



*Payback!*

DARK REVENGE  
BOOK I

ANNE T. THYSSEN

# **Payback**

**Dark Revenge**

Anne T. Thyssen

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*Welcome, you filthy readers!*

*I believe you have found me or this book because your needs  
have yet to be met.*

*You crave darkness, sick and satisfying revenge served on a  
delicious silver platter.*

*You crave the smutty smut with the sweet ball gag on top.*

*Well, my dear, dark soul, get ready to emerge into a  
delightful dark vengeance story where some mysteries may be  
left unsolved, yet the sexy times will constantly occur.*

*If you do not share the same dark soul as the rest of us, you  
might have picked up the wrong book. But do not worry, there  
are sweeter romances on the author's shelf. Indulge yourself in  
her other stories.*

*However, if you hunger for some true, undeniable, delectable  
payback, you have come to the right place.*

*Please do take a small look at the warning before  
proceeding, or do as the author herself and don't even look  
and be shocked by every surprising turn of events.*

*Also, to the readers who have their man, woman, partner, or vibrator nearby, make sure to keep them in line of sight.*

*Enjoy your dirty spice book!*

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# IMPORTANT!

## **Warning!**

This is an 18+ book.

This book contains extreme bullying, coercion, gray areas of consensual/non-consensual sexual encounters, torture, physical abuse, sexual abuse, rape, child abuse (includes sexual abuse but not detailed), forced consent, manipulation, infidelity, infertility, cheating, bribing, extortion, stalking, alcohol addiction, sex trafficking, death, BDSM, anal play, rope play, primal play, knife play, blood play, roleplaying, and explicit sex scenes.

Some readers may not want to continue!

Note: this book is pure fiction. Nothing should ever be used as an instruction on how to behave in real life or toward other individuals. Neither is this a correct portrayal of how to perform safe and consensual BDSM or a Master/Slave relationship.

Consent can never be given under force or pressure. In real  
life, it's a crime!

SA survivors, it was never your fault!

# PROLOGUE

**-Jared-**

*My belongings lay strewn across the ground. My backpack's contents were emptied, scattered haphazardly before it was thrown at me. It rested atop me, not causing physical pain, but serving as a painful reminder of my insignificance. None of the items in that bag held any value for them, unlike what they meant to me. To them, I barely held any worth. I was aware that if I wasn't such an easy target, I would hold no value whatsoever. So was I supposed to feel grateful for lying here, a pounding ache in my wrist from the shock of the abrupt fall? Perhaps. At least their bullying made me somewhat of an interest, although I had to endure their harsh words, their blows, and their humiliation. Yet, could it be any worse than the environment I faced at home? If I were to disappear without a word, no one would notice my absence. However, at least my tormentors would remember me as the easy target. What a legacy, I mused mockingly, observing my scattered papers taking flight, the wind becoming an accomplice in their*

*taunting dance. I shifted slightly, gazing upward at the towering football players, their eyes fixed on my scrawny form below. However, they weren't the masterminds behind the relentless pranks that befell me. They merely executed orders—setting my belongings ablaze, hiding them, locking me in confined spaces, even subjecting me to dunkings in toilet water—all at someone else's bidding. Those monkeys struggled to string together a coherent thought without immense strain. No, it was the malevolent beauty looming behind them, a sinister grin playing on her lips and a glint of satisfaction in her eyes, who had orchestrated my predicament. She was the mastermind, the evil leader.*

*Those who believed women incapable of leadership hadn't encountered Alison Brown. They remained oblivious to the crushing weight of slowly crumbling beneath her heel while she surveyed her handiwork with a smirk. She ruled over the school like a tyrannical empress, skilled in eliciting affection from the right people to maintain her unbridled authority. The fact that her wealthy parents were ever-ready to sweep away any complaints didn't work in my favor. Some might question why I tolerated this treatment. Why didn't I confide in a teacher? But that idea proved futile. Alison was adept at spinning the situation as a misunderstanding or convincing her parents to make my father agree that it was all a part of kids being kids. It was settled with a few hundred dollars, no consequences for her, and I endured an even harsher week following. Keeping my head down became a survival mechanism. Perhaps by doing so, I could endure until*

*graduation in two years, finally breaking free from this infernal abyss. I envisioned fleeing so far that my very name would be unknown, a fresh start on which to build anew. I just needed to cling to that dream.*

*I attempted to retrieve my scattered papers before the wind could whisk them further away, but as my fingers stretched toward one paper nearer the group of tormentors, a foot descended, crushing bone beneath its weight. I suppressed any outward expression of pain, knowing that the louder I reacted, the more comedic it became.*

*“You reached for that one awfully fast,” Alison remarked.*

*I glanced up at her, observing her raised eyebrow. The thing about Alison, her mastery, was that the moment she laid eyes on you, she could unearth your deepest vulnerabilities. She pinpointed where to prod, to wound, to strike in order to force submission. While maintaining her grip on my hand, Alison leaned down. I shook my head, my dark hair falling over my eyes and obscuring my vision. It functioned like a shield, something to hide behind. She maintained her smile as she deftly removed the paper from my grasp, then shifted her attention to it. I was well aware of what she would discover. I should have destroyed it, but it wasn't what I knew she would interpret it as. Her laughter erupted, brimming with disbelief.*

*“Look at this!” she exclaimed with amusement, passing the paper to her companions, who joined in the laughter.*

*“Ali, that's a drawing of you!” one of her friends chimed in.*

*“It appears I have an admirer,” she teased, bending down once more and yanking a significant portion of my hair, forcing my head backward. “Creating drawings of me without permission?”*

*Her tone shifted to a darker one, her eyes gleaming with pure malice. I attempted to shake my head, yet her grip only tightened. It was baffling that no teacher made an attempt to intervene. We were situated right in plain view, outside the school’s entrance, with spectators enjoying the spectacle. However, no one dared to oppose Alison Brown. She had the educators under her thumb, ensuring they wouldn’t disrupt her amusement.*

*“Who allowed you to look at me long enough to create that drawing?” she asked with a sinister edge.*

*My gaze dropped to the ground. I understood that regardless of my response, I couldn’t defend the drawing. If I were to confess that I held romantic feelings for her, she would seize it as an opportunity to mock me. On the other hand, attempting to rationalize the situation would only result in her asserting that I was infatuated with her, using it as ammunition against me. Irrespective of the approach, I would emerge as the loser. I wasn’t in love with her. My feelings toward Alison were nothing but seething hatred that had festered since childhood. She was pure evil. The drawing I had created was more akin to a target for my pent-up rage. I craved a constant reminder of my resentment even when she wasn’t present. My intention was to capture her façade of innocence, knowing a snake was lurking beneath. There was no love. Just a consuming,*

*smoldering hatred that I hoped would eventually consume her. I aspired to retaliate for all she had subjected me to, yet I recognized that my best course was to flee at the first opportunity. I could start anew, construct a better life. However, first, I needed to escape from Alison's grasp.*

*"Answer me!" she demanded, her grip on my hair tightening as she pulled harder.*

*"I..."*

*"What?" she snapped.*

*"It's just a drawing," I whispered.*

*"Just a drawing?" she laughed in disbelief. "Of me, doggy."*

*I despised being called "doggy" by her. She had bestowed that nickname upon me a few years ago after pushing my lunch to the ground, forcing me to eat it off the floor. I couldn't afford to buy food at school. That meal was all I had, and I was desperate. Since then, I had become "doggy" in her eyes.*

*"I can draw from memory."*

*"Which implies you must have studied me extensively to capture those details," she snarled.*

*She signaled to the people behind her.*

*"Paper!" she commanded.*

*The largest of them handed her the paper, and she cruelly formed it into a crumpled ball before shoving it between my lips, pushing it into my mouth and nearly down my throat, triggering a gag reflex. She continued pressing, causing bile to*

*rise in my throat. Alison was aware of the moment I was about to vomit, and she abruptly released her grip, standing as I retched onto the ground, the paper emerging alongside the vomit.*

*“Ew!” some of her girlfriends exclaimed, while the guys found it amusing.*

*Alison crossed her arms, her expression reflecting satisfaction as I looked up at her.*

*“If I find another drawing of me in your bag, the next one goes up your ass,” she warned, the threat growing even more menacing.*

*I trembled, remnants of vomit clinging to my chin, making me feel utterly repulsed. But my trembling wasn't solely due to that. I knew her threat had the potential to become reality. There were no boundaries that Alison wouldn't cross. She was fully prepared to go to extreme lengths. The darkness within her wouldn't change. This was the true nature of the perfect and adored Alison Brown. She possessed everything: friends, popularity, a boyfriend, and even a touch of fame through part-time modeling. With her long, natural blond hair, baby blue eyes, and flawless skin, how could she not have it all? A girl like Alison could simply flutter her eyelashes and attain whatever she desired. Yet, despite her abundance, she opted to shove others down. I wasn't the sole recipient of her cruelty. There were others, but for some reason, I seemed to be the favored target of her amusement. While some victims received respite from the bullying, it was a ceaseless ordeal for me.*



*Even when Alison was absent, her minions would eagerly continue her work. It was an unending cycle for me.*

*“Do you understand, doggy?” she asked, a satisfied grin on her lips once more.*

*I nodded.*

*“Speak!” she demanded.*

*“Yes...”*

*“Louder!”*

*“Yes!” I shouted, the taste of vomit still lingering in my mouth.*

*She laughed, content with herself, and with a snap of her fingers, she and her entourage departed, leaving me alone to clean up the aftermath. I yearned for a sanctuary, an escape from the torment. A home that could offer solace, but there was nowhere to go to evade the suffering. If it wasn't at school, an evil presence awaited me at home, ready to blame me for my mother's departure. I was nothing but an unwanted child, the reason my father's true love had left. And I paid the price for it, particularly when he was sober enough to stand. I sighed, methodically collecting my belongings once again. After ensuring everything was in my bag, with no one to hinder me, I remained on the ground, ensnared by my fears. Escape felt impossible, yet when a dog is struck enough times, it eventually bites back. I turned, my gaze falling upon the ruined drawing on the ground. The flames of my hatred burned fiercer than ever. Payback was imminent for Alison. I pledged*

*that to myself. One day, she would be the one on her knees, on the ground, pleading for mercy. After all, karma is a bitch.*

# CHAPTER 1

*-Alison-*

“Laptop?” I asked, trailing my husband to the door with a smile.

“In my briefcase,” he reassured, snatching his jacket from the entrance’s coat hanger.

“Car keys?”

“In my pocket,” he confirmed. I handed him the coffee I held, ensuring he had the necessary caffeine kick for later. He accepted it gratefully, and I leaned in for a kiss, but he turned away, seemingly oblivious to my presence and my desire for that connection. He walked out the door, and I observed him as he walked to his car.

“Remember date night!” I called after him. As expected, his response was a casual wave in acknowledgment. I tried to suppress the pang of disappointment in my chest as I watched him, dreading another evening spent waiting at home. I hoped work wouldn’t be his excuse this time. The constant repetition

of it was wearing thin. I waved at his black BMW as it drove away, though I knew he wouldn't see me. Closing the door, I returned to the kitchen island to gather my belongings. I slipped my laptop into my briefcase, grabbed my coffee and car keys, and then surveyed my surroundings to ensure I hadn't forgotten anything. Satisfied, I retraced my steps to the entrance, picking up my coat before stepping outside. Climbing into my car, I prepared to drive into the bustling city of Seattle. My fingers tapped the steering wheel rhythmically, a harmonious accompaniment to the music playing through the car's speakers. I attempted to overlook the almost obvious sense of relief I felt about heading to work. If there was one place where I could find solace, it was at my workplace. As the owner of a modeling agency and a former model myself, I was well-versed in the industry's intricacies. I had a keen eye for talent, having propelled numerous individuals to stardom through my agency. My work, which included design as well, had brought me substantial wealth and recognition.

Parking in my customary spot in front of the grand glass building that bore my name, I exited the car, slipped on my sunglasses, and gazed up at the sign. The sight of my name in such prominence never failed to elate me. It was only fitting that everyone should be aware of who I was. With my computer bag in hand and coat on, I left the car behind and entered the building. Along the way to the elevator, I exchanged greetings with colleagues. Reaching the top floor, I found my assistant, Maddy, already waiting.

“Morning, boss,” she greeted, her arms laden with a stack of files.

“What’s on today’s agenda?” I asked as we strolled down the corridor leading to my office.

“We’ve got some new models for you to review,” she informed me. “But—”

“Excellent, that’s my first priority. Any updates on what’s happening with my star?”

“We’re managing Carter’s situation,” Maddy assured me. “However—”

“How did he end up in those pictures? While it’s no surprise that celebrities party hard, the explicit photos of him fucking a young woman while getting fucked himself by a man, were unnecessary. That’s not the image we want tied to the company.”

“Don’t worry, we’re working on fixing it. No more ‘sex trains’,” Maddy assured.

“That’s the term we’re using now?”

“Well, it sort of became the unofficial moniker around the office.”

“Oh, God, the rumors this will generate,” I sighed, feeling the weight of exhaustion brought on by the scandal. Ever since those pictures emerged, it had been a ceaseless struggle of damage control, consuming time and resources.

I halted, causing my assistant to almost collide with me, and consequently, she dropped the stack of papers she was holding. I removed my sunglasses, inspecting her from head to toe, prompting an apologetic smile from her as she collected the papers before standing up.

“Remember, maintain distance, Maddy!” I scolded.

“Yes, certainly, boss,” she reassured, yet she remained rooted in place. Waving my hand dismissively, I signaled for her to take a step back. She complied, her gaze directed at the ground.

“Very well, hand me the applications, and I’ll review what we’ve got,” I instructed her.

She handed me the papers, and I sifted through to find the relevant documents.

“Oh, but—”

I raised my hand, signaling her to stop talking.

“However, there is—”

I pressed my fingers together, emphasizing that it was time to cease speaking. I focused on the papers before me, already favoring the one at the top of the stack.

“But—”

“Maddy!” I admonished, shifting my attention to her. “When I instruct you to be silent, it means you stop talking!”

Maddy pursed her lips, and I let out a sigh, shaking my head. I continued the remainder of the journey to my office on my

own. Upon reaching my office, I swung the door open, only to come to an abrupt halt just inside. The door swung closed behind me, emitting a faint click that, although usually noiseless, resonated as a distinctive warning from the universe or even from the door itself. I fixed my gaze on the figure positioned before me, attired in a dark-blue suit without a tie. The man appeared to be inspecting my spacious office, yet I had no recollection of a scheduled meeting today. While I tasked Maddy with providing me a morning briefing to ensure I remained updated, I also made sure to stay informed about every ongoing matter. Entrusting such critical tasks, whether concerning the company or my personal life, to others was not something I believed in. If I sought perfection, I knew I had to take matters into my own hands.

“Um, excuse me?” I called out, my voice breaking the silence. The well-dressed man—a rather handsome one, it must be noted—turned his attention to me. A smirk played on his lips as our gazes locked. His enigmatic dark green eyes possessed an irresistible allure, pulling you in from the first instant. Exuding an air of confidence, he projected the awareness of his own attractiveness. His dark hair was neatly styled, enhancing his appeal. Seated in a relaxed posture, one leg casually crossed over the other, hands nonchalantly tucked in his pockets, he displayed no sense of urgency. Could he be a new model? A reporter whom I had overlooked? Who was this man? A faint voice within me whispered that he seemed familiar, though I struggled to place him. A man like him, I was certain, would be unforgettable. No one could simply

overlook him. One glimpse, and he would infiltrate your dreams with that enigmatic smirk and those captivating green eyes.

I advanced slowly, the echoing click of my heels resonating across the expansive room, amplified by the prevailing silence. My scrutiny mirrored his fixed gaze upon me. Not a single word was exchanged until I had settled into my large, red leather chair, placing my belongings aside.

“May I assist you with something?” I asked, experiencing an unusual tingling sensation as the man continued to watch me. Absentmindedly, I started fiddling with the sizable diamond ring adorning my finger—a blatant reminder of my marital status. While appreciating beauty was acceptable, indulging in the inappropriate act of retreating to a bathroom to satisfy myself with the image of him was absolutely out of the question. Yet, the tantalizing allure, the devil on my shoulder, whispered in my ear, tempting me to let loose a little. It argued that it had been quite some time since anything had triggered such sensations of delight within me, so why not surrender to it? I resisted the devil’s proposition, though uncertainty lingered regarding my ability to uphold my resolution. The man standing before me exuded an almost primal and potent energy, a force that was certain to provoke a reaction from me. There was an undeniable allure to a confident man—not one who veered into arrogance and rudeness, but one who struck that perfect balance where he acknowledged being desired and wanted while maintaining a subtle touch of humility.



“I believe you can,” he responded, his voice itself intensifying the pulsating sensation between my legs. I crossed my legs, battling the compelling urge to slip my hand beneath my dark pencil skirt and indulge in the tempting image of him right here and now. What was going on with me? I acknowledged the dry spell in my sex life over the past few weeks, but this reaction felt excessive. Why was I responding so intensely? Sometimes, attraction defied explanation. There were people who perfectly matched our ideal type, leading reason to take a backseat. Nonetheless, I remained committed to my values. Fantasies were one thing, yet I was unwavering in my love for my husband and my devotion to him. The insidious voice of temptation whispered that there was no harm in indulging when my husband had been distant for weeks. Still, there was a boundary I refused to cross—cheating.

“Well, how may I be of service?” I asked.

His smile broadened, taking on a mischievous tint that left me puzzled. I couldn’t quite grasp what had triggered that particular expression. My inquiry had been straightforward enough.

“Actually, I believe it’s my assistance you’ll need,” he stated.

“Pardon me?”

He retrieved an object from his pocket, raising it before me. I gazed at it, my confusion deepening.

“A USB drive?”

In his hand, he held a dark USB drive, but I couldn't discern its contents or its purpose. Could it be another collection of explicit photos featuring Carter or perhaps compromising images involving my models? I was reaching my limit with these recurring incidents. If this drive held more explicit content, the consequences would be severe. Exhaling audibly, I extended my hand, eager to get this ordeal over with. His evident surprise at my readiness to examine the contents without inquiry played across his features. Nonetheless, his smile returned, and he placed the USB in my hand. I regarded him with disapproval, entertaining the notion that he might be a paparazzo attempting to extract a hefty sum of money in exchange for not auctioning these photos to the highest bidder. Retrieving my laptop, I powered it on and inserted the USB. I located the folder associated with the USB, which led me to another sub-folder containing various files, each labeled with a number: 1, 2, 3, and so on. I surveyed the numerous files, unsure of where to begin, given their numerical labeling without accompanying explanations.

“Just start from the top,” he instructed.

I nodded, clicking into file number 1, discovering it contained a straightforward PDF. Upon opening it, an old report from years past appeared. Reading it left me puzzled, grappling with its significance. The report detailed an old medical record, outlining a patient's ailments and injuries.

“Why am I looking at someone's medical file that dates back years ago?” I asked.

“Did you look at who the patient is?” he questioned.

I grew even more confused, but scrolled to the top, finding the patient’s name. When I read it, my mind needed a moment to process and accept what I was reading. I couldn’t believe it. I hadn’t thought about Jared Tyler in years. I had left that scrawny emo kid behind when I left high school, or rather he left before even graduating, and I never looked back. Yet, now old memories surged back as I read his name. It was truly a blast from the past, but I couldn’t discern why his name was being brought into this. He didn’t work for me. I had no idea where he was in the world. It wouldn’t even surprise me if he were dead and buried.

I shrugged and turned back to the handsome stranger. “Is that all?”

“Why don’t you proceed to the next file?” he prompted.

Tentatively, I clicked on file number 2. This one captured my interest as it contained images not of a random stranger, but of me entering and exiting my doctor’s office. Multiple JPGs show my visits, depicting me in different clothes and indicating several days passing. I was on the verge of demanding an explanation for this bizarre photographic obsession, but then I switched to a different PDF file. Unlike the first, this medical record wasn’t Jared’s. It was mine! To my disbelief, my own confidential medical file was stored on this stranger’s USB. I wouldn’t be astonished if he had a backup USB as well. I couldn’t fathom how he had obtained such intimate information.

“What is the meaning of this?” I asked.

“Read it,” he urged.

“I know its contents!” I exclaimed.

My heart raced, my bewilderment mounting as I failed to grasp how he had acquired my fertility treatment records, including the absence of any positive results. I was the one battling infertility, struggling to fulfill the societal expectation of bearing a child. I was the one harboring insufficient eggs in my ovarian reserve, trying to overcome this setback. However, I had yet to conceive. Not even a miscarriage had materialized over almost five years of marriage. I was 32, my envisioned future slipping away. This, right in front of me, was not just a violation—it was a crime. This stranger had stolen medical records—not just mine but those of others as well.

“What is this? Do you understand that stealing private medical records is illegal? You’ve taken not one, but two!” I retorted.

“Does Jared’s presence in there trouble you?” he queried, an evil smirk now adorning his lips, as if he knew more than he let on.

“Of course! It’s a crime!” I asserted, though I couldn’t pretend to be overly concerned about Jared’s medical record. The truth was, only my husband, doctor, and I knew my fertility struggles, and I had hoped to keep it that way. Now, this enigmatic stranger had somehow obtained this confidential information, and I understood the implications it held for me. In our world, upholding a flawless image was

imperative. I couldn't allow this situation to tarnish the perception people held of me. While my company might not suffer, given the widespread prevalence of similar issues among women, within my social circle, I foresaw how they would judge me. They would interpret it as a vulnerability, and I was resolute in avoiding any appearance of weakness. It was paramount to me that I remained perceived as a strong woman.

“Why don't you continue scrolling?” he asked.

“I believe I've seen enough! I'm dialing the police,” I declared, extending my hand toward my phone.

“I wouldn't recommend that course of action, Alison.”

The tone he used to speak my name held a sinister one, a subtle menace that persisted despite his simple utterance.

“Proceed scrolling,” he commanded.

The smile had vanished, replaced by an icy stare that sent a chill through me. I believed I had mastered the art of delivering such a cold look, one that instilled fear in others. Yet now, I found myself at the receiving end. Gradually, I set down my iPhone, sensing my heart pounding wildly within my chest. I was scared to continue, reluctant to unveil the contents concealed within those yellow-labeled files. Yet his directive was unmistakable, and the threat emanating from his eyes conveyed that if I didn't comply, no mercy would be granted.

## CHAPTER 2

*-Alison-*

Gradually, I returned my attention to the computer screen. I stowed away the file containing my concealed secret and moved on to the next one. This file wasn't centered on me. It revolved around my husband. It showcased instances of him attending late meetings with other men. I failed to discern how this could tarnish my husband's image, or how it connected to me. Wasn't this meant to be some sort of scandal targeting both of us?

"I'm struggling to grasp this one," I confessed.

"File 3?" he clarified.

"Yes," I affirmed.

"Your husband's company faced challenges a few years back, correct?" he posed a question that sent a shiver down my spine.

His inquiry cast a shadow of apprehension over me. "So, these meetings involve potential investors?"

“More like vultures ready to exploit a dying creature,” he corrected with a dark undertone.

“What?” I was taken aback.

“That meeting was the final nail in his company’s coffin. He placed his trust in the wrong people, and they took advantage of him. They aimed to buy his business for next to nothing. Strangely, he managed to navigate through that tough time,” the stranger explained. “It’s quite perplexing, considering the financials. His best option would’ve been to salvage what he could and start anew. But that never happened. Suddenly, the situation turned around. It would’ve required an astronomical amount of funds.”

“Our families are rich, to say the least,” I reasoned.

The stranger’s lips curved into a knowing smile. “I’m fully aware. We’re talking about millions here.”

“We do possess substantial wealth.”

“Even so, his family advised him to sell off whatever he could and find contentment in evading bankruptcy.”

“Of course they did. They were supportive,” I attempted to deflect, seeking an escape from the mounting tension. The truth was different. His family had failed him. His own father declined to support his own son, reluctant to provide the necessary funds to help him recover. He deemed my husband as unworthy due to his misplaced trust. My parents weren’t exactly forthcoming either, and the amount required for my husband’s recovery was considerable.

“No, they weren’t. Continue scrolling, and you’ll see their correspondence,” he said, confirming my suspicions. The messages exchanged between my husband and his father unraveled before me.

“You’ve hacked into my husband’s private emails?” I exclaimed in disbelief.

“I indeed have. I share his father’s viewpoint. He should’ve relinquished that ill-fated company. But a man doesn’t easily accept a metaphorical public castration. It’s a humiliating experience,” he disclosed.

“And rightfully so.”

“Yes, but how did he manage to weather the storm?” he probed. “Your company is flourishing.”

“That’s correct.”

“Couldn’t allow his wife to outshine him, could he?” the stranger quipped. “At first, I anticipated discovering some deception—a husband secretly tampering with numbers behind his wife’s back. To my astonishment, you’re more devoted than I assumed, Alison. I expected you to abandon him, let him face his challenges alone, wrap it up with a swift divorce, and embrace your independence.”

“Your phrasing makes it sound negative,” I snapped.

“No, I admire women who carve their path, proving that even in a man-owed world, they still make their mark. You’ve accomplished that, Alison Brown, and you have even kept your name. After all, his name isn’t on the building. Initially, I



was certain he had manipulated the financials, but then I discovered it was you.”

I swallowed hard, the chill of realization gripping my heart.

“I wasn’t aware you held such loyalty within you. I assumed Alison Brown’s allegiance was solely to herself. Yet, perhaps the desire to preserve your image overrides self-preservation in this instance,” he noted.

“I…”

“Scroll, and you’ll see the evidence. I have it all, Alison. You really should be more careful with what you leave in your office during those breaks. Next time, make your computer harder to hack,” he informed me.

“Pardon me?”

“Or perhaps become better at vetting the people you bring in for interviews,” he mocked.

“You’ve been here before?”

“A few times.”

I was bewildered, pulling back. I couldn’t believe someone like this man could evade my notice, and I hadn’t observed him visiting my workplace before. Although I’d never seen him outside my doctor’s office either. Did he have people working for him, or was he orchestrating all of this on his own?

“This goes beyond a minor crime now,” I informed him.

“You’re right. You’ve committed a terrible crime. Many, from what I’ve learned. Why don’t you continue?” he asked.

I glared at him, yet I already felt as though my hands were tied. I needed to know all the information he had on me and my family. There were files about my parents, nothing startling, and nothing I thought I couldn’t handle. But it became more challenging when he showed me information about my friends, the affairs, the debts, the cocaine issues, and then he circled back to my husband. I pressed a hand to my mouth when I saw an explicit photo of my husband balls deep in another woman. I squeezed my eyes shut, not wanting to witness it.

“You’re aware that both blackmail and extortion are very serious felonies as well. So is rape,” he informed me.

“Pardon me?”

“Come now, why else would you pay that woman so much to leave the country? Surprisingly, she’s been difficult to track down, and even more challenging to make talk. She wouldn’t admit the word, but I can put two and two together. Your husband is a disgusting rapist, isn’t he?” he questioned.

“That’s outrageous! There was no rape!”

“You tell yourself that at night when you think about the \$200,000 you gave her and a plane ticket to flee the country?”

“You have no idea what you’re talking about,” I snapped.

“Actually, Alison,” he said, his voice low and composed, making me shiver with fear. He folded his hands, resting them

on my desk as he leaned forward. “I’m well aware of what I’m talking about. Your actions stopped surprising me long ago. I know what you’re capable of, and protecting a repugnant person like your husband doesn’t shock me.”

“It wasn’t rape!” I insisted.

“You paid her off, and with the way our justice system operates today, she gained more by accepting the money—paying for some therapy and going somewhere your husband couldn’t reach her,” he pointed out. “How old was she again? 23? Or 22?”

“Stop,” I pleaded softly.

“I’m sure you took your husband’s word for it just to ease your guilt, but what will the world think when they hear that you, a woman, won’t stand behind another woman who was assaulted by your own husband? You represent your gender when you stand on your own two feet, demonstrating that a woman can achieve incredible things independently. But no one will admire you once they learn you paid off a victim just to maintain your perfect image,” he warned, his tone growing harsher and darker as he spoke. “They will gather with pitchforks and torches, demanding you turn in your husband.”

“You’re wrong! He never raped her!” I defended, unwilling to expose the skeleton in my closet, because that truth would truly devastate me.

“I wish I could believe you, but I can’t,” he told me. “However, trust me, I don’t even need to reveal that to the public. Once I inform the authorities that you manipulated

your company's numbers to secure the funds needed to keep your husband financially afloat, it will be sufficient to bring you down and strip away everything you own. But don't worry, Alison, I hear orange is in this year. You'll still be dressed to impress as you consume prison food and enter into a lesbian relationship to survive in there."

I began to tremble. His words conjured dreadful images in my mind. All of this before me wouldn't merely result in my downfall. It would set my world ablaze. There would be no returning from this. I could never regain the person I once was. I was profoundly and genuinely entangled in a dire situation. My heart raced, pounding like a hummingbird's wings. I felt on the verge of fainting, and tears welled up in my eyes, yet I resisted the urge to cry. What did this man want from me?

"Why are you doing this?" I whispered. "What have I ever done to you?"

"You still haven't connected the dots. And here I thought I might have left a slight impression. After all, you tormented me for years. Can't you remember at all where you've seen me before?" he asked, anger coloring his voice, clearly frustrated by my failure to make the connection. My brain worked tirelessly, attempting to decipher why this stranger held such a grudge against me, but nothing surfaced.

"I..."

"Why on earth would I involve a young boy's medical record in this?" he questioned, dropping me the hint I needed.

However, my mind was a blur, struggling to keep up. All I could focus on was the impending devastation. No amount of damage control could weather the nuclear bomb this man could unleash upon my life with these dark secrets.

“I...”

“Think, Alison,” he growled, once again infusing my name with disdain. “What purpose would a stranger’s file serve?”

Gradually, it dawned on me. As I observed the man before me, another vision began to emerge. My mind reshaped him, extending his hair, diminishing his skin’s smoothness to a pimply, sweaty texture. I imagined him in dark attire, with black-painted nails and a dirty, deep green backpack slung over his shoulder. The pieces fell into place. Like Pandora’s box flung wide open, exposing the darkness hidden for so long. I shook my head, struggling to accept that the person facing me could truly be Jared Tyler. The scrawny emo kid, devoid of friends and hardly speaking. He was such an insignificant figure that he almost melded with the wallpaper. The notion that this man was that kid made no sense. He had put on significant weight, not in fat but in muscle. His body had changed and grown, making his clothing appear a bit snug. I recalled Jared’s slender build, yet the man confronting me had a chest resembling Thor’s. I hadn’t even realized how deep green his eyes were because those absurd bangs concealed them. How was I supposed to recognize him when he had undergone such an astonishing transformation? Nevertheless, it appeared it was time to pay up. My past had caught up with me. A past I never anticipated would muster

the courage to resurface. But I was well aware of what I'd subjected Jared to. While I had moved forward, maturing and leaving behind juvenile pranks, someone refused to let go so easily.

"I see you recognize me now."

"It's impossible," I whispered.

"People change, Alison. You understand how biology works, and more importantly, revenge. It can drive you to accomplish things you hadn't thought possible."

"But you're... you're..."

"What?"

"You simply can't be," I breathed.

He smiled, leaning back once more, exuding self-satisfaction. Crossing one leg over the other, he emitted an aura of power.

"But I am."

"This can't be happening," I whispered, shaking my head and running a hand through my blonde hair. I'd kept it long, though not as long as during my teenage years. It now reached slightly above my lower back.

"But it is. Your worst nightmare has finally materialized," he taunted, his expression one of delight, as if he were the one receiving a birthday present.

"So you intend to expose all of this?" I asked, anxiety bubbling as I envisioned the big headlines.

“Oh, the idea has crossed my mind many times. I could do it swiftly. I could hit send to a news magazine and simply sit back, watching everything burst into flames. But where’s the fun in that?” he mused.

“I thought the fun part would be watching me burn.”

“I won’t deny that I’d enjoy witnessing the flames. But you see, Alison, that wouldn’t even be the score,” he elucidated.

“Ruining me wouldn’t even be the score?” I asked.

He shook his head. “You spent years making my life a living hell. It would be like granting you a swift death if I just released this and let events unfold. Sure, I might relish the spectacle, but what if I want to be the instrument of justice? What if I want to be the one doing the reckoning?”

“I don’t understand,” I murmured.

“You wish to keep this out of the tabloids, correct?”

“More than anything,” I admitted, leaning slightly forward to emphasize my desperation.

“Then I have an escape route for you.”

“Are you saying... you won’t expose this?” I implored.

“No, I won’t expose this. All you need to do is sign this,” he informed me, producing something from behind him that I hadn’t noticed before. It was another yellow envelope, now physically present. I was growing to despise the sight of it. He handed it to me, and I accepted it cautiously. Heart pounding and vision slightly blurred, I withdrew a single sheet of paper.

It wasn't difficult to decipher its contents. A few concise lines clearly stated Jared's demands from me.

*...relinquish all autonomy rights for a full month.*



## CHAPTER 3

*-Jared-*

There was nothing better than serving revenge cold, preferably in a slow and taunting manner. I thought it would be easy to see Alison again, especially since I had watched her from afar. But having her so close, right in front of me, made me want to reach out and strangle her. I could feel my hands tingling, my heart pounding, and my anger rising. I saw it happening in my head as I leaned toward her. That's why I needed to clasp my hands together. I had to keep myself in control and remember that murdering Alison wouldn't grant me what I truly desired. It would only provide her with the swift death I had told her I wouldn't give her. No, this had to be slow. It had to be executed with patience and torturous deliberation. Of course, I had desired to press that send button and watch her life go up in flames, but that would provide only a brief enjoyment. I wanted to prolong this, witness her tears fall, and hear her beg me for mercy, just like she made me beg. The roles were about to be turned now. The only one on their

knees, like a subservient dog, would be her. She was going to taste her own medicine, and once I had derived my satisfaction, I could watch it all crumble into ashes.

I knew when she had reached the intriguing part of the little contract. I knew when she read the words about relinquishing all autonomy rights to me, meaning she was practically my slave for a whole month. Seeking consent for the things I wanted to subject her to would be entirely unnecessary. That contract assured that a “yes” was always on the table with no exceptions. She was mine to play with as I desired. Even if I wanted to invite strangers in from the street to have a go as well, I could. She wouldn’t be able to refuse. She would be entirely mine to torment as I pleased.

But there was something even more satisfying than knowing the things I could subject her to. It was the look on her face when she realized what this contract demanded of her. I had relished seeing her slowly come to terms with the dirt I had on her and all her friends. I would completely dismantle her world, and that meant collateral damage as well. Some of her friends she hadn’t seen since high school, but I had already begun destroying their lives. I was surprised she hadn’t questioned me about the sudden changes in her life, the abrupt disappearances of people she had known for years. But perhaps she had already realized, after seeing all that incriminating information, that I was behind those falling stars.

“You can’t be serious,” she whispered, finally expressing her opinion after scanning the contract. “I can’t sign this!”

“Don’t worry, it’s tailored just for you,” I taunted.

“Just for me?”

“Wow, Alison, you used to be known for your intelligence. Haven’t you realized that you aren’t the only one I’ve paid a visit?” I pointed out.

Alison grew even paler. Soon, she would truly match the color of the walls, and I reveled in the sight.

“I... don’t understand.”

“How’s your old BFF from high school? Still no word?” I questioned, watching her terror increase as she pulled back. “I heard she was sent to a rehab center by her parents, involuntary admission after she was caught with cocaine on her.”

“You framed her?”

“She was already an addict,” I pointed out. “All you had to do was dangle the carrot in front of her nose. While drugs and whatnot might be part of your world, nothing is more important than secrecy. No one can trust a high-class lawyer after getting caught doing drugs on the job.”

“You didn’t,” she whispered.

“Or maybe we should discuss your old boyfriend. The star of the football team. The captain,” I mocked, moving my hands through the air in a derisive gesture to emphasize his importance.

“What have you done?”

“I saved the best for last,” I told her.

“The best?”

“You, dear Alison, are the cherry on top. The one I have been waiting to target. The one I will relish in truly breaking,” I mocked, watching her eyes become even more glassy as tears welled up. I had never seen Alison cry genuinely. It had all been fake, a façade to get what she wanted. She was excellent at pretending to cry, but now the show was over. The curtain had fallen, and the mask had come off. Now she was crying for real. I loved it! “So you see, this contract is very special. All you need to do is sign it, and all of this will go away. Be mine for a month, and then return to your own happy life.”

“Sell my soul to the devil or watch it all crumble, you mean,” she snapped.

“Alison, you don’t have a soul,” I reminded her.

She glared at me, unwilling to admit any truth to that statement. I understood she was processing, and first came the shocking denial, then anger, and then we gradually moved on to the sensation of being lost before inevitably arriving at acceptance. She was experiencing all the stages of grief as she watched her cherished life turn to dust. However, she had a chance to save it. All she needed to do was sign the contract.

“It says I have to be available to you at any hour of the day!” she pointed out. “I have work. A family! They’ll be worried if I suddenly disappear.”

“Your husband will come home today and inform you that he has to go abroad for six weeks for a very important business deal. You will tell your family that during those weeks, you’ll go on a relaxing vacation. No one will question you for needing a break, considering you never take one. You’ll leave someone else in charge here, while I have my fill of you,” I explained, watching her shudder as I used the word “fill”. I would definitely be filling her. Her pussy would be dripping with my cum, so would her ass. Her tastebuds would drown in the taste of me, and my presence would remain etched within her. There was nothing quite like the satisfying feeling of revenge sex. I had yearned for this moment for so long. Not because I desired Alison. Though she possessed beauty on the outside, beneath the surface lay nothing but rot. What excited me, what made me try to conceal the raging hard-on concealed in my pants, was knowing she was at my mercy, and she was powerless to stop it. It aroused me to know that she would detest every second of it, for there was no one she looked down upon more than me. The thrill lay in the realization that I would have her, possess her, and leave traces of myself within her. She’d never be able to cleanse herself of the lingering sensation, no matter how many showers she took. I’d forever be imprinted upon her, and she would feel it until her last breath.

“No!” she refused.

“No?”

“I can’t do that! I would never take time off!” she stated. “It wouldn’t be believable.”

I shrugged, failing to see how that was my concern. If anyone came looking, all I needed to do was reveal the contract she had signed. They would quickly deduce that her signature hadn't been forced. Once she signed, she was mine to manipulate as I pleased.

“Make it believable.”

“You're insane!” she shouted, rising to her feet.

Ah, there it was—the anger. I recalled having seen Alison lose her composure only once before, leading to a disastrous outcome involving another girl from our year who ended up in the nurse's office. And why? It was Alison's own boyfriend who had decided to cheat on her with the girl, and from what I'd heard, the girl hadn't been a willing participant. Yet, there was Alison with her perfect façade. She couldn't fathom that something might tarnish it, especially not rumors of assault. It was unsurprising that she had sided with another rapist. *What a disgusting woman*, I thought, but today, I would impart some lessons. I would teach her that the day for reckoning always arrived, and this was her day.

“Actually, I'm quite sane. I couldn't have devised this plan if I weren't,” I pointed out.

“I'm calling security or the police!”

In her desperation, Alison wasn't thinking clearly. I watched with amusement as she reached for her phone, though her threat held no weight. She froze, phone in hand, realizing that if she did make that call, I would leak this information. She glanced at me, hoping to gauge a reaction, seeking the

obedient dog to wag his tail and comply with her wishes. But I remained seated, unmoved.

“Did you hear me?” she asked, her voice barely carrying any strength.

“I heard.”

“You can’t leak this if you’re behind bars.”

“Think I operate alone?” I questioned. “Or maybe I’ve set a timer to release this information to the world if I don’t intervene.”

I smiled even wider, witnessing her tremble slightly. Her phone slipped from her hand and landed on the desk with a soft thud. She sank into her chair, appearing completely lost. It was impossible to explain how satisfying that sight was to me. Alison was trapped. Destruction loomed, and there was only one way out—a way that wouldn’t even save her.

“Please, there must be something else I can do!” she exclaimed. “Do you want money?”

“I have money.”

“You?”

“Substantial amounts. I’ve changed, Alison. There’s nothing you can offer me except your body, becoming my little whore.”

She pressed her eyes shut, struggling to hold back tears. Either she’d become my bitch or end up as someone else’s behind bars. Alison might be the perfect bully within this

pristine society, but in prison, she'd be confined with true hardened criminals who weren't impressed by petty tactics. They played the big games, and crossing them was not advisable.

"Please, there must be an alternative," she pleaded, lowering her arms.

"Your body and nothing else," I firmly asserted.

"Why?" she asked. "You must find me utterly repulsive."

"You're correct. Even the mere sight of you makes me slightly nauseous," I confirmed. I saw her discomfort upon hearing this. Despite being the one who uttered the words, she wasn't accustomed to not being desired. Everyone wanted to either sleep with her or be her. Yet, that wasn't the case now. This was all about reclaiming power, demonstrating to Alison what it meant to be the underdog. She was about to learn what it was like to submit.

"Then why demand my body?" she questioned.

"Perhaps I want to auction it off for pennies," I suggested, observing her recoil once more. Yet, I burst into laughter, and she understood that my intentions weren't entirely that... yet. "I want it because you will despise it. No one disgusts you more than I do, Alison. No one's touch would revolt you more than mine. Consider this: my hands on your body, my tongue tracing every contour, and my cock deep within your pussy, climaxing inside you. Even now, all you feel is disgust, am I right?"



She looked away, hiding her face in her hands, appearing entirely lost. However, I noticed a peculiar twist in her body language that I couldn't quite decipher.

“That’s why I want it. I want it because you’ll loathe every second of submitting to me. It seems I’m to be your Master now.”

## CHAPTER 4

*-Alison-*

Despite my desire to loathe everything he listed, something strange was stirring within me. Through the haze of fear and disorientation, I detected an odd, pulsating sensation as Jared recounted what he intended to subject me to. I recognized that this reaction was primarily due to my mind still finding him attractive, even in this precarious situation. The humiliating truth that I couldn't perceive him as less appealing was an added layer of embarrassment. Supposedly, I should be repulsed by his presence, yet the mere thought of him fucking me elicited an unexpected tingling sensation. *Stop it!* I commanded my rebellious body, taking a few moments to regain my composure before shifting my attention to Jared. To my astonishment, he extended a black pen toward me, poised for my signature on the contract resting upon my desk. What options did I have? It was abundantly clear that he was impervious to bribes or negotiations. His sole focus was to humiliate me by taking full ownership of my body. Was there a

more effective way to render someone insignificant than by asserting dominion over their physical being?

Drawing from personal experiences, I knew that the most powerful form of control was achieved by conquering what they deemed unquestionably theirs. Our bodies were the most personal thing we possessed, and depriving us of the right to decide for ourselves was a universal atrocity. Being the master of our own bodies was a human desire we all had, and now that very thing was being wrested from me. I couldn't bring myself to sign. I could let Jared strip me of everything I held dear, allowing my world to crumble into ashes. Except, who would willingly choose that? Enduring a month of torment or enduring years of imprisonment, only to emerge with a profound sense of desolation and uncertainty—assuming I even survived my sentence. I couldn't guarantee whether I would be met with decades of incarceration or whether an enraged mob would lie in wait on the other side, dispensing their form of justice. The harsh reality was that I had no true choice but to sign. Deep within, I understood this truth. Yet I needed a few more moments to savor the fleeting seconds of my waning freedom.

“How you must relish this,” I murmured as I took the pen from his outstretched hand.

“After all the years you've tormented my life, how could I not?” he countered.

“I never told you to sell yourself,” I noted, removing the cap from the pen.

“But I wasn’t the master of my own destiny either. You held the reins. While I might not have exchanged my rights, the reality is, Alison, that I never truly possessed anything. You took and you took, until nothing remained but mere crumbs.”

I directed an intense glare at him, unwilling to acknowledge that this single month I had surrendered to him couldn’t possibly equate to the years of torment I had inflicted upon him. However, it caught me off guard that he didn’t demand an entire year at the very least. But perhaps requesting a year’s commitment would be more challenging to conceal, and considering I was at his disposal around the clock for an entire month, he could likely balance the scales swiftly.

“Why are you hesitating?” he asked, noticing my hesitation with the pen poised just above the concluding black line.

“Just... taking a moment,” I responded.

“To?”

“To remember the taste of freedom,” I whispered. A soft chuckle escaped him, and even in this moment of his satisfaction, his laughter held a gentle quality. Despite his evident pleasure in this situation, my body involuntarily tensed, evoking a quiet curse from me. The fortunate aspect was that he assumed my curses were directed at the contract. Perhaps a few of the words were aimed at the paper, but I was more disconcerted by my body’s response. I had often spoken about my unwavering loyalty to my husband, emphasizing its significance. I prided myself on resisting temptation, even when the offers were plentiful over the years. For all my flaws,

I remained steadfast in my loyalty to those in my life. Yet now, that loyalty had precipitated my downfall. With my eyes half-lowered, I guided the pen across the paper with swift movements. The instant my signature graced the document, Jared swiftly snatched it from my hand, as if he couldn't stand the contract held by my "filthy" touch. He regarded it with contentment, although I was well aware that a bold, unbroken black line had emerged beneath my signature. I had barely had the chance to lift the pen before he seized it, and therefore a line was traced across the white paper. Nevertheless, Jared appeared to be satisfied, offering an approving nod as he scrutinized my signature, leaving no room for doubt that it was indeed my own.

"Oh, would you look at that, you've stopped writing the heart over the 'i'," he taunted, igniting my annoyance at his knowledge of my past habits.

"We all grow up," I muttered, replacing the pen's cap and setting it back onto the table. "I assume this concludes our arrangement?"

Observing him, I wrestled with my fear as he secured the paper within an envelope, which he then folded and slipped into an inner pocket.

"It does. You will go home later and receive the news from your husband. You will call the office and send out a blast to your friends and family that you're going on vacation, and then tomorrow, I will come to collect what is mine," he

informed me, making me shiver with fear. Yet, at least I had one day before the humiliation started.

“Good, then—”

“Get on your knees.”

I froze, struggling to process the abrupt command that had left his lips seemingly out of nowhere. Blinking rapidly, I locked eyes with him.

“Excuse me?” I whispered, my voice barely audible.

“I said, get on your knees.”

“A-Are you serious? Here? Now?”

“Every 24 hours for a month, you'll do as I say without question,” he commanded, his tone laden with darkness, offering no room for negotiation. To hear Jared Tyler address me in such a manner was bewildering, rendering me motionless in disbelief. “I’m waiting, Alison.”

Swallowing hard, my body quivering, I found myself uncertain of what would unfold next as I approached cautiously. Walking nearer, I kept one hand lightly pressed against the desk, seeking its stability. Upon reaching his side of the desk, standing a mere few inches from him, our feet almost touching, I abruptly halted.

“You're still standing,” he noted.

My gaze flickered toward the glass door. Anyone could enter and witness me kneeling before Jared. My assistant occupied a room nearby, and a steady stream of people sought my advice

throughout the day. Although mornings tended to be quieter, that was no guarantee.

“If you're swift, no one will catch you,” he reminded me. “But get your ass moving before you're caught.”

“And here I thought I could be cruel,” I murmured as I gradually bent my legs, lowering myself to the floor in front of him. My heart felt as if it were on the brink of bursting, ensnared by the thick, ominous tension enveloping us, taunting me. Adrift in this state of uncertainty, my entire body trembled.

“Alison, your cruelty knows no bounds,” he reminded me. “This is justice.”

“Justice?” I questioned, finally settling onto my knees before him.

“Exactly,” he exhaled, his gaze adopting a new intensity. The only way I could describe it was pure and undeniable hunger. He had me exactly where he desired, his stare predatory.

“What now?” I loathed how much I felt like asking, but I truly wished he only desired to witness me bow before him. I hoped that would satiate his darkness.

“Now, you use those delicate hands of yours to open my pants,” he commanded.

With his arms casually draped over the armrests of the leather chair in which he sat, he regarded me with an air of superiority.

“What?”

“I told you to open my pants, and once you’ve done that, you will use that sweet mouth of yours on me and suck my cock,” he demanded.

My mouth fell agape, struggling to believe that I was actually in this horrible situation, being instructed to suck him off as if we were casually discussing something as mundane as the weather.

“Like that,” he uttered huskily, reaching out and gliding his thumb over my lower lip. “But wider.”

He pressed his thumb into my mouth, startling me with the gesture and the sensation of his skin against my tongue. He lowered my jaw, ensuring that I was open wide. Was Jared Tyler genuinely providing me with instructions on how to give a blowjob? Did he have any idea of who he was talking to? It felt like an even deeper affront than the fact that he had commanded me to perform this act. He slipped out his thumb, and I expelled a small breath of relief. Leaning back with an air of authority, he projected his commanding presence once more, assuming a relaxed posture. I flicked a glance at the glass door, becoming aware of the perfect line of sight it offered for anyone to walk in and witness me giving him a blowjob in my own office. The thought of such humiliation was overwhelming.

“I’m waiting, Alison,” he reiterated.

“Anyone could see, Jared. Do you realize what they would think?”



“That you’re my little slut, pleasing her Master,” he suggested with a sinister smirk.

“That I’m utterly unprofessional and a cheater! I’m married!” I retorted, thrusting my hand with the wedding ring toward him. He leaned in closer, clasping my hand and inspecting the ring.

“Indeed you are,” he remarked, then tightened his grip on my hand, guiding it toward his pants. “And you’re going to rest it on my thigh, so we can both see it while you pleasure me.”

“Are you serious?”

“Alison, we’ve shaken hands. I’m no longer playing around. Now, get to work, unless I should accidentally let a certain dark secret of yours slip out, just to emphasize how serious I am,” he threatened.

I shook my head vehemently, and the smirk returned to his lips.

“Then get to work,” he commanded.

My hands trembled intensely as I reached out with the other. I found it exceedingly difficult to unfasten his pants and unzip them. He offered no assistance whatsoever, merely adjusting his hips slightly to allow me to pull the fabric down enough to release his hard cock. Yet what came into view was enough to evoke a sigh of exhaustion from me. I truly hoped he didn’t expect me to take all of that down my throat. Even seasoned professionals might struggle with that size.

“A problem?” he taunted as I observed his erect cock, dripping with anticipation. Had his arousal been building throughout our conversation, knowing that I would be ensnared in his dark scheme? Was that what aroused him—witnessing me cornered and surrendering my integrity to him? I reached out, wrapping my hand around his hardness, stroking him, hoping it would suffice. However, I couldn’t escape the penalty he had in store for me. He extended his hand, tangling his fingers in my long hair and pulling it back.

“You’re stalling, Alison. You know what I want.”

*Oh, screw you, Jared,* I thought silently, though my frustration wasn’t solely directed at him. As I touched him, my body clenched even tighter, releasing an obvious amount of slickness. My body was a horrible traitor, yet perhaps this rough encounter might serve as a kind of purifying catharsis. Jared pulled me toward him, and I complied. I obeyed his command, positioning the hand with the ring within view for both of us while using the other hand to guide him into my mouth. He pressed me down onto him, forcing me to take in as much as I could, causing me to gag slightly. Yet he didn’t maintain the position for long. He loosened his grip to allow me to continue my ministrations. I employed my well-practiced technique, aiming to bring this encounter to a swift conclusion. Pulling back, I teased the tip of his cock with my tongue, detecting a change in his breathing. Oh, God, why did my body respond positively to that sound? More moisture escaped from me, as if my body were preparing itself for what it hoped would follow. Such a fucking traitor! I did my utmost

to suppress the warmth I felt and concentrate on the disgust within me, reminding myself that this was far from a casual interaction. I knew that I was meant to do more than just suck his cock. I was meant to cater to his every desire, and I suspected that I had only begun to scratch the surface. This was merely the beginning.

## CHAPTER 5

*-Jared-*

I had waited so long for our twisted games to start. Patience had been my virtue, and finally, it was bearing fruit. My cock pulsed with need, but despite my wish to torment Alison for as long as possible, I knew this wouldn't last long. The desire had been building within me for far too long. My cock had been confined, protesting that there was a tantalizing prize right before us, capable of alleviating this relentless need to climax. Alison was adept at giving head, and I was teetering on the edge, almost ready to release. She teased me with her tongue, engulfing me over and over, and the view was mesmerizing. To witness her on her knees before me, giving me a blowjob in the open where anyone could intrude at any instant, provided a satisfaction words couldn't encapsulate. Half of me wanted to seize control and ravish her mouth, but I yearned to witness her earn it. I reminded myself to practice patience, for it was effortless to be the savage monster.

She could despise me with all her might. However, that wasn't my strategy for breaking her mind and will. Allowing her to work for it, to be a willing participant, was my method of befuddling and toying with her. Nevertheless, this was merely the beginning. I had many plans for her, but I intended to savor this moment.

I clung to her long hair, savoring its softness. Indeed, it was as silky as I had envisioned, a perfect thing to hold onto. She hastened her pace, but I forced her to slow down. I would climax when I wanted to, not when she did. She voiced her dissatisfaction in the form of a moan, which resonated as a pleasurable vibration, prompting a groan from me. This was far more delicious than my expectations, and I couldn't suppress my grin. Revenge was truly a sweet indulgence.

Alison continued to work at my pace, yet I hadn't foreseen her determination to reach her goal swiftly. She shifted her hands to my balls, tenderly cradling them, caressing the sensitive skin. An orgasm was imminent, unavoidable. While I relished this playful engagement, the pleasure surged through me, compelling me to release a guttural moan as I climaxed. My cum flowed into her throat in substantial amounts. She hastened to swallow it all, left without an alternative. The realization that I had invaded her body in multifarious ways elevated the satisfaction further. Holding her in her position, I descended from my high, permitting myself to bask in the sensation of her lips around my cock, fully aware of her hatred for me.

Then, roughly, I pulled her off me, her gasp revealing her discomfort. Her lips glistened with saliva and traces of my release. I extended my hand, cleaning them before inserting my thumb into her mouth. She comprehended the unspoken expectation, sucking my thumb clean while glowering at me. The fury in her gaze only fueled my need. I was soon going to be ready again. However, the fun would have to be postponed. I slipped my thumb free and pushed her back. To stabilize herself, she placed her hand on the desk behind her. Adjusting my attire, I rose, casting a disdainful gaze upon her, ensuring she sensed the disgust I held for her.

“Remember, tomorrow you’re mine. Tomorrow we begin.”

“I thought this was the beginning,” she retorted.

“This?” I questioned, gesturing to the chair I had occupied. “If you consider this the beginning, Alison, then prepare for a rather startling surprise.”

She glanced up at me, her terror evident. However, I had no intention of being her knight in shining armor. I wouldn’t extend my hand, offering assistance. She would have to stand on her own two feet. As I began to depart, her voice rang out, compelling me to halt and glance back over my shoulder, witnessing her upright posture.

“Yes?” I asked.

“Do you realize that this doesn’t make you better than me?” she queried.

“You think I’m seeking redemption?”

“I’m merely highlighting that the victim transforming into the oppressor doesn’t yield heroism,” she articulated. “It merely aligns you with someone like me.”

“But to vanquish a monster, mustn’t one become a monster?” I pondered. “Sometimes, the virtuous individual doesn’t emerge victorious. Sometimes, the villain must intervene, as he’s capable of accomplishing what the hero never can.”

Her gaze displayed trepidation, as if she believed she could unnerve me with her words. However, this wasn’t a schoolyard. I wouldn’t be swayed by notions of moral improvement. I wasn’t a better person, nor was I aspiring to be one. To reach my goal, I hadn’t undertaken the path of betterment. If anything, I had ventured further into depravity than Alison. So, why should I concern myself with becoming better than her?

“Until we meet again, doggy,” I taunted, sauntering out of her office, the sensation of being on top of the world enveloping me.

*-Alison-*

I observed Jared walking away, his departure taking the thick tension with him. I pressed myself against the desk behind me, seeking its support. It felt as though I might collapse. These black heels provided no steadiness. A deep sigh of relief escaped my lips, allowing me to feel as though I could breathe once more. Yet, as he faded from view, I was confronted with the reality of my actions. My signature was now etched onto

that fucking piece of paper. I had relinquished every bodily right to Jared, essentially permitting him to be my Master. In theory, I was his pathetic slave, there to please him. This realization flooded me with an intense anger that surged through my heart.

I turned around, my gaze sweeping across the pens and small sticky notes at the edge of my table. In a fit of rage, I swiped my hands across the tabletop, venting my pent-up frustration with an anguished scream. It didn't offer the calm I had anticipated—neither this tantrum nor the earlier blowjob provided the cleansing I needed. I attempted to convince myself that it was merely the adrenaline coursing through my veins that was causing my clit to throb and ache for attention. It couldn't possibly be due to any enjoyment derived from what had been done to me. That would be absurd—an instance of Stockholm syndrome developing at a rapid pace was implausible. Yet, attraction remained an enigma, without a clear scientific explanation. Although it could be dissected into hormone release and physiological reactions stemming from increased heart rate and dilated blood vessels, it defied full comprehension. Why were certain individuals appealing while others weren't? Was it the primal brain discerning a suitable mate, or was it a part of the unfathomable mysteries surrounding our world? It was a perplexing query, but one thing was clear: I was fucked in more ways than one. Although the monster might have receded for now, this was merely the beginning. I belonged to him.



“What happened here?” Maddy’s voice echoed through the office. I turned my gaze to her, my hands still resting on the desk, my anger obvious in my panting breaths. She regarded me with apprehension, evidently catching the storm in my eyes. For an instant, my façade wavered, but I knew I couldn’t allow it to crumble just yet. This was precisely what Jared desired. He aimed to shatter me, but I would never surrender to a loser like him. If he believed this ordeal would ruin me, he had gravely underestimated the opponent he was now toying with. I averted my gaze, straightening my attire and brushing my hair back into place.

“Just a minor accident,” I remarked in an unsettlingly calm tone. “I need you to tidy up this desk. I’ll fetch some water.”

“Of course,” Maddy responded obediently.

I pulled my gaze away from her, heading past Maddy. However, I wasn’t headed for the distant kitchen to get water. My destination was the bathroom, and as soon as I stepped inside, I hastened to the sink. Cupping my hands, I filled them with water, lifting them to my mouth in an attempt to rinse away the lingering traces of Jared inside me. I focused on erasing any remnants of him, pushing down the wave of disgust that threatened to engulf me. It wasn’t only disgust toward him, but toward myself as well. I had betrayed my husband. While I justified it as an act to save us both, I couldn’t ignore the fact that his misplaced trust had landed us in this predicament. Once more, I was left to clean up the mess and ensure that the façade remained intact. I couldn’t solely blame my husband for this mess. The monster I had given life

to was my creation, but I wouldn't be trapped by Jared if it weren't for being tied to such a fucking bastard. A surge of frustration washed over me, and I yearned to scream out my torment, but I held it in. Resting my hands on the counter, I took a series of deep breaths, attempting to regain some semblance of composure. Closing my eyes briefly, I hoped it would help to find my calm, yet my mind was filled with unwelcome images of Jared. Was he already invading my thoughts? Could it be so effortless for him to infiltrate my mind? My eyes snapped open, a glare directed at my own reflection.

“You have no clue who you're messing with,” I growled under my breath.

