

REC

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO STAY...

BEHIND  
*the*  
SCREEN

DANA ISALY

HD

00:00:00



*Behind The Screen*

**DANA ISALY**

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## *Content Warning*

This work contains graphic sexual content and is intended for those who are 18+. There are themes of stalking, murder off page, some sexual scenes that may lean a bit towards dubious consent, and — as always — a lot of bad words.

This novella is short, sweet, and spicy. Not a lot of plot — a whole lot of spice. I hope you enjoy!

# *Playlist*

Slumber Party - Ashnikko, Princess Nokia  
Freak - Sub Urban, REI AMI  
Teeth - 5 Seconds of Summer  
Walls Could Talk - Halsey  
Sex & Candy - Marcy Playground  
Formula - Labrinth

To listen to the full playlist:

<https://spoti.fi/3QuzRtx>

*Drag me to the dark side and show me what my body was made for.*  
*- Unknown*

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# CHAPTER 1



## LOOK AT HER.

She's gorgeous, rolling her hips and tugging on her nipples. I lean forward, hoping to get a clearer view of my laptop screen. Her hand slides down her stomach, and then her fingers are dipping below the waistband of her panties. They're silk or satin today, a deep red color that shows a small wet spot where her fingers are now playing.

My girl gets so wet for an audience. The denim of my jeans rubs tightly against my clit, making it throb as she sighs and moans. I've been watching her for months now, looking for some kind of sign as to whether or not this is the girl I've been hired to find.

I'll admit, I've gotten a little sidetracked. But I'm almost certain it's her. The IP address pings in the location her father told me she might be living. And when she throws her head back in ecstasy, ribbons of blue hair fall over her shoulders. It has to be her. She never shows her damn face on this website, and she has no piercings or tattoos. There are no scars or blemishes.

Her body is a goddamn work of art.

Her father has been sending me emails and calling me nonstop. I've had to dodge him left and right as I hold off on flying my ass all the way across the country. One, because I don't want to waste my time if this isn't really her. And two, because I like this delayed gratification. I like this game we're playing, where I watch every single video, scour every single picture, and agonize over every single live she does, all while wishing it were my hands caressing her curves.

If this is her, I'm tempted to keep her, her father be damned. The money he's paying me is of little consequence when I have tens of millions in the

bank. And if he proves to be a further problem, I have ways of taking care of that.

“I’ve been thinking...” Her sweet voice comes across my speakers, jarring me out of my thoughts. She changes the pitch of her voice just slightly. Just enough that most people wouldn’t be able to recognize her by her voice if they were to stumble across her in public.

“I’d like to add a new service to my menu.” I can hear the grin in her tone. “Well, two, actually. I’ve been doing this for a few months now, and I’ve had some requests for one-on-one time. How does that sound?”

I can feel my heartbeat between my legs.

“I’m thinking time slots for messaging me directly? And maybe some of you would like to pay more to get personalized videos.”

I click on the chat button that I hide every time I watch her and sift through the disgusting comments. This is why I minimize it. I cannot stand to see men and women embarrass themselves. They can’t possibly know she’s mine, but she is. Their stupid little comments mean nothing to me, and they won’t catch her attention like I will. Because none of these people have the smarts or the financial backing to keep her afloat.

I do.

Her tits get pressed up close to the camera as her biceps push them together. They nearly fall out of the tiny little bralette she’s wearing. They’re the perfect handful, and the pale pink nipples underneath the soft fabric are just as nice. I wonder what she tastes like, what her noises will sound like when it’s me giving her the orgasms.

Will she like what I like? Will she like it if I tie her up and edge her into oblivion?

She finishes her goodbyes, giving us all one last look at her tight body before the live session ends, and a window pops up. “URBaby2000 has ended the live.” Christ, I really wish she hadn’t used her damn birth year in her username. Clicking out of the live window, I pull up direct messages. I’ve never used these before, not having needed to reach out before now. Even now, I shouldn’t be doing it. This isn’t the easiest or quickest way to figure her out.

I should get on my damn plane, fly to Boston, and stake out her place. I’d have her secured within a couple of days. But that would mean everything is over too soon. And I don’t want that. I want to draw it out, get to know her, make her trust me. I want to accidentally run into her in public, tease her,

make her think I may know who she is. I want her on her toes.

I want her scared.

“Very interested in the new services you’re thinking of offering. Name your price, doll face.”

Is it too forward? I stare at the message for a while, not sure if this is really the way I want to do things. It would be so easy to find a pilot and take my jet out to the East Coast. I could be with her by morning, sipping a coffee on the much cooler streets of Boston while I wait to see her face.

But no. I want a little while longer with her. I want to get to know her so that I can trap her. A fly caught in my dark web. Before I press Send, an email notification pops up. It’s from her father, asking me for an update, I’m sure. He’s so eager to find his little girl, and most people would think that’s normal.

What father wouldn’t want to locate his missing daughter?

There’s just something about him that rubs me the wrong way. If it’s even possible...he’s too eager. He’s almost obsessed with it. And everything has to be kept a secret. He pays me in cash and prefers to meet in shady bars on the wrong side of downtown. During the day, he’s a regular-looking businessman, wearing suits that are a little too big and ties that are just a bit too long.

At night, it’s like he transforms. His eyes are red, and the bags beneath are dark. He speaks in hushed tones and looks around like we might have been followed. We never have been. I’m smarter than that, and I make sure I have people with me to ensure that doesn’t happen.

I ignore the email and press Send on my message to who I think must be his daughter. “Delivered 8:28PM.” I stare at the screen and tap on the top of my desk. My body is still electrified from the show. My nipples are hard, and I’ve soaked my underwear.

There’ve been many times I’ve been tempted to touch myself while I watch her. I’ve had more of a reaction from her than I have anyone in years. Sure, I’ve been with plenty of people, but they’re all flings. In my line of work, I can’t settle down. Working with dangerous people means you have to sacrifice certain things in your life. Like having a partner.

So I sleep around and get what my body needs, but I never stick around until the morning. It’s out of the question. No sleepovers. They’re hot. We fuck. I go home.

But little URBaby2000 has me questioning all of that.

I think once I have a taste of her, I won't be letting her go.

## CHAPTER 2

*Clara*

**I'VE BEEN STARING** at the message in my inbox for hours. I saw it come through last night, but I didn't have the balls to answer. Honestly, I wasn't even sure anyone would be interested in what I was offering. I've only been doing this whole camgirl thing for a few months now, and my subscriber count is far less than those of my peers.

I knew it would be. It's hard to market your porn when you don't show your face. Not even in a mask. I won't take the chance. Boston is a big city, and the internet is far-reaching. But the idea of running into someone in public who's seen what my come face looks like? Yeah, no, thank you.

This one person, though, has taken a special interest in me. I've noticed they watch everything I put out. No matter what time of day I post, they're there...watching. Even in the creator stats, I see them join every live showing. But they're a shadow. Just a quiet party on the other side of the screen. They never comment, never like, never share. There have been zero interactions — until now.

And I want this. They are the only person who reached out after my live last night. I never had my hopes up, but I figured I'd get a few bites. But only one has come in so far, and they've gone as far as to tell me to name my price.

What's my price? I hadn't gotten this far in the plan.

This was never supposed to be a long-term solution. It was just going to be a little side gig to make a few extra bucks. I needed to do something. Working at a coffee shop was not paying all my bills. Boston is not a cheap city, and college is extortion. On top of that, I have over thirty thousand dollars in credit card debt.

My finances are circling the drain and have been for over a year now. I'd get paid, use all my money for paying minimums, and then have to turn right back around and use my credit cards for groceries. I was going to sleep at night thinking about debt and waking up crying about it. I was stressed. It was killing me.

So, I thought, what's the harm in a little sex work? I have no tattoos, no piercings, and no scars. I don't even have a beauty spot or a birthmark. Even my freckles are minimal. I figured it could be an easy way to make enough to cover groceries every month, maybe a sandwich from Pret every now and then.

And it has worked. The first month was slow, but I hit my stride two months in, having an Instagram post go a little crazy. It converted into enough money that I was able to buy things other than ramen and bologna from Walmart. For the first time in years, I could afford to get some ice cream and a few frozen pizzas. I still had to put some things on credit cards, but they weren't maxed out. Last month was even better. I made enough to make minimum payments, buy groceries, and pay utilities. Not a single credit card was used.

This was just another way I was going to try and make some more money. It didn't have to mean anything, and if I didn't feel comfortable, I could just stop. If they got too clingy, I could block them. The site takes our safety very seriously, and I know that I could reach out if I had any issues.

So why am I still just staring at this message?

"Earth to Clara!"

I jump at the sound of Vanessa's voice coming from the other side of the coffee shop.

"Have you been listening to a word I've said?"

Locking my phone, I shove it in my back pocket and give her my full attention as she stands next to a table, one hand on her hip while the other holds a damp cloth. She's been wiping down tables in the lull, and I've used this time to completely zone out in my own little world.

"I'm sorry. What were you saying?"

"You look weird. Everything alright over there?"

Vanessa knows how to read me. She's been my best friend since we roomed together in college. But when she met her now fiancé, she moved out of our tiny apartment and into his massive downtown high-rise. Lucky bitch. She only works here still because she gets bored too easily.



“Yeah, just work stuff.” I shrug and pray she lets it go. She knows all about my extracurricular activities and has offered many, many times to help me out of this rut I’ve dug myself into. But it’s my problem, and I have a strict rule. Do not mix friends and money. That never ends well.

“Ah,” she says, wagging her eyebrows. “Spicy stuff, eh?”

I can’t help but laugh as she saunters her way over to the register.

“Do tell, kitty cat.” I roll my eyes at the stupid nickname. I don’t even know how it stuck. When we met freshman year, we were both drunk, and for some reason, when I told her my name was Clara, she immediately started in on how she has to make up ways to remember people’s names.

“Clara. Cat. Kitty cat. Clara,” she had said, looking very serious as she held me by the shoulders. The next morning, she would only call me kitty cat, and it’s been that way ever since. I’ve given up on trying to change it.

“I may have done something stupid,” I admit. “I said I was going to start doing personal messaging and videos. They pay me extra money, and I do things just for them.”

“Brilliant. Love it.” I get a few short claps from her. “So why the long face? No one interested?”

“Someone is.” I bite the inside of my lip. There’s scar tissue from where I had it pierced in high school, and it makes the perfect anxiety reducer as I bite the shit out of it.

“Okay,” she drawls. “And?”

