

A black and white photograph of a person with a skull-like face and a woman with long hair. The person with the skull face is at the top, looking forward. The woman is in the middle, seen from the back, looking to the right. The background is dark.

DARKEST DAWN



N. OWENS

**DARKEST
DAWN**
A HALLOWEEN SHORT

DARKEST DAWN

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Cover Artist- N.Owens

Editing- Ashley vs The Missing Comma

Dedication-

This one is dedicated to all my spooky bitches that prefer the darker things in life.

I know we all wish we had a stalker that called us a good girl and spanked us when we are naughty.



Contributing Authors:



Quinn Sharpe

Kat Bethel

N.Owens

Jennifer Gregory Arrington

Elanore Bailey

Callie Pey

Miss Renae

Aerowyn Wahya

Melanie True

Ashlee Keller

Brittany Wright

Luna Weathers

Chrystal Miller

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Reader Note

Trigger Warning

Please read possible triggers before continuing. Your mental health is important to me.

This is a dark romance book containing some dark themes.

Mention of Cheating(Not mmc)

Sexual Interactions

Possessive mmc

Obsessive Stalker

Praise kink

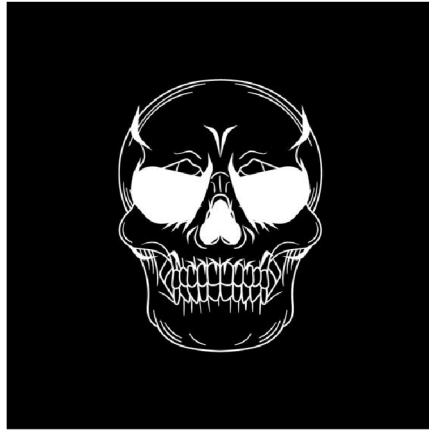
Rope Play

Violence

Dom

If this is your thing, please continue on...

Chapter 1



Ciaran

I watch as the tiny little brown hair goddess walks out of her shared bathroom, hair wrapped in a towel and body covered in only a thin, sheer wrap tied at the waist. I can see her pebbled nipples through the baby pink fabric, making my dick twitch in my sweatpants. God, I want to worship this woman.

She heads for her dresser, unraveling the towel from her head, letting her damp chocolate brown hair fall down her back. I tighten my fist, imagining my hand tangled in the thick, long locks. She starts to finger comb her hair a few times with one hand, attempting to untangle the knots, while using the other hand to search for something in her top drawer.

My obsession over this pint size ray of sunshine over the last year has only gotten worse. I thought it would pass with time; it always does, but not this one. No, she is special. I only watched her at first. No one would have ever guessed I was an obsessive stalker from the looks of me. A serial killer maybe. I am the school's resident "bad boy." Their nickname, not mine,

but I'm no saint. I'm not hurting in the looks department, either. I could snap my finger and have any woman I wanted bent over and, in my bed, letting me do all the depraved things I like, but no, not my little sunshine.

My family has their hands in many things, and I'm set to be the king of it all once I graduate. But I've never wanted something as badly as I want her.

She's still shuffling through her drawer, so I decide to take a second to check her phone. I might have cloned it a week or so after I met her. I check her most recent messages, boring shit like usual. A few from her so-called friends and one from her piece of shit ex. I delete that one right away. I smile at the thought of him. When I found out he was sticking his tiny dick in other women, I made my move to get rid of him. I could have killed him, of course, but I figure she would be heartbroken over that dumbass and wouldn't be ready for me after. So, when the idiot recorded himself fucking her cheerleader teammate, I accidentally made sure it got sent to her.

It destroyed her, of course, but I was watching over her that day. She was in her room studying like the good girl everyone believes she is, but I saw something in her eye that day. So, I made myself known that day. A simple text message. She freaked out at first, but then she became a curious little kitten and responded. Just like I thought she would. She knows she has a stalker, to an extent at least, but doesn't understand my full obsession with her. She will soon.

I must have been lost in my thoughts because a soft, barely audible moan sounds through my quiet room. My eyes snap to my computer screen to see my little sunshine, who is now laid out on her bed, one hand between her legs while the other pinches her tight rosy, pink nipple. I go from a half-mast chub to a full-on raging boner trying to pierce through my cotton pants. Motherfucker, this woman is going to be the death of me.

I might have closed my eyes to try and regain some type of control of my body, but another tiny gasp of pleasure catches my attention. I peer down once again at my screen and the naughty little brat as she rubs her clit in small tight circles. What I wouldn't do to lick up all those juices I know are leaking from her tight pink pussy. I give up the battle of trying not to stroke myself and slide down my sweats, my cock springing free as I wrap my fist around my shaft and squeeze.

She starts to slowly fuck herself, sliding her finger in and out her tight little core making me grind my teeth in frustration. I should be the one making her moan out in pleasure, soaking the sheets from her release, screaming for me to fuck her harder. I begin to fuck my hand at the pace she sets, knowing that when I finally get my hands on her, she will never want to touch herself again. She will beg me day and night to fuck her every which way, but only if she is a good girl.

She increases her speed, pre-cum now dripping from my tip, adding lubrication to the rough handling of my cock. But I like the pain. Need it. To give it as well, but what no one else

knows about my Sunshine is she needs it too. The pain she craves. She has needs that only I can fulfill.

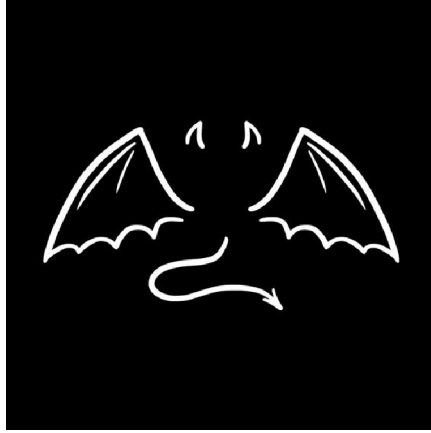
I feel myself getting closer, as I stare at the sexy little minks laid out across her bed, fucking herself into an explosive orgasm. I realize something. Sunshine will be mine sooner rather than later. I need her like I need my next breath, and I'm done playing this little game of cat and mouse. Oh yes, my Little Sunshine is going to be mine tomorrow.

A low throaty drawn-out moan fills my ears and its music to my black soul. My cock needs no more permission. I release into my hand, groaning as I imagine soaking my woman in my seed, coating her walls, and claiming what is mine.

My euphoric state comes to a halt when a knocking on her bedroom door can be heard, followed by, "Dawn. Are you ready to go yet? I'm starving."

Tomorrow Little Sunshine. Tomorrow, we will end this.

Chapter 2



Dawn

Three loud knocks rattle my door, making me jump almost out of my skin. “Dawn. Are you ready to go yet? I’m starving.” I deflate when it’s only Becca, one of my roommates and best friends. I roll my eyes, sitting up, covering myself back up with my baby pink bathrobe. Taking a second to calm my racing heart, I take a deep breath before I respond.

“Just got out of the shower. I’ll be ready in five.” I call out before standing and heading back over to my white dresser to put away my new boyfriend. I sigh at that thought. It’s been two weeks since Garrett, my now ex, accidentally sent me a sex tape of him fucking Sarah. Another cheerleader from B squad. Stupid blonde bitch had the nerve to act shocked and upset when I called her a backstabbing two faced bitch the next day at practice.

Garrett, the asshole, even made it seem like he had no other option but to cheat because I “didn’t meet his sexual needs”. Insert major eye roll here. Pathetic really, a man who felt he

was god's gift to women, making lame excuses to justify his shitty actions. The only reason we dated was because of our friends. I was the cheerleader, and he was the star quarterback. It's how every love story starts, right? Wrong. I wasn't even in love with the asshole. Was he hot, sure? He was the all-American boy type. Blonde hair, bright blue eyes, fair skin, pretty tall, your everyday Ken doll.

He was a sucky lay, too. I had to get myself off once I got home every time we fucked. Talk about two pump chump. But rumor around school is I fuck like a dead fish, just laid there. I even heard that I was as vanilla as you could get. I laughed so hard I almost peed myself. Me, vanilla. Ha. Garrett couldn't find a g-spot if he had a map with X marked the spot leading the way. But he has been the star quarterback for the last two years and I'm the new girl who transferred in this year.

Clearing my head of the horrible thoughts of my piece of shit ex, I pull out a cute pair of lacey pink undies and a bra to match. I'm just pulling my underwear to my hips when my phone dings. A smile graces my lips, knowing exactly who that will be. I continue on with my task, pulling out a pair of jeans and a plain white crop top. My phone dings again, making my smile widen. So impatient. Rolling my eyes, I head to my shared bathroom to brush my hair and apply some light makeup. I hate wearing the stuff most of the time, but lately I feel like I need the extra amour.

When my phone dings for the third time, I make my way back to my room and to my nightstand. Grabbing my phone, I swipe to unlock and grin at my messages. Granted, I really

should be more concerned that I have a stalker who obviously has a camera in my room and watches me quite often, but I honestly find it kinda hot.

Him: Naughty Little Sunshine. Touching yourself without my permission.

My body heats as I read his words.

Him: Maybe when I finally get you to myself, I'll turn your perky little ass red with my hand.

Oh god. Yes, please!

Him: Soon Little Sunshine soon. Then you will be all mine.

A chill races down my spine, but not in fear. Oh no. My stalker doesn't scare me. He excites me. My mind wanders back to a few minutes ago. My fingers fucking myself while my thoughts were on a dark figure standing over me. Humming his approval as I fuck myself faster and harder. I imagine his voice is deep, sexual, a growl, demanding me to beg for my release. Fuckkkk, I'm turning myself on again.

Me: Promises, Promises

Is my only response before I pocket my phone and head out into the shared living space I share with three others. Becca is on the couch, mindlessly scrolling through her phone, probably on social media. Jamie is in the small kitchenette making a coffee and Amber's door is closed, so she is either in there or out somewhere else.

“Ready?” I ask, making my way to the hallway closet. I grab a pair of white tennis shoes before I plop down next to Becca to put said shoes on. She looks over at me before biting her lip nervously. I pretend to not notice for a minute, knowing that if I wait her out, she won’t be able to help herself and blurt out whatever she wants to say on her own.

I just finished tying my shoes when Becca all but screams at me. “Sarah is telling everyone that you were a shitty lay and that she and Garrett have been sleeping together for months. That he only, quote unquote, “dated you because he pitied you.” She stares at my wide eyes before slapping a hand over her mouth in horror.

I’m stunned for half a second before I start giggling at the purely horrified look on Becca’s face. Becca is such a sweetheart and my best friend since the day I stepped foot on this campus. She is totally the ride or die type because she was more mad about what happened to me than I was. She is also anti-Sarah and Garrett. Sadly, she also sees what everyone else sees. The cheated-on cheerleader who was deemed the goody good girl because she does her homework and doesn’t party like every other person on this campus. So, what, I’m in college, but it doesn’t mean I want or need to party.

But it’s supposed to be the time of your life...blah blah blah. Make memories...blah blah blah.

I enjoy staying home cuddling up in my blankets and reading a good book, or binge-watching crime shows. What’s the point of going to parties when all you do is drink, dance with

random dudes rubbing their hard-ons on you. If you're lucky take a decent one home and not have to do a full walk of shame. Yeah, no thanks.

“Why are you giggling? This isn't funny, Dawn. Sarah is spreading horrible rumors about you. Why aren't you mad?” Becca's cheeks are turning red now as I try to smother my laughter. She is so angry on my behalf and I couldn't ask for a better best friend.

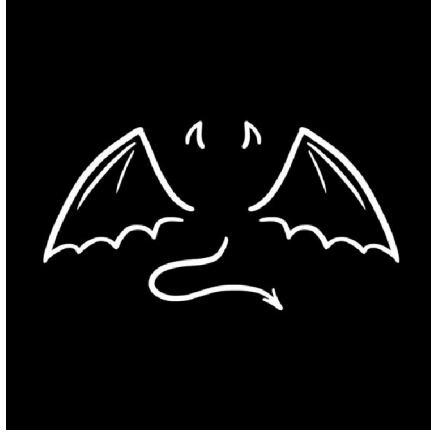
“Becca. They are just rumors. Just words. They won't hurt me. I have thicker skin than that. Sarah is just mad that she isn't getting the raise out of me she wants.” I look her in the eyes, trying to show her I'm serious about this not affecting me. She stares at me back, trying to find some type of lie but she won't. I've learned to keep my emotions locked up tight. I'm basically Fort fucking Knox with my true feelings and thoughts.

After a long moment, she must see what she was looking for because she nods to herself before standing and pulling me up with her. “Okay, let's go. I'm starving. Plus, we need to go shopping for the Halloween party tomorrow.” She smiles back at me when I halt in my tracks. I sent her a narrowed eye glare. Her smile turns brighter before she tugs on my arm and pulls me out the door. “We can talk on the way to food.”

“There is nothing to talk about. I'm not going!” I snap back, knowing this is about to be a long day when all Becca does is giggle back.

Ugh. I hate Halloween.

Chapter 3



Dawn

“Dawn. Please. It will be so much fun. We can dress up and just have a good girl’s night. You need this as much as me.” I take another bite of my cheeseburger before glancing in Becca’s direction. The girl has an honest to god puppy dog look on her face, pouty lip, and all. I roll my eyes and stuff another fry into my mouth.

I chew for a long minute before swallowing and turning to face my best friend. “Becca, can’t you go with Amber and Jamie? You usually go with them. Why do you want me to go so bad?” I shove another fry in my mouth, cocking a brow in her direction when she stays quiet.

“Because.” Is her only reply before she looks down at her own plate.

I look around the student union, feeling that constant feeling of being watched. The hair on the back of my neck standing on edge. No one ever stands out, though.

My eyes shift from table to table, hoping that my stalker might make a mistake but knowing he won't. He's good because I've had that creepy, crawling feeling of being watched for a few months now, but still can't figure out who the hell he is. When he reached out a few weeks ago, after the Garrett debacle I thought he was done playing games but it seems he was just getting started.