Trembling with contained fury, I felt it resonate deep within me. I longed to unleash it, but I was still at work, in an environment where I had to maintain control. Inhaling deeply, I composed myself before venturing back to my office. As I positioned myself before my now orderly desk, an unsettling sensation persisted. It felt as though I was a bystander, observing myself as if from the sidelines. I could visualize myself kneeling in front of him, enveloping his thick cock with my mouth, pleasuring him until he climaxed down my throat. His grunts echoed in my ears, and I could feel his length against my tongue. I could even taste him.

A low groan escaped me as I raked a hand through my hair, then abruptly pulled it away, as if the contact was tainted by his touch. Could I be losing my sanity? No, I was simply out of my game. I stopped playing long ago. That era was over,

and I had evolved. I wasn't the same person anymore. I had grown, evolved beyond those trivialities. However, I was an expert in deciphering Jared's vulnerabilities. I could shift the balance, force him to yield, and he would realize the futility of trying to triumph over me. I would always emerge victorious. It was a promise I made to myself.



I drove up to my house, an unsettling feeling coursing through me as I dreaded to enter it. I wasn't afraid that my husband would discover I had had another man's dick in my mouth, but because I knew what awaited me. Everything Jared had forewarned me about was about to unfold. My husband's joyous tales of his upcoming business trip, his wonderful news—he would share it all, and I would be obliged to sit there, smile, and feign happiness. Fortunately, my training as the dutiful, cheerful wife was second nature to me.

A heavy sigh escaped me as I leaned my head back, the soft music still playing as I hesitated to switch off the car's engine. It was as if the moment I did, I would fully be Jared's. How had we come to this point? I understood the sweet taste of revenge and its allure, but never had I imagined that an emo kid would waltz into my life with the intention of dismantling it. And what made matters worse was his means to execute his plan. He possessed all the dirty secrets, combining them into one big figurative red button. A mere push was all it would

take. And how did I prevent his finger from pressing it? I would be at his beck and call. Whether it meant kneeling or spreading my legs open at his command, I would do it. My fury surged back, anger bubbling up like a pressure cooker until it exploded. I screamed, pounded my hands onto the steering wheel repeatedly until my voice grew hoarse and my energy depleted. Tears streamed down my cheeks, a blend of fear and frustration. The emotions demanded an outlet, and when it was over, I rested my forehead on the wheel, breathing deeply.

“You won’t break me. Fucking Jared Tyler will never win. He’s nothing,” I whispered fiercely, a mantra to fortify my weakening strength. I was determined to withstand his sick games, emerging as the victor. I envisioned myself reclaiming my autonomy and freeing myself from his clutches, even if it meant burying him in a dark ditch. The idea of murder was foreign to me, but in that moment, it felt like a valid consideration. Yet, I knew there were alternative ways to shatter a person. It was about identifying their vulnerabilities, then driving the blade into those weak points, twisting it until their defenses crumbled, allowing their weaknesses to spill forth. Jared might have returned stronger, but there could only be one victor in this wretched war, and I was determined that it would be me. If he assumed I would bow, he gravely underestimated the strength of Alison Brown.

Reaching out, I turned off the car’s engine, shrouding the surroundings in silence. “You can do this,” I whispered, drawing back and taking one final, deep breath. Collecting my

belongings, I opened the car door and walked toward the entrance. Summoning a smile to my lips, I crossed the threshold into the dimly lit house.

“Honey, I’m home!” I called out

“In here, love!”

I stowed away my belongings, making sure my smile remained intact as I stepped into the kitchen. Much to my astonishment, my husband had gone all out and orchestrated an enchanting dinner, complete with a private chef to prepare our meal. The doors leading to the porch were flung wide open, casting a warm glow from the burning candles. There, in the center of the kitchen, stood my wonderful and handsome husband, elegantly dressed and holding two wine glasses. I understood that on any regular day, he would only put forth such effort if he had an ulterior motive or some news to convey. Had it not been for Jared’s intrusion, I might have been fooled into thinking he was merely going above and beyond for our date night. However, I was now better informed, aware of what lay in store after our meal. I couldn’t even be certain he’d be able to restrain himself until we finished the first course.

Approaching him, I was keenly aware of my trembling hand as I accepted the glass from him. To steady my nerves, I took a sip, and he did the same. Despite this, my thirst was unquenched, prompting me to swiftly finish my drink. An exuberant “Ah” escaped me, drawing my husband’s bewildered gaze.

“Long day?” he asked, a hint of amusement coloring his voice.

“Clearly,” I chuckled.

“Any problems?”

Answering that question was not straightforward. If only it were as simple as being honest and transparent, but even my husband couldn't shield me from the predicament I found myself in. When had he ever been my savior? I pondered. To be honest, my unyielding loyalty and the need to maintain my image had led me to stick my neck out for him. Embezzlement was far from a trivial offense. It was punishable by years in jail. Had I not been so foolish as to provide my husband with the money, Jared wouldn't have this leverage over me. And if my dark secret had only been about my husband being unfaithful, I could somehow weather it. Even the truth about my infertility, I could turn around. But now, Jared held the power of blackmail and extortion, though I reasoned that honesty would disarm that threat. Could I ever do that? As I wrestled with this internal debate, I found myself unsure whether I preferred the harsh reality to surface about that young woman or if I'd rather endure being fucked a hundred different ways. The weight of my ego resisted public humiliation, and I found myself wanting the dark secret to remain even deeper buried.

“A demanding day,” I responded, hiding the true terror lurking beneath my calm demeanor.

“Well, I’m certain a delightful dinner will ease your mind,” he suggested, extending his hand.

Smiling, I took it, allowing him to pull me closer. His arm enveloped me, and I nestled against him, relishing the embrace. The fragrance of the food enveloped us, offering a momentary reprieve from the impending storm. Briefly, I allowed myself to believe the devil wasn’t ready to knock at our door tomorrow. I allowed myself to pretend it was merely a simple date night with my husband, free from worries, as he guided me outside. Assisting me in settling down, he poured more wine into my glass, which I savored at a leisurely pace. Seated across from each other, we exchanged smiles.

“You appear content,” I observed, trying to push toward the moment I would stand utterly alone. Even my husband wouldn’t be by my side—he’d be overseas or wherever his business journey had taken him.

“I am,” he admitted, yet his revelation remained guarded. He was well aware of my reaction. I would offer my smiles and nods, feigning happiness and genuine interest in his success. I’d then lapse into silence, likely conjuring reasons why sex wasn’t on the agenda tonight. But maybe tonight was precisely when I needed it—a final bang before everything spiraled. A grand finale, as they say. Though my yearning for my husband’s touch was fierce, his mood seemed to differ greatly from mine, maybe once a month if I were fortunate. However, this evening, I hoped he could fuck me so well that Jared’s memory would be wiped clean, overshadowed by my husband inside me. In that moment, I decided that tonight we would be

screaming our lungs out, before I condemned myself to the impending darkness.

“You have an intriguing expression on your face,” he noted as the first dish arrived.

“I was thinking...” I began.

“Yes?” he prompted.

“How about we forgo dessert, and you can eat me instead?” I proposed.



## CHAPTER 6

*-Alison-*

My husband's motion halted as his fork met a succulent piece of salmon. Gradually, his smile expanded, and a determined nod sealed the deal—the dessert would have to wait. Yet the slight delay only fueled my excitement. I relished those moments when we predetermined a later rendezvous. Knowing that the intoxicating sensation of him entering me would inevitably drive my arousal to new heights. As we progressed to the second course, a subtle restlessness stirred within me. I attempted to disregard the voice that whispered of my earlier arousal, adding power to the current throbbing sensation between my legs. My focus remained on my husband and the delicate fabric of my underwear, teasing my sensitive skin and heightening my flush. My husband took note of the transformation in me, gradually loosening his tie before casting it aside. The first two buttons of his shirt fell victim to his fingers as he watch me with a smoldering gaze. Typically, I had to touch him to get him going, but perhaps his

jovial mood was heightening his desires. Or could it be he sensed something different about tonight? Regardless of the cause, I savored this moment, relishing in his undivided attention.

“Not very hungry?” he playfully teased, observing my barely touched meal.

Biting my lower lip, my gaze traced a lower path across his form. Fuck, my craving for him was powerful. Through his touch, I could expel the residue of Jared from my mind and body. The revelation of the true catharsis I yearned for dawned upon me—it was my husband claiming me with unrestrained fervor, plunging into me until the pleasure rendered me pliant.

“I’m famished,” I replied, my voice laden with huskiness.

“Yet your meal remains clearly untouched.”

“I’m not thinking about indulging in food,” I responded with a husky undertone.

His eyes darkened, mirroring my longing. For the first time in ages, it felt as though we had regressed to that state of infatuation, when lovers couldn’t keep their hands off each other, compelled to sate the burning desire within them at least once daily.

“Let’s ensure we satisfy our appetites so we won’t tire prematurely,” he playfully admonished.

“Or perhaps we should bundle things up and transfer the feast to the bedroom. You can feed me while I ride you,” I whispered.

“Patience,” he teased, well aware of my love for being held in suspense before finally obtaining the delectable reward. Adjusting my hips, I savored the gentle friction against my clit. His keen observation detected the faint tremor, his gaze descending slightly along my frame. “Alison, are you subtly grinding your needy pussy against that chair?”

“No,” I lied, a soft chuckle escaping my lips. Fuck, yes, this was precisely what I craved. A way to forget the nightmare that awaited me.

“Are you certain you’re not in need of more?” he asked, his own impatience becoming evident. My enthusiastic nod confirmed my desire.

“We can always save it for a midnight snack.”

“Indeed, we can.”

He kept his eyes on me as he dismissed the chef, politely conveying that his services wouldn’t be required for the remainder of the evening. Our appetites weren’t as voracious as anticipated, and I was close to coming. The orgasm was building. It wouldn’t take much to get me off when we finally reached the bedroom. However, we bided our time, waiting until the sound of the door’s closure reached our ears. Only then did I rise from my seat, but my husband motioned for me to remain seated, requesting my patience.

Settling down once more, I suspected he might be introducing an element of dominance or experimentation. However, that wasn’t the case.

“Before we lose ourselves in each other, there’s something I need to tell you. I fear I won’t get the chance if we begin,” he chuckled, acknowledging my fervent desire for him to erase Jared from my mind and body.

“Oh?” I responded, my enthusiasm dampened as he broached the news.

“I’ll be away for a while. It’s work-related. They need me in Germany.”

“I understand,” I murmured, the news not surprising in the least. Swiftly, I retrieved my wine glass, downing its contents and placing it back on the table. “That’s wonderful, dear. Enjoy your trip, and remember to text me upon your arrival.”

He regarded me with a perplexed expression. Though I never openly expressed my longing for him to remain here, and always maintained an air of support, I could see he had anticipated a modicum of disapproval.

“It’s a six-week assignment,” he reminded me.

“Of course. I’m sure you’ll find some time to explore the country too.”

He furrowed his brow in bewilderment, now convinced that at least a hint of objection or disagreement would emerge. Yet, I couldn’t anchor him to the house. Despite yearning to sustain the façade of our perfect life together, with successful careers, a circle of friends and family, and a promising future, reality intruded. Jared was arriving tomorrow to claim me, and once in his grasp, I would cease being Alison Brown, married to

Warren Harrel, living a picture-perfect life. Instead, I would become Alison—the submissive slave who would be screwed in the most deranged ways to atone for her juvenile escapades. People held grudges, but this vendetta was beyond extreme. My youthful pranks had hardly been malevolent. Yet I had created a beast that now hungered to consume me with his above-average-sized cock.

“Is that all?” my husband asked.

“Was there more?” I countered.

Warren leaned back slightly, taken aback. If a confrontation wasn't going to happen, he wasn't seeking one. He derived more satisfaction from a tranquil household and thus shook his head.

“No, but I depart tomorrow.”

“Well then, let's fuck, and I will help you pack,” I suggested.

His eyes widened in surprise, but I was resolute in my desire for this indulgence before assisting him.

“Or would you prefer to take me while I fold your shirts?”

A soft chuckle escaped him as he shook his head, promptly finishing his drink. He rose from his seat, approaching me with his hand extended. I accepted it and stood, allowing him to guide me back inside the house and upstairs to our bedroom. He directed me toward the bed, unzipping my skirt while walking behind me. I allowed it to fall to the floor and slipped out of my heels before landing on the plush bedding. Perched on my knees, I turned to face my husband. He began

unbuttoning his shirt, mirroring my action with my own blouse. The throbbing between my legs had evolved into a frustrating ache, a powerful reminder of my need for an orgasm. I discarded my shirt and hastened to help my husband remove his pants.

“Eager, aren’t we?” he teased.

“I need you. Now,” I confessed, desperation seeping through my words.

I assisted him in disrobing, and when he stood naked before me, I reached out, wrapping my hand around his cock. I stroked him until he was fully erect, then enveloped him with my mouth. Simultaneously, I ventured lower, finding the sweet spot between my thighs and teasing myself.

“Alison, fuck,” he groaned. I didn’t intend to make him come like this. I simply wished to erase the feeling of Jared, and once I had the lingering feeling of my husband’s cock in my mouth, I leaned back, adjusting my position on the bed. I curled two fingers, beckoning him closer. He followed suit, placing himself on his knees. He gripped the sides of my panties, stripping them away and discarding them. Leaning over me, he positioned himself between my legs. I brushed his neck with my lips, lightly nibbling his skin. His hand ventured between us, teasing my hypersensitive flesh and eliciting a soft, pleasurable cry.

“God, you’re so wet,” he whispered, deepening the warmth I felt.

“Please, fuck me.”

He was oblivious to the intensity of my desperation to feel him inside me. He positioned himself, sliding in and filling me. I let out a gasp, reveling in the exquisite sensation of his cock within me. He began moving, and I wrapped my legs around him, but I yearned for more. He needed to act like Jared... No, fuck! Not Jared. He had to remove Jared. Warren needed to be forceful with me, erasing the lingering sensations of Jared's control. I reached lower, my nails digging into his ass, urging him to delve deeper. He groaned, as the melding of pain and pleasure surged through him. His hips quickened, thrusting harder and faster into me.

“God, yes!” I cried out.

This was precisely what I craved—being ravished by my husband to purge the events of today. Warren fastened his pace, intensifying the pursuit of his release. Despite teetering on the brink, he wasn't finding the exquisite spot within me. Just as I contemplated proposing a change in position, his body convulsed, tensing as he climaxed within me.

I lay on the bed, sweaty and trembling, yearning for more. When did we become this somber couple? I mused as he rolled away. When did our sexual connection devolve into a routine of hasty releases devoid of exploration? We both panted, recovering on the bed. His need was fulfilled, yet I was left wanting as his cum trickled from me. No wonder Jared had turned me on, I thought, only to chastise myself, loathing how I could be aroused by the very person who once held a ridiculous infatuation for me. I stood far above him. Regardless of his newfound wealth and confidence, he was not

me. *Shit!* I thought. He had infiltrated my thoughts even in the sanctuary of my bedroom. How had he insinuated himself into my life? Had he already been in my house? Did he employ a private investigator to unearth my secrets? How had Jared metamorphosed into this unbelievable man? *No!* I inwardly yelled. I harbored no interest in his backstory. The bottom line was that he had evolved into a disgusting person, and I despised him even more for coercing me into pleasuring him. A truce was untenable. Tomorrow marked the beginning of a war.

“How about a shower?” Warren panted, pushing himself up from the bed and heading toward our bathroom.

I sighed, propping myself up on my elbows, listening to the sound of running water. Maybe I could find release there, yet my mood had been deflated. Jared had invaded my body, my home, and now my very bedroom. He had delivered a powerful blow, but nothing would be resolved until one of us surrendered. Though I had been on my knees earlier today, next time it would be his turn. By God, he would beg for mercy, just as he did when he was a kid.



## CHAPTER 7

*-Alison-*

I rose early, savoring a few tranquil moments before the impending storm. Observing Warren as he organized his belongings, I noticed a genuine smile gracing his lips. An authentic one. He rarely wore that smile at home, except when post-orgasmic bliss settled in. He certainly reached his peak last night, but this time, his smile didn't stem from that. It was the realization that he could escape the confinement of our home. How did we get so far off course? We were undoubtedly a suitable pair, enhancing each other's images, and we had once shared genuine affection. Where did that love disappear to?

"I'll see you soon," Warren assured me, approaching me and placing a kiss on my cheek.

"Have a safe trip," I responded.

He winked, then departed the house. As I watched his car drive away, I closed the door after him. I stood there, hand

resting on the door's surface, half-expecting Jared to materialize from the shadows, but he remained absent. I even checked various corners in my expansive house, just to be sure he wasn't lurking like a boogeyman. With a sigh, I stopped by one of the couches in the living room, resting my hands on its back. Though I had no precise knowledge of Jared's arrival time, I knew that once he did appear, it signaled the beginning. My personal hell would become my life for an entire month. I had already informed my family and colleagues of my absence, the thought fueling my anger. Clutching the soft fabric of the couch, I sought to regain my composure. I had decided that Jared wouldn't emerge victorious. Yet I could have done without enduring this agonizing wait. While I appreciated anticipation in pleasurable matters, the prospect of waiting for a sudden, erratic intruder to claim me wasn't exactly thrilling.

A sharp knock jolted me from my thoughts, causing me to jump. I turned, half-expecting the door to burst open, but it remained closed. Cautiously, I approached, anticipating Jared's presence on the other side. However, upon opening the door, I was met by a young man delivering a package.

"What's this?" I asked, noticing an item atop the package. A small flower—one I knew the name of. I accepted the package, carrying it inside and placing it on the kitchen island. I detached the little white envelope from the package that ensured the flower stayed secured to it. With frustration, I tore open the small letter, reading its contents.

*Change into this before I come to pick you up, Sweet Alison.*

-J

“Sweet Alison, my ass,” I grumbled, recognizing the flower’s significance—it was a Sweet Alison. Grabbing the white flowers, I ripped them apart, letting their remains scatter onto the floor. Cleaning up was the least of my concerns. I then tore open the package, anticipating skimpy lingerie that barely concealed anything. However, I was wrong about the context. What I retrieved was a red, tantalizing nightgown. Though slightly see-through, it lacked overtly explicit details. Holding it before me, I murmured, “Huh,” as a flicker of recognition stirred.

Then it hit me. Clutching the nightgown, I stormed toward my walk-in closet. My husband and I maintained separate closets, affording me an extensive collection of clothing. I kept it organized, knowing where the section of nightgowns resided. Hastily searching, I realized something—it was mine. The nightgown was mine! Neglected for years, its absence had gone unnoticed. I had worn it on my wedding night—a night where my husband had fucked me in it. Jared couldn’t possibly be aware of that, could he? We weren’t even in the States. We were in the Bahamas. How long had he been observing me? This clearly was a statement, wasn’t it? An intention to overshadow my memories and experiences, and make me fixate solely on him in those moments.

“Cunning bastard.”

It truly felt as if the pupil had evolved into the master. I despised finding myself in the role of the slave. Emitting a

groan, I leaned against a dresser, reluctant to put the nightgown on. It was repugnant to even consider donning it. He was tarnishing a cherished memory by compelling me to greet him wearing this. Yet, I understood that failing to comply might lead to the revelation of one of those dark secrets, watching fragments of my life incinerate and receiving a lesson in return. With a frustrated exhale, I began the process of disrobing and ultimately donned the nightgown. Though it needn't be said, I was fully aware that he intended for me to be bare underneath. That was my state on my wedding night. So, I removed everything prior to slipping it on. The instant I did, I yearned to tear it away.

Approaching a mirror, I beheld my reflection. The nightgown extended to mid-thigh, the sight of my nipples slightly visible. However, it required a sharp light to unveil what truly hid beneath. Thus, it was ideally suited for the evening, illuminated by dim lamps that cast a soft glow. Did this genuinely meet his desires? I pondered, though his message had been unequivocal. He desired this version of Alison, and so he would have her. Descending the stairs once more, I was certain he would attempt to ambush me this time. Taking my stance by the door, I waited, tapping my foot impatiently against the floor. Yet, he failed to materialize. I felt as though I waited forever, sensing the predator drawing nearer, yet he remained concealed from view.

“Show yourself, you bastard,” I snarled, but time passed, and I grew weary of my stationary stance.

Releasing a sigh, I tilted my head back and decided to fetch some water, my gaze falling on the remnants of the Sweet Alison strewn on the floor. I rolled my eyes, stepping around the debris before heading to the fridge. Retrieving a water bottle, I unscrewed the cap and took a sip. The instant the water brushed my lips, a resounding knock echoed, shocking me. It was not due to the forcefulness of the knock, but rather the shock it elicited within me that made my grip loosen. Glancing downward, I noted the water now pooling on the floor, soaking my feet and casting a chill over them. Yet, even the cold water I couldn't feel because a frigid fear coursed through me as I realized that Satan had arrived to collect what was his.

“Come on, doggy doesn't scare you. It's just a puppy,” I muttered to myself, sidestepping the water in an attempt to avoid further dampness and coldness.

Approaching the front door, I discovered what I sought on the other side. The door revealed a more casually attired Jared, clad in a dark leather jacket, a gray t-shirt, and dark jeans. Yet, I could see when clothing held value, and his attire exuded wealth. Undoubtedly, he had upgraded. Adjusting his sunglasses downward upon spotting me, he greeted me with a smile at the sight of me wearing the nightgown. Despite its modesty, I suddenly felt incredibly exposed. Fucking hell, Jared was planning to see me fully naked, right? I found myself momentarily wishing he simply desired endless blowjobs. Perhaps that would be enough to satisfy his needs.

“Going to allow me in?” he asked, his tone laced with taunting.

“Weren’t we leaving right away?”

“You’ll need a few things, won’t you?”

“Clothes?”

“No, you’ll be nude most of the time. I meant a toothbrush,” he chuckled, sidestepping me and rudely pushing me aside as he charged into the house.

“I’m supposed to be naked all the time? Where the hell are we even going?” I demanded, observing him inspect the house as if he hadn’t been there before. I shut the door, crossed my arms, and fixed him with an intense glare. “Quit snooping around. I know where this nightgown came from. My closet!”

“Oh, so you figured that one out,” he laughed.

“You were in my house, you psycho!”

“You should hide the spare key more securely,” he reprimanded me, as if it were my fault that he had entered my home. He was never invited, and a spare key wasn’t an invitation into my personal space.

“You obviously know the gate code too,” I pointed out.

“I do.”

“How?”

He responded with an evil smirk, making it clear he had no intention of unveiling the secrets behind his malicious tactics.

“It’s time to pack,” he informed me. “Your husband won’t be around to warm your bed for a while.”

Brushing past me again, he ascended the stairs. I sighed, trailing after him and entering my bathroom, where he had started poking around.

“A lot of pregnancy tests. Do you even need those?” he taunted, glancing back at me with a smirk.

“They’re old,” I lied.

He lifted one up, scrutinizing the date. I approached him, attempting to grab it from his hand, but he was too swift. He held the package away and then turned to me, his large hand gripping my jaw firmly, applying a bit of pressure.

“Do you believe you have the right to snatch things from my grasp, sweet Alison? I believe we both understand who’s in charge here, don’t we?”

I shot him a glare, refraining from responding despite my strong desire to do so. I knew better than to provoke him. He grinned, releasing me, and I shifted my jaw from side to side, watching as he stowed away the pregnancy test. Moving to another drawer, he found perfumes and looked at a few before selecting one with a rose-shaped cap.

“We’ll take this one. You still enjoy the scent of vanilla,” he remarked.

“You remember the perfume I favored when I was younger?”

“Well, you always did relish shoving yourself in my face. It wasn’t difficult to catch a whiff,” he remarked.

“No, but you still recall, despite the passing years,” I reminded him.

“Yes, the scent of it—even in cooking—used to turn my stomach,” he confided.

“Then why even bring it? Why not opt for one that doesn’t nauseate you?”

“Because this one will be the icing on the cake.”

“As you vomit all over me?” I asked sarcastically, earning a chuckle from him and a dismissive shake of his head.

“No, I’ve learned to appreciate the aroma. It was only for a few years that it made me queasy and sent shivers down my spine, but now it smells like...” he brought the perfume bottle beneath his nose, “victory.”

I glared at him, despising the way he uttered the word, as if the battle between us had concluded. In reality, it had only just begun. I was determined to have the last laugh.



## CHAPTER 8

*-Jared-*

True payback required time. It demanded patience and meticulous planning. To exact the ultimate revenge, I had to exercise restraint. I needed to watch and learn, strategize my every move. The prospect of the rewarding outcome that awaited at the journey's end prevented me from impulsively throwing Alison over my shoulder and tossing her into my car. Kidnapping wasn't a smart strategy. Our current situation was governed by a contract, a legally binding one. For the next month, Alison was mine, and during that time, I intended to ruin her before setting her life ablaze. If she believed that this arrangement safeguarded her from true consequences, she was gravely mistaken. As I had mentioned before, genuine retribution demanded patience, and I was going to savor every step of the way.

“Fine, let's take it then,” she conceded, extending her hand for me to place the perfume bottle in. I smiled, gradually reaching forward as though I was about to deposit the bottle in

her palm. However, with a swift movement, I caught her hand with my free one. Yanking her toward me, I enveloped her in my arm and leaned down, forcefully capturing her lips in a searing kiss. She let out a small whimper, her palms pushing against my chest as I maintained our connection. The satisfaction of the kiss stemmed solely from knowing how much she despised it. While she struggled to break free, I exerted my will to keep us locked together for a few more moments before eventually pulling away. Her eyes glared at me with genuine animosity, and I ran my tongue across my lips, pretending to savor her taste.

“You're repulsive.”

“The feeling is mutual,” I shot back.

“You kiss like a dog, all sloppy!” she retorted, prompting me to swiftly smack her ass, causing her to gasp and press herself against me to evade the tight grip on her butt. The newfound freedom to do this was astonishing. I could hardly fathom the sudden power I possessed. It was intoxicating.

“Then it's fortunate that I intend for you to despise it,” I pointed out. “Expect more tongue next time, licking your lips all over. Isn't that how a dog does it?”

I could see her mentally visualizing it, her expression contorting in disgust. There was nothing more unappealing than a sloppy kisser who left you feeling drenched around your mouth. It was akin to being engulfed by a gigantic catfish, sucking on your lips. If that was the kind of kiss she loathed, then I was all too eager to oblige.

“Could you release me now?”

“Oh, asking nicely, are we?” I teased.

“Release me!”

“Now it has turned into a command. Are you forgetting who gives orders between us?” I asked.

“I did ask politely at first.”

“Well, there was a hint of anger beneath it. Try again,” I instructed.

She maintained that perfected glare, but I was no longer the same kid under her rule. Now I could actually fight back, and I was prepared to do so with such intensity. She took a moment to compose herself, and then a nearly serene expression overcame her.

“Could you release me?” she asked more calmly.

“Can you release me...?” I gently coaxed.

“Please?”

“Not the word I had in mind,” I informed her.

“Then what word are you seeking?”

“How about... Master?” I proposed, causing her eyes to widen in disbelief.

“You can’t be serious.”

“I’m very serious. Try again,” I directed her, and just to nudge her a bit further, I gripped her ass cheek a little more

firmly, pressing her against me. She emitted a low groan, shaking her head in disapproval of my actions.

“Fine, fine!” she relented, prompting a smile from me as I eased my grip slightly to show her that I would release her once she complied. “Could you please release me... M-Master.”

The word seemed to stick in her throat, yet I accepted her submission and let her go. She pushed back forcefully, obviously eager to distance herself from me, and my laughter followed.

“Much better. But don’t worry, your Master has brought you gifts,” I informed her.

“Presents? Why do I not like the sound of that?” she questioned.

I handed her the perfume bottle, and she took it from me. Then I retrieved something from my pocket, a move that prompted her to immediately start shaking her head.

“No!” she exclaimed, retreating and pressing her back against the wall.

“Oh, yes.”

“You can’t fucking collar me!” she shouted.

“But I can.”

Hanging from my fingertips was a red collar, closely resembling a dog collar, but fashioned more like a choker with a broad band encircling her neck. The words “Master’s Slut”

adorned its length with golden letters. At the end dangled a small lock, implying that once secured, only I held the key to unlock it.

“You’re insane!” she declared.

“But you can’t say no,” I reminded her.

“I have to return at some point.”

“And when you do, you won’t have to wear it anymore. I’ll unlock it.”

“And yet, somehow I still don’t trust you!” she shouted.

“Well, you still can’t decline,” I pointed out.

“You’ll leave that dreadful thing around my neck when I go back.”

“No, I’m a man of my word. I’ll remove it,” I assured her. Whether she returned with a collar or not, her life was destined to be shattered by my actions, as was her very being.

“I don’t trust you, but since I can’t decline...” she said, leaving and entering the bedroom once more. Seating herself on the edge of the bed, she surprised me by sweeping her hair over her shoulder. My blood rushed faster, longing to possess her on the very bed she shared with her husband. Patience, however, was a necessity in our game. Drawing nearer, I encircled the collar around her neck. She took care to clear her hair from its path, preventing it from becoming entangled. I ensured it didn’t constrict her breathing. I had no intention of choking. Rather, I aimed for a subtle pressure she couldn’t ignore, a reminder of what adorned her neck. Securing it, I

locked it, placing the key within a small secure box, which then found refuge in an inner pocket.

“Stand and turn around,” I ordered.

A deep sigh escaped her lips before she obeyed, standing and facing me. The sight of her with the collar ignited a blaze of desire within me. While I had initially intended to delay until we reached my house, I changed my mind. I seized Alison, turning her and then bending her over the edge of the bed. My original plan was to end our month by fucking her one last time on this very bed. But why not start the month as I intended to end?

“Already?” she exclaimed, shocked by the sudden transformation.

“Now,” I breathed, urgency coursing through my body at a remarkable pace. “This will be fast.”

“Fuck, you’re going to split me open without any preparation,” she groaned into the bed.

A sharp smack landed on her ass cheek, the red nightgown riding up, giving me a view of her sensitive, pink, and eager flesh, prepared to swallow my cock. A dark smile crept across my lips as I trailed a finger along her slit, toying with her. She jolted forward, withdrawing from my touch.

“What? You want me to fuck you dry?” I asked, swiftly working on my pants with one hand.

“Just get it done,” she snapped.

This time, I spanked her pussy, a groan escaping her before I slid my fingers inside, evoking a gasp.

“Seems you enjoyed that,” I taunted, observing her head shake in denial.

Her deception skills seemed to falter in this domain. I was certain her exceptional acting skills would serve her well in our games, but only easily deciphered lies escaped her lips. Her body showed the truth. My fingers, now thoroughly coated, delved deeper.

“Jared, weren’t you going to fuck me?” she complained, and I realized she was deriving an unexpected amount of pleasure from this, evident in the way she glanced back at me. Both her eyes and her pussy betrayed her enjoyment, something that Alison was clearly struggling with. Initially, I had thought that I only wanted to fuck her because she was repulsed by it, but now I saw a new opportunity. This was so much more intriguing. If Alison was revolted by her own enjoyment, I was determined to ensure that she couldn’t escape it.

She desired it to be swift, dry, and agonizing, a way for her to hold onto her seething hatred and anger. But if I could make her derive pleasure from it as well, she would not only feel disgusted but utterly humiliated and mortified that I had the power to elicit such sensations from her. The power she had unwittingly surrendered to me was intoxicating. I urgently pushed my pants lower, my patience waning rapidly. I raised her hips, positioning myself.

I took a moment to witness her pussy opening to swallow the head of my cock and listened to her moan into the bed as I entered her slowly, savoring the sensation. Then I thrust quickly into her slick warmth, releasing an involuntary moan of my own. There was no time for waiting. I was beyond that point. She was Master's slut, and seeing those words etched across her neck drove me to the edge. I gripped her hip with one hand and used my other to slide my fingers just beneath the edge of the collar. I couldn't risk choking her, but I wanted to exert a controlled pressure. Pulling back almost entirely before plunging deep within her again, her pussy gradually accommodated my girth. It greedily enveloped me, covering me in her sweet juices and making entering easier. I fucked her with increasing intensity, the impending orgasm building at an astonishing rate. My pleasurable sounds filled the air, each moan a testament to how much I relished this encounter. The sounds were designed to torment her, making her despise every aspect of the situation. But then, I was shocked to hear a faint echo.

For a moment, I assumed it was an echo of my own moans, but it wasn't. I gazed down at Alison, observing the way she clutched the sheets so tightly that her knuckles turned white. She fought hard to suppress her sounds, fearing that I might hear them, but I did. I heard her moans, and just to test whether they were indeed moans, I slowed down slightly. Her moans diminished but remained audible. I smiled darkly, relishing this unexpected twist. She was going to despise it even more, and that realization fueled my passion. I fucked her



with a renewed fervor, the pleasure building until it erupted within me. The orgasm coursed through my body as I climaxed inside her. I groaned, savoring the sweet taste of revenge that tinged my pleasure.

I rested a hand beside Alison, taking a moment to catch my breath while remaining inside her. It wasn't long before I sensed it—the powerful contractions of her pussy squeezing around me, her desire obvious. Her body spoke of an urgent need, and I understood that this was going to be far more exhilarating than I had anticipated. Pulling out, I watched my cum slowly trickle out of her. I trailed my finger along the path it took, bringing it to her pussy again and feeling her clench around me, craving more. Stepping away, I went to clean up. Upon my return, I found Alison still lying on the bed, her gaze fixed on nothing in particular. She was mortified by her response to me. I knew she wouldn't admit it, but I had heard it and felt it. She had been teetering on the edge. I was aware that the body could provide the heat needed to accommodate intrusion, fueled by friction. But that wasn't the look of someone broken and fearful. I could see the side of her flushed face, anger glinting in her eyes. I was surprised she hadn't risen to her feet, attempting to reclaim some semblance of power. Perhaps she was waiting for me to finish in the bathroom. I approached her, my hand grazing her tight little ass. She whipped her head around in fury, and the sight of the collar around her neck almost reignited my desire.

“Did you enjoy that?” I taunted.

“Of course not, you deranged person!” she yelled. “That was \_\_\_”

“Ah ah,” I cautioned. “Don’t use that word. Remember, you surrendered yourself to me, which means no doesn’t exist in our little world.”

“That’s disgustingly twisted.”

“I never coerced you into signing it!”

“But you did!”

Her voice escalated, her hands striking the bed as she attempted to rise, but I firmly pressed her back down with a hand on her back. One knee on the bed, I held her in place.

“Oh God, please don’t tell me you’re already aroused again!” she begged.

“Not yet, but I’m heading there. And the more you resist, the more you turn me on.”

She turned her head, glaring at me with such hatred.

“So, I’m supposed to be a sweet little princess?”

I reached out, my thumb brushing over her lower lip.

“Is that who you are? Master’s little princess? Except when we fuck you transform into his good little slut, am I right?” I whispered provocatively, detecting a certain intensity in her gaze. It might have been anger, yet an enigmatic, hooded look lingered within her eyes.

“You’re repulsive,” she retorted.

“Well, it takes one to know one.”

“I never slept with you!”

“No, I was beneath your station for that, which is why this serves as the perfect retribution. I will remain within your body, a constant reminder. Even when all of this concludes, Alison, the memory of how I fucked you, claimed you, and forced you to pleasure me until your lips were raw will persist. I will forever be etched in your memory. Every part of you, I will have conquered.”

## CHAPTER 9

*-Alison-*

I was confused, and fear gnawed at me, yet it wasn't the only thing I felt. Within that fear swirled something else, intensifying it but also morphing it into a liquid heat that coursed through me. Accommodating Jared's cock inside me had proven to be a challenge. Although he had begun gently, he then thrust forcefully, claiming every inch of space within me. However, the worst part was the absence of the anticipated repulsion, the disgust that should have provoked a desire to retch. Instead, my treacherous body responded with an unsettling warmth to the intrusion, making me uncertain whether I despised it or took pleasure in it. It grew hotter, threatening me with an orgasm.

The prolonged tension was what pushed me to that edge. That was the only reason for this, I reasoned with myself. It was because my husband had left me unsatisfied that my body responded in this manner. Still, the confusion persisted, and I had to conjure disgusting thoughts to fend off the allure of

Jared's touch. It was a relief that he couldn't hold back for long, for a few more thrusts and I would have begun to descend into madness.

Afterward, I lay immobile, weighed down by humiliation. Disgust was my expected reaction, and while I did feel it, it was directed inwardly, which didn't help me find my strength again. The feeling chipped away at my resolve. His taunts did nothing to stop my core from being shaken. His words about imprinting himself on me felt like the slamming of a door. However, I promised myself that I would forget him again. That was my goal. I'd regain my life, and in doing so, put him behind me

"May I go clean up before we leave?" I asked, ignoring his previous comment.

"No," he replied, delivering another smack to my behind, eliciting a groan.

"It's dripping down my thighs!"

"Perfect," he declared before rising.

Supporting myself on my elbows, I yelled after him as he exited the bedroom, "Why not use a condom?"

"Why? You despise it even more when I finish inside you."

"Ever heard of STDs?"

"Married, aren't you? Unless there are other lovers I failed to uncover," he teased, his arms crossed and an infuriating smirk in place.

“Both of us are aware my husband hasn’t been the most faithful, and I am not the only one who can carry.”

“A matter resolved two years ago, and I’ve monitored your medical history. You’ve undergone frequent testing, and I’m clean.”

“I had sex with my husband last night!”

“Yes, but I’ve been keeping tabs on him too,” he informed me. “And his affairs lessened after you exposed him for raping that young woman. He’s a clever cheat, using protection and regular testing to avoid bringing anything home.”

Exasperated, I struck the bed, lifting myself higher and feeling the cum still trickling out of me.

“He didn’t rape her!” I retorted.

“Of course, I’ll believe you without question,” he taunted.

“He put an end to the affairs.”

“No, they diminished. If you truly believed him, you wouldn’t undergo testing every four months,” he pointed out, making me glance away in fear. “What is it, Alison? Did your idyllic family vision crumble? Did reality fall short of your expectations? Or is it more convenient to look away, get tested at the doctor’s office, and pretend all is well?”

I bit my lip, averting meeting his eyes, determined to conceal how close to the mark his words had struck. He possessed an unsettling depth of knowledge about me. Jared had observed my life from close quarters, witnessing things that weren’t intended for his eyes. He sought out vulnerabilities and found

them. However, I acknowledged that it was my fault. I had permitted weaknesses to infiltrate my life. A lesson imparted by my intoxicated mother was to never allow anyone close enough to exploit such vulnerabilities. I hadn't even allowed myself to be emotionally exposed enough for weaknesses to develop. I aimed to be like steel, and therefore, the responsibility was mine. The formation of weaknesses was my doing, which provided Jared with something to exploit. If I had cleaned up my mess properly or, even better, avoided involvement altogether, I wouldn't be here. I wouldn't be standing there freshly fucked and cum dripping from me. I recognized my error, but that didn't mean I would allow him to emerge victorious.

“What else should I pack?” I asked, deliberately sidestepping his questions.

He offered a dark smile, noticing my evasion. Jared momentarily disappeared and returned with a sizable overnight bag. He picked up the perfume from the bed and proceeded to gather essentials such as a toothbrush and hairbrush. I sensed a peculiar powerlessness in watching someone else rummage through my belongings while I was rendered unable to intervene. Perhaps that's why he insisted on doing it himself. I observed as everything was placed into the white Gucci bag, realizing that it contained only necessities and no clothing. Was I truly expected to be naked and available at his whim? He must get tired at some point, right? However, deep down, I suspected I was deluding myself. Jared had waited years for this moment. Now that he was finally exacting his plan, I

knew he would savor each moment. Yet, when he unclasped the demeaning collar from my neck, he would be faced by my fury. Once the contract became insignificant and I regained my freedom, he would discover the force he had unleashed.

As I stood there in thought, I noticed something peculiar he had placed in the bag. But before I could inquire, he had already sealed it shut.

“Okay, all set,” he declared, grabbing the bag and seizing my arm. He led me forcefully, his tight grip conveying a clear warning against resistance.

“Why did you put my wedding photo in the bag?” I queried as we descended the stairs.

“Because I want to fuck you while you’re forced to witness your picture-perfect life going up in smoke.”

“You’re planning to fuck me while I stare at the photo? Just so you know, I could easily picture my husband behind me,” I retorted, attempting to convey my reluctance at being taken while looking at the photo. However, he was correct—the visual would evoke the sensation of everything disintegrating. I had no desire to be coerced into a situation where I had to gaze at my husband while another man was having his way with me.

“Yes, of course. And then it will be particularly painful when you dry up like sand,” he jeered.

I pulled back, interrupting his attempt to pull me along, although not with enough force for him to release his grip.



“Are you defying me?” he questioned.

“No, I’m simply asking if you think my husband doesn’t fulfill my needs,” I countered.

“I didn’t realize cheaters turned you on,” he shot back.

“They don’t! He’s my husband!” I insisted.

“Ah, so that grants him a free pass? Is this some kind of game you’re playing, or is your marriage an open one?” he probed.

I crossed my arms as best I could, given his firm grip on my arm.

“It isn’t open. We’re happily married.”

Jared burst into laughter, a sincere guffaw that baffled me. His laughter was a mockery, aimed directly at me.

“What?” I exclaimed in frustration.

“Happily?” he questioned incredulously. “Oh, sweet Alison, you’ve truly fallen deep. Deceiving yourself like this, clinging to the illusion of perfection to preserve your flawless façade and avoid a bitter divorce—it’s pitiable. You didn’t use to be this way.”

“You didn’t know who I was...” I mumbled, shifting my gaze to the side.

“Oh, but I do. I’m acutely aware of who you are, which is precisely why I won’t experience an ounce of guilt as I take you repeatedly, even while you plead for mercy.”

His sinister words fueled my anger, and I glared at him, but refrained from retorting. I reminded myself that failing to comply would result in the gradual exposure of those secrets, leaving me with nothing but ashes slipping through my fingers.

“Now, let’s go,” he ordered, pulling me out of the house. I prayed that no neighbors would catch sight of me, although a part of me secretly hoped they would and would involve the authorities. But what could they really do? I had effectively sold myself, and there was no undoing it now. After locking the door, Jared guided me to his car. Even the vehicle he owned was exquisitely luxurious—a beautiful Mustang. As I took in its appearance, I detested the fact that I couldn’t help but acknowledge its aesthetic appeal. I should have harbored an all-consuming hatred for anything associated with Jared, considering how much I despised him. Despite the blatant treason of my body, he genuinely disgusted me. I wouldn’t have touched him with a hazmat suit if it weren’t for that infuriating contract.

“Get in,” he instructed, guiding me toward the car. However, I placed my hand on the door as he attempted to push me inside.

“I’ll ruin your fancy car,” I warned, hoping that my threat might convince him to permit me to enter the house and clean up. But no, he reached into the bag and retrieved a towel, which he placed on the seat before forcefully guiding me into the car. He slammed the door shut, walked around to the driver’s side, and climbed in. My bag was unceremoniously

thrown onto the backseat before he ignited the engine. As he drove away, he appeared remarkably at ease—the aftermath of a satisfying orgasm. Yet I had been denied that relief for an extended period. It was difficult not to fantasize about my vibrator at that moment. It could provide a modicum of relief after the ordeal I'd already endured. Why couldn't Warren have been more attentive and taken care of my needs? It wasn't as though I would climax with Jared. I had no desire to, and why should he care about my pleasure? I was now his plaything, available for him to use as he pleased, regardless of how uncomfortable or painful it might be. In his eyes, I had become nothing more than a sex doll.

“So, where are we headed?” I asked.

“You'll find out,” he replied.

I sighed, allowing my head to rest against the window. This journey promised to be a lengthy one. I could already envision him taking me to a dark forest with a remote cabin. His intention likely involved secluding me where no one could hear my potential screams. He would relish taunting me, reminding me that if I dared to escape, he would track me down and haul me back. The image in my head suited the man seated beside me—malevolent and sinister, much like the forest he intended to transport me to. I would find myself catering to him, serving his meals and dutifully tending to his needs. After all, as my collar proclaimed, I was “Master's Slut”. The level of humiliation associated with it was indescribable, causing me to slump further into my seat. Closing my eyes, I hoped to catch some rest before our arrival.

I needed to conserve my energy, having spent most of the night awake due to nerves. The car maneuvered through a series of turns before embarking on a gradual descent. I opened my eyes, surveying the surroundings, and my panic escalated. The realization dawned upon me that we hadn't traveled far from my own neighborhood.

“No, no, no...” I whispered. Observing where Jared was leading us, a massive white mansion enclosed by imposing walls, I was seized by panic. Suddenly, the forest and cabin seemed like a refuge compared to this looming edifice. It was too close to home—near people I knew! How long had he resided there? Had he been lurking in the shadows, observing my every move, waiting for the perfect moment to strike? The thought was more unsettling than I could put into words, and I turned to face Jared, who wore a satisfied grin as he parked the car in the midst of other vehicles within the garage.

## CHAPTER 10

*-Jared-*

I could sense Alison's gaze on me as she realized our destination. We were barely 15 minutes away from her residence. This was the highlight of it all—I had meticulously prepared this house for the dark games that we would play together. It was a cruel irony that she was being subjected to this so close to her own home. I knew she already despised how I took her on the bed she shared with her husband, but the fact that she was now to be my little slave in such proximity to her home would surely intensify her resentment. I had even considered the option of having her serve me in her very own residence. That would have been an enjoyable twist. However, it wouldn't have all the elements I wanted to include. It wouldn't have mirrored her worst fears, despite my capability to shape it into a nightmarish reality.

“You can't possibly live here!” she exclaimed as I parked the car, turning to face her.

“Why not?” I questioned.

“No, I would have noticed you!” she retorted.

“How? If you hadn’t tormented me, I was nothing but air to you,” I reminded her. “And while I’ve spent years thinking about you, Alison, you never spared me a thought, isn’t that true?”

She glanced away briefly before fixing me with an icy glare. “Why would I waste a single thought on a loser like you?”

It infuriated me how her words still had the power to affect me, even after all these years and everything I’d already subjected her to.

*I discreetly adjusted my bangs to conceal the black eye I had earned the previous night, ensuring that no one would see the prominent bruise. I opened my locker, intending to retrieve my books and head to class. However, upon opening it, I was confronted with the sight of foam covering its interior. I stared at the mess in disbelief. This wasn’t the first time my books had been ruined, and while the school had provided replacements, they were growing weary of the books that “I” ruined. They understood the torment I endured from bullies, yet they shifted the blame onto me for damaging the books, rather than holding the real culprits accountable. I couldn’t afford to replace them, and this blow was particularly devastating. All I longed for was a single day where I wasn’t the target, a day when I could be left in peace. But even if they saw the bruises that adorned my body on certain days, they would likely remain indifferent. I closed the locker, knowing that there was*

*nothing salvageable. Making my way to class, I positioned myself at the back, seeking refuge in the shadows.*

*I knew the precise moment Alison entered the classroom. Her voice, sweet and high-pitched, greeted the English teacher as she presented him with an apple, earning a pleased chuckle from him. On the surface, she exuded perfection, yet if anyone saw the rot that dwelled within her, they would recoil in disgust. I gazed out of the window, hoping she would simply ignore me. Alison always occupied the front seat, the embodiment of a model student, achieving consistent A grades. Surprisingly, she didn't manipulate others into earning her good grades—she possessed the intelligence to excel on her own terms and reveled in her own intellect. But she delighted in approaching me, taunting me, ensuring I was consumed by fear at the mere anticipation of the bell's ring, signaling her imminent arrival. However, she remained distant, not even sparing me a glance. Why would the most attractive girl waste her thoughts on someone like me, unless it was in devising new ways to torment me? I wasn't in her mind during her free time. The obsession was mine alone. I constantly thought about her and pondered how to end this ordeal, yet I remained trapped. As Alison took her seat, her boyfriend soon occupied the adjacent chair. His hand ventured out, fingers finding her thigh and creeping dangerously high, disappearing beneath her skirt. I watched as she discreetly brushed it away, baffled by her actions. While I comprehended her reluctance to get fingered with our teacher present, I anticipated that she might at least hold his hand. Even a teasing glance or a subtle*

*gesture of affection wouldn't have been out of the question. But she treated him with an unusual detachment, leaving me intrigued. Were they embroiled in a lovers' quarrel? If that were the case, could I exploit this? Could this serve as the break I had long awaited? Perhaps her emotional turmoil would preoccupy her, preventing her from focusing on me. I couldn't extend the same hope to her followers, but without her guiding their schemes, perhaps the pranks would remain relatively harmless—no more than shaving cream in my locker. One could only hope.*

*The class started, and our teacher held up our current study material: "Romeo and Juliet". Predictably, he began assigning sections for students to read aloud, and out of nowhere, I felt all eyes on me. I had been lost in thought and hadn't heard my name being called. Lifting my head, I found him standing there, an inquisitive eyebrow raised.*

*"Jared, the book!" he prompted.*

*"Um... I don't have it," I mumbled.*

*"What?" he questioned.*

*"I... don't have it," I responded with a higher pitch.*

*Our teacher sighed in disappointment, thinking I was an indifferent student who didn't take his class seriously. He seemed more captivated by Alison's charm than anyone else, which wasn't surprising considering the rumors of their secret relationship. Other students chuckled upon witnessing my predicament, but my attention was fixed on Alison, her smug expression not escaping my notice. She was well aware of the*



*prank I had been subjected to. Whether she had orchestrated it or simply been informed about it was inconsequential. She seemed to relish in my public humiliation, casually brushing her long hair aside. An air of satisfaction surrounded her as her boyfriend attempted to caress her neck. To my surprise, she brushed him off, rejecting his touch. What was happening between the powerful couple? I couldn't quite decipher it, but I hoped it would keep Alison occupied for a while.*

*Once the class ended, I always waited until everyone else had left. However, to my dismay, Alison and her group remained behind. They approached me, forming a circle after the teacher had departed. My eyes were fixed on Alison as she took a seat on my desk, crossing one leg over the other. Our school mandated uniforms, and Alison's green pleated skirt had ridden up slightly, revealing a significant amount of skin. I averted my gaze, hoping to find something other than the tyrant in front of me.*

*"What happened to your books, doggy?" she asked, fully aware of the situation.*

*"I need new ones," I mumbled.*

*"Pardon?" she responded, pretending not to hear.*

*"I need new ones," I repeated, met with their collective laughter.*

*"Again? You really should take better care of your belongings."*

*I sighed, sliding further down my seat in an attempt to escape, but one of her goons stood behind me, pulling me upright. I gasped in surprise at the contact. Physical touch was something I disliked due to its association with painful memories. I tried to pull away, but his grip remained firm. He was a burly football player, while I was a thin, almost fragile figure. Meanwhile, Alison toyed with the edge of her skirt, her movements not escaping my attention. She noticed where my gaze had wandered, despite my efforts to hide it—she always had a way of knowing. A chuckle escaped her lips as she tugged her skirt slightly higher. I hastily averted my gaze, not wanting to see more, but her companion behind me placed a large hand on the top of my head, forcibly turning it back to face her.*

*“Is that loser staring at my girlfriend’s legs?” Alison’s boyfriend approached, standing behind her. He placed an arm around her and drew her close. This time, she welcomed his touch, smiling.*

*“He is.”*

*“Perhaps I should teach him a lesson about staring for too long at something that doesn’t belong to him,” he threatened. I braced myself for what I thought would be physical harm, but Alison shook her head.*

*“No, doggy has already learned the consequences of looking too long, haven’t you, doggy?” she quipped, reaching out and patting my cheek. Her touch landed on a bruise, and it made me hiss. “Oh, what’s this?”*

*With a flick of her hand, she brushed aside my dark hair, revealing the bruise beneath my eye. She reveled in the sight, clearly enjoying it.*

*“I see. Tell me, doggy, are you meeting other bullies elsewhere? Have you gone behind our backs and found someone else?”*

*I shook my head, refusing to disclose how I had acquired the bruise.*

*“Then what’s this?” she probed, using her thumb to apply pressure to the bruise. I let out a howl of pain, attempting to pull away, but her companion held me in place.*

*“Stop!” I pleaded, the pain intensifying. After a few seconds, she relented, but the damage had been done. The dull pain had transformed into a throbbing ache, sending waves of discomfort throughout half of my face. The eye area contained numerous nerve endings, and the pain signals overwhelmed me.*

*“I can’t believe you would prefer someone over us,” she taunted. “Or did any of you guys do this?”*

*They all shook their heads.*

*“Then who is it?” she demanded to know.*

*I shook my head. “I fell.”*

*“You fell?” she laughed. “You’re resorting to the battered-spouse excuse?”*

*“I fell,” I repeated.*

*“Fine, cling to your excuse. Just don’t forget who truly makes your life a living hell, doggy,” she asserted, retrieving a nail file from her pocket. I watched as she held it before me, well aware of the harm she could inflict. Her companion behind me grabbed my arm, forcing it onto the table and exposing my forearm. Gradually, she directed the tip of the nail file toward my skin. The initial contact was just a slight prick, but she proceeded to press harder and harder, causing me to wince in pain as the sensation intensified. She dragged the nail file along my skin, and I was on the verge of screaming when a hand covered my mouth, muffling any sound. When blood began to flow, she finally ceased, leaving me with a burning ache.*

*“Now I’m certain you’ll remember, won’t you, doggy?”*

*I was compelled to nod, unable to control my own movements. They all retreated, yet I understood that this was merely the beginning of their day-long torment. Perhaps even Alison’s lover’s quarrel wouldn’t save me. It might only make her more vindictive.*

# CHAPTER 11

*-Jared-*

I shook off the memories, avoiding the temptation to dwell on the past. Revisiting old memories wouldn't be productive. It was better to stay focused on the present. The fact that being around Alison triggered recollections wasn't surprising. I had merely been occupied by the satisfaction of observing her expressions and witnessing her fear, all while relishing my newfound dominance. The intense emotions of triumph and control consumed me as I recognized that she was now powerless against me.

Nevertheless, the past had a way of resurfacing, and I should have anticipated its sudden resurgence. I wasn't going to let it shake me, though. The real fun between us had only just begun. Opening the car door, I motioned for Alison to step out. She complied, and I retrieved her bag, gesturing for her to follow me with a snap of my fingers. Once again, she obediently trailed behind me as we left the expansive garage and entered my even grander house. The novelty of having

substantial wealth at my disposal was still sinking in. Having been accustomed to scraping by and barely managing, having this level of affluence was an odd sensation. Nonetheless, the money was serving its purpose by aiding me in seeking revenge.

The long curtains veiled the windows, casting the interior in a darker ambiance. I switched on only a few lamps, deliberately creating an atmosphere reminiscent of horror. I aimed to scare Alison, but not to the extent that she would be overwhelmed. Cleaning up after her if she were to panic to that degree wouldn't be enjoyable. I glanced back, noting her cautious steps and her hesitance in entering each room we encountered. I couldn't help but smile at her wariness, even though it was slightly hampering my plans.

I turned around and approached her, seizing her arm.

"Hey!" she protested, though she didn't dig her heels in or try to pry my fingers from her arm.

Leading her toward the long staircase adorned with a red carpet, we ascended the stairs, the carpet extending to the room I had meticulously prepared. Adding an extra layer of suspense, I halted us in front of the golden-handled doors, producing a golden key from another pocket. She raised an eyebrow.

"I hope this isn't an attempt to recreate a scene from *Fifty Shades of Grey*," she retorted.

"Close, but I don't have a helicopter on standby to take you away. You won't be able to leave whenever you please," I

informed her, echoing Christian Grey's words while making it unequivocally clear that the contract she had signed didn't grant her the status of my submissive. She was my slave, and she wouldn't be able to escape, regardless of her desire to do so.

"Just open the door," she demanded.

I chuckled. "So Anna," I teased.

I heard her hold her breath as I unlocked the doors and swung them open. While Grey's room had been designed for mutual pleasure, this room had an entirely different purpose. Unlike the red walls in his room, these were dark blue, and a cold draft circulated, infusing the space with an icy ambiance. At the far end stood a bed with four posters and big black hoops, ready for her to be bound to. Alison peered inside, her trepidation evident in her eyes as she took in the many toys, restraints, and instruments I could use on her. She shook her head, retreating a step, clearly unsettled by the sight of the blue room.

"No, you must be kidding. You're not really into hardcore BDSM, are you?" she asked, turning to face me.

"Whether I'm into it or not isn't crucial for you to know."

"I'd like to be able to sit down!" she exclaimed.

I chuckled, finding her statement amusing. Sitting comfortably was going to be a challenge from now on. Whether it was due to something she had wedged between her ass cheeks or the result of a whipping, sitting down was bound

to be uncomfortable. It seemed she would have to lie on her stomach, always prepared for me.

“Seems like that luxury is fading away,” I noted.

“Jared!” she snapped.

“Ah ah, let’s not forget who you’re addressing,” I reminded her, playfully wiggling my finger.

“Fuck... All right, Master,” she conceded, and I smiled, nodding in approval.

“Yes, my little slut?”

She groaned in frustration, though she didn't act defiantly. Yet, she appeared to be on the verge of a tantrum, which greatly amused me.

“That’s a fucking cage!” she growled, gesturing toward a corner where a metal cage stood, spacious enough for a large dog or a slim woman like Alison. It was designed to fit her perfectly, a detail I had taken care of.

“It certainly is,” I agreed, confirming her observation.

“You can’t be serious,” she muttered, her tone low and incredulous.

My grin widened, and a darkly satisfying sensation enveloped me. I extended my arm. Using a finger to hook beneath her collar, I pulled her closer to me. Startled, she placed her hands on my stomach, using me for support.

“You can also sleep on the floor,” I whispered in a menacing tone.



“I’ll be sleeping in that room?”

“You thought I’d prepared a cozy little space for you to sleep in?”

“I imagined a dim basement,” she muttered, provoking a chuckle from me.

“No basement. I need you within reach at all times.”

“There’s a bed!”

“I see it,” I responded in a husky voice, knowing she could decipher my thoughts. Fuck, having Alison under my control ensured that my cock wouldn’t go down anytime soon. All I desired was to dominate her over and over, to make her feel the same disgust she had made me feel. There had been one person I had detested more than Alison, and that person was myself. But now, I had transformed from that scrawny kid. I had evolved, and if Alison expected any mercy from me, she was sorely mistaken. She wouldn’t be able to catch a break. Whenever I wanted her, she would be at my disposal.

“I can sleep on that.”

“If you’re on the bed, we fuck,” I declared.

“What?”

“The bed is reserved for sex and your suffering. If you’re on it, it signifies that we’re about to fuck. As for that cage, think of it as your new home, doggy,” I informed her.

“You’ve lost your sanity, Jared. I won’t subject myself to sleeping in a damn cage. That’s insanity!” she exclaimed.

“You made me eat from the floor and reveled in seeing me kneel. How is this any crazier?” I challenged, observing her self-assuredness falter as she averted her gaze. Closing in, I seized her jaw, ensuring she met my eyes. “It’s a taste of your own medicine, Alison. How does the bitterness taste now?”

She had no intention of answering my question. She understood the implications of that response, and even as I released her, she kept her eyes down.

“We were children,” she whispered.

“And?”

“Children do foolish things.”

“Is that what we now term as extreme bullying?” I asked her, watching her gaze gradually shift toward me. To provoke her, I reached out, resting a hand on her lower abdomen. Her eyes widened as she looked at me, surprised. “Imagine if it were your child. Envision them coming home with bruises. Crying incessantly, describing how a mean girl had forced their head into a toilet or beaten them so severely they could hardly walk. What would you do then, Alison?”

