masked man with glowing eyes because his chin tilts up from the direction of my side boob to the direction of my face in an instant.

“What's the problem?” he asks in his muffled voice.

“This,” I keen, while pointing to the source of my agony. “My skin is torn to shreds. I'm cut in places I didn't know

could be cut. I wasn't thinking when I used your soap.”

Without a verbal response, he disappears into the hallway then returns moments later with a clean washcloth. He reaches for the showerhead, fingers a switch that causes the stream pressure to lighten significantly then wets the cloth and begins carefully wiping my skin. Water gets everywhere, but he doesn't seem to care. His blue eyes are bright lights cutting through the fog, and I wonder if his mask will short circuit if it gets wet.

The man straightens, and rinses the cloth again. The liquid being squeezed from the rag is a light brown. “Put your hands against the wall and spread your legs,” he commands once the water runs clear.

Call me crazy, but after this most recent demonstration of his demeanor, I have no problem giving him my back. So I turn to face the shower wall, placing my hands on the cool white tile with my forehead following suit. I close my eyes as my kidnapper studiously administers care to the remainder of my afflictions. Dare I say, it feels good as he meticulously cleans and tends to my backside.

I lean into his caress, and when he taps my ankle then grabs it, I instinctively know I'm supposed to lift my foot. It tickles a little as the cloth moves against my sole. I bite into my bottom lip to suppress a giggle, but I don't move a muscle. After a few seconds, he does the same for my other leg. If I wasn't so tired and exhausted, I would've questioned why he's being so gentle.

It's only a few moments without his touch before I realize he has stepped away. The water that once felt like pins and needles hitting my slashes is now almost therapeutic. My back arches with the soothing pressure, and I welcome the massage.

I've grown accustomed to the silence of the shower, letting my mind rest as well. I'm so immersed in the relaxing sensation that I almost miss his return.

“This might hurt a bit.”

He must have seen the slight slump of my shoulders because he adds, “You can’t tell me you don’t like a little pain.”

I don’t have time to respond before my hair is being tugged. It’s not exactly painful but it’s also not pleasant. After a few more seconds of the same treatment, I realize...he’s brushing my hair? He must have gotten a comb or a brush.

After tonight, I thought I would need to cut my hair, thinking there’s no point in washing it. It’s so matted it could be misconstrued as a rat’s nest, but the masked man grabs shampoo and conditioner, combing through the tangled mess of my dark hair. He’s not exactly gentle but he definitely isn’t the brutal ass from outside.

Once the comb runs easily through my locks, he tosses the brush somewhere to the side with a clatter. I’m almost regretful when he pulls me from the wall and positions me under the shower head. His caring and compassionate touch is missed while I rinse all the products from my hair. My eyes follow him with a newfound longing as he takes his leave from the bathroom.

The loneliness is loud and almost oppressive, that once gained comfort slowly dwindling. After a few moments of solace, I turn off the valves and step from the shower. Water drips from my face, hair and limbs as I scan my surroundings. There’s a floating countertop with his and her sinks in white porcelain. A giant mirror, and tons of matching, rustic wood cabinetry. I debate looking through them, but I don’t want to betray the delicate trust he has placed on me.

But no towel.

Ugh. What. The. Fuck.

To my right is a narrow barn door which I assume slides open to a linen closet. Wringing the excess water from my hair, I shake my body as a wet dog does when it tries to dry itself. I don’t do it as vigorously in fear I’ll slip and hit my head on the toilet. Once I’ve removed as much as I can, I very carefully step over the side of the tub and tip toe over in hopes it’s a linen closet. But to my surprise, it’s not.

Behind the wooden door is an in-home sauna. The pleasant smell of cedar tickles my nostrils and I breathe it in. There's two cedar slotted sauna chairs inside, one lies flat and the other is set upright with...

...*a towel* folded neatly on its seat.

I take a few paces forward, knowing it's a trap, but the warmth of the sizzling rocks calls to me. Besides, if he really wants me in here, he could just physically put me in here. That sounds an awful lot like a person giving up. Am I? No. Am I doing what I need to survive for my kids? Sure. I'm just honing in on my self preservation at this point.

I'm two steps from the towel when his voice has me pausing in my tracks.

"Nuh, uh, uh," my tormentor sing-songs from the doorway.

"You said I could use the towel," I all but whine like a petulant child.

"Fuck the towel, this is a much better way for you to dry off. Then if you do as I say, you'll get the clean clothes as promised," he tilts his chin at a chair. "Sit on that bench and lay your head back."

I do as I'm told and take the remaining steps to the upright chair with the towel. Before sitting down, I eye it, not sure what I'm supposed to do. This has to be a test.

"You're learning," he offers. His voice drips with pride and recognition of my obedience. "Sit and put it behind your head like a pillow."

Doing as he commands, I pick it up before sitting down. I angle the towel behind my head so it's comfortable and doesn't fall.

