



Harley LaRoux

THE
DARE

an erotic tale of dark pleasures

The Dare
By Harley Laroux

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Warning

This book is not intended for anyone under the age of legal adulthood. It contains graphic sexual scenes, including INTENSE fetish, kink, and BDSM-related activities.

This book is intended as fictitious fantasy only.

This book is not intended to be used as a resource for sexual education, or as an informational guide to sex or BDSM.

The scenes within this book are not meant to depict realistic expectations of BDSM or fetish-related activities.

The Kinks/Fetishes Within:

This book contains intense fantasy scenes of hard kinks/edgeplay.

Heavy erotic humiliation, heavy fearplay, heavy painplay, heavy knifeplay, consensual non-consent play (with consent shown), boot worship, spanking, crying, blowjobs, clowns, spit, bondage, light public play, light bloodplay.

Please proceed with caution.

Part I - The Game

A lot of things change after high school. Straight-A students become deadbeats, shy nerds are suddenly married with kids, guys who swore they were going to join the NFL end up joining the Marines instead. People make all kinds of weird decisions once they hit adulthood - like Daniel Peters, for example, decided to start inviting freaks to his parties.

It was late October, Halloween weekend to be exact. The night was cold, an icy breeze whipping up flurries of golden leaves down the quiet suburban streets. Daniel's neighborhood was gated, requiring check-in at the gatehouse before we could even drive our car through. A list of guests had been left with the guard, and he checked it meticulously as I showed him my ID.

"Jessica Martin, hm?" he said, tapping his pen repeatedly on his clipboard. I gave him a tense, impatient smile, and glanced back at the line of cars that had begun to form behind us. Daniel was known for his massive parties - dozens if not hundreds of guests would fill his parents' massive house, pool, and sizeable backyard. That was one thing that hadn't changed after high school: none of us had given up partying.

"And you are...?" the guard glanced past me to the passenger in my Corolla, my best friend since Freshman year.

"Ashley Garcia," she said, staring down at her phone as she typed. "Do you, like...need my ID or something?"

"No, no, you're alright. So are you ladies headed to a Halloween party?" I could feel the guard's eyes lingering on my body - at least what he could see of it through the window. Both Ashley and I had dressed up as angels - slutty, sexy angels. My sheer white bra would've shown off my nipple piercings if it wasn't for the pasties I'd slapped on underneath, and if I happened to bend over in my short satin skirt people would definitely be getting a view of my thong. Our angel wings were small, made of white feathers, clipped to the back of our bras.

I was getting really tired of this old perv trying to make small talk. I had no doubt he'd already seen our names on the list and was just trying to get us to have a conversation with him. I impatiently glanced back as yet another car pulled into line. The truck right behind us was shaking and rumbling, absolute hell for my ears. Something about the ugly old beast looked familiar...

Then I saw the guy driving, and immediately remembered where I had seen the truck before.

"Fucking Manson Reed is behind us!" I blurted, as soon as the guard finally buzzed us through. Ashley immediately looked up from her phone, turned, and strained in her seat to look into the truck as we left it behind at the gate.

"You have *got* to be kidding," she said. "Are you sure? I can't see anything with those headlights."

"I *saw* him. And that's his same old shitty truck."

"You don't...you don't think..." Ashley sat back in her seat, giving me a serious look. "You don't think Daniel *invited* him, do you?"

"Oh God, hell no," I winced in disgust. "Daniel wouldn't invite that weirdo. Not after what happened."

"Remember, Daniel has been on that whole "acceptance for everyone" kick since he took that Philosophy class," Ashley said warningly. "And it's not like Manson *lives* here. Why else would he be in this neighborhood?"

I shook my head. "No way have Daniel's invite standards dropped that low. Besides, literally everyone from high school is freaked out over Manson. Yeah, it's been a couple years, but no one really forgets the kid who almost stabbed someone."

Ashley folded her arms with a little shudder and I sped up, putting the old truck further behind us. All the houses in Daniel's neighborhood were massive, sitting on wide lawns behind tall wrought-iron gates, shaded by old trees. I could hear the music before I even turned the corner onto Daniel's street. Cars lined the sidewalk, but I managed to find a spot just a short walk away.

“Sooo, like, not to bring up shameful moments,” Ashley spoke slowly, popping her bubblegum before she went on. “But didn’t you and Manson have, like, a thing?”

I sighed heavily. Why did she have to bring *that* up? “We made out in the bathroom once, but that’s not a thing.” She raised her eyebrows at me skeptically. “It’s *not a thing!*”

She made a face. “I mean...Kyle thought it was a thing.”

I scoffed. “Kyle and I weren’t even together. We were so on and off.”

“Oookay, but were you on, or off?”

“Apparently Kyle thought we were on,” I rolled my eyes. “That’s why he was such an asshole about it.”

“Yeah, but I mean, Manson *did* pull a knife on him. What kind of freak carries a knife to high school?”

The kind of freak who anticipated my ex’s anger and came prepared for it. Kyle had always been an asshole to Manson - he’d been an asshole to *everyone*, but Manson in particular. He was the perfect victim: quiet, head down, usually dressed in black, with a denim jacket covered in patches. Manson had run with the Goth crowd, the skaters, even the anime kids. He’d somehow managed to get his foot in every reject group possible. He was a good punching bag for Kyle, especially once Kyle realized that Manson and I...had...

Not a *thing*, no. But as much as I had teased Manson - little stuck-up cheerleader that I was - Manson teased back. We had the misfortune of our lockers being next to each other, so there was no avoiding the sight of his annoying face. There were days we would bicker back and forth in the halls all the way to class, name-calling, insulting, laughing -

I wasn’t really sure if it was normal to develop a crush on my nemesis, but one thing led to another and...then Kyle found out that I’d actually *kissed* Manson. It was social suicide for me, but it was a great way to piss off my ex.

Kyle and three friends had cornered Manson in the boy’s bathroom. They’d planned to beat him - Kyle told me some

shit later about “defending my honor.” But Manson had come prepared.

He had to have known what he was getting into when he kissed me: I was Kyle’s ex, Captain of the cheerleading squad, one of the most popular girls in school. I’d tugged Manson into the bathroom, four days after Kyle and I broke up, and made out with him against the cold tile wall.

“You know it was all just to make Kyle mad anyway,” I said briskly, re-applying my lipgloss in the visor mirror. “He hated that kid. Plus Kyle had dumped me for Veronica Mills! *Obviously* I had to piss him off.”

“Yeah, well, it worked,” Ashley shrugged. “Kyle got mad, you got back together, and then you broke up again anyway.” She rolled her eyes. “You could’ve picked someone else to piss him off with. Manson looks like he’d be into, like... killing small animals.”

A sudden, intense urge to deny her assessment rose up in me. I’d said worse things about Manson to his face, but when someone else said it, it irritated me in a way I couldn’t fully understand.

I shook it off. That was the past, petty high school drama. I was better off not dwelling on it. I reached into the backseat to grab my bag, and Ashley suddenly clutched my arm.

“Manson at twelve o’ clock,” she muttered.

I looked up slowly. Manson’s big truck had pulled over to park in front of us. Oh my god. No...no, he couldn’t *actually* be here for the party...

The truck door opened. Manson was a tall, slim guy, and he looked even taller in his tight jeans and lace-up leather boots. He was wearing a black t-shirt that hugged his chest and was criss-crossed with some kind of leather straps - a harness? He’d had a mohawk in high school, but now his light brown hair was slicked back. As he hopped out of the truck and slammed his door shut, he carefully fit a shiny vinyl officer’s hat on his head.

“Oh my god, look down, look down, look down!”

Ashley tried to warn me, but I was too late. Manson walked past our car and locked eyes with me, freezing me in my seat. He had one white contact in, giving an eerie look to his face, his other eye looking almost black in contrast. I gulped as he passed, unable to look away, unable to blink.

He grinned at me - a slow, appraising grin. Then he was gone, down the sidewalk toward the party. I sighed, slumping in my seat. Maybe he hadn't recognized me. Maybe he didn't remember me at all!

But *I* could remember. I could still picture Manson's face when he was escorted to the principal's office. I'd known what Kyle was going to do, and I'd texted Manson the night before, the only text I'd ever sent him, telling him not to come to school. He'd come anyway. When all the boys were finally dragged out of the bathroom, Manson had been the one taken away by the two campus guards. He'd had that big purple bruise on his left cheek, a drip of blood running down his chin from a split lip, and a grim smile on his face.

I felt weird as I thought about it, and squirmed uncomfortably. There was something scary about the way he'd looked, but I couldn't get his face out of my head. He hadn't been afraid. He'd come that day knowing what was going to happen, and pulled a knife on six-foot-three Kyle Baggins and his jock friends.

I'd wanted to kiss him again as I saw him escorted off. I'd wanted to text him when I found out he'd been expelled. I wanted to tell him that I was proud he'd defended himself, that Kyle had deserved the scare, that I didn't blame him for bringing the knife.

I never did. I had a reputation to uphold and Manson Reed didn't fit into it.

"What. A. Creep." Ashley said, shoving open her door. "We're avoiding him like the plague. Hopefully he gets kicked out."

"Hopefully," I muttered, as I slid on my heels. The shoes were strappy and tall, with a white filigree pattern that zipped

all the way up to my knee. I caught my reflection in the car window and smiled. I loved making an entrance.

The walkway up to the house was lined with jack-o-lanterns, candles flickering inside their wide grinning faces. Plastic skeletons hung from the pillars beside the house's entry doors, and fake gravestones littered the grass across the front yard. The thumping bass of a live DJ pounded through my chest as I pressed the doorbell. It was only seconds before a middle-aged woman with bleached blonde hair and a glass of Sangria flung open the door.

"Oh my gooooodddd, Jessicaaaaaa!" she screeched, wrapping me in a tight hug that squished me against her fake tits. "And Ashley, oh my god, *welcome* ladies!"

"Hi, Mrs. Peters," I gave her a smile as we stepped into the entryway. Mrs. Peters was the literal definition of a "cool mom" - she was always present at her son's parties, laughing, dancing, and drinking. She was one of those parents who didn't really seem like a parent - but every now and then would drop some wisdom that could only come from decades of experience on the planet.

The pale cream walls and decorative mahogany table in the entry room had been strewn with fake cobwebs, and the light bulbs in the chandelier overhead switched out for blacklights. Lifelike mannequins of zombie babies were tucked into the corners and stared down at us from the stairway. The house was packed, as I expected. There were dozens of people I knew - some friendly, some not. Being captain of the cheerleading squad and dating the football team's star quarterback had definitely earned me some enemies, even after graduation. I knew I hadn't been the nicest person in high school either - but whatever. The past was the past.

Ashley and I poured ourselves some drinks and wandered the party, meeting up with friends and making small-talk, admiring the house's creepy decor. Daniel had always made sure to go all-out with his party decorations. The sangria was held in a giant witch's cauldron, the cheese dip had been molded into the shape of a brain, and even the hors d'oeuvres looked like creepy little spiders and severed fingers.

Outside, people dove into the heated pool and played drinking games at the several tables that had been setup to host beer pong and King's Cup. The DJ played on the cobweb-strewn gazebo, wearing a bright red suit and devil horns. The backyard was large, covered with grass, with rows of bushes lining the stone wall that surrounded it.

Near the beer pong tables we finally found Daniel, shot-gunning a beer before he leaped - fully clothed - into the pool. But he hadn't been drinking alone. He'd been chugging alongside none other than Manson Reed, who tossed aside his empty beer can with a smile and laughed as Daniel went diving.

I felt like I'd stepped into the Uncanny Valley. I'd been a little out of the loop since I started college, but this was all wrong. Why the hell was Manson drinking with Daniel? Why was he surrounded by people who wouldn't have looked twice at him in high school? Why -

"Why is he staring at you?" Ashley said, holding her cup up to her mouth to mask her lips. She was right: Manson's eyes had fallen on me and he had yet to look away. There was recognition in his eyes, and I wondered what memory came up for him first. Was it me glancing at him in silence as I walked through the halls holding Kyle's hand? Or was it my face inches from his own before we kissed, as I whispered, "Promise not to tell?"

With a sudden sharp pain in my chest, I wondered if he hated me. Not like I cared about gaining the approval of a weirdo like him, but...the way he was looking at me didn't *feel* hateful. He seemed curious, his eyes lingering over my face and then down, over my body. Of course he'd stare. Everyone stared. But somehow I still felt...what was this... *guilt?*

After all, I'd made-out with him and then immediately got back with the guy who'd been bullying him since freshman year. I'd teased him relentlessly, spread rumors about him, laughed at him. If that didn't make me look like an asshole, I didn't know what would.

“Hey-hey, ladies, welcome!” Daniel ran over, dripping from the pool, offering us hi-fives instead of hugs. Manson’s gaze finally broke as Daniel clasped his hand companionably and said, “Nice job, bro. Just not fast enough!”

“This is so fucking weird,” Ashley whispered. “Since when are they friends?”

I shrugged, trying not to linger on the topic. The more I thought about it, and the more I looked at Manson, the more awkward I felt. And “awkward” wasn’t a normal feeling for me at all.

A round of beer pong had just ended, so Ashley and I stepped up to challenge the winners. I had always been a competitive person - whether it was cheerleading or beer pong, I hated to lose. We sank the opposing team’s cups quickly, taking them down within a few minutes and getting a nice buzz while we were at it. With the game over, I realized that a small crowd had gathered to watch us play. Manson was watching too. Watching *me*.

Again, the fear that he hated me gripped my chest, but I couldn’t wrap my mind around why I cared. I hadn’t seen or thought of him in years. Our kiss had faded into the background of my memories, as had all our tense interactions, all my cruel words and haughty looks. It had faded - until I saw him tonight. Now it all crashed back into me like a punch to the chest.

I thought of the bruise under his eye after Kyle had gone after him...the blood on his lip...but none of that shit was *my* fault. Okay, maybe some of it was my fault...and sure, most of my interactions with him had been me teasing him and calling him names...but he’d teased me back!

All I’d done was kiss him.

And he’d kissed me back.

I’d spent way too much time since then trying to figure out *why*. Why Manson Reed?

It *hadn’t* been because his quiet, brooding looks had always scared me, and things that scared me were irresistible.

It hadn't been because behind that shy, withdrawn exterior I was certain there was a beast lying in wait. It hadn't been because his lips were surprisingly soft, and when I'd kissed him he'd wrapped his hand around my throat, and my heart had fluttered for a second -

No. It hadn't been because of any of that. At all. It was just petty high school shit that we were all better off forgetting.

"Who's next?" Ashley laughed, sipping down the last of her drink. "Come on, who's the next challenger?"

"I'll give it go."

My heart sank into my shoes. Manson had stepped up. Now that he was closer, standing almost directly in front of me across the table, I could see that he'd become muscular since I'd last seen him. He wasn't bulky, but his biceps strained against the sleeves of his shirt and his chest was tight beneath the leather harness he wore. What was up with that harness anyway? What the hell was he supposed to be dressed as? Was it some kind of fetish thing?

"Uh, sure, okay," Ashley sounded irritated. "Who's your teammate?"

Manson shrugged. "Just me. Me against her." He pointed at me. It was a struggle to keep my mouth from falling open. I hid my discomfort behind the best resting bitch face I could manage.

"Yeah, maybe you haven't noticed, but we're playing in *teams*," I said slowly, sarcastically.

"Aw, scared you'll lose if you play alone?" His voice was taunting, familiar. It was the same way he'd spoken to me in high school when he'd snap back at my teasing. Except now his voice was steadier. He was almost cocky in the way he carried himself, his mannerisms, his tone.

Dammit, he knew how to get to me.

I laughed. "Oh, honey, no. More like I'll be bored with how easy beating you will be."

“I take it you accept the challenge then,” he said, bouncing the little white ball on the table. “I mean, it’s an easy victory for you after all, right?”

My jaw clenched. I wanted to snap out something rude, but Daniel interrupted us.

“Woah, guys, if you’re gonna go one versus one, let’s make this a little more interesting!” He came up to the table, sharpie in hand, and began to write on our cups: a single word on some and nothing on others. As he wrote on one closest to me, I glimpsed what it said: DARE.

“Drink or dare!” he exclaimed. “Same house rules except if you make it in one of your opponent’s “dare” cups, they have the option to do your dare instead of lose the cup.” He smiled slyly. “Any dare you want. No boundaries.”

The crowd began to cheer, then chant, “Drink or dare! Drink or dare! Drink or dare!” It was exactly the kind of spectacle a bunch of shit-faced college students would love - and with that many eyes on me, I’d never live it down if I backed out.

“Fine,” I said, picking up my ball. “I hope you’re ready to be humiliated, Manson. Oh wait...but you’re already used to humiliation, aren’t you?”

The crowd rippled with laughter. They knew exactly what I was talking about. They *all* knew. Manson may have managed to get on Daniel’s good side, but that didn’t mean everyone had forgotten where he came from.

Manson just smiled as we went eye to eye. “So you *do* remember my name. I’m flattered, Jessica. Miss Popular remembers who I am, oh wow!” His voice was dripping with sarcasm. He lined up his shot, and said, “I guess I was such a good kisser that you can’t forget my name.”

Less people knew about that. Far less. But there were still murmurs and gasps of “ooh, shit!” from those who did know. I winced, instantly irritated as my face grew hot. That grin of his was unnerving - so unnerving that I missed my cup and

lost the eye to eye. I swore softly. I couldn't let him get under my skin.

"So how's Kyle been, Jess?" Manson said as he lined up his first shot.

"I wouldn't know," I said sharply. "We're not together."

"Aww, too bad. Prom King and Queen *didn't* get their happily-ever-after. What a sad world. Shocking, honestly." His ball flew through the air and sunk - luckily not in a dare cup. I didn't know what kind of dares he might come up with, but I didn't want to find out. I guzzled down the cheap beer and set the cup aside.

"I was surprised to see you here, Manson," I said, taking aim. "I didn't know Daniel was extending invites to dogs."

