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MAN STEALER



AND OTHER
STORIES

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Part I: Man Stealing

My name is Pat. Pat "Mouse" Stowe. That's what they call me, anyway—Mouse. Because I'm quiet. Because I blend in. Because I scurry away before anyone really sees me.

But I see them.

I see the way a married man's eyes linger on a waitress when his wife isn't looking. I see the tightness in a fiancé's jaw when he talks about his upcoming wedding. I see the flicker of hunger in a new dad who hasn't felt wanted since the baby arrived.

And I know exactly what to do about it.

I'm twenty-one. I look younger. Innocent. I wear baggy sweaters and keep my hair in a messy ponytail most days. I smile shyly, stammer a little, drop my keys at the perfect moment. I'm the girl no one suspects—the one who helps

with citations in the library, the neighbor who brings over cookies, the stranger at the bar who just wants to listen.

But what I really want is to feel them fall apart inside me.

I don't want love. I don't want relationships. I want the taste of a man who's forbidden—of a cock that belongs to someone else. I want his cum, hot and thick, flooding my throat, my pussy, my skin. I want to feel him give me what he's been hoarding for his wife, his girlfriend, his fiancée. I want to swallow every drop and walk away, leaving him hollow and guilty and aching.

There's no limit for me. I've done it in bathrooms, in closets, in parked cars, in the dark corners of parks while kids play fifty feet away. I've been bent over library shelves and locker room benches and dryers humming with strangers' clothes. I've licked cum off my own fingers in a wedding rehearsal garden while the bride rehearsed her vows inside. I've walked out of a church parking lot with a deacon's load still warm in my cunt.

And they never find me again.

That's the game. I pick them carefully—men with rings, men with commitments, men whose lives are already built around someone else. I slide into their orbit, soft and shy, just a whisper of a presence. I let them think they're in

control, that they're taking advantage of me. But I'm the one who decides when, where, how. I'm the one who disappears before the mess catches up.

They remember me, though. They remember the girl who sucked them dry in a back office, who moaned while they filled her, who licked the last trace of them off her lips and then vanished like smoke. They jerk off in their cars, thinking about me. They lie next to their wives, hard and desperate, dreaming of a quiet girl who never asked for their names.

I'm called Mouse, but I'm no prey. I'm the predator, the phantom, the secret wet dream they'll never speak aloud.

This is my story. Not a confession—I don't feel guilt. Not a warning—you won't catch me. Just a whisper of what I do, and why, and how good it feels to take what isn't mine and leave nothing behind but the ghost of my mouth on their cocks.

Let me tell you about me.

Because I'm about to show you exactly what a shy little mouse can do when she's hungry.

Chapter 1: Office Hours

I watch him before I move.

That's the first rule. Always watch. Learn the patterns. The wedding ring that catches the fluorescent light. The way his eyes drift to the female students when he thinks no one's looking. The slight hesitation before he says "my wife" in conversation, like the word tastes borrowed.

Professor Morrison teaches Introduction to Sociology, Tuesdays and Thursdays at ten. He's thirty-eight, married six years, no kids yet. His wife is a high school teacher—I looked her up. Pretty, in that tired way women get when they're doing all the work. He's handsome enough, but that's not what draws me. What draws me is the hunger.

I see it in the way he watches the curve of a girl's neck during lecture. The way his voice gets a little rough when he bends over a student's paper. The way he touches my

shoulder when I ask a question after class—a beat too long, a pressure too deliberate.

I'm the quiet one in the third row. The one who stammers when she asks for clarification. The one who always has another question, another excuse to linger, another reason to be alone with him.

It's taken me two weeks to set this up.

Today, I wait until the last student shuffles out of the lecture hall. I'm at my usual seat, my textbook clutched to my chest, my hair falling over my face. He's at the front, gathering his notes, and I can hear him sigh—the tired sound of a man with nowhere better to be.

"Professor Morrison?" My voice is small, hesitant. "Do you... do you have a minute?"

He looks up. He always softens when he sees me. I know the look—it's the same one married men get when they realize you're harmless, fragile, something they could break if they're not careful. Something they want to break.

"Of course, Pat." He sets down his papers. "What's on your mind?"

I shuffle toward him, my footsteps light, my shoulders hunched. "I'm having trouble with the... the theoretical frameworks section." The stammer is real enough. Nerves

are easy to fake when you're picturing his cock in your mouth. "I was wondering if maybe... could I come to your office hours?"

"Sure," he says, and there's a pause where he's making a choice. "I was just heading back. Walk with me."

The sociology department is on the third floor of Henderson Hall. The halls are empty this time of day—late afternoon, when classes are done, and the cleaning crew hasn't started yet. He unlocks his office door and gestures for me to enter, his hand brushing my lower back as I pass.

It's a small office. Bookshelves crammed with texts. A desk cluttered with papers. Two chairs—one behind the desk, one in front. He takes the desk chair, and I sit across from him, my knees pressed together, my skirt riding up just a little.

"Show me what you're working on," he says.

I pull out a paper I've already written and rewritten three times. It's good—deliberately good enough to impress, flawed enough to give him something to correct. I lean forward as I hand it to him, letting my collar gap just slightly, letting him catch a glimpse of the lace edge of my bra.

He takes the paper. Reads. Nods. "This is well-structured, Pat. Your thesis is solid. But your secondary sources are a little thin." He pulls a book from the shelf and hands it to me. "Try this one."

Our fingers brush. I let my hand linger a second longer than necessary.

"Thank you," I whisper, and I look up at him through my lashes. "I really appreciate you taking the time."

"My pleasure."

The silence stretches. He's looking at me. I'm looking at him. And then I do what I always do—I break first, looking down, blushing, fidgeting with the hem of my skirt.

"There's... there's something else," I murmur. "I don't... I'm not good at asking for things."

"You can ask me anything, Pat."

I take a breath. A shaky one, pitched perfectly. "I've had a crush on you since the first lecture. I know it's stupid. I know you're married. I just... I can't stop thinking about you."

I watch his face. There's a flicker of guilt—real guilt, I think. But it's drowned by something else. Curiosity.

Hunger. The dark part of every married man that whispers you could have her, and no one would ever know.

"Pat, I'm flattered, but—"

I reach across the desk and lay my hand over his. My fingers are small and cold. His are warm.

"I don't want anything complicated," I say, and now my voice is steadier. "I don't want to ruin your marriage. I just want to make you feel good. Once. That's all."

The breath he takes is shallow. His Adam's apple bobs.

I stand up. Walk around the desk. Lower myself to my knees beside his chair.

"Pat—"

I don't let him finish. My hand finds his belt, unbuckling it with practiced ease. The button of his slacks gives way. The zipper slides down.

And there it is.

His cock is half-hard already, thickening as I pull it free. He's uncut, the skin bunching around the head, a bead of precum already leaking out. I look up at him, meeting his eyes, and then I lean forward and take him into my mouth.

He gasps. His hand flies to my hair—not pulling, not pushing, just there, like he doesn't know what to do with it.

I know what to do.

I take him deep, all the way to the back of my throat, and I swallow around him. The sound he makes is wrecked. His hips twitch, and I feel him grow fuller, harder, his cock pressing against my tongue.

I work him slowly at first—teasing, tasting, letting him feel every inch of my mouth. I hollow my cheeks, I swirl my tongue around the head, I let saliva pool and drip down his shaft. He's moaning now, low and helpless, his fingers tightening in my hair.

"Fuck," he whispers. "Pat... you don't have to—"

I pull off just long enough to say, "I want to." Then I take him again, deeper this time, until my nose presses against his pubic bone and his cock is buried in my throat.

He believes me. They always do.

I bob my head, finding a rhythm—sloppy, wet, desperate. I let him hear me moan around him. I let my hands wander, gripping his thighs, unbuttoning his shirt the rest of the way so I can press my cheek against his stomach as I suck him. I want him to remember the softness of my face, the heat of my breath, the sound of his name falling from my lips in a whisper.

"Please," I murmur between strokes. "Please cum in my mouth. I want to taste you."

His breathing is ragged. His hand is tight in my hair. He's close—I can feel it in the way his cock throbs, in the way his hips start to buck.

"I'm going to—"

"Yes," I say, and I take him deep again, my tongue working the underside of his cock as he comes undone.

He cries out—a swallowed, choked sound that he muffles with his other hand. Hot cum floods my throat, thick and salty, and I swallow it down in greedy gulps. I don't stop until he's empty, until his cock softens in my mouth, until he's slumping back in his chair, panting.

I pull off with a wet sound. A thin string of saliva and cum connect my lips to his cock. I wipe it with the back of my hand, then lick my fingers clean.

He's staring at me. Dazed. Guilty. Grateful.

I stand up, smooth my skirt, and pick up my textbook.

"Thank you, Professor Morrison," I say, and my voice is shy again, like nothing happened. "I'll try that source you recommended."

I walk out. I don't look back.

In the hallway, I taste him on my tongue and smile.

That's the thing about married men. They always think one time is enough. They always think they can control it.

They don't know me yet.

Chapter 2: The Best Man

I don't belong here.

That's the first thing I feel when I walk into the banquet hall—the weight of a hundred eyes sliding past me like I'm furniture. I'm wearing a dress I bought at a thrift store, navy blue, a size too big, with a stain on the hem I couldn't get out. My hair's in a ponytail. No makeup. I look like someone's cousin from out of town, the one nobody remembers inviting.

That's exactly how I want to look.

The wedding rehearsal dinner is for a couple I've never met. I found out about it from a flyer in the student union—Stowe Family Wedding, Saturday, 6 PM, The Grand Orchid. I'm not Stowe by blood, just a coincidence of last names. But I checked the guest list the way I check everything: social media, registry, the venue's Instagram. The bride's brother is bringing his girlfriend. The groom's

best man is single—single in the technical sense, but I know from his tagged photos he's been seeing someone for eight months. Her name is Maya. She works in marketing. She's pretty, in a sharp, ambitious way.

He's exactly what I'm looking for.

I grab a glass of champagne from a passing tray and drift toward the edges of the room. The rehearsal ran long, and the dinner is just starting—speeches, toasts, the clinking of glasses. I blend into the wallpaper, sipping my drink, watching.

His name is Derek. I've done my homework. Twenty-nine, accountant, likes hiking and craft beer. His girlfriend is at the table with the other plus-ones, laughing at something the bride's aunt said. Derek is at the head table, loosening his tie, looking bored.

I watch him. His eyes wander. He keeps glancing at his phone, then at the exit. He's itching to leave, but he can't—not yet.

Good. Restless men are easier.

The toast happens. The speeches drag on. I wait until the salad course is served, when everyone's distracted, and then I make my move.

I walk past his table on the way to the bathroom. My purse slips. It lands at his feet.

"Oh—I'm so sorry—" I stammer, bending down to grab it, my voice barely above a whisper. I let my fingers brush his shin as I straighten up. "I'm so clumsy."

He looks at me. I see the flicker of recognition—I don't know her—and then the polite smile.

"No problem," he says.

I don't linger. I go to the bathroom, count to thirty, and come back. I take a seat at an empty table near the back, alone, picking at my salad.

Twenty minutes later, he gets up. He heads toward the bar.

I follow.

The bar is a small alcove off the main hall, dimly lit, with a single bartender who's busy polishing glasses. Derek orders a whiskey. I slide up beside him, close enough that my shoulder brushes his arm.

"Tough night?" I ask, my voice soft.

He glances at me. "Something like that."

"I get it." I look down, shake my head. "Weddings are... a lot. Especially when you're not the one getting married."

He laughs, dry. "You have no idea."

"Oh, I think I do." I look up at him through my lashes. "I saw you checking your phone. Is she giving you a hard time?"

He stiffens. "How do you—"

"I'm observant." I smile, small and shy. "I'm Pat. I'm... nobody. Just crashing for the free food."

He laughs again, this time genuine. "Crashing? That's bold."

"I get bored." I shrug. "And I saw you, and I thought... he looks like he could use a friend."

There's a pause. He studies me. I let him.

"You're not from around here," he says.

"Nope." I take a sip of my champagne. "But I know a few things. I know your girlfriend's name is Maya. I know she's sitting at table four, and she's been talking to the bride's cousin for the last twenty minutes. I know you've been together eight months, and she wants to move in, and you're not sure you're ready."

His face goes pale. "How the hell do you know all that?"

"I told you. I'm observant." I lean in, my voice dropping to a whisper. "And I know you're looking for an excuse to get out of here. I can give you one."

He stares at me. His hand tightens around his glass.

"I don't even know you," he says, but there's no conviction in it.

"You don't have to." I set my glass down and take his hand—the one that's not holding the whiskey. "I'm not asking for your number. I'm not asking for your name. I'm asking for ten minutes. That's it. And then I'll disappear, and you'll never see me again."

The bartender moves away. The alcove is quiet.

Derek's breathing changes. His eyes drop to my lips.

"What kind of ten minutes?"

I don't answer with words. I just pull him by the hand toward the door that leads to the garden.

The air outside is cool, damp. The garden is empty—dim lanterns, stone pathways, a fountain gurgling softly. I lead him behind a tall hedge, where the lights from the banquet hall barely reach.

"Here?" he says, his voice rough.

"Here." I drop to my knees on the gravel. "No one's coming."