“And nothing, I guess.” I lean forward and drop my head into my hands. “They told me to name my price. It’s thrown me for a loop. How much am I supposed to charge for this?”

“Have you checked on what other people are charging?”

I nod. I have. Extensively.

“I have. They’re making absolute bank on this stuff. But I’m new to this game.” I look up at her. “I don’t think I can charge that much.”

“Kitty cat.” Vanessa rolls her eyes. “Charge what you’re worth. This person told you to name your price? So name it. Worst they can say is no.”

“I was thinking five hundred per thirty minutes of messaging and maybe a grand for a video?”

She grins, and it looks ornery as hell.

“Make. That. Fucking. Money. Bitch.” Each word is emphasized by a clap until the door jingles, alerting us that a customer has walked in. She winks and walks back to clean the tables.

Fine. I'll set my price. Like Vanessa said, the worst they can do is say no, right?

## **CHAPTER 3**



## WHAT A SWEET THING SHE IS.

“I was thinking \$500 for messaging and \$1,000 for a video?”

I stare at her message for a few minutes, biting my lower lip to keep from smiling like an idiot. Part of me thinks her naiveté is cute; the other part of me is upset by it. She should be asking for far more than that. God knows other people in her line of work are. And to phrase her pricing in a question...

I'm going to have to teach her a thing or two about running a business. You never state your prices like it's up for debate, and you always charge an equal amount or more than what your counterparts are charging. Too little and you look desperate. Same amount, you look like you're playing the same ball game. A little more...and you make them think you must have something the others don't.

These things can be taught at a later date. For now, I want to reel her in a little further. I want her to get comfortable, let her slip up and give me some hints as to who she is. This way, I can confirm she's the right person before making the trip and informing my client that I found his daughter.

We send a few messages back and forth, setting up a time and some boundaries. She still doesn't want to show her face in the videos, and the messages are to have thirty-minute limits before I owe her for another session. This is all fine, and I agree to it quickly. The girl has no idea that this may as well be pennies thrown into a fountain. I would happily pay her ten times what she's asking for, and I may in future to get what I need.

But for now, I'm happy to play by her rules.

“I plan on going live again tonight,” she tells me. “Same time. We could

maybe chat before or after?”

“Or both.” I want every piece of her I can get, and I know she needs the money. Making a grand an hour just for talking to some random person online is a hard thing to say no to.

My heart is racing. This chat shows the little bubbles every time she starts typing, and it happens over and over again. They pop up and then disappear, like she can't decide if she wants to take me up on it or not. I lean back in my chair and cross one leg over the other. I wear a spot thin on my lip until I taste blood.

I've never been affected like this before. I am cool, calm, collected. I take the job, find my target, and deliver the goods. It's how I've managed to make the amount of money I have and build such an interesting group of clients. I'm really fucking good at what I do, and I know how to charge for it. I can find anyone you want, and I've proven myself time and time again.

And yet here I am, tied up with nerves over whether or not this one is going to text me back.

“Okay. That works for me.”

Her message finally comes through, and I breathe a sigh of relief. Before I respond, I navigate the website and find her virtual tip jar. It's where her followers can give her extra money outside of the monthly subscription. I add a grand to it and then quickly open the chat.

“I've sent a grand. Thirty minutes before your show and thirty minutes after. I'm good for more if we run over.” And because I can't help myself, I add, “I expect you here on time. If you are not, there will be consequences, doll face. So make sure you're a good girl for me, yes?”

URBaby2000 never says much in her videos or her lives, but when she does, it's daddy this and sir that. My girl has a submissive streak and a need to be praised. The comments flood in about what a good girl she is and how she's doing such a good job. I watch her read them during her lives as she acts out her little fantasies for us. That shit gets her hot, and I am more than willing to give her what she needs.

The bubbles pop up and disappear.

“Of course.”

I smirk at her bland reply before a call comes in on my other phone. I always have about three at a time. One that I never use for anything other than personal use and the other two for alternating work-related things. This call is coming in on a work phone.

“Yes?” I answer.

“I’ve been trying to reach you for days!”

Ah. URBaby2000’s father. At least, I think she’s his daughter. We’ll find out soon. His slight French accent comes through clearly as he shouts down the line.

“I’m a busy person.” My tone is bored, annoyed.

“Yes, well, I’ve paid you a lot of money, Hunter.” My nickname among clients is a little too on the nose for my tastes, but they have to call me something, and they will never know my name. “I expect results.”

“Results take time,” I tell him, barely containing my sigh as I stand to stretch my legs. The ocean breeze brings the scent of salt into the room as I open the doors to my balcony.

“It’s been fucking months! I was promised the best, and I intend to get the best.”

“I am the best,” I assure him. “And the best takes time. Longer when I am constantly interrupted with requests for updates.”

“Don’t fucking sass me, girl. I won’t stand for it!”

I can’t help but roll my eyes. The number of times these men think I will bend and break to their whims because they are old and white. The condescension is enough to make my ears bleed.

“I have heard all the threats before, Mr. Dumont.” I lean against the glass railing and watch as the sun begins to set. “But you must realize that you need me far more than I need you. Customers come and go. There are plenty waiting in the wings behind you. Treat me with respect, or you will be forced to take your business elsewhere.”

Without listening for a response, I hang up and turn off the phone, effectively putting him in time-out. I’ll probably catch shit for it tomorrow, but I refuse to let my night be ruined. I have a date to look forward to.

## CHAPTER 4



## “ARE YOU GOING TO BOSTON?”

Lucy walks through the door to find me packing. Because, yes, I have decided to go to Boston. After messaging my girl for the last two weeks, I’ve confirmed that she is the target. Honestly, it was a little too easy to find her. It’s like she has no survival instincts.

At first, our messages were strictly professional. She’d only respond when I deposited her \$500. Granted, I still have to send her money to get her to talk, but it’s no longer just sex talk. She doesn’t message me like I’m a client anymore. She tells me about her job, about her friend that she works who has all the money in the world but still chooses to work at the shitty little coffee shop. She tells me about her hopes for her future and how she’s hoping to find a new apartment.

All of the hints she gave me about where she lived led me right to her. Between the IP address, knowing that she lived only a couple of blocks from her coffee shop, and the little fact she gave me about how her apartment always smells like pizza from the shop below, I found her with ease.

I’m going to have to punish her for that. No woman of mine is going to be so stupid as to give up details about her life so easily. She needs to be taught a lesson. And I have so, so many ideas on how to do that.

“Yep,” I answer, throwing the last of my clothes in a suitcase.

“Not taking a lot.” Lucy’s eyes cut sideways at me. “Not planning on staying long?”

“I already know where she is.” I flip the lid shut and lean my body weight on it to zip it shut.

She hums.



I sigh.

“What is it, Luce?”

“She’s different, is all. I’ve never seen you so...” She pauses and grins. “Smitten.”

“I am not smitten.” I am.

“Sure, sure. Keep telling yourself that.” She leans against the desk in the corner and watches me. “I know about that apartment you bought. And I also know that you’ve had it stocked with anything you could need for a month or more.”

I close my eyes and take a steadying breath. I should’ve known. I didn’t hire Lucy for nothing. She’s one of the smartest people I know besides myself, and she manages almost everything about this business. She wouldn’t be able to overlook this little vacation I’m taking without looking further into it.

“You’re a nosey bitch, do you know that?”

“Hah!” She laughs and points at me. “I knew it. You are so smitten.”

“Mind your business.”

“You hired me to mind yours, Io.”

“All packed?” The housekeeper knocks lightly on the open door, and I nod. “I will take this down to the car for you Mx. Io.”

“Thank you, Janine.”

Both Lucy and I smile at her and remain quiet until she’s left the room. Then, our eyes swivel back to one another. Lucy is a classical beauty. Her hair is long and waves naturally. I don’t think she’s used an ounce of heat on it in her entire life. Today, the brown locks are pulled away from her face, showing off her high cheekbones and jawline I would kill for. Her eyes pierce into you in the most disconcerting way.

That’s what drew me to her, outside of all of her qualifications. Those eyes. They throw you off, make you feel watched and seen in a way that is extremely off-putting. I swear sometimes she can read my fucking mind.

“Remember that she’s a person.” Her eyebrow raises.

“And?”

“You can’t hunt someone you’re interested in.”

“Says who?” I scoff. “Hunting is part of the fun.”

“No one likes to feel like they’re prey, Io.” She tries to fight back a grin and finally looks away. “Well, not most people anyway.

“I can’t promise I’ll behave.” I walk toward the door, hopeful this little

lecture has come to an end. She may work for me, but she loves to give unsolicited advice. “It would be empty.”

“I know.” She shrugs and shoos me away with her hands. “Go, go. Just don’t be upset if she isn’t thrilled to have a stalker.”

“If her father tries to get to me through you while I’m gone, make up an excuse for me, yeah?”

“I already have about eight in my back pocket. I think that will get you through the first few weeks. After that, I might need some help.” She follows me down the hallway and out into the driveway. “I wouldn’t put it past this asshole not to randomly show up here one day.”

“No one has this address that I don’t trust implicitly.” Including myself, only four people have this address, and all four of them know that if they share it, they die. And that is not an exaggeration because the last person to do it was my last business manager. When they leaked the address to a client, I made all four of the current trusted employees watch as I lit them on fire.

Not the fastest death, but that was the point. I don’t want them to be afraid of death. A lot of people in this type of business aren’t anyway. But I do want them to be afraid of how slowly they will die. That is the thing that keeps them on their toes.

“Hey,” she says, holding her hands up. “I won’t leak the address. But I don’t like this guy.”

“You don’t like him because you have something against the French.”

“All Brits have something against the French,” she says, rolling her eyes. “It’s in our DNA. We are born with it. But that’s not what I’m talking about. He gives me the creeps.”

Me too. Ever since we had our first meeting, I haven’t liked the guy. Then again, how can you like someone who won’t respect your courtesy title? Every time I meet a new client, I inform them that I am to be referred to as Mx. Never Miss or Ms. And yet, Mr. Dumont continuously disregards that. He’s lucky I am still working with him. I have plenty of money. I don’t need his. But he seemed desperate, and it piqued my interest.

“Watch him, Luce. Take care of yourself.”

She gives me a mock salute, and then I’m slipping into the back seat of my blacked-out Range Rover. My driver, Viktor, shuts my door and walks around to the driver’s side.

“Airport, yes?” he asks, making eye contact with me in the rearview.

“Yes, please, Viktor.” I smile and nod, and then we’re on our way in

comfortable silence.