The entire room gives off high school vibes. Cliques are divided by tables. You have the theatrical arts table, music degrees and band table, nerdy table filled with the ones who study 24/7 like me, and then you have the jocks and cheerleaders. My old table that I left because of that bitch Sarah and twatwaffle Garrett. But that was for the best. I never really fit in with them. I only joined cheer because of Becca anyway.

There are plenty more odd groups sprinkled in between, but my eyes catch on a pair of dull grays across the room. The body and the eyes are attached to a nod in my direction before looking back down to his phone. Ciaran Adonis. Ha. Of course, having the last name Adonis meant he had to look the part too. We are both taking business classes and were partnered earlier this year in a joint project. He is an entitled asshole but always smelt so damn good.

Unfortunately, my mother said I needed to stay as far from him as possible. His family and mine don't get along, but no one will tell me why. I know his father is an organized criminal; and I'm assuming he is taking business classes to

follow in daddy's footsteps, much like I'm doing with my dad. Not that anyone could tell by the looks of me.

For half a second, the thought of him being my stalker comes to mind, but then I laugh that thought off. That man probably beats off his own stalkers. He is every girl's wet dream. At 6'2, he towers over me by over a foot. He has sun kissed skin covered in colorful artwork running up and over his muscular arms and chest. I only know this because I've caught him shirtless on my morning runs. His hair is short on the sides and a tad longer on top, but it works for him. He could be a model for GQ or something.

I'm pulled from my wayward thoughts when Becca snaps her finger in front of my face, startling me. "Earth to Dawn. What are you staring at?"

"What? Nothing. Sorry, I must have zoned out." I shake my head to clear the last of the weird daze and focus back on my food.

We sit in silence for a few minutes, just eating when I decide I can't take it any longer. "Becca, I'm not up for a party, but how about we still go shopping? I can help find the perfect costume to catch Matt's attention." I say, watching as a pink flush climbs up her already blushed stained cheeks. She won't admit it, but she has it bad for the defensemen. Sucks he is best friends with my no-good ex, but he seems like a decent enough guy. I'll just have to give him the "hurt my best friend and I'll castrate you" spiel. You know, the normal secretly crazy best friend stuff.

She gives me a huge smile and nods. “Yeah, I would like that. I have a few ideas, but still can’t decide.” She turns back to her plate and finishes eating quickly, now excited to shop.

Ugh, I hate shopping too.



We decided to check out the mall first and see if we can figure out a sexy outfit, then just buy accessories to go with it. We are in our second store when Becca can’t hold her tongue any longer. I honestly didn’t think she could hold it this long. I think it’s a record. “Dawn.” She calls out, stopping next to a pretty white dress that she has been looking at since we walked in. “I normally wouldn’t do this, and I’ve thought long and hard about my decision.” She takes a deep breath, looking down at her shoes before continuing. “I hate having to do this because it doesn’t feel right, but it’s for your own good.” I stare at her as she just stands there wringing her hands in her shirt. She’s rambling and it’s so cute, but the anticipation is killing me.

“Becca. Spit it out already.” I snap, wincing as she snaps her eyes back up to me from the floor she was just so focused on. I never raise my voice unless for cheer and I caught her off guard. “Sorry. You’re just worrying me. What are you trying to say?” I lower my tone and place a small smile on my face, hoping her own nerves will calm.

“I’m pulling my best friend card.” I blink, then blink again before bursting out in laughter.

“Becca.” Laugh. “That.” Laugh. “Isn’t a...” I take in a lung full of air before standing straighter and finishing my response. “Thing, babe.” She frowns at me. “Look...” I start, but Becca straightens her own shoulder, sending me a glare, then cuts me off.

“What if I go and someone slips me drugs and takes advantage of me?” I narrow my eyes at her. She knows my thoughts on this topic. “You know Amber and Jamie wouldn’t stay with me. They would find hook ups and ditch me within the first five minutes of being there. I’ll be all by myself.” She sticks out her lip and pouts again, but I keep my eyes narrowed on her. This is a low blow.

I turn on my heel and start looking through racks of clothes for a minute before I ask my next question. “Where is the party anyway?” I glance over at her when she doesn’t answer right away. “Becca?” I ask drawing out the last syllable of her name.

She waves her hand flippantly in the air. “Some frat house.” She turns toward the dress she noticed earlier. “This is so pretty. What if I was a sexy angel? This dress has cute, feathered wings and a little halo.” She smiles wide, turning towards me, holding up the dress to show me, but I just stand there expectedly. “Does it matter where it’s at? We are going to have fun.” A shy smile graces her pink lips, but I’m not fooled.

“Who’s frat house?” I ask again, making sure I’m firm but direct. Letting her know I’m not letting this go.

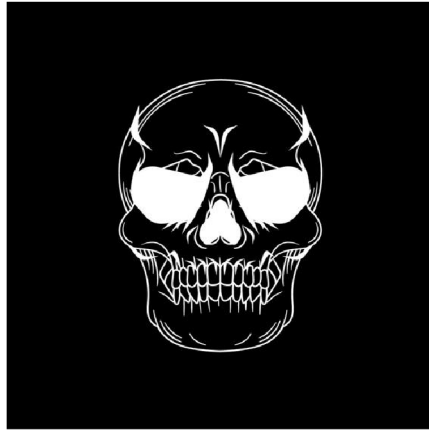
Becca lets out a long, overly dramatic sigh before her shoulders slump. “Garrett’s.” She peeks up under her dark lashes and I give her a dull look. I had a feeling it was going to be there and I knew she would have waited till we left our dorm room to tell me if I hadn’t bought it up now.

“Dawn. Think of it as a revenge mission. You could get dressed up all sexy and show that asshole what he is missing out on. Who knows, you could even get lucky.” Becca wiggles her eyebrows then stares over at me with hope filled eyes. Do I wanna get laid? Only one person comes to mind when I think about any type of naked, sexy time and I don’t even know what he looks like or what his name is.

My own shoulders slump this time. Becca takes it as my defeat and starts bouncing like a damn pogo stick with excitement. Damn cheerleader energy. I already knew I was going to get dragged out tomorrow at some point, but I had to hold out as long as possible to make a point.

A crazy thought comes to mind as Becca grabs my arm and begins talking a million miles a minute about costume ideas as she drags me down the next aisle. What if I could make my stalker jealous enough to want to play with me? Maybe even to show his face. A plan begins to form in the back of my mind. Oh yes, tomorrow might be worth it.

Chapter 4



Ciaran

After watching Dawn eat lunch with her friend, I head to go meet with my father. He said he had important things he needed to discuss with me. Probably more boring ass business stuff. Worst case, he is trying to set me up with another woman who is only after one thing. What marrying me would give her. Money. Power. Most importantly, good dick.

I pull up to my family's home and sure enough see an extra car parked in the driveway. So, either a business associate or a desperate bitch who I will have to turn down again. Walking up the steps, I pull out my phone to check on Dawn. My GPS has her heading towards the mall. Hopefully, I can wrap this up quickly, then head that way and see what kind of trouble she is getting up to.

Entering the foyer, I hear deep boisterous laughter coming from down the hall where my father's office is located, so I head in that direction. I don't bother knocking as I push open the thick wooden door. Immediately, my nostrils get assaulted

with the scent of cigars and aged whiskey. So, father is celebrating, but what?

As usual my father sits behind his heavy oak desk, as he leans back, puffing on his Cuban cigar. “Ah. There he is. Ciaran, you made it. This is Johnathan Marino.” I nod at the man who mirrors my father’s actions. I take him in fully. Around the same age as my father with salt and peppered greased back hair. He appears to be in good shape, but wrinkles have formed around his eyes. The man is dressed similarly to my father as well, in a light gray tailored three-piece suit. He has an air about him that screams danger, so my guess he works in the same line of work as our family as well.

“What did you need me for if business has worked itself out?” I question, motioning to both men, annoyed that I had to leave my Little Sunshine for this. I look over at my dear old dad while shoving my hands in the pockets of my jeans. My father sneers over at me for half a second before he smooths the expression over in the presence of our guest. He hates when I act casual around him and his so-called friends; but I have better shit to do than listen to them suck up to each other to get what they want. I’ll get an ear full later about my blatant disrespect towards him in the presence of someone else.

“Well, Ciaran, we needed you to meet...” his words faded as I heard the door open behind me, making me turn to see our newest guest. I glare at the newcomer as father’s last words echo around in my head. “... your new fiancé.”

I whirl around to see my dad standing now, hands out wide like he is excited about the explosive bomb he just threw in my lap. “Fiancé?” I ask, sounding confused because I’m hoping I heard him wrong because last I checked I hadn’t proposed to anyone lately.

“Yes, son. Your fiancé. This is Sonia Marino.” The woman who just entered the room bats her overly fake as fuck lashes at me as she saunters up to me, placing her hand out to me. She continues to smile up at me waiting for me to take her talon dipped hand, but I just simply sneer at the offending thing. I give Sonia a once over. She is dressed like she is about to go to a club, or maybe her night job on the corner. I take in her face next. Bleach blonde hair lays flat against her back but I can’t seem to look away from all the makeup she has caked on. I’ve seen catfish, and this is waving all the red flags that she is fake 100%.

I turn back towards my father, glaring daggers at him as the bimbo next to me giggles at my obvious brush off. “You can’t be serious?”

“I am, son. Sonia needs a good husband and you need a wife for when you take over the business in a few months. She is prepared to give you an heir to the Adonis throne as soon as possible as well.” He grins wide as he speaks, looking to the other man in the room who nods in return as if to confirm.

“I’m not doing this.” I state, turning on my heel, prepared to leave and never bring this topic up again.

“You will be married and have an heir on the way before you take over, Ciaran. So, you better get that through your thick skull, son. You will marry Sonia or else.” He threatens, but I’m already out of the door and down the hall. I hear him reassure Jonathan and Sonia that the arrangement is still on and that I always come around but he’s wrong. I won’t fall in line for this. Not this time.

There is only one woman I will have to bear my heir or even marry at this point and I think it’s time I make sure she knows that.



I pull into the mall parking lot fifteen minutes later, slamming on my brakes as I whip into a spot near the back. Rage and annoyance still run through my blood as my father’s words echo in my head. He thinks I will just marry some woman so I can have a kid. Just so I can officially take over the family. Him and his obsession over continuing the family name. He thinks I’m stupid. It’s a business transaction like my mother was. He never loved her, but she gave him a child and after I was born, his father handed over the family business. What he doesn’t understand is I couldn’t care less about the family business. I mean yeah, this lifestyle runs in my veins, it’s all I’ve ever known, but if it all burnt to the ground tomorrow, I wouldn’t even bat an eye.

I know I'm losing control when the sound of creaking leather breaks through to my thoughts. I peer down realizing I'm gripping the steering wheel so tight my knuckles are turning white. I take a deep breath, trying to calm my racing out-of-control thoughts when I remember why I came to the mall in the first place. My little Sunshine. Dawn.

Taking one more deep breath, I finally release my ironclad grip, allowing blood to flow back into my fingers. I pull out my phone, pulling up my GPS app that I used to track Dawn daily. When I see the tiny green dot still somewhere inside, I finally move to get out of my car.

Once outside, I give my body a long stretch, allowing my muscles to fully release and relax. Seeing my father always leaves me in a nasty mood and only seeing my dirty little obsession do I ever feel less stressed.

I head into the mall, checking my surroundings as I go. Being the son of a mafia boss, I always need to be on guard. Especially when I'm stalking my woman. I don't want that side to touch her, but my filthy thoughts are another thing. All the dirty, depraved things I plan to do to that woman would probably scare the shit out of her if she knew, but I don't care. I still plan to do them and make her love it.

Stepping into the entryway, the heat of the mall hits me. October has been cooling down as days go by and the chill from fall is in full effect. I roll my shoulders, holding up my phone to track my prey.

It takes me a few minutes to track Dawn down, but when I do, I'm like a moth to a bright fiery flame. My eyes lock on to its target and I can't seem to pull my eyes away. I realized I must look like a creep just standing here staring through the window, so I move to the store across the way.

When I enter the small shop, a perky bottle blonde straightens her back, shoving her tits up as her plain blue eyes widen for half a second before filling with desire. "Can I help you find anything today?" She bates her mascara clump lashes at me and I nearly roll my eyes at the implied anything. Disgust rolls through me as I hold back a gag. She places her dainty taloned hand on my bicep and steps closer into my personal space, making a wall of stench she must call perfume assaults my nostrils. I sneer down at the offending limb before looking up and glaring at the woman herself. This time her eyes widen in unease or maybe fear. I don't care which. I've been told my glare could make grown men cry. The sales woman finally yanks her hand away before turning and scurrying off to the back of the store.

I finally get a look around the shop I entered and see it's a sex shop that is currently filled with slutty Halloween outfits. The walls are lined with sex toys all in the Halloween spirit and a smile paints my lips as I think about tomorrow and the game I want to play.

I look back towards the shop Dawn was just in with her roommate and friend and see they are still shifting through racks of clothing. I decide to take a look around to see if I can find some inspiration for tomorrow. I head to the binding

section with all the cuffs and multi-material rope. I find all shades, length, and thickness as I run my fingers across the material on display. When I feel the soft silk of one of the items, I stop, pulling it out to examine it. It's blood red in color and shines under the dull lights above. Perfect. I think I should start easy on her, build up to my more wild fantasies.

I continue my shopping, every once in a while, glancing towards Dawn to make sure she is where I can see her when I wander towards the Halloween section. I shift through the variety of costumes, all with barely any fabric, wondering what my Little Sunshine will dress up as. Does she already have a costume? Does she even plan to go out? She needs to in order to have my plan work. But if she wore anything like this, I might have to kill every man who looked at what's mine. Am I willing to become a serial killer this early in life for this woman? I think yes.

Laughter pulls me from my killing thoughts and I watch as Dawn and her friend leave the store they were just in, bags in hand. Her friend, Becca, I think her name is, turns toward the shop I'm in. My mind turns to tell me to run. That if she is close to us we will act too soon or that she will somehow know who we are, but at the last second, Dawn pulls Becca away.