He hesitates. I see the guilt flash across his face. Maya. The wedding. The lie he's about to tell.

I don't give him time to think.

I reach up and unbuckle his belt. His slacks are dark, expensive. His cock is already half-hard as I pull it free, and I wrap my lips around it without preamble.

He gasps. His hand flies to my head—not pushing, just holding.

I take him deep. I've learned to ignore my gag reflex by now, to relax my throat and let him in. He's thick, maybe seven inches, and I feel him hit the back of my throat and keep going. My eyes water. My nose presses against his pubic bone.

"Fuck," he whispers, and his hips start to move.

I let him fuck my face. Slow at first, then faster. I moan around him, letting him feel the vibration, letting him hear how much I want it. Saliva drips down my chin. My hands grip his thighs for balance.

"You're so... good at this," he pants.

I pull off just long enough to say, "I want you to cum in my mouth."

I take him again. Deeper. Harder. His hand tightens in my hair, and I feel him start to lose control—little thrusts, desperate and greedy. I match his rhythm, hollowing my cheeks, sucking hard, my tongue working the underside of his cock.

"That's it," I whisper between strokes. "Cum for me. I want all of it."

He's close. I can feel it in the way his cock throbs, in the way his breathing gets ragged. I push him deep, let him feel my throat contract around him, and I look up at him with tear-filled eyes.

He comes with a shuddering groan, his cum flooding my mouth, hot and thick. I swallow it down, every drop, licking at the tip as he finishes. He slumps against the hedge, panting, his hand still tangled in my hair.

I stay on my knees for a moment longer, catching my breath. Then I stand, wipe my mouth with the back of my hand, and smooth my dress.

"Thank you," I whisper.

He blinks at me, dazed. "Pat—"

"Don't." I put a finger to my lips. "Remember the rules. You never met me. This never happened."

I turn and walk away, my footsteps silent on the gravel.

Behind me, I hear him call my name once. Twice. I don't look back.

I slip through the side gate, out into the parking lot, and I'm gone.

In my studio, with the door locked and the lights off, I taste him on my tongue. His flavor. His desperation. The slick weight of his cum in my stomach.

I curl up on my fold-out bed and smile into the dark.

Maya will never know. He'll never tell her. That's the beauty of married men—the guilt keeps them quiet. The shame makes them forget.

But I don't forget. I remember every name, every taste, every broken breath.

That's the secret I keep. That's the power I hold.

And I'm not done yet.

Chapter 3: The Personal Trainer

The gym is my least favorite hunting ground, but it's effective.

Men here are already pumped full of testosterone, already thinking about their bodies, already half in love with themselves. Convincing them to cheat is almost too easy. Their egos do most of the work.

His name is Marcus. Twenty-seven, personal trainer, biceps the size of my head. He's been with his fiancée for four years. Her name is Keisha. I found their engagement photos on Facebook—she's gorgeous, tall, wears her hair natural, has a smile that could melt steel. She works as a nurse. Night shifts. Three times a week.

Marcus trains clients from 6 AM to noon, then does his own workout in the afternoons. I watched him for a week. He's consistent. Boringly consistent.

I joined the gym two days ago on a trial pass. I wear leggings and a sports bra that's a size too small, but I never work out. I sit on the leg press machine, scrolling my phone, waiting.

Today, he's finishing his shoulder workout. Lateral raises. Face pulls. He's drenched in sweat, wearing a tank top that shows off his abs. A few women glance at him. He doesn't notice. Or pretends not to.

I wait until he's wiping down the cable machine. Then I walk over, water bottle in hand, and pretend to trip.

I stumble into him. He catches my arm.

"Whoa—you okay?"

"Yeah, sorry, sorry—" I stammer, looking down. "I'm so clumsy."

He laughs. "You're fine. You need to be careful, though. That floor gets slippery."

I look up at him. I let my eyes go wide, vulnerable. "Thanks. You're really nice."

His smile is easy, practiced. "That's what I'm here for."

That's what they all say.

I don't push it. I walk away, sit on a mat, and start stretching. I know he's watching me. I can feel his eyes on my ass as I bend forward.

An hour later, the gym is emptying out. He's at the front desk, typing on his tablet. I walk up, pretending to check my phone.

"Hey," I say. "I just realized I forgot my lock for the locker room. Do you know where I can get one?"

He glances up. "We've got some at the front. Hang on."

He walks around the desk. I move closer. When he passes me, I let my hand brush his.

"Actually," I say, voice quiet. "I was wondering if you could help me with something else."

He pauses. "Yeah?"

I lean in. "My form on squats. I think I'm doing them wrong. Could you show me?"

His eyes flicker. Professional interest, maybe. Maybe something else.

"Sure. Let's go to the rack."

I follow him to the squat rack. He sets up an empty bar. I stand under it, let him adjust my stance. His hands on my hips. Warm. Calloused.

"Knees out," he says. "Brace your core."

I squat down. He watches. When I come back up, I turn to face him.

"That's not what I really need help with."

He frowns. "What do you mean?"

I take a step closer. There's no one else in the gym. The front desk is empty. The music is loud.

"Your fiancée works nights, right? Keisha. She's at the hospital until seven AM."

His face goes cold. "How do you—"

"I know a lot of things." I smile. "I know you haven't had morning sex in three months. I know you jerk off in the shower before your first client. I know you're hungry."

He doesn't move. His jaw is tight.

"I'm not going to tell anyone," I say. "I'm not going to ask for anything. I just want to feel your hands on me. No strings. No name."

I reach out and touch his chest. His heart is pounding.

"Your girl doesn't have to know."

He looks at me. His eyes go dark.

He searches the gym. Empty.

"Not here," he says, his voice low.

"No. Not here."

I lead him to the men's locker room. I know the schedule—the attendant does a round every thirty minutes. We have twelve.

The shower stall is tiled, cold. He pushes me against the wall and kisses me, hard, hungry. His hands tear at my leggings.

I let him. I want him rough.

He turns me around, bends me over. I hear the crinkle of a condom wrapper—at least he's not stupid. Then he's inside me, thick and deep, and I gasp.

He fucks me like he's punishing me. No foreplay. No tenderness. Just his hips slapping against mine, his breath hot on my neck, his hand clamped over my mouth.

"You're a fucking tease," he growls.

I moan into his palm. I'm tight, wet, and I take every inch. He slams into me, over and over, the tile digging into my palms.

"I want you to cum in me," I whisper. "I want to feel you fill me up."

He grunts. His rhythm breaks. He shoves deep and holds, grinding, and I feel the condom pulse inside me.

When he pulls out, I turn around and drop to my knees. I pull the condom off and take his still-hard cock into my mouth, licking off the latex taste. He groans, watching me.

"You're insane," he says.

"Maybe." I stand up, wipe my mouth. "But you'll think about me next time you're with her."

I walk out of the locker room, past the front desk, out into the parking lot. The sun is setting.

I have Marcus's cum on my tongue and Keisha's engagement ring in my memory.

I love this game.

Chapter 4: The Law Student

The library is my sanctuary.

It's quiet. It smells like old paper and desperation. And it's full of men who think they're too smart to be caught.

His name is Jamal. Third year. Law school. Top of his class. His girlfriend is named Priya, and she's doing medical residency in another city. She visits once a month. He's alone for the other twenty-nine days.

I found him in the stacks of the fourth floor, tucked between constitutional law and criminal procedure. He's here every night until closing, studying for the bar. He wears expensive headphones and never looks up.

I sit two tables away. I read a novel I'm not reading. I watch him.

He's handsome in a tired way. Bags under his eyes. A sharp jaw. His eyebrows are thick and expressive. When he

reads something frustrating, he pinches the bridge of his nose.

I like that. I like breaking composed people.

At 9:47 PM, he gets up to use the bathroom. I follow.

The men's room on the fourth floor is small. Single stall. Single sink.

I wait until I hear the toilet flush. Then I walk in just as he opens the door.

"Oh—sorry—" I step back, flustered. "I thought this was the women's."

He blinks. "Uh, no, it's—"

"I'm so embarrassed." I laugh, looking down. "I'm always doing this. I need to get my eyes checked."

He smiles, polite. "It happens."

I make room for him to pass. He steps out. I step in.

And then I don't close the door.

He's halfway to the sink when I say, "Jamal."

He freezes. Turns.

"I'm sorry?" he says.

"I know your name. I know Priya comes to visit every second weekend. I know you're stressed about the bar. I know you haven't gotten laid in weeks."

His face goes through a rapid sequence—confusion, suspicion, anger.

"What the fuck is this?"

"It's an offer." I lean against the doorframe. "I'm not a stalker. I'm not a threat. I'm just someone who wants to suck your cock and leave."

He stares at me. His hands are clenched.

"You're crazy."

"Maybe." I reach out and touch his wrist. "But look me in the eye and tell me you don't want it."

He doesn't. He can't.

I see the war in his head. The good boyfriend. The future lawyer. The man who's supposed to be faithful.

But I also see the hunger, buried under crust of discipline.

I step into the bathroom and lock the door behind me.

He's backed against the sink. I drop to my knees. No words. No games.

I unbutton his chinos. Pull down his boxer briefs. His cock is long and uncut, and I take him into my mouth with a soft moan.

He gasps. His hands fly to my hair, not sure whether to push or pull.

I let him decide.

I work him slowly, teasing the foreskin with my tongue, letting the head slide over my lips. He's shaking. His thighs are tight.

"Priya—" he says, like a prayer.

"Shh," I whisper against his skin. "This isn't about her."

I take him deeper. His hips start moving. I brace one hand on his thigh, the other on his stomach. He's lean, hard muscle. I feel every tremor.

"Please—" He's losing it. "I'm going to—"

I push him to the back of my throat. I hold him there. I let him feel the gag reflex, the tears, the surrender.

He comes with a groan that's more pain than pleasure.

I swallow every drop. I kiss the tip. I stand up.

"You're going to hate yourself for this," I say softly. "But you're going to dream about it."

I unlock the door and slip out.

The library is empty. The lights are dim. I gather my bag and walk toward the exit.

Behind me, I hear the bathroom door open. His voice, rough and breaking.

"Wait."

I don't.

I step into the night, tasting him, burning his shame into
my memory.

Jamal. Law student. Tastes like guilt.

Exactly how I like it.

Chapter 5: The Professor's Son

The faculty mixer is the last place anyone would expect to find me.

I'm only here because Professor Morrison mentioned it in passing—a gathering for the humanities department, wine and cheese in the faculty lounge, a chance for students to "network." I smiled and nodded and said I'd think about it.

I'm here for his son.

His name is David Morrison. Twenty-five. He came home for the weekend to visit his dad, and I spotted him the moment I walked in. He's the kind of handsome that doesn't know it—messy brown hair, a jaw that needs a shave, eyes that crinkle when he laughs. He's wearing a flannel over a band t-shirt, completely out of place among the tweed jackets and silk blouses.

He's leaning against the wall near the window, holding a glass of wine he hasn't touched. He looks bored. He looks like he's waiting for someone.

I saw the photo on his Instagram yesterday. A girl with red hair and freckles, tagged as his girlfriend. Her name is Nora. She works in a bookstore across town. She posts quotes from poetry collections and photos of their cat.

I hate cats.

I circle the room, staying close to the edges, pretending to examine the bookshelf. I'm wearing my usual disguise: baggy sweater, no makeup, hair in a greasy ponytail. No one looks at me twice. That's the point.

David checks his phone. Scrolls. Sighs.

I move closer.

"There's a bathroom down the hall," I say, not looking at him. "If you need to escape."

He turns. "Sorry?"

I gesture vaguely at the room. "These things. They're the worst, aren't they? Everyone wants to talk about their research, and no one actually wants to listen."

He laughs, surprised. "Yeah. You're not wrong."

I risk a glance. His eyes are warm, curious. "I'm Pat. I'm in your dad's Psych 101. Well, not really. I just sit in."

"David." He shakes my hand. His palm is calloused.
"Nice to meet someone honest in this room."

I let my fingers linger. "Honest is boring."

His smile fades into something more thoughtful. "What does that mean?"

I shrug, pull my hand back. "Nothing. Just that I prefer people who say what they mean."

The conversation drifts. He tells me he's a carpenter—apprenticed under his uncle, builds custom furniture. He hates the city, misses the mountains. He came home to help his dad with a leaky roof, not for the wine.

I listen. I nod. I laugh at his jokes.

When he excuses himself to refill his water, I follow.

The hallway outside the lounge is empty. He's standing by the vending machine, feeding quarters into it. I walk up beside him.

"Nora," I say.

He freezes. "What?"

"The girl in your phone background. Red hair. She's pretty."

He straightens slowly. "Yeah. She's my girlfriend."

"Three years?"

"Four."

I lean against the wall. "She doesn't like coming to these things, does she?"

He doesn't answer. He doesn't have to. I saw the texts from her on his lock screen—I'm sorry, babe, I can't make it, you know how these things drain me.

"Long-distance?" I ask.

"Sort of. She lives across town, but... she's got anxiety. Crowds are hard for her."

I nod, understanding. "So you're here alone. Drinking cheap wine, talking to academics, thinking about how your girl is waiting at home in a blanket fort, reading poems."

He laughs, but it's hollow. "Something like that."