More laughter, even from Manson. The words bounced off of him like ping pong balls. The routine felt familiar. The longer we snapped back and forth, the more my heart raced.

"Everyone likes dogs," he said, leaning down behind the cups so that as I aimed, I was forced to meet his eyes. He was so damn distracting - and creepy - with that one white contact in. "And those who don't, well...only assholes kick a dog and expect not to get bit."

"You still carrying knives around?" I tried to sound condescending, but my voice shot up in pitch.

"Always." So serious. So damn serious. My hand shook, and the ball flew - made it in! A dare cup too! I folded my arms victoriously

"So what's your dare, Miss Jess?" he said, looking at the cup musingly. "I might just take it."

The crowd was shouting suggestions, from the mundane to the completely outrageous. Then Ashley leaned forward and whispered in my ear, and I smiled slyly.

"I dare you...to go inside, shove your head in the toilet, and flush it," I said sweetly. His smile, that oh-so-cocky grin, faltered slightly. "You've had plenty of practice with that already, right?"

For a second, I thought he might actually do it. Instead, he downed the cup and set it aside. It still had the effect I wanted regardless: he'd lost his cocky grin.

"Oh, Jess," he shook his head. "Jess, Jess, Jess. Don't you know that you're supposed to grow up after high school? We're all adults here." He tossed the ball and made it in. A dare for me too. "But I guess some of us really did peak in high school."

"What's your dare?" I snapped. There was no way I was losing this game - I would take whatever dare he gave me.

He didn't even hesitate. He'd just been waiting for the opportunity to say it. "Kiss my boots."

People gasped, laughed, and whistled. Ashley made a horrified noise behind me. I frowned. "So...what...just one little kiss?"

"Oh, no, no, no," he chuckled, walking around the side of the table so I could see him fully, boots and all. "I dare you to get on your knees, get your face down to the ground, and kiss my boots for sixty seconds." The horror on my face brought back that cocky grin of his. "Or you can pussy out and drink."

"Big words from someone who just refused *his* dare," I shot back. But he was unfazed.

"Yes or no, Jessica," he said. Now the crowd was invested. Of course they wanted to see me do it, the perverted fucks. Of all things for him to choose, he'd gone straight for something humiliating - not that I had chosen any differently. I tossed back my hair, determined not to let him see me sweat.

"Fine. Sixty seconds."

The crowd burst into cheers. Ashley was muttering protests behind me, stunned that I was actually going to do it. I walked around the table, heart pounding as Manson stood before me, arms folded. As I got closer, I remembered how tall he was. He could look down at me even in my heels, and as I sunk to my knees in the grass, he loomed over me like a creepy dead-eyed specter.

I glanced up, and Manson smirked down at me. “You look a lot better on your knees, Jessica,” he said softly, soft enough that I don’t think anyone else could have heard him over the music.

“Enjoying your revenge?” I hissed.

He laughed, shaking his head. “It’s just a dare, Jess. It’s a game.”

It wasn’t *just* a game. It was more than that. This was payback for every time I’d laughed at him, every time I’d whispered about him behind his back. Payback for the kiss that had gotten him attacked and expelled.

I wasn’t going to let him see me blush...but the heat in my face had become a wildfire, overtaking every inch of skin. I was certain that even my toes were blushing. I lowered my head...bent low...ass up. My skirt hitched up, and the cold night air brushed against my cheeks. Cheers burst out, whistles and catcalls - if I was going to get attention, I figured I’d be hot while I did it.

I’d make Manson wish he could have more of me.

His boots were shiny, as if they’d just been polished. The leather was worn, with cracks and wrinkles around the ankle and where his laces were pulled tight. As I got closer I could smell the leather itself, rich and slightly sweet. The smell rushed in my nose and awakened something in me, a strange feeling I couldn’t quite name. I inhaled again, deeply, filling my head with the scent.

I kissed the toe of his boot, eliciting more cheers from the crowd. The leather felt smooth under my lips. I kissed it again, then switched and kissed the other. Sixty seconds...only sixty seconds...that would go by quickly, right? I touched my lips to them lightly, but even so, my pale lipgloss left the imprint of my kisses behind. The marks would remain there, likely for the rest of the night, a constant reminder of what I’d done. The heat that had been rising in my cheeks became a blaze, and I was thankful my hair hid my face. The position I’d chosen to put myself in was causing my tight thong to press even tighter against my intimate parts, and I was suddenly, *horrifyingly*

aware that I was having a reaction to this that I hadn't expected.

I was getting wet. My pussy felt so warm it was as if she was blushing too. Shit, shit, shit! Surely it wouldn't show through my thong, but the thought that someone might see a damp spot when I was in this humiliating position made my blush go cold with horror.

Why was this turning me on?

I kissed up the toe, until I reached the curve of his ankle. I kissed there, too, where the leather was worn. I wondered what it would be like to run my tongue over it, to feel the texture of the leather, to savor it, just once.

It was the longest minute of my life.

I had never done something so blatantly degrading. I had expected to feel my embarrassment turn thick and settle in my stomach, twist it like rotten food and leave me feeling ill. Instead, that feeling of embarrassment was turning into lust, and suddenly I was thinking about Manson pressing the sole of his boot down on my face. I was thinking of him crushing me into the grass, laughing at me, calling me a dirty whore for daring to like it -

"Sixty seconds!" Daniel yelled out the count, to the sound of more cheers and whistles. I got up, feeling dizzy, and turned away as quickly as I could. I didn't want to see Manson's smug, victorious face.

I went back to my side of the table, chin up, and tucked back my hair, trying to act as if nothing unusual had happened. Ashley was watching me, wide-eyed.

"Was it that bad?" I said softly, taking her drink as she offered it and guzzling the alcohol down.

"Well...I mean...it was uh..." she shrugged, brushing it off. "It was just a dare. And you looked hot as fuck doing it. But girl... you're *really* red."

I nodded quickly. If I could have willed my blush away, I would have. Instead it remained, my very own scarlet letter branded over every inch of me.

Steadying my breath, I turned back to my opponent. “What the fuck are you smirking for?” I demanded. Manson looked pleased. *Far* too pleased.

“Was it worth not losing the cup?” he said. I readied my aim.

“Of course it was. I don’t plan to *lose*, Manson.” I sunk his cup and he drank again, but he’d claimed a victory and we both knew it.

We traded cups, back and forth. He did his next dare, taking a raw egg shot effortlessly when I’d hoped to see him gag on it. He took more of mine, cups without dares, so I drank them down. It was just cheap beer, so my buzz was subtle even as I got down to only 4 cups remaining.

“Looks like you *might* be losing, Jess,” Manson chuckled, shaking his head. “Unless you *really* like doing dares.”

“I don’t lose,” I said, my voice dripping with fake sweetness. While I was distracted with his taunts, he bounced the ball and made it in, and the crowd gasped at my bad luck. Two cups for one, both of them dares. I sighed, closing my eyes to mask my frustration.

“Just give me the dare,” I groaned, certain that Manson was going to come up with something evil. Someone handed him a mixed drink that he took a long sip of, and seeing the comradery grated on my nerves. Why did people like him? Why had everyone decided to suddenly be nice to the freak?

“It’s for two cups,” he said warningly. “You know it’s going to be a hard one.”

“You don’t scare me, Manson.”

A lie - he *did* scare me. With one white eye, that confident grin, and my kiss marks on his boots, he seemed like he held all the power. Even worse: every time I looked at him and found him staring back, I felt a warm rush in my belly and tingles up my back.

He was turning me on. Just *standing* there, he was turning me on, and *that* scared me.

“I like that thong you’re wearing,” he said musingly, pacing a little as if in thought. My stomach twisted up into a knot. “I saw it while you were down on your knees. Real cute choice to wear under a short skirt.” I rolled my eyes. I wasn’t ashamed of the crowd having seen my underwear; I’d always gotten enjoyment out of showing off, knowing they desired me but couldn’t have me. But I had a feeling I knew what Manson was going to dare me to do, and I already didn’t like it.

“Take your thong off,” he said. “And give it to me.”

Cheers and whistles immediately sounded. We’d attracted a sizeable crowd. Girls from my old cheerleading squad were there, people I’d known for years. All watching, waiting, sipping their drinks.

If I hesitated too long, I’d overthink it. I was *not* going to lose, not to Manson. I reached up under my skirt and yanked down my thong. As I did, I could feel my arousal clinging to the fabric. Even glancing at them briefly, I noticed that there was a spot of wetness on the cloth that would betray all my prideful posturing the second he looked at it.

Someone howled their approval. Phones were out, recording. This would be all over social media in the morning. But I put on my best sarcastic smile and twirled the panties around my finger.

“Are these what you want, Manson?” I said. “Hmm?”

He held out his hand expectantly. So damn cocky, as if it was no surprise to him that I took the dare, no surprise that I was giving him exactly what he wanted without hesitation. Before I could think myself out of it, I balled up the thong and threw it over, chucking it aggressively.

He caught it, smirked, and held it spread between two fingers. “Thanks for the trophy.”

“You fucking perv,” I tried to sound disgusted, but my voice came out too high and shaky to be convincing. To my horror, I saw Manson’s eyes linger on the gusset and spot the dampness. As his gaze slid back up to me, there was a fire in his eyes.

I braced myself, expecting him to announce it, and add more fuel to the humiliation bonfire. But he just shoved the thong into his pocket with a victorious smile.

“Your move,” he said.

Standing there in my short skirt with no panties proved to be a significant distraction to my game. Every breath of wind kissed up under my skirt and slid over my pussy, cold and shocking against my wet lips. Yes, *wet*. Embarrassingly wet. I tried not to think about it, tried not to let my mind linger on the peak of white fabric poking out of Manson’s pocket.

I squeezed my legs together, worried that I was going to drip down my thighs. The moment I let my mind wander back to how embarrassing this all was, it only got worse. What was wrong with me? I was literally being degraded in front of friends and strangers, and I *liked* it.

Manson was certainly enjoying himself; I could see it all over his face. I wondered how long he’d thought about humiliating me, if he’d fantasized about making me squirm, making my cheeks turn red and my voice shake. I wondered if it was turning him on too.

I took another of his cups, and he took two more of mine. Daniel declared house rules to be that if a dare had already been used to keep a cup, if the ball went in again there wouldn’t be a second dare. Since I’d already used my last dare to save two cups, those two swiftly went off the table.

Manson’s aim was annoyingly good. He got a third cup from me, and I clenched my fists as I waited for his dare. What else could he possibly ask of me?

He pulled my thong out of his pocket. “Take your next shot, with this in your mouth.”

Shocked gasps and howls went up from the bystanders. Some were disgusted, some intrigued. Their phones were still out. I snatched up the cup, chugged it down, and threw it furiously aside.

“Fuck you,” I jabbed my finger at him. “*Fuck*. You.”

Manson shrugged, and tucked my underwear back into his pocket. "Relax, Jessica. It's just part of the game."

Part of me wanted to continue shouting at him. But I was losing and doing that would make me look even worse. I'd drank down the cup as quickly as I could because if I hadn't... if I'd allowed myself to consider his dare for even a moment... I might have done it.

I imagined stuffing my own panties into my mouth at his command, then standing there drooling and gagged in front of everyone. I squeezed my legs together tighter. Maybe I was only paranoid, but I was certain that Manson could *tell* this was turning me on: there was a little too much humor in his crooked smile.

I was down to only one cup. I took one of his, then another. He would have only one cup remaining if he didn't take my dare, and we'd be tied. The game was far too close for comfort. People were shouting obscene dare suggestions, but I already knew what I wanted.

"I dare you to give me back my thong," I said tightly. He looked at me skeptically.

"You sure you don't want to come up with something else?" he said. But I was determined.

"No. I dare you to give it back."

It was a weak dare, but I couldn't bear standing there feeling so naked. It was too distracting to see the lace peeking out of his pocket, and there was no way was I giving him the satisfaction of getting to take it home with him.

He drank. He drank the damn cup rather than give my thong back, and my mouth dropped open.

"Your turn," he said, smiling at my shock. Softer, but no less confident, he added "You're gonna lose. Better get it over with."

We were tied. I couldn't lose, not now! Not after all his smirking and smug looks; I'd never live this night down. I carefully took my aim, shot - missed. I glanced back at Ashley,

and found her watching in horror, hand over her mouth. She thought I was going to lose.

After that miss, I thought I was about to lose, too.

Manson took aim. The crowd was waiting with bated breath. I needed a drink, two drinks, a shot. I needed my thong back, because I couldn't separate my legs without feeling the dampness of my arousal.

The ball flew through the air - and plopped effortlessly into the cup. The onlookers cheered, certain victory was his even before my rebuttal. I tried to concentrate, tried to take my time with careful aim...but then Manson reached down and toyed with the edge of my thong, caressing the fabric between his fingers. My aim was off, way off.

I'd lost.

I squeezed my eyes shut, holding back a growl of frustration. Drunken Daniel picked Manson up in a bear hug, holding him aloft as if he'd just won the Super Bowl. People gathered closer, congratulating his victory, holding up their phones and replaying the videos they'd gotten of me on my knees. God dammit, I was screwed. My social standing had just been drop-kicked. I stomped off, and Ashley quickly latched herself reassuringly to my side. I was ready to lose myself in a drunken stupor and forget this annoying game.

"Jess! Jessica!"

I turned back, jaw clenched. Manson was motioning me back. "You still have a dare, Jess."

He was right: my final cup had DARE written on the side. But what kind of dare was he going to give me that meant potentially losing his victory? It would be horrible, I just knew it. He would choose something I'd have to refuse.

"Fine," I came back to the table slowly, arms folded. I didn't even want to hear it. "What is it?"

He paused before he answered, and I swear it was just to watch me squirm. I tried to keep still, but my pussy was still slowly dripping, and I could feel it on my thighs. Just having

him look at me like that - as if I were insignificant - made me want to curl myself back down onto my knees.

“I’m going to give you another rebuttal,” he said. “If you make it, you win, instantly. But if you don’t...and you lose... you have to be my slave for the rest of the night.”

My heart was pounding, and I masked how intrigued I was with anger. “What the fuck is that supposed to mean? Your *slave*?”

“You do whatever I order you to, for the rest of the night or until you go home. *Any* and *every* order, you do it. No avoiding me. If you agree, you stick by my side.”

Fuck him. Fuck him and his stupid dare. Fuck this crowd and how invested they were in seeing me brought down. And fuck my vagina for betraying me every step of the way and making me horny over all this. I had to refuse.

Something in me was telling me I’d lose, that I’d lose and I’d *like* it. I couldn’t even let myself consider it.

“What happened to all that competitive spirit, Jess?” Manson pouted mockingly as I wrestled with myself. Potential social destruction...or a chance to redeem myself. “Are you intimidated? A little *scared* of losing now?”

I snatched up the ball. Fury, intrigue, and horniness were creating a concoction inside of me that made my brain feel like mush and set my skin on fire.

Throw the shot, said an evil little voice in my head. *You know you don’t really want to win. You want to do that dare. You want to get on your knees for him again.*

My hands were shaking, time around me was slowing. The only thing in focus was Manson. Manson with his one white eye, his cocky grin, and my lip marks on his boots. Manson, waiting and watching. Manson, knowing he’d won.

My ball landed in the grass. Ashley swore up a storm behind me and immediately called to me, “Come on, Jess, just forget it!”

But I couldn't. Manson curled his finger at me, motioning to me as the next group of players crowded onto the table.

“How's it feel to be a loser?” he said softly, as I came to his side, arms folded, refusing to meet his eyes. His words dug into me, that smooth condescending tone sliding slimily over my skin. He'd gotten to me, he'd actually gotten to me...

And the worst part was...I'd enjoyed it.

Part II - The Dare

“So. You’re actually doing this?”

The party was raging on around us. The next round of beer pong had begun, crowding us away from the table, so we stood on the sidelines, amongst the crowd. I kept hearing the audio of my humiliating video playing again and again, followed by laughter. I could hear murmurs of my name, the gossip already spreading.

Ashley stood behind me impatiently. I knew she was waiting for me to join her, regardless of the dare. After all, what kind of person would accept a dare like that and then *actually* carry through? Being Manson’s slave? Obeying his every word? It sounded ridiculous.

But I was going to do it.

Manson’s question hung between us. He looked uncertain, even a little irritated, as if he was shocked that I was lingering. I shrugged, as if the answer should have been obvious. “Uh, yeah? You *dared* me. What am I going to do? Laugh it off?”

“That’s what I would have expected from you, yeah.” There was a note of bitterness in his tone, but he chuckled softly and it disappeared. “You really think you’re going to spend the night doing everything I tell you? Seriously?”

I gave him an irritated, wide-eyed expression. “Again... *yeah*? Unless you were just making it up to fuck with me. If you can’t handle me, I’ll gladly-”

“No, no,” he shook his head, and his smirk seemed to shift - it became darker. Hungrier. “I can handle you.” My stomach twisted weirdly at his words. Something about it excited me. It sounded like a threat. “I’m more concerned if *you* can handle it. I don’t think you realize what you’re in for.”

I stepped up to him, my face inches away from his, chests almost touching. I had to crane my neck back to look up at him. “I’m not afraid of you, Manson Reed. Whatever you’ve got...” My eyes dragged slowly down his body, and back up

again. Sizing him up, all six-foot-whatever of him. “I can take it.”

His smile didn’t waver. Despite what I’d said, I felt a tiny, sudden jab of fear. It was the kind of fear I encountered before watching a scary movie, or walking into a haunted maze - it was a thrill, a rush, a hit of adrenaline straight to my veins.

“If you say so, Jess,” he said softly. “But you might be looking for mercy sooner than you think.” He stepped back, and I finally allowed myself to breath. “Follow me then.”

