

# **Simone**

by Tessa Kealey

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This book contains elements of non-consent, force and other tidbits that might offend. Readers that might become upset at the rough sex depicted in this book shouldn't read any further. For those readers that love rough, humiliating and dirty forced sex, you've come to the right place.

There he was; her assignment. He leaned with both elbows on the bar sipping at his drink, in a world of his own. He was in a dark suit, his tie loose and the top button unbuttoned. His suit jacket was draped across the bar, his shirt sleeves rolled up. He appeared to be a tired executive stopping in for a drink before he trudged home to his loud wife and obnoxious children.

Ruggedly handsome and nothing like her usual marks. Normally, these assignments were routine; boring men who cheated on their equally boring wives. She assessed him before making contact. At least, it would be a pleasure to interact with him, and a shame they had to go down this path.

With a toss of her head, raven hair swung away from fine cheekbones and a delicate neck; she started into the semi-crowded bar. Catching a glimpse of herself in one of the bar's mirrored columns, she nodded imperceptibly. She was suited for this work even if it would only be temporary until she made a dent in her nest egg. She had no false modesty. She knew she was pretty. She had a heart-shaped face, large breasts with a tapered waist and an ass most women would kill to have. At 5'6" in heels, she was on the short side for modeling, which she considered briefly, but that didn't hurt her in this line of work.

A black, cocktail dress accentuated her shapely legs and thighs. One shoulder of the dress left her skin exposed while the front dipped down in a scooped neckline that emphasized the inner slopes of her breasts. It was a decent amount of cleavage on display without being slutty. She turned a lot of heads as she strode to the bar situated in the middle of the room. Simone only had eyes for the mark. She didn't blow her cover by angling straight for him. She slipped onto a stool two seats away paying no attention to him.

The bartender noticed her right away and rushed over with a broad grin, ignoring the customers who tried to stop him on the way. Using the excuse of the music being too loud, he leaned over the bar top and breathed close to her ear, "What can I get for you?"

His eyes flickered to her cleavage.

Simone shifted in her seat. The silky material gaped slightly to give the bartender a peek, and she flashed him a saucy grin, "I'll have a vodka martini."

The man two stools away picked up his head, turned to look at her at the same moment she happened to glance his way. Their eyes met in a jolt she felt like an electric current all the way to her toes. She flinched, turned away quickly.

A blush rose to her cheeks; her breath hitched in her throat. She dismissed her instant reaction. It was probably because the eye contact was unexpected catching her off guard. She hadn't decided how to initiate contact yet, and now he had noticed her, there was no need for an elaborate ploy.

She forced her breathing to settle, turned back to find him staring at her. His file didn't do him justice. Neither did her distant glance as she entered the bar. He was the stuff of romance novels. She frowned as the thought flashed through her mind. She chastised herself for letting her imagination run wild. He was handsome. That was it. Her mind proceeded to argue with her. Look at him! His eyes were the essence of bedroom eyes with a lazy, seductive quality. His mouth. She could imagine that mouth on intimate parts of her body as he stared up the length of her nakedness.

She realized she had been staring and gave him a small, polite smile before turning to the drink the bartender slid in front of her. The mark's image lingered. His hair was dark brown, almost black in the

shadowy bar, and a touch too long. He exuded a dangerous aura. There was a hint of something in his eyes she couldn't pinpoint. She resisted the urge to look back at him. She could feel his eyes on her, and it was disconcerting.

After taking a sip of her drink, she steeled herself. She certainly couldn't ignore him forever. This was her job. He was her assignment and him staring at her was perfect, actually. It meant half her job was done for her. The first part of any assignment was to get the mark to notice her. She called them marks because she wouldn't call them victim. It was the wives who were the victims. These were the perpetrators, the cheaters. Simone was the bait.

Her job involved 'luring' these men to cheat. It was easier than it should have been. It clouds and colors her perception of all men. How could it not? There had been so many cheaters over the years she'd lost count. They were all the same really. Admittedly, not all were as good looking as this one, but like the rest, he would more than likely take the bait. Simone didn't have sex with these men. She enticed them with a pretty face and some flirtation to see if they would cheat.

She pretended to be new to the city, staying in the hotel upstairs while searching for an apartment. After a few drinks, some laughter and flirting, they were only too willing to take the room key she slid discreetly across the bar. She always rode up in the elevator first, asking them to wait for her to get ready. They would follow a few minutes later. Except, when they got to the room, it was not her they found but her bodyguard.

The bodyguard would do the unpleasant confrontation. He would explain they had been caught; the wife would be contacted and told about the cheating husband's exploits. Meanwhile, Simone was in another room in the same hotel writing up her report, changing into conservative clothing before leaving the hotel to head home.