She opened her mouth, but no words escaped. I recognized that a child might find it difficult to envision such a scenario, but Alison was an adult now and had fought desperately to conceive. I wanted her to feel the horrors of that potential child of hers being a victim.

“I would never have allowed it to happen.”

“And I believe you would succeed because you possess the means,” I growled softly before raising my hand and gripping her hair, pulling back firmly. “I didn’t...”

My words lingered in the air as she stared up at me, fear evident in her eyes.

“But your parents did. Anything to shield their precious girl, am I not right?”

“Is that your what you think?” she asked, a mocking smile playing on her lips and bewildering me.

“I know what they did. I know the considerable sum they paid to sweep it all under the rug,” I snarled.

“But you assume it was for my sake?”

“Then for whom?” I questioned.

She began to chuckle slightly, further perplexing me, and I tightened my grip on her hair, eliciting a hiss.

“For whom?”

“For them,” she informed me.

“For them?”

“Where do you think I learned it from? Always protect the image, Alison,” she repeated mockingly, making me realize that those words had been drilled into her countless times. Why else would she utter them in that manner? It was a rehearsed script.

“So your mother and father needed their family to appear flawless?”

“They needed their daughter to appear flawless,” she corrected. “How else could she secure admission into Harvard, Princeton, or any Ivy League school? Do you think they would accept someone who caused so much trouble?”

“Yet you did it anyway, because your parents could erase the consequences.”

An evil smile spread across her lips. “You’re right. I understood what they would do. There were never repercussions for me. They shielded me and made it all vanish.”

“And you don’t even feel remorse,” I snarled.

“We were only children,” she reiterated, as if that would fix everything.

“I’m going to make you regret it, Alison.” I saw her eyes fill with more fear. “You’ll despise every thing I do to you, and you’ll be sobbing, telling me how sorry you are. I won’t care, but I’ll savor the moment you shatter.”

## CHAPTER 12

*-Alison-*

If Jared believed my parents held any affection for me, he was mistaken. It wasn't love that prompted them to open their wallets or stick their necks out for me. It was their precious reputation. It was ensuring that I received the flawless education and the impeccable life they envisioned. Nothing could deviate from their carefully constructed plans. While I did adhere to their scheme, I also claimed the right to make my own decisions. During my school days, I reveled in being the ruler I desired to be. I wielded power and relished it. Nonetheless, I had matured since then. I was no longer that same child, yet Jared hadn't forgotten. He was intent on making me experience the same toxicity I had infused in him. I had undoubtedly birthed a monster, hadn't I? I was almost astounded by my own creation. Jared had been meticulously plotting this for quite some time, and it appeared I wasn't his only victim. My engagement with my old high school friends had dwindled over time, but from what he shared, he had paid

them each a visit as well. However, I was so special that I received an entire contract and a month as Jared's submissive plaything.

"I don't cry," I asserted.

"You will," he countered.

Jared nudged me into the room, and my gaze swept over the array of tools that were clearly not intended for pleasure this time. These implements were undoubtedly designed for people with particular kinks, seeking to derive satisfaction from each other in various ways. Yet, that wasn't Jared's intention. He intended to inflict pain, and he seemed ready to ensure just that. Whips and floggers dangled from hooks, drawers brimmed with obscure items, large plugs and dildos were prominently displayed, chains, handcuffs, blindfolds, an assortment of ropes in varying lengths and materials, and items I couldn't even identify. While I did appreciate a more dominant partner in bed, I still valued the freedom to move. It was abundantly clear that such freedom was not on the menu here. A bench sat at the center of the room, furnished with restraints that he could use to bind me. I was undeniably at his mercy within these walls.

When the sound of a lock clicking reached my ears, I turned gradually, spotting him there. He cast my belongings onto the floor and held my perfume bottle in his hand. Approaching me, he spritzed it all over me, causing me to nearly choke on the overpowering scent.

"Seriously?" I coughed.

He inhaled the air around me. “Hmm, just as disgusting as I recall.”

“You have serious issues.”

“At least I admit I have them. You’re the one still playing the role, pretending you’re not a cold-hearted bitch beneath that overly sweet façade,” he taunted.

He set the perfume bottle aside and began pacing around the room. I dreaded that he might initiate this ordeal from an advanced level. My past experiences had never encompassed such activities, and based on my knowledge of BDSM—particularly the safe and consensual variety—it usually began on a milder note. Some blindfolding, gentle spanking, perhaps some light bondage. However, this was an entirely different kind of BDSM. This was the twisted, likely non-sanctioned variant. Jared was about to start exactly where he pleased. Whether it involved forcing a large plug into my ass or flagellating me until my back was a raw, crimson canvas, he would proceed without restraint. Would I break down in tears today? I had a relatively high threshold for pain, but Jared was no longer that vulnerable boy. He now possessed a man’s physique, fully capable of inflicting severe pain should he so desire. And I knew he desired it. He wanted me to plead for mercy. That despicable bastard!

“Can you just select something?” I burst out.

“Apologies, did my slave speak out of turn?” he retorted, turning toward me with a challenging glint in his eyes.

“Please, just make a choice.”

“Isn’t the anticipation exhilarating?” he taunted.

“We both know it’s not. We both know you want me on edge. Fine, Master, I’m on edge. Can you please decide?” I implored, hearing his sinister chuckle. He relished the fact that I admitted my unease about waiting for his torment. It caused a tremor to run through me as I pondered the worst tortures that he could inflict upon me. I could already envision myself screaming in agony from the torments he would subject me to. Why didn’t he simply use his fists? I wondered, though I had no intention of giving him any ideas. Jared continued to pace, eventually positioning himself in the center of the room. He discarded his jacket, letting it fall to the floor. With deliberate and unhurried movements, he began to remove his shirt, unveiling more of his flawless skin to my gaze. I hadn’t anticipated being treated to such a display of robust muscles. While Jared was certainly in good shape, demonstrating his commitment to fitness, what captured my attention as he bared his torso were the scars. His chest bore several substantial ones. Some were familiar to me, the result of my own actions. I recognized those all too well. Yet, there were others I couldn’t recall inflicting. How had he obtained them? He flashed a smile as he noticed me studying him intently.

“Taking a stroll down memory lane?” he asked in a dark tone, his voice filled with anger.

“I didn’t cause all of those,” I stated.

“No, I’m well aware of what you did and didn’t do,” he affirmed.



He refrained from disclosing any names but drew closer, forcing me to take a step back.

“I’m also aware of your favorite one,” he disclosed. Standing directly in front of me, he took hold of my hand, elevating it and trailing my finger down from his collarbone to his chest. The scar was small, yet its origin was not lost on me. I had etched it there—a small ‘A’ on the left side. The memory of that moment hadn’t faded, and I could comprehend how seeing it now ignited his fury. It drove him to desire to hurt me to the same extent I had hurt him.

“Leaving your mark,” he murmured darkly, his grip on my hand tightening until it felt like it might shatter.

“Ah!”

“You achieved your wish, Alison. I’m all yours, and now you’re mine. But given that you marked me, it seems fitting I return the favor, doesn’t it?” he suggested.

Fear gripped me as I looked at him, unwilling to believe he was referring to what I dreaded. Abruptly, he released me, turned away, and advanced toward a drawer. My eyes darted to the door nearby. In my desperation, I lunged for the handles, momentarily forgetting he had locked it. My realization came painfully when the door remained steadfast, defying my attempts.

“Fuck!” I snarled, slamming my hand against it.

The room reverberated with his sinister laughter, relishing my futile attempt to escape. It was utterly pathetic.

“Go and lie on the bed, Alison,” he commanded.

I eyed the bed draped in black and dark blue sheets. *I’d rather not*, I thought, but where could I hide?

“Listen, we can play hide and seek later. Or perhaps we should dub it ‘hunt and fuck’. But for now, lie on the bed.”

He spoke without even bothering to look at me, heightening the disconcerting ambiance. There was no route of escape. I was trapped with this monster. It felt degrading to submit to his orders, but slowly, I made my way toward the bed. Sitting down, I turned to him just as he returned, wielding a knife.

“Fuck,” I whispered.

“I said lie down,” he commanded, his grin expanding, a dark, gratified glint in his eyes.

“If you cut me, everyone will find out. At least my husband will!” I reminded him. “Wasn’t that why you sent him on a business trip? To avoid disruptions or him finding out? You want to remain hidden, Jared. Why jeopardize so much?”

He advanced toward me, positioning himself directly in front. The knife, its handle dark and unassuming, was held out before me. The dimness in the room accentuated the gleam of the blade. For a fleeting moment, I squeezed my eyes shut, wondering if he had more elaborate plans involving it. Would he cut off my hair, subject me to other forms of humiliation? But no. He gripped the nightgown, tearing it apart down the middle before roughly discarding the remnants. My heart raced wildly within my chest as I lifted my gaze back to him. I

had been convinced he would draw blood with that knife, but so far, he hadn't.

“Lie down,” he commanded.

I hesitated, and he responded by shoving me down. I landed on my back, and he widened my legs, placing himself on his knees between them. I glanced down my body. His fingers closed around my right thigh, bending it and guiding the tip of the knife against my skin. Our eyes connected for a fleeting second before he concentrated wholly on his task. I felt the tip pierce my skin, a yelp escaping me at the sting. The pain swelled as he cut along my flesh. Biting into my own hand, I stifled my screams. Yet, I was taken aback by how quickly it ended. I heard a muffled thud and observed the knife lying a short distance from my head. Was that all? I wondered.

A gasp escaped me as Jared drew me toward him. When I turned my gaze back to him, he had unfastened his pants and was lowering them as he leaned over me. He positioned himself and entered me immediately, causing a gasp as I was invaded. He displayed no restraint. He began thrusting into me forcefully, our bodies clashing against each other as he pursued his release. The warmth of his body enveloping mine, driving me toward climax. In an attempt to quell the building pleasure, I forced myself to think of the most repulsive things, disregarding the warmth that surged, propelling me toward the edge. *Shit*, I thought, he needed to finish before I did.

A deep, guttural moan spilled from his lips, and then he halted above me, his release washing over him. A surge of

relief coursed through me as I sensed my orgasm ebbing away, prompting me to release a satisfied sigh. Jared pulled back, a more relaxed smile gracing his lips, and I glared up at him.

“You enjoy being taken hard, don’t you, my little slut?” he asked darkly, then his gaze dropped to our entangled bodies, noting the traces of blood that had stained us both. Surprisingly, it was less than I had anticipated. He withdrew from me, leaving an emptiness behind. He descended down my body, lifting my thigh and trailing his warm tongue over the wound. I was caught off guard by the tingling sensation that rippled through me, biting my lip to suppress a pleasurable gasp. He ran his tongue over the wound once more, lapping up the blood, and then withdrew, his expression one of satisfaction.

“I suppose there’ll be no more husbandly pussy-eating unless you want him to see you marked by another man,” he pointed out with a sinister smile.

“As if he ever did before...” I murmured under my breath.

“Here,” he commanded, curling two fingers and gesturing for me to draw closer.

I pushed up onto my hands, casting a puzzled look at him. He leaned in, seizing my collar, pulling us together.

“Are you saying your husband never goes down on you?” he asked, a faint chuckle tingeing his voice as he unearthed my years-long denial of oral pleasure. I knew I shouldn’t have let those words slip from my lips. I wasn’t supposed to reveal my vulnerabilities to Jared, and now I had left a gaping

vulnerability exposed. Frustration had gotten the best of me, and not just due to becoming Jared's slave. I was riddled with sexual frustration. I hadn't climaxed, and despite Jared being my sworn enemy, I found myself on the verge of begging him for a single orgasm. Just one! What lengths must a woman go to in order to experience true satisfaction? Was I truly left to take care of myself?

"Answer!" he demanded.

"No, Master, he doesn't," I retorted, my voice dripping with sarcasm, as I begrudgingly admitted the truth.

"What about your past boyfriends or lovers? Have you ever reached orgasm with their tongues in your pussy?"

"Come on, why does that matter?" I protested. "It's not like you're going to get me off! I'm your slave. It's all about my Master's pleasure, isn't it?"

"That was my original plan," he affirmed. "But that was before I realized how close you were to climaxing on your husband's bed as I had my first proper taste."

"W-What do you mean? I wasn't close to coming."

He extended his fingers between us, our combined juices slickening my entrance. He thrust his fingers into me, eliciting a soft whimper from me. Coating them with moisture, he made them slick before shifting them to my clit, which throbbed, swollen and sensitive. It pulsed with need, close to exploding with sweet release.

“Stop, now you’re deliberately targeting a weak spot. T-That doesn’t prove anything!” I whimpered, my legs involuntarily falling further open, ensuring he had unobstructed access. I was on the edge. My hips shifted, aching for release. I clutched the sheets tightly, exerting all my effort to stave off the impending orgasm. I knew that pushing his hand away would only reveal how close I was and that I didn’t want him to finish the task. Or was I searching for an excuse to make sure he did complete it? I squeezed my eyes shut, battling with all my might against the orgasm that was underway. It was unfair. My body had been mercilessly teased, and it had been a while since my last release. However, just as the burning sensation began to engulf me, Jared withdrew his hand, prompting a relieved sigh to escape me.

He lifted his two fingers, then pressed them against my lips. Understanding his intent, I opened my mouth and cleaned him with my mouth. The already dark intensity in his eyes deepened further, and then he distanced himself from me. I was on the verge of calling out to him, urging him to finish what he had started, but I held my ground, refusing to yield.

“So, if I can make you come with my tongue, would I be the first to achieve that?” Jared asked, as he approached the small hooks on the wall to my right. I observed him retrieving some black rope, a smirk gracing his lips as he turned back to face me.

“Um...” My mind was caught off guard, struggling to keep up with the unmistakably suggestive tone in his voice. He drew nearer. The knife from the bed found its place on a small

black night table. He began securing the dark rope to one of the ominous-looking hoops. After fastening the first one, he grasped my wrist, pulling me toward him. “No!”

I bit down on his hand, catching him by surprise. But I would be completely at his mercy if he bound me, rendering me almost entirely immobile. Despite me sinking my teeth into his skin, he didn’t even wince, his eyes locking onto mine with a warning that I would pay for my audacity. Slowly, I released his hand, astonished that my defiance had no apparent effect on him.

“That... didn’t hurt?” I queried.

“I hardly felt it.”

I blinked rapidly, struggling to comprehend. My bite marks were obvious on his skin, a strange satisfaction washing over me at the sight. I shook my head, trying to shake off the unsettling feeling. Jared proceeded with his task, and soon I found one wrist tied to the bed. He shifted to the other side, securing the second rope, then moved to my left wrist. My arms were outstretched, my front defenseless, though he allowed my legs to remain unbound. I pressed my legs together, feeling my warm blood between my thighs. It only brought his tongue to mind, and I groaned, burying my head in the bed. His tongue should not be my focus right now, I scolded myself. The rustling of clothing reached my ears, and when I glanced downward, I saw Jared fully exposed, his cock starting to stir again as he observed me. I was his damn feast.

## CHAPTER 13

*-Alison-*

Jared's dark green eyes roved all over my form as he seized the two poles, his muscles flexing in the subtle light. Why had he transformed into such an attractive man over the years? Was there something wrong with my brain chemistry? Why couldn't I convince myself that he was the most repulsive person on the planet? He had degraded me, forced me to sell my body like an actual whore, yet somehow my body remembered the sensations he elicited. It coated me in my own arousal, and I could feel it trickling out of me. Or maybe it was his cum. Jared clearly reveled in the sight of me bound and vulnerable, but why wouldn't he? This was precisely how he desired things to be. Now, I was to be the one under his control. I was the submissive now, and he intended to ensure I never forgot it.

“Spread your legs, my little slut,” he commanded.

I kept them tightly pressed together.



“Or I can tie them to the bed as well,” he reminded me.

“God...” I sighed, then gradually separated my legs.

“Wider,” he instructed when I had only opened them a few inches. “And bend your knees.”

I muttered a stream of curses, feeling my heart race and my skin tingle. But I couldn't quite discern whether it was the slight chill in the room or the anxious anticipation of what was to come. What did he have in store for me? Was his plan for us to fuck all day? Could he sustain that level of activity? His perverse desires probably kept him hard constantly. I was the one who had to satisfy those desires time and time again. The monster had me as his outlet. I widened my legs further and bent my knees until I was obscenely exposed. He had an unhindered view of everything from his vantage point. I didn't even want to glance at his face, knowing how content he must be feeling at this moment. He relished how defenseless I was, and I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of seeing my nervousness.

The bed shifted as more weight settled onto it. My eyes flickered downward, and I was sure he was preparing to take me again. However, he lowered his body. His lips hovered above my bare pussy, and he offered me a smile.

“W-What are you doing?” I whispered nervously.

“Showing you how much you'll despise that only I can bring you pleasure like this,” he chuckled.

I attempted to press my legs together, but his massive frame obstructed my efforts. He hooked his hands around my thighs and pulled me toward him, stretching my limbs to the point of mild discomfort.

“Come on, Jared, you don’t want me to experience pleasure,” I protested, though the distinct fear in my voice was evident. I understood that he took pleasure in knowing how he unsettled me.

“You’re correct,” he concurred before trailing his tongue along the wound on my thigh once more, sending a warm sensation coursing through me. “But a few seconds of pleasure will result in hours of shame when you realize who you achieved that pleasure with.”

He was right. I wished he wasn’t, but the thought of Jared being able to make me climax was even more mortifying. In my mind, he was still that same loser. He wasn’t supposed to bring me pleasure with his tongue. The fact that he had already coerced me into sucking his cock, fucked me, and come inside me was bad enough. I didn’t need the memory of his head nestled between my thighs and his tongue exploring my pussy imprinted in my thoughts. I could live a content life without that imagery. I couldn’t let someone so beneath me be the source of my pleasure. It was manageable if he used me as his plaything—that was something I could handle. But if I succumbed to pleasure because of him, the shame of betraying my husband and the life I had painstakingly constructed would be overwhelming. However, there was a nagging voice in my head, reminding me that my fears might stem from more than

just loyalty to the perfect façade I had built. It insinuated that if he demonstrated his ability to bring me pleasure, I might yearn for more. I might genuinely derive satisfaction from it, even desire it. Me? Craving pleasure from Jared? Jared Tyler! No, that was more humiliating than words could express. He shouldn't have the power to get me off. It was out of the question. He was a loser, and I couldn't allow myself to want anything from someone like him.

“Can't you just fuck me again, Master?” I implored in a sugary tone, hoping to redirect his focus. His dark chuckle reverberated through the room.

“God, I love it when you plead for my cock, but later, my sweet little slut, your Master has only just begun,” he murmured darkly, and then I felt it. A gasp escaped my lips at the first contact, his tongue gliding over my highly sensitive skin. I attempted to pull away, but his grip on me tightened. He continued to lap at my folds before directing his attention to my entrance. He pushed his tongue inside, and I felt my body involuntarily clench around the intrusion, yearning for a deeper connection. I bit my lip so hard I thought I might draw blood. Everything was happening so rapidly. My body was electrified, my desires ignited once again. My pussy craved his skilled touch. The impending orgasm was racing back, threatening to burst forth if I couldn't convince him to halt. There was a delicate suction on my clit, followed by a more intense pressure. A soft whimper escaped me, and I pressed my head into the mattress. My hips moved of their own

accord, a willing offering to him, and he continued to lavish attention on my sensitive nub.

“Please, stop it!” I begged, although my voice was devoid of authority. My plea emerged as a breathless entreaty, making it sound as though I wanted him to continue. Or perhaps he interpreted it as a signal that I wished for him to cease the playing and instead get to work.

That dark chuckle resounded again, indicating he knew precisely what was about to unfold. He withdrew his attention, and my body quivered with pent-up desire.

“Don’t you enjoy it?” he asked playfully, his tongue briefly tracing the wound, eliciting a groan from me.

“No, I hate it.”

He nipped at the wound, causing me to emit a small shriek.

“No lies. You wouldn’t want to be a disobedient little slut for your Master, would you? Remember, you’re here to satisfy him.”

“Damn it...” I muttered.

“What was that?”

“Will you stop if I admit it?” I questioned, my gaze tracing down my body to the enticing sight before me. For a fleeting moment, I could almost forget who he truly was. In that instant, my somewhat clouded mind saw nothing but an exceedingly attractive man nestled between my thighs, his lips slightly moist—an undeniable reminder of his recent actions.

“Is that what you desire?” he asked.

“Yes, please!” I begged, taken aback by the word “please” escaping my lips.

“Oh, so she can beg sweetly,” he taunted.

I berated myself for letting that slip. But if uttering the word “please” could spare me from yielding to his efforts, I was willing to endure further self-degradation.

“Very well,” he relented. “Confess how much pleasure I give you, and I will stop.”

“All right,” I conceded. “I...”

“Go on,” he prompted.

“I truly enjoy what you’re doing, and with a few more seconds, I would have come on your tongue,” I whispered.

“You love how your Master teasingly licks your needy pussy?” he asked provocatively.

“Yes!” I exclaimed, hoping to stop this ordeal.

“Do you think you’d beg for more if you truly knew the sensation of climaxing on my tongue?” he questioned.

His words were shrouded in ambiguity, and my mind grappled to comprehend their meaning. Hadn’t he promised to stop? I had provided him with what he sought, yet when I refocused on him, something in his eyes made me freeze.

“What?” I demanded.

“At times, true appreciation arises only after experiencing it firsthand,” he murmured, his voice low, almost tinted with

anger.

“W-What do you mean?”

He simply grinned before lowering his head once more and resuming his task.

“Fuck, Jared, you promised!” I groaned, tugging at my restraints in an attempt to break free. However, his knots were expertly secured, and escape was an illusion.

“I never specified what I’d stop,” he informed me. “I merely stated that I’d stop, without specifying the action.”

“Fuck, don’t do this!” I implored.

It was unavoidable. His gentle suction on my clit intensified, and the fire of pleasure began its relentless ascent. I exerted every ounce of control to prevent the impending orgasm, but my mind and body were at odds. He increased the intensity of his ministrations, and then it happened. The exquisite sensation surged through me. Despite my best efforts, I couldn’t remain silent—each nerve awakening with raw ecstasy. Soft moans and whimpers escaped me as my hips undulated against his mouth, embracing the euphoric feeling at last. Unable to focus on why this was forbidden, I surrendered to the delightful abyss, cherishing the duration of the orgasm. Jared kept pushing me through the experience, fueling the warmth to new heights before abruptly withdrawing, allowing the coldness to seep in.

I whimpered, lifting my head to witness him rising to his knees, his cock once again hard and ready for more. He started

stroking himself, the sight alluring despite the circumstances. It shouldn't be enticing—watching him gratify himself while observing me in my vulnerable state post-orgasm. Yet, the turmoil of shame had yet to infiltrate my consciousness. I observed the rhythmic motion of his large hand along his shaft, the firm flesh responding to his touch. His dark gaze trailed upward, gradually locking onto my eyes. Entranced, I couldn't tear my gaze away. My body still smoldered, and an unsettling portion of my psyche seemed curious to witness him climax. He quickened his pace, propelling himself toward ecstasy.

With a low groan, he came onto my pussy and lower abdomen, drenching me in his cum. The sight and sensation bewildered me, rendering me unable to process the entirety of the ordeal. His body tensed, his muscles flexing as the pleasure ran through him. Had we not been mortal enemies, I might have indulged in the aftermath and relished the show. Yet, as we both relaxed, his eyes once again locking onto mine, exuding that air of superiority and clarity dawned on me. The perspective shifted, unveiling the twisted nature of it all—I was coated in his release, marked with his first letter of his name, and pleased until I climaxed. Others might view this as a perfect, intimate night together, or perhaps a simple hookup. But we were not friends. We were not lovers, and we weren't strangers seeking a freaky time online. I had forfeited the right to refuse, and he wielded that knowledge like a taunt. He knew the extent of my humiliation, how profoundly the tables had turned. Jared unveiled my dethronement as queen. I

was no longer the formidable figure I had once been. Now, he was the master. He dictated our mutual gratification.



## CHAPTER 14

*-Jared-*

The look in Alison's eyes as realization and shame struck her was utterly priceless. If I could freeze this moment in time, I would. She had surrendered herself to me, and I had left indelible marks on her, ensuring a lasting reminder of her submission to the one person she despised above all else. I could sense her yearning to rewind time and erase this encounter. The shame of our physical intimacy wasn't enough for her to truly grasp the depth of my intent. I had discovered a far more powerful weapon—her own pleasure.

This idea hadn't initially crossed my mind, but observing her body's fervent response to my touch, I realized her neglected desires were a powerful tool. Her cheating husband's negligence had left her wanting, and despite her outward façade, she couldn't deny the undercurrent of longing I saw. From the moment she entered the room, oblivious to my identity, her attraction to me was evident. That allure persisted even now, driving her reactions to my every move. The

situation was unfolding more favorably than I'd anticipated. I had braced myself for screams driven by different motives. The notion of pleasuring her orally hadn't crossed my mind, except perhaps to taunt her, pushing her to beg me to stop out of sheer disgust. However, her obvious enjoyment of the experience unveiled a new facet of vulnerability, and I intended to exploit this in my novel methods of torment. Such techniques weren't typically my modus operandi, but Alison was no ordinary enemy—she deserved and warranted exceptional treatment.

“Why are you subjecting me to this?” she whispered.

While a rhetorical question, I opted to answer regardless, “I had intended to exploit you, Alison. You were meant solely for my amusement. I presumed I could elicit embarrassment by subjecting you to things you hate. But hatred is an easy emotion to feel. Despising a touch can evoke repulsion and anger, yet it won't evoke that profound mortification that comes with yearning for something you inherently shouldn't. Hatred comes too easily, yet yielding to forbidden desires mirrors an addict's plea for 'just one more time'. However, they always land in a stranger's bed, drowning in humiliation, as their own weakness dawns upon them. The ease with which they succumb to the seductive abyss of addiction fits our dynamic, Alison. You crave the pleasure I can provide, yet you're filled with shame because you never fathomed a scenario where you'd desire me. The thought of us being intimate likely never entered your thoughts. That's why my plans have evolved.”

“It’s merely a... chemical reaction in the brain,” she whispered, her voice void of conviction.

“Consider this: had you never discovered my true identity, and I hadn’t come to ‘collect’, wouldn’t you have fantasized about me fucking you on your desk?” I challenged.

“Absolutely not!” she retorted, her head lifting as she shot me an intense glare. “I’m married!”

“Quite loyal to someone who doesn’t reciprocate the sentiment, aren’t you? It seems image is everything to you,” I remarked.

“He promised to change,” she asserted.

“But your regular testing speaks of your doubts. You can’t trust his loyalty, can you? And witnessing how far you’re willing to go for him brings me a peculiar satisfaction,” I confessed with a sinister edge.

“It will change,” she repeated with conviction.

“Oh? Is he attending a rehabilitation center for sex addicts?” I taunted.

“Once we have...” She halted mid-sentence, though I had a clear sense of her implication. Yet, Alison was deceiving herself. Watching her go to such lengths to maintain a façade only fueled my satisfaction. If that wasn’t the epitome of pathetic, I didn’t know what was.

“A child?” I added.

She heaved a sigh, leaning her head back.

“It doesn’t matter...”

“After your extensive efforts to conceive, it’s almost laughable to think it might happen,” I chuckled, knowing the impact of those words would wound her deeply. Predictably, she squeezed her eyes shut, attempting to conceal her yearning, yet biology seemed to conspire against her. However, I knew an even more effective method of wounding her, so I extended my hand and placed it on her stomach.

“Or what if I succeeded?” I posed.

She raised her head, her expression morphing into shock.

“What if I impregnated you and sent you back carrying my child?” I continued.

The shock turned to unadulterated fear, her head shaking involuntarily.

“No...”

“We both know that despite your resentment toward the one who might father your child, your desperation to be a mother might override that feeling,” I pointed out.

“Well, it’s fortunate you mentioned the unlikelihood of me conceiving,” she growled, attempting to ignore the fear that I could see flickering in her eyes—fear of the possibility of me succeeding in impregnating her.

“Sometimes that’s all it takes—new genes,” I taunted.

“You’d never want me to bear your child.”

“You’re correct. I don’t desire that. However, knowing that I’ve disrupted your world by fathering your child, now, that’s worthwhile.”

“That’s sick! You don’t play with a child’s life!” she spat.

“Why not? You did that to me. Worse, even. I wouldn’t subject the child to torture. You’d simply have to live with the fact that it’s mine. You’d forever be linked to me through that child. Wouldn’t that be intriguing, Alison?”

I could perceive the depths of horror she felt at the thought of being forever tied to me through a child. Anger replaced the fear, and she attempted to squirm away, likely aiming for a kick. Amused, I caught her thigh and shifted her slightly, delivering a hard spank to her ass.

“Ah!” she protested, attempting to maneuver herself around again.

My hand maintained a firm hold on her thigh, keeping her legs immobilized.

“You’re under my control for a month, Alison. Technically, that leaves the possibility open,” I remarked, noting the icy fear returning to her eyes.

“Not even you would go that far.”

“I won’t use protection, and I’ll come inside you repeatedly,” I assured her.

“Then put me on birth control!” she pleaded.

“No.”

“You’re insane!”

“You’re quite familiar with insanity,” I pointed out.

“I’ve never ventured as far as you!”

“Alison, we haven’t even approached the boundaries you crossed,” I snarled, digging my fingers into her thigh and observing her struggle to mask the pain. “You transgressed far worse than you can comprehend, or perhaps you’ve conveniently blocked it from your memory.”

Alison’s glare intensified, and I extended my arm, displaying the burn scar along the side of my left arm. It was several inches long, partially healed—smoother and lighter in color than my surrounding skin. Though she averted her gaze, I forced her to look.

“Remember this?” I asked.

She remained silent.

“In the chemistry lab, you and your clique cornered me and inflicted this burn. Why? Because you hadn’t secured an A on your last test. Your charms didn’t work on our chemistry teacher, and you were forced to exert more effort than you were accustomed to. Despite your intellect, your allure played a significant role. You earned a B, and hence, I became the target. Do you honestly believe we’ve even come close to your evil depths, Alison? This is merely scratching the surface.”

“I... had anger management issues,” she muttered, glancing away.

“That’s putting it mildly. We both know it wasn’t anger propelling your actions against me. It was the satisfaction of exerting dominance over another. You derived pleasure from that. Perhaps the only silver lining for me was realizing I wasn’t your sole victim. You were ruthless, and maybe that’s why your womb remains empty. It’s freezing in there.”

Her head snapped around, a retort poised on her tongue. A mere arched eyebrow from me stifled her response. Her mouth closed, her gaze averting downward.

“Then it’s a good thing there will never be a child conceived by us, given how I’m such a cold bitch!” she retorted.

“Indeed. You would be a horrible mother,” I uttered, lacing my voice with pure contempt.

Her eyes met mine again, and I sensed my words striking her most sensitive vulnerabilities, pushing her closer to the edge. There was a time when I wouldn’t dare speak back, aware of the repercussions. Setting off Alison’s anger would certainly exact its price. However, now the tables were turned—she was under my control. I could converse with her on my terms, expressing the feelings I’d long harbored.

“We are just getting started,” I proclaimed.

I rose from the bed, leaving her there, to proceed to the shower and change. Yet, I detected a gasp escaping her lips as she finally noticed it.

## CHAPTER 15

*-Alison-*

I detested how he managed to strike raw nerves with precision. Jared shouldn't possess the capability to drive a knife into my weak spots, yet this particular weakness hadn't existed before. Our last encounter had been during my youth—an era where I was nothing but a teenage girl, devoid of any contemplation regarding motherhood. That reality had since altered. I was now married, held a respectable job, and possessed a home that could accommodate a family. I understood I had the potential to provide a superior upbringing than what my parents had offered, but that opportunity remained out of reach. Thus far, there hadn't been a glimmer of pregnancy for me. Jared was aware that his insinuations about impregnating me would evoke a paralyzing anxiety, and his intention had been achieved. Fortunately, the likelihood of that scenario materializing was exceedingly slim, which assuaged the overwhelming dread. However, it appeared our conversation had prompted his departure. Yet, as he pivoted, I



caught sight of his back—a detail that had eluded me in the midst of our commotion. Now, as the energy settled down and the light cast an illuminating glow on his back, I observed it: extensive scars crisscrossing his skin. These scars were big and curvy. Had someone subjected him to a whipping?

“I wasn’t responsible for those,” I called out to his retreating figure, vanishing into an adjacent room.

He remained silent, leaving me to grapple with the mystery of those scars. How had those marks come to be etched into his back? My previous assumption that the damage was concentrated on the front had been shattered by the reality of his back’s condition. The extent of the damage left me astounded. Who could have been responsible for such an assault? Leaning my head back, I succumbed to the overwhelming sense of defeat that had taken hold. I was still drenched in his cum, a twisted satisfaction lingering within me. Shame began to surge more forcefully, and my mind replayed the instance when he had brought me to climax with his mouth. Was that what it felt like getting licked until coming? *No!* I scolded myself internally. I couldn’t perceive it as a revelation to orgasm on Jared’s tongue. I needed to escape from these restraints.

Frustrated, I tugged at the ropes, striving to free my slender wrists. However, his knots were mercilessly tight, digging into my flesh. Annoyed groans escaped my lips as I glanced down to inspect my thigh. Lifting it for a clearer view, I identified a small “J” etched on the inner side. Jared could have chosen a larger and more conspicuous marking, yet he had opted for a

size similar to the one on his chest. Nevertheless, I found it difficult to believe he had executed it. Or maybe I could believe it. I comprehended the rationale behind his action, but simultaneously, it seemed irrational if he genuinely intended to conceal the torment that he intended to subject me to. The scar wasn't going to vanish. I recognized that a mere shower wouldn't obliterate it. With proper care, it might fade over time. Some scars truly disappeared, but I couldn't ascertain whether this one would follow suit. If it did, there was the possibility he might return to carve another. Amidst these thoughts, I couldn't help but question why I had done the same to him.

*Straddling Jared's lower body, I had sliced open his t-shirt using a pair of scissors I had borrowed from the school office. I had concocted a pretense about requiring it for an important assignment. Then I had tracked down Jared, who often took refuge in the library, concealed within shadowy nooks or lurking behind the school building. Despite his attempts to evade me, I had managed to corner him. A little assistance had accompanied me, and together we had ambushed him. I had stuffed portions of his t-shirt into his mouth, ensuring his protests remained unheard as we concealed ourselves in a secluded spot known for secret hookups. A smile played on my lips as I loomed over him, revealing a small pocket knife. His eyes widened in fear, presuming I intended to mutilate his chest. However, my intention was quite different. A dog required a master, and since I couldn't literally collar him, this method seemed like the next best option. While my two closest*

*friends restrained his hands, the t-shirt muffling his words, I aimed to create a lasting mark and claim what was mine.*

*“Fear not, this will be fast. I’m merely ensuring you’ll never forget who your favorite owner is,” I jeered, lowering the knife and bringing it close to his skin. In a taunting manner, I traced the knife down his chest, simulating the possibility of piercing through to end his pitiful existence. But no, I let the blade dance across his skin’s surface, relishing his protests and observing the formation of tears in his eyes. The exhilarating sensation of seeing his terrified expression, believing I possessed the capability to end his life, surged through me. While murder wasn’t my intention, his belief brought a smile to my lips.*

*“Now remain still,” I instructed, leaning in closer. Executing the task meticulously, I etched into his skin, the blade’s tip gliding slowly over his flesh. He wriggled, emitting stifled complaints, yet none heard him. With the knife poised so close, he knew better than to engage in a true struggle. It concluded more swiftly than I’d anticipated, but now a small “A” adorned his chest, an unmistakable emblem of ownership. Everyone now knew to whom he belonged. He was my little doggy, and that fact was immutable. Extending my hand, I patted his cheek while removing the fabric from his mouth.*

*“You’ve done admirably,” I complimented, observing the glimmer of fear in his eyes. “Now the world knows who owns you.”*

*I snapped my fingers, signaling to my girlfriends to release him. He sat up slightly, his gaze falling to his pale, slender chest, where the wound was now bleeding. Then his eyes turned toward me, disbelief radiating from them. In response, I offered a smile, sensing an indescribable sensation within my chest. Why did it fill me with such satisfaction, witnessing the wound I had inflicted? The mark I had left, declaring to all who had the privilege to engage with him. This wasn't the way it was meant to feel. It was almost unnervingly powerful, a sensation that bordered on unsettling. Nevertheless, I kept this internal turmoil hidden. Amid laughter, I turned on my heel, my friends' giggles trailing behind us as we departed.*

Why had I acted on this impulse? What had driven me to think of such an idea in the first place? Could it have been due to the clear bruises on his body, a visual testament that others were also laying their hands on him? Admitting it to myself was an unwelcome admission, but a sinister realization took hold. It became evident that the extent of ownership I yearned to exert over Jared was profound, as though someone were intruding into my domain, seeking to claim what inherently belonged to me. As this realization dawned upon me, a shiver coursed through me, distinct from the cold. A voice inside my head posed a question: who was the true obsessive one? I shook my head, refuting the validity of that assertion. I denied the possibility that I could have ever nurtured the desire to utterly possess him. After all, he was merely an outcast, an insignificant individual. How could someone like me develop an obsession over him? He wasn't exceptional. Although I

taunted others, that small voice persisted in reminding me that no one was subjected to the same unique treatment as Jared. I let out a groan. This wasn't the type of introspection I had envisioned to confront my internal conflicts. Instead, it led me to a dark realization that I preferred to push to the deep depths of my mind, never to be examined again.

I heard approaching footsteps, prompting me to turn my head and discover Jared had appeared. He had evidently showered and now donned all-black attire. Annoyingly, he still carried the same allure that had struck me the first time he entered my office. He held items in his hand as he approached, seating himself on the bed. I had no desire for his proximity again, attempting to shift away. However, he effortlessly pried my legs apart and pressed his knee against my right leg, further spreading me. My movements were restricted. He placed the items he carried on the bed, and as I recognized what they were, a realization dawned on me. He had brought disinfectant and a small gauze. Dampening a cloth with the disinfectant, he applied it to the wound. Despite the sting, I stifled any sounds of discomfort. Opening the packaging of the tiny bandage, he carefully placed it on my leg, ensuring the wound was tended to. This gesture puzzled me. Why bother preventing an infection? Why exhibit concern? Nevertheless, Jared had treated it silently, not uttering a word throughout the process. He proceeded to release me in the same quiet manner, and soon I was no longer bound to the bed.

“I have tasks to attend to. You'll be confined here,” he proclaimed.

“I anticipated as much. Can I at least shower?”

“No.”

“Come on!”

“And I wasn’t referring to being locked in the room,” he clarified, leaving me bewildered by his intent.

“If not in this room, then where?” I asked, and he gestured toward the cage. “You’ve got to be kidding me!”

He shook his head, then snapped his fingers. “Go on, doggy.”

I shot him a glare, remaining where I was and folding my arms defiantly.

“Must your Master educate you on the consequences of disobedient sluts?” he remarked, his tone dark and loaded with a clear warning against pushing him further. Though I was tempted to defy him, I had endured enough humiliation already. The prospect of having my backside paddled wasn’t something I was eager to experience.

“How long do I have to stay in there?”

“That’s for me to determine,” he replied.

I shook my head in disbelief that I was actually about to crawl into the cage. But where could I possibly go? I had no means to fight him off. I had surrendered myself, becoming a mere plaything at his disposal. Reluctantly, I moved toward the cage, pausing in front of it and turning to Jared. The playful glint in his eyes had vanished, replaced by an

unsettling coldness. I had never witnessed such an expression on someone's face before.

“Can I at least have something to wear? It's cold in this room.”

“There's a small blanket in there,” he informed me.

I glanced over my shoulder. The cage's floor wasn't bare steel. It had a cushioned surface reminiscent of a dog's bed. He wasn't mistaken. A blanket adorned with dark paw prints was laid out—an actual dog blanket. I turned back to him, almost ready to question if he was serious, but the truth was evident. There was no escape from the degradation of crawling into that cage, essentially being treated like his pet. Fucking karma.

I lowered myself to the floor, forced to crawl into the cage. I managed a final glance just as he shut and locked the cage. This wasn't a simple latch. It was a genuine combination lock, and I was clueless about the code. He offered me a faint smile, prompting me to cross my arms over my chest in a feeble attempt to shield myself. But the shame of being confined in this cramped space was inescapable. While designed for a larger dog, I still had to hunch slightly forward to avoid hitting my head on the top. As I'd crawled inside, I'd been forced to bare every inch of myself, as he wouldn't permit any covering. Every aspect of this situation was degrading, and he was fully aware of that.

“See you soon,” he remarked, rising to his feet.

“How soon? Jared! How soon?” I called after him, yet he offered no response. He unlocked the room's doors and

departed, making no effort to lock them again. After all, why would he? I was trapped.



## CHAPTER 16

*-Jared-*

The sensation of elation spread through my chest as I witnessed Alison entering the cage. The sight exceeded my expectations. Watching her naked and coated with cum as she crawled into that cage was a true delight. Sometimes reality indeed outperformed even my most hopeful imaginings. It was undeniably gratifying when such moments occurred. Regrettably, I couldn't remain with Alison all day. I had arrived at her house rather late to retrieve her. While I had already subjected her to torment, I still had work to attend to. Heading to my room, I gathered what I couldn't find in the playroom. Proceeding to my walk-in closet, I entered a small code on the keypad beside what appeared to be an ordinary mirror. As the mirror slid aside, a collection of weapons was unveiled before me. I selected a holster, securing two guns within it, and I attached a substantial hunting knife to my thigh before closing the concealed compartment. Grabbing a jacket on my way out, my phone began ringing just as I descended

the stairs. I paused, observing the unlisted number on the caller ID. With a sigh, I realized I was running a bit late. I answered the call.

“I’m on my way,” I declared.

The caller didn’t respond. Once I had uttered those words, they promptly hung up. This was to be expected. Extended conversations over the phone weren’t a preference for them. The potential for sensitive information to be recorded was a significant concern. Leaving the house and securing it behind me, I collected my helmet from the garage and donned it before approaching my bike. Starting the engine, I set off toward a more secluded area, far from prying eyes and ears. In the distance, I spotted a mansion, ensconced within a forest, emanating an aura far from welcoming. Though it was a place I could reside once more if I desired, I had left it behind a while ago. There were other matters demanding my attention, and while I understood the necessity of answering the summons, it wouldn’t deter me from pursuing my ultimate goal: revenge.

Pulling up in front of the imposing iron gate adorned with a prominent V on its two halves, I used the intercom and was granted entry, proceeding up a lengthy gravel road. The imposing dark brown mansion loomed ahead. Numerous lights illuminated the front, yet the interior remained cloaked in shadows, as if the household was in slumber. I knew Vince, a night owl himself, wasn’t sleeping. He operated more actively during the nocturnal hours, reflective of his shadowy realm. Parking my bike, I turned off the engine, dismounted, and

gazed up at the grand mansion after removing my helmet. Each time I returned, the past resurfaced, reminding me why I had fundamentally changed. In a peculiar way, it had saved my life while also killing a part of me.

*The rain cascaded down upon me as I stood perched on a small bridge. The drop wasn't particularly significant, yet the water below surged with speed, the current powerful. I knew the instant the water captured me, I'd be pulled under. The chill might even aid the process. I pleaded for it to be swift. The ache in my heart had become unbearable. I yearned to be relieved of the torment that had been my companion. Fleeing wouldn't offer the warmth I craved, but it would at least provide an escape from it all. I wasn't returning. The endless torture, wherever I turned, was done. I had simply had enough. Alison Brown and my father emerged victorious. I desired release from this wretched existence, this world that had become insufferable. I was ready for the end. I just needed to summon the courage to relinquish my grip on the iron bar I clung to.*

*I leaned forward slightly, yet the courage to truly end it escaped me. Though this thought had haunted my mind for a considerable time, this marked my first try. Surprisingly, I had endured this pain for so long, nearly reaching 18. How could one bear so much pain without crumbling? I wasn't certain, but I could no longer persist. On this dark, frigid night, my demise awaited. I shut my eyes, hardly registering the intensity of my shivers. This was what I wanted, I reminded myself, yet the survivor within me disagreed. He insisted it wasn't time.*

*We could escape from this dark abyss if we so desired. We only needed to endure until graduation. We had the chance to break free. However, who could ascertain if a brighter future awaited us? Perhaps this was all there was. Maybe this was my destiny. To bow to others, subjected to repeated harm. I was the world's punching bag, yet now I yearned for that role to cease. I was prepared to let go and find freedom.*

*Drowning in my thoughts, I remained oblivious to my surroundings. The gleam of headlights in the darkness and the sound of a car door opening went unnoticed. It wasn't until a voice broke the silence that I realized I wasn't alone.*

*"A rather poor place to choose," the voice stated. I turned my head abruptly, my foot slipping slightly on the iron, causing me to clutch the bar more tightly. A flash of lightning illuminated the air, revealing the enigmatic stranger before me. A man in his mid-thirties, standing on the road ahead. While he wore an unmistakably expensive suit, he seemed unperturbed by it being drenched. With hands tucked into his pockets, he smiled as he observed me.*

*"The fall won't end you," he remarked.*

*His words sent my heart pounding in my chest, a reaction to the sudden surprise.*

*"I know!" I shouted back over the clamor of rain and thunder. "I can't swim."*

*"Ah," he responded, nodding in understanding.*

*“Then why not simply find a shallower area and push yourself out to where your feet can’t touch the bottom.”*

*“That’s not an option,” I told him.*

*“Why not?” he asked, a trace of amusement in his voice.*

*“I wouldn’t be able to get far enough out. No, it has to be quick. Fast enough that I have no choice but to surrender to the current.”*

*“It appears you’ve been planning this for a while.”*

*“Since I was born,” I confessed, although my words seemed to elicit no immediate concern. His smile expanded, and as another lightning bolt streaked across the sky, he took on a sinister appearance, akin to a character from a horror film. I couldn’t fathom why he was engaging me in conversation. He showed no urgency to rescue me from my predicament. Wasn’t that what people were supposed to do? Or was I truly so insignificant, even to a stranger?*

*“What are you waiting for then, boy?” he asked. “Jump.”*

*I gaped at him in disbelief, brushing my wet hair from my eyes to get a clearer look at him. His expression remained utterly serious, coaxing me to take the plunge.*

*“I will!” I yelled back.*

*“Go ahead.”*

*“You’re going to watch?”*

*“Death is a familiar companion to me, and someone should notify the authorities so they can inform your loved ones.”*

*“Loved ones?” I questioned incredulously. “What loved ones?”*

*“All alone, huh?”*

*“I wish. I’d rather have no parent than the one I have,” I asserted.*

*“Mother or father?”*

*“The devil,” I disclosed, which elicited laughter from him.*

*“So, your father,” he pondered. “Does he beat you?”*

*“Among other things,” I whispered, sensing he heard me despite my soft voice.*

*“For how long?” he asked*

*I wasn’t sure why I was opening up to this stranger. But if these were my final moments, then what did it matter? At least someone would know my story. At least one person would bear witness to my pain.*

*“The beatings began—”*

*“I wasn’t referring to the beatings,” he interjected, making it clear he had not only heard my words but also comprehended their underlying meaning.*

*“12,” I divulged.*

*“That’s quite a long time.”*

*“I can’t exactly escape. Or that’s not accurate. This is my escape!” I asserted.*

*“Then go ahead. You don’t need a hero, boy. You need peace,” he stated.*

*“I do!”*

*“Then jump.”*

*He gestured to the flowing water beneath me, and I glanced downward, observing its formidable and dark current. I swallowed hard, fear coursing through me, warning me not to go through with it, for I knew that pain would precede death. Yet, I had endured so much agony. I understood that in comparison, this plunge would amount to nothing, and a tranquil peace awaited me on the other side. All I needed to do was take the leap.*

*“It’s so easy,” he remarked.*

*“Then maybe you should just push me!” I retorted.*

*He laughed, causing me to turn my head.*

*“I was referring to death. Nothing is simpler than dying, as that is our eventual destination. No, boy, if genuine peace is your goal, death won’t be where you find it,” he clarified.*

*“What do you mean?”*

*He approached, his gaze meeting mine. As he came closer, something caught my attention amidst his otherwise impeccable appearance. A long scar ran down his left eye, rendering it entirely white. To me, it appeared sightless, yet it added to the enigmatic and dangerous aura that surrounded him.*

*“Real peace doesn’t come from taking the easy way out, boy. Ever heard about the sweetness of revenge?” he asked.*

*“Revenge?”*

*“I believe it’s time for you to settle the score with those who’ve wronged you. One by one, they should come to realize that their actions have created their own worst nightmares, don’t you think?” he suggested.*

*“I... I don’t have the means for that.”*

*“That’s perfectly fine. That’s why people like me exist,” he elucidated.*

*“I don’t understand.”*

*“You don’t need to. All you need to do is make a choice. Jump, boy, or let me show you why revenge is best served cold.”*

*I gazed at the water, hearing its beckoning call. As the man had conveyed, it was so simple. I merely had to shift my weight, permit myself to fall, and I could be consumed by its darkness. However, his words intrigued me. Could death truly fail to deliver true peace? Wasn’t that where we all eventually found it? As if the shadows were truly whispering my name, I turned my head, facing the man once more.*

*“You could kill me,” I proposed.*

*“Then it would all end, anyway,” he reminded me.*

*“You could sell me.”*

*“At least you’d be out of here,” he countered.*



*“You could exploit me.”*

*“I intend to.”*

*Yet his words didn't elicit the same fear that had clawed at me every time I entered my house, not knowing what awaited me. His words didn't prompt repulsion, but rather a sense of assurance, as if he truly was the salvation I had yearned for. I was confronted with a choice, and with a slight shift of my weight, I slipped from the iron bar, descending onto the stone below, locking eyes with the man before me.*

*“Good choice,” he commended. “What's your name?”*

*“Jared.”*

*“I'm Vince. Come along, I have much to show you,” he beckoned, waving me to follow.*

*I glanced over my shoulder, considering the possibility of fleeing. However, I understood what lay in store for me back in my cruel world. How could Vince's world be any worse? I turned back to Vince, who stood beside an open car door, awaiting my decision. I approached, and he slid into the backseat, the door remaining ajar. With my heart racing in my chest, I slid inside, embarking on an entirely new direction in my life.*

## CHAPTER 17

*-Jared-*

While I was familiar with Vince's first name, others who sought his services knew him as The Hunter. They enlisted his help for various tasks, but most often, they called on him to eliminate troublesome individuals—those who stood in the way of others. It wasn't always a matter of death. Sometimes, he simply orchestrated their downfall. Where else could I have drawn my inspiration from? It emanated from the heart of darkness itself.

I ascended the white stone steps, rapping on the door. It creaked open, revealing a housemaid. We exchanged no words as I entered the mansion, my helmet held in my hand. I climbed one of the half-circle staircases, allowing my fingers to trail along the golden railing. Memories flooded back, recalling the first time I had done just that. Vince was a master of shadows, a man who knew how to dwell in the darkness. This house had been his haven for as long as I could remember, yet he owned other sanctuaries around the world.

While the very sight of the house could send shivers down anyone's spine, it bestowed upon me a sense of tranquility. Once, it had been the only refuge I had discovered. The sole place where I could escape sleeping with a knife beneath my pillow, should my father stagger into my room. Or perhaps that wasn't accurate. The habit of sleeping with a weapon never quite disappeared. Vince wasn't without his share of enemies—those who sought to destroy his empire or simply wanted to obliterate the obstacle he posed. So, the knife remained, yet I no longer harbored dread of the same monster barging into my room, drunk and unhinged. Here, within these walls, I tasted a freedom I had never before experienced. Here, I discovered what it meant not to be used in the same way, but to understand how to wield power.

Upon reaching the top of the staircase, I ascended yet another flight before arriving at a lengthy corridor. I traversed its length until I reached a pair of imposing double doors. I knocked on one, the resonating sound soon to be replaced by Vince's distinctive dark voice from within. I pushed the door open, entering and subsequently shutting it behind me. As anticipated, he sat in his chair, engrossed in significant documents that I had no knowledge of what contained. A smile curved his lips as he noticed my entrance. He lowered the paper in his grasp, a subtle tremor betraying the illness that had taken root within him.

“Ah, there you are, Jared,” he greeted. “You're never late.”

“It's a special day,” I reminded him.

“Special,” he mused, trying to decipher my words. Then realization dawned on him, remembering the phase of my plan I had now reached. “Is she with you now?”

“She is,” I confirmed.

“And here I am, pulling you away from the pleasures of your games.”

“I come when you call,” I replied.

“You do. That’s why I like you,” he remarked, pointing at me, his hand trembling. He noticed the tremor and stretched his hand, a futile attempt to still it—a gesture that anyone who hadn’t come to terms with their diagnosis would make.

“How are you feeling?” I asked.

“I feel like an old man,” he replied with a teasing smile.

“Fortunately, medicine is always—”

“Save me the lecture, Jared,” he sighed, raising his shaking hand. “I’m well aware of the strides medicine has made, and while my Parkinson’s is slow to progress, it’s progressing. With or without medication, I’m going to die.”

“But you’re taking your medicine, right?” I asked.

His smile widened. “Concerned about me, son?”

“Not at all. Just waiting to see when the seat will be ready for me.”

He burst into laughter, giving a nod of approval.

“Who says you’ll even be next?” he teased, eliciting a smile from me.

Vince had no reason to fear me. Although I relished the comfort and warmth this house had provided me, I had no aspirations of stepping into his shoes. He could choose another successor to carry on his legacy in due course. It was unfortunate that he had received such a diagnosis. He always appeared so unyielding, and now something internal was waging a battle against him. I had expected his downfall to come in the form of a bullet or a concealed blade—perhaps a fatal beating—but no, now his own body was betraying him, ultimately leading to his demise. However, I couldn't see Vince accepting the aid of others, languishing in a nursing home. More likely, he'd take matters into his own hands long before it reached that point. He would accomplish what I hadn't been able to—a fate for which I was now profoundly grateful. The pleasure of administering this sweet revenge was immeasurable. I was relieved I hadn't succumbed to ending it all, as it allowed me to truly find the peace I had yearned for.

“You're right. Maybe I should just kill you now and take it,” I replied playfully.

His smile took on a darker edge. “Prefer you over some bastard out there I don't even know.”

“You always did say there was more honor in being killed by a friend.”

“I did say that. There is,” he concurred, nodding as he recollected imparting that wisdom to me. “At least I wouldn't feel ashamed that a stranger managed to get so close to me. I

can envision a friend stabbing me in the back, but a street thug? I'll pass."

I offered a slight nod, a small smile playing on my lips. Yet in the depths of my heart, a pang of sadness resonated, acknowledging that his time on this earth had been shortened. He wasn't the same young man I had encountered. Time had flowed on, and we both had grown older. The future remained in uncertainty, and sometimes its revelations left us stunned.

"So is that why you needed me? Are you ready for death?" I asked.

"I have been ready for a long time," he replied, the dim light making him seem truly a part of the darkness, as if it had claimed half his face.

"Then," I began, taking one of my guns, which made him laugh and shake his head.

"Not tonight. Not yet."

I understood that if he hesitated to pull the trigger, he'd turn to me. I was the preferred choice over everyone else. I comprehended the rationale behind this preference. Strangely, we shared numerous similarities. However, his life's purpose wasn't confined to seeking retribution against those who had wronged him. He had already fulfilled that in his younger years. After exacting his revenge, he set his sights on grander ambitions. He often questioned me about what lay beyond. Yet, my concern was the present, the outcomes it could yield for me—particularly the gratification I sought. I had claimed Alison's body in various ways, and I anticipated her awaiting

me at home, eager to partake further. I knew that tonight would stir my adrenaline, and what better way to conclude the evening than by fucking my slave until she was so filled with my cum that it incessantly flowed from her?

“What can I help with tonight?” I asked.

“Someone came a little too close,” he told me.

“Close?”

“To something that didn’t belong to them. Normally, I do not care who people sleep with, but when the girl is 15 and the daughter of a very important politician, and the fucker is over 40, I get a little pissed.”

I tightened my grip on the gun, a sense of darkness spreading within me. There was one thing that resonated with both of us—a profound disdain for disgusting perverts. Those were the people we didn't hesitate to eliminate. And given that the father couldn't soil his own hands with blood, who better to turn to than Vince? His clientele extended beyond just those from the slums. Even those needing to maintain their public image sought his services.

“Fast or slow?” I questioned.

Vince smiled, throwing his shaking hands to the side.

“That’s up to you, but as always—”

“Discreetly.”

“That’s right,” he said, nodding approvingly. “If you hurry, you might make it back to your prisoner before morning. I

don't expect you will drag him with you back to where you keep the sweet flower."

"No, the only man in that house with her will be me."

"The delightful taste of revenge."

"I'm far from done," I stated.

"You will make her life go up in flames in the end, won't you? You won't be satisfied until you push her to the brink you reached."

"You're right. I want her to have nothing left. She needs to know what that feels like," I agreed.

"Well, don't let me delay you. You will find the target in one of my hotels. It's all arranged and easy for you to take care of," Vince told me.

I nodded in acceptance.

"Oh, but son," he called out, making me turn my head as he stopped me from leaving so soon. "I'm sure I don't have to tell you this, but the thing about revenge is that in order not to be swallowed up by it, you must find a way to let go in the end."

I looked puzzled at him, not understanding what he meant.

"Isn't that why all your loved ones are dead?" I questioned, making him smile a little.

"Yes, but this is different. How many years have you spent obsessing over this moment?" he asked.

"I have been planning."



“You have thought about her 24 hours a day for years, waiting for the right moment to strike. Now you have her, and I bet the feeling of being on top is euphoric, but don’t forget how it ends.”

“I don’t understand,” I replied, puzzled. “I know how it ends.”

“Can you let her go in the end?” he asked. “Women have a way of complicating things, especially one you have been obsessed with for years.”

“I have hated her for years, planning how to pay her back. That’s different,” I defended.

“Sure, son, that’s different,” he conceded, yet his tone lacked the conviction it should have carried.

“She will go back to nothing but ashes, and nothing will save her then.”

“You want her to come crying to you so you can shut the door in her face?” he asked.

“That is what I aim for,” I assured him.

“Good, then I have nothing more to say. I’m just making sure you know that these things can sometimes take over, make us want to prolong the sweet pain because even to us it’s addictive. We understand pain, and once it takes on a pleasing taste, that’s when we truly cannot stop inflicting it.”

“You have nothing to worry about. She disgusts me.”

“Well, then I won’t delay you any further. Proceed,” he told me, sweeping his hand through the air.

I bid Vince goodbye, telling him to call me the next time he needed me before I left his house.

## CHAPTER 18

*-Jared-*

I wore the dark gloves as I parked in the underground lot. Removing my helmet, I hung it on the handle before swinging my leg over the other side. Stepping toward the elevator, I pressed the up button. The doors soon chimed open, and I entered. Rising to the reception, I knew what awaited me there. Crossing the serene lobby, I approached a seemingly pleasant lady who, in reality, worked for Vince. With a courteous smile, she focused on me, slipping into her act.

“Good afternoon, sir,” she greeted.

“Afternoon.”

“Checking in?”

“Just for the night,” I confirmed.