"No. Coffee. You said I could get coffee before we do any more shopping." Ah yes. My Dawn is a coffee addict.

"Fine but then I wanna come back here. I think I see some cute stuff for you." Becca replies.

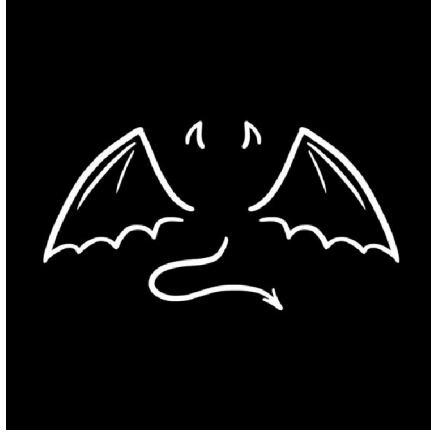
Over my dead body will Dawn dress like some common street whore. I have a feeling I might have to kill someone tomorrow if I don't step in now. I decided to choose three outfits and have her pick one as a surprise. That way I know all her major bits will be covered, saving me from having to rampage tomorrow if anyone saw too much of my woman.

I'm about to go pay to follow the girls when something catches my eye at the back wall. I walk towards the wall of masks and grin wickedly as I focus on the perfect mask for our game tomorrow. A black and white skeleton mask, simple, but it will cover the entirety of my face and will prolong her knowing who I am under it.

The blonde from before is standing behind the counter, eyes still filled with desire but also worry. I lay the blood red silk ribbon on the counter along with the costumes I picked out and explain I need them wrapped and waiting for someone. She does as she is told before I show her a picture of Dawn, telling her to make her pick one at random. I then point to the wall behind her. "I'll be taking that mask as well." She looks over her shoulder and nods before grabbing said mask, then the silk ribbon and bagging everything up.

Oh, Little Sunshine. I can't wait to play with you.

Chapter 5



Dawn

I'm relieved when Becca finds the "to die for perfect dress". It's only taken her about two but what feels like 100 stores to find it. Of course, she looks stunning in it as well. Becca is a knockout with her natural dirty blond hair, aquamarine blue eyes, long legs, and perfect complexion. Honestly, I don't know how we are even friends. I mean I'm not an ugly duckling by any means, but I'm definitely not the thinnest girl on the team. Taco Tuesday is a legit thing, and this girl loves her some tacos.

She finally pays for the dress and my shoulders sag in relief. Finally, we can get coffee. I need a pick me up. I rarely go shopping, shit, most days I'm either in class, my room, the student union, or the library. This is a foreign territory and my skin is feeling itchy with all the peopling I'm doing.

It's funny when I think about it. A cheerleader who hates being around people and is really not all that peppy on the inside. If the other girls knew what went through my mind on

a daily basis, they would totally freak out. Ha. They couldn't even imagine my dark and dirty mind.

Becca tugs on my arm in the opposite direction of the coffee, a frown creasing my lips. "No." I halt the progress she was making. "Coffee." I whine. I need more coffee if she plans to drag me into the colorful array of fabric in front of us. I take a closer look and release an annoyed sigh, of course, it's a sex shop. Great. I'm going to be a hooker for Halloween. Mama would be proud. "You said I could get coffee before we do any more shopping." And hopefully you will have forgotten about this store by the time we are done. I mentally add.

"Fine" She rolls her eyes but turns and heads towards the coffee shop at the other end of the mall. "But then I wanna come back here. I think I see some cute stuff for you." Becca replies and I barely hold back my groan, turning to follow her to get me the drink of the gods. I pause for half a second when I think I see someone familiar but it's only a side profile and I doubt he would be in a place like that, so I continue on in my quest for liquid gold.

As we are waiting in line for coffee, my phone vibrates in my back pocket, making a small smile lift my lips. I'm not popular by any mean, other than being a cheerleader, I really only talk to Becca and maybe Amber and Jamie, but that's about it. Of course, I talk to my parents. Daddy dearest likes to remind me that my time here is limited, so I better enjoy it. Real dad of the year, but I know what he means. I accepted my fate when I agreed to my father's deal.

Pulling out my phone, I see a text from the one person who probably knows me the best in this world. Which is sad since I still haven't figured out who he is and I refuse to use certain resources and alert my family of him. They would probably overreact and go on a hunt or something. No, no one knows about my stalker, not even Becca, who I tell everything to. She would think I was crazy and needed some type of professional help, which may be partially true but not because of him. My family takes credit for that one.

Him: Wanna play a game tomorrow?

Me: What kind of game?

Me: Like hide and seek? Or like tag you're it? *winky face emoji*

Him: I've always liked hide and seek and I'm superb at tag...

Him: So, let's play both tomorrow.

Me: Do go on, I'm listening...

Him: Tomorrow I'll hide, and you gotta find me by...

Him: Let's say midnight.

I smirk down at my phone screen, intrigued by his offer. Becca shoulder bumps me as we step up to the counter to order. "What can I get started for you today?" A cute guy with chocolate brown hair and forest green eyes asks. He smiles over at us, showing off his pearly whites as I continue to take him in. His name tag on his wide chest says Adam. He has

masculine features but like in a drool worthy Captain America pretty kinda way. He even has a dimple on his right side.

My mind wanders back to my stalker. I wonder what color his hair is. Or his eyes. Would he have a deep, growly voice? Would his muscles flex as he lifted me off the ground to pin me against the wall and-

A throat clearing catches my attention and I snap my eyes back up to meet Adam's deep green ones as he smirks back at me. "Huh?"

"My friend here would like your largest size white mocha with an extra shot of espresso, please." Becca says in a sugary sweet voice as she throws her thumb up and over at me. "I, on the other hand, would like a small pumpkin spice latte with soy milk please." She smiles widely at the pretty boy before adding the icing on the cake. "Oh, and I wouldn't bother with my friend. She is going through a breakup and probably wouldn't call you back right now." I glare at my new ex-best friend. I can feel my neck heat with a tinge of embarrassment, but I shake that off. She is right about one thing; I wouldn't call him back, but not because I'm going through a breakup. No, I just have someone more important in mind.

We pay before heading over to the little waiting area as I pull out my phone again. I tune out Becca's ramblings about tomorrow night's festivities and what she needs to do to get ready while I reply.

Me: What happens if I can't find you by midnight?

Him: It will be my turn to catch you.

Me: What do I get if I find you in time?

Him: Whatever your little heart desires.

I read over his words, my body heating in expectations of what I want him to do to me. All my desires for this man to use me, to destroy me so thoroughly that he would be imprinted on my body and soul. My core tightens, craving my mystery man's touch. I am a sick person who wants someone I don't know to do such depraved things to me.

Me: And what do you get if I lose and you catch me?

This is the real question. Do I want to know who my stalker is? Yes, without a doubt. Would it be more fun to tease and see how far I can push his buttons? Hell yeah.

Him: Whatever My dark heart desires. *Devil face emoji*

“Who are you talking to?” I jump a little as I feel Becca lean into my side, trying to peer over my shoulder at my phone. I turn my screen black, shifting so that I'm facing her while shoving my phone back in my jean pockets.

“What? No one. I was looking up the best ways and excuses to get out of a Halloween party that your bestie is dragging you too.” I bat my lashes at her as she just rolls her eyes back at me.

“I am such a terrible friend, making you socialize and possibly getting you laid.” I snort at her over dramatic response.

Before I can rebut how I will not be getting laid tomorrow; well unless it's by someone in particular. "Order for Becca!" is yelled out and we move to grab our nice hot coffees. "We have a large white mocha with an extra shot and a small pumpkin latte with soy." The girl recites, handing over my precious drink. I grab my drink and quickly sip the amazing liquid, burning my tongue in the process but not caring about the pain one bit.

"You're not a savage Dawn." Becca laughs out, blowing on hers all dainty like before taking her own small sip and sighing.

"Well, at least I'm not a basic bitch." I grin wide as she narrows her eyes before shrugging in acceptance. We turn, walking away from the coffee shop and I'm just about to recommend we eat or head back home when Becca beats me to speaking.

"Don't you dare even try to get out of going to that costume shop." She looks over her shoulder slightly, lifting a brow, challenging me to try and say that's not what I was about to say, but know it totally was.

"First off." I hold up a finger. "That is not a costume shop, that is a sex shop that happens to be in the Halloween spirit." She simply shrugs a shoulder before turning back around and heading in that direction again. I drop my hand to my side, taking another sip of my coffee. My phone vibrates in my back pocket again, bringing my thoughts back to the conversation I

was just having with my stalker. An idea comes to mind. “And second, I was going to say, I thought of a costume idea.”

“Really?” she questions sounding a bit surprised.

“Yes. I’ve embraced this crazy idea of yours to socialize with our so-called peers. You’re right, I need to live a little and have some fun.” I say, trying to sound sincere but probably failing. Becca eyes me for a long minute before giving me a wide smile, showing all her pearly whites.

“Perfect.” She loops her arms through mine as we enter the shop, practically bouncing on her toes with excitement. Bright colors in oranges, pinks, purples, and neon greens assault my eyes as I try to take in everything. I see a section dedicated to all black outfits. One wall’s completely covered in sex toys, some looking a little dangerous to use. The back wall is covered from floor to ceiling with masks. Some were scary, others just plain creepy and a few dainty sexy ones. Becca guides me to the far right, where racks of what look like strips of fabric lay. On second look, I think this is what they call Halloween costumes now-a-days.

“Nope. Why can’t I have something that actually covers my body like yours?” I look over towards Becca as she shifts through the scraps while humming under her breath to the song playing overhead. Something about being a bad bitch.

“Dawn.” She looks over at me and bursts out laughing. “Oh god. Why do you look so afraid right now?” I return her laugh with a glare. Not finding this funny. I mean, how am I not

supposed to freeze to death wearing what is existentially a thong and nipple pasties.

I finger the closest item to me, holding it out to prove the point I'm about to make. "I want to look sexy not like a stripper or worse, a hooker. Plus, if I wore something like this, everyone would see everything I don't have to offer." I drop the fabric and look around the shop when I spot a more suitable rack of outfits. I leave Becca behind as I make my way towards the rack, spotting a small blonde woman with big blue eyes and heavy makeup pop out from nowhere.

"Hi. Is your name Dawn?" I look at her warily. She doesn't look familiar but sometimes I don't pay attention to faces. Bad habit, I know. Mama is always reminding me to be mindful of my surroundings at all times. I take a step back, eyeing the woman until I see a name tag. Brandy.

"Do I know you?" I ask. Looking around this time as my mind pieces the picture together.

"Oh, no, but I have something for you. Come with me." She turns on her heel, hair whipping out, almost whacking me in the face. Bitch. Now that I think about it, she seems annoyed with me. But why? Glancing back at my bestie, I see she is still shifting through racks of lace, so I follow the blonde to the back of the store.

She heads behind the counter before leaning down and grabbing three boxes. I cock a brow at her in question. She stares at me blankly before rolling her eyes and popping her hip. "Your boyfriend said to pick one." My eyes widened at

that. Boyfriend? She must have the wrong chick. I'm about to tell her so when she speaks again. "Look, I don't have all day. I was told you would stop by, but you didn't know he was shopping for you. He told me to have you pick one, but you weren't allowed to look. So, pick one already?" This time she cocks a brow at me with an attitude and if I was a different Dawn, I would probably fix that sneer on her face. But at last, I'm the sweet, vanilla, boring cheerleader Dawn.

"What was his name?" She shrugs. "What did he look like?" I ask this time, and she simply shrugs again. Whatever. I can only imagine it's one person. My stalker.

I look down at all three black boxes wrapped with a red bow. I squint my eyes a bit, hoping I can suddenly get X-ray vision, but when nothing happens, I take a deep breath before pointing to the middle one. She hands it over before turning and heading for the back room. Cool. A casual "have a good day" would have been nice. I turn around with the box in hand and head back toward Becca when my phone vibrates again.

I quickly pull out my phone and realize I forgot I got a message as we were heading here.

Him: Choose wisely.

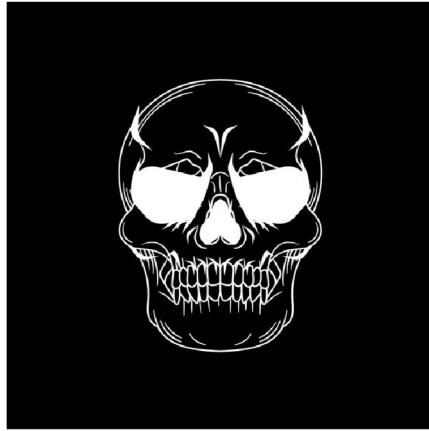
Him: I hope you chose wisely; I expect you to wear it tomorrow. The game will begin at sundown. Happy hunting.

A giddy excitement runs down my spine. It's been a long time since I've been able to be excited about something. I've always had to behave and be proper. To speak only when

spoken too but not with him. I feel alive with him. Knowing he craves my depraved and dark thoughts like I crave his.

I look around to find Becca when I spot a blood red lingerie set. A naughty thought comes to mind as I grab the set in my size and head back to the counter. If he wants me to be a good girl for him, he has another thing coming. No, I think tomorrow night I will be bad for once.

Chapter 6



Ciaran

Dawn follows Becca out of the store with an extra bag in her hands, along with the box she chose. Before I left the shop, I decided to start the game a bit early. I went over to the rack with sexy costumes and picked three at somewhat random. A tight leather catsuit with cat ears. A sexy French maid with a feather duster. Last and the most ironic is a sexy cheerleader with the added bonus of pompoms. I secretly want her to pick the cheerleading outfit just so I can rip it off of her at the end of the night. I smile to myself at that thought.

Dawn is a god's dawn goddess and watching her in a short skirt, crop top and high ponytail being thrown in the air with no fear turns me rock hard. Ever had a hard on in the middle of a football game surrounded by a stadium full of people? Yeah, it's awkward as fuck.