Manson’s long legs carried him quickly over the lawn, back toward the house, I had to jog just to keep pace with him. Ashley caught up with me, and she’d brought me another drink. Shoving it into my hands, she hooked her arm through mine and hissed, “Let’s bail! We’ll lay low for 10 minutes and then-”

“I’m not bailing.” I took a long sip of the fruity drink she’d handed me, thankful for the liquid courage. She stopped abruptly, and her looped arm yanked me to a halt.

“You’re *not* bailing? What the hell do you mean, you’re *not* bailing? Jess!” Her disbelief made me wince. How could I explain this, how could I make it make sense? “Jess, you’re crazy, why would you-”

“Jessica!”

My heart stuttered. Manson had paused outside the back door. He snapped his fingers, and pointed to the ground at his feet. “Come. Now.”

I glanced back at Ashley, and saw that her mouth had tightened into a thin line. “Jess,” she said tensely. “Are you really...”

“Sorry, Ash, I just...” The normal, logical part of me was screaming that I wasn’t about to let this weirdo treat me like a dog. But the dark, needy part of me was insisting something very different: it was telling me that Manson’s condescending tone sounded hot, and his confidence was sexy, and that running to obey his summoning would *feel so good*.

“Just give me a minute, okay?” I squeezed Ashley’s arm apologetically, handed her my drink, then turned and walked towards Manson. I dragged my feet, just so I wouldn’t seem too eager, and I could see something twitch in his jaw with every slow step I took.

I was annoying him. Good.

I folded my arms, trying to match his irritation in my expression. “Yeah? What?”

He pointed down again, with a slow sigh. “My shoelace, Jess. Tie it.”

Sure enough, his boot lacing had come undone. I was already going to be on my knees at his feet again. For a moment, I could almost smell the leather. I could almost feel it under my lips. I swallowed hard, and scoffed, “Your shoelace, really? What are you, five?”

But I knelt. There, on my knees, in the light shining out from the glass backdoors, I tied his bootlace for him. I hurried to get back up, my tongue ready with more snarky comments, but his hand on my shoulder shoved me back down.

“Being a brat doesn’t change that you’re still obeying me, Jess,” he said softly, leaning down to bring his face close to mine. “Acting like it’s such a goddamn chore for you doesn’t change that you’re still doing it.” He smiled wickedly. “Pretending you don’t like this won’t make it go away. Keep it up, and you’ll only manage to earn yourself a good old-fashioned attitude adjustment.”

Words were lost to me for a moment. Finally, I managed, “Attitude...attitude adjustment? What the hell-”

“Keep it up and find out,” he straightened, taking his hand from my shoulder, and I scrambled to my feet. “And from now on, when I give you an order, you respond with “yes, Master,” understand?”

It took a great deal of self-control not to roll my eyes at him again. “You’re really pushing it...” I growled. Then, when I saw his eyebrow twitch, I added sarcastically, “*Master.*”

He shook his head. “Keep it up, Jess. I know you need some discipline in your life. You’ll earn it soon enough.” He entered the house, holding the door open long enough for me to slip in after him. Discipline...what the hell? I wasn’t sure what he meant by that, but I was suddenly, urgently determined to find out.

Manson got swept into a conversation with some friends of his, and I stood awkwardly behind him, trying to pretend I wasn’t *really* with him. Ashley rejoined us, but this time, with Manson’s back turned, she seized my arm and dragged me into the kitchen.

“Okay, literally, what the hell are you doing?” she said. “You don’t have to do the goddamn dare, Jess. Like...I will *fight* him -”

“No, no, Ashley, it’s okay, just...” I had no doubt she *would* fight him, but I didn’t need her to defend me like that. “Look, just...enjoy the party, okay? Danielle and Katlynn are here, you could-”

“Woah, woah, hold on,” her frown deepened. “Are you like...are you *into* this? Because literally nothing is stopping you from just *not* following him. He can’t force you to do shit but you’re, like...” She wrinkled her nose. “Girl, if this is some weird fantasy thing...” She shook her head. “Look, I knew you were lying when you said you weren’t into him. You *made out with him*. You were into him, okay? And that’s fine, whatever, no judgement. But just like...” She lowered her voice, as if anyone could even hear us over the party’s noise. “If you’re trying to get with him you have to let me know. Like I think it’s really weird, but...I’m not gonna cock block you.”

My mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. I wasn’t “into” in Manson Reed, that was ridiculous, that was... that was...

I sighed heavily. “You don’t have to worry about me, okay? I’m just...I’m gonna try this...dare thing...”

Ashley rolled her eyes, but her laughter took the edge off. “Dare thing? You mean you’re going to try the whole being-

his-slave thing? That's like...super kinky, ya' know?"

It was, I knew it was. Every interaction I'd had with Manson that night had been so charged with sexual tension it was agonizing. Although, from the outside, the way we interacted with each other showed nothing but hatred. The teasing words, the humiliation, the taunting - it all added to the erotic energy building up inside me. My drive to keep escalating the situation felt desperate, and ridiculous, but I'd been given a taste of something new and I had to explore it.

"Yeah, it's...it's weird," I said. "I know. I can't...I can't really explain it."

Ashley waved her hand, and handed me back the drink I'd earlier left with her. "No worries, girl. I'll keep an eye out. Text me if you need me, okay?"

She hugged me tight before she walked away. Thank God for Ashley. As opinionated as she was, she kept any judgements she passed to herself. After tonight, maybe we could both have a good laugh about it. Maybe I'd file this away as just another weird experience and move on with my life as if none of it had happened. I'd forget about Manson - forget about his orders, his cocky smile, his boots...I'd go back to just being Jessica Martin, who had her life together, who was popular and normal and not-at-all into weird kinky sex shit.

I slipped back into the other room, but not before Manson noticed my absence. The friends he'd been talking to had moved on, but his eyes were scanning around the room, and locked on me the moment they found me.

"Sorry," I stepped up beside him, taking a long sip on my drink. "Had to go pee."

"In the kitchen?" he said dryly. "I think you're done with that."

"Um, *excuse* me?" I glared at him in disbelief as he pulled my drink out of my hands, took a small sip, and tossed it in the trash. "What the fuck, dude? I wasn't *finished*."

“You’re finished because I say you’re finished,” he said softly, leaning nearer to me so I could hear him above the music and loud conversation. “I don’t want you getting drunk, Jess.”

“What the fuck,” I stomped my foot, throwing up my arms. “Are you just trying to ruin the night for me? I can’t wander around, I can’t *drink*. Are you just trying to be a dick to me?”

“Aww, is poor little Jess bored?” He gave my chin a little bump with his knuckle, and I was tempted to snap my teeth at his hand. “Go get me a beer then.”

“Ugh, fuck you!” I flipped my hair over my shoulder, and stomped my feet heavily as I took two steps back toward the kitchen - before he stopped me.

“Jessica.”

I glared back at him. “*What, Manson?*”

“Crawl.”

I blinked rapidly. “I’m sorry, I must have misheard you. *What?*”

A slow, pleased smile spread across his face. “You heard me just fine, Jess. Crawl. Crawl into the kitchen, get my beer, and crawl back. And remember your goddamn manners.”

He couldn’t be serious. He couldn’t think I would actually...*actually* crawl... in front of all these people...he couldn’t. His words from earlier echoed in my head, *I know you need some discipline in your life. You’ll earn it soon enough.*

If I disobeyed, would I earn that discipline he mentioned?

He leaned against the wall behind him, calm, straight-faced. “I’m waiting, Jess. I’m awfully thirsty.”

I marched back at him and jabbed my finger against his chest - his hard, surprisingly muscular chest. “You are *crazy* if you think I’m gonna crawl through this goddamn party to get you a goddamn beer, in front of all these goddamn people-”

He caught my wrist, stopping my angry jabbing. “Now, now, Jessica. You’re making a scene. You’re making even more people watch you. You’re making it that much worse for when you do, eventually, obey.”

“I’m not going to obey you, asshole-”

“Then *why* are you still here? I thought you could handle it?” His grip on my wrist was loose, gentle enough that I could have easily pulled away from him. I could feel the calluses on his palms, the roughness on his fingers. I could even smell him: he was sweet, like a cigar, mingled with a masculine cologne that was fresh but musky.

I was fixated on that smell. It was filling my head, intoxicating me. It made me want to get closer to him, it made me want to press my face against his chest and inhale deeply, completely envelop myself in him. But I couldn’t give away how intrigued I was. I couldn’t seem too eager. Just like I couldn’t obey without putting up a fuss.

“I can handle it just fine,” I muttered.

“Oh, is that so?” he said, his eyes narrowing. He was still so calm. His voice hadn’t gone up in volume; he hadn’t even changed his position from casually leaning against the wall. “I can’t force you to do anything, Jess. You can easily walk away, especially since you seem to be so *angry* about these orders. But...you’re *not* walking away. You’re standing here, arguing with me. Throwing a tantrum. Trying to make me change my mind and take back my order. But I’m not taking it back. You’re going to do it, Jess. You’re going to obey, because you *want* to, no matter how much you try to hide it. Go - crawl and get my beer.”

I grit my teeth, my hands balled into fists at my sides. Something squirmed inside me, a frightening and unexpected thing: it was that tight, tingling pleasure, the joy of being put in my place, the excitement of finding all my struggling to be absolutely useless.

I didn’t want to leave. I didn’t want to walk away. I felt as if I was trying to work up the courage to pierce my own ears: I

knew I wanted it. I knew it was going to hurt. I just had to *do it*, just stab the needle through.

I'd obey. Of course I'd obey.

I got a little closer to his face. Close enough that, for a moment, my breath stuttered in my chest. But my voice was steady. "So sorry about my manners, *Master*. I'll go get your beer at once, *Master*." Sarcasm dripped from my voice. I couldn't help it, and one last sassy retort fought its way past my lips, "Oh, yeah, and fuck you, *Master*."

I didn't want to linger around and see what came from that last sentence. With my jaw clenched tight, I dropped to my knees, then placed my palms against the floor. So many drunk, stumbling people; I'd be lucky if I didn't get my fingers stomped on. I could imagine the weird looks I'd get, the laughter at my expense, how everyone would be looking down at me. My stomach knotted up and my pussy clenched, my arousal basking in the humiliation.

Behind me, I heard that infuriating voice speak again, "Rudeness carries consequences, Jessica. Hurry up."

I shuffled forward, tapping at people's legs to make them move for me. My short skirt wasn't ideal for crawling in: bent over on my hands and knees, the hem was tugged up high enough that anyone could easily see my ass and, if they looked close enough, they would definitely be getting a peek at my pussy too.

Consequences...discipline...I knew something had to be coming. I'd pushed and pushed, determined to see Manson reach the edge of his patience. There was beast in him, beyond the calm; it was vicious and dangerous and I wanted nothing more than to draw it out. I'd seen it that day he'd gotten expelled, when he'd finally pulled a knife on the assholes who had poked at him for years. That was the beast I wanted, *that* was the Manson I had to experience. I couldn't fully explain the desire, not yet. But maybe once it was fulfilled, I'd understand.

I reached the cooler and knelt next to it. I was blushing, breathless, my stomach in knots. Maybe if I dunked my whole

head in the cooler it would go away, or maybe it would just shock some sense into me. I plunged my hand into the cold, watery ice and pulled out a beer. The bottle was freezing cold, the glass dripping. I could hold it in my hand as I crawled... maybe grip the cap with my teeth...tuck it in my bra? How the hell was I supposed to crawl and carry his beer?

“Fuck this,” I whispered, and stood up. I snatched a bottle opener from the counter, popped the cap, and took a long, much-needed drink. The cold, bitter liquid slid down my throat and soothed my tension.

He’d punish me for this. I had no doubt. Whatever “consequences” and “discipline” meant to him, I was about to find out.

You know you want it. The evil little voice chuckled in my head. *He’ll punish you for breaking the rules of the game, for being a bad, disobedient girl. He’ll punish you in front of everyone, make you cry...*

I shook myself. Chills had gone over my arms at the thought, all the muscles in my lower abdomen throbbing. My pussy was one thing - horny betraying bitch! - but now my own brain was turning against me. Thoughts of Manson shaking his head in disappointment, calling me a bad girl, telling me to bend over his knee-

No, no, no. Stop. Bad thoughts, *bad* thoughts! I’d start dripping again if I wasn’t careful.

Walking back to Manson on my own two feet, instead of crawling, felt much naughtier than it should have. He was right where I’d left him, laughing over something a girl with dyed blue hair had said to him. She was pretty: shorter than me but gorgeously curvy, ripped fishnets beneath her gray plaid skirt, her breasts practically bursting out of her tight white blouse. A surprising pang of jealousy shot through me, even though she walked away as I approached.

“I thought I gave you an order, Jess,” Manson said, a smile playing around his mouth as I walked up beside him. “Found your feet awfully quick.”

I'd taken another swig of the beer. But as he scolded me, I smiled, brought the bottle back to my lips, and spat the mouthful of beer back in. Then I shoved it into his hands. "Oh right, sorry. I forgot about the whole "no drinking" thing. Forgot about crawling too." I shrugged. "Oopsie."

Manson's smile seemed frozen on his face. It was unnerving, and suddenly I wondered if this was really a good idea. I was upholding my end of the dare - but only barely. How long could he possibly tolerate this from me? Would he just walk away, calling the whole thing off? Or could he actually "handle me," as he'd claimed.

Manson took a sip of beer and my stomach turned. I'd spit in that bottle and it didn't even phase him. "Oh, Jess. Jess, Jess, Jess. I get it. I do. And don't worry: this'll get handled properly."

I frowned in complete confusion. "What...what do you *get*? What do you mean *handled*...?"

"This bratty behavior over every little order can't continue," he said, almost sadly. "Trust me, it's funny as hell to watch you struggle with yourself and try to save your pride by cursing and acting angry, but..." He shrugged. "But it really defeats the purpose of the game. I need to see better obedience from you and, well...I think there's only one way to get it."

I shuffled my feet nervously. Could anyone else hear the conversation? Was anyone watching me get scolded like a naughty kid? I told myself that no one was, but the idea was still there, gnawing at my pride. I lowered my voice, suddenly self-conscious. "Look, I'm...sorry...okay? I'm sorry. Doing this is weird and-

"You're doing it willingly, Jess," he said gently. "I'm not going to accept any of the excuses you come up with for being such a brat. I won't tolerate that behavior."

He said it so sweetly, but my heart began to pound. He really meant it. He was actually going to punish me for this. My eyes darted around, looking for an escape...until I realized

there *was* no escape. I wanted this. I'd willingly fought with him every step of the way and now...

I was going to let him punish me.

"I need you to be a good, obedient girl for me," he said, as my eyes grew wider and my heart thumped harder, and my breath began to come in quick, shallow bursts. "That was the deal you agreed to. I think you *want* to be good for me, Jess." He reached out, and his fingers brushed softly, slowly, along my chin. His touch was cool, and goosebumps prickled up my back.

This was it: the exact thing I'd wanted...feared...hoped for? I wasn't nearly drunk enough for this. My inhibitions were crushing me. Was I really going to let freakshow Manson Reed punish me? What did that mean? What did his punishment entail? I didn't dare ask; I could hardly even speak.

"You don't know that," I whispered. "You don't know anything about me...maybe I just like being a bitch to you. Maybe I..." His touch turned into a grip. He held my chin, and tipped my face up slightly. His gaze felt like fingers probing deep inside me.

"I know enough, Jess. I know you're so *careful* with how everyone perceives you. I know you don't like to let that better-than-thou mask slip for even a second. I know you'll keep it up even if it means denying yourself something you want, if that something happens to not fit the cool social conventions of the in-crowd."

I gulped, viciously biting down on the inside of my cheek. The fact that he was right made not snapping back some derogatory remark even harder. Anger and haughtiness were my shields. Without them, my defenses were thin, at best.

"So, Jess, for your own sake, I have to rip away that mask of yours. The best way to do that..." He leaned even closer, turning my head slightly to the side so he could whisper in my ear. "Is to punish you until your silly pride doesn't matter anymore. The best way...is to make you cry."

I folded my arms, the only way I could think of to stop them from shaking. I realized my lower lip was pouting, and when I spoke, my voice came out as a whining, weak protest. “I don’t need to be punished. That’s stupid.”

“It’s exactly what you need, Jess. What’s even better is that as much as you’re dreading it right now, you’re still going to follow me.” He released my chin, chuckling. “You’re going to follow and accept your punishment like a good girl, aren’t you?”

He didn’t give me the opportunity to respond. Instead he turned his back, and wandered his way down the hall. I stood there, frozen in my hesitation, torn between the urge to run and the urge to follow.

He was right. Following won out.

The entertainment room occupied a large portion of the front corner of the house, but tonight the lights were off and the door was barely ajar. There was a massive TV on the wall, playing some classic 80’s horror film. A girl with long blonde hair fled from a masked killer through a suburban neighborhood, shrieking uselessly. Blacklights flashed in the corners, and there was at least one jack-o-lantern on every available surface, including lining the pool table and the shelf above the long, sectional couch. The room was isolated, dark, and currently vacant. It would probably be overtaken later by couples looking for privacy and sleepy drunks seeking a place to curl up. But for now, we had the room to ourselves, and Manson shut the door behind us.

The girl on screen went down in a spray of blood. The killer’s knife glinted, dripping as it plunged into her again and again. Manson sat down on the couch, right in the middle, spreading his arms across the back.

“Good slaves don’t sit on the furniture, Jessica,” he said, as I turned away from the TV. There was still a smile lurking behind his serious expression. He was enjoying every second of humiliating me.

I mustered up my trembling, shrinking pride. “Where the hell do you expect me to sit then?”

“On the floor, on your knees, at my feet. Like a good girl.”

I closed my eyes slowly. Every time I cursed at him, I was certain I was making my punishment worse - whatever it was. I had to do better at watching my mouth. At least here we were alone, with no crowds to see my degradation. I knelt, and crawled toward him until I was on my knees at his feet, facing him. He smiled.

“So much better, Jess. Doesn’t that feel good? Just letting go, accepting the embarrassment? It’s one of my favorite things to see...” He watched me in silence for a few moments, likely waiting to see if I had anymore snarky responses, but I bit my tongue. “Should I make you kiss my boots again? Hm? Since you’re down there already...”