I reach out and take the soda can from his hand before he can open it. I set it on top of the machine.

"There's a storage closet at the end of the hall," I say. "I checked. It's unlocked."

His forehead creases. "What?"

"I'm offering you an escape, David. A real one." I step closer. "I know you love her. I know you'd never hurt her. But I also know you're lonely, and you're tired, and you want to feel something other than obligation."

His breath hitches.

"Your girlfriend doesn't have to know." I say it soft, almost kind. "She'll never meet me. I'm not even a real student here. After tonight, I'll be a ghost."

"I can't—" He shakes his head, but his eyes are fixed on mine.

"You can. You just have to decide what you want more." I turn and walk toward the closet. I don't look back.

He follows.

The closet is small, packed with folding chairs and a stack of dusty banners. I push him inside and lock the door.

"On your knees," I whisper.

He hesitates. Then he goes down.

I pull down my leggings, turn around, and bend over a stack of chairs. I'm not wearing underwear. I feel the cool air on my skin.

"Eat me," I say.

His hands grip my hips. His mouth finds me. He's hesitant at first, then hungry. I arch my back, let him taste me, let him feel how wet I am.

"Good," I breathe. "Faster."

He obeys. His tongue moves in quick circles, his stubble scratching my thighs. I push back against his face, grind-

ing. I don't care about coming—I just want to feel him desperate.

When I'm satisfied, I pull away. I turn and drop to my knees in front of him. His jeans are tight. I unbutton them, pull out his cock. He's already hard, leaking.

I look up at him. "You sure you want this?"

He nods, throat bobbing. "Yes."

I take him in my mouth, deep and fast, no warning. He gasps, his hand slamming against the wall. I work him fully, letting my throat relax, letting him feel every inch.

"Fuck—" His voice is strangled.

I hum. I want him to remember this. I want him to remember the girl in the baggy sweater who ate him like he was the last meal on earth.

He comes quickly. I swallow it all, licking the tip until he shudders.

I stand up. Straighten my clothes. Open the closet door.

"Thank you," I say, the same voice I used for his dad's TA, for the personal trainer, for the law student. "This was exactly what I needed."

I walk back to the lounge. No one notices I was gone.

Twenty minutes later, David returns. He doesn't look at me. He finishes his wine, says goodbye to his father, and leaves.

I watch him go.

Nora is waiting at home, probably curled up on the couch, cat on her lap. She'll kiss him when he walks in, tell him she missed him. He'll hold her a little tighter tonight.

He won't tell her why.

But he'll think about me.

I always make sure of that.

Chapter 6: The Bartender

It's a dive bar called The Rusty Anchor. The floor is sticky, the jukebox is broken, and the beer is cheap. It's the kind of place where people go to forget their names.

I'm here for him.

His name is Leo. Twenty-nine. He's been bartending here for six years. His girlfriend is a waitress named Dani, who works the night shift at a diner two blocks away. She finishes at 2 AM. He finishes at 2 AM. They walk home together, share a cigarette, crash in their studio apartment above a laundromat.

I've been watching them for a week. She's pretty in a tired way, dark circles under her eyes, but a smile that makes him light up. They're the kind of couple that everyone roots for.

They're perfect for each other.

Which means I want to get between them.

Tonight is Friday. The bar is busier than usual. I sit at a corner table, nursing a club soda, watching Leo move behind the counter. He's fast, efficient, knows the regulars by name. He laughs at shitty jokes, pours shots with a flourish, never stops moving.

When he glances my way, I look down. Shy. Avoidant.

It takes an hour. But eventually, he walks over.

"You good? Need another drink?"

I look up, startled. "Oh—no, I'm fine. Thanks."

"You've been nursing that soda for a while. If you're waiting for someone, I can bring out a menu."

"No, I'm not waiting." I laugh, embarrassed. "I just... it's loud. I've got a headache. I should probably go."

I stand up, fumble with my bag, drop my keys. We both reach for them at the same time. Our hands touch.

I look at him. His eyes are hazel, tired, kind.

"Sorry," I whisper.

"No, it's fine." He hands me the keys. His fingers brush mine again.

I don't leave.

Instead, I sit back down. He hesitates, then pulls up the chair across from me.

"You okay?" he asks.

"Not really." I look down at my lap. "I just broke up with my boyfriend. Was supposed to meet him here. He didn't show."

His face crinkles with sympathy. "Shit. I'm sorry."

"It's fine. I didn't really care about him." I look up, eyes wet. "I just didn't want to be alone tonight."

He doesn't say anything. But he doesn't leave either.

The bar thins out around midnight. He checks on me between orders, brings me a water, tells me a joke. I laugh, wipe my eyes, lean into the attention.

At closing, he's wiping down the counter. I'm the only one left.

"You need to get home safe?" he asks.

"I'll walk. I live nearby."

"Let me call you a cab."

"I can't afford one."

He sighs. Runs a hand through his hair. "I get off in ten. I can walk you."

"I don't want to bother you."

"You're not a bother."

I smile, small and grateful. "Thank you."

We walk in silence. The streets are empty, the air cool. He lights a cigarette, offers me one. I take it, even though I don't smoke.

"Does your girlfriend mind?" I ask, blowing out smoke.

"What?"

"That you walk pretty girls home after work."

He looks at me, wary. "She trusts me."

"I'm sure she does." I stop walking. We're at the corner of an alley, dark and narrow. "Look, Leo. I know this is forward, but I don't have much to lose tonight."

He frowns. "What do you mean?"

I drop the cigarette. Step closer. "I want you to fuck me in this alley. And then I want you to go home to Dani and pretend it never happened."

He takes a step back. "What the hell?"

"I see it in your eyes." I don't break gaze. "You haven't had a night off in months. You love her, but you're tired. You want to be selfish for one minute."

"Get away from me." His voice is hard, but he doesn't move.

I reach out. Touch his belt. "One minute, Leo. That's all I ask. I'll be gone before you finish."

"I have a girlfriend," he says, but his voice cracks.

"I know. And she'll never know."

He looks at me. The streetlight catches the conflict in his eyes. The good guy. The faithful man.

But he's still standing there.

I drop to my knees in the alley. The concrete is cold, wet. I unbutton his jeans, pull out his half-hard cock, and take him in my mouth without another word.

He groans. His hand lands on my head, fingers threading through my hair.

"What are you doing to me?" he whispers.

I don't answer. I suck him deep, let him feel the warmth of my throat, the wet slide of my tongue. He gets hard instantly. I bob my head fast, messy, letting spit drip down my chin.

"Fuck—" He's breathing hard, his hips starting to thrust.

I let him. I let him fuck my mouth, letting the gag reflex take over, letting the tears fall. He grabs a handful of my hair and holds me in place, driving deep into my throat.

"God damn it," he growls.

He comes with a shudder, thick and hot, flooding my tongue. I swallow it all, every drop, and then I pull away and smile up at him.

"Thank you," I say.

I stand up, wipe my mouth, and walk away before he can speak.

I don't look back.

But I know he's still standing there, in the mouth of the alley, his cock still wet with my saliva, his life about to crack open.

I pass by the diner. Through the window, I see Dani wiping down a table, laughing with a coworker. She has no idea what her boyfriend's mouth tastes like.

But I do.

Chapter 7: The Yoga Instructor

His studio is called "Breath & Body." It's in a strip mall between a dry cleaner and a Thai restaurant. The windows are frosted, the floors are bamboo, and the air smells like eucalyptus and desperation.

His name is Owen. Thirty-two. He wears linen pants and talks about chakras. His girlfriend is named Sage. She teaches prenatal yoga two doors down. They're a power couple of wellness, the kind of people who post sunrise photos with captions about gratitude.

I hate them.

But I want him.

I sign up for a beginner's class under a fake name. I wear leggings that are too tight, a tank top that shows my stomach. I don't stretch. I don't breathe. I stare at his ass while he demonstrates downward dog.

He's gorgeous. Lean, flexible, with a jawline that could cut glass. His voice is a low hum, calm and measured. He corrects my form with gentle hands, pressing on my lower back, adjusting my hips.

This is Day One. I don't rush.

I come back the next day. And the next.

By Day Four, he remembers my name. "Pat, right? You're making great progress."

I blush. "Thanks. I've never done this before."

"You have natural flexibility." He smiles. "Keep practicing."

On Day Seven, I stay after class. The studio is empty. He's rolling up mats.

"Owen," I say.

He turns. "Everything okay?"

I take a step closer. "I need to tell you something. And I need you to not freak out."

He sets down the mat. "Okay."

"I've been watching you. I know you have a girlfriend. I know you're happy. But I also know you want me."

His face goes still. "Pat—"

"Don't lie to me. I've seen the way you touch me during class. The way your hands linger." I step closer. "I want you to fuck me on this mat. Right now."

He shakes his head. "This isn't appropriate. I'm your instructor."

"You're not my anything. I'm a stranger. I'll stay a stranger." I reach up and unzip my tank top. It falls to the floor. I'm not wearing a bra.

He stares.

Sage is three doors down, teaching a class full of pregnant women. She'll be busy for another hour.

I kneel on the mat. "Come here, Owen."

He doesn't move.

"Please," I add, dropping my voice to a whisper. "I want to feel you inside me."

He breaks.

He crosses the room in three strides. He's on his knees in front of me, kissing me hard, his hands everywhere. He's stronger than he looks, lifting me off the mat and laying me down on my back.

"I'm going to fuck you so deep you forget your own name," he growls.

"Good."

He pushes into me without warning. I gasp. He's thick, angled just right. He fucks me with sharp, precise strokes, like he's counting each one.

I wrap my legs around his waist. He leans down, bites my neck, pumps harder.

"Do you feel that?" he says. "That's guilt."

I moan. "Don't stop."

He doesn't. He fucks me until the mat slides across the floor, until I'm crying out, until he comes with a shudder that shakes his whole body.

He collapses on top of me. We're both sweating, breathing hard.

"You're dangerous," he says.

"I know."

I push him off. Stand up. Pull on my tank top.

He's lying on the mat, staring at the ceiling.

I walk to the door. Turn back.

"Your girlfriend is going to love you more tonight. You'll be gentler, more present. Thanks for that."

I leave.

The studio door clicks shut behind me. I walk past the prenatal yoga class and see Sage through the window, her

belly round, her hands on a student's shoulders. She's radiant, soft, good.

She doesn't know that her boyfriend just buried his face between my thighs.

I smile all the way home.

Chapter 8: The Librarian

Back at the library... Not because I study—I don't. But because it's full of quiet corners, dim lighting, and men who think they're invisible.

His name is Marcus. Twenty-seven. He works the night shift at the circulation desk, shelving books and checking out laptops. His girlfriend is a grad student named Jenna, who's currently in Berlin for a six-month research fellowship. I know because he talks about her to the other librarians. "Jenna sent me a postcard today." "Jenna says the archives are incredible." "I miss Jenna so much."

He's the perfect target. Lonely, faithful, aching.

I've been sitting in the same corner of the second floor for two weeks. I bring the same textbook—Introduction to Cognitive Psychology—and I barely open it. Instead, I watch him.

He's tall, lanky, with forearms that look like they've carried a thousand books. He wears wire-rimmed glasses and cardigans. He's the kind of man who holds doors open and says "please" and "thank you" too many times. He's painfully polite.

Jenna is lucky. She doesn't know it yet.

Tonight, I make my move.

The library is almost empty. It's eleven PM, twenty minutes to closing. Marcus is doing his final sweep, pushing a cart of returns through the stacks. I position myself in the aisle where he'll pass, sitting on the floor with my knees pulled up, my phone in my hand.

He turns the corner and nearly trips over me.

"Oh—I'm so sorry—are you okay?" He crouches down, his face full of concern. "I didn't see you there."

"I'm fine." I look up, eyes wide, flustered. "Sorry. I was just... I lost my spot. I was reading and I got distracted."

He smiles, soft and kind. "It's almost closing time. You should head out soon."

"I know. I just..." I trail off, letting my shoulders slump. "I don't really want to go back to my dorm. It's quiet there too."

His brow furrows. "Yeah, I get that. The quiet can be heavy."

I nod, letting my gaze drop to his hands. He's wearing a simple silver ring on his right thumb. Jenna's gift, probably.

"I'm Marcus, by the way." He extends a hand.

I take it. "Pat."

"Well, Pat. If you ever need a place to study that doesn't feel lonely, the library is open until midnight on weekends."

"I might take you up on that."

He stands, clearly ready to move on. But I don't let go of his hand.

"Marcus," I say, my voice dropping to something softer. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Your girlfriend. Jenna. She's in Berlin, right?"

He stiffens. "How do you know that?"

"I heard you talking about her. I'm not a stalker, I promise." I laugh, small and self-deprecating. "I just... I notice things."

He doesn't pull his hand away.

"She's lucky," I say. "I bet she misses you."

"She does. I miss her too." His voice is tight.

I stand up slowly, bringing myself closer to him. We're chest to chest now. He's a full head taller than me. His breath catches.

"Marcus." I reach up and touch his jaw. "When's the last time someone touched you? Really touched you?"

"I—" He swallows. "Pat, I don't think—"

"Don't think. Just feel." I rise on my tiptoes and press my mouth to his.