## CHAPTER 5

*Clara*

**I CHECK** my phone for the tenth time in the last hour.

Normally, my friend has messaged me by now, wanting to connect. They've been like clockwork, sending me a request around eight or nine at night. With all the conversations we've had, I've been able to pocket that money and start paying off some of my credit cards. And I did not want this little side business to dry up.

I have a few other clients who eventually reached out as well, but they can't afford to talk to me as often, and they definitely aren't able to throw a grand my way every other day for a video like *they* can. Seeing my messages are still empty, I close out that app and open another.

I know it's stupid, looking for a better apartment already. It's only been a couple of weeks, and I know I shouldn't be dreaming of bigger and better. But I can't help it. If I were to continue at this rate, making over a thousand dollars a day from this one person, I could easily get a nice apartment. One that doesn't smell like pizza every fucking day and have roaches crawling out of corners.

Fuck, I hate it here.

In the middle of scrolling through the options in the made-up price range, the FaceTime notification pops up with Vanessa's name and face taking up the entire screen. She knows I hate phone calls and that I hate FaceTime even more. Who wants to hold their phone away from their body and at a perfect angle for the entire length of a conversation?

"You know I hate this," I say by way of greeting.

"Shut up." Her pretty face is done up, and her hair is down in layers around her face. She's clearly dressed up for something, and I really hope she

isn't calling to drag me out with her. "We're going out. We want you to come."

"Yeah, no, thanks." I gesture to my body as I let the phone scan down my outfit and two-day-old hair. "I'm in sweats, *Jane Austen Book Club* is playing, and I have no intention of washing my hair."

She sighs.

"Are you working? Is that why you don't want to come out?"

I honestly haven't made any videos or gone live in a few days. I've started relying on my private chats to supply income. I guess I need to stop getting so comfortable and make some money by going live for tips.

"No, but I should be."

"It's worrying me." Her eyebrows pull together, and I can see her walking into a room and shutting the door behind her. Here comes the lecture.

"What is, Vanessa?"

"How much you're talking to this one person. You aren't giving out any details of your life, are you?"

Do I answer honestly? Or do I continue to lie?

It started out as just a sex thing. The second we started messaging, it was all about the sex. I was getting them off, and in turn, I was getting myself off. But within the first five days, we talked so much that I started to get comfortable. They seemed harmless enough, and I didn't think talking about small things like work troubles or my apartment search would lead to anything ominous. Even though I am breaking my number one rule.

No. Personal. Details.

"Yeah, that pause tells me a lot."

"Hush, it's fine."

"Clara!" Oof, the real name. Her face is serious now as she bores into my soul through the screen. "These people are strangers. You don't know them. You don't even know this person's name, whether they're a guy or a woman. You don't know where they live or their criminal record!"

"Why do you automatically think anyone watching porn has a criminal record?"

"I don't! I'm just saying you never know! You need to ask questions."

"Oh, that'll go over well. Like, yes, I am more than happy to message you, but I just need to run a quick background check. Get back to you in three to five business days!"

Her head falls forward, and she pinches the bridge of her nose between her thumb and forefinger. I can see the smile tugging at her lips as she tries her hardest not to find this situation funny.

“Please be careful, kitty cat.”

Just then, a message pops up on my screen. The butterflies kick into overdrive in my stomach, and my heart speeds up. I can’t help the grin that pulls at my lips. God, I should not be reacting this way to a stranger. A stranger I know literally nothing about.

“I have to go!” I tell her. “Work calls. Maybe next time.”

Before she can fight back, I’m hanging up and opening the app, where I know they’re waiting on me to respond. Maybe Vanessa is right. Maybe I do need to try and get a little more information from this person. For all the times I’ve told them things about me, they’ve never once reciprocated. Even when we’re playing, they ask me what I’m wearing, but if I ever ask them, it’s all deflection. It’s kind of impressive how I never get even a morsel of information out of them.

MxLeo83: Miss me?

I chew on my lip.

URBaby2000: Never. Didn’t even notice the time.

MxLeo83: Are you busy?

URBaby2000: Never too busy for my best customer ;)

MxLeo83: What would it take to be your only customer?

I stare at my phone screen, my stomach burning with anxiety. I’m light-headed from excitement. God, I know better than this. I shouldn’t be putting myself in a position where I rely on just one person. They could decide at any time to cut me off, and I’d be right back where I started.

URBaby2000: I don’t think that’s a possibility. I think it would cost you too much. Plus, how do I know you won’t just get sick of me?

MxLeo83: I could never get sick of you, doll face. You’re perfect.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

A notification makes my phone vibrate. Five hundred dollars has been deposited.

MxLeo83: Maybe you could show me more of you.

URBaby2000: You've seen pretty much all of me lol I don't think there's anything left unless you want to give me a pap.

MxLeo83: There's your face.

URBaby2000: I think you'd have to give me a lot more for me to show my face, Leo.

I don't know if that's their name; it's probably their sign or something. But I can't be bothered to type out their entire username every time. And I'm not one to come up with cute little nicknames. They call me doll face, and I call them Leo.

MxLeo83: I wish you'd stop calling me that. It's not my name.

URBaby2000: You could tell me your name.

MxLeo83: You can call me yours.

URBaby2000: Cute.

MxLeo83: What will it cost me to see your face?

I don't even know what to say. My rational brain tells me there isn't a price. Because I should *not* be showing my face to anyone. No personal information, and no showing my face. You never know what kind of creep is behind the screen, and I don't want to end up on *Dateline* or some true crime podcast.

MxLeo83: How about you think about it? Name your price, doll face. Don't be shy. I'm a little busy tonight, though, so I have to go.

Oh. That's never happened before. We've barely been talking for ten minutes, and they've paid for thirty.



URBaby2000: We'll add the minutes on to your next session?

MxLeo83: Have you not realized yet that money is not an issue with me? Keep it. Get yourself that new apartment. Stop going to work smelling like last night's pizza. And make sure you touch yourself thinking about me tonight. Text me when you've finished.

They sign off before I can respond. Well, that was a little disappointing. I've started looking forward to our conversations, especially the ones where we talk about stupid shit not related to sex. Don't get me wrong, I love orgasms as much as the next girl. But when you're the one getting yourself off over and over again, it's a nice change of pace to have someone seem actually interested in you and not just how hard you can make them come.

I recognize the signs. I'm getting attached. Dangerously so. I've given this person far more information on myself than I should have. But there's just something about them that makes me want to open up. I think about them throughout the day, wondering what their life looks like outside of our messages. What do they do for a living to make so much money?

"Fine!" I groan out loud before texting Vanessa. A little night out won't hurt me, and I need to stop spending so much time alone with strangers on the internet.

## CHAPTER 6



**I DON'T KNOW** why I'm standing here.

It's fucking cold outside. Why the fuck would anyone ever want to live in Boston? It's October, and it's already shriveling my metaphorical balls. I was hoping to get a glance at her through the windows, but she's smart and has the curtains drawn. I can see her walking around up there, though, passing from one side of the apartment to the other.

I was late messaging her today because I got distracted with moving in to my new place. My *temporary* place. I should've brought Lucy. Everything would've gone so much smoother, but then I wouldn't have had anyone back in Malibu to manage the business and keep my house occupied. I don't like leaving it completely unattended. A vacant nest is left vulnerable.

But once everything was settled, I decided to come check out her place, talking to her as I made my way across the city. She isn't too far from my place — only took me about fifteen minutes to get here. But the difference in buildings could not be more black-and-white.

The lights flick off, and I figure she must be going to bed. I told her to touch herself and to message me when she was done. Pulling my coat tighter around my body, I lean back against the dingy brick building and wait to hear from her. I even open my phone to check and make sure I haven't missed anything yet.

But then the side entrance opens, and out she walks.

This is the first time I've seen her face outside of pictures her father gave me. She looks so different. Her blonde hair is now a bright blue, french braided in two rows that end in cute little buns. She's dressed...different from how I imagined. In all of her videos and pictures, she wears dark, sexy

lingerie. Edgy, almost. But what she's wearing now? It kind of takes me by surprise.

It's a tight denim-looking minidress paired with bright pink heels that give her an extra six inches of height between the platform and the heel. The white fur jacket she's wearing makes her look like a petite abominable snowman. But my god, she has legs for days. I want to kiss every square inch of those sexy things.

But where the fuck does she think she's going? She should be upstairs, in her bed, using a toy on that sweet little clit while she imagines it's my mouth. And here she is, dressed to the fucking nines, walking down the street. Where the actual fuck is she going?

Once she's a safe distance away, I start to follow her. She's fast in those heels, walking down the sidewalk like she's in a rush. Is she going out on a date? In all of the research I've had done on her, I didn't find a single partner. There's no one but her on the lease, and she doesn't have any co-signers on any of her credit cards. And, fuck, does she have a lot of them.

She's never mentioned a partner in all the times we've talked, not that she would, I guess. Probably not the best thing to advertise when you're trying to make money in the way she does. But surely there would've been some sign. She would've slipped, or I would've seen some sort of information on the person somewhere.

The amount of rage and jealousy I feel when I think about her with someone else is all-consuming. I get tunnel vision as I follow her, fully prepared to use the knife I have strapped to my ankle if I need to. I wasn't going to reveal myself to her tonight. I was going to toy with her first. But if she is meeting up with someone, I won't hesitate to take care of it.

Just a few blocks later, she enters a bar that's packed full of people. I give it a couple of minutes, and then I walk inside. Thank god. Warmth. How do people live with this? It should not be this cold in fucking October.

The bar itself isn't too crowded — not surprising, seeing as it's a Wednesday night — but I try to keep myself away from her eyesight. I sit at the bar and order a Coke. I haven't drunk in years. After one night of blacking out completely, I decided alcohol wasn't for me. I'm not a fan of feeling out of control.

Clara is sitting with two other people, a girl who honestly kind of reminds me of Lucy and a guy who is very clearly smitten with her. The girl is wearing a bright, shiny diamond on her left ring finger, so this must be her

friend that she works with. I breathe a sigh of relief until a man walks out of the back hallway and sits *right* next to Clara.

The bartender sits my Coke down in front of me, and I grip it until I'm afraid I might break the glass in my hand. Who the fuck is this guy? He stretches, and then his arm just so happens to rest behind her on the back of her chair. Her cheeks blush, and she shuffles in her seat. She is clearly uncomfortable.

And then I remember I have a direct line to her. I can message her. I can play with her in public. Grinning to myself, I pull my phone out of my back pocket and quickly open the app. Once she knows I can see her, I don't want her looking around to try and find where I'm sitting. So I'm going to have to be sneaky.