“Please don’t,” the words slipped out in a whisper, in desperation, fear blossoming at the prospect of more humiliation. I bit my lip, regretting that I’d let Manson hear that tone in my voice. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, so close I could smell the mint on his breath.

“*Please?*” he mocked. “Begging already, Jess?” His eyes searched over my face. It was difficult to see that one white contact up close. It was creepy, like seeing a shadow in the background of a family photo that wasn’t supposed to be there. “Such a silly girl. Why are you down there, on your knees, begging for me not to order you to embarrass yourself?”

“I don’t know,” I said softly. But I *did* know: I was understanding it more and more with every order, with every condescending glance and mocking word. I liked feeling as if I had no choice. I liked that I had an excuse to let go of my pride and do the filthy, degrading things that made my belly light and my pussy clench. I couldn’t resist diving deeper; I couldn’t resist getting *more* of that feeling.

If he ordered me to do the most utterly degrading, public act he could think of - I’d do it. Whatever punishment he came up with - I’d let him administer it. I’d throw a fit about it, curse at him, call him names - but I’d do it. I’d do it because I wanted that twisting in my belly to tighten and the heat inside me to become a blaze. I’d do it because it was the closest thing

to freedom I'd felt: no room for pride, no place for carefully constructed laughter, no fake smiles, no pretending. My attempts to keep up my mask - sarcasm, arguing, disobeying - were quickly falling away, dismantled, piece by piece.

Giving Manson Reed that power over me...maybe it was karma for what an asshole I'd been to him. Maybe it was the biggest self-discovery I'd ever encountered. Whatever it was, I couldn't resist it.

"You do know, Jess," Manson said calmly. "You know there's the surface level reasons: you accepted my dare, you acted like a disobedient little brat, and now you have to be put in your place. But you know there's the deeper reasons too: you want to explore something that's probably pretty new to you, something that's giving you feelings you didn't expect. Something you're enjoying, even though you don't think you're supposed to." He waited, probably hoping for another aggressive reaction out of me, but my lips remained tightly sealed. He smiled slowly, sadistically. "I'd hate to deprive you of something you enjoy, even if it scares you. Get your head down, angel. Left boot only. Kiss it. Clean it with your tongue."

"Please," I whispered again. Tighter this time, more desperate. He just laughed.

"You're going to do exactly as I say," he said softly. "No matter how much you whine and cry about it, you're going to do it, Jess."

"I'm not crying."

The idea of breaking down in tears in front of him sounded delicious. The idea of crying, begging, sobbing uncontrollably, only to have to give in and accept it in the end. I *wanted* to imagine he was forcing me. I wanted to imagine there would be dire consequences for refusal, instead of none at all. I wanted to imagine I hated him - just like I'd always insisted I did. The fantasy of it took me over like a high.

Manson leaned back in his seat again - calm, collected, waiting. "Obey me, Jessica. Get your head down and let me see those pretty little wings of yours."

An actual *whimper* came out of my throat. I looked down at the boots I'd been commanded to put my mouth on once again. I could see the pale pink of my lipgloss shining on the leather, and I could still imagine the smell of them - that rich, sweet scent. The urge to run my tongue over them was strong, that strange desire returning with a vengeance. I dared one last look up at Manson. He was smiling as he watched me.

"Do it," he said. "This is what you get for being a bad girl. You'll learn."

My stomach knotted up into a ball as I lowered my head. Crouched there, curled up small, I nuzzled my nose against the wrinkled, worn leather at his ankle. I let the roughness of his tight laces brush against my lips. I inhaled deeply, the intoxicating scent flooding my brain. I nearly moaned just smelling it. What the hell was wrong with me? Since when did something like *boots* turn me on? It had never even crossed my mind, never worked its way into any fantasy I'd touched myself to. I pressed my lips to the leather, lingering there now that I no longer had all the eyes of a crowd on me.

Heat rushed between my legs, my arousal intensifying as I placed my kisses lower, towards the dusty sole of his boot. The taste of dirt was on my lips but even that didn't dissuade me. I pressed my forehead against his ankle as I kissed, utterly lost in that strange world of leather and laces and my own degradation.

There was a tap on my head, something pressing me down and keeping me there. Within moments I recognized the textured feeling of a boot sole, and realized Manson had pressed his opposite foot on top of my head. I felt him shift, and knew he had leaned forward again by the nearness of his voice. "Use your tongue. Get it clean."

I wanted to beg him, *Please, please don't make me, please don't make me do it, I'll be good, please...* My heart was racing, my breath quickening, my arousal an ache that spread throughout my body and set all my nerves alight. I didn't want to say no, I just wanted to *beg*. But I couldn't manage any words with my face pressed down on his boot.

Obediently, I stuck out my tongue and traced it along the leather. Smooth, pleasing, and almost tasteless except for that heady scent that I was now inhaling through my mouth. I licked around the toe, just above the sole, over my lipstick prints, up beside his laces. I savored every inch. I felt filthy, vile, completely disgusting...

I felt on fire, *alive*, utterly consumed in the high. I laughed from the giddiness. Licked and laughed, then laughed harder. I wanted to touch myself so badly...

“Head up.”

His opposite foot no longer held me down. Slowly, begrudgingly wrenching myself from whatever bizarre pit of a headspace I’d fallen into, I raised my head. Still on my knees, I stared at him and waited.

“Thirsty?” He held out the beer bottle. My mouth was dry, and I reached for it eagerly, only to have him pull it back. “Uh-uh, no hands.” I put my hand down slowly, uncertainly. “Open your mouth, angel.”

I didn’t even hesitate to obey. It was as if the world had fallen away and all that was left was his gaze and the sound of his voice. He filled his mouth with beer - filled it, but didn’t swallow. He leaned forward...I knew exactly what he was going to do. I didn’t flinch. I didn’t back away.

I didn’t close my mouth.

He leaned close, so close our lips nearly touched. He spit the beer into my mouth, all of it, not spilling a drop. It was still cold, refreshing on my tongue, but it tasted...it tasted like him. I knew it was his taste, I remembered it, and it sent a shudder of pleasure throughout my entire body. My arousal dripped as I gulped it down.

On screen, an unlucky teenager begged the killer not to stab him, his screams blasting from the speakers.

“That’s much better, angel,” Manson said. “If only you were this obedient all along, I wouldn’t have to punish you now.”

I was horrified that I was going to leave a wet spot on the carpet. Every time he mentioned “punishment,” it got worse. I couldn’t handle it anymore. I was too turned on, too humiliated, too desperate.

“Give me my thong back,” I said quickly. “Please.”

He frowned, still leaning close. “Why?”

“Just give it back!” I hissed, shifting my position uncomfortably.

“I’m going to need a reason, Jess,” Manson said calmly. I clenched my fists. I wanted to slap him, to whine at him, to breakdown into more useless, pathetic begging. What had he done to me? How had he managed to reduce me to this?

“I...I’m...” The words garbled up in my throat. I couldn’t say it, it was too embarrassing! But there was that wicked little voice again, whispering, egging me on. *Go on, say it, spill it all. Let him know what a pathetic, desperate little whore you’ve become.*

Manson’s fingers wrapped around my chin, forcing my gaze up. I couldn’t hide my blush, or the desperation of my expression. He said nothing, just locked me into that dark, creepy gaze. He didn’t even need to command me to speak; it just came spilling out.

“I’m wet and I’m afraid I’m going to drip on the carpet, okay?” My own gasp cut me off, a choked sound, full of shock and horror at my boldness. Except I wasn’t bold, not really: I was squirming, hot and humiliated.

“Is that so?” The smile that spread across his face only made it worse. I hadn’t noticed before how sharp his canines were, like little fangs that could pierce into my skin. “Oh, Jess. Poor little angel. I’ve made a sinner out of you. Enjoying your punishment so much it’s making you *wet*. So cute.”

I wanted to look away. Instead I began whimpering again, staring at him helplessly, squeezing my legs together.

“Now I have to make your punishment even worse,” he said, his voice mockingly sad. “I can’t have you enjoying yourself *that* much.” He patted his lap. “Come here. Sit.”

My eyes widened. Here it was, the moment I'd dreaded and desired. That little voice inside my head was still cheering cruelly, taunting me, *You're gonna get punished, you're gonna get punished!*

All my sassy protests died in my throat. All my thoughts of coming out of this with my pride still intact were shoved aside by vivid fantasies of Manson spanking me, his palm making contact with my bare ass again and again, until I was crying uncontrollably as he laughed.

I had no doubt that was what my punishment would be. It could be nothing else, and it granted Manson the opportunity to hurt me, humiliate me, and make my arousal worse all at once. His eyes were wide, bright in the dim light from the flashing TV. His white eye seemed to glow. Haunting music played over the speakers, and I crawled up onto his lap, my back to him.

His hands gripped my hips and he leaned forward, pressed against my back, and said softly in my ear, "Do you understand what a safeword is?"

I gulped. "Yes."

"Yours is Red. Call it if you need to. Although, now that I'm seeing how much of a little masochist you are, I don't think you'll be calling it. You know what you deserve."

"I'm not a masochist!" I hissed. But the words felt false. The wetness between my legs was getting worse as my fear over my punishment intensified. If I didn't move soon, I'd get a wet spot on his pants, and I knew he had no intention of letting me go anywhere. I tried to squeeze my legs together, but it didn't make a difference since I was straddling his lap. As I moved, I felt the hardness in his crotch and froze. He was enjoying this, *really* enjoying it - god, he felt *big*.

"You've been a bad girl, Jessica," he whispered harshly. "A very bad girl. You deserve to be punished."

I held my breath so I wouldn't start gasping. His words squirmed inside my brain and straight down to whatever nerves controlled my cunt. The heat between my legs felt

unreal, too extreme to be a reasonable reaction to simply hearing someone speak. Before I truly realized what I was doing, I pressed myself against his crotch, so that his hard dick made contact with my aching clit and I moved against him, claiming the only physical stimulation I'd had all night. I nearly moaned just from that tiny moment of pleasure, the contact so good that it sent a shudder all the way up my spine.

Manson's hand gripped into my hair, right at the nape of my neck.

"Naughty angel. Very naughty. You really think that's what you deserve right now?" He pulled me back, his mouth close against my ear and he whispered. "You deserve to have your clit aching all night. You deserve to have duct tape slapped over it so you can't touch while I crush your pretty little pussy under my boot."

The sound that came out of me was somewhere between a sob and a groan. *Fuck*, that was disgusting and wrong and so...so hot. It was terrifying and cruel and...damn it...how could I want that? How could that thought turn me on?

"But we'll get to that, won't we, angel?" He pressed me forward. Then further...further. "Bend over. Head down to the ground."

I had to reposition myself to manage what he was demanding. With my torso and face dangling off the couch, he forced me to put my legs up so that my thighs straddled his lap and all my intimate parts were bared, open and spread for him. He moved my feet behind him, crossing my ankles and leaning back, so I was effectively locked into position.

"Awww, angel, you're *so* wet." His hands squeezed my thighs, his rough palms moving higher until his thumbs fit right beneath the curve of my ass. I opened my mouth in a silent gasp, thankful for the darkness and my lowered face, my hair helping to hide the fire that was blazing across my cheeks. After all the shit I'd given Manson, after all the nasty things I'd said behind his back, said to his face - I was completely melting in his hands. I was craving his touches, craving his grip. I began to shake as I was held there, bent over, helpless

except for the safeword that waited tucked at the back of my brain, utterly unwanted.

“Feeling a little scared now?” he murmured, as my legs shook. “You’ll be more afraid in a moment, you know. But it’s alright: the door is shut, and the music out there is so loud that you can scream and cry all you want, but you won’t disturb anyone.”

“Fuck you,” I hissed. “Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you.” The words weren’t angry - they were desperate, needy, heavy with desire. “Please Manson, don’t...don’t...”

“Don’t what?” he chuckled. “Don’t punish you? Hmm? Is that it? My naughty little angel doesn’t want to be punished?” His voice, suddenly, was serious. “If you really don’t want this, say so now. Right now. You’re safe to do that, I promise you.”

“I want it,” my voice cracked, but I had to be honest. I had to tell him the truth. “I’ll use my safeword, if I need to, but I... I want it.”

He squeezed my ass, kneading and gripping my flesh in his hands. “Such a cute little ass, Jess. It’ll look even cuter with bruises.”

The final chase scene in the movie had begun. A woman ran through the empty halls of a hospital, limping, looking behind her with wide, terrified eyes as the killer made his slow, trudging way after her. He’d catch her eventually. They always did.

Manson’s palm slapped across my ass with a crack loud enough to be heard over the horrifying screaming coming from the screen. I sucked in my breath, then held it through the next swat, and the next, and the next - but the fifth - god damnit! Manson was determined to break me. I could feel it in the strength he was putting into every slap. My skin was tingling, then stinging, then *burning*. I had never been spanked like this. Little slaps on the ass during sex, sure; but bent over and slapped repeatedly, purposefully, painfully? Never. His sixth smack made me shriek and wiggle my feet, a useless attempt at squirming away from the pain.

“It’s okay to struggle, angel,” Manson’s voice was soft, soothing. “Struggle all you need to, you won’t get away. You’ll stay right here and take your punishment until you’ve learned your lesson.”

Smack, smack, smack! I was wiggling in earnest now, grinding over his lap. My clit kept rubbing against his jeans, and the tangle of pain and pleasure made me moan. Manson moved his legs, and I felt that pressure on the back of my head again - he’d slid one leg over my back and pressed his boot onto me, forcing my face against the carpet and holding me pinned.

“Doesn’t it feel better to be restrained?” he said, speaking over the brutally loud sound of the swats he kept raining down on me. “Doesn’t it feel good knowing that you’re getting what’s best for you? Learning to be a good girl.”

I gave a long low cry, the pain and my nearly unbearable humiliation winning out over my pride. *Just a few more swats*, I told myself. *Just a few more*. But there were always more, and more, the pain growing worse as my ass grew hotter. Manson was right: in some twisted way, putting all my strength into struggling and finding that it got me nowhere was a relief. I couldn’t kick my legs, I couldn’t squirm away, I could even raise my head up from the floor. I had no choice but to submit, to give into the punishment and accept the pain.

I was getting *wetter* from this. My insides clenched, but with Manson’s leg on top of me, I could no longer grind my crotch against him, and that denial was a whole new torment. I was so tense, I was certain that the slightest touch from his hand would make me cum instantaneously. My clit was pulsating with need, my nerves on fire.

I wanted him to touch me, desperately. Instead he switched back and forth between slapping first one cheek, and then the other, the burn so intense that my eyes welled up with tears. I was squirming and yelping with every strike, and finally, when I knew I couldn’t take anymore without crying from the awful sting of it, I began to beg, “Please, stop, stop, stop, I’m sorry, please, Manson, I’m sorry!”

“Are you really?” The swats paused. On screen, the girl had been cornered by the killer in the woods. She was screaming, crying, begging for her life.

“Yes!” I shook under his boot, trying to move my face enough so I could look up at him and he could see how sincere I was. “I’m sorry! I won’t talk back anymore!”

“You’ll be a good girl? You’ll obey?”

“Yes,” I groaned, and remembered something he’d told me earlier. “Yes, Master. I’ll obey.”

“That’s better.” His boot slowly moved off my head. The girl on screen had been caught. Every stab of the knife into her chest was punctuated by the shrieking of violin strings. “Give those boots a kiss while you’re down there. Show me how thankful you are for your discipline, angel.”

I kissed one boot, and then the other, more lipgloss prints on the shiny black leather. Manson helped me sit up, slowly, and eased me back onto his lap despite my ass stinging as it made contact with his jeans. I settled against his chest, the buckles of his harness cold against my back. For a moment, all I wanted to do was lay there close to him, feeling his heartbeat against my back. His arms encircled me in an embrace - soothing but not demanding. When I settled into it with a heavy, trembling sigh, his hold tightened.

Slowly, I drifted back to reality. The house around us felt real again. I could hear the bass thumping through the walls, and the distant murmur of the crowd. Manson’s fingers traced circles on my arm.

“Are you alright, Jess?” he murmured.

I nodded, then said, “I can’t believe you...you actually...”

“I can’t believe you let me,” he said softly.

I sat up, enough so that I could look back at him. He wiped a rogue tear from my eye before it could fall, and I leaned into his hand. Manson Reed - weirdo, freakshow Manson Reed. He made me feel safe and terrified, protected and brutalized, all at once. But it wasn’t only that.

In that moment, I wanted nothing more than to get in his pants.

“Are you going to be a good girl from now on then?” he said, taking my chin in his hands. “No more sass?”

I smiled. “I can’t promise *no* sass. But...I’ll try to be good.”

“Sliding into your old ways so soon?” he chuckled. “It’s been two minutes and now you’ll only *try* to be good?”

“Being good is hard for a bad girl,” I said. I traced my fingers up his chest, wondering what it would look like without his shirt. “But you know...it may help me be good...if you fucked me.”

His calm expression was rattled by his surprise. I was used to boys falling head over heels for me, scrambling for the opportunity to sleep with me. But as his surprise subsided, Manson just smiled slowly, as if I’d said something silly. He squeezed my cheeks and gave my face a shake.

“Oh, Jess. I can’t make it that easy for you, now can I? That’s no fun. I like watching you struggle.”

I pouted, wiggling on his lap so I could grind up against him. “Of course it would be fun! Just a quickie-”

“No, angel.” His voice was firm. “Not yet. When I fuck you - *if* I do - it won’t be some quick fuck on a couch. I’ll make you scream.”

I could usually roll my eyes at boys’ promises of overwhelming sexual prowess, but from Manson - I believed him. I didn’t dare doubt what he was capable of, and I wanted him even more. The desire was going to drive me crazy. How could I possibly manage to rejoin the party after this and behave normally?