Simone turned to him. His name was Matthew. She didn't remember his last name off the top of her head. Who cares? It was in the file upstairs. She would look it up later when she wrote the details of this encounter in her report. For now, she could call him Cheater, and it wouldn't matter.

He stared at her, and what she didn't recognize earlier in his eyes she did now. It was predatory awareness. Oh, yes. This one was already mentally written for that report.

She smiled and leaned towards him a little, "My favorite drink. The bartender makes it just right. Not many can do that."

He stared at her until it was almost uncomfortable. Finally, he smiled, nodded to the stool between them and jumped up, "Do you mind?" Without waiting for a response, he swung into the seat. "I don't often see other people ordering that drink. It's my favorite as well."

She knows because it was in his file. It was a calculated move on her part to get a conversation started between them. Who ordered vodka martinis anymore except in James Bond movies? She had definitely been doing this long enough to know what hooked them in. It wasn't all about sex appeal and revealing clothing. That was a large part, but psychology played a huge role, too. Get into their minds and make a connection. Find some common ground. After making that connection, let her body seal the deal. It was all about calculated moves. Simone likened it to playing chess. Evaluate your opponent, assess weaknesses, and think five moves ahead.

She let her fingers linger on a chain strategically dangling in the valley between her breasts, her fingertips brushed lightly across her skin as she chatted. Laughing and leaning into him, part of her coldly watched his reactions weighing and measuring his readiness for the next phase. They exchanged social chit chat; neither revealed much about themselves. He definitely didn't mention a wife at home.

He was almost ready. He stared at her breasts. His gaze created a reaction within her which was strange. Her nipples strained against the front of her dress, and her face was flushed. Maybe the drink was stronger than she had anticipated when she'd hatched this little plan. No matter. She was a professional. She could close this case.

Licking her lips, she leaned closer to him, her hand idly playing against the skin on his arm. Acting like the drink had more of an effect on her than it actually had, she whispered close to his ear, "Would you like to continue this conversation up in my room?" She looked up in time to see something dark pass like a shadow across his face, then it was gone, and he smiled. She dismissed the momentary shadow with a mental shrug.

His voice matched hers as he leaned in and whispered back, "I'd love that."

Simone dug in her purse for a moment, fumbling when, in fact, the key was all she had in there. The key to her real room was in there, too, but that was in another zippered area of her purse. She was exaggerating her movements to make it seem as if the drink had had an effect on her. She slipped the decoy key onto the bar before sliding off the stool. "Meet me up in my room in ten minutes."

As she got up from the stool, she pretended to stumble, righted herself and nodded at her bodyguard. He'd been stationed at a table near the door for most of the night. The bodyguard left.

Simone turned back to the mark as he started to get up. "Just give me a few minutes to get ready for you." She gave him a sexy smile and moved somewhat unsteadily toward the exit. She wanted to give the bodyguard enough time to get to Room 415. That's the key she had given to Matthew. Her real room was 512, and as she got into the elevator, she pushed the button for the 5<sup>th</sup> floor.

The doors started to slide close, and mentally, Simone was already in her room writing up her report, wondering if she had food at home for dinner or if she would have to run to the store. She was startled when a hand shot into the space between the closing doors causing them to bounce back open. She blinked as she saw the mark standing before her. He boarded the elevator. He stared her up and down with contempt, turned to the panel of buttons, looked at the key in his hand, and frowned. The frown was a bit exaggerated as if he already knew something was wrong before he'd stepped into the elevator.

He crowded her, slid a hand into her hair and clenched it tight, but not painfully so. He loomed over her as he steadily pulled her head back to stare into her eyes. Very slowly he asked, "Now, where were you sending me exactly? It looks as if you're going to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor." As he waited for her answer, he pressed her against the back of the elevator with his body. Simone's surprise made her mute, her head spun slightly as adrenaline punched through her.

Finally finding her voice, she whispered, "I-I must have pushed the wrong button..." She winced since it didn't sound convincing to her own ears. He didn't look like he believed her. He snatched her purse and dug around inside. He brandished the second key.

“Staying in two rooms, are you?”

His voice was incredulous, and her mind was completely blank. She had been in worse scrapes than this before. This line of work had some danger to it. Men who'd been caught got upset and made threats, but the bodyguard handled all of the belligerent men. Simone had never had to deal with the mark after he was confronted. She'd never had a mark follow her and find out she was headed to another room. As she stared at him, she trembled at the intensity in his cold, blue eyes. How angry and volatile he looked.

She realized he still had her backed against the elevator; their bodies pressed tight together. His hand was still in her hair. He was so close it was making breathing difficult. She laid both her palms on his chest and shoved. He didn't move, but the smile that crept over his face caused icy tendrils of fear to race through her. Finally finding her voice, she cleared her throat but she was still shaky. What was supposed to come out as a command was weak and shaky. “Back up right now, or I'll be forced to call hotel security.”