He doesn't kiss back at first. Then he does. His hands land on my waist, tentative, then gripping. He tastes like coffee and loneliness. I let the kiss deepen, let my tongue slide against his, let him feel the heat of my body through his cardigan.

I break away, breathing hard. "There's a study room in the basement. It's soundproof. I checked."

"Pat, I have a girlfriend."

"I know. And she's six thousand miles away. And you're here, and you're hard, and you want this."

He looks down. The bulge in his khakis is undeniable.

I take his hand and lead him to the stairwell.

The basement study room is small, windowless, with a whiteboard and a single desk. I lock the door behind us. The overhead light hums.

"On the desk," I say.

He hesitates, then sits on the edge. I kneel in front of him and unzip his pants. His cock springs out, already leaking. I wrap my hand around the shaft, feel the heat, the weight.

"I'm going to suck you off," I whisper. "And then I'm going to leave. And you're going to go home and call Jenna and tell her you love her. And you'll mean it even more because of me."

He doesn't argue.

I take him in my mouth. Deep, wet, sloppy. I let my throat relax and take him all the way to the base, my nose pressed against his pubic bone. He groans, his hands finding my hair, gripping tight.

"That's it," he breathes. "God, that's—"

I work him fast, using my tongue, my spit, my hand on the base. He's thick, but I take it. I always take it. I feel him twitch, hear his breathing quicken.

"I'm close," he warns.

I double down. Deeper, faster, swallowing around him on every downstroke. He comes with a shudder, hot and thick, flooding my throat. I hold him there, let him pump every drop down my throat, then pull off slowly, licking the tip clean.

I stand up. Wipe my mouth.

"Thank you, Marcus."

He's slumped against the whiteboard, eyes half-lidded, chest heaving. "That was... I don't even know what that was."

"A gift." I straighten my sweater. "Don't feel guilty. She'll never know."

I unlock the door and walk out.

I can hear his zipper closing as I climb the stairs.

The library lights go off behind me. I step into the cold night air and smile.

Jenna is probably in a hostel in Berlin right now, sharing a bunk bed with strangers, missing him. She has no idea that her boyfriend's spend is still warm on my tongue.

I taste him all the way home.

Chapter 9: The Personal Trainer

The gym is called Iron Haven. It smells like rubber and determination. I hate it here.

But he's worth it.

His name is Tyler. Thirty-one. He's a personal trainer with a jawline you could cut yourself on and biceps that strain the sleeves of his tank top. His girlfriend is a soft, curvy woman named Ashley who works at a bakery. She brings him free pastries every morning. He posts photos of them on Instagram with captions like "my sweet tooth ."

They've been together four years. They just got a puppy.

I've been coming to the gym for three weeks, always in loose sweatpants and a baggy shirt, always on the same elliptical machine in the corner, always watching him work with clients. He's patient, encouraging, hands-on.

He touches their shoulders, their hips, their backs, correcting their form.

I want those hands on me.

Today, I walk up to him after his last session. The gym is quiet, almost empty. He's wiping down a bench.

"Excuse me?"

He turns. "Hey, what's up?"

"I'm sorry to bother you. I was wondering if you could show me how to use the squat rack." I drop my gaze, let my voice go soft. "I'm new to lifting and I don't want to hurt myself."

His face lights up. "Of course! I'm Tyler. I'd be happy to help."

"I'm Pat."

"Nice to meet you, Pat. Let's get you set up."

He shows me the proper stance, the bar placement, the way to brace my core. His hands are on my hips, adjusting my angle. His chest brushes my back. I can smell his deodorant, clean and masculine.

I let him guide me through three sets. I'm terrible, wobbly, but he's patient.

"Good job," he says. "You've got natural hip drive."

I blush. "Thanks. I'm sorry for taking up your time."

"No, it's fine. I'm off the clock anyway." He grins. "Ashley's working late tonight, so I've got nowhere to be."

There it is.

I shift my weight, looking down at my shoes. "I don't want to impose, but... I could use some help with another exercise. It's a bit... embarrassing."

"Oh yeah? What is it?"

I look up, meet his eyes. "The floor exercises. I never know if I'm doing them right. Especially the ones that involve flexibility."

He scratches the back of his neck. "We could do a quick session in the private training room. It's empty right now."

"Yes," I say, a little too quickly. "Please."

The private room is small, with mirrors on two walls and a padded mat on the floor. He closes the door.

"Okay, show me what you're working on."

I lie down on the mat and slowly spread my legs wide, bending my knees. I'm wearing baggy shorts, but I've made sure I'm not wearing underwear. The V of my crotch is visible.

"Something like this?" I ask innocently.

His eyes drop to my thighs. He clears his throat. "Uh, that's... that's a good stretch. But you need to keep your back flat."

I press my lower back down. "Like this?"

"Yeah." His voice is strained. "That's perfect."

I hold the position, letting him watch. Then I reach down and grip the waistband of my shorts.

"Tyler," I say. "I want you to fuck me on this mat."

"What?" He takes a step back. "I'm a professional—"

"I know. And I know about Ashley. And I know you've been eyeing the girl at the front desk, and the yoga instructor, and the MILF who comes in at 6 AM." I smile, cold. "I pay attention."

His face goes pale. "How do you—"

"Doesn't matter. What matters is that you want to. And I'll never tell." I pull my shorts down to my knees. My pussy is bare, already wet.

He stands frozen. I reach out and grab the hem of his shorts.

"Get on the mat," I say. "Don't make me ask twice."

He does.

He's on top of me in seconds, his mouth on my neck, his hands grabbing my breasts through my sports bra. I wrap

my legs around his waist, feel his cock pressing against my thigh.

"Condom?" he asks.

"No." I pull his face to mine. "I want to feel you come inside me."

He pushes into me in one smooth stroke. I gasp—he's big, thick, hitting deep. He starts fucking me hard, fast, his rhythm punishing. The mat slides under us. I dig my nails into his back.

"Yes," I moan. "Just like that."

He drives into me, sweat dripping from his forehead onto my chest. I let him use me, let him take what he wants. I'm just a hole. I'm just his dirty secret.

"Fuck, you're tight," he grits out.

"I know. Come for me, Tyler. Fill me up."

He pounds into me three more times, then groans, his body tensing, his release hot and deep. I feel it pool inside me, warm and sticky.

He collapses on top of me, breathing hard. I stroke his hair.

"Thank you," I whisper.

He doesn't answer.

I push him off, pull up my shorts, stand. My thighs are slick. I can feel his cum leaking down.

"Tell Ashley I said hi," I say, and walk out.

The gym is dark now. The night janitor is mopping the front lobby. He doesn't look at me.

I walk home with Tyler's seed still inside me, a warm secret pressed between my thighs.

Ashley is probably frosting cupcakes right now, humming to herself, thinking about how lucky she is.

She is. She just doesn't know why.

Chapter 10: The Barista

The coffee shop is called "Steep Dreams." It's in a restored Victorian house, all exposed brick and mismatched furniture. The baristas wear aprons and call everyone "friend."

His name is Alex. Twenty-six. He works the morning shift. He's the one with the sleeve tattoos and the man bun and the smile that makes every female customer blush.

His girlfriend is named Emily. She works at a florist shop three doors down. She brings him wildflowers and tucks them into his apron pocket. They're disgustingly cute. They have a joint Instagram account for their cat.

I've been coming here every morning for two weeks. I order a black coffee, no sugar, and sit in the corner with my laptop. I don't type anything. I just watch him.

He's efficient, charming, always laughing. He remembers people's orders, asks about their kids, their dogs, their

weekend plans. He's the kind of person who makes everyone feel special.

I want to be special to him. Just once.

Today, I time it right. The morning rush is over. The café is nearly empty. Emily is at the florist shop, arranging peonies. Alex is wiping down the espresso machine.

I walk up to the counter.

"Hey, Pat." He smiles. "The usual?"

"Yeah, thanks."

He makes my coffee with practiced ease. I watch his hands—the tattoos crawling up his forearms, the way his fingers grip the cup.

"Slow morning?" I ask.

"You know it. Gives me time to clean." He hands me the cup. "You're here early."

"I couldn't sleep." I take the cup, let my fingers brush against his. "Do you ever get a break?"

He chuckles. "In about ten minutes, actually. Why?"

I lean forward, lowering my voice. "I have a question I need to ask you. Privately."

He looks around the empty shop. "Sure, I guess. Let me just lock the front door."

I wait as he flips the sign to "Be Right Back." He leads me to the back room—a small storage area with bags of coffee beans, a fridge, a mop sink.

"What's up?" He crosses his arms.

I set my coffee down on a box of syrups. "I've been coming here every day for two weeks, Alex."

"I know. You're a regular now."

"I'm not a regular. I'm a predator." I step closer. "And you're my prey."

His eyes widen. "What?"

I reach out and touch his chest. "I know about Emily. I know she has a birthmark on her left shoulder. I know she likes you to sing in the shower. I know you proposed to her last year but she said she wasn't ready, and you've been waiting ever since."

His face goes white. "How do you know all that?"

"I listen. I watch. I learn." I press my body against his. "You're a good man, Alex. You're lonely. Emily loves you, but she's scared. And you're tired of waiting."

"I'm not—" He swallows. "I'm faithful."

"Then why haven't you pushed me away?"

He doesn't answer.

I drop to my knees. The floor is cold, gritty with spilled coffee grounds. I unbutton his jeans. He doesn't stop me.

I take his cock in my mouth. He's already half-hard. I work him with my tongue, my hand, my throat. He grows fast, thick. I let him feel the back of my throat, the gag, the wet heat.

"Oh God," he whispers.

I pull off for a second. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No."

I take him again, deeper this time. I let my tears fall, let my nose press into his skin, let him feel the shame and the pleasure and the guilt all at once. He grabs my hair, fucks my face with desperate, shallow thrusts.

"Fuck, Pat—I'm gonna—"

I don't let go. He comes in my mouth with a cry, hot and bitter. I swallow it all, then sit back on my heels and smile.

"I knew you'd taste good."

He slumps against the wall, zipping his jeans with shaking hands. "I have to go. Emily's expecting me for lunch."

"I know." I stand, brush off my knees. "Don't forget to wash your hands. The coffee grounds are messy."

He stares at me, eyes wide, mouth open. I pick up my coffee and walk out of the back room. I unlock the front door myself and step outside.

The bell above the door jingles. I hear him calling my name, but I don't turn back.

I pass the florist shop. Emily is arranging a bouquet of sunflowers, humming to herself. She looks happy. She looks loved.

She'll never know that her boyfriend's taste is still on my tongue.

I smile and walk home.

Three down. A thousand more to go.

Part II: Snowbound Salvation

Chapter 11: The Blizzard Hits

The sky was the color of a bruise when we pulled into the parking lot of the Mountain View Christian Retreat Center. Fat flakes had already started falling, clinging to the windshield like wet feathers, and Pastor David was muttering something about the forecast being wrong again.

I stepped out of the van, and the cold bit through my jeans immediately. The snow was piling up fast, already covering the gravel path to the main cabin. Everyone else was groaning, complaining about the weather, worried about whether we'd have enough firewood. But I felt something electric crackling under my skin—like the storm was a permission slip, signed by God himself, granting me leave to do whatever I wanted.

I grabbed two bags of groceries from the trunk. My fingers were numb within seconds, but I didn't mind. I

watched Jake struggle with a fifty-pound bag of potatoes, his biceps straining against his thermal shirt. I watched Marcus stomp past me, his eyes lingering on my ass as I bent to pick up a fallen can of beans. I filed that look away, stored it in a mental folder labeled later.

The cabin was rustic but spacious—two floors, a stone fireplace, a kitchen that smelled like pine and old wood. Everyone rushed inside, shaking snow from their coats, claiming bunks. I took the top bunk in the corner room, next to Lena. She was quiet, trembling slightly as she unpacked her duffel bag. I caught her staring at Brianna's back as Brianna stretched to hang her coat. That went into another folder.

Harold and Diane were already bickering about where to put the extra blankets. Tyler was in the corner with his paperback, ignoring everyone. Kelsey was cracking open a smuggled vodka bottle. Rachel was listing all the things we'd need to do to survive the storm—like she was leading a military operation.

I watched them all. And I smiled.

That night, the internet died. Then the cell service blinked out. Everyone stood in the living room, holding

their phones up like offerings to a dead god. Pastor David tried to lead a prayer circle, but even he looked nervous.

"Don't worry," he said, his voice thin. "We have enough food and firewood for a week. The storm will pass."

But I could see the panic in their eyes. Without their screens, without their distractions, they were raw and exposed. Marcus was pacing. Jake was doing push-ups. Rachel was making lists on a napkin. Kelsey was already drunk.

I sat by the fire, letting the heat wash over my face. The snow hammered the windows, a white curtain sealing us in. No one could leave. No one could call for help. No one could interrupt.

I felt my pussy pulse, a slow, wet ache.

I caught Marcus staring at my ass again when I bent to add another log. I caught Jake's eyes following my tits under my sweater. I caught Harold's gaze flickering to Diane, then away. I caught Lena's hand trembling as she reached for her water glass.

They were all so hungry. They just didn't know it yet.

I lay in my bunk that night, listening to the wind howl through the eaves. The cabin was quiet except for the occasional creak and the soft breathing of the others. Lena

was in the bunk below me, tossing and turning. Brianna was across the room, her back to me.