I wasn’t used to not getting what I wanted. My voice became a whine. “*Please*, Master. Come on.” I moved my hips in a slow, smooth circle, and felt his dick twitch against me. Ha! How could he possibly resist that? But instead of unclasping my bra, Manson reached around and gripped my

hair. The painful tug made me still instantly, hissing at the pain.

“When I say no,” his voice was low, a warning. “It means no. Understand?”

“Yes, Master,” my response was quick. As horny as it had made me, I did *not* want to get bent over and spanked again.

“You’re going to be patient for me,” he said, holding my head in such a way that I couldn’t look away from his gaze. “You’re going to suffer through that wet pussy of yours and wait. And every time I order you to do something, it’ll feel a little worse. You’ll just have to take it.”

My insides were quivering in anticipation. The very fact that he dared to *deny* me...the balls on this guy were monstrous. He stood up suddenly, dragging me with him, holding me close against his chest with his hand still tangled in my hair. Looking up at him like that made me quiver, yet somehow, in total disregard for self-preservation, I whimpered, “That’s not fair.”

He tweaked up an eyebrow, and said slowly. “Not fair? Not *fair*, angel?”

I gulped. Oh, regret, regret, instant regret! “Well...I mean...you...you can’t just...”

“I can’t just *what?*” His grip on the back of my hair tightened, tugging me down, forcing me back to my knees as he leaned over. “I can do whatever I want, angel. I can make you suffer all night and *never* give you release. I can spank you again just because I like hearing you scream - and you do sound so pretty when you scream.”

My ass burned as it pressed against my folded legs. I didn’t want another spanking when my skin was already so angry. “I’ll call my safety word then,” I whimpered. I didn’t expect him to find that as funny as he did.

“Your safety word means that this stops, angel. That’s what it’s for. It’s not a way to get what you want, it’s a way to keep you safe.”

But I didn't want it to stop! I wanted to get off, *desperately*. I wanted to get him out of his pants and into mine. I squirmed unhappily, "You're so mean."

He grinned, and kissed my forehead. "Oh, angel. You have no idea."

Part III - The Clowns

I'd known it would be torture. But god, I wasn't prepared for just how *awful* it was to be horny with no hope of relief.

I kept the pout on my face as I followed Manson around the party. Walking felt so awkward - between my stinging butt and overwhelming arousal, and still without the comfort of panties, I was in constant fear that someone was going to get a peak under my skirt. I'd just *had* to wear a short skirt to the party, but of course, I hadn't planned on losing my underwear *and* my pride that night. Despite my discomfort, I stuck close to Manson and tried my best to be obedient - at first.

I'd warned him that being a good girl was very, *very* hard.

I wanted him to feel the same torture I was. How could he stand to wait? It had turned him on to spank me, and I could see that same pleasure on his face every time he gave me an order. But that meant that even more intense than his desire for sex, was his desire to make me suffer, to make me desperate, to keep me denied. That was terrifying.

I *did* try to be good. But my humiliating tasks kept me wet, and the longer it went on, the more my frustration grew. I began to plot a desperate escape to the bathroom, where I could rub one out quickly and maybe he wouldn't notice.

It was approaching midnight. Kegs had been brought out, people were getting thrown in the pool and shedding their costumes in the water. Manson and I were easily the most sober people there, not that anyone seemed to care. Manson kept spotting people he knew, stopping for conversations, laughing and joking. He seemed to know *everyone* - even the people that hadn't gone to our high school. Not only that, but they all seemed to really like him. People's faces lit up when they saw him, they spoke faster when they answered him. Seeing their enthusiasm actually made me feel proud. *I* was the one at his side, *I* was the one getting drinks for his friends.

But I was also the one squirming with horniness, my ass still red and stinging, as I desperately tried to resist the urge to

grind up against Manson's leg like a dog.

I'd felt proud when I dated Kyle - I'd basked in people's envy, drinking in their jealousy. Kyle and I had been each other's status symbols - although we were pretty shitty ones. It was the only thing I really had to hold onto from high school and that...that was pretty lame.

Unlike Manson, who apparently had not only friendships but adoration. I always remembered him as being alone, and maybe he *was* alone before he'd gotten expelled. But that had changed. A *lot* had changed.

Someone convinced the drunk DJ to play a creepy, haunting track to set the mood, so instead of upbeat dance music the yard was suddenly filled with the slow pull of violin strings and a thumping drum. The cool air had grown absolutely chilly, and I wrapped my arms around myself as Manson stood talking about computer operating systems and Java-something with a bespectacled couple. Glancing around, hoping to find somewhere close by I could go to warm up, I noticed another group had just arrived to the party.

My heart plummeted into my stomach. Cold dread shot through my veins. Without realizing it, I squished myself tightly against Manson's side.

"What's up?" he said, glancing back in the way I was staring. "What's wrong?"

"Clowns," I hissed. "There's fucking *clowns*."

Three men were walking across the yard from the side gate, beers in hand, laughing and shoving one another. They wore matching black jumpsuits, their hair was buzzed short, and all three wore horrible, pasty white face paint. Black shapes had been filled in around their eyes, and their lips had been exaggerated into horrible jagged grins with black paint.

I quickly turned away from staring at them. They weren't the typical bright circus clowns, but they still made my stomach turn.

"Let's go inside," I said quickly. But Manson had spotted the approaching clowns and recognition lit up his face.

“I know those guys,” he said. “Hey Vincent! Lucas!”

“Don’t fucking call them!” I gripped his arm in absolute horror. One nervous glance back told me the clowns had heard their names called, and were heading directly for us. “Nope, no, no-”

Manson gripped my arm, preventing me from sprinting for the house in terror. “Are you...” He laughed, as if in disbelief. “Are you *actually* scared of clowns?”

“Yes!” I whispered. “They’re fucking creepy and gross and - oh my god -”

They were right there, enfolding Manson in a giant hug, patting him on the back, meaningless conversation droning from their mouths. The only thing I could focus on was those horrible painted faces. Their exaggerated smiles only got worse as they bared their teeth and smiled.

Ugh. Gross. It took every bit of self-control I had to not run for the house. I grit my teeth and wrung my hands behind my back, keeping an awkward distance. Manson would scold me if I left, but I wanted as much space between me and the clowns as possible.

Unfortunately for me, my staring was noticed. One of the clowns spotted me shifting coldly from foot to foot, and decided to be polite.

“Hey, hi, I’m Jason,” he extended a slim hand. Long fingers, pale skin. I absolutely cringed as I shook it. “You okay? You look a little, uh-”

“She’s afraid of clowns,” Manson said, sounding so amused I wanted to slap him. “She’s my slave for the night.”

“Don’t just fucking *say* that,” I snapped, but it was too late. The secret was out.

“Well done, my man,” one of them clapped Manson on the back, as Jason gave me a long, appraising look.

“Aren’t you Jessica Martin?” he said. “You were a cheerleader?”

“Yeah,” I answered begrudgingly. I was trying to figure out a way to hide myself behind Manson - anything to put some kind of barrier between myself and them. It felt silly, but I couldn’t help it. Clowns were creepy, and gross, and uncanny - something felt *wrong* about them.

“Let me introduce you properly,” Manson said, hooking his arm around my waist and dragging me up alongside him. I pressed against him, hard. “This is Jason, Vincent, and Lucas.”

“Cool, hi, yeah, nice to meet you,” I muttered, forcing a very tight, very uncomfortable smile onto my face. Now that I was forced to look at them straight-on, I could tell that beneath all the makeup, they were really normal looking guys - if not pretty attractive. Manson explained how they’d all been in metal shop together, and that Lucas had started a band, but I was growing more distracted the longer I looked at them up close. There was a peak of colorful tattoos at the top of Vincent’s jumpsuit, Jason was wearing multiple rings that looked hand-made, and Lucas had fit large, stretched black tunnels in his ears.

Somewhere in the mingling of my fear and torturous horniness, a very weird reaction was occurring. They looked terrifying, but their bodies were muscular and their smiles were almost charming. For how creepy they looked, they actually seemed...nice. One of them was wearing cologne, something bright and citrus-y that contrasted with Manson’s dark, musky scent. It gave me a little rush, the thought of them touching me - but god, that awful clown makeup...

“She’s shaking!” Vincent laughed. “It’s just paint, girl! We’re not gonna eat you.”

“Or maybe we will,” Lucas snapped his teeth, and I gripped Manson’s hand, gulping down my scream.

“I’m just cold,” I muttered angrily, as the heat rushed to my face. I felt like a cornered rabbit, waiting to see which wolf would have a go at me first. I was also a very horny rabbit: instead of feeling sick with fear, this was giving me an endorphin-high.

I had never liked clowns, *never*. But facing them meant I was pleasing Manson, it meant I was being a good girl, and it meant I was one step closer to him finally taking me inside and fucking my brains out.

“Don’t worry about scaring her, boys,” Manson said, giving me a little squeeze. His grip was reassuringly tight. “It’s good training for her.”

“Is she from the club?” Vincent said. I had no idea what “club” he was referring to, but Manson apparently did. He shook his head.

“No, she’s a newbie. Remember Kyle, from high school? She was his girlfriend.”

“Yeah, yeah, I thought so,” Vincent was nodding. “Who knew Miss Popular would be into that kinky shit.”

“She’s learning,” Manson smiled in the face of my glare. I still wanted to hit him: for denying me, for spanking me, for making me wait, for making me stand there and face my fear. I managed to hold my fists in check, but not my tongue.

“Manson...can’t we...can’t we just...”

“Don’t you know it’s rude to whisper around friends?” Manson chastised, with a tone in his voice that let me know just how much he enjoyed getting to scold me in front of them. “Can’t we just *what?* Go inside so you can finally get fucked?”

I must have turned red from head to toe. My eyes darted back and forth between the clowns as they laughed. But they didn’t seem at all confused, or even surprised by the situation. Maybe they were used to this. Maybe this was Manson’s *thing*. The sudden thought that perhaps there were other girls taking Manson’s commands and kissing his boots invaded my mind, and jealousy gripped me with shocking intensity.

“Let’s just go back inside,” I whined. “Please Manson... you’ve made me wait long enough...” My hand snaked down his chest and over his jeans. I felt his hardness and squeezed, looking up at him with wide, pleading eyes.

He didn’t even flinch.

“You know better, angel,” he warned. “This is on my time, not yours. And you’re neglecting to properly address me.”

I couldn’t say it in front of his friends, I *couldn’t*. I looked back and forth between them nervously, and my embarrassment was only made worse when I noticed the eager expressions on the clowns’ faces. They were enjoying seeing me squirm.

“I can’t say it here,” I winced. “I wanna go inside. Come *on*.” My voice sounded petulant and utterly bratty, even to my own ears.

“More worried about what they think of you than pleasing me, Jess?” Manson said, and tsked. “That’s not how good girls behave.”

I could sense an impending punishment and whimpered, furious as I snatched my hands away from him and folded them against my chest. I couldn’t take it anymore. I had to get off. Now.

“Gotta use the restroom,” I muttered, before Manson could continue his scolding. “I’ll be right back.”

I expected him to try to stop me. Instead he just said slowly, “Don’t take too long.” As I hurried away, I could just barely hear him say, “She’s a bratty one, boys. Only one good way to tame her.”

If I was going to come back to another spanking, then I was at least going to get off first.

The restroom was occupied, of course, and I waited outside the door impatiently until a drunk girl finally stumbled out. A line had formed behind me, so I knew I had to be quick. There, alone in the quiet room, I finally got a good look at myself in the mirror. My hair still looked good, and my makeup was luckily intact, though it was only a matter of time before that changed.

Curious, I turned and pulled up my skirt so I could get a look at my ass in the mirror. So red - still hot and stinging from Manson’s hand. Just remembering my position, held so

firmly in place and helpless to escape, made me bite my lip and curl my toes.

God, I wanted him to do that again. I *wanted* him to hurt me. Hurt me, fuck me, make me scream. I'd irritated him, I knew I had, so there was at least the possibility of another merciless spanking awaiting me when I got outside. What if he did it in front of his friends? What if there was no privacy this time?

Still looking back at my reddened ass in the mirror, I leaned against the wall in front of me and slipped my hand beneath my skirt. My fingers slid over my clit and I rubbed quickly, furiously. I couldn't take too long...people were waiting...I bit my lip to keep quiet, thinking of Manson's hand slapping over my reddened skin.

A harsh knock pounded on the door and I gasped out, "Hold on...just a minute..." I was so close. I'd gone so long in such a heightened state of arousal that it didn't take much. My fingers were slick, and I closed my eyes. More pounding at the door, dammit...

I imagined Manson bending me over, holding me tight under his arm, scolding me as the clowns watched, smacking me until I wept openly, uncontrollably -

More knocking. It was angry now, insistent. Fuck, I couldn't cum like this. With a loud growl of frustration, I tugged down my skirt, yanked open the door and snapped, "Jesus, I'm *done*, okay, you don't have to be such an asshole-"

Manson shoved me back into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. He grabbed me, gripping my arms, and pressed me back against the wall. I was guiltily aware of the stickiness of my arousal on my fingers, a damning indicator of my disobedience.

"Sh-shit...Manson..." He loomed over me, looking at me as if he wanted to eat me alive.

"What do you think you're doing, angel?" he said. He grabbed my wrist, pulling up my hand. "What's all this on

your fingers, hm? Did you think you could just sneak off and do something so naughty?"

My breath shuddered as I faced him. "I...um...there were people waiting out there..."

"Not anymore," he smiled. "It's a big house, there's other bathrooms they can use. I pointed them in the right direction. We need a little time to ourselves."

"Are you going to hurt me?" I whispered.

"Oh yes. More than you can imagine. Do you remember your safe word?"

"Yes." I should have been terrified but my entire body was buzzing with anticipation. My fantasies of punishment were nothing compared to the real thing.

"If I cross a line you better damn well use it. Do you understand?"

I nodded again. My pussy clenched and I whined, squeezing my legs together. If I had seen myself a couple years ago how I was now - whining and dripping in front of the boy I'd laughed at - I would have been horrified. I wouldn't have believed it.

I *still* hardly believed it.

"It's time for another lesson, Jess," Manson said, looking me up and down. "It was only a couple hours ago that you were getting that cute little ass of yours beat. Did you forget what that feels like already?" He released my arms, and reached around to squeeze my stinging ass. I yelped, dissolving into moans of pain. His touch was electrifying. I wanted him to grip me harder, rougher. I wanted him to slam me against the wall again.

"I didn't forget!" His hold on my ass pulled me close against him, and I pressed closer. "You make it so damn difficult to obey! And you didn't tell me *not* to touch myself!"

"You little brat," he chuckled. "I told you I wanted to see you suffer. I wanted to see you squirm. You don't get to take that pleasure away from me." He shook his head in

disapproval. “I really wish I had my paddle on me...god, turning your ass black and blue with that sweet thing would have you obeying as you should.”

I was shaking. I didn't know if I wanted to mask my fear with anger, or my horniness with sassiness, or if his threats were going to break me and have me begging again. He owned a paddle...he literally *owned* instruments to inflict pain and humiliation. He was such a freak.

And god, I loved it. I wished he had his paddle with him too.

Instead of sass, I went for a different tactic: sweetness. “I'm trying so hard to be good!” I whined. “Come on, Manson- er...Master...please...if you'd just let me get off...”

“I don't bargain for good behavior, angel. God, don't you know how long I've wanted to do this? Do you have any idea how good it feels to punish the girl who always laughed at me?” He cradled my face in his hands, his hold tender as he kept me pressed to the wall. “Getting to watch you whine and complain and get *so* red...but still do everything I say? It's too good.”

“You're a jerk,” I whimpered. “I want it so bad, Manson...”

“What?” He said softly. “What do you want?”

“I want *you*! I just want to fuck, please, you've got me so fucking turned on I can't stand it, it's going to drive me crazy!” I gasped, my desperation exploding. “Please don't make me keep waiting, please just - just - bend me over and fuck me!”

Inside I was cringing, but I couldn't help it. If begging was the only thing that would end this torturous wait, then that's what I'd do. Manson was chuckling, then laughing aloud, and when I finally fell silent, he said pityingly, “Oh, Jess. Poor girl. You're gonna get fucked, trust me. Soon enough you'll be fucked so hard you won't be walking straight for a week. But first...” He pulled something out of his pocket: that thin bit of cotton and elastic that he'd taken from me earlier, my thong.

He dangled it in front of my face. “Do you still want this back?”

“Yes please,” my voice was small, defeated. If he was offering my thong, that meant more waiting. I felt as if I could have cried from sheer desire.

“I can’t believe you refused to put this in your mouth for your dare,” he said. “Think how different this all could have been if you had.”

“I *couldn't*! Not in front of everyone...”

“Pride doesn’t have a place in your service to me.” He brought the thong close to my face, caressing the lacey fabric against my cheek. “I just can’t let that dare go, Jess. I *really* wanted to see you put these in your mouth.”

I gulped. “Manson...please...”

“Put them in your mouth.” His voice was gentle. “Put them in your mouth, face the wall, and bend over.”

My mind raced. Bend over...I’d be completely exposed. He’d see all of me...every dripping piece of flesh. He’d seen me when he spanked me over his lap, of course...but every exposure felt just as intimate, just as degrading, and just as exciting.

Unbidden fantasies flashed through my head. I thought of his fingers caressing me...parting me...pressing inside me...

I opened my mouth, awaiting my gag. There was a flicker of shock at my acquiescence on his face, before a fire lit in his eyes. He pressed the thong into my mouth - not quite a mouthful but enough to smother any sounds I might attempt. I could have spit it out easily, but I closed my mouth just enough to keep it inside. I met his eyes for a moment - a long, tense moment - before I slowly turned, bent at the waist, and clutched my ankles.

My heels made the position particularly difficult. The entirety of my ass was on display, my short skirt useless. Manson’s boots stood close behind me, covered with my lipgloss kisses. He said nothing as the moments passed, moments that felt like an eternity.