"Just like that. Now. Put your shoulders back and slide that fine ass forward."

I slide against the smooth, warm wood until I can't go any farther. The exhaustion from the night's activities rack my

body. It feels like boulders are weighing me down, and I could fall asleep sitting like this.

No sooner do I lie my head back, the man closes the door and struts over with purpose. It's only been a matter of a minute, but the heat from the sauna has warmed up the parts of my body the shower wasn't able to. He's fully dressed with that damn mask on, if he doesn't take something off soon, he's going to sweat to death.

The fucked up side of me hopes that I'll get to see him naked soon. The non-fucked up side of me wishes the same thing. I'm doomed.

Placing his large hands on my knees, he spreads my legs open. I can tell by the way his head is tilted he's looking at my sex as he kneels before me. If I wasn't already flushed by the sauna then I will be before long. The teal lighting around his eyes are now red, making me wonder how it changes colors. It's blinding and causing me to blink uncontrollably as he inches it closer to my face. I turn my head in hopes of dulling the light but completely forget about it when I notice something. The masked man removed a hand from my leg and is now holding what appears to be a roll of blood-red duct tape. This takes me by surprise because I didn't see him walk in with it.

What the fuck is he going to do with that?

I guess I'm about to find out because, in the next instant he's unraveling the tape. It doesn't make the telltale sound normal duct tape makes while ripping, and when he places it on the delicate skin on my lips, it's not as sticky either. As he pulls the binding, I notice it's not ripping out my hair, only sticking to itself. He wraps it all the way around the chair and my mouth twice. In this position, I can't move or see anything other than the back of my eyelids or the sauna's wood ceiling.

My arms get the same treatment. Each one is strapped down by my sides. Luckily, it's not pulling out my body hair in the process.

He takes a step back as if to admire his work. "Damn, girl. Naked looks great on you but this? Mmmm." I feel like he's

licking his lips behind that mask. “Tied up in red makes my dick pulse. You look so vulnerable and helpless sitting there.”

I have no idea what I look like, but I think it’s safe to assume his astute assessment of me being vulnerable and helpless is spot on. I’ve never imagined turning anyone on while being tied down.

My head is restricted in this position and he has shifted to the side so I’m not aware of what he’s doing. All that’s in front of me is the cedar paneling that makes up the wall of this sweat factory. The room is dead silent then I hear him cutting another piece of tape.

Why couldn’t he just give me the goddamn towel? Slowly he appears in my peripheral before he’s looming over me. He’s standing so close, holding a stretch of tape.

Then all I see is red.

ten

Red turns to black as he places the tape over my eyes right after I slam them closed. I'm slightly jostled as he secures my head by wrapping tape around me and the chair a few times. I can't see anything. With the degree I'm sweating, I'm surprised this bondage is staying in place.

When he's done, there's a ka-thunk as something drops to the floor, which I'm assuming is the tape. Then something else hits the ground, and a moment later, there's pressure on my mouth, as if he's....

Is he kissing me?

The incident is short lived before I hear the jingling of a belt, then it's the unzipping of pants that grabs my attention. There's a clunk noise of boots hitting the ground, as if he kicked them off. He's obviously naked and sans mask. Damn this blindfold.

Then his monster-sized hands grip my legs, radiating heat that's hotter than the effects of the sauna. The bristle of facial hair drags along my inner thigh, before his breath hits my sex. It sounds like he's breathing in my scent with a deep inhale. I'm glad he waited for me to be showered for this. I flinch when his cool wet tongue licks at the tight skin around my puckered hole. No one has ever done that to me. This is definitely a night of firsts.

After a few more circles, he swipes up my slit, stopping before he gets to my clit. My first instinct is to close my legs, but the iron grip of his hands holds them in place. Ghost Face,

the Purge Man, or whatever the fuck his name is, sucks my sensitive nub into his teeth and bites. The immediate shock leaves me screaming into the tape covering my mouth. At this point, I don't know if it's from the pain or the immense amount of pleasure, but what I do know is I don't want him to stop.

What the fuck is wrong with me? Do I have Stockholm syndrome? It doesn't happen this fast, does it?

The man releases my clit then slaps it with the tips of his fingers. "Do you want more, Bambi? Do you want me to fuck your tight pussy with my tongue?"

He knows I can't respond, so I answer him the only way I can. I thrust my hips off the seat in hopes I can get his mouth back on my pussy. Instead, he slaps my clit again with a sadistic laugh.

"Such a needy little whore. You'll beg for anything I give you."

Fuck, he's right. It's only been one night, but he's already trained me to want more from him, to want whatever he offers. If he's a sick fuck, what does that make me?

At this point, the tape covering my mouth is slipping from the mixture of sweat and saliva accumulating on my face. With it uncovered, my moans get absorbed into the walls of the small wooden box we're in. My teeth clench in preparation for another slap, but it never comes. Instead, something splats on me and runs down my crack.

Fuck, I think he spit on me.