I eye the extra bag in her hands, wondering what else she might have added to my order. Maybe she bought new sex toys. Maybe her thoughts were like mine and needed a little something extra for tomorrow.

I watch the girl's head for the exit. I wait awhile, so I'm not seen outside before I head toward the exit myself and then to my car. Don't want my Little Sunshine to figure out our game just yet. Pulling out my phone, I track her next movement and notice they're headed back to the dorms. Perfect.

I head back that way as well. I stop by the student union to grab some food before heading back to my room. I think tonight I'm going to give my little Dawn a taste of what tomorrow will bring.

Once I'm in my private room, one of the lucky ones, but I paid extra to ensure I would have my own. You can never know who you can trust or who can be bought with a little cash. I head to my computer desk tucked against my far wall and bring up the cameras I have stationed in her room.

I have two places where I can see her. One in her bedroom angled towards her bed so I can watch her while she sleeps. The other is in her bathroom, it's an anti-steam model but watching her suds up, water droplets sliding down the valley of her breast. I groan at just the image of possibly catching her stepping out of the shower, but when I boot up my monitors, it's all black. Confused, I do a systems check, but when it comes back clear and not reporting any issues, my confusion turns to worry. Why can't I see her?

I pulled out my phone and double check that she made it back to her room. The GPS dot is where it's supposed to be, in her room. But that doesn't mean that's where she is.

Not liking not knowing where my Sunshine is, I message her.

Me: Where are you?

I hit send but then frown at my message. What if she left her phone in her room but she isn't there? I decide I better go over there and just check for myself, but before I can march over there; I see three little dots pop up and disappear at the bottom of my screen. So, she is in her room. After a long agonizing minute, a text from her lights up my screen.

My Sunshine: Can you not see me? *Winky face emoji*

Me: Do not test me, Dawn.

My Sunshine: I wouldn't dare. *Kissy face emoji*

Annoyance roars to life in me. The urge to go to her, grab her by her hair, flip her around, bend her over my knee and turn the perky little ass of hers red is undeniable. But I have a plan and I need to stick to it.

Me: So, you've decided to start our game early.

I ask but then it occurs to me that she knew where the cameras were.

Me: How did you know the cameras were right there?

My Sunshine: Maybe you weren't as creative as you thought.

My Sunshine: you gave away that you were watching me. If you were as dedicated as you sounded, you would have

wanted to watch me in my domain. There are only so many places to hide something.

Me: clever girl. So why hide from me now? You've enjoyed my eyes on you for this long.

I can imagine Dawn laying on her bed in her skimpy pajamas, smiling at her phone thinking she has gotten the better hand but she is wrong. This makes me want to crave her more. She has beauty and brains.

My Sunshine: Tomorrow needs to be a bit fairer. You know what I look like and what I might possibly wear. So now you don't get to see me before and know what I will be dressed as. *Emoji with tongue sticking out*

My girl is feeling playful tonight. If she wants me to go blind that's fine. I will still be able to spot her out of a crowd of drunken assholes. She is the light that draws in my darkness, she couldn't escape me even if she tried. I shut off my computer and head for my queen-sized bed. It's the only one in the dorm housing. Kicking off my shoes, I turn and fall back into the plush bedding. Only the best for the prince of the Adonis throne. I make sure my head is resting on my pillow before I decide to play with her.

Me: What are you doing, Sunshine?

My Sunshine: Laying in bed, thinking of what I want when I win tomorrow.

My Sunshine: What are you doing?

I grin at this. Oh, how she wishes she could win. But she won't.

Me: Is that so? It's cute that you actually think you can win.

Me: I'm in bed as well, but I'm thinking about you and how you'll be screaming for me tomorrow.

Three little dots appear and then disappear for a minute. Have I gotten to her already? I've barely started.

My sunshine: And do tell... whose name will I be screaming?

Oh, that's cute. She thinks she can get information from me now. I bet if she really paid attention to everyone and everything around her and less into books, she might have noticed me.

Me: Nice try.

Me: What are you wearing to bed tonight? You took away my nightly routine of watching you sleep, so I need you to tell me.

Again, three dots appear and disappear for a minute. I decided to get more comfortable by reaching back with one arm, pulling off my t-shirt over my head. I stand while popping the button on my jeans and sliding them down my legs to kick them to the side. I'm left in just my boxers before I climb back in bed, hearing my phone go off with a notification. Reaching for the phone I realize I got a picture message and not a normal text.

I lean back, placing one arm behind my head and open the message. I swear my jaw drops and hits the fucking floor. I probably look like that cartoon character with its eyes bulging out, with his tongue rolling out; as my heart practically beats out of my chest because holy shit. I've seen Dawn naked before. Just about every day damn near, but this picture is just so much more than that. Dawn is naked, her phone angled by her face as she points the lens down her perfect fucking body. The creamy mounds of her breast and those peeked rosy nipples are on full display. Begging me to suck and bite on them, to leave my mark. Her legs spread wide as she drapes her arm over her flat, pillowy stomach and towards the center I'm dying to taste. I can't tell if she is touching herself, but I can imagine it. Her fucking her fingers at the thought of me. A man she doesn't even know. A second text message comes through and I realize I've just been laying here staring at this woman like a starved man looking at his next meal.

My Sunshine: Do you like it?

My Sunshine: What are you wearing?

I groan. I know she is baiting me to show her myself, but my body art would give too much away. I'm about to just tell her but get a better idea.

Me: touch yourself. And tell me about what you're thinking about. Make me so hard that I cum and I might show you a sneak peek of what you might get tomorrow.

My Sunshine: Promise?

Me: Cross my heart.

My Sunshine: I'm thinking about you. Standing in the shadows as I touch myself.

Me: Tell me more!

I need more. I need her to tell me it all. I close my eyes and imagine what she just said. I've watched her pleasure herself before but this time is different. Hearing her moans as she came on her fingers, but it will never be the same until I witness it firsthand. When I can smell the scent of her juices soaking the sheet below her.

My phone suddenly rings then, breaking me out of my bliss. I feel rage flare before I see that it's a video message request from Dawn. I answer, but leave my screen locked and blank. I leave the voice on but stay quiet, just listening.

I watch as she sets her phone on her nightstand before positioning herself in front of the camera. Legs spread wide and pussy on full view for me. It's pretty, pink, and glistening, just the way I like it. Her hands move to her plumb mound, squeezing before pinching and lightly twisting her nipples. Letting out a small moan that has my cock standing to attention. I hold back my own deep groan that wants to escape as her right hand moves down and towards her center. She spreads her lips before taking two fingers and rubbing the tight bundle of nerves, making her slightly arch her back. She slides a finger down and slowly pressing into my core before slowly fucking herself. In and out at a slow and steady pace. Smaller, barely audible moans leave her juicy lips. I notice she isn't looking at the camera and I need her to look at me. Especially

while giving me this show. I deepen my voice a few octaves. The voice I used when I sat in on business matters with my father.

“Look at me, Sunshine.”

I know she wasn't expecting me to talk because her movement seized as her eyes snapped open. Her enormous emerald, green eyes flash with alarm for half a second before zoning in on the camera lens. Her face morphs with a bit of satisfaction as she reaches back down to circle her clit once more. She smiles wickedly at me through the phone before pressing a finger into her core. I can almost hear how wet she is as she slides a single digit in and out. “More.” I growl.

She's baiting me, I know it, but I need this. I reach down, shoving my hand into my boxers and wrap it around my rock-hard shaft. My hold is tight, practically cutting off circulation, but I know my woman is going to be tight. She's not a virgin but she's not like all these other college girls. Most trying to sleep with as many guys as they can before they decided to settle down with kids and the white picket fence dream. No, not my Dawn. She's been with Garret, the douche bag and one other guy before him according to her social media. No, Dawn is my good naughty girl.

I watch as she adds a finger and increases her thrusting movements, rocking her hips as she rides her own fingers. I bite down on my lip, tasting blood as I match her pace on my throbbing cock. Little moans continue to slip past her lips as she fucks herself harder. She reaches up with her other hand

and pinches her nipple hard, letting loose a low lust full moan out that makes my balls tingle in anticipation. Her eyes lock onto the camera as she suddenly brings her hand back down and pinches her clit. “Oh god. Oh god. I’m gon- I’m gonna-“She stutters over her words lost on the razor edge of an organism.

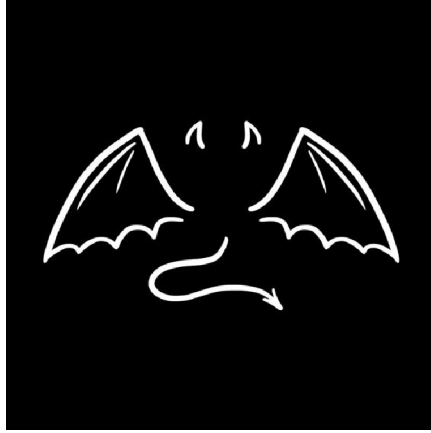
“Come! Now!” I demand, my voice hoarse and thick with my own lust filled thoughts, but like the good girl I knew she would be, she does. Her body shudders, head falling back, toes curling, back arching, muscles tightening as she finally reaches that ecstasy of overwhelming pleasure. Her breathing is ragged as she takes a deep breath. I continue to stroke myself hard and at a steady pace, I know I’m close but delayed gratification and all.

When she finally gets herself under control, she sits up. After a minute, she looks back up at the camera, eyes still filled with hazy lust before she opens that beautiful mouth of hers and absolutely destroys me. “Was I a good girl?” Electricity shoots through my body heading straight to my balls making me come hard, jet after jet of hot cum squirts from my tip, landing on my lower stomach.

“FuckkkkkkkKK.” I groan, my body racked with pure pleasure from those five simple words leaving such an innocent mouth. I can’t move or even speak after how hard I just came, but she just sits there batting those long lashes at me, waiting for the praise I know she craves. She craves more than just my praise, too. Tomorrow, I will show her just what she needs from a man like me.

I take a deep breath, calming my racing heart before I speak one last time. “Good Girl.”

Chapter 7



Dawn

My breathing is erratic as I sit here staring at my now black screen. I just did that. I just fucked myself in front of my camera; for my stalker to watch and probably get off on. What is wrong with me? I'm sick, right? But that voice. I know he was changing his voice, trying to make it deeper but fuck did it do things to my pussy. It was faintly familiar, but I was so lost in chasing my orgasm high that I couldn't focus enough on where I heard it.

I take a deep breath in and hold for a second before exhaling in a rush. His last words before he hung up kept replying in my head. Over and over. Good Girl. He called me a good girl. I smile at that. I pleased him. I never knew praise was my kink until now but being called his good girl was a high in and of itself.

A thought comes to me then. He never showed me a sneak peek of what to expect tomorrow, asshole. It's fine because tomorrow when I win, I'll get to play my own little game with him.

After a few more minutes of sitting in bed, I figured it was time to get dressed and try to get some sleep. Sliding off the bed I swipe up my pajamas from the floor and head to the bathroom. I give a light knock and when I don't hear anything I open the door. Having a shared bathroom sucks sometimes but Becca keeps it pretty clean. Her room on the other hand is always a mess with clothes thrown around here and there. I swear the girl changes her outfit at least three times a day.

I head across the way and peek into her room seeing that she is asleep and slowly ease her door shut. Turning I head to the shower, turning the knob to somewhat cold and stepping in. I shiver as the cold-water splatters down on my skin causing goosebumps to race across my body. After I diminish the last of the lust pumping through my body, I turn the water back to warm and go about my washing routine. After I wash my hair, body, and shave for tomorrow, I stand there allowing the heat to soothe the tight nerve muscles that seem to happen when I think about meeting my stalker.

Yes, I've been waiting to meet the man face to face, and yes he seems to be obsessed with me, but what will he think when he finally has me in front of him. Will he think I'm too boring or too vanilla for him? I've never acted on my depraved thoughts before not after my first boyfriend who freaked out when I asked him to fuck me rougher. A little spank here, a little choking there. What was the big deal?

Now with the idea of my stalker knowing the darker side of my mind and possibly turning me away. No, that would be like a heart break.

When I finally feel somewhat relaxed and thoughts calmed, I turn off the water before grabbing a towel and wrap it around my body. I grab another small towel and wrap this one around my long dark hair. I head back to my side softly closing the door before heading back to my dresser and grabbing a t-shirt and panties to sleep in.

I climb into bed after hanging my towels on the back of the bathroom door and throwing my hair into a messy bun. I can deal with that mess tomorrow. Plus, I doubt I'll be the one dealing with it. Becca has been waiting to give me a makeover for as long as I've known her and since tomorrow, I need to make an obvious statement that she's the girl I need.

I finally lay down in bed and get comfortable, closing my eyes and smiling as my thoughts drift to my mysterious stalker and the many different ways tomorrow can end.



Beep, beep, beep...

Groaning, I reach over and slap at my alarm clock on the nightstand. Why the fuck did I set an alarm for today? I don't even have classes because it's a fucking Saturday. I sit straight up as a giggle comes from across the room. My eyes turn to slits as I glare daggers at my so-called best friend as she stands in our shared bathroom doorway, smiling brightly and looking like she just woke up on the good side of the bed. Bitch.

“Did you set my alarm?” I ask still glaring, but when she reaches back and to the side, she pulls out a large cup of coffee. My glare turns to mild annoyance as I make grabby hands reaching for the steaming cup of goodness.

“I did.” She steps forward, still smiling wide. “But I did bring a peace offering.” I roll my eyes as she stops a few feet away giving me an expected look.

“Fine, I forgive you but that better be a-“ I start but am cut off by Becca finishing my sentence for me.

“An extra-large mocha coffee with an extra added shot.” She waves her hand not holding my morning life force in the air as if offended I would think she didn’t know my order. “Yeah yeah. I had them add 2 extra shots since I was going into battle and need you in the best possible mood.”

“Aww. You do love me.” I say as she finally takes the last few steps handing me my precious treasure. I take a deep inhale, allowing the last of my annoyance with being woken up to fade away. I swear if I swung Becca’s way, I would ask the girl to marry me but alas we both enjoy a good dicking.