“Spread your legs,” he said. “I want you exposed. All of you.”

I shuffled my feet apart, and the cool air kissed over my flesh. I waited, and my legs began to tremble. The difficulty of the position, and my ever-growing arousal, was going to make this an impossible pose to hold for long. Again, Manson was silent. I almost couldn't bear it.

“Spread yourself open for me.”

A groan escaped me. Every command came so slowly, so methodically. He was giving me the time to linger, to truly feel the depths of my degradation. I hated him for it. Hated it... loved it...wanted more of it. I reached back, trying to get a hold on my tender bits. My fingers were slick, and I could barely manage to pull my labia open, unable to get any grip.

Manson was chuckling at the state of me as I finally managed to spread myself apart. God, I felt so filthy. I felt so exposed. He didn't touch me, he didn't even take a step closer to me. I wished he would. I wanted his touch so desperately.

The saliva was building up in my mouth. Unable to swallow, I'd start drooling soon. Humiliation on top of humiliation. My fingers slipped and I had to readjust, pressing my lips apart, exposing my wet and leaking hole. I heard his breath change - it might have been a gasp, or perhaps a soft laugh.

“God, it's so pathetic how needy you are.” His voice wasn't cruel, it wasn't taunting. He said it like it was simply a fact, and I whimpered my agreement around the thong. “Running away to the bathroom to touch yourself, such a naughty girl. Been a while since you got off, hm?”

If I'd been able to form coherent words, I would have agreed. I'd been with other guys since I'd broken up with Kyle; casual sex was my favorite stress reliever. But this was more than just sex: this had awakened another desire in me, a lust for something cruel and unusual that I'd never had fulfilled. It was a glaring, roaring monster that demanded to be satiated.

Manson squatted down, staring at me where my head hung down between my legs. He smiled: an utterly sadistic, wolfish grin. "Or are you just that much of a freak that being ordered to lick some weird guy's boots is getting you this hot and bothered? Is being spanked and made to beg for mercy nearly enough to get you off? Such a fucking freak." His gaze shifted, and I knew he was staring directly at my hole.

God please, touch me, touch me, fill me up!

"Service and discipline," he murmured. "That's what you're lacking. You can't expect to be rewarded for following such simple commands."

I wanted it so bad - hadn't he made me wait long enough? Drool gathered against my lips and began to drip. The urge to spit out my thong was growing, but the discomfort felt *right*. The longer I endured it the better I felt, because it meant I was still obeying. I was still following his orders. I was earning my reward.

You can't expect to be rewarded for following such simple commands.

"Jessica, look at me."

I'd closed my eyes without noticing, but I opened them to gaze at him, upside-down between my spread legs.

"Finger yourself," he said softly. "Just one finger. Slowly."

"*Please...please, fuck...*" The words were incomprehensible, swallowed up by the thong. How could I bring myself to do that in front of him? He'd see *everything*. The choice to say no was there. He'd given me a safety word and *demand*ed I use it, if the need arose. But I didn't feel that need. I felt humiliated...embarrassed...turned on... I was frightened, but not in a bad way.

I was not frightened of what he would do to me, but of what I was willing to do at his command.

With one finger, slowly, I pressed inside my pussy. My flesh parted, soft and slick. I had to move carefully so my pink acrylics wouldn't poke. Only one finger wasn't enough, but

the subtle stimulation made my breath shudder. I closed my eyes again, unable to bear looking at him as he watched me.

“Fuck yourself. Come on, Jess. In and out.”

Why did he have to make it worse by talking me through it? I slid my finger out, then slowly all the way back in. Then again, and again. I could feel the weight of his gaze on me, even with my eyes closed. With every thrust of my finger, I was drawing out more wetness. My clit felt swollen with need. Instead of continuing to hold myself open, I moved my other hand down between my legs, and rubbed my fingers over my clitoris, sending shocks of stimulation through my trembling legs. I rested my head against the wall to keep my balance. Drool dripped down my chin as I moaned, struggling to keep my knees straight. Unbidden, I added a second finger inside myself, pumping in and out.

I was groaning loudly, not caring if anyone heard me, no thoughts of how grossly embarrassing it was. I was getting close...so close...god, it felt so good, my knees were buckling...

“Jessica, stop. Now.”

His voice cut through everything, like a switch being flicked in my brain. The fact that he was laughing startled me almost instantly out of my desperate, horny fog. I withdrew my fingers, swearing around my gag. I'd been close...so damn close! I should have kept going, I should have had my pleasure when I had the chance! Instead I stood up so quickly that my head spun. I pulled the thong from my mouth and tossed it to the floor, then turned to face him with a glare on my face and my back pressed to the wall. He squatted there, looking up at me, and bared his sharp teeth in a grin.

“How funny,” he murmured. “You'd rather obey me than get yourself off. Even though it frustrates you...you'd still rather obey. That's good. Much better.” His grin widened as he stood up. He grasped a hand around my throat, but he didn't squeeze - not yet. He just held me there, pinned to the wall. My breath was unsteady, hot and heavy in my lungs as I

trembled. With his free hand, he grasped my wrist and brought it up, looking at the fingers I'd used to pleasure myself.

“You're more fun than I expected,” he said softly. Gently, he took my finger in his mouth. I gasped at the contact. His tongue slid over my skin, savoring every drop of my juices, his mouth embracing me in a way that was both terrifying and arousing. His lips were tender. His teeth grazed over my skin as he sucked, his mouth enclosing me with a suction that I couldn't help but imagine being applied to other parts of myself. His grip on my throat tightened, pressing me back, making my breathing difficult but not impossible.

I sucked in my breath as best I could while he slowly withdrew my finger from his mouth. He licked his lips, and his eyes met mine. His look was vicious, hungry. His gaze flickered from my eyes to my mouth, a silent question, a command he didn't dare give.

So I gave it instead.

“Do it,” I demanded. “Kiss me.”

His hand remained gripped around my throat as he claimed my mouth, his body pressed up against mine, the metal straps on the harness he wore digging into my chest, and the pain made me want to cling to him harder. My hands gripped his hips, then clawed up his back, wrapped around his shoulders and pulled him against me as our tongues intertwined. His taste was mint, faint tobacco and beer. He bit my lip, laughed at my gasp, then kissed me again. It was a struggle between us for who could be rougher, who could demand more, as if we were trying to meld our bodies together. I scratched his neck, determined to break the skin, and he shuddered against me.

Suddenly he picked me up, slammed me back against the wall, and held me there as we kissed. My legs wrapped around his body, my hands stroked over his hair and knocked his vinyl hat to the ground. I grasped the hair at the nape of his neck mercilessly, hoping to feel him twitch with pain. I bit at his lip until he moaned into my mouth and I tasted iron. I licked the dripping blood, my tongue sliding over his chin and across his mouth, savoring the violent taste. He tangled one hand in my

hair and pulled so hard my scalp ached, while the other hand squeezed my sore ass beneath my skirt. I felt the hardness in his jeans as he pressed against me, that delicious cock waiting for me.

We both paused - breathless. Droplets of blood welled from my scratches on his neck, a satisfying sight. His hand still gripped my hair, cruelly tight. His chest was heaving, heat radiating off his skin as he slowly lowered me back to my feet, but allowed no distance between us. He reached up and wiped at his bleeding lip with the back of his hand, looking at the red smear with a small smile.

“You made me bleed,” he said.

“And you *didn't* make me bleed.”

His eyebrows shot up. “Is that a problem?”

I shrugged, trying to seem unimpressed despite being completely out of breath and light-headed with desire. “I expected more. Hell, when you found me in here, I thought you'd make me cry.”

He laughed - a dangerous sound - and shook his head, “Is that what you *want*, Jess?”

Yes. Instead I said. “I want to slap you.”

He leaned down, his voice a whisper. “Oh do you? Why? You like seeing me in pain, hm? Go on.” He turned his cheek slightly. “Slap me. I dare you. See what happens.”

He didn't need to tell me twice.

The sound of my palm striking his face was so loud that I wouldn't have been surprised if they heard it outside, even over the music. I'd put my strength into it, all my horny frustration, all my confusion over how turned on I was by him - but he barely even flinched. Instead, he said softly, “Now I have to make you cry, Jessica.”

We emerged from the bathroom together, breathless, my hand clasped in his. The paranoid part of me expected a crowd to be gathered outside the door, but only one irritated, half-asleep dude was there.

“Upstairs,” Manson whispered, and guided down the hall, through the crowds of laughing, drunken people. We ran up the stairs, our shoes soft on the carpeted steps. My heart was racing, giddiness keeping a wide smile on my face. At the top of the stairs he grabbed me again, kissing me viciously, hands tangling up in my hair. Every time we parted, I felt as if I was breaking the surface of a pool: I gasped for air, vision blurred, my body light.

There was a doorway at the end of the hall, a bedroom with the lights turned off. Manson pulled a lighter from his pocket, and while I lingered near the door, he lit candles around the room, filling it with a flickering orange glow.

“Very convenient mood lighting,” I said, as he walked back to me. “How lucky.”

He smiled. In the candlelight, his face was cast in strange shadows and he looked even darker, and more mysterious. “I have a bit of a weakness for candles. Mrs. Peters says the aromatherapy will help my anxiety.”

I frowned. “Wait...is this...”

“This bedroom is mine. No one will bother us.”

It took a few moments for what he’d said to fully register in my brain. I couldn’t see much of the room, even with the candles lit. The bed had a headboard reminiscent of an iron bar gate, massive and dark. A giant bull’s skull, painted black and adorned with flakes of gold, stared down at me from the wall.

“Wait...wait...this is...” I stuttered. “Did you say this is *your* room?”

“Yeah...” He looked around, as if refamiliarizing himself with the place, and shrugged. “I started living here after I turned 18.”

I could hardly believe it. Manson Reed...living with the Peters family? One of the wealthiest families in town?

“How? Why?” I could dimly see nik-naks lining the nearby shelves, vinyl records, shining crystals and daggers in glass display cases. Nice things, *treasured* things.

“Mrs. Peters is a social worker,” he said. He looked uncomfortable. “She was...*my* social worker. My mom wanted to keep custody of me, but not as much as she wanted to keep my dad around.” He cleared his throat, and the discomfort became even more apparent - he looked pained. “I’d always planned to leave the day I turned 18. I wasn’t about to stick around and get beat on any longer than I had to. I went to Mrs. Peters for advice. But instead of advice I got a place to stay.”

I didn’t know what to say. What *could* I say? Everyone in town knew Manson’s dad was a mess, leaving when he fought with his wife and then coming back after a few months. But shit...I’d never known it was like that. I’d never bothered to ask...

“That’s...that’s um...” I wanted to apologize, but nothing seemed adequate. After all the shit he’d gone through in high school, he’d had to go home and deal with even more. Selfish, stuck-up kids, harassing him just because we could. It had been so wrong...so fucking cruel...

“Manson, I... I’m so sorry...”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” he said firmly. I didn’t blame him - I wouldn’t have wanted to hash out all the demons of my past either, especially not with a person who caused some of them. “Maybe...someday. If you actually want to hear about it. Just...not now.”

“I want to hear it. Someday.” I gave him a smile, a true, genuine smile. I meant it: I wanted to see into him deeper, I wanted to hear him talk. I didn’t know if it would make up for being an asshole to him, but maybe it was a start.

Surprise, then a soft, gentle calm came over his face. He caressed his fingers over my collarbone, up my throat, and rested them beneath my chin.

“Someday,” he repeated. “You mean I’m not scaring you away?”

“Not at all,” I reached up on my toes, and my kiss was chaste this time, an assurance instead of a demand. “Besides, I like being scared.”

He laughed, almost in disbelief. “Oh, Jess. You ran with the wrong crowd in high school, you know that? You would’ve fit right in with the freaks.”

I snorted, disbelieving. “Plenty of people like scary things. I just like them a little...more.” I shrugged, as if this was a perfectly normal thing, and certainly not something I’d only just discovered about myself.

“Oh right, of course, so let’s see: likes scary things...likes pain...gets turned on from being treated like a slave...” Manson did some mock calculations in his head as I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, definitely sounds like a freak to me.”

“Oh hush.” I wrapped my arms around his neck. “You said you’d make me cry, remember? You’re getting distracted.”

“Am I?” he chuckled. “All I’m trying to say is that I think you would fit in with my friends. Even though...you’re scared of them.”

A sudden noise made me jump: a creak from the back of the darkened room...a step...a breath. My body went stiff. Something was moving in the dark.

“Manson...Manson what...”

There was laughter, eerily familiar laughter - and then three unnaturally white faces appeared out of the dark.

“Miss us, Jess?” Vincent murmured, just as I realized I was shut in a room with *three fucking clowns*.

I might have screamed. I wasn’t entirely sure what noise came out of me as I covered my eyes, shaking my head, determined to imagine that they weren’t really there. Those awful creepy faces, those wide grins, the dark-ringed, skeletal eyes. Manson pulled my hands down and gripped my wrists.

“Oh that’s not very nice, Jess,” he said sweetly. “I couldn’t let them miss out on the fun. Now you can get to know them better.”

I held my breath in an effort to stop whimpering. The clowns lingered in the dark, watching me, grinning at each other. My hands were shaking, heart pounding. I wrestled out

of Manson's grip and clung to his shirt, pressing my face against him so I wouldn't see them.

"Do you want to leave?" he whispered tenderly in my ear. "Or do you want to face your fear and be a good girl for me?"

I forced myself to steady my breathing. These clowns had names, and under that makeup I knew they were human, even though my brain kept insisting they were monsters. I raised my head slowly from Manson's chest, peering back at them. Their appearance was only made worse by the darkness in the room: the flickering candle flames made their features appear to shift and change in the blink of an eye. One of them - Lucas - was crouched on the ground, eyes fixated on me. Grinning. Standing behind him, Vincent was twirling something around his finger - something metallic that caught the light of the candles and flashed.

Handcuffs?

The pulsating adrenaline that had flooded through me at the sight of them began to calm. With the fading terror came a strange euphoria, pleasure wrapped in discomfort. I slowly raised my eyes to Manson.

"I...I want to be a good girl..." I said softly. Then softer still, "You're so fucking evil, Manson. I like that."

He grinned, and for a moment, I could have sworn he looked proud of me. He kissed my forehead and said, "Be a good angel then: crawl over to them, and offer them your mouth."

He stepped back, and without the barrier of his body between myself and the clowns, I felt as if I were looking at them down a long and narrow tunnel. I dropped to my knees and shuffled one hand in front of the other as I slowly made my way toward them, torn between not wanting to take my eyes off of them and desperately wanting to look away.

They're only human, they're only human.

They towered above me. I forced myself to raise my head and meet their dark eyes as they stared at me from the black

pits they'd painted on their faces. My arms shook as I held them out in front of me, wrists together - an offering.

"You'd better lock those on me," I said tightly, staring at the handcuffs Vincent held. My fight or flight response was strong, making me twitch. Forcing myself to submit, ignoring the instinct, was filling my body with such a rush of chemicals and hormones that it felt like a drug high.

"Such a good girl." Vincent locked the cuffs around my wrists, the cold metal sending goosebumps up my arms. Once they were secured, he held up the tiny silver key in front of my face, and with a sadistic grin, rubbed it between his hands. I frowned, confused - but when he parted his hands, the key was gone. Vanished.

"You're ours now, little angel," Jason said, circling me. I glanced back, and saw Manson lounging on the chest at the end of his bed, leaning back, elbows propped up on his mattress.

"Don't forget your safeword," he reminded me. "Or three taps on their legs, if your mouth is...occupied." His gleaming teeth shone in the dark, and Lucas grabbed hold of my face, forcing me to look back at them.

"You look even prettier like this," he said, his voice raspy as he tried to keep his volume low. He turned my face from side to side, and then I felt hands in my hair, caressing it... hands touching up my back...my neck. I felt like a helpless little doll, chained and obedient, scared but ready to be used.

Lucas's converse kicked apart my knees, spreading them, and Jason leaned around my side, dark eyes eerily close to my face. He slowly lifted my skirt, before looking around with an exaggerated expression of shock.

"What a naughty angel. Wearing no panties, hmm?"

"Getting scared turns the little angel on," said Manson. "I have a theory that the more she screams and struggles, the wetter she'll get."

I shuddered, the frightening words having exactly the effect I'm sure he expected them to: my clit throbbed, my

insides pulsing and clenching with the desire to be filled. A hand gripped around my throat, and Vincent's face came close to mine as he inhaled deeply along my hair, chuckling in my ear. His black painted lips brushed against my cheek, then down my neck, sending shivers over my skin. Jason came around to stand before me, and Lucas moved back, out of my sight. Somehow, not being able to see them was even worse than having to stare at their creepy clown faces.

Jason unzipped the front of his black jumpsuit, baring his chest, all the way down to his thick, hard cock. Dark, bold tattoos covered him like a canvas. His ringed fingers gripped his member and slowly stroked it, and my eyes were mesmerized by the sight.

"Can I..." My voice shook, forming words almost impossible. "Can I taste...please?"

More laughter from the three of them, laughter that seemed to echo all around me in the dark. Vincent's hands framed the sides of my face and his fingers pressed along my jaw, tipping my head up and back, holding me in place.

"Open your mouth," Vincent's voice hissed in my ear. Another hand gripped my hair, and in the corner of my vision, Lucas leaned down.

"Open wide," he chuckled. I obeyed, my mouth watering for a taste of that terrifying, thick phallus. Jason entered my mouth, sliding over my tongue, slowly filling my throat as I obediently kept my mouth wide.

"Make him feel good," Manson ordered, and I closed my lips around Jason's cock, sucking gently, curling my tongue around his head. Jason groaned and began to thrust into me, hitting the back of my throat. Vincent tightened his grip on my face, holding me still as Jason used my mouth.