He tilted his head, gave her a smile filled with evil amusement, “With what phone, exactly?”

His free hand wiggled her purse out of her reach. As the elevator dinged their arrival, he looked up quickly to see it was the 5<sup>th</sup> floor. He leaned close, pressed her painfully against the elevator wall and whispered against her ear, “This is our floor, baby.”

He yanked hard dragging her from the elevator by her hair as she started to scream. He quickly looked at the room number on the key again, headed for the corresponding door as he clamped his hand over her mouth to stifle her screams. He quickly yanked her into the hotel room and slapped her across the face. Her scream was cut off. Her hand flew to her cheek as she stared at him. This was getting way out of hand. It might be time to come clean, and maybe a dose of reality would make him realize whatever he was thinking would be a bad idea.

“Look, Matthew, you don't want to do this. I'm working for a company hired by your wife. She suspects you of cheating, and I am supposed to confirm the fact you have no problem cheating...” Her voice trailed off.

He'd been shaking his head slowly but with an increasing smile since she started speaking. He closed the gap between them, buried his hand in her hair, yanked it hard and pulled her face close to his. His growl was low as he whispered, “Who said my name was Matthew?”

The sentence was like a bomb of confusion raining over her. She shook her head but stopped with a wince of pain, “Matthew is the name on your file. I have a picture.”

She stopped talking and gasped. She had walked into the crowded bar thinking he didn't really look like his picture when she had approached him. As he saw the realization dawn on her, he whispered with a bit of menace, “Didn't confirm my name when you sat down, did you? Well, aren't you the professional? I didn't even give you my name before you handed over your room key. A fake room key, but, who am I to argue, and since we have a room right here...” He gave her a shove towards the bed. “Why don't we use it?”

She stumbled in her high heels, her yelp was involuntary but she didn't waste any time on screaming for help. She ran around the outside of the bed to get some distance between them, but was brought up short when he caught her by the very ends of her hair as it streamed behind her. He gave a hard yank and she stumbled backwards into him. He covered her mouth as he held her captive against his body. She was pressed tight along the length of him as he whispered in her ear, "Let's see what you catch all those men with."

He grabbed the top of her dress at the plunging neckline, ripped it away from her body. It didn't rip completely but stretched and drooped. The silky material sagged below her breasts. He breathed heavily in her ear as she closed her eyes. Small, panicked noises swelled within her and escaped in little pants as she struggled in his arms.

He groped both her breasts hard, fingers kneaded the flesh painfully leaving small, red finger marks in her previously-smooth, creamy breasts. She felt his excitement pressed against her backside. With his index finger and thumb, he imprisoned a nipple and pinched. She screeched as he pulled it out and away from her body causing her to arch toward his hand. It did nothing to lessen the pain. Finally, he bit her earlobe hard.

A low squeal of pain almost drowned out his whisper, "Yes, I could see how those middle-aged men would find you attractive enough to cheat on their wives."

Her pleadings and whimpers were exciting him more. She shuddered. She could only hope the bodyguard would search for her soon. Once "Matthew" didn't show up in the decoy hotel room, the bodyguard would wonder what happened. Unfortunately, it might be an hour or so before he realized something was wrong. More time would elapse while he tried to coax her room number out of the hotel staff. A lot could happen to her in that amount of time.

Without another word, he snagged a hand into her hair, pulled her backwards, and caused her to lurch in her high heels. Her legs tangled, dragged as she tried to keep up with him. At the connecting door, he pulled a key from his pocket and unlocked it much to her surprise.

At her disbelieving look, he said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Well, you didn't expect us to stay here where anyone could interrupt, did you?"

After pulling her through to the next room, he re-locked the door behind him. The room scared her more than anything since this whole incident started. It was scarier than when he boarded the elevator, and scarier than when he ripped her dress exposing her breasts.

The four-poster bed was elegantly covered with a cool, blue-silk comforter accented with gold brocade. The deluxe suite's furniture was a rich, cherry lacquer. If she had been staying her on vacation, she would have adored this room. Right now, she had never hated anything more than those prissy side-tables and pretentious coverings.

The additions he'd added to the room's elegant decor was jarring. The beautifully-appointed bed had nylon restraints and cuffs attached to each post. Marring the delicate tufted bench at the foot of the bed sat a ball-gag, whip, blindfold and a large dildo. She didn't recognize any of the other items laying in a tangled heap on the bench, or perhaps her mind shied away from recognition.



Before she could fill her lungs with air to scream, he pulled out a pocket knife. As it snicked open, he whispered, "Don't. I'm tired of your screaming when I haven't even done anything to you... yet. You'll have time for screaming later."