After I drink about half of my coffee I notice Becca standing awkwardly with her hands behind her back. She is biting her lip like she has something to say but is afraid or nervous to say it. “Spit it out Becca. You’re killing me here.” Her shoulders slump and she looks up with big puppy dog eyes and I have to hold back a laugh trying to escape when I realize what she is about to ask.

“Okay. So I know you’re not super into makeovers and all that but I was hoping I could do your hair and makeup. I promise to do it however you want but pretty please.” She brings her hands out from behind her back and places them in a prayer move adding a pouty lip and all. I decide I can’t hold it back and burst out laughing. Full on holding my stomach and hoping I don’t spill my coffee.

When I finally get my laughter under control, I look up to see Becca frowning. “Oh Becca. I was going to ask for your help anyways. First off, it’s Halloween. Second, we are going to a party at Garrett’s house, which means that bitch Sarah will be there. No way in hell is she going to look better than me so of course I need your magic touch.” Her frown turns upside down in the blink of an eye. Her entire body starts to vibrate with excitement and I’m not going to lie, the look in her eye is a bit terrifying.

I knew my best friend was bubbly, outgoing and preppy but Becca is all that but on drugs. I can practically see the gears turning in her head.

“Really? What are the ground rules?” she asks, making me cock a brow in questions.

“You know, what are your limits? What do you not like? What color is your outfit? I can’t believe you didn’t show me yesterday.” She starts looking around the room searching for the bags we got yesterday and when she doesn’t immediately find what she is looking for she rushes to the closet. Becca is acting like a damn kid during Christmas.

She brings out the box that I had to pick in one hand and the bag that I choose in the other. “Which one is your costume?”

“Both. I haven’t decided yet.” I don’t mention that I have no idea what the hell is in the box yet. Yesterday when we got home, I went straight for the cameras to make sure Mr. Stalker couldn’t see what I was wearing later tonight. Becca simply shrugs before bringing both over to the bed, setting the items next to me. Since I know what’s in the bag I choose to go for the box first. I untie the red silk bow, lifting the top and removing the tissue paper covering the costume. When I finally get a good look at it I almost laugh. A cheerleading costume. How original. This one is red and black with white strips on a barely there pleated skirt. The top is closer to a bikini top than an actual shirt. What was he thinking? Where I held back my laughter, Becca let hers all out. “I thought it would be funny.” I say, trying to cover my tracks.

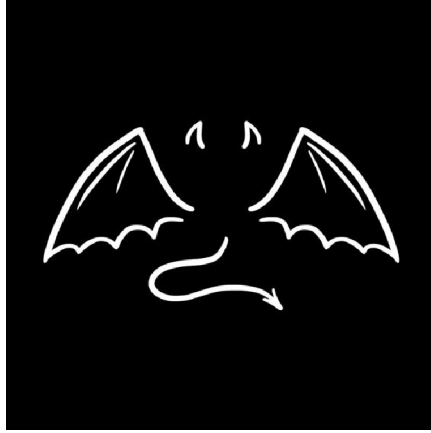
She gives me a wide smile before speaking. “I kind of like it. Everyone says you’re boring and that you’re vanilla. Their words, not mine, but this is so far from boring vanilla. This is more strawberry flavored.” She giggles at her own words. Well, it’s definitely not a boring outfit. Everyone with eyes will see my ass and everything in between. “Okay, what is option B?” This time I smile wide as I dig into the bag, gripping the material tight before pulling it out and holding it up.

Becca’s eyes go as wide as saucers as she takes in my option B for the Halloween party. “Dawn!” she exclaims, bouncing up and down on the tips of her toes while clapping her hands.

“This is the one. This is perfect. Beyond perfect. You have to wear this one! Please wear this one. You will turn ever guys head if you wear this and give a big fuck you to Sarah for sure.” She suddenly stops her movements looking me up and down. “Plus, that one is strawberry but this one. This is more like chocolate with extra sprinkles and a yummy little cherry on top and I know exactly what to do with your hair and makeup. Oh, and I think I have accessories to go with this from like forever ago.”

I look at the fabric they call a costume up and down once more considering my two options before nodding to myself. This is the perfect costume and I know for a fact that my stalker will not be expecting this. No one will. “You’re right. This is totally the one.”

Chapter 8



Dawn

I had to practically beg Becca to let me eat real food and drink a gallon of coffee before she sat me down for a torture session. She calls it a makeover, but I stand by my assessment because I know for a fact that the things my best friend plans to do to me would make a grown man cry. The moment I agreed to option B she started listing off all the things she needed to get ready including a waxing appointment at her friend's salon. When I eyed her and asked why I needed to get waxed and not just shave my own legs again she gave me a raised brow like I was asking a stupid question. Then she proceeded to look me up and down before explaining that a waxing was needed for my costume. I simply rolled my eyes and let her win. There was no point in arguing with her, she would win.

So now I'm here in the student union, the largest cup of liquid gold I could get waiting for my lunch while scrolling through social media mindlessly, when a message notification pops up.

Him: I've decided I may have to punish you tonight.

I smile wide as I jerk my head up to peer around the room. But just like every other time, I feel eyes on me or my stalker makes himself known nothing seems out of place. No one peeking behind a wall, no one looks out of place, or like they are trying not to be seen. I hate it but love the tiny thrill that runs up my spine at knowing I'm someone's prey.

Me: Are you still upset about the cameras?

I ask, looking around again to see if anyone is checking their phones. But of course, nothing. A few other students are milling around, getting themselves their own caffeine fix, or grabbing food before they go get ready as well. Tonight's Halloween party is pretty much a tradition here. It's always held at the Alpha's fraternity, and if you don't have picture proof you were there you become an outcast. Basically, it's high school but more alcohol since we don't have to steal from our parents anymore.

Him: Yes. I've come to realize I don't like not watching you sleep.

Me: Poor baby. I'll uncover them tomorrow. *kissy face emoji*

Him: You still deserve a punishment. Maybe I'll postpone our game.

I glare down at my phone at this. He wouldn't dare. We've been playing this cat and mouse game for months and now he's thinking about postponing this game. Oh no.

Me: Then you'll miss out on the surprise I have for you.
winky face emoji

Him: A surprise?

I smirk at his response. He is curious now, more so since he hasn't been able to see what I've been up to this morning. I'm typing out my response when the scraping of a chair next to me catches my attention making me snap my head up. My eyes meet dull shit brown eyes and my good mood instantly turns to annoyance. I lock my phone before putting it back in my pocket and turn fully to face Sarah the backstabbing home wrecker.

“Sarah, what can I do for you?” I ask my fake smile in place, voice calm and friendly just like mama taught me. Always smile, stay calm and don't show your true feelings. Mama was a good woman and excelled by my father's side but I don't want to be like my mother. Seen but not heard unless needed. It's a new age, women have opinions and voices now too. Unfortunately, those lessons were drilled into my head and came as a first instinct.

“Dawn.” She says back, looking me up and down. She must find my leggings, baggy sweatshirt and lack of makeup lacking because her smile shifts to a disgusted sneer. Ahh, the real Sarah is finally making an appearance.

“So I heard you're coming to the Halloween party tonight at Garretts.” Her sneer shifts once again to a fake smile.

“Yeah. Becca talked me into going.” Is my simple reply. I'm not going to play her game and I know she is trying to get

some reaction from me by mentioning Garrett. Amateur and petty. Mind games don't work on me, not with a family like mine.

“Oh well, I just thought you should know that Garrett and I are dating now. I just thought you should know. I wouldn't want you to be uncomfortable or anything.” She looks up at me and bats her ridiculous looking lashes. Does she actually think those look good on her? Whoever said they did, absolutely lied to her. A throat clearing shakes me of my thoughts.

I look up at the newest intruder of my table space to see Ciaran Adonis looking down at me. “Hey Dawn. Have a second?” I raise a brow in question, but before I can answer Sarah opens her big mouth. Attention seeking whore.

“Ciaran. How have you been? It's been a while.” She purrs, or I think tries to purr but I think it sounds more of a rasp. I mentally roll my eyes. She reaches a hand up and lays it over his chest and for half a second, I see fiery rage flash in Ciaran's eyes. His own hand snaps out gripping Sarah's wrist in a tight hold. Sarah lets out a small whimper and I have to hold back the tiny smile that wants to form.

“Do not touch me.” He pushes her hand away, never once taking his eyes off me. “Now can you leave so I can talk to Dawn privately.” He says finally looking away to send an irritated glare towards the gawking Sarah next to me. I feel like I can finally take a full breath now that his full attention isn't focused on me.

I've had a few classes with Ciaran, we even partnered together in a few. Decent guy, hot as fuck, and completely off limits to me. My father says he is no good and can't be trusted. Him or his family.

Sarah must take his glare seriously because she turns my way smiling. "I hope to see you tonight at Garrett's." Her smile slips to a glare as she eyes Ciaran once more flashing him a lusted filled look before finally standing and doing a dramatic as fuck spin as she saunters away swaying her hips side to side as if walking a runway.

"Wow, that girl is just extra." I say turning back to Ciaran, finding him already staring down at me. His eyes flash with an emotion I can't quite place before he slams a mask over them. Interesting. "So, what did you need from me?" I ask.

He cocks a brow at me in that sexy way guys do. "Oh, I was just walking by and noticed her bothering you. Figured I could get rid of her for you." I stare at him a bit stunned.

"Why?" I ask curious why Ciaran Adonis would care if I was being harassed. I know the gossip mill is dramatic as fuck but why would he care that the bitch who fucked my boyfriend behind my back was talking to me.

He either didn't care or wasn't really listening to me because his next words stun me even more. "Go out with me tonight?" He asks as the sexy fucker smirks down at me. He knows he's god's gift to women but damn it does he have to know it too.

"Sorry, but I have a boyfriend." I say as thoughts of my stalker and how he might act if he knew another guy was

asking me out. I look around hoping to catch a hint of someone.

“Looking for someone?” He asks, cocking a brow in that sexy way again. “Didn’t you just break up with that douche Garrett?” He asks next.

Now annoyed I grab my coffee cup and turn to face the man who takes after his namesake, Adonis. “Look, you’re a cool guy and all but my boyfriend is crazy and I won’t be responsible for his actions. I’m sure you could find another fuckable hole to warm your bed tonight. So, with that, I gotta get going. See you around.” I give him a two-finger salute before turning. I hear him let out a low deep chuckle before mumbling something that I swear sounded like “I’ll be seeing you alright.” But that would be crazy, almost as crazy as telling someone I had a crazy boyfriend who just so happens to be my stalker.



“Ow. You’re enjoying this aren’t you?” I glare daggers at my so-called best friend. Becca is currently sitting in a chair across the room reading some beauty magazine while some sadist woman practically rips my hair off. Waxing is a torture technique. I bet you a man invented it.

“You’re just being a big baby. You’re almost done and I’ll get you a lollipop.” She smirks in my direction, making me roll my eyes.

“Was this all really necessary?” I feel warm wax get laid out across my inner thigh again and I flinch. The woman waxing my who-ha should be a dominatrix. I swear every time I flinch, curse, or yell, she smiles like she is proud of herself. She looks up at me at that second and gives me a small smile before the bitch yanks on the dried wax. “Ow! Motherfucker! You could have warned me!” I yell out, cursing the high heavens. She simply shrugs before getting up.

“All done.”

“Thank fuck. I am never letting you talk me into doing this again. I feel like a naked mole rat.” I take a deep breath trying to calm my raging heart.

“Well, you’ll be the hottest naked mole rat today. Now get dressed, I have magic to work.” Becca grabs her bag before leaving the room. I get dressed cringing as my leggings rub against my now tender flesh. I reach for my phone to check the time when I remember I forget to message him back. When I got back from the student union Becca dragged me out of the dorm claiming we were already running late.

Him: I heard a new rumor about you today.

Me: Oh really. Now what? *Eye roll emoji*

Him: That you have a boyfriend and that he is crazy. Is he crazier than me?

Me: Wow! News travels fast and no. No boyfriend. But I did have someone ask me out so I told him I had a crazy boyfriend.

Him: Were you thinking of me when you said it?

Shit. I was but I can't tell him that. If anyone knew I was actually crushing on my stalker that I didn't know and had dirty as fuck thoughts about him, they would think I was unhinged myself. Which to be fair I might be because the things I want this man to do to me are not considered normal.

Me: Maybe.

Him: Good girl. Now finish getting ready. We have a game to start soon.

Me: You never gave me a sneak peek of what I'm going to win. You made a deal last night.

Him: You want a sneak peek?

Me: Yes.

After a minute of no reply, I figure he is going to leave me hanging. I go to put my phone away when a picture notification flashes on my phone. I tap the button to open the message but what I see causes my breath to still in my chest. Holy shit. I didn't think a dick pic could turn my pussy into a needy hussy, but damn. My stalker sent a picture of a monster cock. Thick, long, and veiny but a gleam of silver catches my eye. He has a Jacob's ladder with what looks like three piercings down the bottom of his shaft and there goes my dry panties.

Him: Catch me if you can, Sunshine. Good luck.

The door swinging up startles me, my hand flying to my chest in alarm. "What is taking you so long?"

“Jesus Becca, ever heard of knocking. You scared me half to death.” She rolls her eyes and begins to tap her foot while checking her imaginary watch. Drama queen.

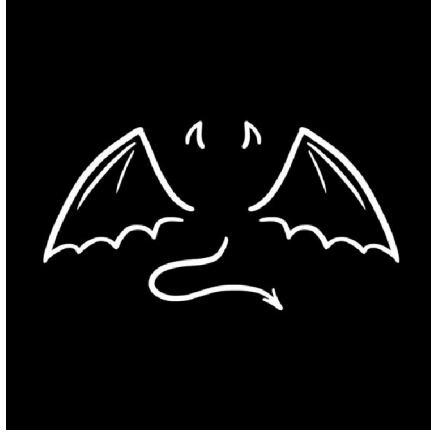
“Let’s go.” I lock my phone and grab my purse. Bella grins wide in my direction.