The man uses a single digit to spread the extra lubricant past my entrance, then circles it around my rim and presses it into my tight back entrance. Like an idiot, I writhe against his hold, causing him to slip in deeper.

A muffled, "Yes," breaks from my lips.

"I like how you think, Bambi. But perhaps I'm going far too easy on you," he growls. When he drives in and out of me at a much faster speed, his palm claps against my pussy.

“Fuck, mmm,” I moan as pleasure floods me, and my back arches off the chair.

The man’s movements stop while he’s knuckle deep. His single finger is a reprieve from the pounding he gave me earlier while the knife’s hilt was in my pussy. I still feel stretched and so full, having something foreign inside of me.

Apparently, he’s just beginning. I flinch when something frozen circles around my clit, but it disappears just as quickly, and a stream of cold air replaces it. What the fuck? I’m so confused by the temperature change. The brief relief has me realizing it’s fucking hot in here. Sweat is drenching my entire body. Is my abductor the male version of freaking Elsa? How else would he have a fucking ice cube?

Somehow sensing my confusion, he answers my unasked question. “There’s a mini fridge nearby,” he says with his finger still fully inserted in me.

He returns the ice cube back to my sex and inches it closely to my entrance. Once there, he swirls it around the opening but never inserts it. Instead, he uses the water dripping to my ass from the ice as extra lube by withdrawing slightly and slowly pounding his finger back into me.

Not done with the ice cube, he presses it against my thirsty lips. “Suck,” the man tells me as he forces it past the barrier.

My tongue damn near gets frostbite on impact, but the warmth of my mouth quickly melts the object. The tart taste of my arousal standing out among the cool liquid. Once the ice fully melts, it reveals something inside. I investigate the newfound circular object with my tongue before biting into it. There’s a crunch, and a gush of sweet juice fills my mouth, followed by a burst of different flavors- akin to fruit punch. I’m pretty sure it’s a fancy candied grape. I want to savor this forever.

While enjoying the candied fruit, the man’s head is back between my thighs. I know because his warm breath fans over my sex. He removes the finger from my ass and like a thirsty animal, he laps up the mixture of my juices and the stickiness

from the frozen grape. Then he inserts the tip of his tongue into my pussy and moves it side to side against my walls.

What he's doing with his mouth is heavenly, and I never want him to stop. "Yes, Mask Daddy. Fuck, yes. That's so good. I'm going to come," I purr, which causes him to go feral.

I lift my hips to match his momentum, fucking his face. The man's nose smashes into my clit every time he pulls out and slams the length of his tongue inside me. It feels so good. I'm on the verge of gushing all over his face and making him taste my cum. The pressure building low in my gut ebbs and flows like tides crashing against the shoreline. A pang of sweet torture erupts from my nipple as if he's pinching it.

"Right there, oh fuck yes, there," I yell as my orgasm takes me over.

He continues to lick between my folds, leaving no spot untouched. As the wave leaves my body, his touch leaves with it. My entire body goes cold from the loss of him even though the sauna temperature has to be 160°. Then he's back, placing something to my lips again.

"Drink," he demands, and I have no problem obeying.

I gulp it down, tilting my head back in order to take in more. I don't realize how thirsty I am until I'm drinking so greedily that liquid escapes my mouth. Cool trails run down my neck and breasts, causing a shiver to race through me. This new sensation has me choking on my protests.

Suddenly it's yanked from my mouth and I'm confused as to why. I figure it out fast when the rough pad of his tongue laps up my breast to my neck, following the water trail, drinking from my body.

"Water has never tasted so good," he mumbles against my jaw, the stubble from his chin adding a delicate burn against my flesh.

He must move away again because a few moments later, there's an arctic blast of cold air against my hot skin. Either he opened the door into the bathroom or he really is a male Elsa.

The temperature play adds a new level of feeling to this experience and I think I love it. But does an open door mean this is all over?

God, I hope not.

“What’s going on? Are you done with me?” I ask tentatively. My body is still in this flowing sense of euphoria. I’m afraid he’ll say no, but also afraid he’ll say yes.

When he answers me, his voice slides around my body like a silk scarf, bringing each of my nerves to the surface of my skin, exposing them to the open air.

“No, Bambi. I will never be done with you.”

My next breath gets caught in my throat at his admittance and I don’t know how to take it.

“I should drink some water too but I don’t want your taste to leave my mouth. But I may have a way to remedy that,” he says right before something hard is pressed to my center. There’s a crinkle of plastic as the object is barely inserted, twisted a little bit, then withdrawn.

“What...what was that?” I ask, not knowing if I’m ready for a new sex toy so soon after coming.

“That was my water bottle, so I can still have you on my lips even if I drink.”

Well, I definitely didn’t expect that.

“You’ve been such a good little Bambi that I think it’s time for a reward.”

Very carefully, the tape is removed from around my head. Does this mean I finally get to see his face? Figure out who he is?