MxLeo83: Why haven't I heard from you? Shouldn't you be touching yourself to thoughts of me?

I hit Send and then watch her out of the corner of my eye. She must feel it vibrate in her little purse she's carrying, and when she tugs it out, her cheeks flush an even deeper shade of red. Her friend leans forward and says something to Clara that she shakes off.

URBaby2000: I'm busy watching a movie. Nothing like a little delayed gratification, right?

Now she's lying. And I won't fucking stand for it.

MxLeo83: Don't lie to me, Clara.

Her face falls as she stares at the screen, and every ounce of color flushes away. Now she knows. She knows that I know her name, who she is. Now the fun can really begin.

## CHAPTER 7

*Clara*

“WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?” Vanessa asks loud enough for the entire table to hear. The stupid date they set me up on turns his head toward me, and his eyebrows pinch together.

“Nothing. I’m fine.” I am not fine. They know my name. MxLeo83 knows my fucking name. And what’s worse, they know I’m not in my apartment. That means they have eyes on me.

I think I’m going to be sick. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Where did I go wrong? How did they find me? I’ve never, ever shown them my face. I’ve never told them my name or even what part of the country I live in. How could they have pinpointed Boston, let alone what *part* of Boston I’m in?

URBaby2000: How do you know my name?

I place my phone down on the table, screen down. I’m too afraid to look at what they’ll say next. Ignoring the people at my table, I scan the bar. If they can see me, they have to be in here or just outside. Or, shit, maybe they’re waiting outside my apartment. Maybe they saw me leave and are waiting on me to come back.

My phone buzzes, and I flip it over.

MxLeo83: I know a lot more than your name, doll face. I know you live at 113B West 54th Street above Carlo’s Pizza. I know you work at the coffee shop on Guilford Ave. You’re a Gemini, born on June 17th. And you’re currently out with friends, sitting next to a man who you have no interest in because he’s not me.

URBaby2000: You don’t know that.

MxLeo83: I do, Clara. Because you're only interested in me.

URBaby2000: You're a fucking psychopath. Leave me alone.

MxLeo83: I couldn't do that even if I wanted to, doll face. You're mine.

URBaby2000: I am not yours. Leave me the fuck alone.

MxLeo83: Tsk, tsk, Clara.

I stand up quickly, sending the chair backward until it lands loudly on the sticky wooden floor. Everyone looks at me, even those who aren't at my table. I feel sick. This cannot be happening.

"Clara." Vanessa's voice cuts through the panic. "What is wrong?"

"Uh." I look over at her, back at my phone, and then at her again. "Nothing, I just...I got a text from my dad. I need to go."

I grab my phone from the table, and Vanessa's hand lands on top of mine, halting my movements.

"Your dad is dead."

Oh, yeah. I forgot I keep telling people that.

"Yeah." I laugh uneasily. "Which makes this all the more shocking. I have to go."

Before she can say anything else, I am booking it the fuck out of that bar. I don't know if my little stalker is in there or if they're across the street. Clearly, they're not waiting for me at my apartment since they could see who I was sitting with. So I run outside, and there are no cabs. Of course there aren't. It's a Wednesday night, and I'm in one of the slowest parts of the city.

The only other thing in my little purse is mace and my keys. I pull them both out, keeping my phone tucked into the pocket of my coat. The door key is in between my fingers, ready to stab someone in the eye, while my mace is fisted firmly in my other hand, my thumb ready to press the button. If I can just make it home, I can lock my door and hide until I can figure out what to do.

Fuck, what am I going to do? This person was my main source of income. I was going to get a new apartment and pay off all my debts. They were the key to me getting out of this rut I've found myself in. And now it's a random



Wednesday night, and I'm running home from the bar in Bratz doll heels like some kind of crazy person.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, and I turn around to check my surroundings. I don't see anyone suspicious. It doesn't seem like there's anyone following me. And it's not like there's a lot of places to hide on a city street. Sure, it's dark outside, and there are alleyways every so often, but the street is very well lit. There are a decent amount of people walking around, so I'm not alone, and no one seems to be *watching* me.

So where the fuck is this person?

My phone vibrates again. I don't have a spare hand, and I don't intend on putting down either weapon just to check my phone. It's either mystery person, or it's Vanessa trying to figure out why the hell I just dipped on her after a whole five minutes. I'll explain it to her later, but right now, I just want to get home.

Carlo's Pizza is a welcome sight, and I hurry to open the side door, lock it behind me, and then run up the stairs. I make it into my apartment, lock the door, and slide down onto the floor. I'm too afraid to even turn on a light at this point. So instead, I just listen. I listen to hear if they're trying to break in, if they've followed me. Can they pick the lock? Fuck.

I stand back up and link the chain lock. Then, I grab an old wooden chair that I keep around to reach things and shove it under the doorknob. At this point, I'm wondering if I should call the cops. But what are they even going to do? It's not like they could find them just by their username. Maybe the website could help me?

That's what I'll do. I'll report them to the website tomorrow and try to get them blocked from my profile. Maybe they'll even block them from the whole site so that they can't do this again. God, I knew this was a bad idea. I should've just stayed in my little bubble of credit card debt and been thankful I had a roof over my head.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, and now that I'm home, I pull it out. I have a few missed messages from Vanessa, asking me if everything is okay. She wants to know when I make it home, so I quickly text her back and let her know. I tell her I'll explain everything tomorrow at work.

And then I open the messages from MxLeo83. There's only one.

MxLeo83: You like to be chased, Clara? Because I'm more than willing.

My body reacts, flushing hot and cold with fear. And shame. Because behind all that fear is a sliver of excitement.

I drop my phone and cry.

## CHAPTER 8

*Clara*

**WHEN I WAS A KID**, I swore my grandmother's house was haunted.

She lived in an old country home in France, with so many staircases and rooms you could get lost for hours. When I found myself in a dark hallway, the rooms around me closed and draped, the portraits on the walls seemed to follow me with their eyes. The floorboards would creak with each step, and I could feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.

And at night, when I would lie down in my room, I would listen to the ticking of the clock and the clicking of the settling house. I felt eyes on me all the time. My feet stayed tucked tightly under the covers because I was afraid if any part of me was out from under them, something would grab me. And I couldn't turn over because having my back to any part of the room was terrifying.

Eyes were always on me. I could feel them. Constantly.

And that's how I feel now. It's been three days of this. Panicked walking to and from work, triple-checking that my door and windows are locked. Anyone on the street could be someone watching me, following me. I'm running on fumes, only getting a few hours of sleep a night, broken up by panic-inducing nightmares.

I contacted the website, and they took immediate action, banning my stalker from the entire site while scrubbing their entire profile. But that didn't stop them from still finding a way to contact me. Not that I should be shocked. They found my name and where I live, so finding my phone number probably wasn't the hardest thing for them.

Unknown Number: You reported me? Smart girl. I'm glad to see you're finally taking your safety seriously.

Unknown Number: For future reference, I think you should steer clear of using your birth year in your usernames.

Unknown Number: Don't ignore me, doll face. I know you're home right now. I know you're reading these messages. Talk to me.

Unknown Number: That pink sweater looks beautiful with your eyes, Clara, baby.

I finally texted them back, disturbed by how close they must actually be to me.

Clara: Leave me alone. Please. I'm not interested.

Unknown Number: Of course you are, doll face. You are far more interested than you think you are. Tell me, when you walked home Wednesday night, did that little slice of fear lead to something more? A little excitement, maybe?

How they knew that about me, I don't know. But it threw my nerves into overdrive. How could they possibly know that I was feeling more than fear? Even I didn't understand where that came from.

Clara: Please, leave me alone. I'm begging you. Leave me alone.

I shouldn't have even interacted with them. I should have blocked their number. But that little thread of excitement, that little secret part of me that was curious as to *why me*, couldn't stop my fingers from answering.

Unknown Number: That's not begging, doll face. But I will have you on your knees for me soon. I bet you'll look so pretty, those gorgeous eyes of yours looking up at me, tearing up because you need me so badly. I can't wait to hear you beg me to fuck you.

Unknown Number: You've gone quiet, my sweet girl. Where have you gone?

Unknown Number: For someone who took their clothes off so readily for me before, you've gone quite shy on me now.

Unknown Number: Play with me, doll face.

Unknown Number: Look, I didn't want to have to take drastic measures. But I will, Clara. If you force my hand.

I shove my phone back in my pocket, ignoring their latest threat, and serve the next customer in line. I'm on autopilot, making coffee and warming pastries. It's Saturday, and we are busy as hell. Vanessa doesn't work today, and I'm thankful for the break. She's insisting I need to contact the police, but what are they going to do?

When the line finally dwindles, I start cleaning up behind the counter while the other two people working with me make sure the tables are cleaned and the trash isn't overflowing. God, I feel like I'm walking through mud, my movements slow and agonizing. I need some fucking sleep.

"Could I have another black drip, please?" I look up at the person on the other side of the bar and try my hardest to look awake. They're beautiful, with shocking blue eyes and black hair that's pulled up and away from their face, showing off the shaved sides. I blink myself back into my body.

"Yeah, of course. Size?"

They grin.

"Regular, please."

"Having a good weekend so far?" I ask, looking over my shoulder at them. I catch them staring at my ass, and even though I'm too exhausted to fully enjoy it, it does give me a little confidence boost. Who doesn't like an insanely attractive human giving them some attention?

"Sorry." They clear their throat and do their best to look sheepish for being caught. "Yeah, it's okay. Just in town for a little bit for some work stuff. Needed a hefty dose of caffeine to get me going."

"Here you go." I slide the coffee to their side of the counter and catch myself staring again. They're taller than me, which isn't hard, seeing as I'm just over five foot on a good day, and there's just something about them that draws me in. "Enjoying your visit?"

"Mm," they hum, taking a long sip of their coffee. The steam fogs their glasses for a moment. "It's been okay. Bit cold for my liking."

"Welcome to New England." I try to give them my friendliest smile. I

don't mind small talk; it's a really big part of the job. But when I'm this tired, I really struggle to care at all about the weather.

"You look like you could use some coffee yourself. Rough day?"

"Rough few days," I complain with a groan. "Luckily, my shift ends soon, though."

"Hope you get some sleep." They glance at my name tag. "Have a good weekend, Clara."

The rest of my shift passes quickly, with stolen glances at the raven-haired beauty in the corner. I take a deep breath and look up at the clock. I only have one more hour to go. Vanessa has convinced me to go to her home after my shift to get some good sleep and stay for the rest of the weekend. She wants me to stay longer, even going as far as insisting I move in until I can find a new place. But I'm not going to be that person.