“What’s got you all flustered?” She eyes me but I wave her off. I can’t explain that my stalker just sent me a picture of his perfect dick, that happens to be pierced and how I’m daydreaming of all the ways I could ride said dick to bring me endless pleasure. Yeah, Becca is my best friend, but I can’t tell her any of that.

“I’m sore and ready for a nap and large coffee please.” I reply hoping my change in topic helps. She eyes me for another minute before shrugging.

“Okay, coffee then we need to get ready.” She starts to go over the long list of things she needs to do and what she has planned for me as I follow behind her. I tune her out as my mind wanders back to the picture on my phone. Tonight, just got a bit more interesting.

Chapter 9



Dawn

“**A**nnnnnndd done.” Becca exclaims standing up straight, her white sheer dress sparkling under the bright bathroom lights. Her smile is huge, showing all her perfect white teeth as I finally get to stand after being tortured for over an hour and half. They say beauty is pain but damn, now I understand why.

When I finally straighten myself, my back pops with relief after holding still for so long, I turn to see what my best friend has done. My eyes meet my reflection in the mirror and I can’t help it, my jaw drops open. “Holy shit.” I whisper not believing the woman in the mirror is actually me. I mean I know I’m not ugly or anything but damn. I look fucking hot.

“I know right. I did good.” Becca brings her hand to her mouth and blows a chef’s kiss. “Now go get dressed, it’s almost time to leave.” She starts jumping up and down, clapping her hands in excitement. I roll my eyes at her antics before turning back to my reflection.

My hair is half up and half down. The part that is up is in two small buns that help hold up the clip-on devil horns while the bottom half tumbles down my back in loose curls. A few strands lay loose around my face, framing it. My makeup is outstanding. My cheeks are lightly dusted with a rosy, pink color while my eyes are painted with a bright blood red color, and highlighted with a deep burnt orange, that somehow works. The topping on this piece of art is my blood red lips that are giving me all the dirty thoughts of how I plan to get it messed up later tonight.

I shake my head of those thoughts before turning and heading to my room. Closing the door behind me, I lean my back against the cool wood. My nerves are at an all-time high thinking about tonight and all the possibilities. How will I know my stalker? Would it be like in some twisted fairy tale where our eyes meet from across the room and it's like an electric current of rightness between us? Or would the sick fuck grab me while I was on my way to the bathroom, shove me into a room or closet and fuck me senseless? I'm almost positive it will be the latter once he catches me in my costume but honestly, I think I might prefer it.

Thinking of the scrap of fabric I'm supposed to wear tonight I look over at my bed where it's laid out. The bright red lacy fabric clashes with the baby pink comforter it lays on. Taking a deep breath I head over to my night stand and grab my lotion. I do a quick rub down of my skin once more. After the horrible waxing experience I took a luke warm shower to help relax my skin before my next session of torture with Becca.

After rubbing in the cherry blossom lotion I reach for the outfit, allowing my fingers to glide against the soft fabric.

Taking one last deep breath I get dressed. Sliding the matching set in place and making sure my tits aren't popping out. I head for the bathroom door to get Becca's approval. Before opening the door I double check my goodies are in place. I head to the other side and into Becca's room.

I find her sitting on her bed, zipping up her thigh high white boots she bought especially for tonight. I give her a once over as she stands, sliding her hands down her white skin tight dress to ease out the wrinkles. "Damn girl." I say, making her eyes snap to mine. Hers widen while giving me the same once over.

"Okay, who are you and where is my best friend Dawn?" she exclaims before a beautiful blinding smile appears on her face.

I roll my eyes at her antics. "Hardy har har. You're so funny." I nervously look down at my body wondering if this is too much or too revealing. I mean I'm basically wearing underwear to a Halloween party. One mishap and I could flash the entire school. Just what I need, not.

Becca must see my concern because she steps up to me. "Dawn. You look good. Better than good. You look hot as fuck. Every guy at that party will be drooling and begging to talk to you. Don't worry. You're going to have fun and let loose. Fuck Garrett and Sarah. Tonight, is about having fun." She reaches for my hands, giving them a squeeze. "Also, don't be mad but I got you something today." She starts bouncing on

her tippy toes before rushing to her closet and grabbing a box. She places it on her bed and waves me over. I do as she says wanting to get this over with. I still have a bigger problem to solve, like finding my stalker before midnight.

She pushes the box in my direction as I sit next to it. I slowly open the lid expecting some type of glitter bomb or something. She's done it before. When I fully open the box, a beautiful pair of bright blood red thigh high boots matching Becca's sit inside. Next to it a little red pitchfork lays. I smile. "Becca you shouldn't have."

"I had too. I knew if I didn't get you a cute pair of shoes you would wear something like tennis shoes or combat boots with your outfit. Sorry bitch, not on my watch. Plus, the pitchfork was needed. You're the sexist fucking devil I've ever seen." I roll my eyes at her comment. Sexy maybe but I feel like a damn stripper. I pull on the boots, noting that they are indeed long enough to reach my thighs and finally stand. "Dawn, babe if I wasn't totally team dick, I would be all over you." She winks before turning toward the bathroom and heading to the mirror.

I follow behind after a minute. Facing the mirror with her we stare at each other. Angel and devil. Ironic since everyone thinks I'm the good girl out of everyone. Yeah, Becca is more adventurous on the outside but if people knew what I wanted or was like behind a closed door they would think my outfit is fitting. "Here, final touch." Becca hands me a tube of lipstick. I take the tube, popping open the lid and grinning when I see my new favorite color. Blood red.



I decided to leave my phone in my room tonight. One because I had absolutely nowhere to put it. Second, I have a feeling my stalker could track me somehow. I'll have to go through my phone and see if anything seems out of place.

As we walk through campus to get to Greek row, I keep my eyes open for anyone following or watching. I had a feeling with it being Halloween that it would be hard to spot my admirer. Everyone around us is dressed up. The women half naked like Becca and I, wanting to flaunt what their mama gave them. The guys are either in masks or dressed half naked, just to get the female population's attention. I'm starting to regret coming out when we finally reach the party. I look up at the giant three-story white colony looking house.

Music blares out of open windows and the front door. Strobes lights can be seen flashing from here while Halloween decorations are spread out across the front of the house and yard. I stand there a bit stunned as people seem to be overflowing from the inside. People dancing, or what they consider dancing, can be seen everywhere. I'm pretty sure I see a couple fucking in the shadows on the side of the house. Becca grabs my hand and begins to drag me towards the utter chaos swaying her hips to the music as she goes.

I feel so out of place. I try to wrap my hand around my stomach, feeling so exposed. What is so appealing about this?

As we enter the front door the smell of sweat, stale beer, and overwhelming scent of heavy perfume assaults my senses. I gag, I can't help it as Becca continues to pull me through the crowd. Bodies rub up against my own as we squeeze through the masses until we reach a small clearing in what looks like the kitchen.

It's confirmed when Becca finally stops, turns, then proceeds to lean towards me. "What do you wanna drink?" She yells over the music. I shrug in return not knowing what they even have. "I'll get you the Punch. It's yummy." I nod in agreement. While she is grabbing us drinks, I take a second to take another look around trying to spot anyone watching me too closely. My eyes clash with a pair of shit brown and that gagging feeling returns. Garretts eyes me up and down from across the room, then gives me a wolfish grin. Gross.

I turn just in time for Becca to return, handing me a red solo cup filled with a red fruit punch looking drink. I sniff the contents and scrunch up my nose in disgust. "What is this?" Raising my voice to be heard over the pounding bass.

"It's Party Punch. No one knows what's in it. Everyone brings a drink and they all get added to the bowl. So, fruit juice, and a shit ton of alcohol. Just drink. After the first one you won't taste the rest." She laughs as she takes a drink of her own. Deciding I need to loosen up a little, I take a big gulp. My taste buds explode as I swallow the concoction. It's stronger but doesn't taste as bad as it smells.

We stand here for a few more minutes. Becca looking for her boy toy over the crowd and me watching and waiting for my stalker. The song changes and Becca perks up like a damn prairie dog. “Oh my god. I love this song. Let’s dance.” She grabs my hand and tugs.

“Becca no plea-“ I try to protest.

She whips around and glares at me. “You said you would try and have fun. Please Dawn. For me?” Her glare melts into begging puppy dog eyes making my shoulders sag in defeat. She spins on her heel knowing I can’t deny that look and pulls me further into the crowd.

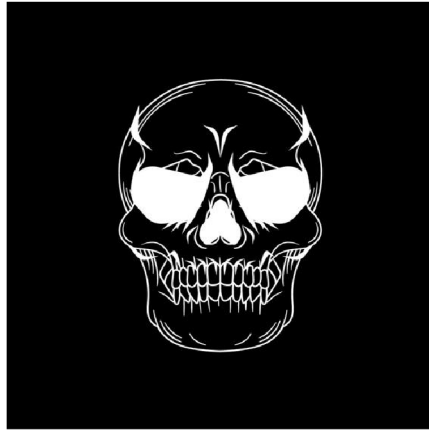
When we reach the middle, I’m surrounded by hot sweaty bodies bumping and grinding on each other. Everyone is in heavy face makeup or masks. Costumes ranging from scary to sexy. Becca spins in a circle, hands in the air and starts swaying her hips to the music. “Dawn, relax. Drink, dance and have a little fun. You deserve it. Plus, every male in the room is staring at you. I’m jealous.” I roll my eyes at her comment and start to move my own body to the music as I continue to watch my surroundings.

My stalker is bound to be watching me from somewhere. Maybe I can entice him to make himself known before my time is up. I only have roughly two hours left if my calculations are correct. But I should take Becca’s advice and loosen up a little. A few songs then I can go hunt him down and win my prize. But as I peer around the room, I realize something I’m now dreading. Becca is right. I have a lot of

attention on me and none of it feels right. Their eyes are making me feel like a piece of meat, not an obsession.

I spin in a circle, making it seem like I'm dancing and having a grand old time but all I see is masks, paint and lust drunk eyes trying to undress me. Ugh. Maybe this will be harder than I thought.

Chapter 10



Ciaran

I finally realize that my Little Sunshine must have left her phone at home when her GPS dot hadn't moved in a while. I decide to just head to the stupid fucking party and really start our little game. After a check of my room to make sure everything is ready for later, I grab my keys, leather jacket, and mask, then head for the door. I place the mask on my face before fully leaving my dorm because I don't need anyone stopping me or trying to get in my pants before I can get my eyes on my prey for the night. The women at this school have tried just about everything to fuck me but can never succeed because this last year I can only get hard for one person.

After walking the short distance across campus, I'm already spotting a few stumbling drunk college coeds. But when I get to the actual party house, it gets worse. People pour out from inside the house as the music blares across the neighborhood. All the women standing around are either half naked or on their way to being completely nude giggling as they shake

their asses. All while the men stand back and watch debating which girl they plan to take home. I realize the inside is also jam packed with bodies making my annoyance flare at knowing this will make it harder to find Dawn. I reach into my pocket to check my phone. The time reads ten thirty meaning my Little Dawn has an hour and half to find me. Not likely but it will be fun when she loses and I get what I want.

I push my way through the crowd, jamming my elbow into a few drunk assholes who just stand in my way. I'm trying to spot my woman in all this chaos when a flash of bright red catches my eye from the middle of the dance floor. I couldn't tell you why I felt the need to look in that direction but like a bull in the fighting arena, I zeroed in on the flashing color.

I was expecting to see a lot of things. Someone dressed as a clown with a big red nose. Shit, even some nerdy fucker dressed in a superhero costume wearing a red cape. I would even accept someone dressed as a big red fire hydrant. What my eyes found was nothing my brain could comprehend. Dawn stood in the middle of the dance floor dressed in the sexiest little devil costume I've ever seen.

If this was what the devil looked like, I would sin so much there would be no place but Hell for me to go.

Dawn is wearing a bright red sheer lace two-piece set. Her plump ass and juicy tits on full display. Red thigh high boots to match. Her lush brown hair is half up, half down. Two little buns hold two little red devil horns up while the rest flows freely down the arch of her back. Her eyes are framed with red

and orange colors with a cherry red lip to top it all off. She even holds a red and black pitchfork in one hand, while sipping from a plastic solo cup in the other. The woman is pure sin and I'm over here acting like a dog drooling over a bone just watching her.

I watch for a second mesmerized by the perfect woman dancing so careful across the room. The way she sways her hips to the music, completely lost in the feeling of the bass vibrating off the walls. My dick is rock hard, trying his hardest to break free of its confines.

Someone suddenly bumps into me from behind making me break eye contact as I swing around to berate the fucker. I look down, spotting a fairy with wings. When I look past the heavy makeup and perfume assaulting my nose, I realize just who bumped into me. Sarah. She stares up into my dark eyes, hers shifting across my skeleton mask. "Do I know you?" She asks, her voice coming out low and husky.

"No." I say before attempting to dismiss her. I go to turn around wanting to continue watching my woman when Sarah places her hand on my arm stopping my movement. I turn back to the bitch and glare. Not that she realizes it. She is too busy looking me up and down before biting her lip and puffing out her chest as if that would get my attention.

"Well, we can get to know each other." Sarah states as she looks up at me and bats her fake as fuck lashes. I hate fake bitches. But I hate fake bitches who fuck with my woman more.

“I wouldn’t touch the school’s whore with a ten-foot pole.” Finally dismissing her by turning and walking away. I heard her let out a high-pitched shriek, followed by a few other chuckles behind me but the sound soon gets swallowed whole by the music again. I head to the kitchen for a drink this time. Thinking it will help me blend in while I watch my prey for a while. I grab a beer from the fridge and head over to the side wall to wait.



Within the first few minutes of watching Dawn, I realize I wasn’t the only one. Almost every fucker in this house was. A few have attempted to approach her over the last two hours but she just dismissed them as she continued to tease me without knowing.