Once removed, I blink rapidly, trying to get my bearings. The man in front of me is blurry for a moment but slowly, his naked form comes into focus. Well, mostly naked form. He’s still wearing that purge mask with the crimson light shining brightly. This is the first time I’ve seen all of him in the light, and fuck his body is huge. No wonder he could throw me over his shoulder so easily, like I weighed nothing. Black and white

Celtic tattoos cover the man's chiseled chest and abs. The largest one is a cross over his left pec. My gaze wanders lower to the etched v above his dark pubic hair.

"Do you like what you see?" he asks, but I don't respond and transfer my gaze to the floor. "That's okay, your flushed cheeks are answer enough."

He walks around the chair and slowly lays the back down, me going with it. The action causes me to slide up farther on the cedar bench. He must have removed the bindings from my wrists without me realizing, because he's able to drag me down the length of the wooden bench until my ass hangs off the edge. Then his arms wrap around to squeeze me in a giant bear hug, and he whispers, "I'm about to fuck you like you've never been fucked before. No one will ever be able to satisfy you like I do."

Even in my hazy thoughts, I know he's right.

"Grab the back of your thighs, Bambi, and bring your knees to your chest. I want to admire your abused, swollen pussy up close."

My hands are heavy as I try to lift them from the chaise. There are a few failed attempts, but eventually I'm able to raise my knees and squeeze the backs of my thighs. I don't know how long I'll be able to stay like this. Sweat covers me from head to toe, and the tips of my fingers keep slipping. Yet, I try to pull my legs back farther, lifting my ass closer to him in need. I'm dying to have his dick penetrating me.

Then he slams his erection into my drenched pussy. I can't help the loud, ugly grunt from escaping me. Embarrassed by the noise, my hand flies up to cover my mouth. That's when I know I've made a mistake. The Purge masked man grabs my wrist, rips it from my mouth, and pins it to the chaise above my head.

"Don't ever try to hide your pleasure from me," he growls. "Especially since I'm the one that will be giving it to you."

The man is powerfully thrusting in and out of my wetness, hitting spots that no one has been able to reach. His earlier

endeavors included. My eyes roll back in my head, a wide array of blue and green speckles flood my vision. I don't know if it's the position but this fireworks show has definitely never happened.

"Yes. Fuck me harder with your massive cock," I cry.

He puts his elbows on either side of my shoulders and laces his fingers through mine and through the slots of the chair above my head. He uses the chair as leverage and gets a better grip to pound his cock deeper. The wood chair isn't the most comfortable, but right now, I feel like I'm lying on a cloud. I come apart beneath him.

"More, Mask Daddy! I need more. Please, you can't stop," I beg.

Fuck this is crazy. I'm fucking crazy.

I'm begging for his cock, and he doesn't have to force it out of me.

I can't help it, though.

"I'm not stopping anytime soon, Bambi. In this condition, you'll be coming for me all night," he says. His mask floats above me like a helium balloon, bobbing in the breeze.

In this condition? What the fuck does that mean? And all night long? My pussy can't handle any more orgasms.

Obviously, I'm sleepy from being drug through the literal mud, and I guess my senses are on overload. The night's adrenaline is wearing off. My thoughts fade when the man pulls from my body, and ice immediately takes his spot. It courses through my veins, and I know it's a chill only he can remedy.

What the fuck! Why did he stop? He said he wouldn't stop.

I lie there shivering cold while the masked man does a push up over my body. It looks like he's just staring at my naked form through the red lights of his eye holes. He removes one of his hands from mine and swipes through my folds with a finger. I'm taking in his every move as he brings it to my lips and dips it into my open mouth. His finger tastes like sweat

and my arousal. I roll my tongue around his digit until every last drop of me is gone.

Pressing our naked bodies flush against each other, he groans as he slides his arms under my shoulders. Our flesh instantly melts together. My eyelids become too heavy to keep open, but I force them as wide as I can. There is definitely something wrong with me. All the vibrant colors. Intense temperature changes from touch. Even though I'm getting my brains fucked out of me, I'm about to fall asleep. I'm a mom, for god's sake. I've stayed up for days at a time over the years while the kids were sick. I shouldn't be this tired.

"What did you give me?" I mumble. The alarm in my voice is evident even though I try to hide it.

"It's nothing that would hurt you, Bambi. Remember the grape you sucked your sweet juices off of?"

Of course, he doesn't deny drugging me. I remember the grape, which was delicious, even soaked in my cum. Words seem hard to articulate at the moment, so I nod my head in answer.

"Well, I made it especially for you. I added something to relax you for the upcoming drive home."

WHAT. THE. FUCK.

In the back of my head, I think I knew he must have given me something, but it's not like I'm high. I'm more relaxed and relieved from the weight of life holding me down. My body is both numb and alive, the juxtaposition of feelings is confusing yet wonderful. *Scream*, or the *Purge Man*, wasn't lying. This is the best sex I've ever had, and it just so happens to be with a masked stranger.