I slipped my hand into my pajama pants, my fingers finding my clit through my panties. It was already slick, already swollen. I closed my eyes and let my mind wander.

I thought about Marcus's hungry eyes. I imagined him on his knees, begging for my mouth. I thought about Jake's thick thighs, how they'd feel wrapped around my head. I thought about Harold's quiet desperation, Diane's neglected pussy, Tyler's trembling hands.

I thought about Lena's soft lips, Brianna's tight ass, Kelsey's tattooed hips. I thought about Rachel's perfect posture crumbling under my fingers. I thought about Pastor David's holy mouth wrapping around my clit.

My fingers moved faster. I bit my lip to keep quiet.

I imagined each of them coming undone, one by one. I imagined them crying out my name, their bodies shuddering under my touch. I imagined their orgasms—sharp, messy, desperate.

I pushed two fingers inside myself, my other hand squeezing my nipple through my shirt. The images in my head blurred into a knot of heat and hunger.

I came once, then again, my thighs clamping around my hand. My pussy pulsed, wet and hungry. I kept my eyes closed, letting the waves wash over me.

A whisper formed in my head, clear as a bell:

I'm going to make them all come. Every single one. At least two times each. And I'm going to get mine too.

The thought felt right, like a prophecy.

I pulled my hand out of my panties and licked my fingers clean. The taste was salty, familiar. I stared at the ceiling, the snow still falling beyond the window, and I planned.

I counted them: Marcus, Jake, Harold, Diane, Tyler, Lena, Brianna, Kelsey, Rachel, David. Ten people. Twenty orgasms at minimum. But I knew I'd get more. I could feel it in my bones.

I thought about how I'd start. Marcus was the easiest—he practically licked his lips every time I bent over. I'd corner him first, let him think he was the predator. Then I'd flip the script and make him come begging.

Jake would be second. He was loyal to his girlfriend back home, but his eyes didn't lie. I'd catch him alone in the hot tub, the steam hiding everything. He'd be weak, and I'd be patient.

Harold and Diane would be tricky. They needed to come together, to remember why they loved each other. I'd have to break through their resentment first, then rebuild them piece by piece.

Lena was the one I wanted most. She was a sleeping volcano. I'd wake her up, teach her how to enjoy her own body, and then I'd teach her how to enjoy mine.

The rest would fall in line. Tyler would respond to praise. Kelsey would respond to alcohol and competition. Brianna needed gentle pressure. Rachel needed someone to take control from her. David needed to be corrupted.

I smiled in the dark.

Ten people. Twenty orgasms. And me, at the center, getting mine.

I slid my hand back into my panties, just to feel the wetness. My clit was still sensitive, still aching.

I let the fantasy unspool in my head. I imagined the final night—all of them in a pile, sweaty and spent, their faces buried in each other's bodies. I imagined myself on top, riding someone's face, my fingers in someone else's pussy, my mouth on someone's cock.

I came again, silently, my body arching off the mattress. The pleasure was sharp and clean.

I fell asleep smiling, my fingers still damp against my thigh. The snow kept falling, a white wall between us and the world. No one could leave. No one could call for help. No one could stop me.

The last thought I had before sleep took me was simple:
Tomorrow, I start.

I dreamed of hands and mouths and heat. I dreamed of ten faces twisted in pleasure. I dreamed of my own name, whispered like a prayer, over and over.

When I woke up, my pussy was still wet, and the storm was still raging. The cabin was quiet, everyone still asleep. I lay there, listening to the wind, and I felt the hunger stirring in my belly.

It was time to begin.

Chapter 12: The First Catch

The cabin woke up slowly, the gray light of the storm seeping through the frost-caked windows. I stretched in my bunk, my joints popping, my pussy still slick with the residue of last night's fantasies. The air smelled like coffee and pine—Rachel must have started a pot. I could hear her voice downstairs, sharp and efficient, assigning tasks.

I pulled on a pair of leggings and a loose sweater, no bra. The cold would make my nipples hard, and I wanted them to show. I wanted the show to start.

When I padded down the stairs, the living room was already buzzing with forced cheerfulness. Pastor David was stoking the fire. Tyler was reading his paperback in the corner. Kelsey was nursing a cup of something that definitely wasn't coffee. And Marcus was standing by the window, staring out at the white void, his shoulders tense.

I walked past him, letting my hip brush against his arm. “Morning, Marcus. Sleep okay?”

He turned, his eyes dropping to my chest for half a second before snapping back up. “Yeah, fine. Storm’s not letting up.”

“Good,” I said, and let the word hang in the air.

He didn’t know what I meant. Not yet.

Breakfast was a chaotic affair—canned beans scrambled with eggs, toast burned on the woodstove, weak coffee. Everyone ate standing, impatient, restless. Diane and Harold were bickering again, this time about who forgot the salt. Lena sat next to Brianna, their shoulders barely touching, but I saw the way Lena’s fingers twitched toward her.

I ate slowly, watching. Marcus was on his second plate, shoveling eggs like he was fueling a machine. I caught his eye and smiled, a small private thing. He looked away first.

After breakfast, Rachel announced a schedule. “We need to ration food, take turns shoveling the porch, and someone needs to check the firewood supply every few hours.”

I volunteered for firewood duty. “I’ll go out back, check the shed.”

Marcus's head snapped up. "I'll come with you. Heavy lifting."

Perfect.

We bundled up—parkas, boots, gloves—and stepped out into the howling white. The snow was knee-deep, the wind so fierce it stole my breath. The shed was only thirty feet from the cabin, but it felt like a mile. Marcus trudged ahead, breaking a path, his broad shoulders hunched against the blast.

Inside the shed, it was dark and dry, the woodpile stacked high. The door swung shut behind us, cutting off the wind. It was suddenly quiet, intimate, the space small and shadowed.

Marcus pulled off his gloves, rubbing his hands together. "Gonna need to bring in a lot. This storm could last a week."

I took off my gloves too. "We'll manage."

He nodded, not meeting my eyes. He was nervous. Good.

I stepped closer, close enough that my chest almost touched his arm. "You know, Marcus, I've been watching you."

His breath hitched. "What?"

“I see the way you look at me. The way you look at everyone.” I reached up, touched his cheek. His skin was cold, rough with stubble. “You’re hungry, aren’t you?”

He stared at me, his mouth open. “Pam, I—I have a girlfriend.”

“She’s not here. You are.” I leaned in, my lips brushing his ear. “And I want to taste your cock.”

He groaned, a sound that vibrated through his whole body. His hands came up, gripping my hips, pulling me against him. I could feel his hard-on through his jeans, thick and insistent.

I dropped to my knees in the sawdust.

His eyes went wide. “Wait—here? Someone could—”

“No one’s coming out in this storm.” I unzipped his jeans, pulled out his cock. It was long, uncut, already heavy with blood. I licked up the shaft, tasting salt and skin.

He gasped, his hands fisting in my hair. “Fuck, Pam.”

I took him into my mouth, deep, letting my throat relax. He was thick, stretching my jaw, but I loved the pressure. I bobbed my head, slow at first, then faster, letting my saliva pool around him. He tasted like need.

His hips started thrusting, shallow and desperate. I reached up, cupped his balls, squeezed gently. He cried out, a sharp, strangled sound.

"I'm close," he panted. "Fuck, I'm gonna—"

I pulled off just long enough to say, "Not yet. Not the first time."

I stood, turned around, and bent over the woodpile. I pulled down my leggings, baring my ass to the cold air. His cock was slick with my spit.

"Fuck me, Marcus."

He didn't need a second invitation. He pressed against my pussy, and I was so wet he slid inside with one smooth thrust. I moaned, gripping the logs, as he started fucking me hard, fast, animal.

"Oh God, oh God," he chanted, his hips slapping against my ass. It was rough, raw, exactly what I needed. His hands gripped my hips, bruising, claiming.

I pushed back against him, meeting his thrusts. "That's it. Give me everything."

He came with a roar, his cock pulsing inside me, filling me with hot cum. I clenched around him, milking every drop. He stayed inside me for a long moment, breathing hard.

I straightened, pulling up my leggings. I turned to face him, my smile sharp. "That's one. You owe me another."

His eyes were dazed, his cock still wet. "What?"

"I said I want two. At least." I wiped a smear of cum from my thigh and licked it off my finger. "You'll get the rest later. Now help me carry the wood."

We loaded our arms with logs and trudged back through the snow. The cold bit at my face, but I felt warm, smug. One down. Nine to go.

Back inside, everyone was gathered around the fire. Rachel looked at us sharply. "Took you long enough."

"Snow's deep," I said, dropping my armful of logs. Marcus was quiet, his face red, but not from the cold.

I sat down next to Lena on the couch. She shifted, uncomfortable. I let my knee press against hers.

"How are you holding up?" I asked softly.

"Fine," she said, her voice a whisper. "Just... this storm. It's kind of intense."

I leaned closer, my lips near her ear. "I think it's exciting. All of us trapped together. Anything could happen."

Her breath caught. She knew. She didn't know she knew, but she felt it.

I smiled and leaned back, watching the fire dance.

The game had begun.

Chapter 13: The Ass Man

After lunch, the cabin settled into a lazy afternoon stupor. The storm howled against the windows, rattling the glass, but inside the fire crackled and the smell of damp wool hung thick in the air. Rachel had set up a card game at the kitchen table—hearts, with Pastor David, Harold, and Diane. Brianna was curled up on the couch with a dog-eared romance novel. Marcus kept glancing at me, his face flushed every time our eyes met. I gave him a small wink and he nearly dropped his coffee mug.

But my target now was Tyler.

He was in the corner of the living room, sitting cross-legged on the floor with a thick textbook in his lap—some kind of engineering manual. He hadn't looked up once in the past hour. He was wearing a faded hoodie and jeans, his hair a mess, thick glasses sliding down his nose. I watched him from across the room, noting the way

his eyes flicked up every time someone stood up or bent over. He wasn't subtle. When Rachel bent to pick up a fallen card, his gaze dropped to her ass like a magnet.

I stretched my arms above my head, arching my back, making sure my sweater rode up just enough to show a sliver of belly. His gaze flicked to me, then away quickly. Pretending he hadn't seen.

I smiled to myself.

The fire needed more wood. I stood and announced, "I'm going to grab a few more logs from the shed."

"Want company?" Marcus asked too quickly.

"No, I've got it. You relax." I grabbed my parka and stepped out, but I didn't go straight to the shed. I waited in the small mudroom, just inside the back door, leaning against the wall. The cold seeped through the gaps in the doorframe, but I was patient.

It took less than two minutes. The back door creaked open and Tyler poked his head in, his face surprised.

"Oh, Pam—I thought you were getting wood. Are you okay?"

I let my parka hang open, showing the thin sweater underneath, my hard nipples visible through the fabric. "I

was just about to go, but I realized I left my gloves in the living room. Could you grab them for me?"

"Sure." He turned to go, then stopped. "Uh, where are they?"

"On the floor, by the fireplace. You'll see them—red mittens."

He nodded and disappeared. I stepped out of the mud-room into the small shed-like space that housed the washing machine and dryer, the door to the actual shed just beyond. This room was cramped, full of old boots and winter gear, a few dusty shelves. Perfect.

I heard his footsteps return. He pushed open the door, gloves in hand. "Here you go."

I didn't take them. Instead, I stepped closer, backing him against the wall. The door swung shut behind him with a soft click.

"Thanks," I said, my voice low. "But I actually don't need them."

His eyes widened. "What?"

"I needed you." I pressed my body against his, feeling his instant hardness against my thigh. "I've been watching you, Tyler. I know what you like."

His mouth opened, but no sound came out. I reached down and cupped his bulge through his jeans. He gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily.

"I—I don't think—"

"Don't think. Just feel." I dropped to my knees, unzipped his jeans. His cock sprang out, thin but long, already leaking precum. I took him in my mouth, tasting salt and a hint of soap. He was clean, maybe he'd jerked off this morning. I didn't care.

I sucked him slow, letting my tongue swirl around the head. His hands found my hair, gripping, not pulling, just holding on. He moaned, a high, breathy sound.

"Fuck, Pam. I've imagined this—"

"I know," I said, pulling off just long enough to smile up at him. "You imagine a lot of things, don't you? Every time you stare at someone's ass."

His face went red, but he didn't deny it. I stood, turned around, and bent over the washing machine. I pulled down my leggings and panties in one smooth motion, baring my ass to him.

"Go on. You know what you want."

He hesitated. I reached back and spread my cheeks, showing him everything. He let out a shaky breath and

then I felt his hands—tentative at first, then greedy. He cupped my ass, squeezed, his fingers tracing down to my pussy. I was already wet, soaked from the anticipation.

"Eat it, Tyler. Show me how much you love it."

He dropped to his knees behind me, his tongue pressing against my pussy from behind. He licked up to my asshole, teasing it, then back down. He moaned against my flesh, his fingers digging into my hips. I pushed back against his face, grinding, his nose buried in my pussy.

"Yes, just like that."

He licked me until I was trembling, my legs shaking. Then I reached back and guided his cock to my ass. He froze.

"I—I've never—"

"First time for everything. Do it slow. Use your saliva."