I also thought she forgot about our little game for a while until I watched her more closely. Every few beats she spins in a circle, trying to observe the room around her. But I know she has no idea what she is actually looking for. Everyone around me is wearing a mask like me so I blend into the crowd as if I were an old drunk party person.

I feel my phone vibrate in my pocket, so pulling it out I check to see who is bothering me. Father flashes across the brightly lit screen making annoyance flare before I can tamp it down. I swipe the message away not wanting to deal with his bullshit at the moment when I have bigger and better things to

play with. I check the time to see how much longer until I can scoop up my woman and get the real party started. 11:55 PM. Perfect timing.

Focusing my eyes back up to the dance floor, I notice a lack of bright red fabric covering creamy skin. I dart my eyes around trying to find Dawn when I see a small flash of red heading down a side hall from my peripheral. I turn to follow when a hand on my arm stops me. I glance back to find Sarah, a sugary sweet smile plastered on her face. "I think we got off on the wrong foot. Let me make it up to you." This bitch never gives up. Ripping my arm away from her talons I go to find my prey. It should be just about time to scoop up my little prey anyways.

Heading down the hall I saw a glimpse of red go down, but only see other partiers. Heading deeper down the overcrowded space I hear raised voices coming from one room. Approaching the door, I listen to the commotion for a second before I hear, "I have nothing to say to you." Dawn.

Quietly I slowly crack open the door to hear better. My woman is in here, and I need to know why and with whom. A deep voice speaks next. "Dawn, baby. Let me explain what happened." Garrett.

"Garrett, I don't want to listen to your excuses about how you tripped while getting out of the shower and happened to fall right into Sarah's wide-open legs." From my position I see my girl cross her arms over her chest and glare. The action only makes her tits look that much more perky.

“It wasn’t like that. Dawn, you never wanted sex. A man like me has needs. I needed someone who could keep up with me, who could help me burn off all the extra energy I would have after practice. I still wanted you.” I hear her scoff at his poor excuses that only make him more of a douche. He had the perfect woman in his grasp but lost her because he wanted to get his dick extra wet. Pathetic.

“I have nothing to say to you. I came to find a bathroom. Now get out of my way, I’m looking for someone.” I watch as Dawn goes to take a step around Garrett who seems to be blocking her exit. He grabs her arm, jerking her to a stop. This should be fun.

“Who the fuck are you looking for?” He sneers as I open the door a bit wider before stepping in.

“She said she had nothing to say to you. Now I think you better let her go.” Dawn’s eyes grow as wide as saucers as she takes me in. While Garrett turns to glare up at me. The asshole is dressed in a Superman costume making him look absolutely ridiculous right now. I can’t even take him seriously dressed like this.

“You.” The soft whisper makes me and douche turn towards the sexy little devil in the room. She stares up at me in surprise as if she finally put the pieces together.

“Me.” I respond. I turn back to Garrett when I notice he still hasn’t removed his hand from Dawn’s arm.

“Look, I don’t know who the fuck you think you are but this is my house. This is between me and Dawn and doesn’t

concern you. So, I think it's best you leave fucker." Garrett puffs up his chest as if to intimidate me but I smile wickedly. Not that he can see with my skeleton mask on but he would be shitting himself if he saw.

I pull out my phone not caring that Garrett is still glaring in my direction. 12:03PM. I turn towards Dawn, tilting my head in her direction next. "Little Sunshine, you lost the game. You know what that means." I watch her whole body do a small shudder but I don't think it's in fear. No, I watch as her eyes fill with lust and a smirk lifts her lips. "I think Garrett, here, needs a lesson in not touching what doesn't belong to him."

"Excuse me." Garrett finally lets go of Dawn's arm and I make my move. I slam my fist into the asshole's face, making him stumble back before landing on his ass in a daze. It takes him a second to come back to his senses, attempting to pull himself up. I slam my foot into his stomach next, making air whoosh from his lungs. I land another few punches to his face and stomach before I crouch low, getting into his face.

He is barely conscious but I know he will get my message. "Let this be a warning. If you or anyone else ever touches what's mine again, I will kill you next time. Don't talk to, look in her direction, or even think about her. Do you understand?" The sack of shit groans so, I take that as agreeing to my terms.

I stand before straightening my clothes and turning towards Dawn who just had to watch the show. But if she thinks she is going to run away from me due to seeing the more unpleasant side of me, she has another thing coming. She is mine. Body,

mind, and soul now. I expect to see horror written across her face. She did just see me beat the shit out of her ex-boyfriend for simply touching her arm. And maybe for disrespecting me a bit but mainly for touching what's mine. I don't share and this isn't a fucking sandbox. What's mine is mine and what he thought was his was really just mine too.

What I see on her face is not horror, fear, or even disgust. No, Dawn looks turned on. She licks her painted red lips in a slow seductive way causing my dick to jump in her direction. I know, big guy; I need her too.

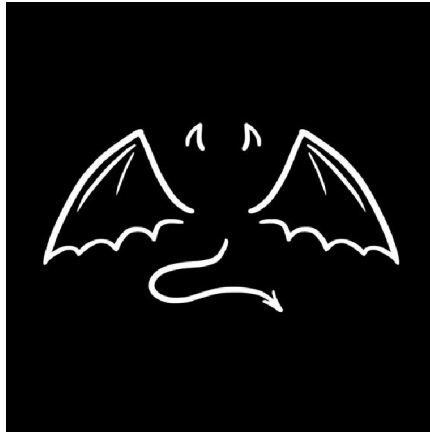
“So, you're Him.” She smiles while giving me a full look over.

I open my arms wide to my side. “I'm Him.” I say enjoying the lust filled eyes staring at me. I watch as her nipples turn to peaks. “Now I think we've played this game long enough. I won. So, you're coming with me.” I lift her chin with my pointer finger and stare into her gorgeous green eyes.

“You cheated.” She responds.

“I will always cheat if it means I get what I want and I want you.”

Chapter 11



Dawn

“So, you’re Him.” I say, eyeing this beast of a man up and down. I know I should probably be afraid of this guy. For the simple fact that he just beat the shit out of my ex. Also add on that he is dressed in all black with a skeleton mask covering his face only showing the dark abyss of black orbs through the eye holes. Yeah, I should be running and screaming away from this man but I don’t. I know he would never hurt me, well at least not without adding pleasure to it. It’s almost like I know him just from his aura or ruthlessness he just showed, but I still can’t see his face to be sure.

He opens his arms wide out to his side before his deep husky voice feels my ears. “I’m Him.” God, his voice is pure sin against my skin. I feel my nipples harden to peaks, reaching out to this man, begging him to touch us. “Now I think we’ve played this game long enough. I won. So, you’re coming with me.” He steps forward reaching for my face as he places a finger under my chin and lifts, making me look into his devil

filled eyes. That is what they are. He radiates danger, sin, and power.

“You cheated.” I huff out and I swear I see the corner of his eye twitch as if to smirk down at me with amusement.

“I will always cheat if it means I get what I want.” He pauses as he steps closer into my space. I watch as he takes a deep breath, closing his eyes as he inhales my scent deep into his lungs. A second later his eyes snap open, piercing me with a stare so intense I almost step back, a little stunned. “And I want you.” He continues to stare down at me, watching, waiting for a reaction. His eyes are so familiar but I can’t place them. But I know I know him.

“Now are you going to be my good girl or a naughty girl? I have plans for both, so I’ll let you decide if you wanna walk out of here with me or if I need to throw you over my shoulder and spank that delectable ass of yours.” Well, my outfit is now ruined. How the fuck did him kicking my ex’s ass and threatening to spank me get me soaking wet within minutes? I swear I’m about to create a puddle of desire where I stand just from his words alone. But I know he cheated somehow. He had an advantage over me. He knows just about everything about me and all I know is that he stalks me. My eyes turn to a glare, annoyed that he thinks he won. I cross my arms over my chest in defiance. If he thinks I’m just going to be his “good girl,” he has another thing coming.

The bastard chuckles down at me. What an asshole, but I stand my ground refusing to bow to his dominance. Do I want

a good time? Yes. Do I want to let go and be free for once with no worries? Absolutely. Do I need a real release, to orgasm so hard my toes curl and I see heaven or maybe hell? Fuck yes. 100%. Without a doubt. I'm lost in my dirty thoughts when I feel my loose hair roughly tugged back.

“I was hoping you would say that.” I chill runs down my spine at his words a second before I'm airborne. He lifts me up and tosses me over his shoulder like he promised. I struggle to slip free but he holds tight with an arm wrapped around my thighs.

“You asshole. Put me down. I'll walk.”

“You had your chance to choose the easy way, but you want to be a brat. So, I'll treat you like one.” A moment later a loud smack sounds and a glorious sting follows on my ass. I hold in my small moan at the sting of pain. He probably left a rosy, pink handprint on my cheek with that smack. I must not have been as quiet as I thought I was because my stalker groans beneath me.

“God, I love the sounds you make Dawn. But don't worry Sunshine, I'll make sure you're moaning and screaming for me all night. You won't be able to speak or even walk by the time I'm done with you. So, hang on baby, you're about to have a very long night.

Chapter 12



Ciaran

I carry Dawn through the crowded house, holding tight with my arm banded around her thick thighs as she wiggles her ass. I reach up to give her ass a firm smack and swear I almost hear a sultry moan but the blaring music around us mixes with any sound I might've heard. Pushing my way through the crowd, hoots, and hollers sound out as people see me carrying my prize. She beats against my back but I ignore it since my sole mission is to get Dawn to my room for the night. Plus, this is her fault, I gave her the option to be a good girl but she went the brat route.

I'm a few steps away from the front door and my exit when a girl dressed as an angel steps in front of me. She stands her ground, hands on her hips as she glares up at me. "What do you think you're doing with my best friend?" I give the angel another quick once over and realize it's Becca. I internally roll my eyes at her but also give her props for stepping in my path to protect her friend. I suppose I couldn't kill her now. One, she is my woman's best friend, but now because she was

willing to try and stop someone who appears to be kidnapping her best friend. Brave woman.

Before I can say anything or even just move around the little angel Dawn lifts herself enough to look over her shoulder and speak. “Becca, it’s fine. Don’t wait up for me and stay safe.” She plops back down after a minute and sighs accepting that I won’t be putting her down anytime soon.

“Dawn, do you even know this guy?” Becca gives me the side eye but steps to the side and around me to get a better look at her slumped over friend. I feel Dawn shift again.

“I know him and I’m fine. Promise. Go have fun tonight and I’ll see you tomorrow.” Becca steps back in front of me and glares.

“You better keep her safe asshole or I’ll find you and castrate you.” Her sneer morphs into a sugary sweet smile. I grunt in response before continuing out of the party, a small smile on my face. I hear the two girls shout out how they love each other and to be safe.

Once outside I head straight for my dorm ready to start this night off but I barely step off the sidewalk when Dawn hits my back. “Where are you taking me?”

I know she is acting like this to save face and act tough, but I’ve had enough of the bratty behavior. I know what she needs and acting like this won’t get it. I smack her ass again, this time harder making her yelp. “Dawn. If you don’t behave your punishment will be that I tie you to my bed. You’ll be helpless while I play with you, but you will never climax. I’ll keep you

so on edge the entire night, that you will be crying, and begging for me to let you cum but even then, I won't let you. Do you understand Sunshine?"

Her body is tense for a moment and I think she is going to continue to wiggle and spout her bullshit about how I'm treating her but after a second, she relaxes under my arm holding her. "Yes sir." Oh god, those two simple words. I almost just came in my pants like some teen boy being touched for the first time. I've fucked plenty of woman in my lifetime but never have those words sounded like that. Sultry, husky, and so submissive that I decided to reward her. I trace my hand up the inner thigh to the seam of her costume. What she calls a costume at least. I slide my finger up and down the seam feeling the moisture already saturating her core. She is so wet; I'm surprised she's not dripping down her legs. She lets out a soft moan, this time wiggling due to my sexual touch. I almost want to flip her around, lay her out on the grass and have my way with her here and now.

Biting my lip to center myself, I take my steps a little faster. "Good girl, now save all those noises for when we get to my room. You'll be screaming for me in no time. Just a bit longer." I give her pussy a little slap making her jump in my arms, but she holds her tongue like the good girl I know she is.



A few minutes later I'm pulling out my keys with one hand, while still gripping Dawn's thighs with the other. We get inside in record time before I'm tossing her up and back, grabbing her thighs to make her straddle me. She reaches out and grabs my hair at the sudden change in position but I just lift her ass up and shove my face into her drenched core, as she instinctively tightens her thick thighs over my head in an attempt to suffocate me. Oh, would I die a happy man. I take a deep inhale wanting to bask in the scent that is this perfect woman but I don't stop there. My tongue snakes out between my mask mouth hole giving her a deep long lick over her lace covered pussy. Her moan is once again music to my ears and my new favorite sound. I almost want to set it as my ringtone but then I would have to kill anyone who ever heard it. From this night on this woman is mine whether she wants to be or not.

I take a few more licks savoring her juices before finally pulling back. I can hear Dawn's light pants as she tries to catch her breath after my greedy assault but the moment I got her scent I was a goner. Slowly I slide Dawn down my body, letting her feel just how much I truly want her right now. She stares up at me and I know she is trying to figure me out but she won't until I'm ready for her too.

"Dawn. I've been watching you. I know you're not the sweet and innocent girl that everyone thinks you are." I reach up grabbing the loose hair that lays across her back. I grip it with my fist and yank her closer to me. She winces but stays quiet making me smirk, not that she can see. My sunshine is a quick

study. “I see the dark desires you seek when you think no one is watching. How you want to let go and be free but never think you can. I see it all, but I’m here to give it to you.” I lean in closer to her, licking the brim before whispering, “Would you like that?” I lean back to peer down at her, watching as a full body shiver runs through her.

I watch as her face shifts emotions, a hint of fear, hesitance, worry, then excitement, want, lust and ending on determination. “Yes sir.” She bats her lashes up at me almost like she is begging me to take control of her. To play her body like an instrument.