My brain rewinds and repeats his last words, *for the upcoming drive home*. It should take me by surprise more than it does, but I think I concluded this a while ago that he wasn't going to kill me. I think I subconsciously realized this when he carried me from the grave to this cabin, instead of making me repeat the barefooted chase from earlier. It was probably when he took so much care when he carried me from my grave.

The man had returned driving into me while I was lost in thought. His mask is so close to my face it's like he's staring into my soul. The red lights from the mask are blinding, making me want to close my eyes even more, so I do so. He continues with the steady movements of withdrawing from me slowly, then quickly and forcefully pounding back in.

"Why me?" I manage to scream through my breathy pants.

"Why you? Well, if you haven't figured that out yet, I'm going to need to show you again. Close those beautiful green eyes and enjoy the ride."

What a cocky prick. But I do as I'm told, what's the point of trying to fight it anymore? He seems to know exactly what I need and when I need it. It's been one of the most unnerving things of this horribly, terrific night.

"That's my good girl," the man says, the praise causing my pussy to clench around his cock.

When his weight shifts, I pry one eye open to a slit, revealing a new haze. I'm unsure if it's from the heat of our fucking, the humidity from the sauna or whatever he gave me that is blurring my vision. However, the thing I observe clearly is the figure over me no longer wears the lit-up mask. I can't make out any identifying features, but I think I see longish dark hair shadowed against his tattooed chest. The man seems so familiar, but my mind is full of static. I can't place his identity.

"Who.... are you? Have we ever met?" I manage to mutter before my eyes close again, and this time, I don't think they'll be reopening.

The man grinds his pelvis into me, pushing in as deep as possible. The warmth from his breath against the side of my neck causes me to shiver.

"You did amazing tonight, Mickie. You are the best prey any wolf could ask for. Such a good little Bambi," he whispers into my sweat-soaked hair.

Did he call me Mickie?

Fuck, Michaella. Open your fucking eyes, and see who is dicking you down. But I just can't. They're so heavy now.

"I'm going to fill your needy pussy, then drop you off on your front porch while my cum is still running down your legs," he grunts. The rhythm of his hips rocking back and forth lulls me into a peaceful serenity, and everything fades to oblivion.

epilogue

Oh, come *on!*

The obtrusive sound of barking dogs wakes me, but my eyes are leaden, opening them seems too burdensome. I groggily stretch my extremities, and as they rub against soft cotton sheets, something claws at the deep recesses of my mind. I'm in a freaking bed. There's a familiar scent of vanilla and jasmine on the pillow.

I skyrocket into a sitting position. The sudden movement causes a slight moment of discombobulation. I'm in my bed. Alone. I rub my eyes and scan my surroundings, relief wrapping its hands around me like a long lost friend. I've never been happier to see the four shabby walls that construct my bedroom. My head continues to throb from getting up so fast, and the more I move, the more I ache. There isn't an inch of my body that doesn't feel like it hasn't been run over multiple times by a semi-truck.

I lean over to grab my phone from its normal place on my nightstand, but it's not there.

Duh, Mickie!

At some point last night, I lost it. I don't know if I dropped it during the chase or if the man took it, but now I have to add *Going to the store to get a new phone* to my endless To-Do list. I carefully lay my head back on my pillow and blink at the ceiling, trying to reconstruct my night. It seems like it was a dream, or a nightmare. But regardless, it doesn't seem real.

The last thing I remember was the masked man saying my name while he was fucking me. I never disclosed any personal information with Wolf through the app. Whoever took me couldn't have been him.

So who the hell was it?

And how did they know my name? Or where I lived?

My head is starting to hurt the more I think, and now all I want to do is go back to sleep.

Ugh, I wish. As if I'd be able to go back to sleep.

I turn my head slightly to the left to glance at the alarm clock on my nightstand. It's six am, and I don't have to pick up the kids for several hours. Maybe I'll take a hot shower to relieve some of this soreness in my muscles. With every fiber of energy I can muster, I sluggishly get out of bed and walk to my dresser.

"Alexa, play *Needed Me* by Rihanna," I say, grabbing a long maxi dress from my closet before I lay it on my bed. I'm going commando in this bitch. After what my pussy went through last night, there's no way in hell I'm putting panties on.

Once the serenity of Rihanna's voice reaches my ears, it lulls me into a calm state and somewhat clear mind, I drag my feet to the bathroom. While I'm turning on the hot water, something occurs to me.

Whoever brought me home had free reign of my house.

Leaving the water running, I stride back to my bedroom. My clothes are haphazardly thrown all over the place like I usually have them. Nothing looks...off.

Uh. What. The. fuck.

On the nightstand, opposite where I sleep is Tillie's stuffed white dog. Next to it is a black box with a teal ribbon. I don't know what's more shocking. The fact the toy looks fluffy and brand new, or that my abductor left me such a beautiful looking present.