Her fiancé is great, and I know they would both be very welcoming to me, but I don't want to be a burden. When I left my family behind to start a new life, I was adamant that I would not take charity from anyone. I would figure this life shit out on my own, and this is no different.

I'll take them up on the stay for the weekend. It can be a chance for me to get my head back on straight, get some decent sleep, and start next week with a plan. I just keep telling myself that if I can get some sleep, everything will be okay. I can find a new apartment, somehow make getting naked online more safe for myself, and then hopefully ditch this person once and for all.

## CHAPTER 9





**I WAIT** for a few minutes to pass after she's left the coffee shop before I start walking toward her apartment.

She's on edge, as she should be, and I don't want her to turn around and see a familiar face now that we've officially met. I like how she looked at me, her eyes widening at mine with interest. See, doll face? How easy it would be to fall for me if you would just give me the chance?

When I arrive outside of her building, I take up residence in my favorite spot. There's a little alleyway that lets me hide from the main street, but I can still see the front windows of her apartment. The curtains are still drawn, so I open my phone instead.

She went to work on Thursday, and while she was away, I snuck into her apartment to plant some cameras. I knew I needed to keep an eye on her, make sure her father or his little cronies didn't get to her first and steal her out from under my nose.

I still don't know how she's managed to live in this hellhole for so long. From the moment I stepped inside, my nose was assaulted with the lingering smell of garlic from downstairs, mixed with about eight different lavender candles. It must be her scent of choice for trying to disguise where she lives.

And on top of that, everything in the apartment was slapped with pale, feminine colors. It was an absolute riot of baby pinks, pale purples, and soft blues. She had old furniture, vintage, but it somehow worked. It was very... Clara. I wouldn't have expected anything less from her. I could tell she had really tried to make the place feel like her home.

As I flick through all of the cameras, I realize she isn't in her little pink palace. I have one in her bedroom that covers it wall to wall, two in the living

room area so that I can see her if she moves to the kitchen, and one in the bathroom. For her safety, obviously. I'm not into piss play.

And every single one is empty. Where the fuck has she gone?

My immediate reaction is to text her, but she isn't responding to me anymore. At this point, I'm pretty sure she's blocked my number. That's okay, I'll just go get another burner from my apartment. In the meantime, Jules can track her phone to tell me where she is.

The phone only rings once before she picks up.

"You need to give me something to tell her father," she says by way of greeting. "He's breathing down my neck. Any closer, I'll smell his breath."

"I need you to track her phone."

After a beat of silence. "You've lost her?"

"I haven't lost her. She's just not home, and I showed her my face today, so...I couldn't follow her as closely."

"You lost her."

"Okay, fine, yes. I've lost her. Now it's your job to find her again." I can hear her groaning. "Stop that. Tell the father I'll have word for him by next weekend. Tell the bastard to give me the fucking week."

"Should I use the colorful additives you did?"

"If you think it adds flavor."

"It does. I'll track the girl. Don't do anything stupid."



I should've known she'd go to Vanessa's. Clara looked rough at work today, and I know it's partly my fault. But if she would just *listen* to me, everything would be fine, and she could get some fucking sleep. There were

little blue bags under her eyes that dimmed her freckles, one of my favorite things about her. I hate doing this to her.

But she still has all of her stuff at her own apartment, which makes me think she's only here for a night or two. Maybe to escape being followed and get some peace and quiet before going back. Maybe she's trying to come up with a plan, or maybe she's trying to lose me.

Me: A game of hide and seek? How thrilling, doll face. You've made your move, now it's my turn.

I lock my phone and shove it into my back pocket. I don't expect her to respond anytime soon. If Vanessa is a good friend, she will have made Clara put her phone up or turn it off to get some rest. And as I stand outside, smoking a cigarette far enough away from the entrance to be polite, I'm suddenly very thankful that Clara has a rich friend. Because while my girl thought she was running in the opposite direction of me, she's actually walked right into the same building I'm currently calling home.

My phone vibrates, and my heart rate escalates. She makes my stomach swoop and my hands get clammy. I could barely keep my cool with her today in the coffee shop. Every time she looked my way, I wanted to bend her over the counter and show everyone that she's mine. I've never had this kind of reaction to someone before. She's stolen all my rational thoughts.

Clara: Look, either nut up or shut up. I'm tired of the mind games. I need sleep. Either do whatever it is you want, or leave me the fuck alone.

I can't even attempt to hide the smile that grows. Look at her, being all brave for me. I knew she could do it. Sitting just seventeen floors above me now is my Clara, hiding away in her best friend's apartment while I plan my little surprise tonight.

## CHAPTER 10

*Clara*

**I ROLL** over in bed and realize the entire room is pitch-black. I must've fallen asleep after receiving the last text from my stalker, who has changed their number...again. It doesn't matter how many times I block them, they just grab another burner and start all over again.

Groaning, I roll over in the very fluffy spare bed of Vanessa's and search for my phone in the mountain of covers. I'm guessing they've left already for the party her fiancé was invited to. She told me they may not even come back if they end up getting too drunk. Must be nice to have friends in high places with big houses and endless rooms for your rich friends. God, I sound bitter.

Finally, my fingertips find my phone stuffed under the pillow next to me. The bright light momentarily blinds me until I can lower the brightness and check for any missed messages. There's one from Vanessa, telling me they've left and let me sleep because they could hear me snoring through the door.

"I don't snore," I whisper to no one.

And then I see one from my stalker that makes my blood run cold.

Unknown Number: You look so sweet when you're sleeping.

I type back quickly.

Me: What the fuck? Leave me alone!

And that's when I hear it. A small vibration in the room. I quickly put my phone against my chest, hiding the light as I try to peer out into the darkness. Vanessa's apartment is massive, including the rooms inside it, which means there could easily be someone in here in the shadows that I can't see. But that

would be insane, right? They would've had to break in and bypass the alarm.

I'm too scared to move, so I just lie here and try to breathe. My heart is thumping in my ears, and my throat is dry. They can't be in the room. There's no way. I'm going insane. This person has me paralyzed with fear, hearing and seeing things. Because I swear I just saw a small light in the corner of the room, off to the right of the bed.

And then my phone vibrates. Slowly, I lift it from my chest and swipe open the message from my stalker.

Unknown Number: You didn't hide very well, Clara.

Unknown Number: I found you.

Unknown Number: And I think you owe me a show.

My body betrays me as my thighs clench together. I should not find this so arousing. It's like my body *wants* to be stalked and watched by this person.

Unknown Number: Can you touch yourself for me, Clara?

My brain is screaming for me to get up and run out of here. Surely I could make it to the door before they could. And after that, I know the apartment layout better. Maybe I could dial 911 before I even move; that way, they'll have my location before I'm even out of danger. They could be on the way before the stalker even knows I'm trying to escape.

The dim light in the corner of the room comes on again, and I try my hardest not to cry, not to be so obvious that I know they're here. But I need to know what they look like. Are they a man or a woman? Are they stronger than me? Taller? Faster? But all I can see is the little bit of light...and their eyes.

Unknown Number: Ah, ah, ah, Clara. No running. I saw the way the blankets moved when I asked you to touch yourself. You're wet between those thighs, aren't you?

Me: No. Leave me alone. Please.

Unknown Number: Touch yourself, Clara. And I'll leave. Scout's honor.

They think they're fucking funny. But my clit is throbbing, and my insides are aching. My nipples are rubbing roughly against the soft fabric of my T-shirt. Everything feels heightened, and against my better judgment, I slowly dip my hand down into my panties. I ask myself over and over again what the fuck I'm doing, but everything feels so good I can't stop.

It's a heightened version of touching myself online. I like being watched and hearing all the nice things people have to say about my body and what it's doing to their own. So this is just a more dangerous version, and knowing they could take a handful of steps and rip the covers off my body... Fuck. I'm so wet.

Unknown Number: Listen to you, already almost whimpering. I knew you'd love it.

Unknown Number: Kick off those covers, Clara. Let me see you.

I obey immediately, kicking the covers to the side and letting them watch my hand move under the cotton fabric of my underwear. My fingertips run circles around my clit before dipping inside, stretching me in all the perfect spots. I repeat this over and over again, until the warmth builds to an unbearable heat.

Unknown Number: Take your panties off.

I groan at the interruption but shove them down nonetheless before spreading my legs wide. My eyes have finally adjusted to the darkness, letting me see more of the things around me. Now I can see their outline in the corner. It looks like they're dressed all in black, and when they open their phone again to text me, their eyes are staring straight back into mine.

Even from here, I can see they're a ghostly shade of blue, made even brighter by the mask they're wearing over their face. Only the eyes are visible, making me even hotter. Fuck, I like that mask. I like that I can be so close to them, in the same room, with something illuminating their face, and yet I still don't know who they are.

Unknown Caller: Such a pretty pussy. I wish I could taste you.

The arousal clouds my judgment and makes me bold.

Me: Come taste me then.

My fingers dip back inside in a steady rhythm while the heel of my hand rubs roughly against my clit. I don't stop watching them. I don't dare. It's fucked-up, but I'm on the edge, ready to fall over while they stand watch in the darkness. My stalker doesn't move, just reads the text, types something, and then goes back to watching. I feel my phone vibrate, but I'm so close. Too close to stop.

My mouth drops open, and I fight the urge to close my eyes. I want them to know I'm watching them, getting off *to them*. And I want to make sure they keep watching me. Heat spreads through my stomach and down my legs. I take a few deep breaths to settle my body as I fall into the orgasm, my toes curling and heart racing.

But once it's finished, the high is gone, and I'm back lying in a bed with a stalker in the corner. The shame hits, and the fear, which I feel never left, roars back to life. I slowly lift my phone as it vibrates again.

Unknown Number: Demanding little thing.

Unknown Number: Now be a good girl and close your eyes.

I'm not sure what's going to happen next, but I'm too afraid to take my eyes off them. There's a whisper in the back of my mind, telling me I should be terrified, that they might hurt me or kill me. I don't know this person, and I should be afraid.

But I don't think that's what they want. I think they just want me. I don't think they have any intentions of hurting me whatsoever.

The shadow moves as they begin to stalk toward my bed. My heart is pounding so loud I'm sure they can hear it. They're much taller than me, and while they're all dressed in black, with no skin exposed, I can still see that they're strong. Not a bodybuilder, but they could definitely take me if I tried to fight back. Adrenaline spikes, and my vision clouds.