He spat on his cock, rubbed it over the head, then pressed against my tight hole. I pushed back, letting him slide in inch by inch. The stretch was perfect, that delicious burn. He gasped, his hips flush against my ass.

"Oh my God," he whispered.

I clenched around him, and he groaned. Then he started moving, slow, shallow at first, then deeper. I gripped

the edge of the washing machine as he fucked my ass, his rhythm building, his breath ragged.

"I'm gonna come," he panted.

"Not yet. I want your cum in me, but first I need you to make me come first."

I pulled off his cock, turned around, and sat on the washing machine, spreading my legs wide. "Eat my pussy until I scream."

He dove in like a man starving. His tongue found my clit, flicked and sucked, his fingers sliding into my wet pussy. I threw my head back, letting the pleasure build. He was desperate, eager, his face buried in my flesh. I came hard, my body convulsing, a loud cry that echoed in the small room.

He didn't stop, lapping up my juices until I pushed his head away.

"Now," I said, turning back around on the machine, presenting my ass. "Fuck me again. Fill my ass."

He didn't need encouragement. He shoved his cock back into my tight hole, and this time he fucked me rough, fast, animalistic. I came again from the pressure, from the sheer filth of it, and he followed seconds later, his seed hot and thick inside me.

We stayed like that for a moment, breathing hard. Then I stood, pulled up my leggings, and turned to face him. His glasses were askew, his face flushed, his cock still wet.

"That's two," I said. "You owe me one more later. But for now, act normal."

He nodded, dazed. I grabbed a few logs from the pile near the door and went back inside, my ass still sore, my pussy dripping.

The fire needed feeding.

Chapter 14: The Closet Opens

The afternoon dragged on. The card game ended when Diane accused Harold of cheating. Kelsey and Rachel were bickering about the best way to melt snow for drinking water. Brianna had fallen asleep on the couch, her book sliding off her chest. Marcus was pretending to read, but I caught him staring at the back door, replaying our earlier encounter in his head.

Lena was sitting alone at the far end of the dining table, doodling in a notebook. Her dark hair fell over her face, hiding her expression. She was wearing a baggy sweatshirt and jeans, her body small and hunched, trying to disappear.

I poured two cups of tea and slid into the chair next to her.

"Hey," I said softly.

She looked up, startled. "Oh. Hi, Pam."

"Mind if I sit?"

"Sure."

I pushed one of the cups toward her. "Peppermint. Helps with the nerves."

She wrapped her hands around the mug, not drinking. "I'm not nervous."

"Okay." I sipped my tea, watching her. "But if you were, it's understandable. Being stuck in a cabin with a bunch of strangers. No way to leave."

She nodded, her eyes fixed on the steam rising from her cup.

"I'm glad you're here," I said. "You seem like someone who's interesting, underneath all the quiet."

She glanced at me, a flicker of something—curiosity? Wariness?

"I'm not that interesting," she muttered.

"Want to be more interesting?" I leaned closer, my knee brushing hers under the table. "I think you have a lot inside you. Things you've never told anyone."

Her breath caught. She looked around the room, making sure no one was watching. Everyone was absorbed in their own tensions.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said, but her voice was thin.

I reached under the table and placed my hand on her thigh. She tensed, but didn't pull away.

"I'm talking about the way you looked at Brianna this morning. The way you sit next to her, close, but never touching. Like you're afraid of what might happen if you did."

Her face went pale. "I'm not—"

"It's okay." I squeezed her thigh gently. "I'm not judging. I'm offering."

She stared at me, her eyes wide, her mouth slightly open. "Offering what?"

"An escape. A chance to be yourself, just for a little while." I slid my hand higher, between her legs. She was wearing soft cotton shorts, and I could feel the heat of her through the fabric. "No one has to know. Just you and me."

She didn't move. Didn't speak. But she spread her legs, just a fraction, just enough.

I stood, taking her hand. "Come with me."

I led her away from the group, toward the small bedroom at the back of the cabin—the one no one had

claimed, full of dusty boxes and old sleeping bags. The door had a latch, but no lock. I pushed it shut and turned to face her.

She was trembling.

"First time?" I asked.

She nodded.

"With a girl?"

Another nod.

I stepped close, cupped her face in my hands, and kissed her. Soft, gentle, my lips brushing hers. She let out a tiny whimper, and then she was kissing me back, desperate, clumsy, her hands gripping my hips.

I walked her backward until her knees hit the edge of a mattress on the floor. I pushed her down, then straddled her, my thighs on either side of her hips.

"I'm going to take care of you, Lena. Just relax."

I pulled off her sweatshirt, then her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra—her breasts were small, her nipples hard. I bent down and sucked one into my mouth, rolling it with my tongue. She gasped, her back arching.

"Oh God."

"Shhh. Just feel."

I moved down her body, kissing her stomach, her hips. I pulled off her shorts and panties in one motion. She was already wet, her pussy pink and glistening. I spread her legs and lowered my mouth to her pussy.

She cried out, her hands fisting in my hair. I licked her slowly, savoring her taste—clean, sweet, with a hint of salt. I focused on her clit, circling it with my tongue, then sucking lightly.

"Please, please," she begged, her hips grinding against my face.

I slid two fingers inside her, curling them up, finding that spot. She came almost immediately, her body convulsing, a sharp cry that she muffled with her own hand.

I didn't stop. I lapped at her until she was oversensitive, twitching, then moved up to kiss her again. She tasted herself on my lips.

"That's one," I whispered. "Now I need you to return the favor."

She looked at me, her eyes dazed but eager. "I don't know how."

"I'll guide you."

I lay back, pulled off my leggings and panties, and guided her head between my thighs. Her first tentative licks were

too soft, too hesitant. I put my hand on the back of her head, pressing her closer.

"Harder. Use your tongue like this."

I showed her by moving my hips, by moaning when she got it right. She learned fast. Soon she was licking and sucking with real hunger, her fingers exploring my pussy, my ass. I came with a shudder, gripping the sleeping bag beneath me.

Then I pulled her up, rolled her onto her back, and ate her until she came again, long and loud, her legs shaking around my head.

We lay side by side, breathing hard. I traced patterns on her stomach.

"See? You had that inside you all along."

She turned her head, her eyes shining. "Thank you, Pam."

"You're welcome. But we're not done yet. I want two more from you tonight."

Her lips curved into the first real smile I'd seen from her.

"Okay."

I kissed her cheek and stood, pulling on my clothes. "Now go wash your face. Act normal. And later, when everyone's asleep, meet me in the pantry."

She nodded, still dazed, still glowing.

I walked back into the living room, where the storm still raged and the fire still burned. Two more people crossed off my list. The night was young.

Chapter 15: The Marriage Counselor

The afternoon bled into evening, the storm showing no signs of relenting. The cabin felt smaller, the air thicker with unspoken resentments. Harold and Diane had retreated to separate corners—Harold staring out the window at the white void, Diane curled in an armchair with a book she wasn't reading. I watched them from the kitchen, pouring myself a glass of wine.

Their marriage was a corpse rotting in plain sight. I could smell it—the stale air between them, the way they never touched, never even looked at each other. Harold had the desperate look of a man starved for affection, and Diane carried the brittle armor of a woman who'd given up asking.

I decided to start with him.

The fire needed more logs again—my third trip of the day. Harold offered to help this time. I smiled and let him follow me into the shed.

"Thanks for all the work you've been doing," he said, his voice awkward, his eyes avoiding mine.

"I'm happy to help. Keeps me warm." I bent over to pick up a log, letting my leggings stretch tight across my ass. I heard his breath hitch.

"Harold, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"When was the last time you felt truly desired?"

Silence. I turned to face him. His face was red, his hands shoved deep in his pockets.

"Long time," he muttered.

"That's what I thought." I stepped closer, placing my hand on his chest. His heart pounded under my palm.

"You're a good man, Harold. You deserve to be wanted."

"Pam, I'm married—"

"I know. And Diane hasn't touched you in years, has she?" I let my hand slide down to his belt. "I'm not asking you to leave her. I'm offering you a gift. A few minutes of feeling like a man again."

He didn't resist when I unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans. His cock was already half-hard, and I pulled it out fully—thick, uncut, heavy. I wrapped my lips around the head and sucked, tasting the sharp bitterness of precum. He groaned, his knees buckling.

I took him deep, my throat relaxing, my hand cupping his balls. He came faster than I expected, hot spurts hitting the back of my throat. I swallowed every drop, licking him clean.

"That's one," I whispered. "But I owe you another tonight."

He nodded, dazed, as I zipped him up and sent him back inside with an armful of wood.

Now for Diane.

I found her in the bedroom she shared with Harold, lying on the bed in the dark. The only light came from the window, the snow glowing blue. She looked small, defeated.

"Hey," I said softly, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Can I talk to you?"

She sat up, wary. "What about?"

"About the way he looks at me. And the way you don't look at him anymore."

Her eyes hardened. "That's none of your business."

"It is my business, because I'm offering you a way out. For one night, at least." I reached out and touched her hand. She flinched but didn't pull away. "I know you're not happy. I know you miss being touched. I can give you that, Diane. No strings, no judgment."

"You're crazy."

"Maybe. But I'm also wet just thinking about you." I leaned in and kissed her neck, soft and slow. She shivered. "Let me make you feel good. Just once."

She didn't say yes, but she didn't say no. I took that as permission.

I unbuttoned her blouse, revealing a practical bra. Her body was softer than mine, the skin of her belly loose with age. I didn't care. I kissed down her chest, licking her nipple through the fabric. She gasped, her hand coming up to cradle my head.

I unhooked her bra and took her dark nipple into my mouth, sucking hard. She moaned, arching into me.

"God, I haven't—"

"Shh. I know."

I worked my way down, pulling off her slacks and panties. Her bush was grey, untrimmed. I spread her legs

and pressed my mouth to her pussy. She was wet, her scent musky and mature. I licked her clit slowly, savoring the way her hips bucked.

She came within minutes, a sharp cry swallowed by the storm. I didn't stop. I finger-fucked her through a second orgasm, then a third, until she begged me to stop.

"Please, I can't—"

"You can. One more for me." I knelt over her face, lowering my pussy to her mouth. "Eat me, Diane. Show me you still remember how."

She hesitated, then her tongue touched my clit. Tentative at first, then bolder. I rode her face until I came, my juices dripping down her chin.

"That's four between us," I said, rolling off. "Later tonight, you and Harold are going to join me in the pantry. I want to watch him fuck you while I watch. And then I'm going to fuck you both."

She stared at me, her lips wet with my come, her eyes wide but hungry.

"Okay," she whispered.

I kissed her forehead and left, already planning my next move.

Chapter 16: The Sinner's Prayer

Pastor David had been quiet all day, keeping to himself, reading a worn Bible by the lantern light. He was the oldest in the group, maybe sixty, with silver hair and kind eyes. I watched him from across the room, noting the way his hands trembled when he turned a page, the way he glanced at me when he thought I wasn't looking.

He was a man at war with himself.

I waited until the others settled into their evening routines. Marcus and Jake were playing chess. Kelsey and Rachel were arguing about something trivial. Brianna had retreated to her room. Lena gave me a secret smile as she passed. Harold and Diane were avoiding each other's eyes, but I knew they'd be ready when I called.

Pastor David stepped onto the back porch for some air, bundled in a heavy coat. I followed him out, letting the door close behind me.

"Cold night," I said, leaning against the railing beside him.

"Indeed." He didn't look at me. "The storm seems to have no end."

"It's beautiful, though. All that power, all that destruction." I turned to face him. "Reminds me of desire. The kind that builds up until it has to break free."

He cleared his throat. "Pam, I'm not sure this is—"

"Pastor, can I confess something?"

He looked at me then, his face guarded. "Of course. That's what I'm here for."

"Good." I stepped closer, my voice dropping to a whisper. "I've been thinking about sin. About the way it feels to do something forbidden. Something you know is wrong, but your body craves it anyway."

"All have sinned and fall short—"

"Yes, I know the verse. But I'm not talking about theology. I'm talking about you."

His breath caught. "What do you mean?"

"I see the way you look at Brianna. The way your eyes linger on Kelsey's legs. The way you grip that Bible like it's the only thing holding you back." I placed my hand on his

chest, over his heart. "You're a man, David. A man who's denied himself for too long."

"I made vows. I serve God."

"God made your body too. He made you with needs." I slid my hand down to his belt. His cock was already stiff, straining against his trousers. "Let me help you release this burden. It's just physical. It doesn't have to mean anything."

He shook his head, but he didn't move away. "This is wrong."

"Then let it be wrong. Just this once." I unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock—hard, curved, leaking precum. I knelt on the cold porch boards and took him in my mouth.

He gasped, his hands gripping my shoulders. "Oh Lord..."

I sucked him like a prayer, my tongue tracing the veins, my throat opening to take him deep. He tasted of salt and longing. He thrust into my mouth, his rhythm desperate, and came with a low groan, his seed flooding my throat.

I swallowed, licked him clean, and stood.

"That's one," I said. "But I want another. Come with me to the shed."

He followed me like a man in a trance.

In the shed, I bent over a stack of firewood, my leggings around my ankles. He fucked me from behind, his hands gripping my hips, his breath ragged. He came again, but I didn't let him stop—I guided his shaking hand to my clit and made him finger me until I came, my pussy clenching around nothing.