Don't be naive. The man is a fucking psycho. For all you know, inside the box is a flash drive with video evidence of the debauchery from last night. Perhaps its nice wrapping is a bit of a Trojan horse. *It's just to fool you.*

Who knows what he's capable of.

Steam is billowing from the bathroom, calling to my aching bones. I need this shower. I need to relax.

I will worry about the ominous box when I'm done.

As I pass by my vanity mirror, I can't help but stare at the wreckage that is my body.

My face is clear of any damage, but from the neck down looks like I ran through a barbed wire fence. There are cuts of various sizes from god knows what I encountered in the woods. I do a three-sixty and gawk at the hand-shaped bruises adorning my hips, breast, and ass cheeks. Then there's the perfectly bruised representation of a hand around my throat. If I stare any longer, I'll get sick, so I quickly turn and step into the bathroom.

The steaming hot water bites at my wounds but cleaning Ghost Faces touch off me is bittersweet. To the best of my ability, I lather my long locks with shampoo. My masked daddy did a pretty good job at trying to detangle my mop, but there's a lot of knots hiding. Rinsing that out, I grab my deep conditioner and apply it generously throughout my hair. Deciding to leave it in for fifteen minutes, I turn off the faucet and wrap a towel around my body.

Reaching for my brush, I freeze when I hear the distinct sound of my ringtone playing in the other room. *What the fuck?* I dart from the bathroom, and once at the foot of my bed, I realize where the noise is coming from. My phone is in the freaking black box.

I debate leaving it in there, but for all I know, Kevin could be calling with urgent news concerning the kids. I remove my phone and unlock the screen. There are a few text messages from before the man kidnapped me, some from this morning, and the last? They were sent a few minutes ago.

In the order I received them, I read the first few messages.

Wolf: You better know what you're asking for, Prey, because once I catch you, you're mine. Then I will fuck your tight and needy little cunt until you're begging me to fill you with my seed.

The next message haunts me.

Wolf: I'm watching you swing from behind a tree, and all bets are off. Fuck what we agreed to. Your wolf is ready to pounce. I can't wait any longer.

Despite the immense pain my lower half is in at the moment, I can't help but rub my thighs together. The friction causes my clit to throb. *IT WAS WOLF!* Knowing this makes me feel somewhat better about everything I went through at the masked man's hands, but still, so many questions whirl through my head.

How did he catch up to me so quickly at the park?

And why would he ignore one of my hard limits?

NO WEAPONS!

Besides that, I didn't have many. Not to yuck anyone's yum, but there's a few things I didn't want to try. *Water sports and branding*. They just aren't my thing. Wolf did nothing of the sort. Hmm, maybe he was only saying he wanted to tattoo his blood on me to play into the game. My heart begins to beat rapidly as I go over the fuckery that was last night.

Public sex. I'm good with that. *Sex with an inanimate object*. That was on my list of things to try. I would have preferred it not being with a knife, but I digress. *Drugs*. Before I met Kevin, I dabbled in the party scene, so I was okay with a select list of psychedelics to enhance the sexual experience. I look to the ceiling and when the song changes to *RUNRUNRUN* by *Dutch Melrose*, flashbacks of last night flicker like a slideshow. I'm back at the cabin, sweating my ass off in the sauna. Wolf is thrusting into me, and his last words before I succumb to the drugs were, "I'm going to fill your needy pussy."

FUCK! Did he come in me? Or was that part of the ruse?

I've had an implant in my arm for two and a half years so it wasn't on my list of hard limits, *but* it was noted I'd prefer condoms being used until a relationship was established.

Desperately needing to know, I spread my legs, slide a finger down my slit and gently insert it inside me. When I remove it, the white substance covering my finger is the only proof I need.

After washing his release off in the sink, I return to the shower and methodically brush through the few remaining matted tangles. Mask Daddy did a good job, but now it's completely back to normal. I give myself a final rinse, dry off then return to my maxi dress on my bed with only a towel covering me. The air in my room is stuffy and stale. I amble to the window, intent on letting in some fresh air. Pulling the blinds open, I discover the beautiful day outside. The sun is shining brightly, and there isn't a cloud in the sky. If I didn't get chased through a torrential downpour last night, I would've never known it rained.

As I admire the scenery, something in the neighboring yard catches my eye. Well, someone, not something. Gideon is shirtless in the backyard playing fetch with Zeus and Thor. For being such large dogs, those two are awfully agile. It's almost hypnotic. The dance between beast and man has my full attention.

Then I scream.

~Gideon~

I knew if she saw me shirtless with my Celtic tattoos on full display, she'd figure me out. The shriek from my doe-eye girl as she slunk down the wall instantly made my dick rock hard. She thought she was being inconspicuous, gawking at me from behind her curtains, but Zeus and Thor alerted me the moment she opened the window.