She nodded, feigning the act of typing something into her computer. From an external perspective, everything seemed ordinary, as I had executed this process countless times in the past.

“Penthouse suite,” she noted. I acknowledged with a nod, and she retrieved a card, handing it over. “Have a pleasant stay.”

“Thank you.”

I took the card from her grip, walking toward the elevator while feeling my heart quicken its pace. The thrill coursed through my veins as I anticipated what was about to unfold. Instinctively, my body wanted to move around, seeking an outlet for the surging adrenaline, but I compelled myself to stay composed. Observing the ascending numbers, I reached the top floor. A soft chime signaled my arrival, and the doors glided open. I wasn’t surprised to find “security guards” stationed right outside the doors leading to the suite. They were ensuring that my target wouldn’t leave tonight if he tried.

“Has he made any attempt to leave?” I asked.

One of them shook his head.

“He’s clueless about what’s coming for him,” one of the men responded.

I nodded, a smile forming on my lips, as the person to my right handed me a mask. This wasn’t about concealing my identity. This was Vince’s domain. The place lacked cameras, and the dark mask molded into a skull shape exuded a lethal aura. I accepted it, donning the mask before reaching for my gun. The person on my left handed me a silencer, which I screwed onto the muzzle of the gun. Armed with the card that granted me access, I headed toward my target’s room. Quietly, I slipped into the shadowy entrance. It didn’t take long before

the sound of a voice reached my ears, emanating from deeper within the room. Moving cautiously, I reached the living area. Peeking around a corner, I spotted my target seated in front of the TV, engaged in a phone call. Vince had left the choice to me, whether to hasten or prolong this process. Usually, the decision was straightforward, particularly for scum like this man. But now I had something waiting for me—a precious reward. I had a decision to make. Would I execute this swiftly or savor the moment? Nothing was quite like having someone completely at my mercy, knowing that not even death could free them from their fate. However, did I want to torment this bastard, or did I yearn to return to what awaited me at home? Alison certainly held an allure, yet I sensed a primal beast stirring within me, something even she couldn't quell.

Moving silently, ensuring no sound betrayed my presence, I crept up behind my target. Oblivious to his impending doom, he remained utterly clueless, engrossed in his conversation. He hadn't the faintest inkling that someone had marked a conspicuous red X on his back. He shouldn't have dared to lay a finger on that young girl, and now the reckoning was upon him.

I drew back my arm, delivering a forceful blow with the end of my gun against the side of his head. He slumped unconscious, falling onto the couch. The call he had been on still rambled, and I allowed the voice to continue until I witnessed the phone's screen darken. It was better to assume the connection had been lost. Stooping down, I seized his phone. Powering it down completely, I stashed it inside my

jacket before starting my work. Clearing a space in the center of the living room, I noticed that the curtains had already been drawn. Fetching a chair, I positioned it in the middle, atop a carpet that would likely be discarded afterward. There was a reason Vince had orchestrated my target's demise within his hotel. How he had arranged for my target to check in at that specific time was beyond me, but it didn't matter. Perhaps it was the very person who had hired me that had orchestrated the circumstances, ensuring my target was exactly where he needed to be. My task was to handle the grim particulars and erase all traces.

I located some cables to bind the target once I positioned him in the chair. Tying his hands behind his back and securing his feet to the chair legs, I then cut open his shirt, pulling it down to expose his upper arms and chest fully. Stepping back slightly, I assessed my handiwork. Approaching again, I cut a few strips from the shirt and held them in my hand, setting them aside for later use. I proceeded to turn off all the lights in the room, allowing only the TV behind me to cast an eerie glow. Taking a seat in front of the immobilized target, I observed him. He would remain unconscious for a little while longer, affording Alison a more extended respite than I desired. Yet, my insatiable little slut would have to wait, as there was someone else in dire need of retribution.



My gaze flickered to a watch further away, its time display barely discernible. The ordeal was starting to take longer than expected. Around 45 minutes had passed, and impatience was settling in. Rising from my chair, I approached the target. I gripped his jaw, redirecting his focus toward me. Time had not treated him kindly—thin white hair, a prominent beer belly, and the stench of alcohol. I shook him gently, but he remained unresponsive. Drawing back a bit, I flexed my hand and slapped him across the face, jolting him back to consciousness. Amid his confusion, I retreated to my seat and settled down. I allowed him to grapple with his surroundings, to survey the scene and absorb every detail. When his eyes eventually landed on me, a surge of anticipation surged through me. I was eager to begin. A faint voice in my head started chanting the word “kill”. I recognized this as the awakening of the beast within.

*Kill, kill, kill...*

It might be assumed that the voice emerged when I distanced myself from the wretched life that I had endured by joining Vince, but the true catalyst behind this voice was something far more sinister. Alison was responsible for its beginning, as my mind had been consumed for years with fantasies of wrapping my hands around her throat and squeezing the life from her. Death, however, was far too merciful. That’s why I favored a slow approach, unless more pressing matters demanded my attention.

“Who the hell are you?” my target demanded to know.

I remained silent, seated as immobile as a statue, poised like a predator preparing to strike. My target cast another nervous glance around, seeking answers that would not materialize. There was only him and me in this dark room.

“Listen, I-I don’t know who you are, but I can double whatever they paid you. You don’t even have to reveal your name. Just release me, and we can resolve this,” he pleaded.

Quick to barter for his freedom, his desperation returned as I continued my motionless position.

“Hey! Are you listening?” he growled. “I can pay you!”

I cared not for his tainted wealth, earned through his perverse deeds. My sole intent was for him to comprehend the agony he had inflicted upon that unfortunate girl.

“Listen, whoever sent you, you’re making a grave error by aiding them,” he threatened. “Do you have any idea who I am?”

The familiar script unfolded. First, confusion washed over him, followed by desperate pleading, then escalating anger and, finally, threats. Yet all his words faded into nothingness as I prepared to begin my work. Rising from my seat with deliberate slowness, I observed the widening of his eyes. I began to circle him, allowing him to taste the fear of being hunted. Catching him off guard was essential. During my circuit around him, I twisted the cloth fragments together in my hand. Swiftly, I seized his hair and thrust the makeshift gag into his mouth, causing him to choke on it. My knife materialized in my hand, drawn from its sheath on my thigh,



and in a single fluid motion, I drove it into his thigh. A scream tore from his throat, his body contorting in agony. I pressed the fabric deeper into his mouth, smothering his cries. Overwhelmed by pain, he writhed, the chair screeching a discordant symphony in response. I chose to leave the knife embedded in his thigh, ensuring he wouldn't bleed out too swiftly. As his gag reflex was triggered, he began to cough, and I removed the cloth to prevent him from choking on his own vomit. He leaned to the side, expelling the contents of his stomach. A faint smile played on my lips as I effortlessly returned to my seat and settled back down. Once his bout of vomiting subsided, he turned his eyes to me, his expression a mix of bewilderment and fear.

“Why are you doing this?” he croaked.

I leaned my chair back slightly, adopting a supremely relaxed posture. I recognized the provocative effect of appearing so at ease, as if this were all just a game. In my mind, that's precisely what it was. A game I thoroughly reveled in playing.

“Why the hell are you doing this?” he shouted.

It was consistently satisfying to witness them posing this question. Deep down, they comprehended precisely why I had come for them. Yet, confessing their heinous deeds as actual crimes wasn't within their inclination. To do so would force them to acknowledge the unacceptability of their actions. No human relished the knowledge that they had erred. It's a universal trait. We thrived on the assurance of our

righteousness, and the power of denial and futile fabrications was a powerful tool to transform wrongdoing into justified actions.

*No, she wanted it...*

*She didn't say no...*

*She resisted only a little...*

*I only had to plead a hundred times to coax her into my bed...*

*If she didn't want attention, she shouldn't have dressed provocatively...*

Attackers understood when they'd done something wrong. They recognized their actions as unacceptable. Yet with a handful of excuses, they could even convince themselves that what they'd done was not just acceptable but warranted. Shift blame onto the victim and liberate oneself from guilt. That's where people like Vince and I came in. In one form or another, a reckoning was always due, and I was there to collect. I never proclaimed moral superiority. I never painted myself as the hero masked as the villain. I was the villain. I had coerced a woman into surrendering her autonomy right to me, granting me the authority to treat her as I pleased. I had hunted down all my past tormentors and systematically dismantled their lives. Alison, however, never anticipated my move. She had distanced herself from most of them, and I took care to ensure my intervention wasn't glaringly evident. Fortunately, shattering people's lives proved astonishingly simple. One small, dark secret revealed, and they crumbled. With someone

like Alison, a bit more was necessary, and that's what appealed to me about biding my time before confronting her. It evolved into a twisted game that I delighted in playing.

“Answer me!” my target demanded.

I didn't. He wasn't worthy of an answer. The torment of not understanding the reason behind your suffering was a mental anguish. I rose from my seat, distancing myself from him. He shouted after me, seeking insight into my intentions. I approached a small table adorned with various selections of tea and coffee. Filling the kettle with water, I activated it, the sound of the water simmering filling the air. He comprehended the unfolding scenario and struggled to break free from his restraints, yet his efforts were in vain.

“Seriously! This doesn't have to happen!” he pleaded.

I disregarded his pleas, awaiting the water to reach the ideal temperature. Once the kettle emitted a beep indicating its readiness, I chose a cup. A small teabag found its way into the cup, immersed in the hot water. An inviting fragrance wafted up, tickling my senses. Returning to my target with the cup in hand, I settled down before him, cupping it, his expression showing his confusion.

“If all you were after was some tea, you could've just asked,” he joked nervously, attempting to lighten the atmosphere and momentarily evade the dire circumstances he found himself in. Continuing to steep the teabag in the warm water, the aroma grew more potent. He observed, bewildered, shifting his gaze between my eyes and the teabag. Having

prolonged the moment sufficiently, I stood up once more. Waiting until I stood behind him, I lifted the mask a fraction, savoring a sip of the tea.

“Ah, excellent tea,” I remarked.

“Wait, did you just sp—Ah!” Anticipating the instant he turned his head toward me, I flicked my wrist, unleashing scalding tea all over his face. Ensuring I clung to the teabag’s string, I emptied its contents onto him. Grabbing the steaming teabag, I discarded the cup, letting it shatter against the floor. Swiftly, I inserted my fingers into his mouth and proceeded to stuff the scorching bag inside, muffling his screams by pressing his jaw closed to prevent him from expelling it. I bided my time, waiting for the bag’s temperature to drop, searing his mouth, before finally relenting and withdrawing it. Readjusting my mask, I returned to my position, a sense of satisfaction filling me as I observed him expel the bag, his cries resonating from the pain. A smile spread across my face as I nestled back and got comfortable.

“It’s not enjoyable when something’s forced into you, is it?” I taunted, adopting a darker tone than my customary one. He leaned forward, saliva dripping from his mouth, evidence of the difficulty he faced in even closing it. Gradually, he raised his gaze from the floor, directing his focus upon me.

“W-What?” he croaked, my words providing the only hint I would offer him. Once more, I vacated my seat, forcing him backward into the chair’s backrest, eliciting a groan from him. Seizing the knife’s handle, I observed his eyes widen as they

locked onto my grip. Desperation fueled his head-shaking, a clear desire to prevent me from removing it. Swiftly, I acted, withdrawing the knife in one fluid motion, eliciting an ear-piercing scream. To stifle his cries, I pressed my hand against his mouth, muffling the agonized wails. After waving the knife's tip in front of him, I pressed it against his chest's surface. All the while maintaining pressure on his mouth with my other hand, I began to inscribe—in a rather sloppy manner—sizeable letters onto his chest.

## P R E D A T O R

I pulled back once more, surveying my handiwork and relishing the sight of blood coursing down from the wounds etched onto his chest. His tears flowed more profusely now, and amid his tearful gaze, he attempted to decipher the message I had carved. However, his sobs grew louder as comprehension dawned upon him upon reading the word. Witnessing a man cry so pathetically was undeniably gratifying. Curiously, a woman's tears failed to evoke the same response within me. Yet, observing a man who had assumed himself the sovereign of the world crumble into a pitiful imbecile provided a satisfaction beyond expression. The anticipation of returning home to quell this dark desire that had surged within me was overpowering. I knew that the instant Alison came into view, my longing would be fiercer than ever. Taking her would be fast and hard.

“Why are you subjecting me to this?” he wailed loudly, though deep down, he was well aware of the answer. Sometimes, allowing denial to triumph was our way of

navigating life. There were moments when ignorance truly proved to be bliss. I strolled past my incapacitated target, proceeding to retrieve the remaining scalding water. As much as I would have preferred to auction off this scum for mere pennies, allowing him to experience the agony of a cock thrust into him in confined spaces, my orders were to execute. I could indulge to a point, but not beyond. The water's temperature had waned slightly, yet it retained its steaminess. I emptied it onto his back, causing his screams to intensify in volume. Grabbing the remote control, I amplified the TV's volume before emptying the remaining water upon him. His skin turned a vibrant crimson akin to that of a lobster, and his pleas for mercy echoed around me. However, his mercy would be given solely on my terms.

## CHAPTER 19

*-Jared-*

I wiped my knife clean on my target's pants, noticing how his head drooped forward. Blood was trickling from his wounds, and his body wore blisters from the scalding. A smile crept across my face as I gazed upon the lifeless form before me. We had engaged in this macabre dance for slightly over an hour—a conclusion that arrived sooner than I desired. Yet, the symphony of his screams only heightened my anticipation for other cries I yearned to hear. However, there was still work to be done before I could depart. The task of cleaning up lay ahead. Safely stowing my knife, I removed my mask and cast it onto the floor. Gently untying my victim, I pushed the chairs aside and carefully laid him on the carpet. Disassembling the chairs, I placed the pieces beside the dead target, bundling everything together. Vince would need to invest in new furniture, a cost he likely didn't find bothersome. After securing the body within the carpet, I approached the door, where the big goons remained stationed.

“All that’s left is to handle the disposal,” I informed them. “I’ll update the boss.”

The two massive security guards entered the room, and I retrieved my phone to dial Vince’s number. He greeted me without the formality of a hello—as always.

“It’s finished,” I reported, capturing the sound of his breathing before the call abruptly ended.

I pocketed my phone and found the target’s device. Descending via the elevator to the lobby, I encountered the same woman who still occupied her position. She offered a polite smile as I approached her, holding out my target’s phone.

“I stumbled upon this lying around. I trust you’ll see to its proper handling and ensure it reaches its intended destination,” I conveyed.

“Absolutely, sir. Our guests’ possessions are always treated with the utmost care,” she responded, her demeanor gracious.

I nodded in approval and then departed, taking the elevator down to where my motorcycle was parked. As I straddled the bike, I noticed the faint specks of blood on my gloves. Swiftly removing them, I tucked them into my jacket before donning my helmet and igniting the engine. The time had come to claim my ultimate reward.

I accelerated beyond the legal speed limit, the rush of adrenaline coursing through me, urging me to reach home as swiftly as possible to reunite with Alison. As my residence



came into view, my excitement intensified, brimming with the prospect of having her by my side once more. Parking my motorcycle in the garage, I dismounted eagerly. Swiftly removing my helmet, I ascended to the next floor. Entering the room where she was held, I found her slumbering beneath the small blanket. It appeared my recent exertions had left her drained. With a faint smile, I slipped past her and hastened to the shower, determined to rid myself of the taint of my grim endeavor. While I intended to savor the upcoming weeks of torment, I harbored no desire for the predatory blood to sully her. I alone would mark her.

Yet, the shower proved brief, for my arousal had reached such heights that it felt as though my cock could pound nails. I knew that a single glimpse of her would intensify the throbbing ache. Lowering my hand, I caressed myself momentarily, further stoking the fire within me. The heat in my veins surged even more. Exiting the shower with haste, I returned to her private chamber of suffering. Approaching the cage, I unlocked it. The sound of the lock roused her from slumber, her eyes widening in alarm. Much like a stray cat trapped in unfamiliar territory, she instinctively retreated to the rear of the enclosure, seeking refuge from me.

*-Alison-*

I couldn't pinpoint when I had drifted into sleep. I knew I shouldn't have allowed it. The shock that coursed through me when I heard the fumbling of the lock wasn't a pleasant awakening. Observing Jared seated there, naked and with a very hard cock, I understood what was on the horizon. That's

why I shouldn't have allowed myself to succumb to slumber. Alas, it wasn't a choice I controlled, as my body was utterly spent, desperately needing a break. Since morning, I hadn't consumed sustenance. The exhaustion had overwhelmed me, while Jared appeared ablaze with determination. His trembling form, the jitteriness in his almost unsteady hands as he tampered with the lock, indicated that something had provoked him into this state. Whatever had ignited his fervor, he was unmistakably ready to continue. I attempted to shield myself by retreating to the farthest corner of the cage, clutching the blanket around me. However, he seized the blanket from my grasp, discarding it with ease. Then his hand advanced, darting toward me. In a feeble attempt to fend him off, I aimed a kick his way, my strength having returned. His laughter reverberated as I struggled to project a façade of strength. He effortlessly overpowered my resistance, drawing me into his grasp.

“No! Let me go!” I shouted, although my protests were futile against his strength.

“Alison, I hope you haven't forgotten what I hold over you,” he reminded me.

At his words, a shiver ran through me. I had momentarily forgotten the leverage he had. There was a reason I had agreed to that contract. If I failed to comply with its terms, he could easily expose my dark secrets, dismantling my life piece by piece. I sighed, my head falling back in resignation. He released my legs, allowing them to dangle outside the cage, while my body remained confined. Jared surprised me by

walking away, settling onto the bed and reclining against his hands.

“Come here, my little slut,” he beckoned, a wave of his hand inviting me toward him.

“It's late.” I scrambled for an excuse, hoping to deter him, but his desire was evident.

“24 hours a day,” he reminded me with a smirk. “Whenever and wherever I want.”

He extended his hand, stroking himself as he observed me. I was taken aback by the warmth of desire that surged within me, a reminder of what had occurred earlier. But that warmth was tinged with cold shame. I hadn't had a moment to process our actions, too exhausted at the time, yet now I was wide awake. Fuck, what had I done? Multiple times? What sort of person had I become? I knew seeking an answer to that question would only lead to turmoil. Yet I couldn't ignore the undeniable truth of what had transpired between us—something Jared seemed eager to repeat.

“Alison,” he groaned, his voice thick with desire and darkness. I was even more taken aback when my body responded with an intense clench as he uttered my name. His voice held an almost desperate edge, as if he danced on the edge of ecstasy but restrained himself. “Now!”

His voice dropped even lower, dripping with authority. The command was crystal clear. I sighed, acknowledging my lack of options. I exited the cage and stood up, ready to follow his lead, but he shook his head.

“What?” I questioned. “You wanted me out. I'm out.”

“Down on your knees. Crawl to your Master, like a good little slut craving more of his cock.”

I stared at him in disbelief as he continued those deliberate strokes along his hard length, putting on a tantalizing display that was almost impossible to avert my gaze from.

“Proceed,” he demanded.

With an exasperated eye roll, I surrendered to my knees and started a deliberate crawl toward him. His eyes gleamed with undeniable pleasure at the sight of my obedient approach. As I neared, he let go of his cock. He extended his hand to seize a fistful of my hair, drawing me closer.

“Open,” his command resonated.

Without hesitation, I complied, and he pulled me onto him, thrusting himself deep within, triggering an involuntary gag reflex.

“Fuck, you can handle so little. Did your husband never teach you the art of deepthroating?” he groaned, his grip unyielding. “We’ll be working on that.”

His breath seemed uneven, desire coiling around him in a relentless embrace. He controlled my movements, manipulating my mouth as he ravished it, choosing domination over gratification. My throat emitted muted sounds of protest in response to the rough treatment, his girthy shaft invading my mouth and stretching my lips. Yielding control to Jared to such an extent was a departure from my usual behavior. I was

accustomed to a reciprocal dynamic, asserting myself as well. Yet, in this moment, I had transformed into nothing more than a plaything at his disposal.

His tempo intensified, propelling my head in a rhythmic rhythm. A certain shift occurred within him after he reentered the room. His grip became almost painful in its intensity, each thrust propelling him deeper than I could comfortably accommodate. However, he teetered on the edge, the impending climax gripping him with urgency. A primal moan escaped him as he succumbed to orgasm, a release that surged rapidly through him, spilling into my throat. The rapidity of the events overwhelmed me, and a trace of his release trickled from the corners of my mouth as I tried to swallow every drop.

He appeared notably more at ease afterward, his grip around me relaxing as he gently lifted me off him. Tilting my head backward, he brushed his thumb over my lips before offering me what remained of his cum. I dutifully cleansed him. It was perplexing to witness the calm smile that graced his lips. I had never seen Jared in such a state. His smiles were an anomaly. His expressions usually oscillated between dark smirks, replete with taunts and control. Now, his smile was almost uncontainable, exuding a semblance of genuine happiness. Yet, beneath that façade lay an unsettling darkness. I couldn't discern the source of his contentment, but it was evident it didn't stem from cuddling with puppies and kittens.

“Much better,” he exhaled.

“Back in the cage?” I retorted.

“No, I’m hungry. Shower and get dressed.”

He distanced himself from me, leaving me there feeling used. Oddly enough, feeling used seemed preferable to feeling gratified. At least this time, he wasn’t propelling me further into the embrace of shame.

“In what exactly?” I asked.

He strode to a dresser, extracting some clothing. I observed him retrieve a white object, tossing it to me. I caught it, assuming it was a chance to finally cover myself. However, upon inspection, it became clear that wasn’t the case.

“An apron?”

“You’re cooking,” he declared.

I groaned. I realized he wanted me to cook while being naked. At least I could be grateful that he allowed me that shower and the chance to change my bandage. Once he was dressed again in casual attire and I was begrudgingly adorned in the humiliating apron, he seized my arm, escorting us downstairs. He grasped my arm firmly, making sure I didn’t attempt to venture anywhere else.

“It’s the middle of the night,” I pointed out.

“Yes, and I’m hungry.”

He guided me into a spacious kitchen, the interior design exuding a sense of elegance with its gray and white marble counters. Everything appeared barely used, which sparked suspicions in me—was this house purchased a long time ago or more recently? Maybe he had acquired it solely for this

purpose. One month, and then he'd be out of my life. That thought propelled me forward. Jared took a seat by a substantial kitchen island, observing me closely. I knew exactly where his gaze was fixated, and it wasn't on the tiny heart tattoo I had between my shoulder blades, although he did take notice of it.

“When did you get that heart?” he asked.

“Back in college.”

“A heart tattoo and a husband,” he mused.

“I didn't meet my husband until my last year of college, and we weren't even on the same campus.”

As I began rummaging through the fridge for ingredients, a faint tapping sound echoed. I was famished, so I fervently hoped he planned to permit me to eat as well. Cooking wasn't exactly my forte. We usually had private chefs and frequently dined out, but I did know my way around the kitchen to some extent. I decided to prepare a substantial portion of fried meat and vegetables. An enticing aroma began permeating the kitchen, and my gnawing hunger became quite apparent. I stole a glance behind me, noticing Jared still observing me while idly tapping his finger against the marble countertop. I shook my head, not particularly appreciating his intense scrutiny—it was rather distracting.

“I thought the blowjob would have calmed you more,” I quipped, eliciting a small chuckle from him as he found my words amusing.

“It takes a lot before I calm down.”

“Don’t tell me you’re ready again so soon,” I sighed.

“No, as I told you, I’m hungry, and I tend to get very impatient when I’m hungry.”

“I’m assuming your outing wasn’t for a dinner date then.”

“No, it wasn’t,” he confirmed.

I glanced to the side, a surge of curiosity compelling me to speak. “What was it then?”

Casting a sidelong glance over my shoulder, I witnessed the side of his mouth twitch slightly.

“Not a dinner date,” he answered.

I should have anticipated that response, yet a sliver of hope had lingered. I returned my attention to the food, preparing it swiftly before arranging it on a single plate, allowing some to remain in the pot. I pushed the plate toward him and handed him a fork. He accepted it all with a satisfied expression, delving into his meal.

“You do realize that if I’m to make it through this month without perishing, I need sustenance as well,” I reminded him.

“I’m aware,” he acknowledged, though he showed no indication that he would allow me to partake in a meal.

“And?” I pressed.

“Do you believe you hold the same value as me at this moment, Alison?”

“What?”



“Consider this a ranking system between us. The king feasts first, followed by his subjects, and then come the slaves,” he elucidated.

I groaned, leaning forward on my arms in a manner that made the front of the apron gap open. As I lifted my head, I noticed his gaze dropping down toward the space between my breasts. They weren't overly small or excessively large—more in the middle—but that meant there was enough to catch attention. Hastily, I pulled back, ensuring I wasn't revealing any more to him. I crossed my arms and leveled a stern glare at him.

“So, I literally have to wait until you're finished? You do realize you wouldn't need to wait for me if I could eat alongside you,” I pointed out.

“I'm aware,” he responded.

“So?”

“You get to stand there until I'm done,” he declared with a smirk.

## CHAPTER 20

*-Jared-*

I didn't mind waiting for Alison to finish her meal. Observing her was something I enjoyed, understanding the discomfort it stirred within her. It was akin to being scrutinized by a predator's gaze, causing her to fidget. So, I took pleasure in watching her while she ate. However, I deliberately savored my food, making Alison wait. The persistent growling of her stomach was impossible to ignore, but a dog ate when its master allowed it to. In this scenario, I dictated when she ate. Having such control over her frustrated her immensely. Surrendering the ability to nourish oneself was an unpleasant experience. However, my intention wasn't to starve her. I aimed to demonstrate who was in charge and that she possessed no freedom within this house. I even determined when she could perform basic tasks, including using the bathroom. The absolute physical control I had over her made her feel insignificant, trapped, and devoid of any escape. It was precisely how I had felt all those years ago. There had

been no way out. If Vince hadn't intervened, I might have taken my own life, and my demise would have likely evoked little sorrow. It was a melancholic realization, knowing my absence from the world would have been met with indifference. I wouldn't have been surprised if they vandalized my gravestone, assuming anyone even organized a funeral. I had been a nobody, yet that same nobody had hunted down each of those who had made my life a living nightmare. Soon, I intended to unveil a carefully crafted presentation to Alison. The contents of the slideshow were bound to leave her profoundly shocked.

“Okay, I've finished eating,” I announced.

Alison remained standing, arms crossed, a finger rhythmically tapping her arm.

“Finally,” she exhaled, seemingly ready to turn back to her food, but I cleared my throat.

She turned toward me, displaying a puzzled expression.

“First, clean this up, slave,” I instructed.

“I need to clear my own plate. Wouldn't it make more sense to wait?” she countered.

I shook my head.

“That logic doesn't hold, Jared.”

“Master,” I corrected her.

“Fine, that logic doesn't hold, Master,” she retorted with a hint of mockery.

“I don’t appreciate your tone or your resistance to a direct order. Perhaps I should discard the remaining food.”

As I brought the food into play and the possibility of her missing out, she swiftly seized my plate, cleaning up the remnants. Observing as she bent over, slotting the plate into the dishwasher, a slight quickening of my blood occurred, though I needed a more extended respite. The surge of pent-up desire that had been released in a forceful climax, filling Alison’s throat once more, demanded a longer recovery period. Nevertheless, this didn’t stop me from maintaining the intensity of my gaze on her, savoring the spectacle of her humiliation. I was aware of her aversion to the sole apron-clad state, a state that left her completely open to me. I knew I would find great enjoyment in her being constantly naked, ready for me to bend her over any surface. Although self-initiated exploration was off-limits, should I choose to relocate her, the game wouldn’t end—it would simply shift its location.

Alison briefly met my gaze as she arranged the soiled items. My sweeping hand gesture conveyed her freedom to serve herself a meal. Promptly, she selected a plate and loaded it with food. Her hunger spurred her to voraciously consume her sustenance while standing. A pleasurable hum underscored her dining experience. I acknowledged the considerable extent to which I had pushed her limits today, yet food paled in comparison to the more captivating prospects on my mind. I acknowledged that I needed to exert more self-discipline. As she neared the end of her meal, I discreetly rose from my seat, approaching her from behind. Placing my hands on her hips

and drawing her closer, I elicited a surprised gasp as her gaze met mine.

“More?” she ventured, curiosity tinging her voice.

I smiled, shaking my head, and she directed her attention to the remnants of her meal. As she swallowed the final bite, I leaned in, brushing her long hair aside, and allowed my lips to trace along her neck. The gentle gesture was bound to baffle her. She likely struggled to fathom my intentions. If my goal was to engage in another round, why didn't I simply take her forcefully and have my way? However, my aims were different. Gradually, one of my hands ventured lower, gliding down the side of her thigh before leisurely ascending along the front. The motion of my hand caused the apron to lift, unveiling more of her form.

“Jared...” she began, her voice trailing off in a mixture of uncertainty and inquiry.

“Master,” I corrected, my words emerging as a dark and whispered murmur, delivered directly into her ear as I toyed with her.

“W-What are you doing?” she whispered, although she was undoubtedly aware of my intentions. We needed to conclude this night in the most gratifying manner imaginable, a scenario where Alison found herself flushed with both pleasure and embarrassment. She wasn't keen on experiencing another orgasm at my hands. She already felt humiliated enough by the fact I was only person to make her come with my skilled tongue. Yet, I was determined to ensure that she found release

once more, right here in the kitchen, after having diligently served me food. The scenario would be so intimately intense that it would leave her profoundly affected. This game was about more than claiming her body. It was about gradually dismantling the barriers within her mind. My goal was for her to shatter, to witness her succumb to emotional turmoil. I wanted to reduce her to a state where she knelt before me, begging me to halt the exquisite torment. I yearned to experience the transformation, watching her come undone much like she had rendered me powerless and driven to beg for mercy.

My hand slid even higher, poised to find her sensitive spot, but she skillfully evaded me by using the excuse of cleaning, distancing herself. However, as she bent forward, she inadvertently presented herself in a vulnerable posture, inviting retribution. I responded by delivering a firm smack to her backside as punishment, propelling her slightly forward so that she had to clutch the kitchen counter's edge for balance. Stunned, she turned to face me, her eyes aflame with anger.

“I wasn't finished,” I asserted, my hand snaking out to encircle her throat, drawing her nearer. “You don't walk away when your Master is about to grant you release.”

“I don't see the need for it at the moment.”

“I see every need for it. The thought of going to sleep while you remain agitated with guilt brings me immense satisfaction. You know that you hate I possess the capability to bring you pleasure, my little slut. But I'm already well acquainted with

the specific movements that you enjoy having your clit rubbed.”

Her cheeks flushed an even deeper hue. Knowing that I already understood her intimate needs was a revelation difficult to grapple with. She attempted to extricate herself, yet I clutched her harder, assuring that she remained confined.

“Bend over,” I instructed.

“What?” she exclaimed.

“Your disobedience has earned you a lesson. Bad sluts don’t get to come. They get punished,” I reminded her.

With a glare brimming with resentment, she met my gaze. But my retort was a gratified smile, savoring the discomfort I had brought her.

“You’re despicable,” she uttered, her sole response before wrenching herself away, and I permitted her escape. I observed her leaning over the kitchen island, her ass bared. Diverting my gaze, I spotted a spatula. Unbeknownst to Alison, I snatched it up before I began the disciplinary strikes. The initial resounding impact caught her off-guard, and she emitted a startled cry, unprepared for the intensity of the blow.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed, then glancing over her shoulder, she was greeted by subsequent punishing smacks, forming a repetitive sequence. The intensity diminished as I sought to transform the searing ache into a tantalizing throb she couldn’t resist. However, the sharp sting began to overwhelm her. I discerned the quiver in her form as her ass and upper thighs

assumed a hue reminiscent of my target tonight. The connection between the two only stoked the powerful darkness within me. A darkness born of Alison's own creation, and now it hungered for her. Flipping the spatula, I used the narrower end to trace down her damp slit. The tip got caught at her entrance and startling her with the unfamiliar sensation so close to that intimate part.

"I've accepted my punishment, Master," she breathed, her voice shaking slightly. "Is it enough for today?"

"Aren't you burning?" I taunted in a whisper. "Your pussy clenches around the handle's tip, as if yearning to consume the entire grip."

"I-I'm all right," she lied.

She was like a dog in heat, panting and striving to deny the intense longing within her, the craving for anything that would bestow pleasure. Deliberately, I inserted the handle a fraction more, eliciting a muted gasp at the intrusion. As pleasure gradually eclipsed the ache, she pushed back, accommodating more of the length.

"I thought you claimed to be fine," I reminded her.

"Please..." she implored, her voice a subdued murmur.

"Please, what?" I taunted.

She shifted, a gentle forward and then backward motion, rhythmically stimulating herself with the handle. The gestures were almost imperceptible, but I discerned them and sensed her pussy sucked the rubber grip. Fuck, even my own



composure began to unravel, overwhelmed by need for more. Yet, I persisted in observing her discreet quest for gratification. Denial was powerful, a truth I had already demonstrated tonight. My assertion remained unwavering: misbehaving sluts were denied release.

Seizing her hips, I gradually inserted the handle a fraction further, the motion making her pussy clench around it, accompanied by her groan. In a swift motion, I withdrew, leaving her panting and yearning. Discarding the spatula, she cast me a bewildered glance over her shoulder.

“Now you’ll go to sleep, turned on and on the verge of coming. Tomorrow, you’ll beg me for that orgasm,” I growled darkly, my grip on her jaw demanding her focus. “And, my sweet slut, you better put on quite the performance, or I’ll prolong your agony.”

“That’s what I desire, *Master*,” she snapped, her voice a rasp. Though she resisted the orgasm, the truth prevailed: if I hadn’t intervened, she would have driven herself to that euphoric high. The pleasure was undeniable. Her body’s insistence on it and the amplified longing that resulted from denial was a cruel combination. I knew that teasing her to the edge would prove to be a useful tool for breaking. Few things were as powerful as nearly attaining that peak of pleasure.

“We will discern what you genuinely desire when I have teased your body so much that you’re crying for it,” I countered.

“I won’t succumb so easily! You have no idea of the opponent you’ve chosen.”

I smiled, astounded by my own enjoyment of witnessing Alison’s more evil side emerge. That was the persona I sought—a version of her I yearned to punish for so long. Now she proclaimed in an irate tone that I was ignorant of my chosen opponent, but I knew. I knew Alison more intimately than anyone, perhaps even more intimately than her own family. I would shatter her resolve. And merely to incite her further, I pulled her closer, capturing her lips with mine.

## CHAPTER 21

*-Alison-*

A kiss wasn't the reaction I anticipated. I presumed he would reintroduce the spatula or use his hand for another punishment. The pain's intensity had been sharp, causing tremors that nearly compelled me to plead for mercy. Yet, I was determined not to appear weak. I accepted my punishment with dignity, though my ultimate undoing lay in the urgent yearning for the pleasure following after. The mere sensation of the handle within me incited a subtle sway of my hips, urging for more. I attempted discretion, aware that he was in clear sight of my self-indulgence. The lingering burn from the spanking was unbearable. While the strikes had moderated, a fusion of sweetness and residual sharpness was what I craved. I sought pleasure to rise from the aftermath of his ungentle handling. I knew he possessed the capacity for more forceful blows. Jared was no longer the scrawny kid overpowered by two girls.

He could administer blinding agony and force my pleading from my lips. However, that wasn't his goal. I knew his aim—

it was about slowly gaining my surrender. Rather than driving me to the brink hastily, his intention was to edge me toward it, inducing a maddening frenzy. I wouldn't shatter! I made it unequivocally clear that he was oblivious to the opponent he'd elected to confront. Yet, his response wasn't a threat, but another kiss. An astonished whimper escaped me, unprepared for its repetition. Instinctively, I sought to withdraw, as this kiss seemed even more intimate than his prior actions. I needed to stop it, trying to angle my head away. His hold on my jaw remained unyielding, his lips persistently sealing with mine. I saw no alternative and clamped my teeth onto his lower lip with such intensity that the metallic tang of blood filled my mouth. His recoil wasn't as pronounced as I'd anticipated, and his eyes betrayed little anger. He swept his tongue across the injury, erasing the blood with a faint smile.

“Why does pain bring you pleasure?” I snarled.

“You get off on it too. You taught me that.”

“No, I didn't! If you believe I derive any enjoyment from having my ass spanked so fiercely that it smolders with an inner fire, you're mistaken! I'm not a masochist-slash-sadist like yourself!” I growled.

“No, just a sadist.”

“Neither that!”

“Alison, you relish watching people grovel before you. Their utter brokenness pleases you. It brings you satisfaction. You might as well confess,” he asserted.

I had no desire to admit anything. I had evolved from the person I used to be. I was no longer the same adolescent who squandered time on foolish pranks and demeaning others. Adulthood had transformed me, and I had reshaped my life. However, Jared clung to memories of a different persona. He recalled something darker and more malevolent, and now he had embraced that darkness and malevolence, all because of me. If these weren't the traits of a disturbed person, I wasn't certain what qualified as one.

“I am no longer that young teen. I left my high school days far behind. You're the one unwilling to move on,” I snapped.

“But why should you escape retribution?” he queried. “Why should any of you?”

“It's called moving on.”

“It's called being too afraid to take action. I am not the same frightened child anymore, Alison, and you detest that!” he growled, advancing toward me, intruding upon my personal space.

“You're correct. I despise you!” I yelled. “I've always loathed you, and witnessing your tears and hearing your pleas for me to stop were the most gratifying things I've ever experienced!”

As the words left my lips, I slowly closed my eyes, realizing the admission I had just given him. As I reopened my eyes, I saw Jared standing before me, a pleased smile playing on his lips.

“Finally,” he remarked. “You’re just forgetting one thing. If you could have me bound, use me, and reverse the roles once more, you would eagerly seize the opportunity.”

“Want to prove I’m still the same girl?” I asked him, shaking my head slightly. “Well, I’m not. We grow up.”

“Not you, Alison. You’re evil to the core. Maybe some of your followers managed to move on, though not all of them amounted to much. But you, on the other hand, are incapable of changing.”

“You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“But I do, Alison. I am acutely aware of what I’m talking about. I know you. I know the person you are, and it’s a nasty one,” he snarled, igniting my anger. “If I were to give you a choice between your idealistic haven, flawed as it is, or coming to the bedroom right now with me and having your way with me, I know which option you’d choose.”

“You truly believe that if you unlocked all the doors, I wouldn’t make a break for it?” I asked incredulously.

“You won’t, because the reason you despise me so much is because I am exactly what you used to be: evil,” he informed me.

“I wouldn’t even touch you with a ten-foot pole if given the chance.”

“No? There isn’t something inside you right now yearning to pay me back twofold?”

As he posed the question, I was surprised by the strange need springing forth in my chest, demanding exactly that. It called for retribution, but also to test if I had lost my touch. Could I still make Jared cry like I used to? Could I make him beg for mercy? Or was he now immune to all my tricks?

“I want out,” I replied.

“You’re lying, but I’m not surprised,” he growled darkly. “You lie to everyone, even yourself. You act as if everything is so perfect in your home when the cracks are showing so clearly. It’s so sad.”

“Sad? You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Your husband is a fucking rapist. It seems like you have a type.”

“He didn’t rape her!” I growled back, getting in his face, the tension escalating between us, crackling like sparks.

We locked eyes, the room feeling like it was confining us as we simmered in the angry energy. Yet, it surprised me when a small smirk tugged at the corners of his lips.

“Lying through your teeth. Will there ever be any truth coming out of your lips, or must you be confronted with the truth directly?” he questioned me.

I looked to the side, but he wouldn’t allow me to dismiss him like that. He tangled his hand in my long hair, turning my head to make me focus on him.

“Why can’t you, for once, give me the truth?” he asked.

“You want the truth? What am I supposed to tell you?”

“Tell me you understand.”

“Understand?” I asked, perplexed.

“Why I’m torturing you. Tell me you understand that everything you did was wrong, and that you deserve this,” he clarified.

This time, a smile spread across my lips, and despite the sharp grip on my hair, I moved closer to him. Glancing only for a short moment at his lips, I replied, “Never.”

His eyes darkened, clearly displeased with that answer.

“I would do it all over again.”

Fueled by his anger, he pressed me even closer, our bodies in the tightest embrace possible. A peculiar dryness gripped my throat, a sensation I couldn't quite explain. The tension had grown so thick that each breath was a struggle. His hold on me tightened further, prompting a hiss from me, which seemed to amuse him. Strangely, neither of us budged. We stood ensnared by the powerful energy swirling between us—anger and hatred so thick they hung in the air like scorching heat. Slowly, Jared released his grip, and I breathed a sigh of relief, grateful my scalp wasn't on the verge of being torn apart. His hand descended, a slight shake of his head accompanying the gesture.

“I told you, you never change,” he replied darkly.

I didn't comment, as I could see how my words contradicted my earlier ones stating that I had changed. Maybe I hadn't. I



might not resort to childish pranks anymore, but was I a better person. Or was I fooling myself, playing pretend?

“It’s late. Let’s go to bed.”

Jared seized my arm and guided me out of the kitchen, leading me through the house and upstairs once more. Arriving at the blue room, he pushed me inside, causing me to stumble to the room's center. There, he turned me to face him, tearing the apron from me, leaving me exposed and vulnerable before him once more. The sudden chill served as a stark reminder of my complete nakedness in his presence. While the apron had offered only partial coverage, its absence bared me entirely, leaving nothing hidden from Jared's view. His gaze traveled down my form, leaving me uncertain whether he would demand another round before bedtime. However, he lifted his gaze, locking eyes with me, and then he gestured toward the cage.

“Get in,” he commanded.

“I need to use the bathroom,” I informed him.

He gripped my arm, guiding me through my personal chamber of torment and into the dimly lit bathroom with its dark-tiled interior. He urged me forward and leaned against the wall. No door separated this room from the next, just a narrow passage.

“What? Are you planning to watch me pee?” I questioned.

“Go ahead. I won't leave until you're in the cage.”

“I am not peeing in front of you.”

“And if I turn my back, who knows what might happen?” he countered.

“Yes, I wonder what could occur. Because a small woman like myself could certainly overpower a man like you,” I retorted.

“You'd be surprised at the determination someone can muster when driven to desperation,” he shot back.

“If I could take you down, I would have done so already! Turn around!”

“I don't believe slaves issue orders. Now, either relieve yourself or hold it.”

“You're completely serious?”

“Alison, I trust you about as much as I'd trust a shark while I'm dressed in meat clothing,” he stated.

“You're unbelievable,” I replied, raising my middle finger. “Enjoy the show.”

“I most certainly will,” he chuckled.

I had already endured a great deal within the past 24 hours, yet I hadn't anticipated that I'd find myself needing to relieve myself in front of Jared, completely naked. If that wasn't sheer humiliation, then I struggled to identify what could surpass it. I had assumed that the knowledge of his control over my orgasm would be the thought keeping me awake. Now, in addition to that, I would be reminded that he had watched me during such an intimate act. As soon as I finished washing my hands, he seized me once more, leading me back into the room

and commanding me to enter the cage. I took the blanket with me, ensuring I remained warm. He locked the cage, plunging the room into darkness as he switched off the lights. The sound of the door closing resonated like the final note of the day. Despite everything, I felt a sense of relief that I had managed to survive at least one day. It had been grueling, but having gained a glimpse into the depths of the new, darker Jared, I believed I could endure whatever he had planned for me.

I enveloped myself in the blanket, striving to find comfort before closing my eyes. However, the events of the day replayed in my mind like an incessant loop. I could almost hear the way he had groaned when he climaxed, or the sounds I had emitted as he brought me to orgasm. Our conversation echoed like a haunting movie, underscoring how much had transformed, yet how much remained unchanged. It served as a painful reminder that certain people never truly matured, and I feared I was now among their ranks. I had orchestrated this nightmare for myself, and now I was condemned to exist within it.

I emitted a frustrated groan, shifting slightly on the plush pillow beneath me. At the very least, I was lying in a relatively comfortable spot. He could have confined me to a cold, basement-like room, devoid of any soft surface to rest on or shield me. In some peculiar way, this was a small mercy I reluctantly embraced. However, it failed to usher in sleep. I tossed and turned, yearning for the familiarity of my own home. Yes, it had its shortcomings, yet it was a space I had

chosen and cherished. It trumped being caged, a stark reminder of how drastically my worth had plummeted. The irony wasn't lost on me, though. Who was the doggy now? I blinked, discerning the slender iron bars before me. At least this prison featured an open door. In an actual prison, I wouldn't have a door to freedom.

“Just 30 days to go,” I whispered, offering myself a semblance of solace, though it did little to alleviate my unease. I shifted once more, shut my eyes, and willed myself into slumber. However, it was close to morning before I finally succumbed to sleep.

## CHAPTER 22

*-Jared-*

When the timer on my phone started beeping, I woke up with a smile. I sat up, feeling an intense urge compelling me to go check if Alison was indeed in the room where I had left her. Not that I believed she could have escaped, but the reality of having the tyrant confined and ready to serve me was still sinking in. Swiftly, I put on some pants before leaving my bedroom and opening the door to the blue room. As I switched on the lights, I found Alison asleep in the cage. Approaching silently, I could take in her entire form. Wrapped in the dog blanket, she was curled up in sleep. The lights were dimmed to set the right atmosphere, and I moved away from her to retrieve the items I had left on the floor yesterday. Gathering her belongings, I relocated them to the bathroom and organized everything. A glance at the mirror showed me smiling—a rarity in recent years. I was remarkably content with how things had turned out. Yet, as my satisfaction grew, Vince's words echoed in my mind.

*Good, then I have nothing more to say. I'm just making sure you know that these things can sometimes take over, make us want to prolong the sweet pain because even to us it's addictive. We understand pain, and once it takes on a pleasing taste, that's when we truly cannot stop inflicting it.*

I savored the pain, but I wasn't about to succumb to addiction. Once the month concluded, once the sand had trickled through the hourglass, I would be done with Alison Brown. I'd send her back home, let her revel in a day or two of temporary freedom, believing she'd never have to lay eyes on me again. Then, I'd unleash everything upon her. She'd face imprisonment, lose her social circle and family. Her existence would be reduced to insignificance. She'd experience the agony I had endured, and there'd be no escape for her. Vince had been wrong. I had the power to release her. My ultimate desire was to put an end to this entire scheme. Once Alison was brought down, there'd be no more haunting monsters from the past to slay. Only the present ones that Vince had dispatched me to eliminate. Clearing my uncertainties, I placed down her bag and entered the blue room. I clasped my hands together, startling Alison from her slumber. She sat up, momentarily disoriented. As her gaze locked onto mine, she emitted a weary sigh.

"You're not exactly the sight I'd choose to wake up to in the morning," she mumbled, providing an unintended amusement.

"Come on, let's grab some food, and then we'll pick up where we left off," I proposed.

“Screaming at each other?” she retorted.

Crouching down, I unlocked her cage, my smile unyielding as I shook my head.

“Unless that’s your newfound kink,” I taunted.

“Very funny,” she retorted with dry sarcasm.

I removed the lock, swung open the gate, and as it was no longer obstructing the way, I was met with an unexpected scene. A realization struck me as I witnessed Alison rousing from her slumber, her imperfect human state exposed. No one could maintain a movie-star appearance constantly. Yet I hadn’t anticipated how the disarray of her tousled hair and the remnants of sleep clinging to her face would endow her with a certain relatability.

“What’s the matter?” she asked when my gaze lingered.

Shaking my head, I motioned for her to exit the cage. She complied, and I fetched her some clothes. While I appreciated her nudity, I preferred her covered when she was cooking. Although I intended to leave marks on her skin, I didn’t want hot grease to be responsible for any unintended burns. Returning with a fresh set of attire, I held it up for her. Her reaction was one of shock, surpassing the level of surprise elicited by the simple apron.

“Where did you get this outfit? A store for adult entertainment?” she mockingly quipped.

I chuckled, then surveyed the surroundings. “Where do you think most of it comes from?”

“Am I supposed to be your maid today?” she questioned, her fingers gripping the upper edge of the dress.

The dress didn't quite fit together. It consisted of a skirt and a tiny black shirt that barely covered half her breasts, with the skirt featuring a small, classic white apron sewn into the black material, offering minimal coverage.

“You're my slave, and this house won't take care of itself,” I replied.

“You do realize the immense size of your house, right?”

“I'm aware.”

“I'm just one person.”

“I'm aware of that too,” I reassured her.

“And here I thought this was where I was going to stay,” she murmured.

“What gave you that impression? Now get ready.”

I gestured for her to head to the bathroom, signaling for her to dress and brush her teeth. She didn't take long, returning in the absurd clothes that could hardly be called an outfit. I knew she didn't feel adequately covered in it.

“Put your hands behind your head,” I instructed.

“I thought I was a maid, not a criminal you were arresting,” she retorted with sarcasm.

“Oh, so we're playing that later? Should I be the bad or good cop?”

“As if you're even capable of being good,” she mumbled.



“Raise them.”

Complying, she placed her hands behind her head, raising her arms. Her tight nipples came into view, and she caught on to why I had asked her to raise them. She attempted to lower them swiftly, but I issued a warning, indicating she shouldn't lower them without my permission. She let out a sigh, maintaining her raised posture. I observed her intently until I nodded, giving her the go-ahead to lower them. I did this because I was aware it made her feel exposed, something she despised.

“Now, let's go eat.”

We left the room together, though I allowed her to walk slightly ahead of me, revealing the lower part of her ass. The outfit was hardly concealing, and I intended to enjoy teasing her throughout the day. As we descended the stairs for her to prepare some food, I watched her yet again, well aware of her discomfort. It pleased me greatly to know she was constantly glancing over her shoulder, verifying that I was indeed watching her. She shook her head multiple times, sighing deeply, but I didn't look away. We followed the same routine as the previous day, with her serving me first before I permitted her to eat. Once she had tidied up, she looked at me expectantly.

“What?” I asked.

“I'm finished,” she pointed out.

“I can see that,” I replied, leaning back.

She began shifting her weight slightly, appearing uncertain about her next move. I knew what she was waiting for, but I wanted to see if I could get her to verbalize it.

“So,” she began tentatively.

“Yes?”

“Um... what comes next?” she asked.

I shrugged, leading her on. I continued watching her as a prolonged silence hung between us, making her visibly uncomfortable. She began fidgeting with her outfit, trying to pull it down a little more or give herself a sense of coverage. It didn't help. She couldn't conjure extra fabric out of thin air. However, it amused me that she was trying.

“Jared... I mean, Master, shouldn't something happen now?” she questioned.

“Happen?” I prodded.

“You know.”

“No, I don't. Give me a clue.”

She shot me a glare, recognizing that I was baiting her. She hesitated to say it, torn between her reluctance and confusion about why I hadn't simply taken her yet. The anticipation was fueling my arousal. Watching her squirm was incredibly gratifying, causing a rush of heat to surge within me. I was definitely ready for more, but I wanted to torment her a bit longer.

“You know what you said!” she pressed.

“What did I say?”

“Come on!”

“What?” I asked innocently.

“Were you planning to fuck me or not?” she snapped, finally voicing the words. I smiled, relishing the sound.

“Well, if you insist.”

“What?” she asked, now genuinely perplexed. I rose from my seat, moving around the kitchen island, and she retreated. I noticed her attempting to reach the opposite end, initiating a small hunt.

“That’s not what I meant,” she tried to clarify.

“You’re the one who begged me to fuck you, and if memory serves me right, I still owe you an orgasm. Or perhaps it’s more accurate to say you owe me.”

“I made you come last night!”

“Yes, but all your orgasms belong to me too,” I declared. “Every part of you is mine, and therefore, every drop of pleasure is mine as well.”

“I didn’t ask you to fuck me!”

“It certainly sounded that way. Is my little slut hungry for her Master? Has she earned herself a good fucking?” I taunted, closing in on her. We were now on the short side of the kitchen island, and she was trying to retreat from me, though there was no escape. I was thoroughly enjoying this little game of pursuit, and I intended to let it continue.

## CHAPTER 23

*-Alison-*

I was acutely aware of how my words sounded as they tumbled out, posing the question of whether Jared would fuck me or not. Yet, I hadn't directly asked him to do so. My inquiry had been aimed at extracting an answer about his intentions. After all, he had asserted that we were resuming from where we had left off, a statement that implied he was going to have me again. I had anticipated it, to say the least. Yet, he had skillfully toyed with my mind, creating the illusion that I had implored him for this outcome. The words had escaped my lips in a rather desperate manner. So it was unsurprising that he was now in pursuit of me around the table.

“She is not hungry for anything!” I snapped, wanting to make a run for it, but I was too scared to turn my back to him.

“But then why are you begging me to fuck you?” he asked.

“You know what I meant.”

“What did you mean?” he asked, coming closer as we moved around the other side of the kitchen island. I almost tripped as my foot hit one of the chairs. I reached out to steady myself, making sure I didn’t lose my balance. It gave him a chance to close the distance, and his quick movement made me retreat even faster. This time I spun around, attempting to evade him. I knew that if he ordered me to stop, I would have to obey, but I was determined to avoid his touch for as long as possible. I moved to the other side again, back to where I had prepared the food, but that’s when he caught up to me.

He grabbed me from behind, seizing the ridiculous half-shirt I was wearing and yanking me back. He entwined his fingers in my hair, bending me over the kitchen island. I could feel him drawing near, the sound of clothes rustling as he positioned himself behind me. The pounding of my heart and the mixture of nervous excitement that had accompanied being chased merged into a heat in my core, causing my arousal to intensify. I couldn’t quite comprehend it. Was it just a reaction to the adrenaline? I struggled to gather my thoughts before Jared swiftly pulled down his pants and entered me with a forceful thrust, causing all the air to rush out of my lungs. There was a moment of slight discomfort as I adjusted to the intrusion. But what left my lips wasn’t a gasp of pain, but rather a pleasurable groan as he filled me.

His free hand gripped my hip, and he began fucking me fervently, pulling out only to thrust back into me deeply. The slapping sound of our bodies colliding reverberated through the kitchen. I tried to grip onto something on the slippery

surface, but there was nothing to hold onto. All I could do was surrender to his forceful movements. I felt his relentless invasion, his panting filling my ears. However, the chase that had led us to this point was playing tricks on my mind. The initial nervousness had transformed into a sharp excitement that warmed my pussy, and Jared stoked that fire. Resisting what he was making me feel suddenly became a challenge, each thrust pushing me further into a pleasurable haze where I couldn't differentiate between what was good and what was bad. All I could recognize was the sheer enjoyment of being taken in a way that felt undeniably pleasurable.

Astonishingly, I found myself responding, arching my back to meet his movements, releasing small moans of pleasure. Everything seemed amplified, as if the tension we had experienced yesterday now permeated the kitchen, enveloping us in a bubble of heated sensations. I couldn't concentrate on my surroundings. All that mattered was the overwhelming pleasure coursing through me. I lost touch with reality, my perception narrowing down to the sensation of a thick cock thrusting rhythmically inside me, rubbing against every pleasurable spot. I surrendered myself to the experience, and that's when it happened. The orgasm began to build, a wave of intense pleasure washing over me once again. I couldn't contain my reaction and let out a soft scream, my nails scraping against the marble surface.

Jared continued to drive into me through the waves of pleasure, increasing his pace as he approached his own climax. I closed my eyes, feeling as if I were spiraling into an abyss of

pure sensation. The pleasure was so intense that I couldn't focus on anything beyond the orgasm engulfing me. Jared let out a deep, guttural groan as he spilled his cum inside me. It was only when I heard him come that the reality of the situation snapped back into place. Fuck... I had come again! I had succumbed to his touch, yielding to the powerful sensations. How weak did this make me? Anger replaced the fleeting sweetness, and I wanted to push Jared away from me. Yet, I remained immobilized, stunned by what had just transpired.

I felt his hand glide down my slightly sweaty back, followed by his lips, causing me to shiver. Jared wasn't supposed to have this effect on me. His cock wasn't supposed to reduce me to a quivering mess. Sure, it had been a while since I had experienced proper intimacy with my husband, but this was bordering on ridiculous. Jared was nothing to me! How could someone of such little value hold such power over me, turning me into a moaning wreck? I could accept being his slave, resign myself to being used to ensure my own survival, but I wasn't meant to find any pleasure in what he was doing to me. I shouldn't be relinquishing control to him, becoming nothing more than a panting, aroused mess. I didn't think I could despise someone more than Jared, but at that moment, I loathed myself more than anything.

"Fuck, what a way to start the morning," he whispered, sounding breathless, and I hated how some part of me took satisfaction in hearing that he wasn't completely unaffected. I shouldn't care about his pleasure. If he wanted to treat me like

his personal sex toy, fine! But I was supposed to be cold, indifferent to everything. This was all twisted.

“Though, I bet you can scream louder than that,” he added.

I groaned, lightly knocking my head against the marble before resting my forehead against it. I felt him withdraw and heard the sound of clothes rustling. I sensed the trace of his cum, but then his fingers were there, collecting the fluid before pushing it back inside me. I stifled a moan that threatened to escape. He inserted his fingers deeply, withdrawing them slowly before adopting a leisurely rhythm, thrusting them into me. He introduced a third finger, maintaining that exasperatingly slow pace that was enough to drive me half-mad. It wouldn't bring me to climax, but it kept the embers of arousal burning.

“Can't you, my little slut?” he murmured darkly, his lips ghosting over my lower back. “You can scream much louder than that.”

I shook my head, and he pressed his fingers deeper, a small moan escaping me this time. He withdrew his fingers, and I hoped this signaled an end to his teasing. But then he moved two of them to my clit. He began moving them slowly over the sensitive flesh.

“Shit,” I whispered, wanting to pull away because if he continued, I would inevitably reach climax again.

“Remember, honesty is crucial,” he reminded.

“I am honest! I'm just not that vocal.”



It was a blatant lie. I could be incredibly vocal with the right partner, but I had no intention of letting Jared in on that secret. He would only use it against me. If he managed to coax louder cries from me, it would signal a significant submission to him, something I wasn't willing to let happen. He had already been the first to make me climax with his tongue. I had no desire to allow him the satisfaction of driving me to a point of ecstatic pleading and moaning. This time had been loud enough for me. I had no interest in a repeat performance.

“You're lying again,” he remarked, increasing the pace as he moved his finger back and forth more rapidly over my clit.

“Jared...”

“Wrong name,” he chuckled.

“Fine, Master, are we finished? Don't I have a house to clean?” I asked.

He ceased the torturous touch, and I let out a relieved sigh. While I didn't want to be deprived of the sweet pleasure, I wasn't going to surrender to more orgasms from Jared. Accepting my role as his slave was one thing, but if he managed to make me revel in it, then I would have truly fallen. As the torment stopped, I hoped it was the end of it, yet he was far from done. I attempted to stand up, but his large hand pressed against my back, keeping me bent over.

“What? How could I have earned a punishment now?” I questioned, assuming that was the reason he kept me in this position. However, Jared remained silent for a brief moment, and then I felt his slick fingers grazing over my asshole. I

gasped, instinctively pulling forward in an attempt to escape his wicked touch. Trapped and with nowhere to go, his fingers circled the dark entrance before one of them sought entry.

“Fuck, please not there!” I pleaded.

“Ever been fucked there?” he asked darkly, his finger pushing in and then pulling back slightly before attempting once more. I felt the tip penetrate me, and I clenched down involuntarily.

“Well?” he demanded.