Her heart beat like crazy, and her eyes darted everywhere trying to find a way to escape. Who was this guy? She tried to still her racing thoughts to figure out what was going on. It might help her escape. He had a key to the door; this room was prepared. Why did the hotel give him a key to the connecting door when she rented the other room? The hotel staff hadn't said a word.

He wrapped his arm around her neck in a choke hold cutting off her air, pulled her head to the side slightly and held the knife in front of her face. All thought left her as she watched the wicked-looking blade. The light angled off the edge reinforcing the threat, displaying its sharpness. She struggled in his arms as the urge to breath started to overwhelm her. Her vision darkened around the edges. He loosened his hold enough for her to breath, and she did in a huge, whooping gasp. However, the hold wasn't loose enough for her to talk or she would have tried to persuade him to release her.

His lips brushed across the shell of her ear as he whispered intimately, his hot breath against her ear and with an arousal he doesn't try to mask, "I want to see the body that entices all those men. Don't you ever wonder if the work you do makes you a prostitute? Don't whores use their body for money? That makes you no different."

He brought the knife in close to her firm breasts and trailed the tip lightly over her skin with agonizing slowness from one pink nipple to the other. As they tightened, he took the flat of the blade, pressed down on a nipple, and watched it spring back up. She watched as well, unable to look away from the knife.

He guided her over to the mirror across the room. This was worse. She had mentally detached herself when gazing at one part of her body, imagining it might be happening to someone else. With the evidence of her face, and his, gazing from the mirror, she couldn't pretend this wasn't happening to her.

She closed her eyes. Almost immediately, he whispered sternly, "Open your eyes, whore. You will be very aware of everything I do to you. Keep your eyes open or this situation could get a lot worse for you."

He cut her clothing away, the knife slicing quickly and cleanly through her silk dress. As the dress fluttered softly to the floor, they both stared at her body in the mirror. A quick flick of his wrist, neatly cut the sides of her panties. With the threat still ringing in her ears, she kept her eyes open staring at her naked body. Her nipples were tight; the aureolas pebbled from the cold steel that had recently skimmed them. His eyes caught hers. The contact was as startling as the knife had been. Her whole body trembled.

He released her neck and eyed her in the mirror, "Remember what I said, whore." He constantly kept the knife angled almost perfectly to catch the light. She could see how deadly it was; as if she needed the reminder. His other hand pinched hard nipples and groped her breasts roughly, fingers digging painfully into flesh. The tips of his fingers pressed roughly into her skin leaving imprints that would certainly bruise later.

His exploring hands groped and pinched their way down to her sex. He tugged painfully on the strip of hair leading to her pussy. At her whimper, he wiggled the knife. He roughly pried her pussy lips open. She gasped and instinctively flinched away from his invading fingers.

"Whore."

She immediately stilled. Not only could she see him invading her sex, she could feel it. The movements added another dimension to the humiliation, and she could only watch helplessly. He jammed one finger inside her pussy all the way to the base of his hand. He stared at her, gauging her reactions. Their eyes met in the mirror.

Suddenly, he gave her a light shove, shrugged out of his jacket and pulled off his tie. His shirt came next then he kicked off his shoes. His quick movement betrayed his eagerness. In a commanding voice and a stern look, said, "Get on your knees, whore. Take off my pants. Why am I doing all the work here? This is what you get paid for after all."

Even with the knife in his hand, she couldn't help but respond, "I do not have sex for money!"

He sneered, "Oh, that's right. You use your body to entice men, but don't come through on what you promise. So, you get paid for not having sex. Well, tonight, you're going to not get paid for having sex. Ironic, isn't it. Now, shut up, get on your knees and take off my pants."

She closed her eyes and shook her head as if she could negate what was happening by this simple act of denial. He spun her around and slapped her across the face. Her eyes went wide and her hand flew to her reddening cheek as she stared at him in disbelief and fear. His fingers dug into her arm as he forced her to her knees. She whimpered and clamped her mouth shut tight both so her noises couldn't escape, and she wouldn't have to take him into her mouth. It's surely what he wanted.

He slapped her hard across the face once more, leaned down while taking a grip of her hair and pulled her head back. The angle was painful and he loomed over her, forcing her head up. Face to face, only inches away, his whisper was deadly serious, "If you keep refusing me, whore, I will get very angry and I'll have to use the knife on you. Do you understand?"

She winced and nodded quickly as her eyes flicked nervously to the knife in his other hand. He released her head, put both hands on his hips, and waited for her next move. From her kneeling position, she trembled. One cheek was turning an angry shade of red and tears were visible in her eyes. There was no choice.

With trembling fingers, she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. She turned her head slightly to deny him eye contact. Kneeling in front of him, the last thing she wanted was it to feel intimate. She quickly pushed his pants down his thighs. She tugged at each pant leg, he lifted his feet and she tossed his pants to the side. She sat back on her calves and waited refusing to take the initiative on anything.