Their gloved hand reaches out and takes my own, slipping my fingers from between my thighs. Their other hand lifts their mask up over their mouth, only enough that I can see the sharp jaw and feminine shape of their lips. They part as my fingers slip between them, and their tongue, warm and wet, licks the cum from my fingers. I feel their tongue piercing, and my clit throbs again.



A soft moan escapes them, but other than that, they say nothing as they place my hand back on the bed and pull their mask back into place with a grin. Their blue eyes watch me from behind the mask as they walk backward into the darkness. I hear them turn the doorknob, and then a small light from the hallway leaks into my room before they slip out and pull it shut.

A few seconds later, my phone vibrates, and I jump.

Unknown Number: Until next time, doll face.

## CHAPTER 11

Clara

**IT'S BEEN** days since what I'm referring to as *the incident* happened. I snuck out the next morning before Vanessa got home, too worried she would see it written all over my face.

My fall from grace.

But I've tried to put it behind me, ignoring the constant messages from my stalker. I gave up on trying to block their numbers because it wasn't working anyway. Instead, I just give it a brief look and then swipe it away. Out of sight, out of mind. And I have to start making money again. Ever since my stalker came into the picture, I had stopped making videos or going live. Which has really had my finances take a hit.

I refuse to go back to ramen for every meal. So I pull out my tripod and organize my little setup. Everything always happens on my bed since it's the nicest part of the apartment. I've got fairy lights behind the headboard and soft lighting all around to set the mood. I fluff my sheets and comforter and then start to pull my hair out of the tight braids.

I refreshed the color a few days ago, making the color more of a navy instead of teal, and it's finally time to give it a good wash. My scalp is going to thank me after making my hair stiff with dry shampoo. Just as I'm about to hop into the shower, my phone goes off.

Unknown Number: What the fuck do you think you're doing?

It's the most recent of tens and tens of messages that have gone unanswered. But this one confuses me. What are they talking about?

Me: Excuse me?

Unknown Number: The set up. The shower. What the fuck do you think you're doing? Not making a video, that's for goddamn sure.

How—?

My stomach sinks to my butt and falls right through the floor and down into the pizza shop below. They know that I'm getting ready to stream. The only way they would know that is if they can see me, but all of my curtains are pulled shut — have been since they revealed they know where I live. So...

Me: Can you fucking see me?

Unknown Number: You are not going to get naked for other people, Clara. You are mine. No one else gets to see your body now that I've claimed it.

I laugh out loud, an unamused cackle as I step back into my bedroom. They must have snuck in here, picked the lock somehow, and installed cameras. How the fuck else would they be able to see me right now.

“Listen here, you little fuck!” I shout as I look around my room. “You don't own me! I will do whatever the hell I want! Whatever the hell I need to do to survive! Just...fuck off!”

In a rage, I storm back into my bathroom and crank the shower up as hot as I can stand it. I want to burn the eyes of my stalker off my skin. The little fucking shit just breaking into my life whenever they feel like it! Making me come and then disappearing except for random meaningless texts throughout the day.

My head is a fucking mess. I can't decide if I'm afraid or turned on. There's a really big part of me that actually *misses* them. I want them to come back, sneak into my room again, and touch me this time. I want them to take off their mask and show me that beautiful face. I want to feel what that tongue piercing can do. I've heard stories...

But it's not right. I shouldn't feel this way. You're not supposed to fall for your stalker or want them around. I should be going to the cops or moving and cutting ties with anything that could help them trace me. And yet here I am, shouting at cameras that I don't even know whether or not they exist. I'm entertaining this fucking psycho because my traitorous pussy is excited by it all.

I feel like I could cry, but I refuse to give them the satisfaction. I will not cry. I'm going to finish my shower, put on some sexy lingerie, and make a goddamn video. I'm going to make some fucking money without the help of my stalker.



When I'm finally dressed and ready, I check my phone one more time, surprised to find they haven't texted me. I guess my screaming at nothing actually did the trick. Shit, maybe there are some secret cameras hidden around my apartment. Guess that's going to be the next thing I have to take care of.

People tune in quickly as I go live, and I give everyone a few minutes to join before things really get started. I talk to everyone, thank them for joining, and tease them with small touches until the money starts coming in fast. Tips are sent in quickly, making my total hit \$100 within the first five minutes.

I focus on watching the screen, making sure as I touch myself that my face doesn't slip into the line of the camera. It's easy to get my body ready. All I have to do is imagine it's *them* touching me instead of my own hands. I refuse to let it get to me that I'm getting off on an unknown person.

"Hey there, doll face."

My eyes fly open and land on the person dressed all in black standing in my bedroom doorway. My heartbeat kicks up to a point I think I might pass out. I'm frozen, one hand between my thighs and the other playing with my nipples. They're still wearing their mask and gloves, leaving everything covered but their pretty blue eyes.

In this light, I can see they've painted black around the holes in their mask, and their eyelashes have been coated with a white mascara. It gives them a dangerous look, one that excites and terrifies me at the same time. I see their lips move into a smile behind that mask, and heat floods my body.

"Ah, ah," they say as I reach out toward my phone, ready to turn it off. "What was it you said?"

They move from my doorway in slow, measured steps as they look around my room. I can see the comments flooding in as more and more people join, but I'm too afraid to take my eyes off the intruder.

"I don't own you?" I can see them smile from behind their mask. "And you'll do whatever the fuck you want? So do it."

## CHAPTER 12



**SHE'S** like a little bird caught in my cage. She really didn't think I'd show up here after her little outburst, and really, I shouldn't have. But it turned me on, seeing her stand up for herself like that. Her cheeks turned pink from anger, and her arms were flailing all over the place as she let out her frustrations.

I was going to give her some more time after what happened at her friend's apartment, let her have a few more days to adjust to the fact that I'm in her life now. I was keeping my distance, sending her the odd text here and there while watching her watch movies and eat far too much takeout. I don't think the girl has eaten a single vegetable in the past week.

But as she dips her pretty little fingers back into her cunt, I'm reminded of just how fucking sweet she tasted the other day. I was really just going to have her close her eyes as I slipped out and left her to get some sleep. But when she wouldn't look away, being so brave as she stared me down, I couldn't help myself.

"You're just going to watch?"

"Why?" I smile. "Do you want me to touch you?"

Her eyes flit to the phone and then back to me. She's clearly unsure as to what's going to happen here, and I love it.

"Continue the show, doll face. I'll join if I feel so inclined."

After a second of hesitation, she does. I open the app on my phone and join in the live viewing. I want to see what these people are saying about my girl, and fuck, these people are filthy. The things they're saying are the things I want to do to her. But seeing other people express it has me seeing red.

Glancing up, I see just when she starts to feel it. Her head drops back,



letting her newly darkened hair fall over her shoulders. Tsk tsk. She's showing too much of herself, getting sloppy and letting pieces of herself be discovered when she used to be so careful. But — fuck — does she look good doing it. Her breasts are exposed, her pink hardened nipples begging for my mouth as she tugs on them roughly.

She's not left any toys out this time, only using her fingers to tease her to orgasm. But I don't think it's doing it for her because when her eyes open, they land pleadingly on my own.

"Please," she whispers.

She can't see it, but I raise a brow.

"Please what?" My eyes roam up and down her desperate body. Her waist is tight and tucked while her hips flare out into the sexiest curves that my teeth want to bite. "Say it."

I knew she'd cave. I knew I would have her begging for it.

"Please, help me." Her voice is a little louder now, just above a whimper, and as her fingers stroke her clit in circles, she gives in and moans. "Touch me, stalker."

I laugh to myself at the nickname, leaning further back in the chair as I adjust my hips and struggle not to run across the room to her. I want her to be absolutely wild for it. I need to see the sheer agony in her eyes before I touch her this time. I want her on her fucking knees for me.

"That's not my name, princess."

"Tell me what to call you so that I can beg for it properly."

"What a good girl."

The comments are going wild on her live, asking over and over again who's in the room with her, if they'll get to see us together. They all want to know if someone is going to fuck her on-screen for all of them to see.

"Hmm," I hum. "It depends how I feel on the day, princess. But you can call me your Daddy for now."

"Please fuck me, Daddy," she all but fucking purrs in my direction. And that's all it takes for me to lose the battle. I'm a fucking goner for her, and she knows it.

Her smile grows as I stand, her bottom lip tucked under her straight white teeth as she watches me. Little minx. She knows exactly what she's doing. But if I'm going to do this right and make sure she enjoys every fucking second, I'm going to need her relaxed. I want her to feel every sweet second of it as I use her body like my own personal toy.

There's a scarf lying on her dresser, and I pick it up and shake it out before stepping in front of the camera, blocking the view. She looks up at me, a lot of trust in those doe eyes for someone with a stalker in their bedroom. This close, I can see the flecks of green shine brightly in her otherwise brown eyes. Her hands leave her own body and reach out for mine. The second she touches me, I feel heat spread through my muscles. My thighs flex, and my stomach tightens as they explore from my hips and over my stomach.

"Trust me, Clara?" I ask in a whisper so no one can hear her name.

She nods and digs her fingers into my back, pulling me a step closer. I wrap the scarf around her eyes, making sure that a section of the thin fabric drapes over the rest of her face, obscuring it from view. Now they won't see anything they haven't before. And when I'm done, I lean down and barely brush our masked lips across each other's before giving her one hard shove back onto the bed.

She gasps but doesn't try to sit back up. My girl lies there, so obedient, so fucking perfect. Her tits bounce as she adjusts, and then I dip to my knees, letting the camera take in the new view. I glance back, making sure they can see everything before I spread her thighs.

Her panties are made of a thin, pink lace, and I rip them easily from her body. Another sweet gasp falls from her lips and spurs me on. Even through my mask, I can smell her sweet scent, like candy and sex that I can't wait to have on my lips. My gloved fingertips leave imprints in her pale flesh as I spread her wider for me and the audience behind me. Fuck, her pussy is so pink and perfect, glistening with her arousal *for me*. She's puffy and swollen, ready for me to push her over the edge. I look up at her through my lashes.

"Ready?"

## **CHAPTER 13**

*Clara*

**I RAISE** up on my elbows to look down at them between my thighs while also giving the camera a better view of my body. I glance up, barely being able to see through the bottom of the thin fabric, and the only thing the camera can see of our special guest is the back of their masked head. But I can already see the comments and tips going crazy on the screen.

They're loving it. And so am I.