"Three orgasms between us," I said, pulling up my leggings. "But you owe me another later. Come find me after midnight."

He nodded, his face flushed with shame and pleasure.

I walked back inside, the snow melting on my boots, my pussy still wet.

The storm raged on, and I had more confessions to hear.

Chapter 17: The Closet Door Opens

Lena caught my eye as I walked back inside from the shed. She was curled on the couch, a thick blanket pulled up to her chin, a book open in her lap. But she wasn't reading. She was watching me.

I smiled and poured myself another glass of wine, then sat down beside her. Close enough that our shoulders almost touched. She tensed, then relaxed.

"Couldn't sleep?" I asked.

"Too much noise in my head." Her voice was soft, a little sad. "This storm... it makes me think about everything I've been hiding from."

I took a sip of wine. "What are you hiding from, Lena?"

She didn't answer right away. Her fingers traced the spine of her book. "My family expects me to marry a nice boy from church. Go to college, come back, pop out babies. Smile and pretend I'm happy."

"And you're not happy."

"I don't like boys." She said it so quietly I almost missed it. "I mean, I like them as friends. But I've never... I've never wanted to be with one. Not the way everyone else does."

I set my wine down and turned to face her fully. "Tell me..."

She looked away. "It feels wrong to talk about it."

"It's not wrong. It's who you are." I reached out and took her hand. "And I think you're beautiful, Lena. I think you deserve to know what it feels like to be touched by someone who wants you. Not as a substitute. As you."

Tears welled in her eyes. "Pam, I can't. What if someone sees?"

"They're all asleep or distracted. And even if they weren't..." I leaned in and kissed her cheek, soft as a whisper. "I'd still want this. I'd still want you."

She kissed me back. Tentative at first, her lips dry and nervous. Then I tilted my head and deepened it, sliding my tongue along her lower lip. She moaned, her hand coming up to grip my shoulder.

I pulled the blanket away and guided her down onto the couch. The firelight flickered across her body—slender, pale, trembling. I unbuttoned her flannel shirt, revealing

a modest cotton bra. Her nipples were hard beneath the fabric.

"Let me see you," I murmured, unhooking her bra. Her breasts were small, pink-tipped, perfect. I took one in my mouth and sucked, rolling the nipple with my tongue. She gasped, her back arching.

"God, yes..."

I worked my way down, kissing her ribs, her belly, the sharp jut of her hip. When I reached her pajama bottoms, she lifted her hips to let me pull them off. She wore no panties. Her pussy was shaved clean, glistening wet in the firelight.

"Spread for me, Lena."

She obeyed, her thighs falling open. I pressed my mouth to her slit, tasting her—sweet, slightly tangy. Her clit was small but swollen, and I circled it with my tongue, slow and deliberate. She whimpered, her hands fisting in my hair.

"Don't stop, please don't stop—"

I didn't. I lapped at her until her body shook, until she came with a sharp cry, her hips bucking against my face. I held her thighs open, licking her through the aftershocks, drawing out every tremor.

"That's one," I said, looking up. "Now give me another."

I turned around and lowered my own pussy to her mouth. "You're going to eat me again, Lena. Just like you've imagined. Don't be shy. Take what you want."

She hesitated, then her tongue touched my clit. She was clumsy at first, unsure, but I guided her—moved my hips against her mouth, showed her the rhythm. Soon she found it, her tongue flicking faster, her hands gripping my ass.

I came hard, my juices running down her chin. She moaned beneath me, lapping me clean.

"Good girl," I said, rolling off. "Now come with me to the bathroom. I want to watch you touch yourself while I finger your ass."

She followed me without a word.

In the tiny bathroom, I took a bottle of hand lotion and coated my fingers. She leaned over the sink, her round ass presented to me. I pressed a finger into her tight hole, slowly, feeling her clench around me. Her hand slid between her legs, rubbing her clit.

"Come for me again, Lena."

She did, a third orgasm ripping through her as I pumped my finger in and out. She gasped my name, her face reflected in the mirror, flushed and beautiful.

"Three," I whispered. "But I'm not done with you yet. There's a group activity planned for later tonight. Be ready."

She nodded, her eyes glassy with pleasure and gratitude.

I left her there, trembling and satisfied, and went to find my next target.

Chapter 18: Rear Entry

Marcus was in the basement, tinkering with the generator. The rest of the group had gathered around the fire, playing cards and drinking. I slipped away, following the sound of his tools.

The basement was cold, half-finished, lit by a single bare bulb. Marcus knelt beside the generator, his back to me, greasing some part. He was a wiry guy, early twenties, with thick glasses and an obsession I'd clocked the moment we arrived.

Every time I bent over, every time a girl walked past, his eyes went straight to asses. He couldn't help himself. He stared like a man dying of thirst.

I cleared my throat. He spun around, nearly dropping his wrench.

"Oh! Pam. I didn't hear you come down. Generator's fine, just doing some maintenance."

"Good. I wanted to talk to you."

He wiped his hands on his jeans, his face reddening.

"Sure. What about?"

I walked closer, deliberately swaying my hips. His eyes dropped to my ass, then snapped back up. "I've noticed you watching me, Marcus. Watching all the women. You like what you see?"

His blush deepened. "I—I'm sorry, I don't mean to be disrespectful. I just... I have a problem."

"No, you have a preference. And I think preferences should be indulged." I turned around and bent over, letting my leggings stretch tight over my curves. "Tell me what you want to do to this."

He swallowed hard. His voice cracked. "I want to fuck it. I want to touch it, lick it, bury my face in it."

"That's a good start." I straightened and turned, pulling him to his feet. "But first, you're going to earn it. Get on your knees."

He dropped immediately. I unzipped my leggings and pushed them down, presenting my bare ass to his face. He didn't need further instruction—he pressed his face between my cheeks, his tongue dragging across my hole. I gasped, gripping a shelf for balance.

"Yes, just like that. Lick me clean."

He buried his tongue in my ass, moaning, his hands gripping my thighs. I let him eat me out until I was dripping, then pulled away and turned around.

"Now your reward."

I sat on a stack of plywood and spread my legs. His cock was already out, hard and slick with precum. He was thinner than the others, but long, with a slight upward curve.

"Fuck my ass, Marcus. Slow at first. I want to feel every inch."

He lined up at my entrance and pushed. I closed my eyes, savoring the stretch. He groaned, his forehead pressed against my shoulder as he slid deeper.

"God, your ass is so tight..."

"Keep going. Take it all."

When he was fully seated, I let him fuck me. Slow, deep thrusts, each one hitting that spot inside me. I reached down and rubbed my clit, building toward my own orgasm.

"Come in my ass, Marcus. Fill me up."

He shuddered and unloaded, hot cum flooding me. I came a second later, my pussy clenching around nothing.

He pulled out, his cum starting to leak. "That's one for you," I said. "Now lick it up."

He dropped to his knees again and buried his face between my cheeks, lapping his own release from my hole. His tongue worked my ass clean, then moved to my pussy. He ate me with renewed hunger, his fingers spreading my labia.

I came again, a third orgasm, my hips grinding against his face.

"Two for me, two for you," I said, catching my breath. "But I want three. Bend over that generator."

He obeyed, his ass presented to me. I spat on my fingers and pressed one into his hole. He gasped but didn't pull away.

"Guys like you, you've never had your ass played with, have you? It's a shame. You don't know what you're missing."

I worked a second finger into him, scissoring them open. He moaned, his cock hard again. I reached around and stroked him while I fingered his ass, fast and rough.

"Come for me, Marcus. Now."

He came with a cry, his cum splashing against the generator. I kept pumping until he begged me to stop, then pulled my fingers out and wiped them on his jeans.

"Three," I said. "And I expect more later. I have a feeling you're going to be very useful tonight."

He nodded, dazed, as I pulled up my leggings and headed back upstairs.

The fire was dying. The rest of the group was yawning, ready for bed. But I knew the night was far from over.

In less than an hour, I'd have Harold, Diane, Pastor David, Lena, and Marcus together in the pantry. And that was just the beginning.

The storm howled outside. Inside, I was building my own blizzard of flesh and sin.

Chapter 19: The Pantry Communion

I gathered them one by one. Harold and Diane first, whispering that I needed help with a food supply issue. Pastor David next, saying I wanted his blessing on a prayer circle. Lena came willingly, still flushed from our bathroom encounter. Marcus followed like a puppy, his eyes glued to my ass.

The pantry was a narrow room off the kitchen, lined with shelves of canned goods and dry supplies. A single bulb cast yellow light over the packed space. Seven people would be tight, but I wanted the pressure. I wanted them pressed against each other, skin to skin, no escape.

When the last one—Lena—stepped inside, I closed the door and locked it.

"What's this about?" Pastor David asked, his voice uncertain. He stood with his back against a shelf of flour, his hands clasped in front of him.

"This is about hunger," I said. "The hunger we've all been hiding. The kind that doesn't show up on church prayer lists or marriage counseling sessions."

Diane shifted uncomfortably. Harold stared at the floor. Marcus's breathing had already quickened.

Lena spoke. "Pam... I thought you said it was just us."

"Us includes everyone tonight. Everyone who needs release. Everyone who's been pretending they don't want what they really want." I unbuttoned my flannel shirt, letting it fall open. My bra was lacy, barely covering my heavy breasts. "I want to see all of you naked. I want to see what happens when we stop pretending."

Pastor David opened his mouth, probably to object, but I cut him off.

"You don't have to participate in everything, David. But you do have to watch. You've spent your life telling people what's right and wrong. Now you're going to sit in that corner and see what happens when people are honest."

I pointed to a stack of boxes. He hesitated, then sat.

Harold and Diane exchanged a look. Then Harold reached for his wife's hand. "We haven't touched each other in two years," he said quietly. "I forgot what her skin feels like."

Diane started crying.

I walked to her and cupped her face. "Then let me remind you both. Strip."

They did. Slowly, awkwardly, shedding layers like old skin. Harold's body was soft, pale, his cock half-hard already. Diane had sagging breasts, a graying bush, stretch marks across her belly. She was beautiful.

I took Diane's hand and guided her to a clear spot on the floor. "Kneel."

She knelt. I stood in front of her and pushed down my leggings, revealing my bare pussy. "Eat me, Diane. Let your husband watch. Let him remember what it looks like when a woman is satisfied."

Diane leaned forward, hesitant. Her tongue touched my clit like a question. I moaned and pushed my hips forward. "Yes. More."

She found rhythm quickly, her tongue lapping, her nose pressing into my curls. Harold watched, his hand moving to his cock. I didn't stop him.

"Harold, get behind your wife. Fuck her while she eats me."

He moved on instinct, positioning himself behind Diane. His cock slid into her, and she moaned around it, the vibration sending sparks through my clit.

I looked at Marcus. "You. Take Lena's clothes off. Finger her. Make her come."

Marcus obeyed eagerly, his hands trembling as he unbuttoned Lena's jeans. She let him, her eyes locked on me. When his fingers found her pussy, she gasped, her hips bucking.

Pastor David sat frozen, his face red, his hands gripping his knees. His pants bulged.

"Pastor," I said, my voice a growl. "Stroke yourself. I know you want to."

He didn't move.

"Do it, or I'll make you watch without that small comfort."

Slowly, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. It was thick, veiny, already leaking. He wrapped his hand around it and began to pump, his eyes fixed on Diane eating me.

Diane's tongue was working my clit faster now. Harold was thrusting into her mouth, his balls slapping her chin. I felt the pressure building, a hot coil tightening.

"Fuck, yes—I'm coming—"

I came hard, my knees buckling. Diane lapped at me, drinking my juices, while Harold groaned and shot his load down her throat. She swallowed, coughing, but kept licking until I pushed her away.

"Diane," I said, catching my breath. "Lie back. Spread your legs."

She did. Her pussy was wet, pink, open. I knelt between her thighs and lowered my mouth to her. She was sensitive, her clit swollen. I flicked it with my tongue while I slid two fingers inside her.

"Harold, come here. Suck her nipples while I eat her."

He crawled over and took one of Diane's nipples in his mouth. She cried out, a sound of raw pleasure, her hands gripping my hair.

I worked her clit with my tongue, fast and hard, while my fingers curled against her g-spot. She came screaming, her body convulsing, her juices flooding my mouth.

"Good. Now you're ready for real attention." I stood and turned to Lena. She was on her knees, Marcus's fingers buried in her pussy, her face slack with pleasure. "Marcus, pull out. I want to taste her."

He obeyed. Lena was dripping. I pressed my mouth to her slit and sucked her clit into my mouth. She came instantly, her thighs clamping around my head. I held her through it, licking her clean.

"Pastor David," I said, looking up. "Your turn. Come fuck Diane's mouth while I take Harold's cock in my ass."

He stood, his cock still hard. He walked to Diane, who was still on the floor, and guided his cock into her mouth. She gagged, but he held her head, fucking her throat.

I positioned myself on all fours in front of Harold. "Fuck my ass, Harold. Behind me. Use the lube on the shelf."

He grabbed a bottle of cooking oil and coated his cock. He pressed against my hole, slow, slick. I moaned as he pushed in, filling me.

"Yes... fuck me..."