“Fuck, just not there,” I begged, his fingers penetrating deeper. It wasn’t painful, but it was a disconcertingly unfamiliar intrusion.

“Answer,” he demanded as he began fucking the dark hole with his finger, creating strange sensations within me.

“Will you stop if I answer?” I gasped, struggling to manage the unfamiliar sensations he was evoking within me. Was it repulsion or was it something else? Something more delectable?

“A slave doesn’t bargain.”

“Fine! No! I’ve tried a few times, and it fucking hurts. Please, just stop,” I implored.

“Does this hurt?” he asked, continuing the motion with his finger.

I bit my lip, hesitant to answer. I didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of believing I might actually enjoy it. However,

when a second finger attempted to join the first, I realized it was an unspoken threat that he'd push me further if I remained silent.

“No!” I cried out.

“Then the others you attempted it with must not have worked you up very well,” he jeered, displaying his ability to belittle my previous partners. He was painting himself as a sex god, someone who knew exactly how to pleasure a woman. I couldn't deny that he had ignited powerful sensations in me, but admitting it provided him with more ammunition. Despite neither of us harboring any genuine fondness for the other, his act of demeaning my past partners just to elevate himself was a direct insult. It insinuated that my taste in partners was awful.

“I've answered, can we end this game now?” I whispered, my body trembling, slowly growing accustomed to the rhythmic motion of his finger. How was I even finding a hint of pleasure in this situation? I usually steered clear of anything related to anal play, remembering the discomfort and pain from past attempts, which left me feeling torn apart. No one had managed to penetrate me much. Relaxing enough had always been a challenge. Yet now, against my expectations, I was gradually growing accustomed to the sensation.

“No, the game has only just started,” he declared, pushing his finger in entirely, prompting me to gasp at the unfamiliar sensation. “I'm going to claim this last virgin territory of yours.”

“What?” I looked back at him in disbelief. The thought of him wanting to fuck my ass was beyond my comprehension. I could barely handle his finger, and now he was casually discussing the prospect of inserting his entire cock into me. He had to be completely unhinged.

“The expression on your face is absolutely priceless,” he remarked with amusement.

“Your cock takes up enough space inside my pussy. Do you genuinely believe you will get inside my ass?” I retorted.

“With enough preparation, yes,” he leaned in closer, his voice dripping with confidence.

“Preparation?”

“Did you really think it would happen now?”

“Why not? It’s not like I can decline,” I muttered.

“You’re right, but Alison, your anger is so easily roused. Imagine if I made you orgasm with my cock in your ass. What if you found pleasure in it?”

I swallowed hard. What if I did? The thought of Jared not just being the first to breach that barrier was troubling enough, but what if he managed to coax pleasure from such an act as well? It would be an unforgettable memory, a reminder that he had made me enjoy something I believed I could only detest—a boundary I never thought I’d cross.

“It’s much more entertaining to make you loathe how much you enjoy what I do to you,” he chuckled darkly. “Your ass will be mine, but only after I’ve prepared it properly.”

## CHAPTER 24

*-Alison-*

Jared withdrew his finger, then went to clean up. I continued to lean my head against the cool marble, hoping its coldness might wake me from this horrifying nightmare. But there was no escape from the situation. Jared approached me, gripping my arm and guiding me to stand. He led me back to the blue room, instructing me to bend over the bed.

“Didn’t you just fuck me downstairs?” I asked, bewildered.

“I did, and it’s still dripping out of you,” he stated with pride.

“Can I clean up?”

“No,” he replied, a smile playing on his lips. “Now go do as I say.”

I groaned, reluctant to obey. I had no desire to relive what had transpired downstairs. I refused to succumb to another orgasm at Jared’s hands. I was determined to block out any semblance of pleasure he might elicit from me. Placing my hand on the bed, I leaned over its edge. I waited in that

position, avoiding the urge to look at what he was preparing. Knowing wouldn't save me from this nightmarish situation I found myself in. Ignorance was bliss at this moment, and I closed my eyes, listening to his movements. However, I soon sensed his approach. He exuded an overpowering aura that I was becoming disturbingly attuned to. He positioned himself behind me, and the sound of something being opened reached my ears. A squirting sound filled the room, perplexing me. Then something landed on the bed beside my head. I turned my head to see a bottle of lube. Fear gripped me. The thought that he might have deceived me and was now intending to fuck my ass invaded my mind. I closed my eyes again, wishing for this ordeal to be swiftly over.

However, it wasn't the head of his cock that I felt against my asshole. I gasped as a sensation of coldness swept over me. Something hard and tapered was seeking entry, and I had a faint inkling of its purpose. He had mentioned training, and I had an idea regarding a method to prepare an asshole for penetration. I fought against the intrusion of the plug, a fierce resistance against its entry. Jared then delivered a light spank to my ass, causing me to shift forward slightly, which momentarily distracted me from clenching down. Seizing the opportunity, he gently pressed deeper, and I felt the inevitable expansion. Slowly, the muscle yielded to the plug. I had anticipated its size to be substantial, yet my asshole hadn't stretched considerably before the plug nestled inside, remaining there. I was taken aback by its relatively modest dimensions. It couldn't be much larger than his finger, but I

was thankful it wasn't one of those oversized ones that were sometimes humorously showcased online. Those were considerably thicker than his cock. But why should he display leniency? I realized he would only do so because I detested his gentler side more than his roughness. His rough personality was easy to despise. It was the tenderness that left me befuddled, generating a sense of frustration that spiraled into an internal turmoil. I struggled to reconcile how I could hate what I secretly enjoyed.

“You handled that exceptionally well,” he complimented, giving my ass another light spank that provoked me to clench around the plug. I whimpered, adjusting to the new sensation. “Now, you're going to be a good little slut and come with that inside you.”

“I'm what?” I exclaimed, turning to look over my shoulder.

I didn't want to climax with that inside me, to grow accustomed to the sensation of orgasming with something in my asshole. I pressed my hands against the bed, but Jared was quicker, urging me back down onto the mattress. He maintained his hold as his fingers playfully traced over the plug, eliciting soft whimpers from me against the bedspread. His touch descended to my clit, and I squeezed my eyes shut. I buried my face even deeper into the bed as he skillfully targeted the most sensitive area, employing the motion that stirred pleasure within me. I struggled against the sensation, shaking my head from side to side. I had made a vow to myself. I couldn't break it just minutes after pledging it.

“My slut isn’t resisting her Master’s touch, is she?” he asked teasingly, relaxing his grip slightly, which prompted me to lift my head and shake it.

“N-No... Just... not in the mood. Something is in my ass,” I pointed out, my voice trembling, as though on the verge of tears. I wasn’t on the brink of tears. I was merely overwhelmed by the dread of succumbing to another orgasm, which caused my voice to shake.

“And you’re going to learn to relish it,” he commanded. “It’s what your Master desires, and obedient sluts strive to please their masters, don’t they?”

I despised having to participate in this twisted game with him. But I nodded, recognizing that he sought affirmation.

“So, you won’t resist it, will you?”

“No...” I whispered, fully aware that resistance was exactly what I intended.

“Good,” he responded, his voice a low, husky murmur. He resumed his teasing motions, and I exerted every ounce of my strength to withstand the building pleasure. I had to uphold my promise and deny Jared the ability to control me in this manner. Yet, he grew frustrated with my resistance to his touch. He delivered a firm spank to my ass, prompting my muscles to involuntarily clench around the plug. “That’s not how we play here.”

“I’m not sure what you mean, Master,” I replied in a feigned innocent tone.



“You genuinely believe you can pretend you’re not resisting what I’m doing to you?” he questioned.

I glanced around, refusing to confess to anything.

“Very well, it seems I’ll have to force it from you then.”

“What?” I whispered, a tinge of fear in my voice.

Jared’s hand withdrew, and his presence behind me vanished. I cast a sidelong glance, observing him approach an array of large dildos on display. Yet, he didn’t select any of them. Instead, he opened a drawer, my fear preventing me looking at what he grabbed. I only listened, aware of his return. Then I felt something placed against my clit. It was small, but the audible hum soon filled the room, undeniable evidence that he had activated a small vibrator. The intensity was high, propelling pleasure to build at an astonishing pace. I was powerless against the sweet vibrations that propelled the orgasm to soaring heights. All I could do was cling to the bedding and hope for an escape. I gripped the sheets with all my might, convinced I could muster the strength to defy it. Yet, Jared wrested the orgasm from my body. It struck me with undeniable force, causing me to pant and scream into the bed as my body erupted in blissful euphoria. Breathing became a challenge, as if air was a second priority. He continued to push me to the brink until tears began pooling in my eyes.

“Oh, please stop! Stop!” I cried out, unable to endure any more as the pleasure began to transform into pain.

I resented the fact that I had to plead with him, but he relented. I understood it wasn’t solely about making me

climax with that vibrator. It was about inducing pain as well, a reminder of why I shouldn't dare to resist him. If he commanded me to come, I would comply. My body was a treacherous accomplice in this game. I wasn't designed to challenge a vibrator. It was intended for teasing and pleasure, yet evidently, it also served as punishment for disobedient sluts. *Oh, great, now I was even referring to myself as one*, I mocked myself.

A firm grip seized my hair, and my head was forced to turn. I witnessed the malevolent satisfaction etched on Jared's face. The dim lighting cast an eerie shadow, covering part of his face in darkness.

"Will you oppose your Master when he is being so sweet and allowing you to come?" he asked with a dark edge.

I averted my gaze, shaking my head slightly.

"Good. Then I expect that from this point forward, you will thank me for each orgasm I give you."

My eyes darted back to his, disbelief apparent on my face.

"What?" I protested.

"You're going to show gratitude for every time I make your climax," he insisted.

"You must be joking. I don't even want you to make me come, and now I have to thank you?"

"Yes, so go on," he urged, his tone unwavering.

“I...” He raised an eyebrow, detecting my need to challenge him. Slowly, I lowered my gaze once more. An undercurrent of rage surged within me, despising what he was making me do. It was deeply degrading, this necessity to offer gratitude. However, I recognized its efficacy. While I had belittled him and tormented him, he was orchestrating a different dynamic. It was true that he didn’t have to exert much effort to trigger my anger. It was readily accessible. But forcing me to derive pleasure from his actions would confuse me, possibly compelling me to seek more. Such a reaction would be infinitely more degrading than mere resentment toward his touch.

“I’m waiting, slut,” he prompted.

“T... Thank you, Master,” I whispered.

“For?”

“For... For making me come,” I continued.

“How many times does that make it now?” he queried.

“Three...”

“Shouldn’t your gratitude be grander?” he countered.

I clenched my teeth, loathing the mortifying sensation coursing through me. How on earth was I going to survive this month? No, I couldn’t succumb so easily. I possessed greater strength.

“I’m profoundly appreciative for all the times you have made me come, Master,” I proclaimed with a more resolute tone.

“Of course you are, because you love what your Master does to you, don’t you?” I didn’t reply swiftly enough, prompting his grip to tighten as he tilted my head backward. “Don’t you?”

“Yes, Master,” I retorted through gritted teeth, meeting his gaze, certain that he detected the animosity in my eyes.

“Much better.”

He pushed me forward once more, and I anticipated that he intended to fuck me now. However, that wasn’t his intent. I felt something entering my pussy, and instantaneously recognized what it was.

“Really? Both places?” I panted, sensing the plug in my ass and the diminutive vibrator in my pussy.

“Now you can start cleaning.”

“With these inside me?” I asked, glancing over my shoulder and spotting the small remote in his hand. “Oh, fuck...”

In that moment, I understood his strategy. He didn’t plan to torment me solely within this room. The torment would accompany me wherever I ventured. My orgasms lay entirely at his mercy.

## CHAPTER 25

*-Jared-*

Leaning back against the couch in my living room, a book in hand, I observed Alison moving about, dusting shelves in that absurd maid outfit. Every time she reached for something higher or bent forward, I enjoyed a delightful view, even spotting the plug wedged between her sweet ass cheeks. It was surprising that no one had claimed her there. Despite wanting to seem like an angel, Alison wasn't exactly known to be a Virgin Mary. I found it astonishing that no one had brought her to climax with their tongue, but again, her preferred partners were usually overly confident football players, brainless wealthy men, and older professors who believed age alone made them appealing. However, age didn't necessarily equate to experience. Some assumed their numerous conquests translated to expertise in sex. Such misconceptions were amusing to hear, knowing their poorly trained techniques left their partners unsatisfied. Nevertheless, their failures became my gains. Alison would never forget the moment I brought her

to orgasm with my tongue, nor would she erase the instance I penetrated her ass and drove her to beg for more. In due time, she would develop a love for anal play. By the end of this month, I wouldn't only have accomplished claiming the last virgin part of her. I would also have made her plead for me to take her ass again.

“You missed a spot,” I stated in an offhand manner, briefly glancing at her. Annoyance showed on her face as she looked over her shoulder.

“Where?” she queried.

“Just there,” I replied, indicating a spot she had recently dusted off.

“But I already took care of that.”

“Are you doubting your Master's ability to see?” I countered, finding the situation rather amusing.

“But I...”

I arched an eyebrow, silently challenging her to argue against me. She crossed her arms, displaying annoyance.

“If I have to go over the same spot twice all day, I won't finish,” she protested.

“Well, luckily there's tomorrow,” I responded, theatrically flipping a page in my book. Though I enjoyed reading—the library was once my sanctuary—I wasn't actually reading now. It was merely a façade. Meanwhile, Alison remained stubbornly in her spot.

“Do you truly wish to challenge me, slave?” I asked.

“I don’t understand why I should go over the same spot twice. It doesn’t make sense,” she retorted.

“Because I instruct you to,” I retorted back.

“But...”

Growing weary of this, I snatched the remote from my pocket, raising it in the air. Her eyes widened as I turned it on. Alison emitted a groan, her hand reaching out to clutch a shelf while her other arm wrapped around her middle, as if shielding herself from a blow. Her guard quickly dropped, a satisfying smile forming on my lips as I observed her surrender to the waves of pleasure.

“Oh, fuck...” she gasped, but I promptly relented. She exhaled, appearing relieved.

“Now, what were you saying about that dirty spot?” I questioned.

She shot me a glare, then turned to dust off the same spot, which left me content. That was precisely what I desired: complete submission without protest. She understood this, yet she was also Alison Brown—the girl accustomed to a leadership role. Now, she was downgraded to the status of a mere slave. The sight was more gratifying than words could express. I maintained my smile as she continued cleaning the living room. When she approached to wipe the coffee table, I subtly reached for the remote in my pocket, activating it once more. This time, there was no warning to the teasing. She

nearly lost her balance as the vibrations overcame her, causing her to slump into a half-bent position on her knees. Groaning, she lifted her accusatory gaze to meet mine.

“Yes?” I asked, feigning ignorance.

“Please... turn it off,” she implored.

There was nothing in this world sweeter than hearing Alison beg. The dark satisfaction it brought was unparalleled, truly addictive.

“Stop what?” I replied.

“Oh, fuck...” she muttered, lifting her arm to rest it on the coffee table. She used her hand to shield her eyes, striving to control her impending climax. Her struggle was captivating. She then brought her hand to her mouth, biting down on it. “God...”

“I doubt God is listening,” I chuckled, turning a page. “Now, continue.”

“What?” she whispered.

“I said continue. You’re not even halfway through, and I want this room spotless before dinner.”

“I... can’t move.”

“You can. Keep going,” I instructed.

Her eyes bore into me, brimming with anger, yet it was difficult to ignore the simmering heat within them. Slowly, Alison pressed her hand onto the coffee table, struggling to rise. It was akin to watching a newborn fawn attempting to



stand on wobbly legs. Trembling violently, she reached for the cloth to resume cleaning the table, moving it in painstakingly slow circular motions. The task was hindered by the pleasure building inside her. The setting wasn't intense enough to immobilize her, but the sensation was growing.

“Oh, shit...” she exhaled, shutting her eyes.

Merely witnessing her struggle made my blood pump faster. Looking down, I noticed my cock had grown harder, a reaction that pain typically triggered in me. However, there was something about Alison's distress that acted like a potent aphrodisiac. I couldn't resist reacting. I understood my interference would disrupt her work, yet my cock was throbbing insistently, and as my slave, she existed to fulfill my needs.

“Fuck, I can't concentrate like this,” she pled, turning toward me.

“Want me to stop?” I asked.

“Yes, please, Master,” she implored.

My head spun with desire at that plea. She had become adept at adopting the persona of a compliant slave, eager to satisfy me. Gesturing for her to approach, she complied.

“On your knees.”

She promptly obeyed, and with swift movements, I began undoing my pants. Impatience coursed through me. I craved her immediately. There was no room for teasing. Her moans and protests were driving me wild. I lowered my pants

sufficiently to free my erection. Then, seizing her hair, I guided her closer. This time, she approached eagerly, drawn by the promise of my relenting. It was fascinating how easily she submitted now. However, I recognized she regarded this as a task, rather than something to revel in. I aimed to change that perspective. Taking control of her head, I guided her at a deliberate pace before reaching for the remote once again. Swiftly switching it to a higher setting, I caught her off guard. Only her stifled whimper indicated her relentless teasing.

“Fuck, you love taking my cock down your throat, don’t you?” I exhaled, urging her to quicken her pace. My intention was to blur her thoughts, forging fresh neural connections that fused this moment with pleasure. Each time she sucked my cock, I aimed for her to remember this ecstasy, to become aroused by having me inside her mouth. “You love having your Master’s cock buried deep.”

Guiding her head with greater urgency, I sensed the beginning of a powerful orgasm. However, I was determined that Alison would climax during this act. Her mind needed to link this instant with unadulterated pleasure. Amid her muffled whimpering and supplications—at least, I presumed those were her pleas—she resisted the association’s formation. Yet, as my submissive, she had no choice. She belonged to me, my dirty slut.

“You’re going to come, aren’t you?” I taunted.

She whimpered, and I turned up the intensity. Another elevated pitch of complaint escaped her, a tease for both of us.

And then, it happened. She dug her nails into my thighs, her body convulsing as I sustained the movement of her head. An orgasm engulfed me as she continued to climax. Her concentration faltered. She struggled to focus on swallowing, causing her lips and chin to be smeared with saliva and cum. The sight that only fueled my arousal further was my little slave unable to contain all my cum while in the throes of her own release. When I was spent, I deactivated the vibrator, but Alison trembled uncontrollably under my touch. A satisfied smile played across my lips as I withdrew her from me. She gazed up at me, an expression of profound devastation in her eyes. Her silent plea for the torment to cease formed in them. Her mouth and chin were adorned with a mixture of fluids, and her hair was slightly disheveled from my firm grasp. This was the state I desired her to be in—completely shattered.

“Now, what does my good little slut have to say?” I queried, swiping my thumb across her chin, offering her what remnants remained.

“Wh-What?” she stammered, her voice encumbered by my digit.

“You haven’t forgotten your duty to thank your Master, have you?” I taunted, pulling my finger free.

“I nearly choked on your cum,” she growled.

“You reveled in it,” I countered, observing her glare. “Continue.”

“Fuck me...”

“Later,” I pledged.

“Thank you,” she murmured.

“Louder!”

“Thank you for allowing me to come, Master,” she said, her gaze cast downward. She couldn’t muster the courage to meet my eyes.

“And?” I prodded.

“And?” she queried, her focus returning to me.

“You were just granted the privilege of sucking me off. Express your gratitude for that as well,” I instructed.

“Me?” she asked, bewildered.

“Yes. A slave is always appreciative when given the chance to satisfy her master. So, continue,” I directed.

“Didn’t you hear that I almost choked on your cum?” she retorted.

“You’re quite fortunate,” I responded, noting the escalation of her frustration. “So?”

“Fine, thank you for permitting me to suck your cock,” she offered, eliciting a satisfied smile from me. “May I go clean up?”

I nodded. “This time, you’re free to do so.”

She rose from her position, yet as she turned, I delivered a swift spank to her ass, hearing her gasp as she involuntarily clenched around both inserted devices. It was undeniably exhilarating. I was thoroughly relishing this experience!

## CHAPTER 26

*-Alison-*

I thought yesterday was bad. Then I thought this morning was humiliating, but Jared had a way of escalating the humiliation every time he forced us to be together. I couldn't believe the depths he had sunk me to. The intensity of my climax had prevented me from concentrating on swallowing. The pleasure was so intense it was almost painful. I had to wait until he finished coming before I could even clean up. At least this time he permitted me to do so. I found a bathroom to thoroughly cleanse myself—remnants of dried cum still clung to my thighs. He took pleasure in making a statement, and now he was coercing me into thanking him for it. Could anything be more mortifying? I never thought I'd be in a position to thank Jared for anything. He should be thanking me! Perhaps that's precisely why he was doing this. I'd made him thank me as well.

*“You missed a spot,” I directed at my doggy. He sat on the floor before me, cleaning up the yogurt I had purposely let*

*fall.*

*I had promised the teacher I'd tidy up after school to earn some extra points. Supposedly, it was just about organizing a few things and cleaning the board. However, in truth, I was searching for an excuse to degrade my little pet. I'd intercepted Jared before he could escape. I commanded him to accompany me. He had long stopped resisting my orders. It had dampened the fun slightly, but witnessing him obediently sink to his hands and knees to wipe away the mess beneath the desk where I sat was satisfaction enough. As I licked the plastic spoon, a smile played on my lips while he silently cleaned. Yet, I dipped my spoon into the yogurt again and allowed it to drip into his hair. He froze as the cold substance met his scalp.*

*"Whoops." I feigned innocence, and he slowly raised his head to peer at me, remaining silent. "A slip of the hand."*

*He raised his hand, attempting to wipe the yogurt from his hair, though it only seemed to make it worse.*

*"Can I go clean up?" he implored.*

*"No, we're not finished," I retorted.*

*"But..."*

*"I'll let you know when we're done," I cut him off.*

*He was always so quiet, merely nodding and resuming his task of cleaning the teacher's desk. I scowled at him, craving a bigger confrontation, but he appeared unwilling to engage today. It frustrated me even more.*

*“You know you should thank me,” I stated, though he carried on silently with his cleaning. “Nobody wants to spend their time with you, and yet here we are.”*

*His silence persisted, further rubbing me the wrong way.*

*“I dedicate my free time to you,” I emphasized. “You should show some gratitude.”*

*He cast a brief glance my way but offered little else. Organizing some papers, he proceeded to clean the chalkboard.*

*“Doggy!” I shouted at him, causing him to freeze. “Come here!”*

*Exhaling audibly, he set down the cloth. Slowly turning toward me, he focused on the spot where he had been seated earlier. He understood my expectations. Jared approached, kneeling in front of me. His utter submission today took me by surprise. Normally, he’d put up at least a small resistance, yet something seemed to have shattered his spirit. I found it curious, considering I hadn’t subjected him to anything particularly harsh in weeks. What had transpired to render him this way? A dark anger brewed within me, not directed at Jared. It stemmed from the knowledge that someone else had achieved what I’d been striving for. Another person had touched my “doggy”, and that provoked my fury. However, with no one else but Jared to bear the brunt of my anger, it inevitably targeted him.*

*“Thank me!” I demanded.*

*He sighed, diverting his gaze slightly.*

*“What am I thanking you for?”*

*“For investing my time in a sorry loser like yourself!” I snarled.*

*Slowly, he met my eyes, emanating an air of complete exhaustion. It didn't particularly delight me. He was supposed to resist. He owed me his defiance. This wasn't as enjoyable as it usually was.*

*“Thank you for dedicating your time to a loser like myself,” he responded, his tone dry and nearly mechanical.*

*“Add some emotion!”*

*He repeated the words with greater emotion this time. Yet the satisfaction I craved remained elusive, and that was more frustrating than words could convey.*

*“Urgh, just clean this room and then go home. I can't stand the sight of you,” I growled, snatching my belongings and hastily exiting the room. Walking down the quiet hallway toward the school's exit, an inexplicable urge tugged at me to turn back. Almost as if something beckoned me to return and inquire about his unusual demeanor. I forcefully dismissed the thought, assuring myself that I didn't care. I shouldn't care about a loser like Jared. Resolutely, I left the premises of the school.*

Leaning against the sink, I listened to the running water. What had caused his profound distress that day? It was only on that specific occasion that I had witnessed such vulnerability



in him. Usually, he'd exhibit a hint of defiance or attempt to defend himself against my criticisms, but on that day, he hadn't even tried to retort. He had barely uttered a word, which wasn't entirely uncommon, but that day his silence was nearly deafening. A sense of curiosity gripped me suddenly, though I shook my head to dispel it. Delving into the past wouldn't alter the present. I was where I was, and he was where he was. Still, the question lingered.

I left the restroom, mentally admonishing myself to leave it be, and returned to the area where Jared sat, engrossed in his reading. He greeted me with a smile as he noticed my approach, and I swiftly resumed my cleaning task. The coffee table was promptly polished, after which I moved on to a lengthy row of bookshelves, meticulously dusting them.

"You always did like books," I murmured.

"What was that?" he asked.

The words hadn't been intended for his ears, yet now I had to repeat them, "I just said you always did like books."

"Well, in the library, you couldn't torment me in the same manner, given the prohibition against loud noises. Nevertheless, you still managed to exploit certain loopholes."

I remembered. The 'A' on his chest became vivid in my mind, prompting me to glance down at the bandage on my thigh. I knew what lay beneath it, a permanent reminder. Would surviving this month truly matter? The memories were never going to disappear. It was a difficult realization to embrace, yet I wouldn't crumble. I would endure. If a loser

like Jared could weather my torment, then I could certainly weather his. I practically invented the word itself. He was even mimicking my actions, and that thought brought a smile to my lips.

“You’re not very original, are you?” I taunted.

His movements were audible, and I turned slightly to see his narrowed eyes and his glare fixed on me.

“Excuse me?” he retorted.

“Romeo and Juliette?” I pointed out, gesturing at the book he was engrossed in. “Classic, and many of these are too.”

“They’re called classics for a reason, and it’s not because they suck.”

“Just saying, a touch of originality wouldn’t hurt. Even your methods of torment are mirroring my own.”

“I want you to have a taste of your own medicine. Of course they are,” he countered.

“But I created them. Even now you’re striving so hard to be like me, but you’re not quite there,” I prodded. I knew my words would have repercussions, but I needed to regain some semblance of power. I had to remind Jared that he’d never outdo me. I was the true master between us. He slammed his book shut, placing it down before rising and striding toward me. A smile tugged at my lips as I pressed myself a bit closer to the bookshelf. He ensured there was hardly any space between us, trapping me with his imposing figure.

“Believe me, Alison, I wouldn’t want to be you. I can’t stand you. You’re the most disgusting person I’ve ever encountered, and I’ve encountered quite a few. I’d never desire to be you,” he snarled.

I inched closer, erasing the remaining distance to invade his personal space. His confusion was evident as he looked at me, and I savored the sight. Jared had no idea of the enemy he faced, and I intended to make that abundantly clear.

“And yet you’re striving so hard to be the big, bad monster. You claim you don’t wish to be me, yet everything you’re doing reeks of attempting to replicate the past, turning me into the underdog. The irony is that you’re the one who can’t release his grip of the past,” I pointed out. “If that isn’t a pitiful and obsessive fixation, I don’t know what is. If you were a tad more inventive, perhaps I’d tremble with fear.”

My words ignited a surge of fury within Jared as I drew parallels between us. Although I loathed the idea of sharing any similarity with him, it was amusing to provoke his anger.

“You’re not in control, Jared,” I asserted. “Not now, not ever. You’re borrowing my tactics, yet I’m the originator. You’re not intimidating me. You’re not seizing dominance. You’re a mere imitator, and we both understand how people view imitators. They’re vexing and rarely credited for an original thought. It’s endearing to watch you strive, but let’s be clear on who truly reigns.”

Jared’s anger escalated to new heights, his entire body trembling as I once again reaffirmed my authority. I might

have surrendered myself to him, but I was no slave of his. I would never truly submit, and I underlined that fact in that very moment. I knew my actions would elicit his outburst, yet I reached out, patting his cheek as if he were a good kid for trying, but he was miserably failing. Despite his imminent eruption, I wasn't about to allow him to succeed in breaking me. However, he responded by snatching my wrist angrily, twirling me around, and pressing me against the bookshelf. His grip was sharp, causing pain, yet my smile persisted.

“Not original, you say?” he growled into my ear.

“Think about it,” I told him. “Many of these tricks you’ve orchestrated are mere rehashed pranks from the past. They’re all originally mine.”

“So we used to fuck?” he taunted near my ear.

I chuckled. “Fine, I’ll give you that one. However, I used to confine you to cramped spaces, forced you to express gratitude, and made you weep and retch. I manipulated you into begging for mercy, and in doing so, established my dominance. Tell me, Jared, aside from fucking me, how have you strayed from the past?”

He pressed against me, emphasizing the presence of the plug in my ass.

“All right, perhaps the plug as well. Although I never inserted anything in your ass, it was close,” I taunted, twisting to glance over my shoulder, only to catch an unfamiliar look in his eyes. For an instant, it was as if Jared had vanished, reverting back to the same broken person from our classroom

days. It perplexed me deeply, compelling me to call out, “Jared?”

He remained silent, yet pulled away from me abruptly, glaring fiercely. Without uttering a word, he left me standing there, baffled. However, I doubted he would leave me alone for long, so I resumed my duties.

## CHAPTER 27

*-Jared-*

It was as if the air had been sucked out of my lungs. Alison had to push me. She needed to assert her dominance, and she had achieved the exact reaction she desired. I believed I had better control over myself, but evidently, I was mistaken, and then she triggered something. Although I still dreamed of many of the atrocities I had endured, there was one thing that always struck me hard. A memory that I had used over time to propel me forward, generating a level of loathing that transcended all else. Alison assumed my animosity toward her stemmed solely from the abuse and degradation, yet she had crossed a boundary that extended far beyond those things. She had started something that had utterly destroyed me, and at times the memory resurged with overwhelming intensity.

I retreated to the bathroom, hastily entering and shutting the door behind me. As I unbuttoned the first buttons of my shirt, I felt as though the past and present were intermingling. I struggled to discern my exact location. With my back pressed

against the door, I sank to the floor, perspiration slickening my body, and a powerful wave of memories pushing forward.

*A fresh face had appeared in our class—a new student. The teacher introduced her before directing her to the empty seat next to mine. My attention was fixed on the drawing before me—a sketch of places I yearned to explore one day. I barely registered the newcomer settling down beside me. I had learned to avert my gaze, hence my lack of awareness as she turned toward me, addressing me.*

*“... It’s a nice drawing.”*

*Her words eventually penetrated my mind, prompting me to slowly turn my head. She bestowed a warm smile upon me. She had the most endearing smile, accentuated by her braces, which surprisingly complemented her appearance.*

*“Um... thank you,” I murmured.*

*“I’m Verona,” she introduced herself, extending her hand.*

*I gaped at her in disbelief. I had grown accustomed to the bullying and the indifference. Being approached by someone interested in befriending me was an unfamiliar scenario. Observing my perplexity, she emitted a soft chuckle.*

*“Germophobe, noted,” she playfully quipped.*

*A smile emerged on my lips, and I refrained from correcting her assumption.*

*“Don’t worry. We all have our quirks,” she responded. “But I genuinely love your drawing. Would you consider creating one for me?”*

*“A castle?” I asked, glancing at a drawing of a castle featured in one of our history books.*

*“Yes, because what girl wouldn’t dream of having her own castle?” she teased.*

*Conversing with Verona felt remarkably effortless. I had never engaged in such interactions before. A simple smile from her set my heart racing. I had never had a friend, nor had anyone in my life taken the time to appreciate my talents. While my teacher might commend me for completing assignments proficiently, that was an instructor’s duty. Verona wasn’t obligated to offer praise. She chose to do so, and that gesture held more significance than words could convey.*

*“I’ll draw one for you,” I pledged.*

*“Wonderful! I’m excited. Oh, and could you sketch me within the castle?” she asked.*

*“Inside the castle or on its walls?”*

*“Of course, on it. Am I not the princess?” she teased, folding her hands and resting her chin on them.*

*I smiled and nodded. She was undoubtedly deserving of the title of a princess. Grabbing a fresh sheet of paper, I indicated that I had begun the drawing. She smiled with satisfaction before shifting her attention to the teacher. However, as I glanced ahead, I noticed someone observing me. My smile faded as I saw Alison turned in her seat, glaring at us. Her gaze shifted subtly to include Verona as well. Fear clenched my heart. I dreaded that she might target Verona next. Alison*



*thrived on isolating me and ensured that I had no friends. I wasn't entirely sure of her motives, but she managed to turn the entire school against me. Verona, being new and untarnished by manipulation, might be susceptible to Alison's tactics. I felt compelled to warn her because once Alison got her clutches on someone, it was nearly impossible to escape.*

*"Why is that girl looking at you that way?" Verona leaned toward me, her voice hushed.*

*"What?" I turned my attention to her, lowering my voice as well.*

*Alison averted her gaze as Verona's eyes met hers. Alison held her head high, focusing on the teacher. Meanwhile, I continued the conversation with Verona.*

*"That girl seemed to give us an odd look," she observed. "Is she your ex?"*

*"What?" I exclaimed, causing the teacher to turn around and hush us. Leaning closer to Verona, I saw her smile.*

*"Yeah, the way she looked at you was like the gaze of a crazy ex—the look that states you're not allowed to move on with someone else."*

*"No, it's not like that. Alison despises me."*

*"Alison? Is that her name?" Verona asked.*

*I nodded, my gaze dropping, and Verona seemed to catch my change in demeanor. Sympathy reflected in her eyes.*

*"So not an ex. Is she just a terrible person?" Verona asked.*

*“Keep your voice down. She might hear you!” I whispered anxiously. “Look, now that she’s seen you talking to me, she’ll either try to turn you against me or target you.”*

*“Target me?” she whispered in disbelief. “Is she like an A-class bully?”*

*I nodded, my fear evident. “The worst kind.”*

*“Well, I can’t stand bullies,” she declared. “So I guess I’ll just hang out with you.”*

*I began shaking my head, convinced this was a bad idea.*

*“No, I genuinely think—”*

*“What? Don’t you want to spend time with me?” Her voice adopted a tinge of sadness, an attempt to guilt-trip me.*

*“I...”*

*“Please?” she implored.*

*I started to smile. No one had ever desired to be around me, but she did. Despite foreseeing potential consequences, I began to nod. We both shifted in our seats, our gazes meeting, and it became difficult to concentrate on the teacher.*

*After the class ended, Verona turned to me once more and became quite talkative. She shared details about her origin and the reasons behind her move, and I listened with eagerness. It was almost strange to have a friend or be in the process of making one. I wasn’t certain how to navigate it, so I simply allowed her to speak. However, as the teacher and most of the students departed, we found ourselves surrounded. I*

*berated myself for not acting more quickly. I should have swiftly guided Verona and myself away from there. Now, Alison arrived with her gang of goons and girlfriends, prepared to taunt us. Alison positioned herself in front of me, arms crossed, while one of her friends occupied Verona's desk. Another henchman stepped behind her, attempting to play with her hair, but she quickly evaded his touch.*

*"You need to ask before you touch!" she snapped at him, casting him a sharp glare. Everyone's attention turned toward Verona, visibly taken aback by her assertiveness.*

*"You're... Verona?" Alison asked, redirecting her attention to her.*

*"I am. And you're Alison."*

*"I see my reputation precedes me," Alison chuckled, briefly glancing at me while I lowered my gaze. "Then you must also understand that spending time with that one is social suicide."*

*"I've just transferred schools. I don't believe I need to worry about social suicide. Being new is enough of a challenge," Verona replied. "Besides, I prefer our conversation to remain one-on-one. We don't need an audience."*

*One by one, their jaws dropped, but I exchanged a pleading look with Verona, silently urging her not to escalate things further. She didn't comprehend the extent of Alison's capabilities, yet Verona remained undeterred. She met Alison's gaze head-on, glaring at her and defying her to cross a line.*

*“Do you genuinely believe that spending time with him will bring any happiness to your life?” Alison challenged.*

*“Right now, he has brought me more happiness than any of you ever have,” Verona declared.*

*“You have no idea who you’re dealing with.”*

*“I’m fully aware, and now we’re going to leave to have our conversation elsewhere.”*

*Verona rose, gathering her belongings, then turned to me with a smile. “Are you coming?” she asked.*

*I began to reach for my belongings when Alison abruptly extended her hand, as though commanding a dog to stay put.*

*“Doggy will stay. We need to have a little chat,” Alison remarked.*

*“Doggy?” Verona questioned, then glanced at me, realizing it was the unkind nickname they used for me. “She calls you doggy?”*

*“That’s correct,” Alison said proudly.*

*Verona sighed, shaking her head, then shifted her focus back to me.*

*“Listen, you don’t have to comply with their demands. Just stand up and come with me,” Verona whispered in a gentle tone. An urge to join her coursed through me. Yet, as I lifted my gaze to Alison, I recognized that familiar malevolence. I knew that the moment I found myself alone, I’d be subjected to*

*double the torment she'd already planned for me. "Hey, it's okay. You can leave. They can't hold you here."*

*Verona's encouraging smile met my eyes. But fear rooted me in place. The intensity in Alison's eyes signaled that a world of suffering was already set in motion. Avoiding Verona might just make things easier. A defeated sigh escaped me as I slumped back into my seat, shaking my head. When I looked at Verona, her expression had shifted to one of sadness.*

*"At some point, you'll need to say 'enough'," she pointed out gently. "When they realize they can't control you anymore, the fun will fade for them."*

*Verona's intentions were noble, but she couldn't fully grasp Alison's relentless nature. Regardless of my actions, Alison consistently came back for more.*

*"Doggy stays. You're dismissed."*

*"I don't listen to your commands, so don't try to control me!" Verona growled. She turned away and stormed out of the room.*

*Slowly, the predators closed in, and Alison rested her hands on my desk, leaning in.*

*"Found yourself a new girlfriend?" she jeered. "Oh, wait, I scared her off. She would've been disappointed anyway. A guy who can't even stand up for himself—no girl wants that. I'm doing her a favor."*

*I remained silent, incapable of responding.*

*“You’re the ultimate follower, it’s laughable. Destined to be someone’s bitch,” she mocked, provoking chuckles from her companions. “But today, you actually dared to think you could be more.”*

*I still didn’t utter a word, understanding that words would only worsen the situation.*

*“Perhaps it’s time we taught you what happens when a bitch steps out of line,” she hissed.*

*Snapping her fingers, she signaled the others to seize me, yanking me from my seat. Despite the bustling students in the hallways, none batted an eye. This wasn’t the first time they had observed me being dragged into some dim, secluded spot. No one dared cross Alison’s path. She was a monster, and nobody wished to fall victim to her wrath.*

*“Where are we going?” I asked, my voice trembling.*

*“Just a little further,” she chuckled darkly.*

*One of the girls hastened to the door leading to the boys’ locker room. Confusion gnawed at me as they pushed me inside, following suit. Alison stood on one of the benches and let out a shrill whistle, capturing the half-clothed attention of the football players.*

*“Who’s hungry?” she called out.*

## CHAPTER 28

*-Jared-*

I wasn't certain how much time had passed as I sat on the floor. Slowly, reality reasserted itself, and I realized that I had left Alison alone in the living room for quite a while. Swiftly, I got to my feet, hastening to check my appearance in the mirror. I attempted to regain my composure before I strode out of the bathroom. As I made my way to the living room, I discovered it vacant.

"That bitch!" I growled, assuming she had fled.

Turning on my heel, I retraced my steps toward the front door. I was taken aback to find it not wide open, nor catching the sound of a woman's voice crying for help as she fled down the street. I walked away, navigating through another corridor, systematically checking room after room until, at last... I found her.

In a small room designed as a bar and relaxation area, she wiped the counter, close to resembling a bartender—except for

her absurd maid attire. Just seeing her in that moment stirred an inferno of anger within me. Memories of what she had subjected me to, coupled with her taunts from earlier, ignited a blazing rage. She had shattered my life in countless ways, and yet here she was. I had her within my grasp. However, she was still striving to assert her dominance, but she wouldn't succeed. If she wished for originality, then so be it.

“Alison,” I called out, my voice dripping with darkness.

She raised her head, her gaze locking onto me.

“Come here.”

Obediently, she approached me.

“I'm famished. It's time you prepared a meal for me.”

She sighed, a slight shrug following, yet this was hardly an unfamiliar task. A storm was brewing, though. She walked past me and headed for the kitchen, while I settled into a chair in the adjoining dining room. Pouring myself a drink, I hoped it might steady my nerves, but my fury remained. It had been a while since I'd experienced such an intense reaction, yet Alison had awakened something dormant within me. I had willingly welcomed the past back into my home, and it was poised to stay for a month. I had brought this upon myself, and I simply needed to regain control. Fortunately, the preparation of the meal afforded me some time, and within it, I managed to regain my composure. She presented the food, and I took a single bite before forcefully placing my fork down, leaving her stunned.



“This is utterly revolting. Try again,” I ordered.

She stared at me, a mixture of disbelief and shock etched across her features. I turned my gaze toward her, a challenge evident in my eyes. Sighing, she retrieved the dish and made another attempt. Upon her return, the flavors were more pronounced. The taste was considerably better, but my appetite wasn't for food. I spat out the bite, shoving the plate away.

“What the hell is wrong with your cooking today?” I growled at her. “It tastes like garbage!”

She appeared even more flabbergasted, but I instructed her to make yet another attempt. This back-and-forth continued, her own frustration building as nothing she presented met my satisfaction. Eventually, her defiance grew, and she daringly placed an untouched apple on a plate before me—whole, without any slices.

“What's this?” I demanded.

“I've run out of ideas, Master. Since you despise everything that I create, here's an apple. I didn't change it. It's barely been touched by me. Now you can't criticize.”

I seized the apple, my lips twisting into a sinister smile. Then I hurled it against the wall, relishing the sound of its impact. Alison flinched, unaccustomed to witnessing my wrath firsthand. Swiftly, I rose to my feet, reaching out to grip her hair firmly. She winced as my grasp tightened.

“Now's not the time to be sassy,” I snarled. “You doubt my ability to create an original idea? You believe I can't subject

you to unimaginable torment? Do you desire such infliction of pain that will leave everlasting marks all over your body? Are you prepared to revert to your pitiable pretense, marred by scars? Utter the word, and I'll bind you to a chair, exposing you to agonies you never fathomed. This won't be about humiliation. It will be about complete destruction. Once you're bleeding and sobbing, I'll fuck your ass and relish the way your plead for mercy. So, Alison, give the command, and witness the emergence of the true beast within. Or cease your irritating behavior and **SERVE ME SOME REAL FUCKING FOOD!**"

I had never witnessed Alison in a state of fear. I'd observed her feeling slightly uneasy on occasion, and I recognized the expression of being backed into a corner. In her office, I had glimpsed that vulnerable look. However, as I drew her closer to me, our faces mere inches apart, and I unleashed a torrent of unspeakable threats, Alison experienced it. For the first time in her existence, she trembled with an overwhelming fear of me. She could sense the raw tension emanating from me, comprehending that my words carried unwavering weight. If she desired real torture, the kind that elicits pleas for a swift demise, I could undoubtedly provide it. Yet, what genuinely terrified her was the prospect of returning covered in irremovable scars. She recognized that such a fate would cost her everything. If she couldn't conceal the marks, society would demand explanations. The truth wouldn't liberate her. Having surrendered herself to me, her family wouldn't

welcome the scandal gracing tabloid headlines. They'd suppress it, as expected.

“Do you understand me, slave?” I snarled.

“Y-Yes,” she whispered, her fear so obvious in both her eyes and her trembling voice.

“Then you had better return with something edible,” I declared.

I savored the moment, propelling her backward, causing her to stumble slightly. Shaking, she averted her gaze and hastened into the kitchen, while I seated myself, striving to regain my control. Destroying Alison quickly held little allure. It wouldn't provide real satisfaction. Observing her crumble within minutes wouldn't rectify the balance or even the score. The process had to be done slowly to ensure that it would haunt her forever.

Alison's absence was brief. Soon, she returned bearing more food. It looked exactly like what I had previously tasted, and I emitted an exasperated groan.

“I've already tasted this, and it was repulsive,” I reminded her.

“I've made alterations,” she assured me.

I shook my head, tired of her games. Rising once more, I seized her, positioning her before me. Bending her forward, I pressed her face into the food, smearing it across her face. She struggled, attempting to resist being pushed into the dish and avoiding choking.

“Then you will eat it, slave,” I growled. “Determine whether you can stomach such wretchedness.”

Yes, Alison had pushed me past my limit. Now, only humiliation and agony awaited her. Struggling to form coherent sounds, she grappled with the continued pressure against her face, forced into the food.

“Eat it!” I commanded.

She couldn’t eat it, my pressure keeping her head down. Eventually, I eased up slightly, hauling her back up by her hair. Her gaze met mine, terror filling her eyes as remnants of salad dressing and food clung to her face and her hair was mussed.

“What’s the matter? Did it not taste good?” I jeered.

She blinked rapidly, swallowing hard. I could tell she was realizing the grave misjudgment she’d made earlier. But my dark desires were far from fulfilled. My grip moved lower, shredding her clothing in the process. A small, fearful scream escaped her lips. She likely thought I was about to take her right then, but that wasn’t my intent. I ruthlessly tore away every scrap of her attire until she stood completely exposed. Then, seizing her arm, I propelled her forward.

“No! What on earth are you doing?” she shouted.

Swinging the front door open, Alison attempted to break free from my hold, her voice strained with panic. Despite her struggles, she was no match for my strength. Wrapping an arm around her waist, I guided her outside, onto the top steps leading to my front door. She made a frantic attempt to dart

back indoors. Considering the upward slope of the road and the houses on the opposite side, anyone living above the level of the wall surrounding my property could catch sight of her nudity.

“Please, let me go inside!”

“You told me to be original, Alison,” I reminded her. “Now turn around and kneel.”

“What?” she asked me in disbelief.

“I told you to turn around and kneel.”

“A-Are you serious? Anyone can see?”

“Don’t worry, your food mask will preserve your anonymity. Now obey my instructions!” I ordered.

“Please, Master, don’t do this to me!” she pleaded, clutching at my shirt and shaking her head.

*So now she could be sweet*, I thought mockingly. However, it was far too late. She had summoned forth the beast within me, and now she was forced to confront it. She had invited these games and provocations, and she was about to learn the consequences of her actions.

“Turn around and kneel, or we can return to the blue room where I’ll make you weep as I take a part of you that’s far from prepared. I won’t stop just because you ask,” I growled menacingly.

“Please, Master, I was wrong,” she implored, and the fake Alison I recalled resurfaced—the one who could charm

anyone and gain any favor with a flutter of her eyelashes.

“Turn around and kneel,” I reiterated.

She complied, yet remained near, clutching my leg.

“Please! I misjudged you. You’re original,” she insisted.

“Please, just allow me to go inside.”

I shrugged her off, pushing her away.

“Do as I tell you, or after I have fucked you, I’ll unveil one of your darkest secrets. Shall it be your husband’s crime or one of your own?” I threatened.

Fear clouded Alison’s gaze as she stared up at me, realizing she had little choice. Though tears welled in her eyes, they were insufficient to make her cry. She was a tough nut to crack, I had to admit. But I hoped that several hours exposed to the scorching sun, on display for all my neighbors to see, might change that.

“Please...”

“Do as I say, or I’ll release it,” I warned.

Understanding she was trapped, she began to turn, remaining on her knees with her head down.

“Keep your arms down, hands on your thighs, and hold that pose,” I commanded.

“Please, I beg you...”

I slammed the door shut, securing the lock. She knew that if she were discovered moving or absent from her position, dire consequences would follow. Casting a glance out the window,

I pushed the curtain aside, spotting her outside. She had limited hiding spots. Perhaps, if she darted toward the wall, she could manage, but then I would shatter her life in a different manner. Though from this distance, no one would discern her identity, they could certainly see her nudity. Perhaps someone might contact the authorities, but if they did, I could easily manage it. After a few minutes ensuring her compliance, I let the curtain fall and proceeded to pour myself a drink.

## CHAPTER 29

*-Jared-*

I fixed my gaze on the watch while taking measured sips of my drink, allowing my agitation to gradually subside. It was during the midday hours that I subjected her to the scorching sun, fully exposed. To prevent severe burns, I knew I had to intervene before it went too far. Even though we were at the beginning of fall, the sun persisted. Nevertheless, I was committed to imparting a lasting lesson to Alison. While I initially entertained the idea of having her endure hours of exposure, the reality was that her fair skin couldn't withstand such an ordeal. After roughly 45 minutes, I returned to the front door. Although I was on the verge of opening it, I opted to peer outside through the window first. True to my expectations, she remained seated, her lengthy hair swaying gently in the faint breeze. Observing the surroundings, I discerned signs of movement in neighboring houses, as anticipated.



Perhaps some people were even capturing photographs of the scene. I had assumed that this would bring me a sense of tranquility. Yet even after getting a drink and ensuring that Alison had grasped the lesson about not challenging me, the feeling of satisfaction eluded me. My nerves were too frayed to derive any pleasure from the situation, leaving me irritated. All I wanted now was to bring her back indoors. I swung the door open, but she deliberately avoided meeting my gaze. Understandably, as I was the one subjecting her to this extreme humiliation. How many people hadn't dreamed of being exposed naked in a mall or classroom? It was a universal fear, and now Alison had to endure that very nightmare. Approaching her, I opted for a gentler approach as I took hold of her arm. I guided her to stand, though she steadfastly refused to meet my eyes. Her skin bore the evident mark of reddening. Guiding her back inside, she offered no resistance. Once we were in, I closed the door behind us. The small partial roof outside had shielded her back, but her front had received the burning effect of the sun. Leading her back to the blue room, I instructed her to lie down. She merely glanced at me with obvious disbelief in her eyes. I had no plan of fucking her now. My expectations of deriving joy or excitement from this situation remained unmet, leaving me somewhat disheartened.

“Go on,” I directed her. “Lie on your back.”

She complied with a sigh, opting not to challenge me. She lay down on her back on the bed, and I retreated to another room, procuring soothing lotion for sunburn and dampening a

cloth for cleaning. Upon returning, she had her eyes shut, likely bracing herself for what she assumed would transpire. I situated myself on my knees beside her, then leaned over, gently holding her chin. She didn't meet my gaze, but her eyes fluttered open as the damp cloth brushed over her skin. Startled, she cast a fleeting glance downward, observing it sweep across her cheek before returning her gaze to me. She didn't voice protest or attempt to regain control. I understood that this experience hadn't shattered Alison. I found it difficult to believe that such a simple action could achieve that, but she had lost this battle, and she had decided it was best to accept the bitter defeat. She permitted me to clean her up, extracting remnants of food from her hair, and an oddly serene sensation enveloped me. It was the unassuming nature of the task that brought forth this feeling. Occasionally, something minor and commonplace had the capacity to bring a tranquility that transcended all else.

Once I had thoroughly cleaned her, I retrieved the soothing lotion. Dispensing a modest amount into my palm, I applied it gently to her right arm, the motion eliciting a faint hiss as the lotion soothed her reddened skin. I instructed her to pass me the other arm, and she complied. I coated the lotion onto that arm as well before moving to her shoulders. Her face had been shielded from the sun's impact due to her position. However, I still applied a thin layer before expelling a generous amount into my hand. I proceeded to cover the larger expanse of her body. I smoothed the lotion over her chest, then continued down to her breasts, gliding my hand over them before

cupping and ensuring her skin absorbed the lotion. I strove to ensure an even application, massaging her delicate skin. This moment reminded me that I hadn't thoroughly explored this sweet area. Alison's involuntary reaction was unmistakable—a gasp escaped her lips. Her chest lifted in response, too weak to resist the delicious sensations. My thumbs grazed over her nipples, and a subdued whimper emerged from her. She clenched her eyes shut, evidently choosing not to witness my actions. Having already endured substantial humiliation today, she lacked the strength to fight me. At last, a gratifying sensation surged within me, watching her surrender to me. I proceeded to tease her breasts further before moving downward, inciting a soft moan from her.

I dispensed more lotion, squirting it into my hands before applying them to her stomach. My hands traveled lower and lower, massaging the lotion into the skin of her hips. Upon reaching her legs, I shifted from my position. Spreading her legs apart, I positioned myself between them and procured more lotion. Starting with her thigh, I began to gently rub it in, savoring the gradual shift in her breathing patterns. The sounds escaping her were toying with my senses. Finally, she relented slightly to me, a development I embraced. Mere moments ago, I had been consumed by cold anger, yet now a warmth surged within me, urging me to play. I carefully removed the bandage from her leg, noting the impressive progress her wound had made in its healing, already showing a graceful form. Drawing nearer, I grazed my lips over the area, prompting her to open her eyes and direct her gaze at me. A

fiery intensity radiated from her eyes, momentarily removing the familiar Alison. In that instance, she resembled an entirely different person. My actions today had genuinely rattled her. She didn't even have the strength to plead me to stop. Having been subjected to such a harsh punishment, all she now yearned for was a little tenderness. I was beginning the process of completely transforming Alison, molding her into someone who needed me near. Her obsession with me was underway, and this marked a promising first step toward that destination.

I lowered her thigh and then shifted to the other, addressing the last spot I had overlooked. Once finished, I gradually moved my hands upward, gliding them along her body this time. Moving them from her hips, I kneaded her breasts once more, and her panting grew louder. Leaning over her, I rested my weight on my hands. She gazed up at me with big, blue eyes, brimming with need. She yearned for a hint of gentle affection, and an intriguing idea flitted through my mind. Smiling, I leaned in closer, pressing my lips to hers, and to my surprise, she reciprocated this time. While I hadn't succeeded in getting her to kiss me back just yet, it seemed that this punishment of mine had genuinely altered her, at least temporarily. The kiss started slowly, with her hesitantly responding at first, but then she fully engaged. Her lips moved over mine, and I delved deeper, sliding my tongue into her mouth, accompanied by the whimper that escaped her. My right hand began tracing along her body, teasing her breast once again before descending further. She widened her legs for me, extending an invitation to explore her sensitive area. If

this was what it meant to fully break her, to mold her into a compliant and sweet slave, then I eagerly anticipated that stage. I intended to indulge for a time, then cast her away, dismantling everything she knew. And just when she believed she could approach me, seeking assistance, I would slam the door in her face. The idea thrilled me. I could hardly wait!

“Ah, right there,” she exclaimed as my fingers located her clit.

This was a new response from her, catching me off guard as she vocalized her desires. I rubbed her swollen clit, escalating her arousal. She reached out for me, although her touch wasn't what I craved. Just as I had ignited her desire, I withdrew, leaving her looking puzzled as she gazed up at me.

“I know you now understand why defying me is a terrible choice,” I remarked darkly, asserting my dominance.

I distanced myself from her, leaving her in suspense, and a smile crept onto my face as I observed her incredulous expression. If she believed I was there to offer solace, she was mistaken. I was imparting a lesson on why defying me was the worst idea she could have. Now she comprehended it. With a smile, I strolled away, allowing her a few moments alone before I would return for her.

*-Alison-*

I knew that pushing Jared would mean consequences followed, but never in my wildest imagination did I anticipate the extent to which he would go. The notion of being publicly exposed to his neighbors never crossed my mind. While

having food smeared across my face was not an unexpected form of punishment, the savagery with which he carried it out was astonishing. He restrained me, denying me the chance to breathe until he deemed it suitable, and I could feel the food nearly pushing inside my nostrils, obstructing my air passages. Nevertheless, that experience paled in comparison to kneeling outside his residence on full display. An indescribable sensation washed over me—more than mere mortification, it was a feeling difficult to articulate. It almost made me to want to shatter. I even found myself begging for mercy, a development I never thought would transpire. It became evident that I had failed to fathom the depths of Jared's darkness.

Despite labeling him a copycat, a mini-me, I realized that my understanding of him was superficial. I knew myself, hence I believed I knew Jared. However, there were layers to him I hadn't grasped. While I had never subjected him to the humiliation of exposure before the entire school, he had no reservations about subjecting me to that ordeal. It marked a new low, one that extinguished my desire to continue resisting. I surrendered to his touch, and it unnerved me to realize that I now yearned for warmth from the very person who had subjected me to such shame. As he left me alone on the bed, the realization dawned on me. I had challenged him to demonstrate originality, and he had undoubtedly showcased his creativity. This realization ignited my anger, prompting me to assess my surroundings, contemplating whether I could use any available items to harm him. However, I swiftly recalled

why I found myself in this predicament. He possessed leverage against me—secrets that could ruin me far more profoundly than being exposed on his staircase. Yet, this insight also rekindled my determination. I could endure the humiliation, but I couldn't endure complete annihilation. One thing had always been made abundantly clear to me: my image must always be preserved.