She doesn't know we had previously met, or rather, I had previously noticed run into? observed? her. Before I bought George's garage, I used to work there. She and her ex Kevin

had dropped the car off and I witnessed first hand, what a deuche he was to her and her kids. He was a pompous ass that needed his comeuppance. She looked like a typical, suburban housewife but when I was watching from my hiding spot, I saw the fire in her eyes. I can't describe it, but somehow I just knew.

That's when I started delving into her personal life. The more I found out, the more I became snarred into her web. And she didn't even know it.

When Kevin was finally out of the picture, I began implementing the second step of my plan. The next time I drove through her neighborhood was to secure the house I'm currently living in. Mr. and Mrs. Meadows recently became empty nesters and no longer had a need for so many bedrooms. Their house wasn't for sale, but when I offered them thirty grand over market value, they couldn't say no.

I was only living next to her for a few weeks when my spyware alerted me that she downloaded the X-Limits app.

It wasn't hard to match with her, since I had carte blanche access to her computer. When I saw her icon of a generic purple kiss imprint, I immediately imagined they were hers, leaving their mark around my cock.

Note to self, get her some purple lipstick.

After that first conversation with her on the app, I was even more of a goner. I became a predator obsessed with catching his prey, and Mickie was none the wiser. For a release, I ended up partly giving in to my desires. One day when she was at work, I snuck into her home and borrowed a pair of her dirty scrubs with a thong left inside the pant leg, a bottle of perfume and a pillowcase off one of her pillows. I guess *borrowed* was a lie. I had no intention of giving them back.

Knowing she was mine early on, it gave me a lot of time to copy her spare key. Gaining entrance to her home was easy, which is an issue that we'll have to discuss later on. It came in handy when I needed access to her home last night though, and of course preparing me for the hunt. After tucking her into

bed, I cleaned up the dog mess and de-shit-ed Tillie's little stuffed dog.

Zeus and Thor even had a part of my plan. They have tactical training so it was easy work, teaching them how to protect Mickie and her kids. I have to admit, I had a little too much fun commanding them to dig in her yard. It just got my dick so hard to see her flustered and tits bouncing when she would run outside to get me. I would whack off at night, using that scene as my personal porn.

"Kennel," I order, and on command, the boys gallop around the house to their kennels in the garage. Grabbing my shirt off the lawn mower, I yank it on and stalk to my prey's house. I'm not going to let her hide from me any longer.

On her front porch, I gently turn the door handle, trying to make as little noise as possible so I don't alert Mickie to my presence. Inside there's no evidence of what happened the night before. The floors are stain free, and there's a hint of fresh lemons in the air. Skipping a stair, I stalk up to my girl's room, pausing under the chipped door frame. Mickie's legs must've given out on her, because I find her sitting under the window, with her knees pulled to her chest, a damp towel discarded at her side.

"Did you get cleaned up for me?" I ask, my voice seems to echo off the walls of her puny 10x10 bedroom. She jumps like a frightened cat, stumbles to her feet and darts in the direction of the attached bathroom.

Silly girl, doesn't she know how this plays out? She makes this too easy.

I'm two steps ahead of her, snatching her by the waist and tackling her onto her bed. It would look somewhat violent to someone observing, but I'm able to maneuver it so she's only jostled a little. I wrap my hand around her throat, mindful not to do it too tightly since she's already wearing my hand necklace. Her nails dig into my arms and her pulse thrums wildly against my palm.

When I lock her into the web of my stare, she goes doe-eyed. The look she's giving me right now is the same she gave

me when I told her I'd slit her throat. It's the reason her pet name is so fitting.

"We have a lot to talk about, Bambi, but you need to calm down. Can you do that for me? Or do I need to restrain you to the bed first?"

The room goes silent for a moment before I hear the slightest of whispers.

"Yes," slips from her lips, but that isn't good enough. After last night she should know I want her full compliance.

"Yes, what?" I growl.

"Yes, Gideon, I'll calm down," she responds, extenuating each syllable in my name, giving me a little of that sass that I love so much.

I release my grip from around her neck but stay kneeling between her naked thighs. Mickie's chest rises quickly with each ragged breath she takes. She may not be screaming but she's not necessarily calm either. I need her to be relaxed if she's going to actually hear everything I have to say.

With my pointer finger, I run a line from her collarbone to the center of her chest, then travel to each areola, circling them. My little bambi's skin is velvety soft against my rough calluses. When her nipples peak, I can't control the urge to take one of them into my mouth. My natural instincts tell me to bite down and pull, but I fight the urge. Using a delicate touch, I lightly nibble instead. She needs to trust me as Gideon before accepting me as her Wolf. I can control myself, but it's extremely hard when it comes to her.

When the tension in her muscles ease, I remove my lips from her body and say, "There's more where that came from. If you sit like a good girl, we can discuss any misgivings you may have about me."

"You fucking kidnapped me," she spits. "You kidnapped me, and fucked me with a god damn knife!" Perhaps, I spoke too soon by labeling her Bambi. With how she's hissing, Hellcat may have been better suited.