"Look up at him, angel," Vincent whispered, and I did my best to obey, my eyes wide as I stared up at Jason, his teeth bared viciously as his breath began to shudder from the pleasure. Suddenly Lucas released my hair and went to stand beside Jason, unzipping his suit and pulling aside his black briefs. My eyes widened looking at him: his cock was pierced,

a curved silver bar fitted through the underside of his head. I'd never seen that before - never even thought someone would do that - and I could scarcely imagine how that would feel inside my throat.

Jason tangled his hand in my hair, fucking into me, hard enough that my eyes filled with tears. Excitement spread through me as his cock throbbed, and Vincent's hands moved from my face to scratch down my back, leaving behind stinging lines from his nails. He reached my hips, gripped into me, then squeezed my flesh until it hurt and I groaned. My noise pushed Jason over the edge. He pressed deep into my throat, cursing as he came, filling my mouth with his seed.

"Good girl, Jess," I heard Manson get up from the bed and approach me, his boots clicking on the floor, and a chill went up my spine as his fingers caressed the side of neck. I wasn't sure how I was certain the touch was Manson's - I just *knew*. Jason stepped back, steadying himself, and Lucas wasted no time in taking his place. He was rough from the start, pressing deep and hard. The two smooth balls of his piercing pressed against my tongue, and when he reached the back of my throat I gagged, not used to the feeling of metal.

"Easy, angel," Vincent said, and his hands slid over my hips and down...down between my legs. "Lucas isn't very nice, is he?"

"Lucas needs to be more careful." Manson's voice was a command, as was the grip he briefly had on Lucas's arm as he circled him. Lucas growled furiously, but he eased up on his pressure at the back of my throat, moving more slowly, allowing me the time to get used to his size and the curiosity of his barbell.

I tried to keep my eyes on Manson, my lingering fear calming as he stood back to watch, a stern face in the dark. But the clowns soon claimed my attention again; Vincent's hand slipped beneath my skirt, caressing over my clit, and I nearly convulsed from the stimulation. I whimpered, dutifully flicking my tongue over Lucas's head, savoring the taste of flesh and metal. Vincent's fingers slid lower - and pressed inside me.

“Oh, so wet, little angel,” he murmured. He pumped his fingers into me, and when he withdrew them they were slick with my arousal. He watched the glistening strings spread between his fingers as he scissored them before he licked them clean. Then he was touching me again, rubbing my clit at a slow, firm pace, until my folded legs began to shake.

“Make him cum, Jess,” Manson said, slipping out of my sight again, circling the scene. Eager to obey, I bobbed my head to take Lucas deeper, forcing myself to accept the press of the barbell against the back of my throat. Lucas’s body grew tense, his movements harsh, my renewed enthusiasm making him moan.

“Such a good little whore,” he growled. His palm made contact with my face, a gentle sting, and I smiled as eagerly as I could with my mouth so full. He slapped me again, slapped me harder, his strength still curbed to make sure I didn’t accidentally get him with my teeth. Vincent’s stimulation over my clit had me shaking, my muscles tensing, bringing me to the edge of orgasm.

“She’s not allowed to cum,” Manson ordered, and Vincent slowed his touches until it was nothing more than a tease, and I nearly screamed in frustration. I *would* have screamed - if Lucas hadn’t suddenly sucked in his breath, shaking as he came, filling my mouth.

I swallowed him down, gasping, my head light as I finally had a moment to breath normally. Every nerve in my body felt as if it were on fire, sensitive to the slightest touch, and the high of my flooding hormones made everything feel surreal. My whole world was that dark room, those three laughing clowns, the taste of their sex in my mouth...and Manson, watching over it all like a demonic god.

I pulled on my cuffs for a brief moment, just to feel the metal dig into my skin, brutally unbreakable. Vincent was the only one who remained now to be pleased, and slowly, he withdrew his fingers from me and brought them to my lips.

“Be a good girl,” he urged, and I sucked his fingers obediently, savoring my own taste, salty and smooth. I sucked

on his fingers like I wanted to suck his dick, and he chuckled as I did it. “Well shit. How can I resist that?”

I looked up at him with a dazed smile as he stood and leaned over me. The others watched, wordless, the sound of their panting breath harsh. There were footsteps behind me, and Manson gently kissed the top of my head.

“Am I doing good?” I said, my words stumbling and slow as I looked back him. He smiled at me, and my heart seemed to swell. There were so many small details I noticed about him now, even in the dim light - how his ears were pierced but he wasn't wearing earrings, that there was a crookedness to his nose as if it had broken before, that there were tiny scars around his lips and cheekbones. He was handsome...almost pretty. His eyes were deep-set and dark but his features were soft, hardened only by the tension in his jaw.

“Very good, angel. So good that I have a little surprise for you.”

Excitement bloomed in me. Then there was a click, and something glinted in the firelight. Something metallic, gripped in Manson's hand.

“You asked about this earlier,” he said, turning the knife in his hand so that every movement caught the light and glowed like the sun. “You asked if I still carried it. I do. It's the same one, the one I scared your ex off with. It goes everywhere with me, and it's always kept sharp.”

My breath felt cold in my chest as I watched the knife. The thrill of that danger, so close, made me want to both laugh and cry. The candle flames were reflected back in Manson's eyes, a burning hellfire in his gaze. I realized he'd taken out his white contact, but I found him no less intimidating. I couldn't look away, even as my heart started up a drum's beat against my ribcage.

“This is a butterfly knife.” There was another click, a flash, and the blade disappeared - folded back into the curved handle grasped in his hand. Then just as quickly - click, flash - it was out again, spun through his fingers like magic. “They take a lot of practice to handle correctly...and a lot of cut fingers.”

The sight of the blade was mesmerizing. I felt hypnotized, unable to look away, as if I were gazing at a holy relic. His tone sobering, Manson lightly touched my face, drawing my attention back to his eyes.

“Do you want to play, angel?” he asked softly, and gave the knife a little shake. “With this?”

For a moment, I forgot to breath. I nodded eagerly. “Yes... yes please...”

“Do you trust me?” The knife flashed. My heart pounded.

“Yes,” I gulped. “I trust you, Master.”

The blade came closer...it kissed against my cheek and I gasped at the cold touch. It traced down, light against my skin, to nestle against the soft, tender flush just under my ear.

“I won’t hurt you, angel,” he said. “I only want to remind you who’s in charge. I only want to remind you to keep being such a good girl. So when Vincent’s finished, you can finally earn your reward. Understand?”

“Yes,” I answered quickly, resisting the urge to nod in my enthusiasm. That knife should have terrified me, it should have made me scream. But I hadn’t lied: I trusted Manson, I trusted him not to hurt me - not in ways I wouldn’t like.

I’d never thought I could experience so much pleasure just from words, so much ecstasy from fear. I looked up at Vincent, the knife pressed against my throat, and whimpered softly. “Please...please use me...”

Vincent entered my mouth, moving slowly, sliding his length teasingly over my tongue. When I looked up at him, and saw that clown face smiling back, I felt terror twist my gut. But the fear only increased my pleasure, and made my insides tighten with desire. Manson stood behind me, holding the knife tenderly against my skin as Vincent thrust into me.

“You’re doing so well, angel, I’m so proud.” He spoke gently, his voice soothing. “You look so pretty with your mouth filled up with a cock.”

His words made me squirm excitedly. Pleasing him felt so good, knowing that he was enjoying what he saw. I had to keep almost entirely still - I didn't want to risk a cut by moving too suddenly. Instead I did my best to stroke Vincent's cock with my tongue as he moved in and out of my throat.

Vincent changed his pace as he wished, using my mouth like a toy, gripping my hair to steady himself. He pressed himself, deep and slow, into the back of my throat, moaning as I squeezed around him. He began to move faster, harder, gripping me tighter. Manson's lips brushed against my neck, sending chills up my spine. He left feather-soft kisses beside the blade, praising me for my endurance, my obedience.

I moaned and Vincent gasped, his breath hitching as his movements became rougher. When he spilled in my mouth, he pressed himself deep - I nearly choked as he pumped into my throat. But when he pulled back, I still managed to swallow it all, and smiled victoriously.

"Thank you," I whispered. My chin was wet with saliva - it had even dripped down to my breasts and onto my bra. The knife left my throat and Manson pulled my head back, a wide smile on his face as he kissed me. His mouth utterly consumed me, his tongue caressing around my own. He pulled me up higher onto my knees, and when our mouths parted, he trailed kisses across my cheek and down my throat, biting gently at my tender skin before planting a final kiss on my collar bone and pulling away.

"We need our privacy now, boys," he said. "Leave us."

Part IV - The Knife

Manson lifted me from the floor, cradling me like a baby. He carried me to the bed and laid me back on the smooth black sheets, cool against my back. He crawled over me, arms and legs straddling me like a beast over his prey, and kissed me again. He pushed my head back, so my throat was exposed, and slowly moved down. He nipped at me between kisses, then those nips became bites, as if he was going to eat me alive. My hands were still cuffed, and I desperately wanted to touch him, hold him, scratch him. I wanted to make him bleed again.

But all my hands could reach was the crotch of his jeans. He was hard, pressed against the fabric when my fingers made contact and I began to stroke him, hoping desperately that it would get him to undress faster. He responded to my touch, grinding against me for a few moments as he bit into me, right at the curve between my neck and my shoulder, and I shrieked from the pain.

“Manson, please...” I could hardly manage the words. “Please...I want you to-”

“Shhh, shh, little angel.” He pulled away from me, though it seemed like it was a struggle. His hair had flopped down and he pushed it back into place, breathing deeply. “You’ll get your reward.” His fingers traced up my chest, between my breasts. He hooked one finger under my thin bra strap, snapping it against my skin. “You’ll be rewarded...slowly...and painfully.”

I growled in my enthusiasm, grinding my hips against him. He leapt up from the bed and stalked back into the shadows, so I could barely see him for a moment. When he returned, the knife was in his hand. He flipped it open and closed in flashes of metal, like magic between his quickly moving fingers.

The sounds of the party outside seemed so far away - another world entirely. The darkness that surrounded us could have stretched on forever, the walls of the house non-existent.

We were in some other world, a world where pleasure and pain, fear and excitement, were all the same.

I wasn't just performing for the sake of honoring a dare - even my desperate drive for release paled in comparison to my simple desire to indulge. To experience the unknown, the frightening, the forbidden.

Right now, the unknown was a gleaming blade in Manson's hand, coming ever closer.

My entire body pulsed with my heart's pounding, adrenaline flooding my brain. Manson's hand reached out, stroked through my hair, and gripped it. The tug against my scalp pulled my head back, just enough to expose my throat once again, still stinging from the bites he'd left there.

"I love how excited you look," he mused. "Your eyes light up. Your whole body is shaking...I can hear the way your breath is shuddering." He chuckled. "That's what I like to see."

He leaned over me. In the flickering candlelight, his face was a mask of moving shadows and odd shapes, a dark Picasso. "When I pulled this knife on those assholes...they looked so goddamn surprised," he mused, his voice soft. "They went on and on about how I tried to kill them. I never even tried to hurt them, Jess. I don't like to hurt people...not...not like that."

He pressed the flat of the blade against my cheek. The metal was shockingly cold and I flinched - but I had nowhere to go. His grip on me kept me still. The blade caressed me, gentle and dangerous. I had begun to regulate my breathing, the better to keep myself entirely still. It was like a meditation, that slow and lingering moment. I was so still that I could feel every sensation in my body: the prickling of goosebumps over my skin, the shaking in my legs that refused to stop, the warmth and tension in my lower abdomen, and the swell of my clit, aching to be touched.

His knee moved between my legs, forcing them apart. The knife was resting right against my jawline, but then he moved

it lower, until the flat of the blade pressed against my throat. I whimpered, squeezing my eyes shut tight.

“No, no, no, Jess,” he spoke gently, barely above a whisper. “Look at me. I need to see your eyes.”

He paused as I opened my eyes again, searching my expression carefully before he smiled. “Good girl. So brave.” His knee pressed up against me, right against my sensitive, swollen clit. I gasped at the contact, a hard shudder going through my body. I moaned, and my hips began to grind again, rubbing myself against him.

“What a filthy angel. Look at you: you need it that badly? Grinding against me like a puppy?” He pressed his knee against me harder, so that the intensity of the pressure against my clit was painful. But I still kept grinding, whining, moaning deep in my throat. The added fear that too much movement could cause the blade to cut into me only made it hotter.

The roughness of his jeans against my sensitive flesh made my eyes well up with tears, but I didn't stop. Even in the dim light, I could see the dampness my arousal was leaving on his knee, the fabric glistening. He leaned close, and the urge to kiss him again overwhelmed me. But I couldn't reach his lips, I couldn't bridge the tiny gap between us with the knife at my throat.

“Do you remember your safeword?” he said. His voice was tight, rough, as if he were struggling to control himself. It had been only minutes - seconds? hours? an eternity? - since he'd last asked me that. But I understood now that my confirmation reassured him.

My response was soft, my voice barely a breath, heavy with lust. “Yes...I remember...”

Suddenly, the knife was no longer pressed to my throat. His hand disentangled itself from my hair and wrapped around my neck, squeezing just enough to stifle my breathing but not cut it off entirely. The sensation of struggling to breathe sent chills of pleasure through me, and I pulled against my handcuffs, the metal biting into my skin.

Manson moved his knee away from my cunt, and I cried out in frustration. “N-no! Touch me please...don’t...don’t...” He smiled as I squirmed, my hips bucking, striving for contact of any kind. “Please, Manson, I need it...please...” I gasped as his grip tightened, pressing hard against the sides of my neck until, after a brief rush of lightheadedness, his fingers loosened and I groaned. My skin was tingling, every nerve alight. I wanted to feel his body pressed tightly against me, I wanted him inside me.

He’d really gotten me. I felt small and pathetic, so beyond any pride that I was about to start *begging* him to fuck me. But words were hard, and stringing them together into coherent sentences was even harder. The result was whimpers and disjointed words, bubbling from my mouth in a useless stream as I tried to convey how desperately I needed his touch.

“Aww, my poor little Jess,” he laughed at me, laughed at my uselessness, my helplessness. “What’s wrong, hmm? What do you want?” I whined even louder, straining against his hand, writhing. If he wouldn’t touch, then I desperately wanted to touch my myself, I slipped my cuffed hands beneath my skirt, whimpering until my fingers slid between the wet folds of my labia. God, yes...pleasure radiated through my body -

“Oh, no, no, we can’t have that.”

Suddenly he was straddling me, the knife set aside so he could pull my hands away from between my legs. I fought him all the while, begging and cursing. It surprised me, at first, when he produced a small key from his pocket and unlocked one of my wrists - but my surprise turned to horror when instead of releasing both my wrists, he used the cuff to secure my arm to the bed frame.

“No, no, no, Manson, please, please, please!”

He secured one wrist, and then the other - producing another pair of handcuffs from his bedside table. My arms were spread wide, touching myself made utterly impossible. I just wanted to touch - him, myself, anything! It was sheer torture that I couldn’t. My lust-filled frustration felt like a

vibrating, screaming alarm in my chest. I couldn't take the teasing, the waiting, the torment, I couldn't!

"I told you I'd make you cry," Manson said, sitting back to look at me and shaking his head. "Little angels need to learn not to touch themselves without permission, don't they?" He forced my legs apart, slapping my thighs sharply so I'd spread them wider as I yelped and shrieked. With my pussy fully exposed, spread and lewd for his eyes to feast upon, he said, "Now I have to punish you. You'll still get your reward, but first you need a reminder about obedience." His voice was slow and gentle, as if he were speaking to someone small and insignificant. A sob escaped me, although my tears had yet to fall.

"Please, Manson, please, I'm sorry, please just...just... ahhh..." I thrust my hips up demandingly. My brain was flooded with thoughts of his fingers pressing into me, spreading me...thoughts of his mouth closing over me, suckling me, his tongue exploring inside. I was going to lose my mind. I was going to scream, cry, *anything* to convince him to give me the pleasure I so desperately craved. But I was bound, and although tugging at my shackles relieved some of my tension, it did absolutely nothing to convince him to give me what I wanted.

"Naughty girl," he said. "You look so cute when you try to get away. What a little masochist you are." He looked down at my cunt, dampening the sheets beneath me, a needy, swollen mess. Then, with a wicked gleam in his eye, he reached over to his bedside table and picked up one of the candles.

"See all this lovely, hot wax?" He tipped the candle slightly, so the wax accumulating inside its walls glistened and rolled. "I'm going to spread you apart, hold you open, and let this drip right onto your clit, since you want to touch so badly." I shuddered, whimpering at the thought, and he smiled sympathetically. "I don't blame you. I know it's so hard to be good when you want it so badly. But that's what punishment is for: so you can learn to be a good girl."

"Yes, Master," I sniffled, hands clenched into fists as I prepared for the burning pain.

“That’s good, accepting your punishment so sweetly.” He touched my face gently, and I leaned into his hand. But the gentleness couldn’t last long. His hand left my face, tracing down my chest and stomach. He tugged up the edge of my skirt, tucking it into the waistband so he had better access. He watched my face and his fingers stroked down, ever lower - then between my lips. I gasped sharply. He rubbed over my clit - lightly, barely touching, so light I wanted to scream.

“Please, Master, *please*...” I groaned, panting. He laughed at my pleas and spread his fingers, pushing apart my labia and exposing me. He hovered the candle closer, watching my expression go from frustration to terror.

“Fuck! Please...please...fuck...” I sucked in my breath, uncertain how much pain I should prepare myself for. How badly would it burn? How long would it last?

“You look so cute when you’re scared,” he murmured. “Try not to scream too loud, angel. Although I don’t think anyone will hear you anyway.”

He tipped the candle, and two tiny droplets of wax fell. They clung to my skin, and for a moment it was like fire: a split-second of burning, terrifying, enough to make me shriek. Then it was gone, and only the swiftly hardening wax droplets remained, black against my skin.