He laughed softly with a dangerous hint of cruelty as he stood there in his boxers, "What makes you think you're done? I'm almost at the limits of my patience. Keep testing me, whore."

The challenge in his voice made her cringe. She was scared, and though she hadn't considered what would happen beyond the next few minutes with any detail, she knew it wouldn't be anything good for her. She seemed almost in a daze. The slaps to the face not entirely responsible for her dazed reactions.

The whole situation had changed so fast. One minute, she was doing her job, and the next she was on her knees about to strip her attacker so he could do unspeakable things to her.

She sniffled and whimpered. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and she pleaded with him, "P-please, let me go. I don't understand w-what's going on here. I'm s-sorry I lied about the key, but this...this is too much."

He threw his head back and his laugh filled the room as if this was the funniest thing he had heard all day. The sound made her cringe. As he laughed, she became even more frightened. He sounded insane. She tried to move away from him slowly inching her way backward.

With a lunge, he snatched her hair yanking painfully. He increased the pressure on her scalp until she let out a cry; only then did he whisper, "Do you think this is about the room key still? Aren't you a stupid bitch." He turned her head so she could see all the equipment laid out with such care. "This is about more than giving me the wrong room key. This took some time and planning. You're not here by mistake, whore. I'm done playing with you. Now, take off my boxers, wrap your lips around my cock and suck on it like your life depends on it because it just might."

She whimpered as he tugged harder on her hair. She pulled his boxers down over his muscular thighs. As his cock came into view, a very distant part of her noticed how large it was. In normal circumstances, she would have enjoyed it. Right now though, she was scared by its size and wondered how she would fit it into her mouth. She winced as she stretched her lips wide to wrap her mouth around the flared tip.

As soon as she did, he tossed the knife onto the dresser, grabbed both sides of her head and thrust hard into the back of her throat gagging her painfully. His long groan of arousal at her gagging was nothing compared to the noise he made as he fucked her throat hard and her noises increased in volume. Small, animal-like whimpers escaped her every time he pulled back out of her throat. Her body convulsed with every throat-gagging thrust.

He slowed his jarring thrusts but kept his cock in her mouth. He whispered, "At least your mouth is good for more than just talking men into thinking they have a shot of fucking you. I'm going to back up towards the bed. You will keep my cock in your mouth while you follow me on your knees. If my cock falls out of your mouth, you will regret it. Do you understand me, whore?"

At her look of panic, he let out an evil laugh and started walking backwards. "I'm hoping you fail. I want to punish you and hear you scream for me."

She quickly followed, her knees scraping across the floor in her haste to keep up. He reached the bed and stopped abruptly. She'd been concentrating so hard on keeping pace she didn't stop when he did. She gagged herself on his cock. Her stomach heaved, and she pulled back. An instant before she let his cock out of her mouth, she paused. Her heart slammed in her chest and adrenaline shot through her. She'd almost given him what he wanted.

He picked her up, tossed her face down on the bed and quickly attached the cuffs to her wrists. As he moved down to her legs, she started kicking, struggling and screaming. The stinging slap to her ass startled her. She paused long enough for him to attach the nylon cuffs to her ankles.

She could imagine what she looked like right now. Her arms were high over her head, her legs spread. She was lewdly positioned, with her sex exposed for him. She turned her head as she heard him move away, but couldn't see where he'd gone. She panicked as she wondered what he was doing. Suddenly, she heard a whistling sound a split second before an intense line of fire licked across the skin of her ass cheek. She screamed into the pillow under her.

He yanked her head back and removed the pillow. "Bitch, I've worked hard for this. I want those screams."

That strange whistle and another slice of pain on her backside. Another scream forced out of her. Her whole body shook as she pulled against the restraints. Her voice was hoarse from her screams, and scratchy from the throat fucking she had received. She couldn't stop the screams if she'd tried. The skin of her ass must surely be on fire.

The pain was consuming and like nothing she had ever felt before. She begged him to release her over and over repeatedly, and all she got for her screaming pleas; a moan of arousal or a laugh. Finally, he hopped up onto the bed and straddled her ass. The hair on his thighs brushed her ass and forced a piercing scream from her ravaged throat. He loomed over her, grabbed her hair and yanked her head back. He gently brushed her hair out of her face and moaned softly, she could feel his cock twitch on her back. "Your tears are perfect." He licked her cheek.