*Slap!*

*My head jerked to the side as my mother's hand struck my cheek. Instinctively, I raised my own hand, clutching the stinging flesh. She seized my hair, forcefully twisting my head back around.*

*"I've had enough of your games, Alison!" she snarled inches from my face. "This marks the fourth time this year we've had to bribe the school to hush up your childish pranks!"*

*"So what? It's not like you can't afford it," I retorted.*

*Her hand rose again, slapping my other cheek, snapping my head to the opposite side.*

*"Do you even grasp what is at stake here? Do you?" Her voice was a thunderous roar.*

*I held my tongue. I understood what was at stake. From childhood, my parents had carefully crafted an impeccable façade. My grades had to be flawless, my appearance pristine, and every friend or boyfriend meticulously approved by them.*

*If they didn't like them, those connections were severed. Everything had to be unequivocally perfect.*

*"I do..." I muttered.*

*"Clearly not! You should consider yourself lucky I didn't agree to suspension! I was this close!" She showed me the narrow gap with her fingers. "Just to drill a lesson into you!"*

*The truth was, I knew my mother would never agree to suspension, fearing it could taint my pristine reputation, putting Ivy League acceptance at risk. She couldn't jeopardize my image. In anger, she strode over to the petite bar cart, pouring herself a drink. Her hand trembled, ice cubes clinging as she raised the glass to her lips. To an outsider, her trembling might suggest anger and disappointment. I, however, knew the real reason. Her trembling arose from the fact that her body couldn't handle complete sobriety. People endured unhappy marriages in different ways—hers involved alcohol.*

*"And you!" she bellowed at my father, who was engrossed in his laptop, typing away. Since returning from the school meeting with the principal—a consequence of a teacher reporting my tormenting of Jared—my father had been glued to his computer screen. He seemed preoccupied with everything but our family. It wouldn't be surprising if he were diverting his attention to other women. We were all too familiar with his disdain for my mother.*

*"Darling, Alison is young. She'll mature over time. Who in high school didn't partake in a harmless prank?" my father countered, delivering his typical speech to my mother.*



*“But it’s not harmless! It’s a grave offense! There are even rumors that she made people sexually assault him!”*

*“Well, given his father’s track record, he’ll settle for some hush money to fund his drinking habit and conveniently declare it all a misunderstanding. You know how it works.”*

*“But why can’t she just sever ties with that loser’s child?” my mother shouted before turning her glare toward me. “I warned you when you were a child that he wasn’t a suitable companion! Why won’t you just leave him be?”*

*“I never befriended him,” I reminded her.*

*“No, because that would’ve made people truly view us as unhinged. Allowing our daughter to befriend the offspring of such trash!” my mother exclaimed.*

*“It’s not like his touch is toxic,” I muttered.*

*“No, but who’s to say it wouldn’t escalate?” she interrogated. “Are you two dating?”*

*She began laughing mockingly, and though I brushed it off, her words stung. It seemed as if she were delving too deeply into a truth that I had been reluctant to acknowledge even to myself.*

*“Why persist in tormenting that boy? He’s not even worth your time,” my mother snapped at me, flinging her arms up in exasperation and giving me a look that suggested I’d lost my sanity. “There are more productive pursuits, like focusing on school!”*

*“I am focusing on school. My grades are still good, aren't they?”*

*“Yes, and that's the sole reason I'm not sending you to your room without dinner. But I can't keep enduring the humiliation of having a daughter who's fixated on a nobody!” my mother retorted.*

*“It's not like I'm truly spending time with him. I'm simply asserting control,” I clarified.*

*“What on earth does that even mean?” my mother erupted.*

*“Come on, darling, you used to be the queen of your high school.”*

*“Yes, and I made sure people knew their place, but I never assaulted anyone!”*

*“Only glued someone's hair together,” my father interjected, earning a faint smile from me.*

*“Fine, but it pales in comparison to the number of times our daughter's been summoned to the principal's office, usually for the same reason. What's your fixation with this boy? Why does it always have to be him?” my mother screamed.*

*“He can't defend himself. As Dad mentioned, his father's a drunk who'll accept any bribe for his drinking habit. Isn't it better to target a nobody than someone capable of retaliation?” I countered.*

*My mother shook her head, her eyes filled with disappointment. She downed her drink and refilled her glass.*

*“Alison, you will cease all contact with this boy immediately!”*

*“Mother, it was a prank. No one laid a hand on him. The team merely gave him a hard time,” I defended.*

*“According to the coach who discovered him in the locker room, that’s not accurate.”*

*“It’s an overreaction. They never physically harmed him. It was all in good fun.”*

*“Whether it was harmless fun or not, I’m exhausted from the school repeatedly summoning me for the same issue!” she cried. “You will stay away from Jared Tyler for good! Do you understand me?”*

*I sighed and looked down at the ground. My mother advanced, the ice cubes clinking against her glass again. She came so close that her face was inches from mine, and her breath, tainted with alcohol, invaded my senses.*

*“Are you listening, Alison?” she snapped.*

*“I am listening...”*

*“You will never approach that boy again. Hold out until graduation, and then he won’t be a distraction anymore. If you fail to obey, I’ll take away the new car your dad bought you. And no trip to Spain this summer!” she shouted. “Is that clear?”*

*“Yes, Mother...”*

*“Good!” she shouted, retreating and shaking her head.  
“Where the hell did we go wrong with you?”*

*I sighed and stared at the floor, my hands clenched together. I believed Jared would have understood by now that running to the teachers wouldn't rescue him. This time he even fabricated a story, claiming that the team had assaulted him. It wasn't true. They merely teased him about it, but nothing physical occurred. Jared was going to pay for this.*

## CHAPTER 30

*-Jared-*

I sat with my hands folded in front of me, observing Alison as she cooked. This time, I had permitted her to wear more clothing, although I wasn't entirely certain if that was a form of mercy. Her skin bore a notable redness, and I suspected the fabric was less than gentle against her skin. I watched her as she prepared dinner for the two of us. It was obvious she must be famished, considering I had refrained from feeding her throughout the day. My eating habits were more on-the-go, and I recognized the need to improve that aspect. My intention was to torment Alison, not to end her life. Therefore, it was essential for both of us to eat. I hadn't anticipated this task to be as challenging as it was, but my anger had consumed me today. I had been unable to see past the fear and recollections of my own traumatic experiences. It felt like an incessantly rolling ball, refusing to halt whenever I was engulfed in those dreadful memories. And it was all Alison's fault. She was the cause of my panic attacks, responsible for the existence of

those haunting memories. Her actions had left me with everlasting scars. Not that I hadn't grown accustomed to it, but that familiarity didn't diminish the humiliation of being caught in such a state. If Alison deemed my actions cruel today, she had yet to grasp the magnitude of what she had subjected me to.

I tapped a finger against the marble surface in front of me, observing the cascade of her long hair down her back, along with the black shirt I had provided for her. It was my own shirt, as I had torn her previous attire to shreds. Strangely, witnessing her in it stirred a dark emotion within me. I couldn't decisively determine whether I found the sight appealing or repugnant. The shirt carried a significant statement—that she belonged to me, to be toyed with—but it was also an article of my own clothing that would now bear her scent. Her nauseating vanilla scent, which fueled my anger. I understood that a swift wash would alleviate the issue, and yet I was resolute in my intention to burn the garment later. Anything touched by Alison was tainted by her repulsiveness.

Alison poured the food onto a plate, then turned to me and slid it over. She looked at me expectantly as I took a bite, but I had no intention of making her redo the meal repeatedly. She had learned her lesson, and so I would relent.

“Get a plate,” I instructed her.

She seemed puzzled by my request.

“You haven’t eaten all day. Just this once, you can join me in eating,” I informed her.

She nodded without a hint of argument, standing before me with her plate. We both ate in silence. This was unfamiliar territory for me. I rarely dined with anyone. My interactions were typically devoid of shared meals. If I ever went on a date, it was never for a sit-down dinner. It was a direct path to a location where we could engage in physical activities. Referring to it as a “date” might be an overstatement. It was more like a fleeting encounter followed by a swift exit. Although I did have a few regular partners with whom I spent more time, it wasn’t akin to a relationship. I hadn’t invested time in establishing any connections. My focus was on a much grander ambition. Seeking revenge held far greater importance than attempting to forge any kind of bond.

“Tomorrow, I expect no repetition of today’s events,” I declared in a dark tone.

Her only response was a brief meeting of our gazes, followed by a swift nod. I found it surprising that she hadn’t yet adopted her characteristic sassy demeanor. Nevertheless, Alison remained silent.

“Done fighting? Do you understand the consequences now?” I asked.

She nodded again while continuing to chew her food. Perhaps she was merely waiting until she had finished eating. My assumption was that her hunger was currently outweighing her desire to resist.

“Good. Then there should be no cause for further punishment,” I stated, setting aside my meal as I completed eating. “We should have the plug and vibrator removed.”

She sighed, placing her plate down without complaint. She tidied everything up before I approached her. She turned around, presenting herself to me. Fuck, this was just too effortless. Had I already broken Alison? I couldn't fathom that it was the case. It would be uninteresting if that were true. Nevertheless, I cleaned my hands before trailing them down her body, finding the vibrator first and slipping it out of her. Her body shifted slightly, but apart from that, she made no sounds. It was rather perplexing and not as enjoyable when she didn't respond with any resistance. I placed the vibrator on a towel before moving to remove the plug. She reacted a bit more to this, a sigh escaping her lips as the plug left her. I joined the vibrator on the table before I pulled her closer to me.

Observing her standing there, fully prepared to be taken, ignited my desire for her once again. This was the perfect way to conclude the day, by ensuring she understood that I could possess her whenever I pleased. I lowered my pants, giving my cock a few strokes to achieve full hardness, then thrust into her, eliciting a small whimper from her. I grabbed her hair, tilting her head back, and began to fuck her, relishing in the sensation of her pussy enveloping me repeatedly. Yet, Alison remained completely rigid and silent. She didn't respond in any manner, and I was taken aback by how much it impacted my mood. She simply endured it, which was not at all what I



desired. It felt akin to fucking a lifeless doll. I could sense how it dampened my enthusiasm, rendering an orgasm an unattainable goal. Hoping that changing our position might alleviate the situation, I withdrew from her and had her kneel before me. I drew her closer, and she opened her mouth, waiting for me to guide her to me. I did so, but the outcome was identical. I had to exert control over her, or she wouldn't engage in the slightest. Somehow, this was worse than having sex with her. I groaned in frustration, realizing that achieving climax was unattainable tonight.

I withdrew from her and adjusted myself before hoisting her to her feet. Her expression revealed shock, likely at my decision not to finish, but the encounter felt mechanical. When I referred to her complete submission, I didn't envision this robot. I pictured a woman who engaged in the sex. While I would never find pleasure in simply having sex with her for my own satisfaction—rather than the knowledge that she despised it—I wanted her to relish it. I desired her to enjoy the touch of the last person on Earth she wanted to touch her. However, this current situation felt wrong. She was behaving like a slave, passively accepting but not participating, and it repulsed me.

“Have I already broken you, Alison?” I growled, my face close to hers. “Was that truly all it took?”

A slight twitch in her eyes indicated my questions were stirring her from her daze, and I smirked. She needed provocation, but not from my physical advances. It was my words that held power.

“I can’t believe the great Alison couldn’t handle a bit of public humiliation. It’s astonishing how easy it was,” I snarled.

“Easy?” she whispered.

“Yes, easy! You don’t resist at all. You just nod like a compliant little slave. Honestly, I expected more from you.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“But perhaps you’ve become weak. Maybe you’re not the same person anymore. Maybe you were right. You have changed, but not for the better. Now you make it effortless for me,” I taunted. She attempted to pull away slightly, urging me to release my grip, but I held on tightly. “It’s good to know that’s all it took.”

“Fuck you!” she yelled. “If you think that will break me, you’re wrong!”

“Is that so?” I asked. “Because since I brought you inside, you’ve been remarkably compliant.”

“That’s not the reason!” she shouted.

“Oh, then what is?”

“Your fucking proof! I challenged you today. I saw what I turned you into. However, I also realized that since I already pushed you to the edge, it would be insanely foolish to provoke you further and risk triggering you to push that infuriating red button!”

It struck me now why she had displayed such compliance. I hadn’t broken her, and I felt a certain satisfaction knowing that

it would require more than today's actions to accomplish that. There would have been no gratification in easily pushing Alison over the edge. That was clear to me now. But Alison was merely fearful that pushing me any further might lead me to ruin her. I reached out, running my hand through her hair as if soothing a pet. She regarded me with confusion.

“Don't worry, after you endure your punishment, we'll move forward. If I were to consider pushing that button, it would be an entirely new reason that triggered it,” I explained.

“Exactly, so I can't exactly fight you.”

“It hasn't prevented you from doing so thus far,” I countered.

“Maybe I've gambled enough for one day.”

“I'm in agreement with you. You certainly took a considerable gamble today. It's wise to take a step back,” I commended, noticing her already perplexed expression becoming even more befuddled. “Now, tidy up here, and let's return you to your cage.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Home sweet home,” she muttered sarcastically.

I smiled and took a seat again. As she cleaned up the area, I observed her movements, and once she was done, she walked over to me, standing there in wait. I stood up, and we made our way back to the blue room. Upon entering, she proceeded toward the cage. However, before she could step inside, I instructed her to remove the shirt. She complied, still avoiding

further testing of my patience tonight. I locked her inside the cage and took the shirt with me.

“You could just leave me locked in this room!” she shouted after me.

“I made it clear, if you’re on the bed, we fuck,” I responded, emphasizing my point by pointing to the bed.

With a smile on my face, I exited the room and returned to my own room to prepare for bed. First, I intended to dispose of the shirt. In my room, I located a lighter and gathered the fabric, binding it together. As I approached the unlit fireplace, a strange hesitation came over me. Despite my aversion to the fact that her scent clung to the shirt, the urgency to burn it had lessened since it was no longer in contact with her skin. This unexpected sentiment perplexed me, and I shook my head, scolding myself for such irrational thoughts. There was no logical reason to keep it. The shirt had been in proximity to Alison, rendering it unsuitable for my use. However, it was as if my hand had a mind of its own, lifting the fabric to my nose. I inhaled, catching a faint whiff of her aroma. A dark surge of delight stirred within me, yet I swiftly withdrew the shirt, set it ablaze, and cast it into the fireplace. I watched it until the shirt was reduced to ash.

I had anticipated that this little game between us would be more straightforward, but it seemed I was becoming entangled in a much more complicated situation than initially expected. Perhaps Alison intended to retaliate as well. She had resisted me earlier today, and while my punishment had seemingly

broken her, it appeared she was merely biding her time. The shift from her powerful defiance to her complete submission had killed my erection, but I found solace in knowing she hadn't surrendered completely. She was only navigating around me with care, avoiding triggering my anger. This indicated she was strategizing, plotting. I eagerly anticipated discovering what she might concoct next.

## CHAPTER 31

*-Alison-*

The following morning was much the same, though Jared appeared to be in a better mood. He seemed refreshed, a smile playing on his lips as he opened the cage. He took a step back, waiting for me to emerge, yet the cage had begun to feel like a haven of sorts. Though I was still confined, its modest walls provided a façade of security. I was fully aware that if Jared desired, he could squeeze himself inside and take me there. It would be tight, but it was possible. So cautiously, I eased out of the cage. However, as I tried to stand, he did something oddly familiar—he extended his hand, using the same command I had once employed on him.

“As I said, copycat,” I jeered, though his eyes revealed amusement rather than anger.

“Just wanted you to experience how it feels. Not pleasant,” he commented.

“So now that I’ve experienced it, should I finish what I began last night?” I asked, alluding to the fact that I hadn’t completed the task the previous night.

“Eager,” he taunted.

I shot him a glare, opting not to retort. With a snap of his fingers, he wordlessly instructed me to stand. Then he gestured for me to follow him. I disliked how he didn’t even bother telling me—his silent commands resembled dog training, a sensation far from pleasant. Nonetheless, I trailed him into the bathroom, where I watched as he removed his t-shirt. The sight of those prominent scars on his back reemerged, and I was tempted to ask about their origins, yet that would imply a certain degree of interest in Jared. He turned, his smile widening as he discarded his sweatpants. He stepped into the running shower and motioned for me to join him. I sighed, reluctantly complying. He shifted slightly as we both entered the stream of water. He reached out, gently touching the reddened skin, some areas more inflamed than others. A hiss escaped me.

“We should tend to this afterward,” he mentioned.

“Or you could have refrained from leaving me in the sun for so long.”

“Then my little slut wouldn’t have learned a lesson,” he taunted.

He reached for some body wash, squirting it into his hands before passing it to me. As I attempted to spread it over my body, he shook his head. Baffled, I looked at him, but he

reached around me, grasping my ass and pulling me closer. I let out a startled gasp, placing my hands on his chest to steady myself. He smiled and started rubbing his hands over my ass, spreading the body wash before moving upward. I understood his intention, so I began running my hands up his chest, neck, and down his arms. It felt incredibly intimate, and an angry sensation stirred within me. Why couldn't he have treated me as he did yesterday? Ruthless and cruel. Strangely, that version of Jared seemed preferable, even though it frightened me. It was interesting how much he could instill fear in me. His power display had caught me off guard. It wasn't the Jared I remembered—the kid who never seemed to get angry, regardless of the situation. But the adult man could get angry, and his anger had the potential to shake me to my core. That's why I knew I had to be cautious yesterday. I didn't want to trigger another outburst. Now, it seemed his temper had subsided, allowing him to focus on playing with me once again.

Jared gripped my hips, turned me around, and then ran his hands up my body to knead my breasts. A moan threatened to escape my lips, catching me by surprise. He was warming me up, wanting me to give in to his touch, but I resisted. I'd never beg for his touch. I might plead with him not to humiliate me as he did yesterday, but I wouldn't beg for his hands on my body. That was a line I refused to cross. Jared suddenly widened my stance slightly, then pushed me forward. I had no choice but to reach out and place my hands against the wall. His hunger was evident once more, seemingly even stronger



than yesterday as his grip tightened on me, causing a hint of pain. Given that he hadn't finished the previous day, I probably shouldn't have been surprised. His other hand grabbed my collar, applying pressure before I felt the broad head of his cock. He slid inside, taking up so much space once more, prompting a groan from me. After the teasing he'd subjected me to, it wasn't exactly uncomfortable, yet I unmistakably felt his intrusion as he claimed his territory within me. It was a mixture of thrill and anger, which only fueled my frustration. I tried to resist his pleasure again, but the room quickly grew steamy, making it hard to breathe as steam filled the air. The warm water cascading over us only fueled the fire. His deep moans resonated through the room, while I fought to suppress my own sounds and resist the dark temptation. Following yesterday's battle, I understood that nothing could compare to the relief brought by an orgasm—not just any orgasm, but one delivered through Jared thrusting into me, forcefully asserting his dominance over me and my body. His rhythm quickened slightly, then slowed down as he noticed my determined effort to remain quiet.

“You're fighting it again,” he breathed, deliberately thrusting slowly, attempting to recreate what he had achieved yesterday morning.

“No...” I whispered.

“You're resisting it so intensely,” he teased, a hint of laughter in his voice. “But we both understand how much you yearn to surrender. My slut craves my touch. She just needs to admit it to herself.”

“Just because you know how to make me climax doesn’t mean I desire you to. It’s a simple...”

“Bodily response,” he finished on my behalf as I clenched my teeth together.

“Yes,” I managed to say.

“Was it the same way when you reacted to me yesterday? How you cried out, or when I touched you and you gasped as I found the right spot,” he taunted. “Don’t you grow wet from what I do?”

“Another... response,” I whispered, as he persisted with those slow strokes.

“Another response,” he mused, yet I sensed an underlying tone in his words, an almost cautionary note. I didn’t get the chance to inquire about it, as he increased the pace and began thrusting into me more vigorously. A groan escaped me involuntarily, the heat building within me. The world started to blur slightly, and my determination wavered. Clasp my hands together, I dug my nails into my skin, silently begging him to climax before he could bring me to orgasm. To my surprise, this time he focused solely on his own release. He could have included external stimulation, but he refrained. He fucked me until he reached his climax, pumping his cum into me. I let out a contented sigh as he finally stilled, his cock no longer rubbing over my sensitive spots. Jared withdrew leisurely, and we proceeded to clean up. However, when we reentered the blue room, a smile played on his lips, its meaning eluding me. He even permitted me to change into

another one of his shirts and get fully prepared before we descended to have breakfast. His demeanor left me puzzled. Why did he seem so cheerful? Why did he appear content despite not bringing me to climax? I was aware he didn't aim to pleasure me like a partner seeking mutual gratification, but rather because he relished knowing I detested it. Nevertheless, he had relented. He hadn't persisted further, and we both understood he could make me climax if he wished.

I scrutinized him intently as he had his breakfast. He noticed my gaze but made no comment, simply instructing me to proceed after he had finished. I regarded him skeptically, uneasy with this cheerful aspect of his demeanor. The angry Jared was comprehensible, even predictable. Push his buttons, and the furious beast emerged. This cheerful version, however, held too many enigmas. I couldn't quite decipher his intentions for me, as I couldn't fathom him granting me even a single day of respite. My body ached in ways I had never experienced, yet a reprieve seemed unlikely. I would have to endure being taken by him daily, subjected to new and humiliating scenarios. Transitioning from infrequent sexual encounters to this relentless routine took its toll. But he had vowed to have his way with me until I begged for his pleasure and my lips were raw. The fatigue and soreness weren't surprising consequences. Nonetheless, I would persevere. Once this month was behind me, I would finally be free from Jared's grasp forever. Perhaps I should have heeded my mother's advice and refrained from pursuing him further. But

it was easy to be wise in hindsight, after everything had crumbled.

“Finished?” he asked once he observed me taking the last bite.

His question struck me as odd, but I nodded in response.

“Good. Move quickly and clean everything up, then meet me upstairs.”

Surprisingly, Jared didn't ensure my compliance this time and left, leaving me alone in the kitchen. I tidied up everything and made my way to the staircase leading upstairs. Standing at the entrance, facing the inviting door ahead of me, I felt a twinge of temptation. However, fleeing wasn't an option. Despite the allure, I knew attempting to escape would only lead to my own ruin. The contract I had signed bound me, and Jared still held those incriminating materials over my head. I couldn't save myself by running. It would only bring more problems. Letting out a deep sigh, I ascended the stairs and entered the blue room. I anticipated Jared would be waiting inside, but to my surprise, he wasn't.

I surveyed the room, perplexed by his absence.

“Jared... I mean, Master?” I called out, positioning myself in the center of the room.

I heard movement behind me and turned to find him emerging from the hallway that connected to the bathroom. He was dressed quite elegantly, reminiscent of his appearance in my office. His hands were hidden behind his back, and he

stood there, smiling at me. It was disconcerting, leaving me unable to decipher his intentions.

“Why are you dressed like that?” I asked.

“You’ll change as well.”

“Oh? Another maid outfit?” I quipped.

He shook his head, revealing what he held behind his back. What came into view left me speechless. I couldn’t believe my eyes as I stared at a uniform that closely resembled my old school attire. I could barely recall what had happened to it after I graduated. I believed it was still at my parents’ house. And yet, there it was before me.

“Is that...?” I began.

“Your old uniform, or a close resemblance,” he informed me.

“And here I thought you’d broken into my parents’ place,” I sarcastically remarked.

He shook his head. “No, I obtained a new one for you.”

He tossed the uniform to me.

“Are you serious?” I questioned incredulously.

He nodded. “We’re going to engage in a little roleplay.”

“Wonderful,” I muttered.

“This time, you’re going to beg for what I can do to you.”

I stared at him in disbelief. “I’m what?”

“In the shower, you claimed it’s just a bodily reaction, but we both know the truth, Alison. You’re starting to derive

pleasure from it, and I intend to demonstrate it.”

“Getting me to voice those words won’t prove anything to you!” I shouted.

“Not to me. To yourself,” he reminded me. “Once you cease fighting it.”

“I’ll never stop fighting it because I don’t want your touch! I’m your slave for a month! I’m your whore, and whores put on a show.”

“Then put on a show!” he instructed, gesturing toward the clothing.

I clutched the fabric tightly, my anger welling up.

“For how long have you not fantasized about fucking me in this?”

“Is that what you think occupied my thoughts as a child?” he asked, approaching me.

“You drew me. I bet you hung those sketches on your bedroom wall too,” I snarled.

“You’re right, I did draw you. But it wasn’t out of infatuation,” he said, moving closer.

I brushed off a quiet ache in my heart. It wasn’t what I thought it was, I told myself, watching as he circled me slowly. His fingers grazed my shoulder and back before he returned to face me.

“I drew you as a way to channel my anger. I pinned you on the wall so I could throw things at you, gouge your eyes out,

curse you. I could do all the things I wanted to do to you in real life, but through your drawing. Adults taught us to release anger in safe and non-destructive ways,” he reminded me. “But I never loved you as you might have convinced yourself. I didn’t sketch you because I was infatuated with my own tormentor. I wasn’t afflicted by Stockholm syndrome. I recognized my enemy, and I aimed to shatter you. I wanted to pay you back for everything you subjected me to. However, back then, I simply lacked the strength. You had affluent and caring parents standing behind you. I had nothing!”

“Caring...” I whispered.

“What?” he asked, but I shook my head, not willing to repeat the word.

“Nothing,” I replied.

“Do you grasp the significance of what I’ve just told you? Can you finally hear me, Alison?” he asked. “I detest you! My hatred for you is immutable. Nothing in this world could ever alter that.”

My heart raced, but I commanded it to calm down. I concurred with him—we harbored an unrelenting enmity toward each other, and there was no force capable of changing that. This was our destined reality. The war between us commenced long ago, and perhaps I was becoming less certain of who would emerge as the victor. I had underestimated Jared and the depth of his anger. I had never even remotely expected him to return to seek retribution. Yet, he was right. In our childhood, he was alone. His weak father was susceptible to

any bribe, and even the principal could be swayed with ample money. Maybe I shouldn't have been so astonished by his pursuit of me. Now he possessed wealth, authority, and was no longer vulnerable. It was truly time for retribution, and I was the reason for that.

"I understand," I whispered.

A smile played on his lips. "Wow, I could almost believe you sound disappointed."

"Please," I mockingly breathed. "I despise you just as much."

"And that's why you loath the fact that you relish my touch."

"I do not relish it. I never will!" I snarled.

"We shall put those words to the test. Now put it on."

I was about to stride past him to change, but he extended his arm, halting me.

"What?"

"Why would you need to change in the bathroom?" he queried. "You can do so right here."

"Urgh, fine," I grumbled under my breath before starting to change.



## CHAPTER 32

*-Alison-*

Angrily, I took off the shirt while Jared watched me change into the old school uniform, which I was not going to ask where he got from. It was much smaller than I remembered, but my body had also changed from when I was a teenager. While I was still slim, I had gained a bit more fullness around the hips, ass, and breasts. It was no wonder. We changed all the time, and I was no longer a kid anymore. I hoped I wouldn't have to play one either. Jared hadn't changed into his old uniform, which I would also be shocked if could fit his large body now. But it made me feel quite uncomfortable, as I feared he hoped I would play some almost-legal teenager and him the grown man I was begging for sex.

As I put on the skirt and zipped it, I turned to him, crossing my arms.

“Tell me, we aren't playing some perverted game,” I told him.

“Perverted? I think this entire game is perverted by many people’s standards,” he chuckled.

“I meant the roleplaying. Don’t tell me you get to play your own age while I’m some kid!”

He cringed, not looking particularly happy with those words either, and it calmed me to see.

“No, that's definitely not what we're doing,” he firmly stated.

I exhaled with relief, and he appeared surprised by my reaction.

“What? That's not an entirely unlikely scenario.”

“It's highly unlikely,” he growled, and it was evident that I had touched a sensitive nerve.

“So, what's your plan then?” I asked.

He began smiling again, then seized me and turned me around, gently pushing me in the direction of the bed.

“Get on it, on your knees,” he instructed.

I complied, climbing onto the bed, facing him, and positioning myself on my knees. My outfit did a poor job of concealing me, and I wasn't even wearing panties beneath it. If he were to stand behind me, he would have an unobstructed view of my ass. Or had he shortened the skirt?

“And now, Master?” I asked.

He grinned, looking rather pleased to see me in this position.

“Now, I'm going into the other room, and when I return, you'll be very sweet and attempt to seduce me.”

“Seduce you?” I exclaimed. “You want me to try to get you into bed?”

“Exactly!”

“Then why the outfit?” I questioned.

“Because in this little world we’ll inhabit, you’re the one obsessed with me, Alison,” he elucidated. “In this universe, you’ve been fixated on me since high school. You’ve practically been shadowing me, imploring me to have sex with you so you can demonstrate how amazing it would be between us. But nothing has worked. So, here we are. You’ve broken into my home, adorned yourself in your old uniform, or whatever remains of it, and you’re attempting to make me fall for you.”

With each sentence that unveiled the details of the theatrical scenario we were about to enact, my jaw dropped further. I couldn’t fathom what he was saying, and once he finished, Jared stood there, a smile playing on his lips.

“But that’s utterly insane!” I protested. “Am I crazy? You want to be with someone deranged?”

He chuckled, shaking his head. “You’re just mildly obsessed.”

“I broke into your house!”

“The door was open,” he replied, his tone playful.

“It’s still breaking an entry!”

He shrugged. “What won’t people do for a little affection?”

“That’s insane,” I muttered, shaking my head. “And why am I wearing my old uniform?”

“Well, even though you were obsessed with me in high school, you were still a bully. Your confession is happening tonight, about how you’ve always been in love with me, and that’s why you pursued me.”

“So, until now, my only intention was to have sex with you?”

“You noticed how handsome I had become and realized you wanted me,” he said, shrugging casually.

“I understand,” I groaned in frustration.

“And tonight, you’re putting everything on the line.”

“So, tonight it’s true. We bully because we like the person.”

“You did,” he asserted, pointing at me. “You, Alison. The one person who struggles to express her feelings through words. But now we’re adults, and you know you can’t bully me into loving you.”

As I sat on his bed, it felt like a figurative slap in the face to hear him talk about me being in love with him and unable to articulate my emotions. In high school, I was with the most popular guy, the football team’s captain. We were the ‘it’ couple. Later, I married a highly influential and adored man, who brought even more wealth and status to my life. How could I have ever considered looking Jared’s way? He was insignificant. Even now, he couldn’t measure up to the men I

had been with. No matter what, I would always see him as a loser.

“You know, we can play this game all we want, but will it truly change anything? I’m not in love with you. You’re not in love with me.”

“That’s why it’s called roleplaying,” he countered.

“Ah, so you want my love?”

He leaned in, pressing his hands against the bedposts, inching closer to me.

“No, Alison, I don’t desire your love. I crave your obsession. I want you addicted to me. I want you to come crawling, begging to take me into your mouth, to feel me,” he murmured.

“That’ll never happen except in these games you force me to play,” I retorted, leaning toward him, meeting him head-on. His dark smirk played on his lips once again as we stood locked in a contest of stares. Neither of us budged, and the tension between us grew, the anger simmering beneath our skin. Slowly, Jared pulled back, a warning gleam in his eyes.

“Lay it on thick,” he reminded me before he started walking away.

I watched him depart, shaking my head slightly. If he wanted me to prove I could lay it on thick, then that’s what I’d do. I knew that if I didn’t, he’d use whatever leverage he had over me.

“My pussy’s getting tired!” I called after him.

“I’m sure it reminds you of your college days. Any professors who granted you better grades for a little extra service would get it, am I right?” he replied.

“What?” I exclaimed, utterly disbelieving.

His response was just a chuckle. However, his words baffled me. Why would he bring up professors? Jared didn’t elaborate further. Soon enough, he reappeared in the doorway, and I knew the performance had to begin. I lowered myself slightly, arching my back a little and pushing out my chest. I hadn’t buttoned up the shirt all the way, and my breasts filled it out. His gaze traveled down my body as I offered him a disgustingly sweet smile.

“Alison, I don’t recall inviting you in,” he began.

“Perhaps you should lock the door next time,” I playfully teased, twirling a strand of hair around my finger as I gradually slipped into character.

“Just because the door isn’t locked doesn’t mean it’s an invitation. I understand why you’re here, and my answer is still no. You should leave,” he informed me, waving a hand dismissively.

“Tonight is different,” I informed him.

He looked intrigued, and I almost fell for his convincing act. His ability to switch gears was remarkable, but I didn’t let it sway me.

“Oh? How so?” he asked, stepping a little closer.

“There’s something I’ve never revealed to you.”

“Really?”

Even the tone of his voice carried a deep sense of intrigue, as if he anticipated what I was about to say yet wanted to hear it from me. He approached until he was at the edge of the bed, and I nodded eagerly before scooting a bit closer. He stood before me, his hands in his pockets, gazing down with a mixture of curiosity and heat in his eyes. I reached out, placing my hands on his chest, and I saw curiosity morph into something more intense. I ran my hands down his chest slowly, but he seized my wrists, shaking his head.

“I almost believed you had something important to confess,” he remarked. “Guess I was mistaken.”

I shook my head.

“No, there is something, but it’s making me nervous.”

“Nervous?” he asked.

“It’s difficult to say, considering I’ve kept it hidden for so long.”

I was truly getting immersed in my role. I even thought about how the Oscars should prepare a prize for me. I was putting on an award-winning performance.

“For how long?” he asked, his eyes tracing down my figure once again.

“Longer than it should be. I should’ve been honest with you, Jared.”

“Yeah? About what?”

I shook my head, pretending to struggle with honesty, which, to some extent, I was. The last thing I wanted to admit were the words that I was in love with Jared Tyler. But the show had to go on.

“Actually, I think it would be easier if I showed you,” I suggested, catching him off guard as I pulled him toward me for a passionate kiss.



## CHAPTER 33

*-Jared-*

I knew what a talented actor Alison was. I had witnessed those fake tears, the overly sweet demeanor with the teachers, and how she could switch from being bitch to angel in a matter of seconds. I wasn't surprised that she hadn't lost her touch. It was quite convincing, which pleased me a lot. However, this was about making her realize that wanting my touch was a desirable thing. If I wanted her to become obsessed with me, she had to come to terms with it. If she resisted, she wouldn't come crying to me when I shattered her world. It was all about rewiring the neural pathways in her brain, and that took time. The little act would certainly shake things up, I was sure of it, but I hadn't expected the kiss.

This time, she pulled me toward her, pressing her lips to mine in a passionate kiss, her lips moving sensuously over mine as she leaned into it. She wrapped her arms around my neck, and I circled mine around her waist. She began undoing

the buttons on my shirt, but I pulled back, hearing her whimper.

“Is this your way of showing me?” I asked.

“Yes, of course,” she replied.

“How? I already know what you want from me.”

“But I can demonstrate just how much I want you.”

“You'll have to do better than that if you want me in bed with you, sweet Alison,” I teased, attempting to move away, but she clung to me, making me chuckle. Her touch almost seemed desperate. I had to admit she was very skilled.

“Just once,” she pleaded.

“What?”

“Just once, and I'll show you how deeply I feel for you.”

“You have feelings for me?” I feigned surprise.

She nodded eagerly, and her hands continued working on the buttons of my shirt. This time, I allowed her to proceed.

“I do. So, let me show you how much. Let me express it in my own way.”

I was intrigued to see where this was heading and let her open my shirt before helping me out of it. Then she began removing her little green jacket, tossing it aside before unbuttoning her white shirt.

“You really think sex is going to make me change my mind about you?” I asked, reaching out and hooking a finger around

her red collar. God, I loved her collar. It stated that she was all mine. “You know what you did to me in high school.”

“Then allow me to make it up to you,” she implored in a desperate yet sweet tone, subtly rocking her hips, conveying her intentions to me.

“It needs to be damn impressive,” I demanded.

“It’ll be mind-blowing. You’ve never experienced anything better,” she assured me.

“I find that hard to believe, but because I’m intrigued, go ahead,” I conceded.

She smiled and then removed her shirt. The skirt followed suit until she sat before me naked. Slowly, she began crawling toward me. She undid my belt, unbuttoned my pants, and unzipped them. Alison looked up at me with pleading eyes, as if she couldn’t endure another moment without me inside her. Pushing my pants lower, she slid them off, and I stepped out of them. Reaching out, she let her hands glide down my chest and stomach until they reached my semi-hard cock. She started stroking me, coaxing me to full hardness. Then she took me into her warm, wet mouth, evoking a groan of delight from me. I held onto her hair, not to control but to guide. If this was going to be done right, she had to be the one working for it, and working for it she did. She pulled back, running her tongue along my length before playfully teasing the head of my cock. Yet, she didn’t dawdle for long. She shifted back, propping herself on her hands and then arms. With a

tantalizing invitation, she spread her legs wide. My grin broadened as I got on the bed, crawling over her.

“Do you really believe this will sway my decision?” I asked, her hands encircling my neck before pulling me into a lingering kiss that surprised me a bit with its sweetness and slowness.

“If this doesn’t, then nothing will,” she breathed alluringly.

I had to give her credit for her performance. She was excellent, and how could I refuse such a captivating invitation? Reaching between us, I found her pussy and began stroking along the sensitive skin.

“Just the thought of me gets you this wet. How long have you desired me?” I teased, even though she had already answered that question.

I slipped my fingers inside her. At first, she resisted, but then she remembered her role and let out a soft sigh.

“For quite some time,” she panted. “Yes!”

She started moving her hips, riding my fingers. While I had already coaxed her into leaning into my touch, it was intriguing to see her yielding so readily. Her nails dug slightly into my skin.

“Ah, fuck, it feels good,” she gasped.

I withdrew my fingers, and she moaned in protest.

“No, don’t,” she pleaded. Moving them higher, I found her clit, and she moaned sweetly, releasing all those sounds she

had concealed. She might try to deny it, but she wanted an outlet for those noises. With her performance, she could set them free.

“You truly ache for my touch, don’t you?” I provocatively asked, and she nodded.

“Yes, Jared, for so long.”

She couldn’t resist it any longer. She had to confess, just as she had to acknowledge the consuming sensation coursing through her. Her whimpers grew louder until she trembled, climax washing over her. I guided her through the delightful waves, pushing her as far as I could before allowing her descent. Her gaze locked onto mine once more, a hint of fear flickering as she realized she had surrendered herself entirely. This was precisely what I desired—for her to lose herself in the sensations without restraint. Only then could I make her addicted to them.

*-Alison-*

*Oh, clever bastard,* I thought, as I concentrated on Jared. I knew I couldn't fight back, and the more I immersed myself in this role of being madly in love with him, the more it consumed me. I didn't even think about resisting the orgasm as it began to wash over me. I simply surrendered to the sensation, just as I surrendered to our roles. However, I snapped back to reality a bit after climaxing, realizing what had transpired. The smirk on his lips didn't help at all. It became abundantly clear to me what he wanted. He desired this. He wanted me to cry out in pleasure. I was about to tell

him to go to hell when he leaned in again and kissed me. He pushed me into the bed. I contemplated biting him again but held back because the roleplaying wasn't over. I had to see this through, and gradually, I eased back into character.

Jared positioned himself and slid inside, my body welcoming him. I wrapped my legs around him, and he began moving as we locked eyes. It felt incredibly intimate, like the world around us had vanished, leaving us in our own private universe. He quickened the pace, warmth building within me again.

“Oh, God, yes, Jared!” I cried out.

“Fuck, Alison,” he groaned, both of us getting lost in the sensations.

He buried his face in my neck, kissing and playfully biting it as he thrust into me, his movements growing more urgent. I could feel another orgasm approaching, and I had no defenses against it. This was the character I had to be right now—the woman utterly infatuated with Jared, longing only for release.

“Oh, more, I need more,” I gasped, not even sure how much of it was acting at this point.

Jared created some space between us and kissed me again.

“Touch yourself,” he whispered darkly.

I reached between us and found my clit as he continued to move. I began to stimulate myself as he picked up the pace, his need to climax mirroring my own. Pleasure surged to new

heights and then exploded inside me, making me cry out. But the words that escaped me were unexpected.

“God, I love you!” I cried out in the throes of ecstasy, with Jared groaning deeply as he reached his peak too. We both lay there, still entwined, trembling in each other's arms, feeling the euphoria wash over us.

Yet as we panted together, my own words echoed in my head. They sent a chilling shiver down my spine, taunting me. *Just a game*, I told myself. It was all about the roleplay. But as I replayed those words in my mind, they sounded so convincing. I was just a skilled actor, right? I hadn't lost myself in the moment. That could never happen!

“Well, I can't say your acting skills have gotten worse,” Jared remarked, pulling away as I let my arms fall.

I gazed up at him, noticing the smug smile on his lips.

“For a moment there, I almost believed you meant those words,” he chuckled cruelly.

“We both know there will never be a time when they're true.”

“Never say never, Alison.”

“I can't even look at you without feeling disgust.”

“You can try to deny it now, but you just climaxed twice and begged me for more,” he reminded me.

“It's called acting.”

“It's called being in denial, but it's cute that you try.”

I was on the verge of calling him an asshole, but he could see it on my face and leaned in closer.

“Yes?” he prodded, ready to punish me for my disobedience.

“Do I ever get a break this month?” I asked instead.

“No.”

“Come on, even you must be a little tired!” I snapped.  
“Three days of non-stop sex takes its toll on people.”

He laughed and nodded. “Usually people who haven't wanted revenge since they were kids.”

“So revenge turns you on?”

“Did you think it was you?” he retorted, a sharp pang hitting my chest. I wasn't used to being told I wasn't attractive, and hearing it from Jared felt like a slap.

“Are we done?” I asked.

“The game never ends between us,” he said before withdrawing and leaving me on the bed.

I placed my hands over my face, shaking my head slightly as he went to clean up. I couldn't wait for this torment to be over.



## CHAPTER 34

*-Jared-*

I observed Alison as she moved around my dining room, tidying it up. This time, she wore a more modest maid outfit since I had ruined the previous one. After our roleplaying session yesterday, I intentionally refrained from touching her. I wanted her to continually relive the moment when she fully surrendered herself to me. I could sense her irritation growing, even detecting subtle bodily reactions as she recollected the events. While she might insist it was all part of the roleplaying, no one could sustain such a high level of acting, not even Alison. Her utterance of the words “I love you” in the midst of her pleasure had caught me off guard. I had instructed her to reveal her feelings, but the sincerity behind her words, spoken as she trembled and climaxed, was unexpectedly powerful. The intensity surprised me, though it didn’t diminish the enjoyment. My task now was to coax her into saying it repeatedly until she herself believed the words. The idea struck me as amusing. Perhaps I did desire her love, not

because I sought to reciprocate it, but because what was more formidable than love? Hate came close, yet love was a complex duality. Unlike hate, which often motivated only harmful actions, love could drive both benevolence and malevolence. People could go to extraordinary lengths for their beloved. Yet, when love remained unrequited, it could incite a powerful madness that even hate couldn't inspire. Maybe I should target her love rather than merely her obsession. Such an outcome might prove even more gratifying. I had previously asserted to her that I wasn't the one falling for my own game. I would never love her. My feelings toward her were firmly rooted in intense hatred. No other feeling would ever take hold.

“Is it up to your standards, Master?” she asked, turning to me and motioning toward the entire dining table. I had tasked her with cleaning and polishing it until it gleamed, nearly looking brand new.

“It is,” I replied.

“So, can I proceed to the next room?”

“I didn't declare this room finished,” I corrected her. “Now the lamps require dusting, and the chairs need a thorough cleaning. Afterward, you should vacuum and scrub the floor.”

The dining room was seldom used, and it didn't require a deep cleaning, but that was precisely what made this situation enjoyable. I derived satisfaction from knowing that none of this cleaning was essential, and I was forcing her to do it solely because I could and desired to. Alison shot me an

intense glare, but I merely met her gaze with eyes that communicated that she was welcome to attempt to challenge me, yet it would be a futile fight.

“Very well, I’ll proceed then,” she said, moving from chair to chair, wiping them down.

The chairs served a purely decorative purpose. I never invited anyone over. In fact, I doubted I had ever extended such an invitation to anyone. I had lived with a cruel person in a cave that wasn’t worth showcasing to anyone, and later on, I found myself incapable of forming friendships. My life hadn’t transformed into something pleasant. It had become tolerable. I managed to exist without succumbing to pain. Those years spent living with my father had been an absolute nightmare.

*I wipe my hand under my nose, watching the blood continue to flow. It just won’t stop. As if my day at school hadn’t already been bad, as it always was, my father was even meaner today. I came home and was immediately yelled at for arriving late, although I wasn’t late. His drunken mind couldn’t accurately perceive the time. He had hit me because of it before storming out of the door, probably searching for the nearest bar, as he likely had no more alcohol at home. I wasn’t sure why the bars still let him in, but there was nothing I could do to stop him.*

*I went to my room to hide, knowing there was no escaping him. He did whatever he pleased with me, and I had nowhere else to go. I wasn’t of legal age yet, and even when I was, I’d have no money. Where would I go? I needed an education. I*

*needed a way to truly escape the devil himself, but I knew the only way to do that was to wait until graduation.*

*I leaned my head back again, hoping it would stem the flow, yet it felt like I was choking on my own blood. I wasn't even sure how long I'd been sitting there. I was about to stand up to get more tissue paper when I heard it: the door slammed shut. I could often sense it in the air, knowing what mood my father was in. I was the son who had driven away my own mother, and since she wasn't here to satisfy him, and no one would even approach him, it left one person. It left only one person he could turn to.*

*I quickly reached for the knife beneath my pillow, gripping it and thinking that tonight, I would do it. I would plunge it into his heart. I would kill him and exact revenge for all the things he had put me through. I listened to the stumbling in the hallway, then I watched the doorknob turn. He had broken the lock a long time ago, and when I tried to have it fixed, he broke it again. My hand tightened around the knife as the door creaked open, and light streamed into my bedroom. It was exactly like in a horror movie: the dark shadow standing illuminated by the light. The stench of alcohol surrounded him so much that it even permeated the room.*

*"You're drunk. Just go to sleep," I tried, my hand gripping the knife so hard. Sometimes it worked. Sometimes I could convince him that sleep was what he needed, but there was a determination in his steps as he approached me that told me tonight was not such a night. My hand was shaking as I held the knife, but as he stood in front of me, slightly unsteady, my*

*grip loosened. I tried to muster the will to grab it again. I wanted to kill him, so why was I hesitating? I had the opportunity. A voice urged me on, yet all strength left my body as fear overtook me.*

*My father slapped me across the face, sending me to the side. And when he saw my weakened state, he saw an opportunity. Pushing me forward, he had me face down on the bed. My pants were roughly removed, and I listened to the sound of his belt being unbuckled next. I retreated deep inside myself, seeking the sanctuary I knew. There, he couldn't touch me. However, sometimes there was something even better than my sanctuary. As I lifted my eyes slightly, I saw a picture I had hung on the wall: a drawing of Alison. The intense anger returned, and I held onto it as the painful intrusion began, and the creaking of my bed and his grunts filled the room.*

“Master?”

I shook my head, turning slightly to see Alison holding a mop in her hand. Everything around me appeared different. The place was as spotless as ever, yet I felt confused. I couldn't even recall telling her where to find the cleaning supplies, or hearing the vacuum start. How long had I been lost in thought? I glanced down at the glass I had been holding. The ice cubes had melted long ago, leaving only condensation on the sides, indicating its still cool temperature. I slowly released it, noticing the white color of my palm from pressing so hard against the glass that I had hindered blood flow.

“Master?” Alison called once more.

I turned to her, observing the puzzled expression on her face as she studied me.

“Is there something else I should do now?” she asked.

“Um...” I needed a moment to collect myself. “Go get me a drink. A real drink.”

I pushed away the glass of water in front of me, and Alison shrugged before walking away. She knew what would happen if she tried to escape, so I wasn't concerned about that. I needed some time alone to collect myself. Those dreadful memories often haunted me in my dreams, which was why sleep was a rare luxury for me. No one truly knew the extent of my father's cruelty, except Vince. He had overheard my whispered words and immediately recognized their meaning. I knew little about his story. He had revealed just enough to entice me into his world, and I had eagerly embraced the offer. Anything was better than enduring the beatings and rape. I understood that Alison wasn't responsible for my father's actions. She didn't force him to do what he did, but sometimes attributing even that blame to her helped me cope. It gave me something to hold onto as I endured it all. Yet, I also understood that had she known the truth, she wouldn't have come to my rescue. No one cared about me, and I knew how they viewed my father. In many people's eyes, I was destined to become him, but I was determined never to follow that path.

While living with Vince, I had once imagined returning home to make my father pay. Sadly, his self-destructive

lifestyle robbed me of that chance. He succumbed to cirrhosis of the liver, and the possibility of a transplant was out of the question due to his alcoholism. The only consolation was knowing he died alone. I refused to arrange a funeral and didn't claim his body. I vanished years ago, and I had become someone they couldn't trace. I didn't know the specifics of his demise, only that he was gone. Still, there lingered an unsettling sense of unfinished business. I never had the opportunity to reveal the person I had become, to become his worst nightmare, much like I had become the nightmare for every other evil person in my life. The bastard escaped too easily, but there was no way to alter that now. At least one positive aspect remained in my life. I still held Alison under my control, and she had inflicted nearly as much harm on me. Finding satisfaction in tormenting her seemed sufficient. As I gradually regained my composure, Alison returned, holding a glass in her hand. Yet, she had brought along an entire bottle, placing it beside me after handing me my drink.

“I said get me a drink, not get me drunk,” I admonished her.

“Judging by your expression, it seems like you could use it.”

I glanced at her, raising a confused eyebrow.

“Excuse me?”

“It appears that you might need it. You've gone pale,” she remarked. “It often soothed my mother.”

The little comment she added at the end of her sentence came with a chuckle, yet her tone carried a hint of sadness.

Alison noticed me gazing up at her, then let out a sigh, picking up the bottle again.

“Sorry for assuming, Master,” she said, a trace of bitterness in her tone.

As she turned to leave, I reached out and placed an arm around her waist, resting my hand on her hip. Gently, I turned her to face me, and she looked perplexed.

“What did you just say?” I asked.

“I said sorry for—”

“No, before that. About your mother.”

She appeared puzzled, but then shrugged. “It’s not much of a secret, and considering the information you have about me, you probably know my mother doesn’t mind a drink or two.”

“A drink or two,” I sighed. I had briefly entertained the thought that her mother might share a similarity with my father, but I was mistaken. I looked away slowly, lowering my hand.

“For breakfast,” she continued, causing me to turn my gaze back to her.

“Lunch and dinner were often accompanied by stronger beverages, and the consumption increased with her stress levels. And she didn’t need much to get stressed. Were you unaware of this?”

“I wanted to destroy you. Your mother wasn’t on my radar,” I retorted.



“Of course...”

“How often?” I asked, as she attempted to walk away.

“Every day.”

I glanced over my shoulder, finding Alison still facing me.

“Did it make her aggressive or submissive?”

“It depended on which number she was on,” Alison informed me.

I nodded slightly, but as I didn't offer any further response, she walked away once more, and I shifted in my seat. I was well-versed in Alison's parents' lives—knowing their professions, social circles, hobbies, and even their birthdates. Yet, her mother's love for drinking had eluded me. Whenever I had witnessed Alison interacting with her parents, everything seemed picture-perfect. Beneath Alison's exterior, I recognized the darkness. There was little good to be found there. However, witnessing her seemingly ideal family life didn't just spark jealousy, which was a common reaction toward families. Instead, it ignited an intense fury within me. Not only did Alison have the power to torment me, but she also had the privilege of returning to a harmonious home where parents greeted her with open arms and affection. She possessed everything, while I had nothing. And yet, now, I found myself realizing my own foolishness. Alison masterfully deceived everyone around her into believing that her life was flawless, that no fractures existed in her façade of a marriage. As I gradually unraveled the truth about her marital relationship, I was still blind to the details of her past. I

had been deceived by the image her parents projected, and this realization hit me like a shockwave. Alison must have learned her manipulative ways from somewhere, yet I had failed to perceive it. I hadn't seen past the façade, beyond the staged smiles and gestures of affection in the photographs. Her mother's struggles with alcoholism—a poison that could often turn people vicious—had eluded my awareness. What other truths had I overlooked?

## CHAPTER 35

*-Alison-*

Jared soon grew hungry for lunch. My hands trembled a bit, recalling the meal I had cooked for him—the one he had complained about and nearly made me choke on. Even though a few meals had passed since that incident, I still felt apprehensive about preparing his food. I dreaded a repeat of the event that had ended with me being thrown out onto the street naked. However, the air around Jared was different now, lacking the intimidating aura he had carried when he shoved the food in my face. Something peculiar seemed to be happening to him. He had been sipping his drink for quite some time, sticking to the first glass without moving on to a second. He wasn't watching me cook. His focus was on the liquid in his glass, swirling it around contemplatively. He remained eerily quiet—no playful games or teasing remarks. He sat there, fixated on the alcohol in his hand, waiting as I prepared his meal. When I was finished, I arranged the food on a plate and provided him with a fork and knife. However, to

my surprise, he didn't start eating right away. He continued to gaze at his glass, taking small sips, lowering it, and then turning it absently. I tried to catch his eye, thinking he might be lost in his thoughts, but he wasn't focused on me.

“Master?” I called out.

His gaze shifted toward me, yet there was a distant look in his eyes.

“Food,” I pointed out, gesturing toward the plate in front of him.

He nudged it forward, and I feared he might tell me he no longer wanted to taste it due to its smell. But that wasn't his intention.

“You go ahead and eat it. I'm not hungry anymore.”

I looked at him in puzzlement. I was indeed hungry, so I was more than willing to devour the meal, yet I couldn't comprehend why he had suddenly changed his mind. He had requested that I make him lunch, and I had done so, but the sandwich before him remained untouched.

“Are you certain? You don't want a bite?” I asked.

He shook his head, continuing to nurse his drink. While I hadn't poured a large amount into his glass, he seemed content gazing at the liquid rather than tasting it. I picked up the food with my hands and began to eat, ravenously. Jared had used up a lot of my energy, and what was even more surprising was that he had barely touched me today. In the morning, he had ordered me to give him a blowjob, as if it were a new ritual.

However, apart from that, he hadn't touched me or forced me to engage in any other activity. It was quite baffling, and I grew more concerned that he was building up to something.

I continued to let my gaze wander over him as I ate, unsure if he might suddenly leap from his seat and pounce on me. Or perhaps he would command me to strip naked, coat myself in whipped cream, and then demand that I pleasure myself in front of him. Shaking my head, I discarded such thoughts. I didn't want to give him any ideas. His current game of making me obsessed with him was already far too much. I didn't need to confess my love for him again—even the mere thought sent shivers down my spine.

“You're keeping a close watch on me,” he observed, glancing up from his drink to meet my gaze.

“Never heard that you should never take your eyes off a predator?” I retorted, noticing a dark smirk tugging at his lips.

“That's how I always knew where you were back in high school.”

“But I always managed to find you.”

“Only because you had so many spies,” he countered.

“They were friends.”

“People you paid to act like they liked you. Face it, Alison, the only person who had fewer true friends than me was you,” he declared, causing me to narrow my eyes and glare at him. “People feared you. That's why they were your friends.”

“Yet you wanted to be me,” I snarled.

“I wanted to be free of you, and eventually I was.”

“How did you manage to survive?” I asked, pointing my fork at him. “Honestly, I thought you’d be dead by now.”

He shrugged, seemingly unoffended by my words. “Yeah, many probably thought I was.”

“So how did you survive? You dropped out just three months before graduation and vanished. Your loser father wouldn’t have helped you,” I remarked.

“No, he drowned in his alcoholism.”

“He’s dead?” I asked. I had not kept track of Jared and his family after Jared disappeared, and I moved on with my life.

“He is.”

“When?”

“A few years ago,” he informed me. “A blessing to the world.”

“Oh? He didn’t shower you with love?” I retorted.

“Come on, Alison, are you that slow? Haven’t you connected the dots?”

His words irritated me, and I shot him a glare. “What is there to piece together?”

“You didn’t inflict the scars on my back. So, who the hell do you think did?” he questioned, his voice carrying darkness and intense hatred.

Slowly, the realization dawned on me about what he was revealing. I knew his father was a brutal alcoholic, but I had

never known the extent of his cruelty. Jared's back was marked by permanent scars, evidence of wounds that hadn't healed properly due to the way they had been inflicted and how they were treated. These scars twisted across his skin, a testimony to his pain.

“Did he use a whip?” I asked, my voice strained.

“His belt was sufficient,” Jared disclosed.

Suddenly, my appetite waned, and I set the plate aside. Clutching the edge of the counter, I let out a shaky exhale. It wasn't that I hadn't noticed the odd bruises on Jared's body that weren't from me. I had always assumed they were from others our age attacking him when I wasn't around. I had never considered the extent of his father's cruelty. Guilt washed over me like a sudden wave. For a fleeting moment, the word “sorry” hovered on my tongue as I thought about how every time I inflicted pain on him, he was returning to even more pain at home. But then reality snapped back. I reached up to touch the collar he had put around my neck, and I realized an apology was unwarranted. He was balancing the scales between us, and the past couldn't be undone. I wouldn't utter an apology. Even if I had been aware back then, perhaps I might have reconsidered. But time had passed, and we couldn't change the past. We were trapped in an unending war, and there was no white flag that could resolve it for either of us.

“I'm certain his fists were involved as well. That's where the bruises came from?” I asked.

“Obviously,” he retorted, finishing his drink.

I sighed, averting my gaze, hoping to numb myself to it all. Nonetheless, I did understand better now why Jared was consumed by anger, unable to let go of the past. There was more to his fury than just me tormenting him.

“You still haven’t explained how you survived,” I pressed, facing him again.

“And I don’t intend to.”

“Why not?”

“Weaknesses, Alison. You were always adept at finding them.”

“Is this a weakness?” I asked.

“I consider any information I provide you to be one,” he said firmly. “I’m revealing my father’s story only because he’s no longer alive, and it’s all in the past. The past may have been hellish, but this chapter won’t return to haunt me.”

“I always had a talent for finding weaknesses, didn’t I?” I boasted.

“Annoyingly talented,” he commented.

A smile touched my lips, a sense of pride welling within me for that skill. But Jared shook his head.

“Don’t seem so pleased. Look where it’s gotten you. Perhaps this will genuinely change you, and maybe you’ll finally become a better person.”



“I am a better person. I grew up. After high school, I left those pranks behind.”

“Are you saying I was special?” he sneered, a strange pang striking my heart.

“You were simply an easy target,” I countered. “People in college were more mature, done with high school drama. I adapted to fit in.”

“Ah, a true chameleon,” he shot back. “Those kinds of people are never to be trusted.”

“You’re just stuck in the past and can’t believe people can change.”

“Not you, Alison. Even now, you’re fighting so hard for a marriage that’s doomed and defending your husband, who’s a rapist.”

“I told you he DIDN’T rape her!” I yelled.

“No? Then why was she paid off?”

I pressed my lips together, and Jared raised an eyebrow.

“It wouldn’t be the first time you shielded a rapist,” he snarled.

“You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t I? So your high school boyfriend didn’t rape a girl? The one you later assaulted so severely that she wound up in the nurse’s office?”

“Do you believe every rumor you hear?”

“Alison, I know what you’re capable of. So, I’m more than willing to believe any rumors about you,” he retorted. “It wouldn’t even surprise me if you filmed him in the act.”

Shocked, I stared at him, struggling to process the idea that he thought me capable of that. In Jared’s eyes, I was not just a monster. I was worse than a demon. There probably wasn’t even a word in existence that could properly describe his perception of me.

## CHAPTER 36

*-Alison-*

Two days went by without Jared commanding me to partake in any demeaning tasks. Apart from a morning blowjob, he was behaving rather strangely. He continued to instruct me to clean his house and prepare meals, yet he refrained from engaging with me physically. I was well aware that this calm wouldn't persist without him having some sort of plan in mind. Yet, he remained unusually quiet, merely observing my every move. This silent version of Jared was challenging to navigate. Each minor motion he made would cause me to twitch, anticipating his advance. However, he maintained his position, simply watching me. It was only on the second day that I realized this was his intention all along. He aimed to unnerve me to the point where I'd react to his slightest movement. Although I resented being stalked in such an overt manner, I was trapped and couldn't escape. It was a well-devised strategy. I wouldn't be able to anticipate when he would truly make his move, keeping me in a constant state of unease.

As the day wore on, I was approaching a breaking point. I flinched every few minutes due to Jared's minor shifts or sounds. Even his faint sighs would prompt me to whip around to observe him, only to be met with his puzzled expression. I needed this to end so I could decipher his plan for me. Otherwise, I would surely lose my sanity. While wiping down the kitchen counter, I finally shifted my focus to him, spinning around slightly.

“Can we get on with it?” I demanded, tossing the cloth into the sink and crossing my arms.

“Huh?”

“You've been stalking me for two days, and except for a brief morning blowjob, you haven't ordered me to dress up or loudly profess my desire for your touch. Could we proceed with your master plan? It's obvious you're building up to something.”

Jared merely shrugged, as if he hadn't registered a single word I had spoken. Rising from his seat, he approached me, and I was certain he was about to take action. Perhaps he would place me on the kitchen counter and fuck me, proving that he wouldn't even need to ask for it. Or maybe he would bring in the kitchen supplies again. My heart pounded fiercely as he drew nearer, frustratingly triggering a slight excitement within me. I chided myself that it was merely a physiological response as I gazed at his imposing figure standing directly in front of me. Yet, Jared refrained from touching me. Instead, he

opened the refrigerator beside me and retrieved a bottle of water.

“I'm thirsty,” he announced, displaying the water bottle.

Teasingly, he trailed the cold bottle down my cheek, causing me to instinctively pull away. A smug grin crept across his lips as he turned away.

“I know what you're up to,” I commented.

“Oh?” he asked, leaning against the kitchen island before me, and he opened the water bottle. I eyed it nervously after he took a sip, and he caught my wary gaze. “Afraid I might pour it over you?”