“Turn around.” She hesitates. “For this to work you need to trust me, Dawn. Trust that I will never hurt you unless for pleasure. Trust that I will take care of you. When I say to do something, you need to do it. Do not think, just do.” She gives me a small nod before turning around like I asked. I leave her for a second before shrugging out of my jacket and pulling out the red silk ribbon. I slowly orbit her, watching as she waits for my next command. I trace a finger across her collarbone as I go.

Once I’m behind her I grab both wrists placing them at the hollow of her back. “Keep them there.” I start to wrap her wrists together with the ribbon, making it tight but not cutting off circulation. “I wasn’t prepared when I saw you tonight.” Dawn’s breath hitches as I lean into her, running my nose up her neck ingraining her scent into my being. “I knew you were beautiful but tonight you are absolutely sinful. I wanted to rip every person’s eyes out who even looked in your direction.

Thinking they could look upon you like you could possibly belong to them.” I let out a deep low laugh at that, making her jump as I nip at her ear. “But I knew you wouldn’t pay them no mind. You’re mine and I think deep down you know it. Don’t you?” I ask finishing the knot and move to face her front.

She nods, but that won’t do. “Words Dawn. Use your words like a good girl.” I watch as she swallows hard before lifting her chin, looking me in the eyes.

“I’m yours.” Her eyes flutter like just saying those words set a part of her free.

“Then show me. On your knees.” Without thinking she drops to her knees, peering up at me like I’m her savior or maybe destroyer. We have all night to find out. I step back to admire the beauty while undoing my belt, unbuckling my pants, and letting them drop to the floor. I went commando tonight not knowing if I would be able to wait to have my way with Dawn but I was stronger then I thought.

Dawn’s eyes drift down at the sound of fabric drop, eyes going wide at the sight in front of her. I reach down stroking my cock a few times as it strains to get to its obsession. It’s been awhile since he’s had anything other than my own fist so his excitement is warranted.

“Suck.”

Dawn wastes no time surging forward. Mouth wrapping around my cock as she licks me like a damn lollipop. Her tongue runs around my Jacob’s ladder making me weak in the

knees, but I catch myself on the desk behind. Dawn doesn't seem to notice as she sucks, licks, and pumps my cock like she was born for this. A groan slips from my lips at the motions she makes, twisted while sucking, and a tingle shifts to drift up my lower back, as my ab muscles tense in anticipation of what's to come. Fuck, fuck, fuck, no I will not cum before this woman gets hers. I rip myself away from the goddess on the floor, staring up at me with lust drunk emerald eyes.

“Up. On the bed.” She quickly follows directions, standing then heading over to the bed. “Face down. Ass up. It's my turn.” Her eyes widen before she turns. I place my hand in the middle of her back and push her down face first onto the bed. I'm a little surprised that she has stayed quiet so far. I grip her hips and tug so that her ass is higher up before it's my turn to kneel behind her.

She still wears the lacey red costume, but I don't mind at the moment. Her creamy pale skin works well with this color. I slowly run my hands up the back of her thighs, feeling the way she trembles at my touch, but I know it's not fear. When I reach the curve of her ass, I grip it hard, wanting to leave bruises of my fingers on her skin. To brand her not only on the inside tonight but the outside as well. Because her ass is so perfectly in place to lean forward and bite it. Her body jerks forward but the moan that escapes tells me everything.

Deciding I've wasted enough time already and knowing I have her all night; I grip the scrap of lace covering her lower half and yank. The sound of ripping material is heard echoing around the room before my eyes catch on the glistening wet

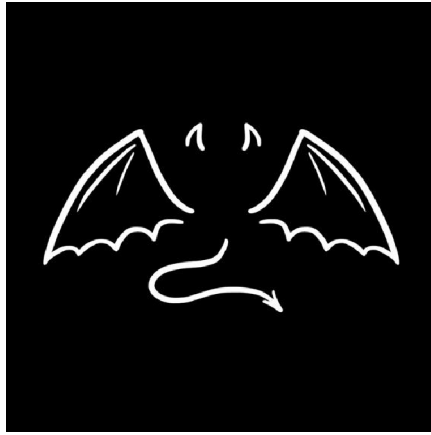
pussy on display for me. I inhale her scent again, this time basking in the fact there is now no barrier between her juices and my mouth, I descend.

I'm a man starved as I give her the same treatment as she just gave me. She wobbles before I catch her, shoving my face deeper into her core, wanting to live between her legs. Her moans and pleas are spurring me on more as I lick, suck, and nibble on her sensitive flesh. I give her a long lick from slit to ass before diving back in, scooping my tongue into her core not wanting to lose a single drop of her essence. Her legs start to quake, her breath coming in rough pants, before I feel her legs tighten. "Cum for me Dawn. Give me all your juices. I need it, now." As if my command sent her over the edge, she cums, and I'm there to lick her clean. I continue to lick until I get it all, savoring the delicious flavor that is pure sunshine and sugar on my lips.

"Sunshine, you did so good but I want more. I need to imprint myself into your very being tonight. Mind, body, and soul, because after tonight you will belong to me." I reach forward grabbing her tied hands, extending her shoulders while pulling her up. I untie her wrist before spinning her. Her eyes are completely blown with the post orgasmic high but I love it. "I'm going to fuck you now. Hard. Rough. Completely bare." Her eyes slightly widen at that, but I continue on. "I don't want a single thing between us. If you get pregnant, oh well. If you don't, I didn't fuck you hard enough." She goes to speak, but I don't let her. "Hush. I've waited for you long enough. Make no mistake Dawn. You are mine." I rush

forward and capture her lips, making her taste herself as I shove my tongue into her mouth on her gasp. I practically fuck her mouth before pulling away. She's panting hard, chest rising and falling in rapid breaths. "Bed. Now."

Chapter 13



Dawn

“Sunshine, you did so good but I want more. I need to imprint myself into your very being tonight. Mind, body, and soul, because after tonight you will belong to me.” Oh god. Hands wrap around my wrists, pulling me back up. My shoulders pull tight behind me before my back hits a firm chest. He starts to untie my restraints and the moment my wrists are free, I’m spun around to face my masked stalker. “I’m going to fuck you now. Hard. Rough. Completely bare.” My eyes widen at that. Holy shit. He can’t be serious. He presses closer into me. “I don’t want a single thing between us. If you get pregnant, oh well. If you don’t, I didn’t fuck you hard enough.” I go to speak but he continues before I can utter a single rejection. “Hush. I’ve waited for you long enough. Make no mistake Dawn. You are mine.”

A shudder runs through my body at his words before he rushes forward slamming his masked covered mouth down on me. I gasp at the sudden force bearing down on my mouth giving him the chance to shove his tongue down my throat. I

taste myself as he continues to fuck my mouth in the most delicious way possible. When he finally pulls away, I'm panting, out of breath as I try to suck precious air down my lungs. "Bed. Now." He growls, making me all but throw myself towards the bed.

I turn back as my mystery man slowly peels his shirt up and over his head. Somehow managing to keep his skeleton mask on the entire time. I eye his naked body covered in tattoos. The ones on his forearm are so familiar, but I still can't place them, but it's probably because I'm still a bit dazed from the alcohol and the fact that I just came so hard I swear I saw stars.

I don't have time to look around the room for clues on his identity because the man is stepping up to the bed, manhood on full display and pointing straight at me. Begging me to suck him down my throat again. I remember the feel of his dick piercing as it slid across my tongue. I'm lost in the scene for a second before a sharp pinch on my nipple startles me, making me jump before I focus back on the current scene. I glare up at my masked stalker but he simply chuckles. The black and white of his mask shines off the small desk lamp he has on in the corner. For a second his eyes remind me of...no. This wouldn't be him.

He bends down picking up the silk red ribbon that just bound my wrist before focusing back on me. "On your stomach Sunshine." I do as I'm told. The anticipation causes a more intense feeling in my core. A flutter of excited nerves. It's like my body knows my sex life is about to be ruined by this one man and it's almost desperate for what's to come. "Hands

above your head.” Once again, I do as I’m told. A puppet for this man to use and abuse as he sees fit. He begins to wrap the silk ribbon through the bars and around my wrists making me tense before I force myself to relax. I feel him lean over me, caressing my face before moving my loose hair behind my shoulder. “Good girl.”

What the fuck is about those two words that make my pussy all needy? It’s like calling me a good girl and I’ll drop to my knees and show you how good I can be.

“Do you remember how long you dated that asshole Garrett for?” His question throws me off, making me strain to look at the man staring down at me. His mask made it impossible to read his expression. “Answer me.”

“Five months.” I answer. Honestly, the worst five months of my entire dating life. Garrett was useless as a boyfriend, plus finding out that he was still going around fucking that bitch face Sarah. Yeah, Garrett was a total asshat.

“Five months, yes.” He repeats before walking to the other side of the room. He bends down picking something up before coming back towards me. “I had to watch you on another man’s arm for 5 long months. I wanted to kill Garrett. I’m still debating that decision. But that was a long five months.” The object he just picked up whirls through the air landing on my bare ass, making me cry out at the harsh sting before a small moan slips free. Oh god. A belt. “One for every month he got to touch you and I didn’t.” Smack. Another cry, another moan. Smack. Again, a cry of pain followed by a moan. The fourth

smack causes a tear to fall from my cheek but he pays it no mind. The final smack echoes around the room followed by a low moan from my own lips.

A pair of warm hands rub at the tender flesh on my ass. “Good girl. You took that so good Sunshine.” He leans forward kissing the spots he just abused. “I think you deserve your reward now, baby.” I take a deep inhale calming my erratic heart as hands grip my hip and jerk, spinning me so that I’m laying on my back, hands still tied to the headboard. “Look at you all laid out looking like a feast fit for a king.” I must have closed my eyes at some point because the sound of ripping fabric makes me snap my eyes open a second before my masked man descends on my breast. His mouth covers my breast as he licks and sucks my peaky achy nipple. I snap my legs together to relieve the pressure building but he notices.

He climbs on top of the bed and shoves his hips between my legs. Forcing my legs to widen and make room for him. I can feel his thick cock pressing at my entrance. My mind starts to tell me I need to think about this. Condom. You don’t need a baby by a crazy fucker who stalks you, but my body is saying my baby making services are open as long as he fucks us senseless. He pauses his assault on my nipple as he looks up at me, still nestled right at my opening. Any tiny movement would have him right where I need him. He stares up at me for a long minute without saying anything and neither do I.

“Oh baby. You are the darkest Dawn I’ve ever seen but I can’t wait to watch you glow like sunshine when I’m done with you.” I have no time to respond to what he just said as he

thrust his hips forward, shoving deep inside my core. I scream out at the sudden intrusion, but he doesn't move, allowing me to get used to his size and the feel of his pierced cock filling me full. I give a long exhale, finally catching my breath, but holy shit this man is a monster. He is thick and long and I've never felt so full in my life.

After a minute I call out my plea for him to move. "Please."

"Please what." He asks, still not making any small movements, to give me what I want. No, what I need.

"Please fuck me." When he doesn't move, I add. "Please. Sir." He rushes forward, going far deeper as he once more descends on my mouth.

"I got you Sunshine." Then he moves. He starts out slow but I'm so drenched that he slides in and out with no issue. The friction is beyond words. He speeds up with every thrust of his hips slamming into my core. My moans and whimpers added with his grunts and groans filling the room creating a musical melody that I want to listen to forever. Suddenly my body lights up indicating I'm close, my arm strains as I tug on my bindings wanting to touch this man worshiping me so wholly.

My climax hits seconds later making my eyes roll back and toes curl. It's like a hurricane of orgasmic bliss as wave after wave rushes through me. I hear a few faint cuss words slip through this man's mouth as my pussy strangles his cock in a vice grip hold but he continues to pump into me. Harder. Faster. Chasing the high I just reached. He's relentless in his fucking, pounding into me like I'm his only escape.

A second climax builds as he leans down and bites my nipple hard. I scream out in pain, but it instantly turns to pleasure. "Say you're mine Dawn." He growls out, never stopping his pace. I'm panting, trying to force air down my lungs to respond. "Say it. Say it now." He demands, as he increases his pace tenfold. He's close, I can feel it. Making me think he needs to hear this to reach his climax.

He slams into me with so much force my entire body shifts up the bed causing my third orgasm of the night to reach its crescendo. "I'm yours!" I scream, my voice hoarse. A second later I feel his wet hot cum fill me as he slams all the way back to my cervix. He groans as I moan, feeling completely drained. Sweat covers my entire body as his sweat drips off his chest onto me. He's panting above me but doesn't make any indication he plans to move.

"God, your perfect Dawn." He stares down at me, eyes full of some type of emotion I can't place. Lust. Love. Obsession. But only one question keeps running through my mind.

"Who are you?" I ask, tugging again on my bound wrists wanting to remove his mask. He notices before he reaches up and tugs on one end of the ribbon making it come undone. I untangle my wrist and hands before eagerly reaching forward. I slip the mask up, and inch by inch I see the masked man underneath. My stalker. The man who just ruined me for every man moving forward.

When the mask reaches his forehead, chocolate brown whiskey filled eyes stare down at me. Mine widen in shock.

What the fuck!

“Hello Sunshine.” He winks. The fucker actually winks down at me while still hard between my legs. “I’m not done with you yet.”

“CIARAN!”

• • •

The End!

Or is it..

Dawn and Ciaran will be getting there own story. So, be on the
look out for Details on
Darkest Desires.



Darkest Dawn Playlist



The devil wears lace- Steven Rodriguez

Going to Hell-Bryce Savage

My type-Bryce Savage

Seize the power-Yonaka

Smile-Maisie Peters

Good girl era-Upsahl

Kiss and tell- Frawley

Bang bang- Grae

I put a spell on you- Annie Lennox

Makeup sex-SoMo

NFWMB- Hozier

Power over me- Dermot Kennedy

Ghost town- Layto, Neoni

Devil saint- Luma, Yuppycult

Dead or alive- Stileto,

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Somebodys watching- Hidden Citizens
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Cigarettes & feelings- The Haunt
She- Winona Oak
Zombie love- Bohnes

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