He hopped down from the bed. She heard him moving behind her, felt the bed shift as he put his weight on it. Simone twisted and turned but the way her arms were tied, she couldn't angle herself correctly to see what he was doing. She could only see small flashes of his skin out of the corner of her eye. She felt a warm puff of air between her thighs. She shuddered to realize it was his breath, so close to her pussy. Something nudged at her pussy lips. Without warning, he thrust painfully deep into her pussy with one huge shove. She screamed until her voice trailed to a breathless, panting whimper. It took a moment to realize something wasn't quite right. She couldn't feel his weight on her. It took a moment for her to figure out he had shoved something inside her, maybe the dildo she saw on her first glance into the room. He slapped her ass cheek reigniting the pain; her whole body stiffened as another scream escaped her raw throat.

He pulled her ass cheeks apart and pressed a finger experimentally against her asshole. "Tell me Simone, have you ever had anything in this hole?"

As he talked, he kept pushing and prodding at her but not quite entering. She shook her head begging, "Let me go, please. I'll never tell anyone about this. I won't say a word. I promise!"

She stiffened, stopped begging and lay stunned as she realized he knew her name. She hadn't given him her real name when they met downstairs. She thrashed around on the bed, knew it was useless but unable to keep still. She could hear him laughing before suddenly, a searing pain in her ass. Her screams now echoed throughout the room; she wondered why no one would come to her rescue. Whatever he shoved into her ass, he started to thrust in and out. His hand bumping into her ass let her know it was his finger. As she figured that out, he shoved a second finger inside her burning hole. The burning and cramping was almost too much for her. Her heart raced, and she started to feel lightheaded from the pain. Her screams started to fade as her vision grayed around the edges. The fingers were removed. She slumped to the bed in relief. That relief was short lived as she felt him settle his weight behind her on the bed.

Something much larger than his fingers bumped against her asshole. He growled, "Get ready, bitch, cause this is going to hurt much more than my fingers."

He slammed his cock deep inside her ass. She let out a howl of pain. Her screams were never-ending and took her breath away. She drifted away mid-scream and a distant part of her mind was grateful for its instability.

Next thing she knew, he had her yanked back by the hair. "There you are. You are not escaping that easily. I waited for you to wake up before I continued. I didn't want you to miss any of the fun!"

He pulled back out of her ass and plunged deep again. Her whole body thrashed uncontrollably under him as she screamed yet again. Each of her screams increased in volume, and she realized she was begging, "Let me go, please. Stop hurting me... oh my god...please...stop..god." What she kept repeating after didn't make much sense. A blend of intense pain and slight shock. It didn't stop him.

His thrusts increased; he pistoned in and out of her ass quickly with a force that pinned her to the bed on each downward thrust. He lay on top of her and the only thing moving was his ass as he fucked her with savage power and drove her body deep into the mattress.

As he crushed her with his body, he slid his hands under her and pinched her nipples hard. He bit her neck almost hard enough to draw blood. The pain overloaded her body; she thought she might go insane from it. He pulled out of her ass with a groan and pulled her ass cheeks apart. She could feel his finger caressing her open hole.

Without warning, he uncuffed her wrists and ankles. She cried with relief. He flipped her over and mockingly said, "Aww. Now you hurt my feelings. You don't want to play with me anymore?"

He quickly cuffed her hands while she lay face up on the bed and leaned over her, "I decided I want to see your face while I fuck your ass."

She shook her head and whispered, "Please. Just let me go. Why are you doing this? Why are you hurting me?" He leaned down and kissed her hard, pressing his lips painfully over hers in a bruising kiss as he lifted her legs over his shoulders.

She was bent almost in half with the dildo still stuck inside her. Something tickled her upper thighs and trailed over her ass. She whispered, "Is that the whip handle inside me?"

He nodded, laughed cruelly, and lined his cock up with her asshole. While kissing her, he pushed deep into her tight ass. Her scream was muffled against his lips. He whispered against hers, "Yesssss. Hurts doesn't it?"

He pulled back from the kiss and thrust with a savage, gleeful fury in and out of her ass. The pain, pressure, and cramping was unlike anything she had ever felt. His cock slid swiftly without any of the previous friction but no less painfully. Her continuous screams and cries didn't diminish in any way, though, her voice got hoarser with each scream that passed through her worn throat.

She could see him losing control. She had a glimmer of hope this whole ordeal would be over soon. His last few thrusts were erratic but just as deep as the ones before it. He pulled out and moved close to her face pressing his cock against her lips then into her mouth as he started to let loose his cum. She

cringed and tried to shake her head, but he had her head pinned to the mattress. It hit the back of her throat. He pulled back and shot the rest over her face.

As the warmth trickled down her face, she tried to turn and wipe it on the bed. He grabbed her hair to stop her, “You haven't learned yet. Stubborn bitch, aren't you?”

As he talked, he smeared his seed all over her face with the other hand. One finger dipped into her mouth and left traces on her tongue. Suddenly, he jumped from the bed, strolled casually around the bed, selected something from the pile of toys on the bench and strolled just as casually back towards her. His cock swung obscenely in front of him as he watched her reaction.