Finally, I look down at the person between my legs. Their mask is still on, and their eyes are locked on me, waiting for an answer. I bite my lip and nod. I feel crazy, letting my stalker get this close to me — touch me. But there's a part of it all that feels so right, like it was going to happen at some point in our lives anyway. Like it was meant to happen, even if this is the most bizarre thing to ever happen to me.

They pull their mask up to rest on top of their nose and then take a deep inhale as they run the tip up my inner thigh. My blood is on fire, pumping through me so quickly I'm afraid I may pass out from the teasing.

"Please," I beg again as they hover over my needy center.

"Good girl."

They grin and then descend on my clit with pinpoint accuracy. My hips thrust off the bed without my permission, seeking more friction with their lips and tongue. And then that godforsaken tongue piercing flicks against my clit, and I see stars. I can't even comprehend what I'm saying or what my body is doing. But they see me through the entire thing as they pin my hips down and lick every sweet inch of me.

Their pale blue eyes watch me, amusement flashing in them with each attempt at breaking free of their hold. Only being able to see their eyes is

exciting, sparking that sense of fear that's been my constant companion lately. I'm starting to realize that all of that was just foreplay, teasing me and testing me until I was ready to let them in.

A gloved finger slips easily inside of me as their tongue continues its assault on my clit. The tension builds higher and higher, and I can't hold myself up any longer. I fall back onto the bed, throwing my arms over my face as I struggle to make this last as long as possible. They add another finger and curl, finding that sweet spot inside of me with the same ease they found my clit.

"That's it." The vibration from their voice pushes me even closer to the edge. "That's my girl. Come for me, doll face."

The heat in my stomach sparks to life, spreading down my legs and up my spine. Like lightning, it shocks me with how fast it hits me, and I'm thrown into the best orgasm of my life. I scream out and grab hold of their mask so hard I'm afraid it might rip.

"I knew you'd sound so fucking perfect as you came on my mouth and fingers." They stand up, blocking the camera once again before turning around and messing with it. "Enough sharing. Time to turn this off for good."

I'm sweaty and spent, and anxious now that the feel-good endorphins are dying down. Because now we're truly alone, and I don't know what happens next.

"Congrats, Clara. You made almost \$2,000 for that live stream." Their raspy voice is quiet in the empty room.

"I'll split it with you if that's what you're worried about." After all, they did do half the work. I tug the scarf from my eyes and get my first good look at them.

A dark laugh escapes them before they turn around and face me again, their mask still pulled up to their nose. Their lips are wet with my release, and I watch as they slowly begin to take off their gloves. Next, they grab hold of the top of their mask and begin to pull it off.

My god, they're fucking stunning. And not only that, but I instantly recognize them.

"The coffee shop," I say, my voice struggling to make an appearance.

"I couldn't help myself."

They shrug, and their grin is ornery as hell. Between that, the sparkle of mischief in their blue eyes, and the mess of hair falling around their shoulders, I think I'm melting for my stalker.

“I’m not worried about the money, Clara. Don’t you remember how much I’ve thrown at you since the beginning?” A little dimple pops on their right cheek as they smile down at me. “But you’re not going to be doing that anymore. Understood?”

“Why?” I ask as they begin to crawl back onto the bed, hovering over my tired body.

“Why what?”

“Why me? Why can’t I do this anymore?” I gesture between myself and the camera.

“You aren’t going to do this anymore because you don’t have to. I have plenty of money to give you, Clara. Plenty of money to share. Anything you want is yours, as long as I get to keep you as mine.”

Their lips land on my own, and I don’t hesitate. I kiss them back, reaching up to grab a handful of hair to bring them closer. After all this buildup, all the teasing and torture, I want to know what their body feels like on top of mine. Before I can start, they reach down and pull off their shirt, exposing swaths of tattoos down their arms and across their chest. My free hand runs between their breasts, following the swirling lines until I reach the button of their jeans.

“Can I have a taste now?” I pop open the button and tug down the zipper. My hand immediately dips inside their underwear, hoping they’re just as affected by all of this as I am.

“Fuck, you make me so wet, Clara.”

They groan as my fingers part their slit. They’re fucking dripping, making a mess of my hand as I slip inside. The heel of my palm grinds against their clit, giving them the friction they need as I add another finger. They take it so well, rolling their hips as I thrust in and out in slow motions.

“I kind of like this,” I tell them before teasing one of their nipples through the soft fabric of their sports bra with my teeth. “Me being the one with the upper hand for once.”

Pulling my hand out from between their thighs, I bring my fingers to my lips and taste. I hum and moan around my fingers, making a show of it. After that, they make fast work of the rest of their clothes, throwing them on the floor next to the bed before climbing back on.

“I’ve dreamed of fucking this face since I first saw it.” They kiss down my jaw and then up to my lips before crawling up my body. I don’t waste any time, grabbing hold of their hips and pulling them down on my mouth.

I suck their clit into my mouth, teasing it with the tip of my tongue until they're bucking against me. I can barely breathe, taking deep gasps between the rolls of their hips. If I go down like this, though, what a fucking way to go.

"I haven't touched myself once since I first saw you," they admit. "I've been waiting until I can have you, until you can be the one that makes me come. So this is going to be short and sweet, doll face."

I'm an absolute puddle, knowing that they've watched me for months, fighting the urge to come every time they watched me. They saved this for me, and I melt because of it. Maybe having a stalker isn't so bad when they're this obsessed with you.

"Right there, baby." A sweet moan escapes them as I use the flat of my tongue with long, slow licks. "I'm going to come all over that pretty mouth, and you're going to swallow every drop."

I can't speak, so instead, I do my best to nod, eager to make this perfect for them after they've waited so long. And it doesn't take much longer after that. They shout my name, throwing their head back as their fingers grip hard onto the headboard. My face is trapped between their strong thighs as they squeeze and their stomach flexes.

Just when I think I'm going to pass out from lack of oxygen, they pull back, falling to the side so that we're top to toe. We're both breathing heavily, trying to catch our breath as the warm light from the candles flickers shadows on the wall. It's silent except for our breathing, and it should feel awkward...but it doesn't.

My stalker takes my hand, kisses my knuckles, and then holds it as we lie there skin to skin.

"I'm never giving you up," they tell me, their voice barely above a whisper. "I don't care how much money your father gives me. You're mine."

## CHAPTER 14





**THAT WAS APPARENTLY** the wrong thing to say.

“You work with my dad?” Her voice has reached a new pitch that I’m sure only dogs can hear.

“I do not work *with* your dad. He hired me.” I’m still lying on the bed while she has practically flown off it and is now hovering over me like she wants to fight. That would not work in her favor. She is tiny.

“Hired you to find me?” Again, her voice is going to wake up the entire block. “Great. So my father hired my fucking stalker.”

“I’m not a stalker, Clara.” I try to reach out to grab her hand, but she yanks it away like my touch is acid. “I’m a private investigator of sorts.”

“Of sorts,” she deadpans.

“Yes, of sorts.” I sigh and move off the bed, putting my clothes back on. If we’re done having fun, then I’m not going to sit here and argue while I’m naked. “I deal with high-risk, high-reward clients.”

“Yeah, I bet he’s a fucking high risk.”

“He wants you to go home.”

“Yeah, no, thank you.”

“I agree.”

That finally shuts her up.

“Oh, so you can be reasonable and listen.” I smirk at her, but she clearly doesn’t find me funny.

“What do you mean you agree?”

“Clara, Clara, Clara,” I groan as I walk toward her, taking her face in my hands. I look her over, my gorgeous girl, her blueberry hair mussed from our fun. “*Ma petite myrtille.*”

“You speak French. Of course you speak French. He wouldn’t trust you otherwise.” She rolls her eyes and refuses to look at me.

She’s hurt. I should’ve known that my softhearted girl would feel betrayed by this.

“Yes, I speak French. And Spanish, Mandarin, and Russian. Even a little Italian here and there.” I try to get a smile out of her, but she refuses. I tangle my fingers in her hair and tug, causing her to finally look into my eyes. “From the moment I found you, I planned to keep you.”

“And you’re going to get around turning me over to him how?”

I step closer, and our bodies almost touch. She’s the perfect height, just short enough that she has to crane her head back to really look up at me. I like it. I like feeling bigger than her, protective. I kiss her cheeks and then the corners of her mouth before softly pecking her lips. They’re full and soft and taste like me.

“I will take you home,” I say between kisses. “And I will keep you with me.”

“Oh, I get it.” She takes a step away from me, putting a solid foot between us. My hands drop as I wait for her next outburst. “So I am trading one prison for another. What — you’re just going to take me to your house in wherever the fuck you live—”

“Malibu.”

“Malibu — wait...really?” she asks, and I nod. “Christ. Of course. Rich asshole. And you’re just going to keep me locked up in your condo in Malibu for the rest of my life?”

“One,” I say as I take a step toward her, and she takes one back. “I do not live in a *condo*.” I feel my lip curl with the word. “I would never spend my hard-earned money on a fucking condo. I live on the beach, where the closest neighbor is over a mile away.”

“Two.” I take another step, and she bumps into the wall as she tries to move away. “I will not keep you locked up. This isn’t some weird *Beauty and the Beast* retelling. You’ll have a life with me. I’ll keep your father away, and you can have a life on the West Coast. Where it isn’t freezing six months out of the fucking year.”

“You can’t just kidnap me.”

I smile and shrug as I close the distance between us. I move slowly, treating her like a skittish puppy. My fingers crawl up her bare stomach, between her breasts, and then over her collarbone. Goose bumps break out

across her pale skin when I wrap my hand around her throat, my thumb grazing her pulse point.

“I can, Clara. I really can.” I lean in and kiss her jaw. “But I don’t want to. I’d prefer you come willingly. Over...and over...and over again.”

I smile against her soft skin as I kiss her all over, and she sighs as she relaxes in my grip. She just melts for me, and I fucking love it. My other hand skirts over her hip and then around her hip. I tug her flush with my body. She fits too fucking perfectly in my arms. I think I would kidnap her if that’s what it took.

“I’m not leaving Boston without you, doll face.” I kiss her lips again, softly at first. But when she opens and lets me in, I devour her, swiping my tongue against her own before tugging on her bottom lip with my teeth. She already has me wanting more of her. I could do this for hours, tasting and touching her, taking my time.

“I can’t just leave my life here,” she says, her voice breathy and weak. “My friends, my job, my apartment...”

“Vanessa can come anytime she pleases. And we can always come back to visit.” We lock eyes, and I try to make her realize my promises aren’t empty. “And you hate this apartment.”