“Technically, I didn’t fuck you with a knife. I fucked you with the hilt of one.”

“Ugh!” With a huff Mickie tosses her hands above her head, grabs her pillow then pulls it onto her face. “The verbiage doesn’t matter. We talked for months before I sent the code word, *Rendezvous* and discussed in detail how our encounter was going to play out. Not once in those messages did you indicate that you were planning to kidnap me, shovel me an eight foot sex grave, and take me to your stabbin’ cabin in the woods.”

Her words are muffled but I can hear her loud and clear. She’s not wrong, but like I said in my last text before taking her, once I saw her swinging so freely, all bets were off. She would fear me as I took that freedom away.

She didn’t know what she needed, and I think it’s safe to say that after last night, I do.

I didn’t cross any of the hard limits she listed on the app. Those soft limits? I may have toed the line a bit. Or I may have even stepped right over them. However, she not only enjoyed everything I did to her. For her benefit, she needed everything I did to her. I took the liberty of finding that loophole and making it my bitch.

“Things change Bambi, and I planned everything according to the app, just enhanced our game a tad.” She must not like something I said, because the pillow goes flying and my cheek is met with her little fist.

“A tad? You’re my goddamn neighbor, Gideon. Things were supposed to be anonymous to make it less complicated. How did you even figure out my name? Or where I fucking lived?”

“Twenty one questions are over. You said you’d calm down, but obviously, you’re still nothing but a disobedient little whore,” I roughly growl, pushing from the mattress to get off the bed. She does an ab curl into a sitting position, and her fists are white knuckled at her sides. She watches my movements but doesn’t say a word.

Roughly running a hand through my hair, I continue, “You have no firewall. It was easy to hack your server and access all your personal information.”

Her mouth is open and eyes wide. “But...why, Gid? Why did you pick me?”

“Why?” I laugh like the madman I am. “Because, I fucking wanted you. You’re mine now, Mickie. Even in death, I’ll find my way to you.”

Her mouth opens then closes a few times like she wants to say something, but I hold up my finger to stop her.

“I’ll give you some time to adjust. We can take things slow so you can learn more about me. We don’t have to play again if that’s what you’d prefer, but I think you know I’ve sullied your cunt, and no one will come close to giving you what I can.”

I place my fits on the bed and use them for leverage as I lean forward, “You’re it for me, Mickie. You, your kids, and my dogs are all I’ll ever need. You just need to give yourself to me, fully.”

She bites her bottom lip in what I assume is contemplation. I know she has a lot to think over, but I know my Prey. She knows what it feels like to be caught, and I know she wants more. “Okay, *time*.” Her eyes meet mine with their own steely resolve. “I think I can do that, *but* if I step in another pile of your dogs’ shit, I’ll throw *you* in a sex grave. And there’s no way you’ll be parkouring your ass out of mine.”

She’s considering a relationship with me? It was more rhetorical than an actual way out. It’s cute how she believed me when I told her she had a choice. For her willingly to see my dark side and not immediately running for the hills is a feat all by itself. A grin spreads across my lips.

“Game on.”

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I just hope she won't freak out too much when she finds out about my first step.

afterword

If you made it this far thank you from the bottom of my heart for taking the time to read my book baby. I hope you loved Mickie and Gideon's story as much as I do.

Hubby-

Thank you for always believing in me. When I told you I wanted to write a book, you were 100% supportive. Over the countless hours put into writing this story, you've helped me talk situations out, wiped away my tears, and truly been the best support. I love you more than words could ever describe. Thank you for being mine.

Ginny-

I've tried to write this a few times but can't get through it without crying. Thank you for loving me and taking me in as your own. I miss you so much and wish you were here to witness this accomplishment.

Cassandra-

The influence to my bad. Our friendship started in a group chat together, but over the years, you've become one of my best friends. Thank you so much for always being there for me, for knowing when I'm in panic mode and need to talk on the phone, for stepping in for my family when others have disappointed, and for all the time/work/effort you put into helping me transform this book into what it is today. I've learned so much from you and would have never started writing or felt confident enough to get this far without your encouragement.

Ayden-

Meeting you, an author I love so much, through the internet was so exciting. I fangirled so hard, but creating a friendship with you these past few months has been amazing. Our buddy reads have gotten me through some rough patches, and you've opened me up to a whole new genre I am obsessed with. Thank you for dancing with the Madagascar penguins for Illicits cover reveal, for reassuring me when I was hesitant about certain scenes, and thank you for everything you've done to help me get this book released.

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Brookie- #brookie4thewin always

ARC readers- Thank you so much for signing up to read my debut novella. Being new to the author game I wasn't sure about doing ARC sign ups but am so happy I did and was able to come in contact/make so many new reader friends.

about the author

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Lilith Tates Dark and Twisted Readers fb group

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/271123022318072/>