“It's not as though I haven't done something similar to you,” I reminded him.

“True, but your offerings were mostly not water. You seemed to prefer something sticky or smelly. So, water would almost be merciful.”

“Are you planning to pour something sticky on me, then?” I asked.

“I'd be ruining your little outfit, wouldn't I?” he posed, prompting me to glance down at myself. I was wearing a rather short shirt that revealed my stomach and a small black skirt. It could be something one might find at a themed restaurant, but it wasn't one of the demeaning outfits he'd previously dressed me in. In fact, it covered more than most of the outfits he had chosen for me so far.

“Could you just get on with it?” I implored, feeling exhausted.

Once more, he nonchalantly shrugged, eliciting a sigh from me. Abruptly, he pushed away from the kitchen island and drew nearer. The tension in the room heightened as I braced myself for whatever he might do next. Perhaps he would demand another blowjob or request that I strip down so he wouldn't ruin my outfit as he poured cold water on me. I flinched slightly to the side as he extended his hand to grasp a cabinet handle behind me.

“I'm simply getting a glass,” he informed me, that smirk of his returning.

“How amusing,” I retorted.

He chuckled, returning to his spot and pouring water into the glass.

“That's quite amusing.”

“Do you want me to spiral into paranoia?” I questioned.

“Alison Brown in a mental institution,” he mused while sipping his water. “Honestly, it doesn't sound like a bad idea. Perhaps you'll never leave.”

“Can't you just torture me instead?”

“Ah, so now you're interested in playing my games.”

“I think we're already tangled in one, but I don't enjoy it!” I exclaimed.

“Excellent. That makes it the perfect game to indulge in.”

“But this is your chance to humiliate me and make me feel mortified,” I reminded him, wishing for the return of the sex-craving Jared over this enigmatic version.

“I have plenty of time. It hasn't even been a week yet.”

“Time passes quickly,” I countered.

“Do you ache for my touch, little slut?” he taunted.

“No!”

“Hmm, then I fail to see why I should fuck you.”

“Oh, you are...” I was about to compliment his mind games when I realized how inappropriate it would be. I couldn't let Jared know that I was genuinely impressed by his tactics. He had evolved significantly from his younger self who struggled to even utter a simple “no”. He was now firmly in control, manipulating my thoughts, and it was infuriating me to no end.

“I am what?” he asked.

“Annoying.”

“I believe you meant 'handsome'.”

“No, you make me want to retch,” I retorted.

“I don't think that's the way to address your Master,” he reminded me.

“Well, my Master refuses to even touch me,” I countered, witnessing a smile creep onto his face. “No, that's not what I meant!”

“Sounded like it.”

“I just don't relish flinching every time you move around.”

“It makes you flinch?” he asked, pretending to be innocent.

“You know it does.”

His response was nothing more than that infuriating smirk of his.

“It's been two days of constant flinching. It's wreaking havoc on my mental state.”

“Alison, you signed a contract that declares you're mine for a month to use as I please. I don't believe any of my actions so far have been beneficial for your mental state.”

“But at least I understand the expectations from the other side of you. At least I grasp the desires of the Master. I'm unsure of what this side desires,” I explained, gesturing to his entire being with a sweep of my hand.

“I want nothing. Besides you tidying my house and preparing my meals.”

“I don't believe that!” I shouted, sounding crazy. “You're scheming something!”

“I'm merely having a glass of water. I'm parched.”

“You're far too cunning. I'm certain you're up to something. You want to keep me on edge, and I'm in the dark about your motives.”

“Perhaps I find satisfaction in seeing you like this. Every day I attended school, I was on edge as well, never knowing what



you had in store for me. How does it feel, Alison? Do you enjoy it?”

I groaned, gripping my hair and exhaling deeply. He knew the answers to his queries. None of it was enjoyable. I felt unable to take a step without checking over my shoulder. Jared was slowly gaining control over my thoughts as well. Spending all these days with him here was detrimental to me. I couldn't tolerate being around Jared 24/7 like we were now. When we were at school, from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon, he was mine to toy with. However, even then, he wasn't constantly available. We had classes to attend, and I was also part of the cheerleading team, which meant practices. While I was busy, he would hide in the shadows. Yet now, Jared had me under his watch every minute, and it was taking a toll on me. Was I truly not stronger? Or had I lost my touch?

“I don't believe I need to answer those questions,” I mumbled, allowing my hands to slide down and rest on my neck, where I could feel the leather collar.

“You're correct. You don't. I can see it in your expression, and I only have to come a little closer,” he remarked, putting down his glass before approaching me once again.

I clutched the counter behind me, pressing myself against it. Jared extended his hands to rest beside mine, boxing me in. Yet, he refrained from touching me. Nonetheless, his proximity, combined with my heightened anxiety, made it feel as though he was touching me everywhere. The tension was

thick, charged with electricity and my own intense fear, causing my breath to emerge in short gasps. Air refused to fill my lungs, and it felt as if I were being suffocated.

“Please, can we just get it over with?” I whispered, glancing at the floor, unable to endure this game any longer. I'd rather be subjected to degrading acts than remain in suspense about the impending events.

“No, Alison, I'm having too much fun,” he whispered darkly, inching closer.

## CHAPTER 37

*-Jared-*

A lot had occupied my thoughts ever since I delved deeper into Alison's history. Questions began to surface. Who were her parents truly? Did I possess a genuine understanding of the kind of people they were? Did I grasp their true malevolence? Did Alison's father also come to visit her in the darkness of the night? Was he an alcoholic like his wife? Did I truly grasp the reality lurking behind the façade? I had unraveled what lay beneath Alison's skin, but what about her family's secrets? I was aware her husband was an adulterous and a fucking bastard, whose social standing was solely propped up by his family's influence. But what about the rest of her family? The desire to delve further gripped me, uncovering secrets I didn't even realize I yearned to uncover. The arsenal I currently possessed was sufficient to shatter her life, but how did I shatter her soul?

These musings prompted me to step back, merely observing her. Yet, Alison couldn't bear the weight of such intense

scrutiny. It transformed her into a nervous wreck, and I detected new ways to toy with her. She was so tense that she begged for me to use her body, to torment her ceaselessly, because those were parts of me that she could understand and predict. However, I couldn't permit that. She shouldn't predict what was coming. My plans were numerous, with one already forming in my mind as I drew nearer to her. The sun was gradually sinking, casting its radiance through the massive windows. Soon, darkness would shroud us, obscuring everything from view, and that's when I would strike. Alison's intuition was correct. I was awaiting the opportune moment. I intended to invoke such terror in her that she would beg me to offer her solace. After the humiliation of being paraded nude before my neighbors, she had craved me. Even now, she yearned for me to claim her, striving to restore balance amidst the turmoil I had created. Yet, she remained oblivious to the true turmoil awaiting her.

Alison trembled so violently that even the strands of hair framing her face trembled in sync as I inched closer. Our breaths mingled, our proximity almost intimate, yet I refrained from kissing her. My lips only grazed hers, a shaky exhalation left her. She anticipated my onslaught, bracing herself for impact. She expected me to seize her, to turn her, and ravish her relentlessly. Perhaps I should introduce new toys to our games. If she derived pleasure from the handle of a spatula, should I introduce something else? Something bigger? Or sharp, perhaps? The satisfaction of carving into her flesh had been undeniable, but my aim wasn't to mar her body. I desired

her to return to her world appearing untouched by the hands of a demon. She would wear her smile, resuming her roleplaying, yet within her psyche, the truth would linger. It would keep her constantly on edge, uncertain if I might return for her once more. Maybe I would drive her to the brink of madness, forcing her to don a straightjacket. The mental image, twisted and arousing, surfaced involuntarily. She would shriek like a lunatic, proclaiming that I was out there, closing in on her. Perhaps I would pay her a little visit, sneaking into her room to fuck her on her bed while she lay helplessly bound. Shit, the idea was making me hard. I extended my fingers, hooking them into her collar, drawing her toward me. I captured her lips in an intense kiss, eliciting a whimper as I consumed her. She quivered against me, relinquishing a little of her fear as I finally took action. However, I didn't prolong the contact.

“Maybe I do have a game in mind. You relish being constrained, don't you?”

“No!” she exclaimed. “I despise it!”

“Good. Just confirming.”

“A-Are you planning to tie me to the bed now?”

An image of Alison completely restrained, not just her hands, but also her ankles, vulnerable and at my mercy, was an alluring thought, yet that would have to wait. I had something else in mind for tonight.

“Not tonight. I'm tired,” I informed her, though the low tone of my voice betrayed no fatigue at all.

“You’re not... going to do something tonight either?” she asked.

“No, I’m going to sleep, which means...”

“I’m going back in the cage,” she finished my sentence.

“Good doggy,” I taunted, observing her glare.

“Shall we?”

Bewilderment clouded her features as she cast an assessing gaze up and down my form, clearly apprehensive. She didn’t appear to trust that I merely intended to retire for the night and not conclude the evening with exploring new and intriguing ways to torture her with pleasure.

“Unless you’re up for another goodnight kiss.”

“You know I detest your kisses,” she sneered.

“I’m aware. The faint hint of nausea in my mouth is a small price to pay for a kiss, especially considering how much you loathe it,” I remarked.

“Why can’t you just reveal your plans for me?” she asked.

“Because where’s the fun in that? Now, would you like me to drag you there? I’m ready for bed.”

“Can’t you just get it over with?”

“Alison, I’m tired.”

“No, you’re never tired,” she observed. “You possess the stamina of a lunatic.”

I chuckled. “I’m glad you’re impressed by my stamina.”

“So, let’s proceed.”

She started to unbutton her minuscule shirt, and I regarded her with astonishment. This time, she was disrobing without any command. It caught me off guard momentarily, but I reached out, grabbing her wrists before she could fully unveil herself.

“You just need to admit you desire my touch,” I reminded her.

“Never!” she snarled.

“Then let’s go to bed.”

I leaned down and lifted her up.

“Jared!”

I smacked her ass as a reminder not to address me by that name.

“Fuck! All right, Master, can you just get it over with?”

“Tell me you want me to fuck you,” I demanded as I departed the kitchen. She began pounding her hands against my back.

“Never! I’ll never confess that willingly!” she yelled.

“Then we’re off to bed.”

“Just get it done.”

“Alison, this month is far from its end. Once this game concludes, another will start,” I reminded her.

“Oh, you’re the most wretched person on this planet.”

I delivered another spank to her ass before ascending the stairs.

“Actually, I believe that title belongs to you,” I chuckled darkly.

“Put me down and let’s begin!”

Her words only fueled my laughter. She was becoming desperate for me, yet she couldn’t vocalize the words “fuck me”. To do so would be a complete surrender. However, she would speak them, using the sweetest tone when she did. I was determined to render her utterly addicted, but she wasn’t there yet. It would be a slow process. Alison despised me as intensely as I loathed her, yet they said hate and love were separated by a fine line, easily crossed.

“All you need to do is express your longing for me.”

“Never! I will never express a desire for you!” she shouted.

“Off to bed with you then.”

I swung open the door to the blue room, setting her down on her feet, finally instructing her to disrobe.

“Finally!” she sighed.

“Needy.”

She shot me an irritated glare, but complied with my request, shedding each piece of attire. She let them fall to the floor, then turned to me expectantly.

“On my back? Hands and knees? Or is tonight all about me doing the work?” she asked.



“Tempting, but the cage,” I informed her, gesturing to the cage.

“Are you serious?”

“I’m completely serious.”

Alison sighed, then followed my instructions, heading back to the cage and crawling inside. I secured the cage door, locking it, and offered her a smile as she knelt within, glaring at me, her arms crossed defensively over her chest. She certainly looked like a prized possession within that confined space. Regrettably, she resembled more a gag gift package, promising endless amusement only to reveal a mundane item like a piece of toilet paper. Her exterior might be alluring, yet her inside lacked depth.

“Sleep well,” I taunted.

“You’re awful,” she mumbled.

“I learned from the best.”

She rolled her eyes, and I retreated, extinguishing all the lights before retiring to my own room. I discarded my shirt and socks, leaving my pants on, and began perusing my closet. There, I found another dark mask that concealed my entire face. Save for small eye holes, it portrayed a wholly neutral expression, exuding an eerie aura. I clutched the mask in my hand as I systematically turned off all the lights throughout the house.

## CHAPTER 38

*-Alison-*

It was the oddest little click that roused me from my slumber. I opened my eyes, gazing up at the dark ceiling. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the darkness, and then I began surveying the room. I couldn't see anyone there. The silence enveloped everything. Perhaps it was even a bit too quiet, and it caused my heart to quicken its pace. Slowly, I rose to a sitting position, and my attention was drawn to something peculiar about the gate of the cage. I hesitated, wondering if my drowsy mind was deceiving me, but as I extended my hand and exerted pressure on the gate, it started to creak open. How was that even possible? I distinctly remembered seeing Jared secure it in the evening, yet now it stood wide open.

“Jared?” I called out, but was met with nothing but silence.

Logic urged me to stay within the cage, as if it were somehow the safer option, but the gate was open! A surge of curiosity overcame my fear, and I slowly began to slip out of the cage, allowing the blanket to fall away. I remained on my

knees momentarily, surveying my surroundings before standing upright.

“Hello?” I called out, yet the silence persisted.

To ascertain my solitude, I headed to the bathroom, ensuring it was vacant as well. Indeed, it was, further deepening my bewilderment. Nevertheless, I returned to the small chamber of personal torment, casting another glance around. Yet, there was no sign of anyone. My attention turned toward the doors that led out of the room. I walked over, my hands trembling as I reached for the handles. I had trouble believing they would be unlocked, but as I pushed down, there was no resistance. Slowly, I eased open the doors, taking care to prevent any noise. I poked my head outside, glancing in both directions down the dim corridor, but it was vacant. I couldn't shake the feeling that something was profoundly amiss. Even my mind was screaming that something was dreadfully wrong, but why would Jared open my cage? Could there be another person in the house? And if so, for what reason? Suddenly, an urgency to locate him gripped me. Perhaps he could explain why this house now felt like a scene straight out of a horror film.

I hurried back into the room, finding a big shirt to put on. It was crucial to be covered before venturing out there again. I retraced my steps to the doors, casting a wary gaze around. Before crossing the threshold, I paused and doubled back. I grabbed one of the hanging canes, inspecting it with a nod of approval. It had the potential to inflict damage. Armed with the cane, I returned to the doors, this time mustering the courage to step fully into the hallway. I gripped the cane as if

it were a baseball bat, poised to strike should anything attack me. While I was uncertain of Jared's room's location, I surmised it had to be on this floor. Nevertheless, it could be any room along these lengthy hallways. This house was immense.

With slow, barefoot steps, I traversed the cold wooden floor, constantly scanning the darkness and casting glances over my shoulder to ensure nothing was pursuing me. Whenever I looked ahead, it felt as though something was breathing down my neck. The edginess I had experienced from Jared's watchful eyes paled in comparison to this. It was like real stalking—the sensation that something could emerge from the shadows to consume me. However, any potential attacker would be sorely mistaken if they believed I would surrender so easily. I wasn't one to bow down, and I had nearly endured a week of Jared's torment. If some intruder thought they could have a taste too, they would quickly realize otherwise.

I persisted with cautious steps, rising onto the balls of my feet before settling them down flatly. The first door closest to me came closer. I turned the handle and peered into the small spare bedroom. It was unmistakably not Jared's.

“Jared?” I whispered. “Master?”

He didn't react to either of the names I used, but I hadn't anticipated any response. I pressed forward, proceeding to the next room—a small library—yet found nothing. I called out his name to be thorough, but silence was the only answer. The longer I took to locate him, the more my unease grew.

Something was amiss. The hair on my arms stood on end, and my heartbeat seemed to echo in my throat. Drawing closer to the staircase leading to the lower floor, I paused. But I was determined to fully scour this floor before descending further. I bypassed the dim staircase and headed to the room nearly opposite it. I opened the door, revealing a soft glow emanating from within. A small lamp had been switched on. The sight was comforting, as I thought perhaps Jared was using this room and was still awake. I entered the room, pushing the door wider.

“Jared?” I called out, hoping for a response. I ventured deeper, my attention drawn to the closed bathroom door. Could he be in there? As I moved toward it, a sudden creak sliced through the room. I was about to whirl around when a hand clamped over my mouth and an arm snaked around my waist. The bedroom door slammed shut as I squirmed and screamed against my attacker’s hand. I drove my head backward, striking him, and he grunted, stumbling back. Swiftly turning, I used the motion to swing the cane directly into his side. A pained yelp escaped him before he staggered away, ultimately collapsing to the ground. I lunged toward the door he had closed and flung it open before I hurried away.

“Jared!” I yelled, at a loss for anyone else to summon. Contacting the police was unfeasible—I had no phone.

I rushed toward the staircase, but just before I could reach out, my attacker seized me from behind, gripping my hair tightly. A scream erupted from me as he forcefully pulled me back, yet I refused to let the pain overpower my resolve.

Swinging around once more, I aimed a blow with the cane, but he was prepared this time. He seized the cane, wrenching it from my grasp and hurling it aside, the resounding thud and subsequent rolling noise resonating loudly in the scary silence. Who the hell was this man? His powerful physique suggested a man rather than a woman, yet when I spun to confront him, he was masked, his eyes peering through small openings. The darkness hindered my vision, obscuring the details.

I attempted to wriggle free from his grip, clawing at him with my nails, raking across his neck. He hissed, but swiftly captured my wrist and deftly turned me around, shoving me against the railing that overlooked the entrance of the house. A metallic flick indicated a knife being deployed, followed by the sound of fabric tearing. Panic coursed through me as I comprehended his intention. He sliced through my shirt, reducing it to mere strips that dangled from my body, leaving me exposed. Then, with the knife poised at my throat, he maintained his position. Adrenaline surged through me, the realization that I was about to be violated within the confines of this house gripping me. His rapid breaths filled the air, his intent so obvious. His gloved hand traced along my body before finding my breast and kneading it. The threat of tears overwhelmed me as this stranger defiled me. He parted my legs forcefully, forcing me into a vulnerable stance. Meanwhile, his free hand gripped my hair, wrenching my head back once more. The blade pressed even harder against my throat, and I felt it graze my skin. A trickle of blood dripped down, the warmth of it chilling me. The sound of his ragged

breathing sent shivers down my spine, the realization sinking in that this was the beginning of a horrifying violation. Yet, in the midst of this terrifying state, he uttered a single, enigmatic word that rattled me completely: “Run.”

The knife withdrew from my throat, but my fear paralyzed me from immediately turning around to ensure his absence. It took a few agonizing seconds before I mustered the courage to turn, discovering an empty space behind me. Doubts about my own sanity crept in, but I had no intention of remaining to verify the existence of my tormentor. Hastily, I descended the stairs, aiming for my only escape route. The door loomed directly ahead, and I lunged for it, hope for freedom coursing through me. Yet, upon grasping the handle, the door resisted my efforts to open it. In my frantic state, I twisted the lock, but even then, it remained shut. It felt as if an invisible force held it fast, denying my passage. Desperation surged within me, and I pounded my hands against it, tears streaming down my face in a torrent of terror.

“Come on!” I pleaded.

I heard a noise from the other floor, and I realized he was coming after me again. Initially, I couldn't fathom why he had released me earlier, but it gradually dawned on me that he relished the chase. Hastily, I raced past the staircase and went to the living room, knowing it held a door leading to an outdoor porch. Bursting into the living room, the doors swung open forcefully, crashing against the walls. Rushing toward the sliding door, I attempted to open it, only to find it obstructed. I shook it vigorously, hoping it would yield, but it remained

closed. I dashed toward one of the windows. While the first one wouldn't budge, a slight push opened the second one. I let out a relieved squeal, and just as I was about to slide my leg out to the other side, a grip on my collar from behind yanked me back. The sensation of choking overwhelmed me before I was hurled backward and landed on the ground.

My attacker returned, looming over me with the knife in hand, moving closer. I scrambled backward and berated myself to get back on my feet. Springing into action, I dashed in the opposite direction, attempting to reach another room. I stole a glance behind me, seeing him approaching with determined strides. I tried the next room, only to find it locked. I persistently tried door after door, yet none of them yielded on this floor. How was that possible? My thoughts were too scrambled to make sense of it all. My primal instincts had taken over, seeking only to flee the encroaching danger. I tried to force the next door to open, but it remained steadfast.

I turned my head, convinced my attacker was right beside me, but when I looked, he had vanished. I shifted my gaze the other way, yet he wasn't there either. My heart continued its erratic rhythm as my brain struggled to comprehend the situation. What was happening tonight? I questioned. Something was profoundly amiss, but I was too overwhelmed to connect the dots. I cautiously retraced my steps toward the living room, where I knew a window was open, retracing the path he had just pursued me through. My movements were measured, unsure why he hadn't pursued me further, considering I seemed like an easy target. My body felt



peculiar, tingling with the aftereffects of being hunted, pushing it into overdrive. My vision was slightly blurry, but I remained resolute. I vowed to myself that I would escape this alive.

I set off abruptly, retracing my steps toward the living room, when a door to my left swung open unexpectedly. A hand shot out, seizing my arm in a tight grip.

“No!” I screamed, unleashing my fury.

I was forcefully pulled into the room and thrust to the ground. My attacker leapt over me, pinning me down with his weight. The glinting knife hovered menacingly, a sinister harbinger of the impending pain, while his heavy body immobilized me. Struggling to devise a plan, I acted instinctively. Summoning all my strength, I sank my teeth into the flesh on his wrist, biting down with an intensity that elicited a pained cry from him. He tried to wrench himself free, but my grip persisted, my bite unrelenting until I tasted the metallic tang of blood. Simultaneously, my hand reached for the knife, striving to wrest it from his grasp as he tugged at my hair, attempting to pry me off. When I wouldn't let go, he moved his hand. He clutched my throat, exerting pressure in an effort to subdue me. I tolerated the choking sensation, fixated on securing the knife. Abruptly, he released my throat, his attention shifting to his own pants as he fumbled to unfasten them. Fueled by desperation and unwilling to succumb to violation, I intensified my bite on his wrist. Despite his discomfort, he lowered his pants, poised to assault me despite my persistent resistance. Driven by urgency, I maintained my grip on his wrist, creating a momentary

opening to slip my fingers beneath his and retrieve the knife. I quickly let go of his wrist with my teeth before I repositioned the knife at his throat. We both froze, the tension thick as he lay between my legs, ready to force himself upon me, yet now confronted with the edge of a blade at his throat.

“Get off me, you fucker,” I growled in a low, venomous tone.

Time had been put on pause as we both panted, recovering from the stalking and the inevitable end. I was well aware that I was going to get caught. Whoever he was, he had come prepared, but I was a fighter, and surrendering easily wasn't in my nature. If he intended to rape me, I was determined to make him regret it. However, the tables had turned. I now held the knife, a powerful threat against him and his life. I exerted enough pressure to convey my unwavering readiness to kill him if he persisted in his monstrous intentions. Our eyes locked through his mask, and my fear had diminished. I wielded the power now. Yet, one of his hands started edging toward mine.

“Don't!” I warned, tightening my grip around the knife. “Move, and I will cut you. Get off me now!”

He remained immobile, and the tension intensified as we both waited, uncertain of each other's next move. The moment seemed to stretch into eternity, although in reality, it was just a few seconds.

“Keep it there,” he instructed, his voice filled with intensity, yet my mind recognized that voice. He hadn't altered it this

time, and I stared at him in disbelief.

“Jared?” I managed to utter before he entered me deeply, eliciting synchronized groans from both of us.

His movements were fast, propelled by the desire that the chase had stirred within him. His thrusts held no gentleness. He entered me deeply, pressing as far as he could, while I maintained the knife against his skin. Stunned, I struggled to comprehend the situation unfolding, but my body mirrored his intensity. Fueled by adrenaline, I found myself experiencing an unexpected rush of pleasure. It defied explanation. Yet my senses were heightened, and his forceful, deep strokes caused me to moan with each thrust, aching for more. He seized my free hand, pinning it above my head, effectively trapping me, all while the knife remained poised at his most vulnerable point.

“Oh God!” I cried out as the orgasm began building within me. My legs clenched around his waist as I reached the peak of pleasure. My hand slipped away, and he secured that wrist as well, keeping them both above my head as he continued to move within me, driven by the euphoria of pleasure. “Oh yes!”

I couldn't prevent the overwhelming climax. Lost in the throes of pleasure, I convulsed and shook as he persisted, driving me to the brink once more while chasing his own release.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed, tears streaming from my eyes as a powerful blend of fear, pleasure, and anger melded into a potent cocktail, further intensifying the ecstasy coursing

through my body. My attacker surged with fervor, thrusting deeply a few more times before finally finding release, his dark groans resonating in my ear as he slumped down atop me. Trapped beneath him, the former fearful feeling gave way to a different sensation. It was pure, pleasurable delight that left us both breathless, drenched in sweat.

“Next time, don’t hesitate to cut me,” he whispered, causing my eyes to snap open. He retreated, discarding the mask, and even in the dimness, his identity was unmistakable.

“Jared, you fucking bastard,” I murmured, yet the strength to fight had deserted me. I was a trembling wreck, and it surprised me to find my body yearning for yet another round.

## CHAPTER 39

*-Jared-*

Hunting Alison had provided a thrill unlike any other. Recreating the same level of terror wouldn't be possible, but I could certainly intrigue her by offering her a tempting prize. I was ready to dangle a golden carrot, hinting at a reward for her efforts in fleeing in our next hunt. Crafting such a scheme was well within my abilities. For now, in this moment, I reveled in the aftermath of our twisted game. God, it had been exhilarating, especially when she managed to wrest the knife from my grip, using it against me. The unexpected turn did nothing to quell my arousal. If anything, it heightened my desire and the tension between us. It didn't take Alison long to realize my identity, especially as I entered her. I had thought the pieces would fall into place quicker. Who else could have orchestrated such quick preparation for our dark hunt? Yet, her distress at the time hindered her ability to delve into these details. Therefore, her lack of awareness added to the experience, as she believed I was an actual stranger, ready to

rape her. Undoubtedly, we would repeat this twisted game, albeit with some modifications. Fooling her a second time wouldn't be so simple.

Alison's reaction to the revelation was far from jubilant. Were it not for the intensity of her climax, she might have unleashed her anger at full volume. The flames of fury danced in her eyes, but for now, she lay naked and panting on the floor, with my cock still inside her. The knife rested loosely in her grip. However, I quickly I retrieved it before she mustered the strength to follow through on its lethal potential. Reaching out, I retrieved the knife, provoking a discontented moan from her.

"Well, that was quite the experience," I managed, my own breath labored and uneven.

"I didn't think it was possible to despise someone as profoundly as I despise you, but you've reached new heights," she retorted, her breath equally ragged.

"Excellent. That will make our next hunt even more exciting," I declared.

"Next? I won't fall for that again."

"I'm well aware," I chuckled.

"You're the most despicable man on this planet."

"Had you said person, you know I would've cheerfully pointed out that the title belongs to you," I teased.

"Do you think I chose my words accidentally?" she shot back.

“Come now, my little slut. You just climaxed so intensely. Admit it, you relished the thrill of being taken by a stranger,” I taunted, my words laden with provocation. “Though that’s hardly uncharted territory for you.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” she demanded.

“Slut suits you rather well,” I taunted.

“You motherfucker!” she exploded.

“A motherfucker you just climaxed for,” I retorted, withdrawing from her and fixing my clothes. I switched on the lights, revealing the sight of Alison still sprawled on the floor, in the process of recovering. Slowly, she propped herself up on her arms, visibly struggling.

“I truly believed someone was about to rape me!” she snarled.

“I know,” I acknowledged.

“And you find that amusing?”

“Not amusing, but it did have a happy ending,” I countered.

“You’re repulsive. What if I turned the tables and hunted you?”

“You’ve been doing that for years, and I never found it entertaining either. I’m merely giving you a taste of your own medicine. That’s the reason for all of this.”

“Bastard,” she breathed.

A smile tugged at my lips as I directed my gaze to the spot where she had bitten me. I was indeed bleeding, and my neck

and arm stung where her attacks had landed. When Alison fought, she certainly did so with tenacity, employing nails and teeth as her weapons of choice. But this display of resistance only fueled my desire, as every attempt she made to evade me heightened the thrill. I was almost begrudgingly impressed by her vigor. Stepping toward her, I took hold of her arm and assisted her in standing.

“Back in the cage then?” she retorted.

“No, now you’ll fix the damage you’ve caused.”

“Me?”

Guiding her out of the room, I encountered minimal resistance, as her energy seemed to have waned. She allowed me to lead her along, albeit a little reluctantly.

“And how long have you been plotting this?” she asked.

“Not for long.”

“Did you block all the exits?”

“I did,” I affirmed.

“You’ve been building up to this moment,” she sighed, not so much asking as stating. I nodded in response. I guided her back to my bedroom and from there into the bathroom. Flicking on the lights, I located a first aid kit. Leaning against the counter, I indicated for her to proceed.

“You want me to patch you up?”

“You bit me,” I reminded her, raising my bleeding wrist.  
“Now it’s your responsibility to tend to it.”



“You hunted me, making me believe I was being pursued by a stranger!” she countered.

“But it was me all along, and you realized that before I fucked you.”

She shook her head, her glare fixed firmly on me.

“I’m surprised it took you this long,” I remarked as she extended her hand to reach for the disinfectant, still completely unclothed except for a torn sleeve hanging onto the collar of the shirt around her neck. She resembled someone who had been attacked by an animal, yet I was the one sporting scratches and bite marks.

“I was preoccupied fearing I was about to endure the worst violation imaginable,” she snarled.

My smile persisted as she leaned closer, applying the stinging liquid to her scratch. I winced, and her lips curled into a smile.

“Oh, my apologies. Did that hurt, Master?” she taunted, provoking a warning glare from me. Without hesitation, I reached around her, firmly slapping my hand onto her ass and pulling her closer to me. She squirmed against my grasp. “I can’t move!”

“You need to be close to properly tend to it,” I instructed.

She shook her head, though she didn’t resist me, and she continued to gently move the cloth over the wound on my neck. My mind was still racing, as was my body. While I wasn’t yet ready to bend her over the sink and have my way

with her again, I was certainly not focused on receiving medical attention. Extending my free hand, I started to idly toy with her nipple. She glanced down, clearly displeased with my action.

“Carry on,” I urged.

“It’s a tad difficult when you’re deliberately distracting me,” she retorted.

“Oh, so my touch is something you enjoy?” I teased.

“No!”

My smile grew, finding the evening far more entertaining than I had anticipated. I continued to play with her nipple and cup her breast. “Then you can proceed. How is my touch distracting you if you dislike it so much?”

“When something doesn’t feel pleasant, it still has a distracting effect,” she remarked.

I chose not to respond and carried on with my teasing. She sighed, eventually finishing cleaning the wound on my neck and affixing a small bandage to it. My gaze shifted from her breast to the minor mark I had left on her neck where the collar hadn’t provided protection. She hadn’t wounded me with the knife, but she had certainly exerted pressure to remind me of the consequences if I attempted to take her. It had been more exhilarating than I had envisioned.

Alison reached up to grasp the hand that was playfully engaging with her breast, attempting to pry it away. Yet, I had no intention of ceasing my actions.

“I can’t tend to your wrist if your hand is on my breast,” she pointed out.

I nodded, retracting my hand before she attempted to seize it again. I turned her around, pressing her ass against me this time, teasing my yet-to-be-erect cock. It was agonizing to have her curves molding against me while I had to hold back from plunging into her.

“I must concentrate on training your ass for a good fucking,” I whispered into her ear, my uninjured hand encircling her waist as I rested it on her hip. My wounded wrist remained extended in front of her. Space was limited, but she managed to reach behind us and retrieve the disinfectant once more. The sharp sting pierced, yet I diverted my attention elsewhere. Slowly, I lowered my unoccupied hand, sliding it down to her pussy and running my fingers through the blend of our juices that coated her.

“Listen, you’re going to ruin this if you persist,” she croaked out, her voice laced with desire.

“No, you’re capable of handling it,” I murmured in her ear. “I’m merely keeping you warm.”

“It’s the middle of the night!”

“Yes, but that little hunt left me quite aroused. I’m not finished with you.”

“I’ll be utterly exhausted tomorrow if you keep me awake all night. And if you believe I’m a handful well-rested, being around me when I’m not will be worse,” she cautioned me, but

I slid my fingers lower, finding her entrance and easing them in.

“Jared!” she exclaimed.

“Wrong name.”

“Fuck!” she groaned, attempting to concentrate on tending to my wrist. However, her trembling grip on it and the other hand applying the disinfectant betrayed her. She tried to ignore the effect I had on her and not press against my fingers, but her body was also in overdrive, though it didn’t require the same recovery period as me. I could make her reach multiple climaxes until her fluids drenched my entire hand. She despised it when I stirred her desire, making her disdain her own response.

“This isn’t going to work!” she protested.

“You can do it,” I whispered in her ear before nibbling her lobe. “Don’t let me distract you.”

Continuing to rhythmically move my fingers in and out of her, I introduced a third digit.

“But that’s what you want—to distract me!”

“I’m unsure what you’re implying.” I feigned ignorance.

She groaned in frustration, yet persevered, cleansing away all the blood and diligently tending to each tooth-made wound. When my wrist was suitably bandaged and secured with a piece of tape, I found myself ready for another round. I withdrew my fingers, and she released a sigh of relief.

“If you make it back to the room, I won’t take you and you’ll get to sleep outside the cage,” I proposed. She glanced back, her expression puzzled.

“What?”

“If you run fast enough, I won’t have my way with you, and you’ll earn a night outside the cage.”

“Is this a new game?” she asked.

I shrugged. “Don’t you desire one night outside the cage?”

Her curiosity piqued, she distanced herself from me and turned, her attire still nothing more than that tattered shirt.

“Do I get a head start?” she asked.

“Seems only fair.”

She nodded, accepting my challenge.

“How long?”

“Ten seconds.”

“You won’t catch me. The room is down the hallway,” she assured me.

“Then you have nothing to fear.”

“Count aloud,” she commanded, and only this once would I oblige, as my very being was humming with anticipation.

## CHAPTER 40

*-Alison-*

“No!” I exclaimed, wriggling in Jared’s grasp. My hand had brushed against one of the doors leading to the blue room, but his sudden grip had seized me from behind, wrenching me away. I unintentionally elbowed his face, prompting a groan and loosening his grip. I bolted toward the room, yet he wasn’t deterred. He lunged after me, seizing me in his arms, and we tumbled, crashing to the floor and into the room.

“I made it!” I triumphantly declared, struggling to break free as I found myself atop him.

“I caught you!” he countered, laughter in his voice.

As the one being pursued, fear and adrenaline mingling within me, but the bastard was finding our game amusing, chuckling as if it were all in good fun. I pressed my palms to his face, intent on pushing him away. If I could just reach the cage, maybe I could lock myself inside. I slipped from his hold, his grip faltering on my bare skin. I maneuvered over

him, about to stand, but he snagged my ankle. I turned quickly, landing a kick before wriggling away once more. I reached the blue leather bench ahead, considering it a prop for leverage. But Jared was quick on my heels, pinning me against it and holding me bent over, his form pressed against mine.

“I made it!” I protested.

“I caught you,” he repeated, his breath coming in pants as he held me down. He positioned himself behind me, parting my legs.

Before I knew it, he was between my thighs, thrusting in, and a shared moan escaped our lips. The twisted allure of our hunt seemed to possess us with a kind of morbid intoxication. Perhaps it was the surge of adrenaline that fueled our arousal. I should have anticipated he wouldn't honor his word. He kept me bent over the blue leather, his panting and groaning echoing around us as he established a rapid rhythm. His cravings had escalated as he pursued me, the mingling sense of edgy exhilaration making things no less challenging for me. Sensations of pleasure surged, but this time I was more conscious, granting me a little power to resist. Yet Jared disagreed with such restraint. He withdrew, only to shift me around, raising me onto the bench. He hoisted my legs over his shoulders, using his strength to hold me above the floor while I rested against the bench, my back supported.

He delved in, his tongue expertly seeking out my clit, applying calculated pressure. I required no more encouragement. My body yearned for that sweet ecstasy. I

cried out, a rhythmic rocking of my hips meeting his ministrations as he brought me to climax once again. The unwelcome hypersensitivity of my body merely weakened my will. Resistance proved futile against the allure of the euphoric pleasure that cascaded through me, sweeping me along.

Yet, he didn't grant me long to savor it. He retreated, leaving me breathless and legs falling to the floor. Swiftly, he lifted me, my legs encircling him, lowering me onto his hard length. I clung to him, not wanting to risk falling. He urged me to move, guiding the swaying of my hips as I rode his cock, his face buried in my neck, nipping and teasing the skin, coaxing me into a frenzied pace. My initial protests seemed distant and irrelevant as I surrendered anew to the sensations he awakened, unable to focus on anything beyond the pursuit of that intoxicating release.

Jared climaxed before I did, the fiery intensity subsiding slightly.

"Shit, I was close," I murmured.

Jared pulled back, grinning with a sated demeanor.

"Need your Master to make you come again?"

As he posed the question, it felt like a sudden dousing of cold water. I pushed him back in an attempt to extricate myself, but he held on firmly to me.

"I made it to the room!"

"But I caught you," he retorted.

"I should have known you wouldn't honor your word."



“I did honor it, but I caught you. The instant I had you, the condition was for you to surrender to me.”

“That wasn’t the agreement!” I snapped.

“But it was. When I said 'make it to the room', I was implying that catching you beforehand was not acceptable. However, I did catch you, Alison, and I had my way with you. I win.”

His proclamation rubbed me the wrong way. His words ignited a surge of dark anger within me. Jared wasn’t meant to triumph between us. He wasn’t meant to assume control. I was the one who was typically dominant. However, even when I rode him, he directed my actions. He dictated the tempo and the sway. His dominance was evident. He didn’t need to spell it out so overtly.

“Just this once.”

“And when haven’t I won since I stepped into your office?” he taunted.

I groaned, attempting to squirm out of his grasp, but he held tight.

“Can I go clean up?”

“Admit that you enjoy it,” he instructed.

“What?”

“Admit that our little hunt gives you pleasure, and I’ll allow it.”

“You made me believe a lunatic was pursuing me!” I growled.

“But you ultimately knew it was me.”

“Yeah, and now that I think about it, I believe I’d prefer the lunatic.”

My words only seemed to amuse him, and his arms constricted around me, pulling me close. I struggled to break free, but there was no room to maneuver.

“Ah, should that be our next game? Lunatic chasing after an innocent lady on the street, unaware of what awaits her?”

“You’re sick,” I retorted.

“You must have some fantasies, Alison. Your bedroom can’t be all vanilla.”

“Why do you persist with those remarks?” I asked.

“What?”

“Comments like ‘slut suits you’, speculating about whether I slept with professors, and claiming my college days were wild,” I pointed out.

“Because they’re true.”

“Do you really believe I slept with anyone who crossed my path?” I questioned.

“That, and perhaps for grades.”

“Haven’t you learned not to listen to rumors?” I spat.

“Yeah, but as I’ve also mentioned before, when it’s rumors involving you, I’m more inclined to believe them because you’re more than capable of such actions.”

“Sleeping with teachers for grades?”

“I don’t know what you did in college, but you did it in high school,” he countered.

“Did you witness it?”

“Fortunately, I wasn’t traumatized by such a spectacle.”

In my fit of anger, I seized his dark hair, and he let out a hiss, glaring up at me furiously.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he snarled.

“Listen to me very carefully,” I growled. “It’s fine if you want to think I’m a slut, and even use that term, but I need to make one thing unequivocally clear to you. I never slept with any teachers! That is a rumor!”

“Others saw you,” he retorted.

“They saw a perverted teacher touching my ass, and it was reported,” I informed him.

Jared looked puzzled, and I maintained my firm grip on his hair, ensuring my words penetrated his mind. While I didn’t care about his perception of me as promiscuous, I wouldn’t allow myself to be branded as the girl who engaged in an affair with a teacher when that wasn’t the truth. *He* tried to touch me, and I wouldn’t shield a predator.

“You never slept with him?”

“I never slept with him,” I assured Jared.

“Did you sleep with any of the teachers?”

“I had a boyfriend!”

“Why should that have stopped you?”

I raised an eyebrow. “Can you not see how hard I fight for my marriage? Let me ask you, during all that time you stalked me, did you ever catch me cheating with someone?”

He looked down, lost in thought, then met my gaze again.

“All right, I might be inclined to believe you didn’t sleep with any teacher,” he conceded.

“Finally!”

“But that doesn’t alter what you are.”

“Of course not,” I retorted. “In your eyes, I’m still a monster.”

“In the eyes of everyone. No one liked you then, Alison, and no one likes you now.”

“I’ve changed, and people have recognized that. I do have friends,” I remarked.

“Sure, friends.”

“And what about you? I don’t see any pictures adorning this house, and you don’t venture out to spend time with those you care about,” I pointed out.

“I’m on vacation too.”

“Sure, a vacation,” I countered. “You’re still the same loser, and you always will be.”

## CHAPTER 41

*-Jared-*

She was getting cocky again, and if she wanted to be the sassy one, then she was going to feel it. I managed to break free from her grip, placing her on the bench. I went to fetch some restraints so I could secure her to it. She seemed ready to make a break for it toward the cage, but I was quicker. I caught Alison before she could get too far and instructed her to lie on her stomach. She muttered a curse under her breath as she complied, and I cuffed her to the sides of the bench. Then, I went to retrieve one of those canes she had used to strike me. I glanced at my arm, noticing the bruise that had formed. She had undoubtedly put all her effort into it, leaving a sore mark. Now it was time for her to feel it too.

“I thought I had already taught you what happens when you challenge me, Alison,” I stated darkly, moving out of her line of sight and positioning myself behind her. She tried to glance over her shoulder, but her view was obstructed. I delivered a

firm blow to the soles of her feet, and she winced, curling up slightly.

“Want to take your words back?” I asked, running the tip of the cane over her skin, watching her flinch. I administered a couple of smacks to her calves next, and she hissed, cursing again.

“Well?” I pressed, trailing the cane’s tip over her ass. She looked sideways, glaring at me. “No?”

“I stand by every word,” she retorted, smiling. I struck her ass, and she groaned, burying her face in the bench. Another strike followed, leaving a red mark on her skin. However, this wasn’t about causing severe injury. That would only make her recoil from my touch and fear it. I ensured I held back my strength, causing her skin to burn without inflicting intense pain. Yet, there was a noticeable discomfort from each strike, and her skin became more sensitive with every blow. She began to squirm more, and just as I was about to deliver a sixth blow to the same spot, she called out, obviously realizing her defiance wasn’t worth the reddened skin.

“Yes?” I taunted.

“I... I think you hit like a girl,” she turned to me and remarked.

Her words caught me off guard. It appeared that whatever I had subjected her to tonight had only fueled her desire to push back even harder. I felt a mixture of admiration and annoyance, and I proceeded to deliver more blows to her ass and thighs, hearing her gasp and wince in response. Yet, she

had asked for this. She knew how to make it stop, and yet she chose to taunt me. However, her bravado didn't last much longer, and she began to request me to cease.

“Ready to say you're sorry?” I asked.

“Fine,” she croaked.

“You're not uttering the words,” I reminded her.

I guided the tip of the cane between her ass cheeks, causing her to shift forward unexpectedly. I moved it lower until it was caught at her moist entrance.

“W-Wait,” she panted before I pushed it a bit deeper, and she clamped her legs shut.

“You're still not apologizing,” I reminded her. “And open your legs.”

“You're not inserting that in me.”

“Seems like I am. Open them.”

She shook her head.

“Fine, then we will continue your punishment,” I snarled, withdrawing the cane from between her legs.

“Wait, no! I'm... sorry,” she finally blurted out.

“For?”

“For... calling you a loser,” she sighed.

I smiled, relenting. I began to release her from her restraints, and she let out a relieved sigh. She attempted to sit on her ass,



but the pain was too much. So she leaned to the side, glaring up at me.

“Your apology has made me realize that you consistently forget to thank me every time I bring you to climax,” I said, playfully reminding her of my earlier orders.

She looked up at me, her expression bordering on fear.

“Or when you’re so lucky you get to suck me off,” I continued.

“Am I going to be spanked for that now too?” she asked.

I shook my head.

“No, just remember it, or I will spank you every time you fail to,” I told her, noticing her widened eyes. “Now, into the cage.”

*-Alison-*

“Shit, this one is larger!” I complained as Jared inserted the slick plug into my asshole. After he made me suck his cock in the morning and express my gratitude, he requested that I bend over the bed to accommodate a larger size. I hadn’t anticipated the level of intrusion it would bring, but it slid inside, and I was left panting.

“We’re slowly increasing the size,” he informed me, a clear amusement in his voice as he enjoyed my slight discomfort.

To help me adjust to its presence, he moved his slick fingers to my clit to arouse me.

“No, no!” I protested, shaking my head.

“It will make it more comfortable,” he assured me.

“That’s precisely what I don’t want!” I complained. However, Jared remained unyielding. He persisted in stimulating my clit until I was trembling from the sensation and experiencing another climax. I groaned into the bed, clutching the sheets tightly, and hoping he hadn’t heard me too clearly. Following the climax, he administered a firm spank to my ass, making me hiss due to the soreness from yesterday. I had spent the night sleeping on my side or stomach, but I could have avoided this if I hadn’t challenged him by saying he hit like a girl.

“You’re forgetting something,” he reminded me.

“Ouch?”

“No, not that,” he chuckled.

I sighed, recalling what he told me last night.

“Thank you, Master,” I managed to say through gritted teeth.

“For?”

“For... making me come...”

I felt more at ease thanking him for giving him a blowjob, as that didn’t feel as humiliating as expressing gratitude for my own pleasure. He smiled and left to clean up as I buried my face in the bed, lightly banging it against the surface. A week into this, and I was on the brink of losing my sanity. The constant ups and downs were bewildering, and his mind games were frustrating beyond belief. I was unsure if I would leave

this situation with my sanity fully intact. He was certainly making it a challenge.

“Hungry?” he asked upon returning, fully dressed and ready for the day.

“I’d rather starve to death,” I muttered into the bed.

“What?”

I raised my head and glared at him. “Yes, starving.”

“Great, so am I. The hunt has actually given me an appetite.”

This time he threw me some lingerie, and I raised an eyebrow, but he followed it up with an apron to protect the clothing while I cooked.

“You do realize I’m not the best cook, right?” I asked.

“Yes, my taste buds haven’t been thrilled yet, but where’s the fun in hiring a chef?”

As I dressed, I put on underwear that concealed my upper body yet covered nothing. It was entirely transparent, leaving nothing to the imagination. I donned the apron, braiding my hair to keep it out of the way.

“Can you afford it?” I questioned.

He gestured dramatically. “Alison, whose house is this?”

“I don’t know. Maybe you broke into it while the owners were on vacation. Maybe none of this is actually yours.”

He offered a slight smile. “Yes, because stealing strangers’ houses is much easier than simply buying my own and customizing it.”

“I have no idea what you do or how you managed to get this kind of wealth,” I retorted. “What am I supposed to think?”

He shrugged. “I don’t care about your thoughts. Now I’m hungry.”

Jared turned on his heel, and I reluctantly followed suit, prepared to make us both some food. He remained an enigma, and I pondered over it as I ate and observed him. However, he didn’t seem particularly focused on me, engrossed instead in his phone, wearing an odd expression.

“What’s up?” I asked.

He glanced up from his phone.

“What?”

“You’re looking a bit strange,” I commented.

“Nothing important. Or should I say, nothing that concerns a slave.”

I rolled my eyes, tidied up the area, and turned to him again.

“To cleaning, then,” I remarked sarcastically

“No, I have something I want to show you,” he informed me.

“What?”

“You’ll see.”

## CHAPTER 42

***-Jared-***

*I observed a drunken college guy as he vomited into a nearby bush, shaking my head slowly at the pathetic sight. The party was in full swing, yet I was only present to gather evidence necessary to take down Alison's former high school boyfriend, Kyle. I was aware that he and a few others from the old team were concealing something quite significant. Rumors had circulated about them, reaching my curious ears. Could it be true that due to their prowess in sports, they were safeguarded to provide certain services at such gatherings? I had to uncover the truth, hence my decision to attend the party at a fraternity house and investigate myself. I scanned my surroundings, dressed similarly to the others. A sense of repulsion filled me as I watched it all unfold. It was hard to believe that I once actually wanted to be a part of this. Since joining Vince, I might have compromised my integrity, but nobody could use me in the way they had. People now feared*

*me rather than looking down on me, and tonight, I was the one hunting my former enemies.*

*I began to explore the various rooms filled with drunk people, witnessing them grinding against one another, participating in drinking games, and engaging in make-out sessions. A group of drunk college girls approached me, urging me to join them. I allowed them to pull me along, blending into the sea of people. One of the girls displayed particular interest, sticking close to me and encouraging me to drink with her. However, I had no intention of consuming alcohol tonight. I needed a clear mind for what lay ahead. Despite my lack of interest in drinking, the girl seemed unfazed. Instead, she leaned in closer as we settled on a couch, inquiring whether I'd like to accompany her upstairs. I agreed, hoping to gain a vantage point without drawing any attention. I had to keep in mind that appearing as a loner would attract unwanted attention. Although I doubted they would recognize me—years had passed and much had transpired—I couldn't take the risk. I needed to blend in.*

*The intoxicated college girl took my hand, leading me away from the crowd. We ascended a crowded staircase to the next floor. It seemed like anyone was willing to engage in sexual activity wherever they could find space, and I raised an eyebrow at the scene, shaking my head in mild disbelief.*

*We reached the next floor, proceeding down a lengthy corridor in search of an unoccupied room. However, I became aware of something at the far end. Two guys were positioned in front of a white door, seemingly blocking it with a certain*

*air of suspicion while pretending to engage in casual conversation. I released the girl in front of me, who continued her quest to find an available room, as my attention was drawn to the two goons farther away. Their appearances had changed, but I was fairly certain they were members of the old team. Just then, the door swung open, and a guy emerged from the room, still in the process of buttoning up his shirt. He wore a satisfied expression as he slipped past the two guys, who nodded in acknowledgment. I was about to approach, intent on entering the room to confirm my suspicions, when I was unexpectedly bumped from behind. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw Alison's former boyfriend, clearly intoxicated and apologizing to me. The girls behind him chuckled as he guided them away, walking ahead of me. I couldn't help but notice their slightly disoriented behavior, their struggle to maintain proper balance. The sight troubled me, yet they were ushered into the room and disappeared inside. The girl who had shown interest in me approached, informing me she had found an available room.*

*"Are you coming?" she asked, her voice low and seductive as she trailed her hand up my chest. I still disliked being touched and promptly pushed her hand away.*

*"No," I stated coldly, hearing her emit an offended gasp.*

*"Suit yourself," she remarked as I walked by her, but I stopped again as I noticed Kyle coming back out without the girls.*

*Now I really wanted to gain entrance to that room. Kyle seemed too drunk to remember me, but I wasn't sure I wanted to take the chance with the other two who seemed more clearheaded. I slipped into a nearby room, which was occupied by a couple. They sat up when they heard me enter, calling out to me. I ignored them and went to the window, opening it. I poked my head out, trying to see if I could reach the window leading to those rooms. Fortunately, a giant balcony wrapped around that side of the house. While it didn't extend all the way to me, I could easily jump over from the window. I got on top of the window ledge, hearing the couple ask me what I was doing, but I still didn't respond. I stood up, gripping the window before I pushed forward, grabbing onto the balcony railing. I climbed over it and walked along the balcony, attempting to peer into the dark, spacious room. I followed it around, looking for an open window, and reached the doors leading inside. I grabbed the handle, and it was unlocked. I slipped inside, hearing faint groaning, but the room was so dark I couldn't discern what was happening. I grabbed my phone and switched on the light, illuminating the room. I could see numerous single beds and even couches where young, unconscious girls were lying. Some were still partially awake, feeling the effects of the drugs that had been used on them. They were either completely naked or had their underwear removed, exposed from the waist down. I knew this wouldn't make me a better person, but it was a necessary step if I wanted the police to arrest them all and ensure this never happened to anyone again.*



*I began taking pictures, the flash disturbing the drugged girls, but they were powerless to resist. I understood that I couldn't save them tonight. But I promised myself that after tonight, no one would suffer at their hands again. No one would have to endure their disgusting touch.*

**-Alison-**

I was displeased with this situation. After having me remove the apron, Jared led me back into the living room. He instructed me to sit on the couch, and I looked up at him in confusion. I couldn't fathom why he had me sit on the couch when I could have been cleaning his house, something he seemed to appreciate. Yet, a smile played on Jared's lips as he set everything up, moving to the TV and navigating through some files. I noticed an image of myself with text beside it, stating "Jared's plan to destroy the bitch". I turned to him, crossing my arms.

"You seriously made a slideshow?" I growled. "Of your entire plan? Doesn't that ruin the element of surprise?"

"No, it's not about you. It's about everyone else around you."

"Around me?"

"Yes," he informed me. Then he clicked to the next slide, showing a picture of my old best friend. I was aware that she had ended up in rehab due to a severe cocaine addiction. Though drug problems were not uncommon in my world, they were just handled more discreetly. However, what I didn't know until seeing Jared's slideshow was that her rehab was

court-mandated. Cristy had been arrested with cocaine on her person while intoxicated. It was a smaller amount, but she opted for rehab to avoid jail time. I stared at the image in shock. While I had lost touch with most of my high school friends, this felt like revisiting the past in the worst way possible. I could now see the lives they were leading, thanks to Jared's actions, one by one.

As my ex-boyfriend's slide came up, I was taken aback by how drastically he had changed. Despite having a head start in life due to his parents' wealth, he hadn't achieved much. He was now incarcerated for his involvement in a smaller sex trafficking operation. This was something he, along with a few other guys from our high school, had engaged in during our college years.

"Do you understand why I can't trust your claims that your husband isn't a rapist?" Jared asked me, smiling as he walked in front of the TV, as if he were a professor delivering a lecture. The entire scene had left me so stunned that I remained silent, watching the slides transition one by one. Almost the entire football team was featured, which wasn't surprising. I had been part of using some of the team members to intimidate him back then. I had sent them after him multiple times, aware of the fear they could instill, given that I wasn't a physically imposing player. Sometimes brute force was the most effective strategy, but now it was clear that our actions had come back to haunt us all.

"He isn't..." I whispered, glancing downward.

“Ah ah, eyes on the screen,” Jared reprimanded me.

“You don’t know everything,” I snapped.

“Are you implying that none of these people deserved what happened to them?”

I opened my mouth to respond, but no words came out. It wasn’t that I failed to grasp the origins of this thirst for revenge, but witnessing it materialize right before my eyes was terrifying. How much time had he invested in this? How many places had he scoured to uncover their secrets and watch them crumble?

“Did you pursue them with the same intensity as you did with me?” I asked.

Jared smiled, folding his arms. “Alison, there’s no one quite like you.”

His words didn’t offer solace. Instead, they sent a shiver of dread down my spine.

“Well, you must be happy now,” I commented dryly.

“Happy?” he retorted. “Do you believe that anything I do to you could ever bring me happiness?”

“Then why the hell did you create that contract? Why not just tear me down immediately?” I yelled.

“I considered it. I pondered it extensively. But I’ve already explained why. I’ve already clarified that it’s about making you experience what I felt. It’s about ensuring you comprehend the impact of your actions on people.”

“I told you I changed. I did that in high school, and then no more.”

“Yet, that doesn’t erase the past, does it?”

“Neither does this,” I countered.

“No, but at least it will provide me with some semblance of satisfaction. That will have to suffice,” he stated, causing me to shake my head.

“Wouldn’t it be wiser to move forward? As you’ve said, we can’t erase the past, so why remain trapped within it?”

“Because I won’t allow you an easy way out!” he shouted. “You don’t deserve an easy way, Alison. You deserve the most wretched suffering I can inflict upon you. If I must endure being trapped here, then so must you.”

“Ever heard of therapy?” I retorted.

He offered a mocking smile. “Therapy?”

“It’s what people seek when they struggle with problems that they need to resolve within themselves.”

“No therapist would have brought me solace. Observing you so shattered and lost will.”

“Or perhaps it won’t,” I countered, crossing one leg over the other. “Have you ever considered that people might be accurate when they claim that revenge won’t lead to happiness?”

“I’m not striving for happiness.”

“Then what do you want?” I asked.

“To even the score, Alison,” he snarled. “It’s all about retribution, nothing more.”

“That sounds somewhat obsessive.”

“And you sound fearful,” he shot back, prompting me to avert my gaze. “Now, stay quiet and watch the rest of the presentation.”

I was reluctant, but my options were limited. It was akin to witnessing a massive explosion in front of you, helpless to intervene. How had I not noticed how close he had gotten? Had I truly been so self-absorbed that I failed to detect the blatant signs of being stalked? That realization was unnerving, doing nothing to soothe my racing heart as I continued to watch the disturbing display that he had meticulously crafted.



When the presentation finally concluded, I released a sigh of relief, grateful that the torment had concluded. While I understood my silence, I was puzzled by Jared’s lack of continued boasts about his achievements. I had expected him to have something to say, yet he remained quiet. I studied him, and he returned the look, while the screen behind him remained blank.

“Is it finished? Or do you carry mementos from your hunts?” I whispered fearfully.

“It’s finished. You’re what remains.”

“Lucky me...” I mumbled, casting my gaze downward.

“Does it upset you?” he asked, his tone laced with bitterness.

“Why wouldn’t it? They were my friends.”

“Friends?” he chuckled, causing me to look at him once more. “And when was the last time you communicated with these alleged friends? I took care of some of these people years ago, yet you remained oblivious.”

“These matters are kept hushed in my world. Conversations about people being incarcerated for sex trafficking don’t take place,” I informed him.

“You’re correct, but you aren’t naive, Alison. I’m sure rumors still circulate,” he reminded me.

“Yes, but I’ve been... occupied.”

“With your own picture-perfect life,” he sneered.

“Yes...”

I lacked the energy to engage in a shouting match with him or to attempt any form of correction. The presentation had drained what little remained of my stamina for the day, and I slumped back against the couch, emitting a deep sigh.

“Well, as long as it’s over. What is my next assignment?” I asked.

“That’s all?” he questioned.

“I can’t change what you’ve done. I must endure whatever you have in store for me now,” I reminded him.

He smiled slightly. “Always so clever.”

“So, what comes next?”

“Nothing,” he informed me.

“Nothing?”

“Get up.”

As requested, I stood up without complaint, and he gestured for me to follow him. Confusion enveloped me as we embarked on a path toward the blue room. I pondered whether he was truly in the mood for sex at this moment. Although it wasn't clear to me, perhaps delving into his past schemes had aroused him. He signaled for me to accompany him into the room, which I did, though he didn't instruct me to lie down. He started to move around, eventually discovering what appeared to be a chain with a small lock at its end. Proceeding to a modest hook on the wall situated closer to the ground, he secured the chain.

“Here,” he instructed, pointing at the floor.

“What for?”

“Come here.”