“I hate it, but it’s mine!” Her eyes are watery. “It may be awful, but I paid for it. This is the first place I lived without my dad’s help.”

“Baby girl.” I give her a sympathetic smile. “It smells like pizza. Like... all the time.”

She fights back a laugh as she playfully shoves me.

“Come with me, Clara.”

I kiss down her body as I sink to my knees on the hardwood floor. It physically pains me to beg, to get on my literal knees for someone. But to be on my knees for the woman in front of me? Worth it.

“I don’t get on my knees for anyone. Ever.” I bite her thigh. “But I’m on them for you.” I lift her leg and place it on my shoulder before leaning forward and parting her slit with my tongue. I suck hard on her clit and watch as her head falls back against the wall. “Say yes.”

Her fingers run over the smooth, shaved sides of my head before tangling into the longer strands and pulling me back to her perfect cunt.

“Finish what you started,” she commands, her voice deeper than normal, husky and so fucking hot. “And then maybe I’ll consider it.”

*Epilogue*

CLARA

*A month later...*

“I will never get tired of coming home to this view.”

I roll over in the bed we've been sharing for the past few weeks and stretch. They look so fucking handsome today, dressed in a loose-fitting pantsuit with a leather harness around their torso. Their hair is pulled up into a bun that's halfway falling out. I wonder where they've been all day, who they've been chasing.

The first week I came here, I refused to stay in their bed, wanting to keep some semblance of freedom. But as things progressed, and I realized I was just as desperate for them as they were for me, I started sleeping in their room instead. I stopped letting my anxiety control what my body and heart wanted to do. So, here I am, tangled in their white sheets — naked — as the warm breeze from the ocean comes in through the floor-to-ceiling windows. The sun's setting rays are casting a golden glow over them as they look down at me, hands in their pockets.

“You look very handsome today, stalker.” I reach out and grab hold of their harness. “Come join me.”

“I fucking love it when you call me handsome. Do you know how hot that is?”

I know how much their more masculine side loves to be acknowledged, but it's the truth. They are handsome and gorgeous at the same time. Their lips are feminine and full, but their jaw is sharp and strong. Their pretty blue eyes are lined with long lashes that would make any woman weep with envy. And their muscles are strong and sinewy, with veins that make my thighs clench. They are perfect in every sense of the word, whether it be in a feminine or masculine way. I like every little piece of it.

Io tumbles on top of me, our bodies tangling together as our mouths open and tongues explore. I love the way they taste and feel, their body strong as they move over me. I've never felt this way with another partner, the way they take care of me while simultaneously giving me the most earth-shattering orgasms. It's sinful and heavenly at the same time — wrapped up in one perfect package.

"I want to be inside of you," they whisper in my ear as their hand travels down my body. "Will you let me fuck you, *ma petite myrtille*?"

"My hair isn't blue anymore, so that nickname makes no sense." I'm panting already, and I'm wet and needy. My hips roll up to meet their fingers as they dip below my panty line.

"Ah, but you still taste as sweet as one," Io murmurs before licking and sucking the tender spot below my ear. "So wet for me already. Were you needing me all day? Just waiting for me to get home to fuck you like you need to be fucked?"

I whimper and nod as a single finger slips inside of me, teasing my entrance with just enough pressure to start a fire low in my belly. They play my body like their favorite instrument, and I can't get enough. I've become a simpering sex addict, waiting for my next fix of them.

When I don't answer, they pull away, and the desperate noise that comes out of me is embarrassing. I've become addicted to them, and I can't even be bothered to hide it at this point. Io rolls over, dragging a box from beneath the bed. The fun box. A rush of desire floods my body, knowing what they're going to pull out of there.

"Purple or pink today?" they ask, smirking as they hold up my two favorite strap-ons. They purposefully bought them in my favorite colors. It's the little things.

"Pink, please?" I bite my lip and try my hardest not to purr like a cat in heat as they strip for me. And there's nothing sexier than watching them step into the straps, slipping my favorite dildo into the harness, and then tightening the waistband. Fuck, when they tighten it and their hips and thighs get put on display...I could look at that all day.

"I love it when you look at me like that, Clara." Io climbs onto the bed, their dick hard and bobbing between their thighs. "It makes me want to do unspeakable things to you."

"I've been waiting all day for you," I tell them as I tug them on top of me. Their mouth clashes with mine, and I open up, fighting my tongue with

theirs. I lift my hips and wrap my legs around their hips. “Just fuck me already.”

“No foreplay?” Io’s eyes are playful as they look down at me, and then they’re crawling up my body until their cock is resting on my lips. “Open up, baby.”

I open immediately, taking them deep into my mouth, swirling my tongue and fighting my gag reflex as they dip deeper. Their hands are in my hair, supporting my head and neck as I work them in and out of my mouth.

“That’s it, baby girl. Get my cock nice and wet for your pretty little cunt.”

I moan at their words, my thighs squeezing together. I need friction, something to quell the need that’s building. At this point, I’m going to explode within seconds of them sinking inside of me.

“Think you’re ready for me?”

I look up at them, my mouth full, and nod as I run my hands over the straps on their hips and thighs.

“You’re so fucking sexy, do you know that?” I tell them as they slip out of my mouth and move down my body. They kiss every bit of me, nipping and licking as they go. My nipples are tight, and my clit throbs with my pulse. I need them more than I need anything else at this point.

“How lucky am I that you ran away with me.” Their hips line up with my own, and I feel the hard tip of their cock tease my entrance.

“You used unfair tactics.” I gasp when they push just an inch inside, my eyes all but rolling back in my head.

“But I got what I wanted in the end.” They chuckle and slowly sink the rest of the way inside of me, filling me fuller than I’ve ever been. The stretch is intense but so fucking good. I feel my toes curl as I wrap my legs around their waist.

“So did I.”

I reach up and grab hold of Io’s face, pulling their lips to my own as they begin to fuck me in earnest. It’s a sweet fucking sight to behold. Their abs tense and ripple with each thrust, and the concentration on their face as they stare down at me in admiration...shit, it’s enough to send me right over the edge.

“How’s my cock feel in that tight little pussy, Clara?” they ask, one of their arms slipping under my knee to open me further. The new angle hits the perfect spot, and I’m fighting my body as it begs to climax too early.

“Too fucking good.” I whimper, my vision blurring as the pleasure builds

and builds.

“God, you look so pretty when you come. Show me how pretty you look, baby. Show Daddy how pretty you can come.”

I shout out incoherent nonsense as the spark ignites, and Io fans the flames. I’m lost in pleasure, the orgasm sweeping through my entire body as they see me through it, thrusting deep and slow. It drags out, and my vision goes black before I blink it away, and Io’s face is hovering over my own. There’s a smug smile on their face before they dip down and kiss me all over, small, sweet pecks that make my heart flutter.

“Fuck,” I say as I let out a breath. “I think I forgot to breathe.”

“My cute little pillow princess.” They laugh as they kiss my lips.

“How dare you!” I cry out in mock outrage. “I am *not* a pillow princess!”

I give them a firm shove, sending them rolling to my side, dick bouncing off their belly. It’s slick from my release, the pink glistening as I work to unstrap it from their body. And I waste no time once I toss it to the side. I’m between their thighs and teasing their entrance.

“Such a good girl,” they murmur, their hands in my now purple hair as I suck their clit into my mouth.

I’ve come to know what they like over the past month, learning what gets them there the quickest and what teases them to the edge slowly. Fuck, they taste so sweet as I dip my tongue deep inside while my nose grinds along their clit. I savor their taste, fucking them over and over again with my tongue while they hold me flush against them.

“Fuck, baby girl.” Their voice is higher than normal, almost mewling as I keep up my pace. “You’re going to make me come, Clara. Come all over that sweet tongue. That’s it, baby. That’s it.”

Their words taper off into mumbling, and their grip tightens. That bit of pain makes my eyes water, but I soldier on, encouraged by the way their body moves and tenses. I stretch and fill their pussy with my fingers and tease their nipples with my other hand. Within seconds, their back is arching, and they’re crying out my name.

Fuck, I love it when they do that. The sound of my name on their lips as they come is so fucking hot.

“Who would’ve known sex with your stalker would be so hot?” I tease as I curl up next to them. I know we’re not done yet, as Io is never satisfied with just one orgasm. We’ve been going almost all night, which is why they found me still in bed at sunset. My body has been so very well taken care of since



following them to Malibu.

“I’m not your stalker.” They pinch my nipple playfully. “I am your partner.”

I wrap myself around them like a clingy koala, loving the way I fit so perfectly into their space. We met in the strangest way possible, but I’ve grown to like my little stalker, my partner. They’re kind and courteous. They listen and keep me safe. They got rid of my father, telling him lies I’m sure he didn’t believe. I’m sure he still wants me back in France, back with the family I supposedly abandoned.

But for now, I’m left alone in Malibu, taking a break and enjoying the ocean while I decide what I want to do with my life. Because while I never want to be a trophy wife, just a woman mooching off their partner’s money, I won’t deny I needed a fucking break. And Io is happy to let me have it while I figure shit out.

“I think I like you,” I tell them, my voice quiet and tired.

“Well, I love you, so...I guess I have some work to do to get us on an even keel.”

I try not to roll my eyes because they’ve been telling me this since we arrived in Malibu. But they can’t know that yet, and it feels weird to accept love from someone I’ve known for a month.

“I want to take you out tonight,” Io says, smacking my ass to wake me back up and change the subject. I think they know I still feel a bit weird about everything. “Let’s get up, and I’ll start working on leveling that playing field in the shower.”

Their eyebrows wiggle, and I can’t help the laugh that escapes me. My debt is paid, I have more than ramen to eat, and absolutely *nothing* smells like stale pizza. I can finally breathe and enjoy my life day by day, with a person who wants to take care of me. So I roll out of bed and squeal as I run to the shower, Io hot on my heels.

I never thought selling sex online would lead me to my person, but here we are, and I don’t think I’d have it any other way.

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See you next time!

## *About the Author*

Dana Isaly is a Romance author that has dipped her toes in dark, paranormal, and even romcom.

She was born in the Midwest, grew up in the South, went to university in England, and even spent a couple years in California. She is a lover of books, coffee, and rainy days.

She swears too much, loves dogs more than people, and believes that love is love is love.

You can find her on Instagram (@author.danaisaly), join her Facebook group (Dana's Tribe of Horny Humans), or follow her on TikTok (@author.disaly).

## *Other works*

You can find Dana's other works here:

<https://www.danaisaly.com/>