She turned to look up at the cuff holding her arms tightly. Knowing it was useless didn't stop her from testing the strength of her bonds. It was a mistake to look away from him. As she turned back, he attached a clip to her nipple. As the teeth of the clamp bit into her sensitive nipple, she arched her back and let out a high-pitched scream full of pain.

She realized her legs weren't bound, and she kicked out at him. He shook his head at her pathetic attempt to injure him, attached the remaining clip to her other nipple, and cuffed her legs again. He jumped on the bed straddling her waist. With a flick of his finger against the clips, pain shot through her like a focused lightning bolt that sizzled all her nerve endings.

It took her a moment to realize he was talking to her. “Since I'm resting up before I fuck you. Would you like to know how this all came about?”

Through her haze of pain, she nodded, “But, please take those off me first. I-I can't h-handle it.” He grinned cruelly and gave her breast a slap that made her screech. Tears filled her eyes. He stared at her hungrily, and she could see his cock twitch and start to harden.

His voice deepened with arousal, “I'm going to have to be quick with this explanation. You have no idea...” His voice trailed off as he moved up her body, his ass now on her chest. Her screams intensified. He brushed the tip of his cock across her lips, watching her face intently. “I'm going to have to explain quickly. I'm ready to fuck you again, and you need to hear what you did to start the chain of events that led to this. But, while I'm explaining, suck my cock.”

He pushed his cock past her lips. He lifted his ass off her chest, flicked her nipple and in a stern voice, “I said suck my cock. Don't let it lay on your tongue like you've never tasted a cock before. We both know you have.”

He moaned and nodded with satisfaction before continuing, “So, Simone. Your line of work is not something everyone could do, is it? Takes a beautiful creature with a bit of ruthlessness. Coming on to men who are married, laying a trap for them with your attractiveness and then springing that trap with your bodyguard while you slither away to report to the wives how their husbands were *going* to be unfaithful. I bet you have ruined more than a few marriages with your assumptions. How many marriages over the years, Simone? Do you keep a count of your kills like an assassin would?”

He leaned in as she tried to talk; his cock pushed deeper into her mouth, gagging her as he said tauntingly, “Did you want to say something? I couldn't hear you. What was that?”

He shrugged and sat back down causing her to howl in pain. She couldn't believe how he played with her, and what was his point about her job? Whimpering, she sucked his cock, panting through her nose, and hoped he wouldn't start choking her.

“Anyway, like I was saying...you have broken up a lot of marriages based on what the man might possibly do, not on what he actually does. Let's talk about a man who walked into your trap. Let's call him Matthew, shall we?”

He gave her a smirking grin.

“Matthew was sitting in a bar just having a drink trying to relax from his crappy day at work. This beautiful woman walks up to him, a raven-haired beauty with a stunning smile. He was a little surprised she would talk to him, but she did. She seemed to really listen when he talked. It had been a long time since anyone had really listened to him. She invited him up to her room. He thought they could continue talking where it was quiet. After all, she was too beautiful to have any interest in him sexually, and he was a married man, but everyone can use a friendly ear once in a while.

Except when he got to her room, she wasn't there. Instead, there was a man to break the news that his wife had hired their company to catch him cheating. Cheating! He wasn't there to cheat, just to talk, and although it sounded unlikely, it was the truth. After his wife left him, took the kids, and he lost his job due to his depression, he expressed his innocence in a letter to his brother. They found the letter next to his dead body. He'd killed himself.”

The man on top of her leaned down, pushed his cock deep into her mouth, gagged her, and cut off her air, “Do you know who that man was, Simone? Do you remember my brother at all, or was he just another long list of maybe-cheaters you *caught* over the years?”

Her eyes wide with fear and disbelief, she tried to shake her head. She couldn't have been responsible. Every man she lured into the upper floors of the hotel was going to cheat on his wife. It was in the body language, and the way they accepted the room keys, wasn't it? As her vision started to fade, she realized she was going to pass out from lack of oxygen. She didn't care.

She came to consciousness slowly. She was bouncing lightly on the bed. Her body was in so much pain she couldn't get her bearings. The stinging slap to her cheek startled her. It cleared her mind and her vision. How long had he been fucking her while she was unconscious?

“Wake up, whore. I had to keep myself busy since you weren't very good company and fell asleep on me.” With a whimper, her eyes opened wide, and she stared at him for a moment before closing them, and turning her face away. He was fucking her pussy, and it felt strangely more intimate than before. It may have been because this was how lovers interact. Whatever the reason, she couldn't bear to keep her eyes open.

Her back arched as she let out a piercing scream. Why can no one hear her? He yelled into her face while pulling the nipple clamp, “I said keep your eyes open, bitch. It's a good thing you're pretty because you're not very bright.”