I followed his directive, and when I drew near, he exerted pressure on my shoulder. I understood the command and dropped to my knees. I anticipated that he would soon unfasten his pants and make me suck him off, yet instead, he leaned over me, brushing aside my hair. A clicking sound reached my ears, and I felt something being attached to my collar. I reached back to examine the situation. Jared stepped

back, and I realized that he had locked a chain to my collar, effectively securing me to the wall like an actual dog.

“You can’t be serious,” I gazed up at him in disbelief.

“Preferable to the cage, wouldn’t you agree?” he asked, his eyes exuding a dark satisfaction at witnessing me shackled to the wall by my collar.

“Release me!”

“I doubt a slave can issue commands.”

“Jared...”

“Ah!” he cautioned, raising his hand, a reminder that I shouldn’t address him in that manner.

“Master, you can’t do this. This is—”

“Degrading?” he interjected, causing me to fix a glare upon him.

“Indeed.”

“You deserve it,” he retorted.

“Perhaps in your perspective.”

“In anyone’s perspective, given the true horrors you subjected me to.”

“The true horrors?” I questioned.

“What occurred on that day, Alison, when you brought me into the football team’s changing room?”

“What are you referring to?” I asked. “Nothing happened. It was all in good spirits.”



“Of course, all in good spirits,” he mocked.

“You lied about what took place that day! No one assaulted you! You were roughed up, but that was the extent of it!”

“Was it?”

## CHAPTER 43

**-Jared-**

*“Who’s hungry?” I gazed up at Alison, who had positioned herself on one of the benches in the midst of the room that was filled with half-naked football players. They shifted their attention toward her, likely assuming she was referring to herself. However, she quickly signaled to her underlings to spring into action, and in an instant, my t-shirt was torn in half. Baffled, I looked around, struggling to make sense of the situation. My mind grappled with the circumstances, yet comprehension eluded me. It wasn’t until I was roughly pushed toward Alison, who seized hold of me, that the reality sunk in. Positioned behind me on the bench, she yanked my hair, forcing my head to tilt backward, a grin spreading across her face as she regarded the assembled football players.*

*“Because I’ve brought a treat.”*

*She playfully patted my cheek, and the room reverberated with laughter. I could barely understand what was about to happen. My mind strained to process her words, while my*

*heart raced with trepidation, threatening to overwhelm me. I couldn't fathom that they would actually take it this far. I struggled to accept that this was a boundary they were willing to breach, yet there I stood—stripped of my t-shirt, paraded around by Alison as if I were an object to be toyed with. However, I had experienced something similar before and knew what lay ahead.*

*“Feel free to do whatever you want with him. I'm lending him out today!” she proclaimed, her words striking me like a dagger, though I suppressed the urge to cry. With a forceful shove, I stumbled forward, landing in the arms of another burly player. He pushed me away, propelling me into the grasp of the next, enveloping me in a sea of hands and bared torsos.*

*“Do you think he knows how to suck cock?” one jeered.*

*“If not, we can always instruct him.”*

*Laughter inundated my senses, leaving me feeling lightheaded. An inclination to collapse onto the floor surged within me. And when there was an absence of hands to catch me, I indeed crumbled, making contact with the ground beneath me.*

*“Can your pet perform any tricks, Alison?” one of the players asked.*

*“Why don't you find out?” she responded. “If not, it's our duty to train him.”*

*Their laughter resounded once more, and I cast an anxious gaze upward at the towering figures that encircled me. In a*

*sudden, unsettling gesture, one of them discarded his towel, revealing his soft cock. I instinctively averted my eyes from the sight, even attempting to inch away. However, another presence emerged from behind, seizing hold of my hair. With a harsh thrust, I was propelled toward the player, all the while they mocked me, instructing me to suck him off. More towels were discarded, and they formed a circle around me. Nausea churned within me, the sensation of bile trapped in my throat. The person behind pushed me even closer, urging me to open my mouth. I shook my head in defiance, refusing to comply. However, I struggled to evade the sight of their exposed dicks. It was akin to a nightmarish regression, thrust back into the hellish familiarity of my home. I knew all too well the terrible sensation of one's body being violated, and now it was poised to happen within the confines of the school? I could barely comprehend the thought. The figure before me, who sought to be aroused, grew impatient with the delay.*

*He raised his hand, his forceful blow causing my nose to bleed instantaneously.*

*“Weren't you instructed to get to work?” he demanded, making me tremble even more.*

*I couldn't bear to do it. I would rather endure any number of beatings, endure every indignity imaginable—being trampled, spat upon, even urinated upon. Anything was preferable to subjecting myself to these horrors. I refused to believe Alison could be so evil, and all because I had engaged in conversation with another girl. In that moment, my only wish was to turn back time, to summon the courage to accompany*

*Verona. Had I done so, I wouldn't be ensnared here, encircled by this grotesque assembly, coerced into unspeakable acts. Once again, hands clamped onto me from behind, thrusting me closer until the player's dick was nearly in contact with my face.*

*"Despite the absence of any tits I occasionally pondered if you were secretly a girl," he taunted.*

*"Perhaps they are simply that small," another voice chimed in.*

*"In that case, teaching you how to give head is a favor to you."*

*I attempted to avert my gaze, to distance myself from the harrowing sight, but I found myself pushed even closer. I was convinced that he would forcibly thrust himself into my throat once he grew tired of waiting. However, a sharp whistle pierced the air. The grip on me loosened, and the crowd began to disperse. I remained on my knees, bewildered, watching as the players hurriedly dressed. Amid the dispersing assembly, Alison stood, arms crossed, an air of satisfaction surrounding her. She didn't utter a word or draw nearer. With her departure, I was left in the room as more and more players exited, until I sat alone on the ground. Tears finally cascaded down my cheeks. Some were born of relief, realizing that it had been a calculated attempt to terrify me. Alison's intent wasn't for me to actually suck them off. She merely aimed to exhibit her power over me. I understood it, and the bone-chilling fear it induced was overwhelming. How could I ever accomplish*

*what Verona believed I could someday achieve? Alison held an iron grip around my throat, and I didn't see how I could extricate myself from it.*

*Slowly, I managed to rise, my legs trembling. My t-shirt was gone, yet I wasn't ready to depart the room. I ventured toward the showers, driven by the need to cleanse myself of their touch, their hands on my body and face. I refrained from stepping into the direct stream, reluctant to expose my nakedness. Instead, I cupped my hands, collecting water to cleanse my face and body until my skin turned red. I washed away the tears, relieved that it was over. When I felt slightly more composed, I turned off the water. As I spun around, however, I realized I wasn't alone. One of the players—the very one who had seized me—stood at the entrance to the shower room. Perplexed, I surveyed the scene, struggling to comprehend his return. Perhaps Alison was about to appear, enhancing the prank's chilling effect. Yet, the room remained silent, and a sense of unease washed over me. This didn't conform to the usual pattern.*

*Suddenly, he discarded his t-shirt, followed by his pants, revealing his hard dick. Every fiber of my being froze in terror. Panic seized me, my body immobilized, and I couldn't make sense of the situation. When would the punchline arrive? When would Alison clap her hands together and make it all vanish? The player advanced toward me. I attempted to sidestep him, but he blocked my path, forcing me backward. When I tried again, he grabbed me, forcefully slamming my head into the wall before proceeding to strip off my pants. He*

*turned on the water, drowning out my cries as he violated me, his brutal grunts filling the air as he raped me right there in the showers. I had no opportunity to employ my self-defense mechanisms, no way to retreat within myself. I experienced every moment acutely, hearing his pants and feeling the agonizing rhythm of his movements within me. I fought to stifle any sound, enduring it, awaiting the end. Thankfully, it concluded fast as he climaxed inside me, accompanied by a guttural groan etched into my memory.*

*Once he withdrew, he rinsed off and departed, leaving me behind. Slowly, I slumped against the wall, silent tears streaming down my cheeks. I couldn't move. I couldn't form a single thought. It was a teacher who eventually discovered me, but despite my state, no consequences befell any of them.*

**-Alison-**

I blinked rapidly, Jared's words throwing me into confusion. I struggled to grasp his meaning. Was this a probing question? Or was he merely attempting to manipulate my thoughts? His eyes held a deep and anguished expression, one that defied interpretation. The accusatory gaze he fixed upon me left me at a loss for words. It was all so perplexing. Breaking the uncomfortable silence after a few moments, I finally spoke up.

"I... don't understand what you mean. I made them back off," I asserted.

His unwavering gaze persisted, his anger reaching an intensity I hadn't previously witnessed.

“I made them back off!” I repeated, my voice growing more forceful.

“But what about after?” he asked.

“After? There was no ‘after’. They left. I left!” I exclaimed.

“But then one of them returned.”

I recoiled, staring at him in utter disbelief.

“W-What?” I stammered.

“One of them came back, Alison.”

The words hit me like a ton of bricks. I struggled to comprehend their meaning. I hadn’t ordered anyone to follow him.

“I didn’t instruct anyone to go after you! I went to my class!” I shouted.

Jared crossed his arms, exhaling audibly.

“Are you implying... you didn’t lie?” I whispered, my heart racing uncontrollably.

“Why would I fabricate something like that?” he countered. “No one believed my words anyway. Whether it was true or not, your parents made it all vanish.”

I felt tears welling up in my eyes, and I reached out in desperation, clutching his pants.

“Jared, I swear, I never instructed anyone to go back!” I exclaimed. “I promise you! It was meant to be a frightening prank, but no one was supposed to actually harm you!”



Jared's skepticism was evident, and that look in his eyes shattered me. Surprisingly, I found myself consumed by guilt and desperation. Despite the deliberate and calculated actions that I had taken against him, I had never intended for something like this. I wanted to intimidate him, to evoke fear, but I had never meant for that line to be crossed.

"I truly mean it! I could never do that!" I shouted.

"And you expect me to believe you. They all followed your lead," he reminded me.

I opened my mouth, attempting to defend myself, but it was clear that no matter what I said, it wouldn't make a difference. What he had endured, and what had transpired right before, implied I was the mastermind behind it all. And I couldn't blame him for suspecting my involvement. I lowered myself, settling onto my knees, and released my grip on him. There was no point in trying to plead my innocence. All the evidence pointed toward me, and I understood why he saw me as the villain. Gazing at the ground, a sharp pang of pain resonated within my heart. I had never intended for this outcome, yet was I responsible for setting it in motion? His eyes were on me, waiting for an explanation, but I was at a loss for words. I didn't desire this outcome. I never told anyone to go back, but how could I convince Jared of that? As silence hung between us, he simply walked away, leaving me behind, and the tears began to flow.

## CHAPTER 44

*-Jared-*

I didn't believe that Alison had orchestrated the return of that guy. The idea crossed my mind, but Alison always oversaw her schemes. She was never absent during such incidents. Moreover, why would she instruct all the players to back off and then send just one person back? Besides, she was one to boast, yet she hadn't even mentioned this incident. She had even confronted me a few days after it all happened, accusing me of deception. The whole situation felt off from the beginning, so I was certain that Alison wasn't directly involved. But I wanted her to feel that way. I aimed for her to believe I thought she was the mastermind behind it all. I wanted her to be burdened by guilt to the point where it overwhelmed her. However, I knew she hadn't ordered it. Perhaps she had set something in motion, or maybe it was an opportunity that fell into that guy's lap. Nevertheless, Alison didn't need to know to these details. She didn't need the whole truth. Only the parts that would elicit a reaction, if someone as

cold-hearted as her could truly feel anything. She seemed surprisingly desperate to convince me she wouldn't do such a thing, but I remained uncertain if I could believe her. It was hard for me to fathom that someone like her could even experience the slightest twinge of remorse. On the bright side, I had another task to accomplish today, which meant I could distance myself from her and leave her tied to the wall for a few hours.

Before leaving the house, I made sure to collect some weapons and tools and chose the car this time. I drove to Vince's residence and, as expected, found him in his office. I wasn't sure if any other rooms in the house were even in use. It always seemed that his office was the place to locate him, no matter what.

"Ah, he arrives at last," he commented, extending his trembling hands in front of him.

"Perhaps moving around the house might be beneficial for you," I suggested.

He chuckled softly, adjusting his posture slightly.

"How's the first week of retribution treating you?" he asked.

"Quite satisfying," I responded.

"Is that so? Is everything proceeding as planned?"

"I'm slowly breaking her," I confirmed.

"If only she knew that you're saving the most impactful blow for the grand finale, shattering everything she holds dear," he chimed in gleefully, savoring the prospect of my

dismantling of Alison. It was after the incident at school, when nobody believed me yet again or took any action, that I truly wished to bring it all to an end. That's when my life took a turn as I crossed paths with Vince.

“Whose turn is it next?” I asked, casting a glance at the numerous papers sprawled before him.

He scanned the scattered documents, hunting for the right one, and then an “aha!” escaped him as he located it. He lifted the paper and extended it toward me. Stepping closer, I accepted it. As I perused the details, I could discern it was about a young man residing in a dangerous neighborhood within the city. I couldn't immediately discern what made him a desirable target. I turned to Vince, who wore a smile of satisfaction.

“Did he cross you in some way?” I asked.

“He stole from me,” Vince disclosed.

“You?” I raised an eyebrow.

“He was entrusted with delivering something for me, yet he was bribed by someone else. Consequently, my shipment ended up in the wrong place,” Vince elaborated.

“Drugs or weaponry?” I asked.

“Does it matter? The key point is that no one steals from me, Jared. I require you to pay him a visit, and ensure, in a slow manner, that he comprehends the grave consequences of stealing from me. Do you understand?” Vince's tone was grave.

I nodded. “Certainly.”

“Then go and take care of it.”

I neatly folded the piece of paper, bade Vince farewell, and proceeded downstairs to fetch my car. I drove toward the dark parts of the city, territories one would avoid strolling through after nightfall. I eventually located a good spot to park my car, ensuring its safety from theft or dismantling. If that did happen, I would find an alternative means of returning home. I had nothing of value inside it. I always ensured not to carry anything with me. Equipped with my bag containing the tools I needed, I directed my attention to the shabby apartment before me, assessing it. The living conditions were wretchedly squalid, an ideal environment for a character like the man on my list. Crossing the street, I timed my arrival as someone was exiting the building. Ascending the stairs, I identified the apartment he inhabited. I knocked on the door and waited. I detected some shuffling on the other side, and a faint smile formed on my lips. The door creaked open, revealing an obvious addict, his skin a sickly color and his features gaunt. It was a pitiful sight, but it didn't deter me from donning a friendly expression, as though I had good intentions. People in even these parts could be too trusting at times.

“Can I help?” he croaked out with a voice worn down by excessive substance use.

“Pete Michaelson?” I asked.

“That's me.”

It was evident he was under the influence of something. His gaze struggled to focus on me, and he didn't find my presence suspicious.

“Just the person I've been seeking.”

I drew my arm back and swung my fist into his face, sending him crashing to the ground, unconscious. There was no one else around, just the two of us. Swiftly, I entered his apartment, dragging his limp body further inside before shutting the door. In a place like this, screams were far from uncommon, and I recognized it as the ideal setting for accomplishing the task Vince had assigned me.

After locking the door behind me, I surveyed the room, cluttered with debris and littered with remnants of cocaine and heroin. I shook my head in mild disdain before arranging my tools. I located an item to protect the floor, ensuring it wouldn't be stained with blood, and then identified a chair that appeared robust enough. Next, I hauled my target to the chair, settling him onto it and firmly binding him in place. Once the knots were secured, I fetched another chair, positioning it in front of him. As an addict, his choice to keep the curtains perpetually drawn wasn't unusual. The glare of light hurt his eyes, and the curtain offered the seclusion he craved.

Dragging my bag to my designated seat, I sifted through its contents, contemplating where to begin. It didn't require much effort to break down people as mentally shattered as Pete. There was a reason they clung to drugs, and it wasn't because their lives were one continuous party. Their minds were

twisted, and while drugs were their closest ally, they also stood as their fiercest foe. They had no stability, and if my objective was to extract information, I knew I could achieve it within minutes without resorting to physical force. All it would take was dangling the allure of drugs before him. Yet, I hadn't come here to appease his addiction. My intention was to ensure he paid for what he had done to Vince.

Retrieving a small mask from my bag, I donned it—more for effect than to conceal my identity. There was no need for concern. Tonight, this man was destined to meet his demise.

I swiftly assessed the disorderly apartment, unfazed by the overflowing sink of dirty dishes or the rumpled bed with sheets that appeared to have evaded washing for months. The burn marks scattered about were also unsurprising, likely remnants of neglected cigarettes and joints. The home was precisely as I had anticipated, and nothing was truly shocking. Gradually, I returned to where Pete was seated. He was slowly regaining consciousness as I took my place, and I wondered whether my punch had been forceful enough or if he had become accustomed to such blows. He blinked his eyes open, slowly focusing on me.

“What the hell...” he muttered, still groggy from the punch and the lingering effects of drugs coursing through his system. “What are you doing?”

Leaning back in my chair, I gave him a slight kick, attempting to shake him awake. However, he slumped back into a drowsy state. I observed his head drooping forward, expecting a more

vigorous response, but it seemed Pete wasn't quite prepared to fully awaken. The realization brought a smile to my face, and I settled into a relaxed posture as I waited. It took longer than I had hoped, considering he had already roused once. On the second attempt, though, his body resisted awakening. Perhaps his subconscious was aware of the impending doom once he regained full consciousness. As time passed, and the delay grew, I retrieved a vial of smelling salts from my bag, wafting it under his nose. The day was progressing toward its end, and I wished to conclude this before morning arrived. While I had promised a slow approach, it didn't mean I intended to spend an entire day torturing this pathetic being.

Pete jolted awake from the effects of the smelling salts. I cautiously withdrew, giving him a moment to collect himself as I stowed away the vial. He regarded me with rapid blinks, his chest rising and falling in hurried, shallow motions.

“W-What is this?” he whispered, his voice trembling.

“You've angered some dangerous people, Pete,” I informed him.

“W-Who the fuck are you?”

“You don't steal, Pete,” I scolded.

“Steal?” he asked, his gaze darting around the room as if seeking clarification from the surroundings. But there was no one here but him and me.

“You know precisely what you've done.”



“Honestly, man, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he protested. “I don’t know who you are, and the only person I’ve stolen from was my grandmother.”

“Does that somehow absolve you?” I asked, keeping my voice low while infusing it with a touch of intimidation.

“No... but she was old,” he offered weakly.

“Do you really think I’d believe that’s the only person you’ve stolen from?”

“Well, shops aren’t people.”

I rolled my eyes at his feeble justification.

“They’re owned by other people,” I countered.

“But I didn’t steal from a person.”

I sighed, disinterested in a debate about the nuances of stealing from people versus establishments. Such discussions were not my purpose there. I was here to ensure he faced consequences for crossing Vince. He couldn’t allow people to undermine him. The penalty for such defiance was death. With determination, I retrieved a knife from my bag, causing Pete to shrink back in fear.

“Wow, wow,” he stammered. “Easy now, w-we don’t need to go that far. Just tell me what I took, and I’ll give it back,” he pleaded.

“I don’t think that’s possible. You sold it,” I informed him.

“Sold it? What did I sell?”

“It doesn’t matter, but no one crosses The Hunter,” I warned.

“The Hunt...” The realization slowly dawned on Pete as to whom I was referring, his eyes widening and his already pale skin turning even paler. “Oh... fuck.”

“When people cross him, he becomes rather enraged.”

“No, no, you don’t understand!” Pete burst out. “I didn’t steal anything!”

“Sure, you didn’t,” I retorted, rising from my seat and circling him slowly. I extended my arm, grazing the knife against his cheek, leaving a cut. He winced, recoiling. “You should have been more careful.”

“But I didn’t take anything!”

I seized his hair, yanking his head backward. “You can’t escape this. We both know how this will end.”

I raised the knife, edging the blade closer to his eye, causing him to tightly shut it, as if his eyelid would shield him. Yet, you didn’t plunge headfirst into icy waters. You got used to the temperature slowly. So, I pulled back, releasing him.

“Listen, don’t do this, man,” he pleaded. “I can assure you I didn’t do anything to The Hunter. But if you kill me, serious shit will hit the fan.”

“Should anyone care about a lowlife addict?” I questioned, doubting his significance.

He glanced aside. “I have connections.”

“What connections?” I asked, but he shook his head.

“Just don’t do this. Walk away, man. I won’t say anything. It was just my mind playing tricks on me. Wouldn’t be the first time,” he chuckled nervously.

“I can’t do that, and we both know it.”

“No, but you don’t understand...”

“What?” I questioned, observing him glancing around, his eyes struggling to focus on anything. His erratic behavior was typical of an addict. Maintaining concentration was a challenge, but his twitching movements and his insistence on not having crossed Vince were perplexing. However, extracting a confession required patience, and I was aware that with a little push, he would eventually reveal his actions to me. Vince didn’t consider it crucial for me to know all the specifics, and I had no desire to ask. Yet, it had become a pattern for people to spill their confessions near their end. Consequently, sometimes I possessed more information than necessary, but I kept this fact concealed from Vince. I remained entirely tight-lipped, ensuring that no one faced consequences due to it. “What are you concealing from me?”

“Just walk away,” he whispered.

“I can’t do that, Pete. Repaying debts is my responsibility,” I informed him before thrusting my knife into his thigh, simultaneously covering his mouth with my hand.

## CHAPTER 45

*-Jared-*

I struck Pete's face with a forceful punch, causing it to jerk to the side, and he spat out more blood. Surprisingly, despite the prolonged duration of our encounter, he had yet to confess to anything. He persisted in urging me to walk away. Even now, with one eye swollen shut and the other barely open, his face a canvas of blood, he kept repeating the same thing.

*Just walk away, just walk away, just walk away...*

It was like a broken record caught in a ceaseless loop, and the repetition was beginning to mess with my actions, diminishing the power of my blows. Stepping back, I observed him coughing and expelling blood as he tried to recover from the harsh treatment. The knife I had used on him was no longer in his thigh, but in my hand. However, I had forcefully removed some of his fingernails, inflicted multiple gashes across his chest, and even employed a nail gun to pierce his hand, subsequently withdrawing the nail at a slow pace. Nevertheless, he persisted in repeating those same words. I

lowered myself into the chair across from him, attempting to fathom why he clung to that phrase. He displayed unwavering certainty that he hadn't done anything, but Vince didn't make errors of this magnitude. He meticulously researched his targets, adhering to the principles he had instilled in me, and he never made a mistake. Any misstep could jeopardize his entire organization. Thus, why was Pete so determinate in his conviction that he hadn't done anything wrong?

“Tell me,” I urged, my voice an unyielding demand.

He raised his head slightly, attempting to focus on me with the one functional eye that remained.

“W-What?” he croaked, expelling a tooth in the process. My gaze followed the fall of the tooth as it merged with the slimy mix of red, forming a viscous trail of saliva and blood that descended to the plastic surface beneath. It was an undeniably repulsive sight, yet I remained impassive, fixing my attention back onto him.

“I said, tell me,” I repeated.

“What, man?”

“Why do you believe I should simply walk away?” I asked.

“You just don't understand...”

“Yes, you've made that clear. But what is it that I don't understand?”

Typically, I refrained from asking about information not meant for me. An overabundance of knowledge was not a good thing. It carried the potential for grave repercussions.

Therefore, I executed my tasks obediently, without posing questions. Yet, Pete's persistent fixation on those two words, "walk away", piqued my curiosity. The room was no longer illuminated by sunlight, but the city lights provided sufficient visibility between us. I could discern the extensive damage inflicted upon his body. I had adhered to Vince's directive, meticulously following the course of taking it slow. However, I had no intentions of prolonging this any further. There was someone awaiting my return, a person who had confronted the harrowing reality of her actions for hours on end. Despite my discomfort with knowing too much, I felt an undeniable compulsion to uncover the truth. Perhaps Pete's words were the result of intense drug-induced confusion. Yet, regardless of the source, I needed him to explain himself.

"I can't... say," he whispered, shaking his head.

"Yes, you can, Pete. What am I failing to comprehend?" I probed.

"No..."

"Pete, do you want to live?" I asked, though neither of us had any doubt that he wouldn't be leaving here alive. Still, he nodded, as that was an undeniable truth. Despite the wretched state he had been reduced to, his body clung to the basic instinct of wanting to draw breath. Survival was a deep instinct in all of us, but he was fated to die. We both recognized that evading the clutches of the devil was an impossibility. The devil came for everyone in one form or another. Heaven was a falsehood, and our dwelling was hell. Those who believed

otherwise were simply blind to the fact that all of us were rotten to the core.

“Then tell me what I’m overlooking. Why should I walk away?” I prodded.

“If they found out you were here, they will...”

“What? Who are they?” I interrupted.

“No, I can’t tell you, man. You can’t know.”

“Know what?”

“I can’t tell you. I am not allowed to,” he stated.

His words grew increasingly perplexing, leaving me uncertain about how to react.

“What are you forbidden from telling me?”

“I am forbidden from naming them,” he conveyed. “I am barely permitted to mention them.”

“Who are they?”

“No, I can’t. Just walk away. If they find out you were here and the treatment you’ve subjected me to, you’ll regret it,” he warned.

“Is that a threat?”

He shook his head, detecting the underlying accusatory tone.

“No, man, it’s a friendly caution. Listen, they know who visits me. They keep an eye on what I do. They know everything.”

“But I need to know their identity.”

Again, he shook his head. “It’s better if you remain ignorant.”

“What if we made a pact? Your life in exchange for that information?” I proposed, though my intention wasn’t to honor the agreement. My loyalty belonged solely to Vince and no one else.

However, Pete persisted in refusing, shaking his head once more, which confused me greatly. I was certain he would eagerly embrace such an opportunity, given that it would secure his own survival. How could he possibly reject it? Any person in his dire circumstances would be desperate to seize a lifeline. Nonetheless, he kept refusing the proposition.

“I can’t. Uttering their name would seal my fate regardless,” he disclosed.

“Is it truly such a big secret?”

“They value their privacy immensely,” he corrected. “And I have pledged an oath.”

“Why not kill you? That way, you would carry the secret to your grave.”

Again, he shook his head. “They cannot kill me.”

“Why not?” I questioned.

He began laughing in a peculiar, melancholic manner—laughter tinged with the knowledge of inexorable defeat. I continued to observe him, baffled by his behavior, yearning for more answers, an insatiable desire gnawing at me. What was happening?



“Are you familiar with the phrase ‘blood is thicker than water’?” he asked.

“Unfortunately,” I sighed.

“That’s why,” he murmured.

For a moment, his response bewildered me until I grasped its meaning.

“Your family?”

“Unfortunately for them,” he chuckled ruefully.

“Who is your family?”

“People you would be wise to remain ignorant of,” he cautioned. “You don’t want them as your enemies.”

“Who are they?”

“I can’t...”

“Yes, you can. You just stated they cannot kill you,” I reminded him.

“But they will if I reveal their identity. I have vowed not to, and given my blood connection, they have permitted me to survive. However, saying their names aloud would guarantee my demise,” he divulged.

“But I am here to kill you as well,” I countered.

“I am aware... which is why I prefer to meet my end at your hands rather than theirs.”

“Wouldn’t a friend be preferable?”

“No, my family prefers a slow demise,” he whispered.

“Isn’t this already slow?”

He chuckled, shaking his head. “Oh man, compared to them, you’re a novice.”

His words only fueled my desire for further interrogation, despite knowing the dangers of asking.

“Tell me, Pete. Let’s strike a bargain. No one has to learn that you disclosed their identity.”

“I can’t. I have sworn not to speak of them,” he promised.

I reclined in my chair, interlacing my fingers before me, ruminating on the situation. He was forbidden from speaking about them... An idea formed within my mind.

“What if you didn’t verbalize it?” I suggested.

His expression contorted in bewilderment.

“There are many ways to convey a message. Speaking is not the only one.”

The implication of my words gradually dawned on him, prompting him to contemplate my words. I waited, a smile curving my lips, as he thought about it. He invested considerable time in this decision, scrutinizing it as though it were a puzzle begging to be solved. Ultimately, however, his resolute gaze met mine, and he nodded once—a clear indication of his choice.

## CHAPTER 46

*-Jared-*

I experienced a gratifying sense of triumph as Pete agreed to unveiling the guarded secret without vocalizing it. He invested considerable time in contemplation before ultimately relenting. Leaning forward, I was captivated by his forthcoming explanation.

“You need to free one of my hands,” he requested, prompting a sigh from me as I leaned back.

“That’s not happening.”

“You have to. I need to remove my t-shirt,” he insisted.

“I can cut it off.”

“No, it’s on my back. You won’t be able to see it like this. Man, my whole body is tied to this chair. I can’t even move,” he reminded me.

I surveyed his body, an air of distrust lingering, uncertain if I should gamble on releasing him partially to finally unravel the

answers I sought. I maintained my suspicion, while he met my gaze with an imploring expression.

“Fine,” I conceded, rising to my feet. “But if you try anything...”

I wiggled my knife back and forth, and he nodded. I drew nearer, working on untying his right arm before starting the task of loosening some of the ropes that bound him. Employing a strategic maneuver, he grasped the back of his t-shirt and wrestled it over his head, a result of much wriggling.

“Lower back,” he instructed, and I directed my gaze downward. However, I struggled to discern the details. Leaning in slightly, I prepared to examine it closely. Extending my hand, I placed it on his back, ensuring he remained immobile. My skepticism toward him remained steadfast. “Can you see it?”

Indeed, I saw it, though it took a moment for me to comprehend the significance. It depicted a swirling symbol with a lengthy line traversing it, adorned with two dots—one above and one below the line. Holding Pete in place, I pondered the implications of what lay before me. Abruptly, everything ceased to align logically. Pete glanced over his shoulder, a faint smile gracing his lips.

“You understand why killing me would be inadvisable, right?”

I offered a slight nod, though I abstained from uttering a word. Gently, I eased him back into the chair and proceeded to

resecure him. With his arm stretched across the armrest, I meticulously bound it in place using a length of rope.

“Just release me,” he implored.

“I cannot do that.”

“So, what’s your plan now?” he asked, causing me to shake my head in uncertainty. My heart pounded relentlessly in my chest. What had Vince tasked me with? Did he genuinely know Pete’s identity? I glanced up momentarily from my task, only to catch a peculiar smile forming on Pete’s lips. In a swift and calculated move, he smashed his head into mine, exploiting the opening in the rope I hadn’t yet secured and obtaining the knife from my possession. He swiftly cut his upper body free, striking my shoulder and evoking a hiss of pain from me. As I turned away, he thrust the knife into my back, leaving it embedded there. A cry of agony escaped my lips as he twisted it, intensifying the torment, before wrenching it out and freeing himself from the chair.

Swiftly, he released his ankles as I lunged for my bag, retrieving a firearm. Pete seized the moment, hurtling toward me, and we collided onto the floor. He pressed his arm against my throat in an attempt to strangle me, simultaneously pushing the knife toward me, poised to plunge it into my skull. With his body pressing the gun into mine, I was incapacitated from extracting it. I was able to avoid the knife, and it struck the floor. He pulled the knife back, but with his proximity, I executed his own maneuver—delivering a forceful headbutt that prompted a groan from him. Using his momentary

vulnerability, I managed to maneuver my legs between his, initiating a rotation. He swung the knife in an attempt to inflict another wound, yet I intervened, seizing his arm and propelling it forward. With the help from the momentum, I drove the blade into his face, penetrating his eye. His body immediately went limp, his tension dissolving. A sigh of relief escaped me as I subdued him, pinning him beneath me. However, that relief was short-lived, swiftly replaced by the realization of my actions. What had Vince entangled me in? Did he fathom the consequences of this? I couldn't afford to let them find out that I had taken Pete's life. I needed to rectify this chaotic situation!

*-Alison-*

I found myself leaning against the wall, legs pulled tightly against my body. Sitting there on the cold ground, confusion and a profound sense of being lost gripped me. Jared's words remained a jumbled mess in my head. My mind recoiled from accepting their truth because it meant... it meant... perhaps I now understood his rage even better. I had assumed my actions had driven him to the brink, yet perhaps there was an entirely different force at play. Something I had unwittingly set in motion, a ripple effect of sorts. If only I could rewind time. I'd stop whatever chain of events had led to this point. But how could I have foreseen such an outcome? I had toyed with the idea, insinuated the possibility to Jared as a cruel taunt, trying to feed him to the team, but I had never envisioned it spiraling this far. Leaning my head against the wall, I released a sigh. My tears had dried up, yet an ache persisted within my chest.

This feeling was unwanted, despised. It was new to me, burning from within. Could I ever convince Jared that I bore no responsibility, or had he already made up his mind about me? His absence had extended for a considerable time, making me wonder if he'd even return tonight. Despite my hunger and the pressing need to relieve myself, I remained rooted to the floor. I knew he wouldn't concern himself with my inability to use the bathroom. Should he return and find me sitting in my own pee, he'd likely not care, perhaps even deny me the luxury of a shower. I wouldn't fault him if he did. Considering what he had undergone, I'd likely do the same in his position. Maybe the terms of our contract were too nice. Why not keep me as his slave forever? Perhaps that could finally balance the scales.

“Fuck,” I murmured, grappling with the belief that I couldn't detest anyone more than Jared, only to realize someone else had now claimed that very spot.

Could I ever make amends for that? Could this month truly satisfy him? And could it balance me as well? Would this gnawing guilt in my heart ever dissipate, or was I doomed to be engulfed by it? I struggled to understand why one of the team members had gone back. Or perhaps, on second thought, it wasn't so unfathomable. The way I had manipulated people's perceptions of Jared had dehumanized him entirely. I had reduced him to the level of a dog, or maybe even lower. He was disposable. And that, I knew, was a consequence of my own actions. Slowly, I buried my face in my hands, a deep groan escaping me. In that moment, I wished I could extract

my own heart, sparing myself from this overwhelming agony. Gently, I began to tap my head against the wall, a feeble attempt to alleviate the torment, but it was futile against the persistent ache. It continued as I sat on the floor, consumed by self-loathing.

“What have you done?” I whispered.

The urgency of needing the bathroom momentarily overshadowed my guilt, yet I understood that once my bladder was empty, the remorse would surge back even stronger. Maybe it was fine that I soil myself—a fitting humiliation, considering my actions. I doubted whether I could even muster the strength to reach the bathroom. With my eyes shut, I grappled with how to compose myself. I yearned to pace, to expel the distress somehow, yet my energy was sapped, preventing any movement. The ache was unbearable, driving me to search for an outlet.

Suddenly, a series of footsteps approached down the hallway, the sound oddly amplified. I puzzled over the reason behind the noise. Had something agitated Jared, triggering a need for more? Anticipation spread within me as I waited for the door to swing open, expecting to be overwhelmed by guilt at the sight of him. Instead, an entirely different sentiment greeted me. Jared burst into the room, his skin glistening with sweat, his complexion an unnatural pale color. He seemed to lean heavily on the door handles to maintain his balance. His disheveled appearance and the haste in his movements left me wondering: was he under the influence of something?



“Jared... I mean, Master, listen...” Jared advanced toward me, lowering himself to kneel and reaching for the lock securing my collar. “There’s something I need to say...”

“Shut up,” he breathed.

“Please, just let me...”

“Not now, Alison. I need your help.”

His words bewildered me. What could he possibly require my assistance for? As he unlocked me from the chain, he hauled me to my feet and then propelled me toward the bathroom.

“Hey!” I protested.

“Come on,” he urged, his pushes urging me forward.

“Are you planning on watching me pee again?” I asked.

Glancing over my shoulder, I stepped into the dimly lit, spacious bathroom. I expected him to instruct me to use the facilities, but instead, he began unbuttoning his shirt. His expression contorted, as though in pain, as he hastily discarded his shirt.

“In the drawer! Fetch the first aid kit and anything you can find to stop the bleeding.”

“Bleeding?” I questioned, my confusion deepening.

“Now!”

Following his directive, I collected the items he specified. When he turned away from me, a scream involuntarily

escaped my lips as I spotted blood trickling down his right side from a wound on his shoulder.

“Alison, take the needle and thread and start stitching me up.”

“What?” I exclaimed, my gaze locked on the blood that stained his dark pants and back.

“I’m instructing you to stitch me up!” he barked.

“Stitch you up? Do you think I have a medical degree? I’m not a doctor. Why aren’t you in a hospital?” I demanded.

“Alison, just follow my instructions!”

“You do it!” I countered.

“I can’t fucking reach it!” he shouted, his focus shifting to me. “I need you to do it.”

“I can’t! Are you out of your mind? You could get an infection, or who knows if there’s internal damage?”

“He only grazed the surface! Now stitch me up!”

“I can’t do that! I’ve never stitched a wound before in my life!” I yelled.

“Do you work in fashion?”

“What?” His question caught me off guard, and I stared at him in utter bewilderment.

“Do you work in fashion or not?” he pressed.

“I... yes, I do.”

“Have you ever stitched clothing before?” he asked further.

“I-I have.”

“Then picture me as a pretty dress that needs mending, and FIX ME!” he growled.

His words left me stunned. I couldn’t fathom how he could compare repairing a dress to mending a person. How had he even sustained that wound? I stood there, immobilized by shock, while he leaned against the counter, clearly relying on it for support.

“ALISON!” he roared, snapping me into action.

“Fine!” I shot back. “But if you die, don’t blame me!”

“Sure, I’ll make a note of that,” he retorted. “Just get the disinfectant, clean me up as best as you can to have a clear view of the wound, and start patching me up.”

“Um, you need to sit down.”

“Yeah, that would be nice...” he muttered.

I scanned the room for a suitable option, and my eyes settled on a small chair further away, adorned with fresh towels. I quickly swept everything onto the floor and brought the chair closer. Jared emitted a groan as he pushed himself away from the counter, slowly lowering into the chair while bending forward. His hands rested on his thighs, ensuring he remained upright.

“Okay, go ahead,” he instructed.

“Are you absolutely sure?”

“Alison, I wouldn’t ask if I weren’t. Now, stitch me up!”

I emitted small, complaining sounds, reluctant to even approach the wound. Blood didn't typically bother me, but this was something I had only witnessed on television dramas. I was never meant to stitch up a person. If that were my aspiration, I'd be working in a hospital, perhaps as an ER doctor. However, reality remained unchanged. I was still Alison Brown, the CEO of my own modeling agency, being asked to mend the man who had humiliated me beyond belief, the man I despised more than anyone. Was he really serious?

"Alison!" he pressed urgently.

"Yes, yes..." I grabbed items to clear away the blood as effectively as possible before attempting to cleanse the wound. He let out a yelp of pain as I applied the disinfectant.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed.

"Sorry!" I yelled back, feeling a profound sense of regret, even though he hadn't instructed me to stop. He shook his head, gritting his teeth, trying to endure the pain before giving me the signal to continue. After washing my hands, I meticulously cleaned the needle and thread, ensuring everything was as sanitary as possible without proper sterile conditions. Moving back behind him, I focused on the still-bleeding wound, fully aware that unless I closed it, the bleeding wouldn't stop.

"Alison... just get it done," he groaned.

"Why is this happening to me?" I muttered, my hands trembling as I reached out. My initial pressure wasn't sufficient, and he hissed in response.

“Press harder!”

“Oh, this feels incredibly wrong!” I grumbled, but I eventually managed to thread the needle through and back out the other side, piercing the skin.

“Don’t go all the way through,” he instructed.

“What?”

“It’s not quite the same as sewing clothes.”

“Is that so?” I replied sarcastically.

“You need to tie it together and pull the skin shut,” he explained.

“I’m pulling?” I questioned in disbelief.

“Yes, you’re pulling!” he confirmed.

“Oh God. All right, just walk me through it.”

## CHAPTER 47

*-Alison-*

Jared walked me through the process of pulling the thread together to ensure the skin was drawn tightly before explaining how to tie a knot and continue closing the wound until it was fully sealed. After cleaning the wound once again with disinfectant to eliminate any lingering bacteria, I retrieved a bandage from a sterile package and applied it over the wound. He let out a groan as I pressed the bandage against the wound in my urgency.

“I’m the worst nurse,” I muttered, though he didn’t seem to complain too much.

“Don’t worry, I have antibiotics here at home, and you’ll just need to keep an eye on it,” he assured me.

“Um, me?” I asked, stepping around him, my hands still stained with his blood, and regarding him with a mixture of shock and disbelief.

“I can’t see it,” he explained.

“There’s a thing called a mirror.”

“It doesn’t change the fact that I can’t properly clean it. You need to do it.”

“Why am I doing this? Why is this even necessary? Jared!” I yelled.

He gripped the back of the chair, using it for support to help himself stand. He looked unsteady on his feet, and I reached out to help him. After a moment to regain his composure, he pushed me away and left the bathroom. I was about to follow him when other pressing matters demanded my attention. I quickly tidied up before relieving myself and removing the plug. Then I found something else to wear and went in search of Jared.

His struggles with balance created a fair amount of noise, leading me to his room. I heard him inside the bathroom and watched as he swallowed a few pills before leaning against the sink.

“You know, this might be a completely insane idea, but have you ever noticed that big white building with the word ‘HOSPITAL’ written on it?” I asked, noticing him turn his head, his expression far from appreciative of my sarcasm.

“I’m familiar with the building,” he replied, his tone edged with annoyance.

“Did it ever occur to you, while you were bleeding all over the place and on your way here, to think, ‘maybe I should go to the hospital’? Did that thought ever cross your mind?”

Instead, you asked someone who's never stitched up a person before to patch you up."

"I can do without the sarcasm," he snapped.

"Yeah, well, I could do without experiencing what it feels like to pierce human skin with a needle," I retorted.

He sighed and shook his head. "What do you want, Alison?"

"I don't know. A drink to calm my nerves and maybe the damn truth!" I shouted.

"You can have the drink."

He pushed past me once again, heading to his closet to change. I followed him, observing his struggle to remove his pants. He had to sit down and do it very slowly to avoid causing further harm.

"You're cut in the front too!" I exclaimed when I noticed a small cut on his arm.

"It's a flesh wound. It's fine."

"Fine?" I questioned in disbelief.

"Can you just hand me those pants and that shirt?" he asked, pointing to two pieces of clothing.

"No!"

"Alison, do as I tell you!"

"Not until I get the truth!" I yelled.

"Well, you can't fucking have it! Now give me the damn clothes!" he growled.



I crossed my arms, maintaining my stubborn stance. However, all he had to do was raise an eyebrow and challenge me silently, causing me to feel uncertain. I begrudgingly moved toward the clothes he had pointed to.

“Unbelievable,” I muttered as I reluctantly followed his demand.

Returning to him, I handed him the clothes. It was a rather pitiable sight to see him struggling to put on pants again, and when it came to his shirt, he couldn't manage it.

“Alison!” he called out once more.

“For fuck's sake!” I exclaimed.

“My arm,” he reminded me.

“Yes, I can see it. Tell me the truth, and I'll help you dress.”

“According to the contract, you have to do everything I say. So help me get this on.”

“Are you serious?” I asked as I positioned myself in front of him.

He met my eyes with a stern expression and nodded once.

“Go ahead,” he ordered.

“Why can't you just give me the truth?”

“Because the truth isn't meant for you. Now get my arm in the fucking shirt!” he demanded.

“I don't understand why you didn't go to the hospital,” I grumbled, irritated as I moved behind him and assisted him in getting his arm through the shirt. He looked utterly drained as

I stood before him. His hands trembled as he tried to button the shirt.

“Alison...”

“Fine!” I sighed, getting down on my knees in front of him and reaching up to fasten the buttons of the shirt. He let out a deep breath, tilting his head back slightly as he appreciated not having to do it himself. I completed the task quickly, but then he gestured to his pants, which he hadn’t even buttoned. At least I wasn’t undressing him, I thought as I helped him secure his pants as well. Despite the fresh clothes, he still appeared disheveled. Even with the new outfit, he seemed completely out of sorts and needed a moment before he could stand upright again.

“Listen, if we got you a doctor...” I began.

“No doctor. However, I’ll have that drink before I leave.”

“Sorry? You’re leaving again?” I asked.

“I have to. I have something to do,” he said, pressing his hands to the small couch he was sitting on and attempting to rise, but he fell back on his first attempt. “Alison...”

“No!” I firmly told him. “I’m not helping you unless it’s because you’re telling me to take you to the hospital!”

“Consider it this way,” he exhaled. “If I do this, the month will be up rather quickly.”

“Yes, and the only one the police can point fingers at is ME!” I emphasized, making a theatrical show of pointing at

myself to convey how serious it would be if I were found with a dead body. "I have motive and no alibi."

"Okay, maybe that wouldn't be the ideal situation, but if I leave, you won't be discovered with the body."

"No, but a little investigation, and they'll realize I stayed here. Once again, it gives me motive and no alibi."

"Alison," he sighed, extending his hand, a clear gesture for me to help him.

"No! Not unless I can take you to the hospital," I insisted.

"Concerned about me now?"

"I don't want to be suspected of murder, that's all," I informed him, hearing a slight chuckle escape from him.

"Well, your Master is instructing you to assist him in standing, so help me up from here."

"You should stay seated. You're pale, and you don't look well."

"Alison, it wasn't a question, nor did I ask for your personal opinion on this. I need you to help me get to my feet," he demanded.

"Why not just stay down? You're clearly seriously injured."

"I hardly feel it," he reassured me.

"Funny, the greenish color on your face suggests otherwise."

"Alison!"

"No!"

“Alison!”

“Tell me what’s happening,” I insisted.

“You’re not the one in charge here.”

“Well, since you can’t get up and don’t have the strength to punish me, I am,” I retorted, then stepped back, leaning against the dresser behind me. “I want answers.”

He shot me a glare, shaking his head. “I don’t have time for that.”

“Then give me something! What even did that to you?”

“A knife,” he told me.

“Why was there a knife in your back?”

“A relic from the past,” he retorted.

“Not funny!”

“No, and neither is being stuck on this couch. You won’t be able to sit down for a week if you don’t help me get up right now!” he threatened.

“That threat would work if you didn’t look so sick right now.”

“Alison!”

“Tell me more.”

“No!” he shouted. “Get me up from here, or you’re in big trouble!”

“Yes, I’m trembling at the thought of the man who can barely stand on his own.”

“I will get my strength back, and then you’ll beg me for mercy,” he warned.

“And how long will that take? With the wound in your back, it could be weeks, and then I’m out of here!”

“Alison, I’m not playing around. Get me up from here!” he growled.

We locked eyes in a staring contest, neither of us willing to back down, but the clear warning in his gaze conveyed that he genuinely meant his threat of consequences. Unfortunately, my contract did state that I had to comply. Pushing away from the dresser, I walked over to him. I extended my arm, and he grabbed it, groaning as he made his way up.

“You can’t possibly think this was a good idea,” I told him.

“I need a drink.”

He pushed past me, and I looked after him in disbelief. Shaking off the shock, I followed him downstairs to where I found his private bar. He sat by the counter, pouring himself a drink. I approached, and he nudged the bottle my way, but I had no real interest in drinking. I wanted answers.

“Why was there a knife in your back?” I asked.

“A bitch put it there,” he sighed.

“Jared, can we set aside the jokes for a moment and talk?”

“Why does this even interest you?” he asked, turning to me.

“What?”

“Why are you so curious about knowing why?”

I opened my mouth to respond, but nothing came out. In posing the question, he highlighted something I didn't have an answer for. Why was I so eager to know? Would it be dangerous to know? I didn't know what Jared was involved with, so perhaps ignorance was the safer path.

“Um...”

“Exactly,” he pointed out. “If you don't want to know, then when I tell you not to ask, don't fucking ask.”

“But shouldn't we still get a professional to look at you?” I insisted.

“No, we shouldn't.”

“Jared, this is serious. Something very bad could happen to you!” I urged.

“Something already did,” he mumbled, downing his drink.

“Then talk to me!”

“I thought we just agreed that knowing was a bad thing.”

I knew he was right, but this was weighing on me. After what he had revealed, I felt a greater responsibility toward his well-being. Yet, he remained tight-lipped, and I was uncertain whether I should even press further.

## CHAPTER 48

*-Jared-*

Alison displaying genuine concern for me was a new experience. Though I might be deceiving myself, her worry seemed authentic. While I had no intention of divulging any information to her—given my own ignorance on the matter—it was perplexing to have her show such concern. I was unsure how to navigate this side of Alison, and my response became laced with anger and sarcastic remarks. Despite my resistance, she persisted in pushing me to consider a visit to the hospital. Yet, I had more pressing matters to attend to, and a hospital visit wasn't on my agenda.

“Fine, then don't tell me anything. Let's call a doctor.”

“For a house call?” I retorted.

“We need to do something! The job I did on your wound wasn't well done. You could easily develop a serious infection!”

“I'll be all right.”

“Could you please stop saying that and take this more seriously?” she implored.

I poured myself another drink and quickly downed it, hoping it would help alleviate the throbbing pain in my body. Slowly turning toward Alison, who regarded me with a begging look, I recognized that this was a new aspect of her I needed to adapt to. But I knew that once the initial shock wore off, we’d likely revert to our familiar dynamic.

“I am taking this very seriously, which is why I need to leave now.”

“Leave?” she questioned, clearly taken aback.

I pushed away from the bar counter and started walking toward the entrance of the house. Alison followed closely behind, dressed in an oversized shirt and gesturing wildly in her attempts to make me stop.

“I’m not stopping, Alison. I have something I need to do!” I told her.

“You need help!”

“Don’t we all,” I muttered under my breath.

“I meant professional help!”

“I meant the same thing,” I countered as I opened the door.

“This isn’t a joke, Jared!”

“Do not leave this premises!” I ordered her, fully aware I didn’t have time to lock her up in the blue room right now.



Yet, we both understood the gravity of the situation—her leaving would be a colossal error. “Do you understand?”

She crossed her arms and shot me a defiant look.

“Do you understand?” I raised my voice.

“Yes... Master,” she replied sarcastically.

“Good.”

I slammed the door shut, locking it behind me before heading to my car, which was still running and horribly parked. I hastily got inside and drove to Vince’s residence. I didn’t bother waiting for someone to answer the door—I stormed right in, the doors banging against the walls, loudly announcing my arrival. Without delay, I ascended to the next floor, finding Vince seated by the window, leisurely sipping a drink. He turned his head as I burst into his office, a perplexed expression on his face.

“Jared? What’s the matter? Is it done?” he asked.

I pointed at him, my anger momentarily rendering me speechless. I clenched my fist before slowly relaxing my hand to regain composure.

“You look unwell,” he remarked.

“Yes, because the man you had me go after stabbed me!” I growled.

“The addict overpowered you?”

“You never informed me about his family!” I shot back.

Vince averted his gaze slightly, a subtle sign that my revelation had surprised him.

“No, I didn’t. Did he manage to escape?”

“No, he’s dead. Do you realize the dangers?” I questioned.

“I do.”

“He didn’t steal from you!”

“No, he didn’t,” Vince confessed.

“Why the hell did you want him dead then? You might have just started a war!” I exclaimed.

“It was necessary,” he responded.

“Why?”

“To convey a message,” he disclosed. “Sometimes messages need to be delivered in blood. Did you take care of the body?”

“It’s all taken care of, prepared for disposal.”

“No need for disposal,” he stated.

“Vince, this is insane! They’ll easily figure out who’s behind this,” I warned.

“Exactly. I intended for that to happen.”

“Why the hell didn’t you tell me the truth?” I demanded.

Vince slowly rose from his seat, the glass in his hand trembling slightly. He walked over to his desk, setting down the glass before turning to face me.

“Because you would have talked me out of it,” he explained.

“But I needed you to carry it out. It sends a more powerful

message, especially considering your importance to me.”

“You’re absolutely right that I would have stopped you. It’s an incredibly terrible idea,” I snarled, frustration causing me to run my hand through my hair as I began to pace.

“Don’t worry. You’ll only need to stay here temporarily while I sort everything out,” Vince reassured.

“What?” I asked, abruptly halting my pacing to face him.

“I said you just need to stay here for a while until everything is settled,” he clarified.

“Stay here?” I questioned.

“It’s safer this way, considering the security. I don’t want to take any risks with them getting to you before I’ve had a chance to speak with them,” he explained.

“Vince, are you suggesting they’re coming to kill me?”

“Seems likely. Wasn’t that the reason you came here, berating me for the awful plan?” he replied casually.

“Yes, I did come here to remind you how terrible the idea was, but how quickly do you think they’ll realize it was me?” I countered.

“They often keep an eye on Pete’s place to prevent any major messes. They’ve got him under close watch,” Vince replied.

“Would they have seen me entering his apartment?” I asked.

Vince shrugged. “Possibly.”

I rubbed my hands over my face, fear gnawing at my chest as the gravity of the situation sank in.

“Don’t worry, son, they won’t harm you,” Vince assured me.

“It’s not myself I’m concerned about,” I admitted, watching his smile slowly fade.

“You didn’t bring your pet?” he asked.

“No, I sure as hell didn’t bring my pet!” I yelled.

“Oh, shit...”

I stared at Vince in disbelief, struggling to comprehend how we had ended up in this predicament. He was aware of my plans, yet he was willing to jeopardize everything for something I couldn’t even fathom. I would have continued berating him if it weren’t for another pressing matter demanding my attention—getting back to Alison.

*-Alison-*

I sat at the bar, sipping a drink I initially had no intention of having. Once Jared had left, I found myself at a loss for what to do. The idea of running away had crossed my mind again, but where could I go that he couldn’t find me? Plus, he had that fucking information about me. So, I remained seated, waiting for his return. Still, I shook my head as I replayed the events of the evening in my mind. I couldn’t believe he had refused to go to the hospital and instead allowed me, with zero experience, to attempt a makeshift surgery on him. Even with his guidance, I knew the wound would likely scar badly. My stitching was far from proficient, and I chuckled at the thought

of my handiwork. Then, I focused on my third drink, considering if I might be getting a bit tipsy. I shook my head to clear my thoughts, but it didn't stop me from having another glass. Leaning my head back, I let the burning liquid slide down my throat. A small groan escaped me as I swallowed, and I even coughed a bit. Yet, the alcohol worked its magic, calming my frayed nerves. With a contented sigh, I felt the burning sensation subside.

“Why are you such an idiot?” I whispered, shaking my head. Yet, I wasn't certain if I directed my words at myself or Jared. Perhaps my words were meant for both of us, because I couldn't fathom how either of us had reached this point. I grasped the concept of the contract and his thirst for revenge, but this current situation confused me. The chair I was now sitting on, the improvised stitching of a wound—I couldn't make sense of it all.

Jared's sudden departure and his refusal to share any information left me bewildered. Was he entangled in some criminal organization? Were there connections to the Mafia? Questions flooded my mind, and while I acknowledged that seeking answers might be dangerous, I craved a fragment of insight to quell my racing thoughts. Yet, I doubted Jared would willingly provide explanations. His stance on me knowing too much was unmistakable, and I could only guess that knowledge would indeed bring trouble. Often, ignorance was the preferable state.

What a peaceful life I led when I remained oblivious to Jared's actions and even his existence. Yet, here I was,

ensnared in the midst of his turmoil. Perhaps my earlier words were only meant for me. Perhaps I was the only fool here. It might have been wiser to face imprisonment and bid farewell to the illusion of my ideal world. I knew my world wasn't flawless. I was aware of my husband's hidden affairs, of my friends' affairs, and the strained relationship dynamics within my family. True love seemed nowhere to be found.

I hadn't been completely ignorant, but I intentionally turned a blind eye. Denial proved more bearable than admitting that my lifelong plan had veered off course. Accepting that reality was a jarring blow, and preserving my façade seemed more comforting. Yet, now I grappled with uncertainty. Jared's revelations and his vulnerable state tonight left me pondering the role I played. How much influence did I wield? Had I inadvertently steered him into criminality? Was that his means of survival? Could I be blamed for his choices?

I groaned, running my hand through my hair, unsure of my thoughts. I longed for Jared's return, hoping he could restore some balance to this chaotic situation. How long would he be gone? I pondered, glancing toward the open door that led into the room. Despite the lateness of the hour, sleep eluded me. Reaching for the bottle again, I intended to pour another glass. My attempt was interrupted by pounding on the door. Confusion struck me as I questioned why Jared would be knocking on his own door in his own house.

Baffled and somewhat tipsy, I leapt from my seat and headed toward the entrance. The pounding persisted, my gaze fixed on the door as if it held answers. Who could be pounding on the

door at such an hour? Apprehension settled over me. I wished I had a way to contact Jared, yet my phone was gone. Could I find another phone? I hoped Jared had additional ones in the house, and I made my way toward the staircase. However, my foot barely touched the first step when a thunderous crash reverberated, signaling the breaking of the door.

My scream echoed as I pressed against the railing, my eyes locking onto the shadowy figures that materialized in the doorway. Moments stretched, an eerie stillness enveloping us as we stared one another down. Rooted to our spots, none of us moved. My mind was a whirlwind of confusion, until an inner voice spurred me to action, insisting I ran. Yielding to the voice, I shifted slightly, but the men were quick to react. Taking a step forward, they advanced quickly. Hastily, I ascended the stairs, desperately hoping to find some means of defense. They closed in, just as I reached the top floor. Suddenly, a grip seized my leg, and I emitted a piercing scream as I was forcefully pulled down and over.

I kicked out, attempting to free myself from his grip, successfully landing a kick on his face. His hold loosened, allowing me to scramble off the floor. The other man pursued me closely. I dashed toward Jared's room, nearly reaching it when a sudden grasp from behind threw me to the ground once more. My landing elicited a groan from me, yet I mustered the determination to keep moving. I tried retreating, seeking escape, but the second man closed in from that direction, leaving me ensnared between their imposing figures. My gaze shifted between them, uncertain of whom to focus on, until

one of them extracted a gun from his jacket. My throat tightened as I watched him aim it at me, his face partially obscured by darkness.

“Please...” I whispered as I sat on the ground in front of him.

His lips curved into a smile, and I shut my eyes, bracing myself for an uncertain fate. The distinct sound of the gun being cocked resonated, causing my entire body to jolt, my heart racing within my chest. I couldn't fathom what I had done to deserve to die. While I understood the torment done by Jared, the reason for my death eluded me. It wasn't even Jared who was aiming the gun at me, it was a stranger who had forcefully entered his home and discovered me. Despite this, there was no doubt in my mind—this marked the end. Strangely, my heartbeat seemed to steady, and the world momentarily faded away, until a resounding sound broke the silence...

A gunshot.

**To Be Continued...**



## AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading the first book *Payback* in the series *Dark Revenge*. Please follow to ensure you know when the sequel *Corruption* comes out.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anne T. Thyssen, a Danish/English writer, discovered her love for writing at the age of six. Even as a young child, she dreamt of becoming a writer and sharing her stories with the world. However, it wasn't until 2019, when she felt burned out and was under lockdown because of the overwhelming presence of the COVID-19 pandemic, that she truly dedicated herself to her craft.

Anne made her debut in 2021 in her country, Denmark, with the short story collection "Hvem Fxck Er Jeg?" and later published a novel called "Flugten Fra København".

It wasn't long then Anne discovered the wonders of publishing online and really got her career started by publishing on the online platform Dreame, captivating her readers with her series "Wolves' Fated Mates". After reconnecting with her passion for writing, she continued to spread across many platforms and, already at the age of 22, had published over 50 books.

Anne does not keep herself limited by certain genres, but embraces the opportunity to explore various writing styles, captivating readers from diverse backgrounds and interests.

She continues to use each day to write and sharpen her talent while exploring more ways to reach people from all over the world.

## ALSO BY

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