Manson tipped the candle again, and more droplets fell. I groaned from between my clenched teeth. I was so tense with anticipation that when the burn hit my skin, it took all my self-control not to scream. Manson paused his torture for a moment to rub his fingers over my clit. His touch was rougher this time, the wax sliding off my skin as he massaged me in a circular motion. Pleasure radiated through me, so intense that I tried to squeeze my legs together, but he slapped my thighs again, scolding, “Don’t try to get away, Jess. Take your punishment like a good girl.”

I shook as I forced my legs to stay open. Instead of spreading me again, Manson held the candle over my thigh and dripped the hot wax onto my stinging skin. The pain was less frightening, but I still whimpered at every drop, biting my

lip. Soon my skin was spotted with wax, drips and splatters covering me.

Manson set aside the candle, looking over his handiwork like an artist surveying his canvas. His fingers traced along my inner thighs, making my breath catch. “Remember that from now on: no touching without my permission.”

“I’ll remember, Master,” I said, then held my breath as he spread me again. With two fingers holding me open, he used his middle finger to rub me, focusing his attention on my clit. “How does that feel, angel? Do you want it faster? Harder?”

“Yes, please!” I gasped. He increased his speed, and my pleasure became a knot within me, growing tighter and tighter, spreading. I squeezed my eyes shut tight, letting myself sink into the ecstasy, letting it consume me. I would cum if he kept it up for only a minute more...just moments more...

I squirmed up against his hand, whining desperately. I was so close...so close...

“Not yet.” He pulled his hand away, and I shrieked in fury.

“Fuck! No, Manson, *please!*” I strained against the cuffs, the growl that came out of my chest absolutely beastly. But Manson just laughed in disbelief.

“What a spoiled little thing. You shouldn’t curse at me, Jess.” He reached forward, roughly grabbing my chin. “You shouldn’t have done that. It was very bad. Do you know what happens to bad girls?”

My temper was still high. I wanted to snap at his hand, but thought better of it. “Stop teasing me!” I growled, ignoring his question. “Please! I just to cum, dammit, please!”

“You seem to be under the impression that you deserve it: that it’s not something I’ll deny you in a moment if you don’t keep up your good behavior.” He grinned. “Bad girls get spanked, Jess.”

The blood drained out of my face. He’d spanked me already, and the sting had been intense enough that I didn’t particularly want to experience it again. Perhaps some small,

masochistic part of me did - but it was a part I was trying very hard to ignore.

“I’m sorry,” I said tensely. Then, a little more repentantly, “I’m sorry, Master. I’m...I’m not good at waiting.”

“I can tell,” he said. “And you’re not sorry, not yet. But you will be.”

I had never imagined that I could be kept on the edge for so long. Could I even remember what it was like *not* to be horny?

Manson repositioned himself, pressing one knee upon my thigh to hold it spread, and used his left hand to press down on my other leg. My pussy was held open too, except now I had no option to even attempt to close my legs. My breathing quickened, shuddering through my chest, as I suddenly realized that he hadn’t meant he was going to spank my ass.

He was going to spank my pussy.

I looked up at him, my eyes wide. “I...I don’t think I can take it...”

“If it’s a limit for you, I won’t do it,” he said firmly. The fog of my pleased headspace cleared for a moment, allowing me to see the clarity of reality: I wasn’t truly at his mercy. I could stop him. A single word would put an end to it.

I thought for a moment. As scared as I was...I wanted to try it. I wanted to experience this, at least once. I wanted to see how far I could push this affinity for pain. Just knowing what he intended to do was bringing a new rush of excitement over me. I took a deep breath and said, “Do it. I remember my safeword. I’ll say it if I need to.”

“You’re sure?” His fingers beneath my chin locked my gaze to his. I nodded.

“I’m sure.”

The moment his hand made contact, stinging pain exploded through me. It carried deep inside me, throbbing. I tried to squeeze my legs shut, but of course, it was useless. My

shrieking ended with a desperate gasp for breath, “*Shit... aahh...Master, please...*”

Another spank, and then another. The pain left me giddy, high off the sensation. My body was tingling, electrified, my muscles tensing and shaking in anticipation of the next slap. My clit was aching. As much as it hurt, I couldn't deny the pleasure of it.

Manson was merciless, leaving just a moment between every slap of his hand so that I could catch my breath - the better to scream again with the next strike. I could only imagine if the party-goers downstairs knew what was going on. If only they knew that the girl wearing angel wings was making an absolute slut of herself upstairs, moaning and begging to be hurt more, more, *more*.

“*Please, Master!*” I ground the words out, hiccupping on the tears that were now flowing freely. I wasn't sure when I'd started crying. They weren't just tears of pain: they were freeing, refreshing. It felt *good* to cry. It felt good to endure the pain, knowing it was of my own will, knowing I was allowed to cry and beg and struggle, knowing I was allowed to experience it exactly as I needed to.

But I was out of breath. The pain was intense. Instead of spanking me again, Manson reached out, his hand still hot from striking me, and brushed his fingers over my cheek, wiping the tears away.

“Are you still okay, Jess?” he said.

I took a moment to sob before I composed myself. “I'm good...I'm...fuck...I need...I want...”

“You've been punished enough.” His face was so close and gently, so gently, his lips brushed against mine. “Do you deserve to cum now? Hm? Do you think you deserve it?”

If he'd asked me earlier, I would have screamed that yes! Of course I deserved it! I deserved it, I wanted it, I *needed* it! But now...

“Only if you think I deserve it,” I whispered. “I'm...I'm your slave, right? So I do what you say, so...” I met his eyes

with my tearful ones, giggling a little at the sheer, overwhelming sensations of it all. “Only if you want me to cum.”

His eyes widened, shock evident on his face. I waited, trembling, hoping desperately for his mercy. I didn’t have to wait long.

“What a good girl. What a *very* good girl.”

He moved back slightly, gripping my legs as he lowered himself between them. He kissed along my wax-splattered thighs, lingering in the places where he felt my breath shake. As he hovered there, lips just inches away from my pussy, he looked up at me and grinned. “Say please.”

He didn’t have to tell me twice. “Please, Master, please will you-”

He started slowly, but it still cut off my words as efficiently as a slap.

It was just his breath, first: an exhale across my wet, sensitive skin. Then his tongue, the very tip, slid over my clit. I groaned, and he licked me again. He flicked his tongue back and forth slowly over that swollen nub. Every flick made my body jerk, the pleasure so sharp and sudden it was almost painful. I panted, whimpering as I watched him. He glanced up at me again, then his mouth closed over me entirely. The heat encompassed me, his tongue licking and lapping at my arousal, probing into my hole, teasing around the entrance, caressing every bit of me as I wiggled helplessly.

He kept watching me as he pleased me, and he grinned as my face contorted with pleasure. I squeezed my legs around his head, shuddering as his tongue swirled over my clit. He would suck and lick, again and again, building me up until I was hovering right at the edge of the orgasm that had been taunting me for hours now.

“That’s going to make me cum, Master,” I said shakily. “P-please...please...let me cum...”

I was afraid he would stop, terrified he would deny me again - instead he slid two fingers inside me, stroking my inner

walls, thrusting into me as he suckled at my clit. It didn't just push me over the edge - it drop-kicked me over, mercilessly, sending me screaming into orgasm. My entire body shook, my cuffs rattling against the bed frame. Every thrust of his fingers inside drew my orgasm out, until I could hardly breath, until my eyes rolled back.

He raised his head, chuckling, chin wet, eyes bright. I lay limp against the pillows, panting, trying to return myself to reality

"I...oh my god..." I had to gulp at the air, as if I had been drowning. "Manson...that was..."

"Oh, you're not done yet, angel."

He picked up the knife again - I watched it catch the candlelight and flash. He brought it close, down between my spread legs. Its wicked sharp tip came nearer, nearer...and I held my breath as he traced it lightly down my shaved mound, the metal cold and unforgiving.

I sucked in my breath as the knife tapped my clit. The shock nearly made me jump. I began to whimper, watching fearfully as he teased at my sensitive flesh with the flat of the blade, throbbing in the wake of my orgasm. It felt good...so good... even though it was just the barest stimulation. The smooth cold texture of the metal had me twitching, my nerves on fire after being brought to such a peak.

"Manson, please..." My voice was a whine, heavy with lust. He put on a mocking expression of sympathy.

"Aww, is that not enough for the little angel? Need a bit more, hm? Perhaps something to fill you up? You really seemed to like my fingers inside you."

He flipped the knife in his hand, so he was holding it with the blade facing toward himself and the handle extended. Carefully, with the sharpness of the knife tucked within the curved grip of his hand, he began to probe my entrance with the handle. It was hard, but warm from his hand. The edges were rounded, smooth as it rubbed over my wet, swollen flesh.

“You’re going to get off on this knife, Jess,” he said. “And I’m going to hold you open, nice and still, so you don’t get hurt.”

I was moaning even before he entered me. He pressed the handle inside, the foreign object stretching my walls and causing me to throb around it. I leaned my head back, eyes squeezed shut, my juices dripping with renewed enthusiasm. Even the smallest of movements felt good, the endorphin rush of my orgasm heavy in my blood. Manson moved slowly as he fucked the handle in and out of me, every thrust making my muscles clench with pleasure.

“Look at me, Jess. Right now. Don’t you dare look away. I want to see all your pretty tears as you cum all over this knife for me, understand?”

Looking him in the eyes meant feeling all the humiliation of my predicament come crashing down on me again. The movement of his knife had me gasping, shuddering, whining louder and louder until Manson suddenly pressed his hand over my mouth.

“Scream all you want,” he growled. “You don’t really have much choice.”

My muscles clenched, gripping onto the handle. My vision blurred and my eyes rolled back as I screamed with abandon, his hand stifling my noise as I came again. The first orgasm had been bliss, but this - god, I felt crushed under the sheer force of it. As the ecstasy rolled over me in seemingly endless waves, Manson continued to thrust inside me, laughing at every heightened shriek, at every frantic, overwhelmed twitch of my body - at the brief but violent gush of arousal that came before I could stop it.

“Even squirting for me? What a good girl, so good, isn’t that so much better?”

I lay limp and wasted as he carefully withdrew the knife and uncovered my mouth. My body shuddered and twitched with the aftershocks of pleasure, my eyes unfocused. I watched quietly as he uncuffed me, easing down my arms and

rubbing my shoulders so the stiffness in my aching muscles was pushed away under his hands.

“Are you okay? Hm? Talk to me.”

“I’m great...just great...” I smiled wearily. I wondered where proud, back-talking, sassy Jessica has gone, because what was left of me wasn’t her at all. All that was left was my aching, pleased body, absolutely enamored with the man before me. That fucking freak... that loser... that absolute weirdo...had given me the best orgasms of my life.

And he wasn’t even done.

He was unbuckling his belt, whipping it out of his jeans, tossing it aside. Unbuckling the straps on his harness, sliding it off, then pulling his shirt over his head. His chest was smooth, slim, muscled. I reached for him, my arms still trembling, and scratched my nails down his chest. He smiled as I left long red lines in his skin, and smiled wider when I reached his jeans and popped the button eagerly, then slid down the zipper. His hard cock was straining against his briefs, and I stroked my hands along his length without pulling down the fabric. He felt so thick - the thought of him forcing that monster inside me made me whimper. He leaned down, kissing me deeply as I continued to stroke him.

“I want to fuck you, Jess,” his voice was a snarl, his eyes blazing as he looked down at me.

“Please do it,” I couldn’t get the words out fast enough. “Please.”

He tugged off his pants, kicking them from the bed. His briefs went next, revealing the cock I’d been so desperately waiting for. He flipped me over onto my stomach and dragged his nails down my spine until he gripped my hips, pulling me up onto my knees. He pressed my face against the mattress, ensuring that I knew to stay in position. He squeezed my ass, reigniting the sting of my earlier spanking, and spread my cheeks.

“You look so good,” he murmured. The head of his cock pressed against me, not hard enough to enter, just to tease. I

tried to push back on him, but he gripped me harder and kept me in place, giving me a swat for good measure. He entered me slowly, just the tip at first, enough to have me gasping before he pulled out.

“Two orgasms just not enough for you?” he taunted. “You think you need more?”

I looked back at him, gazing up from the mattress - smiling, shaking, ready. “I want as much as you can give me, Master.”

He entered me fully, deep and hard, stretching me so tightly I cried out. I gripped the blankets as he fucked into me, long deep strokes that made my legs shake. He changed his pace in time with my sounds, perfecting his technique around my reactions, around my pleasure. He spanked me again, bringing a growl out of me, and he laughed, “Such a vicious angel.”

He reached between my legs and began to rub my clit. The stimulation nearly made me lose my position. I buried my face in the blankets, muffling my noise as I throbbed around his cock and another orgasm shattered through me. I was dizzy, overwhelmed, gasping as he pulled out of me.

“Do you like that?” he growled, flipping me onto my back. His hand squeezed around my throat, pressing me back into the mattress as he entered me again. “I love when you whimper like that. So sensitive.” His thumb pressed on my overstimulated clit, eliciting a loud, frantic moan as he thrust into me. “Is it too much, little angel? Hmm? That’s just too bad isn’t it? I love seeing you cum. In fact, I think I’d like to see you squirt again.”

“C-can’t...” I gasped. “Please...I can’t...cum again...”

“Oh of course you can.” With one more deep thrust, he pulled out of me again. But he replaced his cock with two fingers, fucking me into me as he rubbed my clit. He curled his fingers up, hitting some part of me that immediately made me lose control. I bucked my hips, uselessly trying to squirm away, sobbing from how good it felt. “That’s right, angel. No

getting away. You're going to cum and you're going to scream as you do."

He was right. I couldn't help it. My hands scrambled for a grip, my nails clawing at the blanket as my body tensed, muscles shuddering, the gush of arousal flooding out of me as his fingers brought me to my peak. Tears slipped down my cheeks - tears of pleasure, of so many intense, rushing emotions that I couldn't stop myself.

Manson licked his fingers clean of me, closing his eyes as he savored the taste. Then he brought his face close to mine, kissing my tears until I giggled in between my desperate breaths.

"I want to cum inside you..." he murmured. I nodded.

"Please...please do it..."

He pressed inside, my body welcoming him, heat radiating through me at the contact. He pressed his face to my neck, kissing me, his sweat on my skin, his muscles bulging as he rocked against me, faster, then faster still. His hands tangled in my hair, gripping me possessively, and he growled, grinding out the words, "Fuck, Jess..."

His cock swelled as he spilled inside me. I clung to him, smiling as he panted through his orgasm, trembled, and finally lay there: still inside me, hot and heavy against my body.

We lay across from each other on the bed, arms tangled together, facing each other. He'd turned on the lights, helped me clean up, and pulled the wet comforter off his bed so we could lay on the cool sheets.

I lay for a while with my eyes closed, basking in the afterglow. I was still in disbelief, amazed and exhausted. I kept replaying the events of the last few hours over and over again, wondering at them. I'd come to this party to get wasted, maybe make-out with some hot stranger. Instead I felt as if my world had been turned on its head. I'd realized things about myself I'd never known.

I opened my eyes, and found Manson looking back. He looked sleepy, soft as he lay there naked. He gave me that

crooked smile I'd seen so many times that night.

“Wanna go back downstairs?” he said. His fingers lightly brushed my cheek.

“Do you?”

He shrugged. “I like it here. Like this. With you.”

I smiled. “Me too.”

“Was that...was that good for you?”

My smile widened. “Very good.”

He leaned closer. His kiss was tender, the crown jewel on his sadism. How could a man be so carefully cruel, and so brutally gentle? “Then we can do it again?”

“Absolutely.”

Epilogue

The house felt so quiet in the daytime. Party-goers had fallen asleep on the couches, in the extra bedrooms, and snuggled up on the floor with blankets and throw pillows. Groaning, hungover Daniel was shuffling around the house, tossing beer bottles and empty cans into a massive black trash bag when Manson and I came down the stairs.

“Well god damn.” He paused when he saw us, blinking rapidly. “Is that what I think it is?” He pointed at our hands, our fingers interlaced. I just smiled.

“Easy, buddy,” Manson said. “Let’s not start any untimely rumors, hm?” But he winked as we turned away, and I heard Daniel mutter, “No fucking way...”

Poor Ashley had spent the morning in the bathroom, feeling the after-effects of all her drinks. She’d dragged herself to the car ahead of me, muttering that she needed something greasy for breakfast and giving Manson a long side-eye.

“You sure you don’t want to come with us?” I said, as Manson walked me up the sidewalk toward the car. The morning air was crisp and breezy, so he’d given me his massive soft hoodie to wear. It drooped over my hands, and came down to my thighs.

“I need to help Daniel with the cleanup.” He turned to me as we reached the car, enfolding me into his arms. I inhaled deeply, closing my eyes for a moment. He still smelled so good. “Besides, I don’t think Ashley is warmed up to me enough for that.”

“Oh, she’ll get over it.”

“Eventually,” he smiled, leaving a kiss on my forehead as he parted from me. “But getting breakfast, some other time, sounds like a good idea.”

“Good. Next weekend then?” I didn’t want to leave his arms. His closeness brought up flickering memories of the

previous night - the intensity, the passion, the brutality. It made goosebumps prickle over my skin.

“Sounds good to me.” He gave my butt a swat as I walked away. “Be good now.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that.” I paused, my door half-way open. Ashley was groaning at me from the passenger seat, swearing she was never going to drink again. “It’s hard to be good.”

“I guess I’ll have to keep teaching you then,” he said, with an exaggerated sigh. “What a pain.”

I smiled sweetly, fluttering my fingers at him. “Bye, loser.”

He smirked, his tone a warning. “Jess...”

He had to know what he was getting into. He could handle me, but that didn’t mean I was going to make it easy. “Sorry, sorry. You can punish me next time,” I lowered my voice, just loud enough for him to hear, “*Master.*”

THE END

I hope this dirty little story of mine brought you pleasure, dear reader. I can’t thank you enough for choosing to pick up my work. If you enjoyed it, please leave a short (or long!) review on Amazon. An indie writer such as myself is always honored to know when my writing has brought you happiness. Until next time,

- Harley