Her eyes flashed with anger, and he nodded at her, “Yes, I don't care how you look at me, but you will keep your eyes open.” After a moment, he mockingly whispered, “Are you on the pill, Simone?”

It took a moment for his question to register. Once it did, she screamed and pleaded with him, “No, you can't. No..no..no..not inside me, please!”

His grin was evil, but his voice was full of arousal and desire, “Oh, but I will. I'm going to fill you with my sperm, Simone and, really; you can't stop me.”

He increased his speed, pounded deep inside her with every thrust and stared into her eyes as he did. She gritted her teeth until he leaned down and kissed her with a surprising gentleness that caught her off guard. As the kiss deepened and turned passionate, he angled his hips and caught a spot inside her that made her heart race. A small moan escaped from her mouth to his causing him to pull back from the kiss and brush his lips against hers as he whispered, “I can make you enjoy this, Simone. Maybe that would be a better punishment than causing you pain...”

He pulled out of her pussy and removed the clamps from her nipples. As the blood rushed back to her nipples, she screamed from the pain. He sucked one nipple then the other into his mouth, licking gently as he slipped two fingers into her wet, clenching pussy and rubbed his thumb in a circular motion over her clit. Her breathing grew erratic, and she shook her head quickly as she tried to get away from his probing fingers.

He breathed a soft laugh against her lips as he kissed her.

She could not believe she was getting turned on by this. This man caused her severe pain. He was taking her against her will, and she was getting aroused. What was wrong with her? She didn't know, but the pressure of his fingers moving inside her, his thumb on her clit raised her body temperature.

She tried to wiggle away from his fingers while letting out a low moan full of arousal. He presses his lips against hers and she responded, kissing him back passionately. He removed his fingers and slid his cock inside her returning to the kiss just as she moaned into his mouth. He whispered against her lips as he began rocking into her gently, “That's right Simone, lift your hips. Show me how much you want this...”

She finally felt good after hours of torture, and she didn't want it to stop. She tilted her hips slightly, and when he went back to kissing her, she felt her arousal expanding, building in her ever higher. She whimpered against his lips and broke the kiss, panting and moaning. He took that as his cue and braced himself to start fucking her harder. The rhythmic slapping of skin against skin filled the room, his breathing and her moans increased until she arched her back and let out a cry as her orgasm exploded through her. His laugh was triumphant. Before she could even finish her orgasm, he mocked her, “I knew you were a whore...”

He fucked her hard, painfully hard no longer concerned about being gentle. Tears filled her eyes, and this sight caused him to groan and fuck her even harder, as impossible as that seemed to her.

Finally, he trembled, “I'm going to fill you with my cum, Simone!” He slammed one last time and held himself deep inside her as he let loose, shaking and groaning then collapsed on top of her pinning her to the bed.

After a few minutes, the only sound in the room were her soft cries. He got up and strolled silently to his clothes and started to get dressed. He glanced at her occasionally but with no expression on his face,



just a coldness in his eyes. Finally dressed, he walked over to the bed where she lay trembling, waiting for him to kill her. She assumed this was going to end badly.

He brushed her hair from her face and with a coldness in his voice that matched the look on his face, "I'm leaving, but make no mistake, I will find you again. We are not close to done, Simone. Just done for now. I'll be watching you, and when I feel like taking you again; I will. Maybe next time it will be for good. I feel like I might need a permanent playtoy soon. Don't worry about getting free, I'm sure housekeeping will find you tomorrow when they come to clean the room...or maybe someone else will."

He turned, and without another word, opened the door and walked out. He left the door partway open where anyone could see her or even slip inside.

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Check out the continuing adventures of Simone.

He nodded and drew his hand back then let the whip fly across her thighs with force. Nothing like the soft, light slaps of the crop.

Her scream was the loudest yet. Shriill, pain-filled and sharp, it filled the room and seemed to echo against the torturous equipment that filled the space and bouncing back to mock her.

He admired the furrows of red instantly showing up on her skin. He let the whip swing of its own accord as he swiveled it into circles. The arc of every swing hitting a part of her flesh from breasts, which caused more screaming, to thighs and pussy. None were as hard or violent as the first against her thighs, but each one still raised a welt or a bite which had her panting, screaming and crying.

Just when Simone was sure she would go insane, he stored the whip back in the cabinet and shut the doors. Each movement was business-like. He undid the chains on the restraints, but left the ankle and wrist cuffs on her. She hadn't realized they were locked on and separate from the torture board. The torn dress was pulled off her body and tossed behind him, so she was completely naked. At some point while she was unconscious she'd been relieved of her high heels, or she would certainly have gouged a hole in him with the heel.

He took her by the arm very firmly and steered her behind the board to the back wall she hadn't been

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