He fucked me slow, deep, each thrust hitting the wall of my ass. I rubbed my clit, building toward another orgasm.

Lena crawled over and buried her face between my legs, licking my pussy while Harold fucked my ass. The double sensation was overwhelming. I came screaming, my body shaking.

Harold followed, his cum hot inside me. He collapsed on my back, gasping.

Pastor David was still fucking Diane's mouth. She was moaning, her hips grinding against the floor. He groaned and shot his cum down her throat. She swallowed every drop.

I rolled over, cum leaking from my ass. "Now everyone lie down. We're not done yet. There's still the shy girl."

I looked at the corner where the pantry shelves met the wall. A narrow gap, just wide enough for someone to hide.

"Emily," I said softly. "I know you're there. Come out."

A rustle, then a voice. "I didn't mean to... I was looking for snacks..."

A girl emerged. Nineteen at most, with mousy brown hair and wide, frightened eyes. She clutched a bag of chips like a shield.

I smiled. "You found more than snacks. Get naked, sweetheart. We're going to teach you what it feels like to be wanted."

Chapter 20: The Virgin's Offering

Emily stood trembling in the middle of the pantry, her clothes clutched to her chest. The rest of the group had settled against the shelves, watching, still slick with sweat and cum.

"I've never... I mean, I've kissed a boy once, but..."

"But you've touched yourself." It wasn't a question.

She nodded, her face burning.

"Show me. Right now. Show everyone how you touch yourself."

She hesitated. Then her hand slid between her thighs, fingers finding her clit through her panties. She circled slowly, her breath catching.

"Take them off."

She pushed her panties down and spread her legs. Her pussy was bare, pink, untouched. Her fingers found her

clit directly, rubbing in circles. She bit her lip, her eyes squeezed shut.

"Look at me," I commanded. "Look at me while you come."

Her eyes opened, wide and vulnerable. She rubbed faster, her hips jerking. A small moan escaped her lips.

"That's it. Let it build. Let it take you."

She came with a gasp, her body shuddering, her fingers wet with her own arousal.

"Good girl. Now come here."

She crawled to me on hands and knees. I took her chin and tilted her face up.

"I'm going to give you your first real orgasm. Not your fingers. A real one. From a real tongue and a real cock. Are you ready?"

She nodded, tears streaming down her cheeks.

I pushed her onto her back and spread her thighs. Her pussy was glistening, tight. I lowered my mouth and licked her clit, soft, teasing. She gasped, her hands gripping my hair.

"Don't be afraid. Tell me what feels good."

"Your tongue... it's... please don't stop..."

I didn't. I licked her until she came again, her body arching, a raw cry tearing from her throat.

"Marcus," I said. "Come here. You're going to fuck her. Gently at first. She's never had a cock inside her."

Marcus positioned himself between Emily's legs. His cock was hard again, slick with lube. He pressed the tip against her entrance.

"Look at me, Emily," I said. "Focus on my eyes."

She did. Marcus pushed in, slow, inch by inch. Emily winced, a sharp intake of breath.

"Breathe," I whispered. "Let it happen."

He sank deeper, until he was fully inside her. She was crying, but her hips were moving, meeting his thrusts.

"Fuck her, Marcus. Make her feel it."

He fucked her slow and deep, his rhythm steady. I knelt beside her, licking her nipples, whispering encouragement. Her moans grew louder, more desperate.

"I'm coming again... I'm coming..."

She did, her pussy clenching around his cock, her whole body shuddering. Marcus groaned and came inside her, pumping his seed deep.

When he pulled out, a thin trickle of cum ran down her thigh.

"Now you're a woman," I said, kissing her forehead. "But we're not done yet. There's one more thing you need to learn."

I turned to the group. "Everyone who's still hungry, form a line. Emily's going to taste every cock in this room. And then she's going to eat every pussy. Because pleasure is a cycle, and tonight, we're closing the loop."

Pastor David stepped forward first. His cock was half-hard, still wet from Diane's mouth. Emily opened her mouth and took him in, gagging slightly.

"Use your tongue," I coached. "Lick the shaft. Suck the head."

She learned quickly. Within minutes, she had him hard again, his cum spilling onto her tongue.

Lena came next, lowering her pussy to Emily's face. Emily lapped at her like a kitten, unsure, then more confident as Lena moaned.

"Flick her clit," I said. "Yes, like that."

Lena came with a cry, grinding against Emily's mouth.

Harold and Diane both finished in her mouth, one after the other. By the end, Emily was coated in cum, her face shining, her eyes dazed.

I pulled her up and held her close. "How do you feel?"

"Like I've been... reborn."

"Good. Because this is only the beginning. The storm isn't letting up for two more days. And I have a very long list of things I want to teach you."

She smiled, a genuine smile, and kissed me.

The pantry door was still locked. Outside, the wind howled. Inside, we were building a new kind of church—one where every body was a temple, and every altar was wet.

Chapter 21: The Morning Meal

I woke first, sprawled naked on the pantry floor with limbs tangled around me. Emily's head rested on my chest, her breath slow and even. Lena's hand was wedged between my thighs, still warm from the night before. Marcus lay curled against the shelves, his cock soft, a trail of dried cum across his stomach.

The pantry smelled of sex. Of sweat and cum and cooking oil. A sweet, animal smell that made my pussy clench even now.

I extracted myself carefully, stepping over bodies. Diane and Harold were spooned together—the first time they'd touched in years, and now they couldn't stop. Pastor David slept alone in the corner, his hand still loosely wrapped around his half-hard cock. Even in sleep, he couldn't let go.

The cabin was quiet. The storm still raged outside—I could hear the wind rattling the windows, snow piling against the glass. We were trapped. Perfect.

I padded to the kitchen in my bare feet and started coffee. Eggs, bacon, toast. I moved efficiently, my body sore in the best ways. My ass ached from Harold's cock. My jaw ached from Diane's pussy. My nipples were raw from a dozen mouths.

I smiled. This was what I was made for.

One by one, they stumbled out of the pantry, blinking in the gray morning light. Harold came first, his arm around Diane. She was blushing, but she was smiling too. Pastor David emerged last, his eyes downcast, his hands fidgeting.

"Sit," I said, pointing to the long table. "Everyone eat. You'll need your strength."

They sat like obedient children. I served them—eggs, bacon, toast, orange juice. Coffee. The first few bites were silence, just the sound of eating.

Then Diane spoke. "Pam... last night... I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't thank me. Just don't pretend it didn't happen."

"It didn't," Harold said quietly. "I mean... it can't. We're married. We go to church. We have jobs. We have kids."

"Then keep it secret." I leaned back, sipping my coffee. "That's the beauty of this. No one has to know. But you don't have to stop, either."

Diane looked at Harold. He looked at her. Something passed between them—a spark, a question.

"I want to try something," I said. "Today, I want you all to forget who you are outside this cabin. You're not Harold the accountant, or Diane the Sunday school teacher, or Pastor David the moral compass. You're just bodies. Warm bodies with needs."

"And what do you want us to do?" Marcus asked, his voice eager.

"I want you to pair off. No rules. No judgments. I want each of you to explore what you've always been afraid to ask for."

Emily spoke, her voice small. "What if I don't know what I want?"

I smiled at her. "Then I'll help you find out. Come here."

She slid off her chair and walked to me. I pulled her onto my lap, her legs straddling me. She was wearing only a T-shirt, no underwear. I could feel her warmth through the fabric.

"First lesson," I said, my hands sliding under her shirt, cupping her small breasts. "Say what you want out loud. Even if it's embarrassing."

"I want you to touch me," she whispered.

"Where?"

"Everywhere."

I bent my head and took her nipple in my mouth. She gasped, her fingers tangling in my hair. I sucked hard, then bit gently. She moaned.

"Lena," I said, my mouth still on Emily's breast. "Come here. I want you to eat my pussy while I play with her."

Lena slid under the table, disappearing between my legs. I spread my thighs to give her access. Her tongue found my clit immediately, warm and skilled.

"Marcus, take Diane to the living room couch. Fuck her until she forgets her own name. Harold, watch. Learn what she likes."

They didn't hesitate. Marcus took Diane's hand, leading her out of the kitchen. Diane went willingly, her hips swaying. Harold followed, his eyes glued to his wife's ass.

That left Pastor David. He sat frozen, his coffee untouched.

"You're afraid," I said, licking Emily's nipple again. "But that's okay. Fear is just excitement without breath. Breathe, David. Feel your cock getting hard. Feel your heart pounding. That's not sin. That's life."

"I've been celibate for fifteen years," he said, his voice cracked. "Since my wife died. I swore... I swore I'd never..."

"Swear something else. Swear you'll let yourself feel again. Swear you'll let me teach you what pleasure really means."

He stood slowly. His hands trembled as he unbuttoned his shirt. His chest was pale, a few gray hairs, soft belly. He was just a man. A lonely man.

"Come here," I said.

He walked to me. I shifted Emily to one side, keeping her on my lap, and reached for David's belt. I unbuckled it, unzipped his pants, freed his cock. It was already hard, thick, leaking.

"Emily, watch. I'm going to show you how to take a man's cock deep. Watch my throat."

I opened my mouth and took him in. He was salty, warm. I swallowed him to the base, my nose pressed against his pubic hair. He groaned, his hands gripping my shoulders.

"Fuck my throat, David. Don't be gentle. You've been gentle for fifteen years. Now be hungry."

He fucked my throat with desperate, ragged thrusts. I let him, my hands gripping his hips, guiding him deeper. Lena's tongue was still working my clit, a steady, wet rhythm. Emily watched, her eyes wide, her hand moving between her own thighs.

I came. Hard. My throat full of David's cock, my pussy full of Lena's tongue. I moaned around him, my whole body shaking.

He came too, a guttural cry, his cum flooding my throat. I swallowed every drop.

He collapsed to his knees, gasping, his forehead pressed against my thighs. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

"Don't be sorry. Be alive."

Emily slid off my lap. She knelt beside David and took his softening cock in her mouth, cleaning him with her tongue. He wept.

I leaned back, letting Lena finish licking me clean. Outside, the storm raged. Inside, we were all just beginning.

Chapter 22: The Game of Truth and Dare

After breakfast, I gathered everyone in the living room. Marcus and Diane were still on the couch, Diane's legs wrapped around his waist, both of them glistening with sweat. Harold sat in an armchair, his hand moving lazily over his cock, watching his wife with a look I'd never seen before—hunger, yes, but also love.

"Time for a game," I announced. "Truth or dare. But with a twist. No truths, only dares. And no one is allowed to say no."

"What if we can't do the dare?" Emily asked, her voice nervous but eager.

"Then you submit to a punishment. And the punishment is whatever I decide."

I produced a bottle from the kitchen—an empty wine bottle. I spun it on the coffee table. It stopped, pointing at Lena.

"Lena. I dare you to kiss Pastor David. Deeply. Tongue. For two full minutes."

Lena grinned and crawled across the floor to David. He tensed, but he didn't pull away. She took his face in her hands and kissed him, her tongue sliding into his mouth. He groaned, his hands finding her waist. They kissed until I counted to one hundred twenty.

"Good," I said. "Next spin."

The bottle stopped at Harold.

"Harold. I dare you to let Marcus fuck you. Anally."

Harold's face went red. "I'm not... I've never..."

"Then it's time to try. Marcus, stand up. Harold, bend over the arm of the couch."

Marcus stood, his cock already hard. Harold hesitated, then slowly bent over the armrest, his pants pooling at his ankles. Marcus coated his cock with lube—the same cooking oil from the pantry—and pressed against Harold's hole.

"Relax," I said. "Breathe."

Harold gasped as Marcus pushed in. But he didn't pull away. He moaned, a low animal sound, as Marcus fucked him slowly. Diane watched, her mouth open, her hand rubbing her clit.

"Pastor David," I said. "Go eat Diane's pussy while her husband gets fucked."

David didn't need encouragement. He knelt between Diane's thighs and buried his face in her pussy. She cried out, her hips bucking.

The room filled with the sounds of sex—wet, hungry, shameless.

I spun the bottle again. It pointed at Emily.

"Emily. I dare you to take my strap-on. I have one in my bag. You're going to fuck Lena while I watch."

Emily's eyes went wide. "I don't... I've never done that..."

"Then learn. Go get my bag from the bedroom."

She ran. She came back with a black duffel. I unzipped it and pulled out a thick, purple dildo attached to a harness. I strapped it around Emily's waist, adjusting the fit.

"Now take Lena from behind. Slow at first. Ask her what she likes."

Emily approached Lena, who was now on all fours, her ass raised. Emily pressed the tip of the dildo against Lena's

wet pussy and pushed in. Lena moaned, pushing back to meet her.

"I'm... I'm inside her," Emily whispered, awe in her voice.

"That's right. Now fuck her. Make her come."

Emily fucked Lena awkwardly at first, then found a rhythm. Lena came quickly, her body shuddering, her moans filling the room.

Marcus was fucking Harold faster now, both of them grunting. David was eating Diane with abandon, her pussy dripping onto his chin.

I pulled off my clothes and knelt on the floor, spreading my legs. "Marcus. When you're done with Harold, come fill my pussy. I want your cum deep inside me."

Before he could answer, the bottle spun one last time, pointing at me.

My own dare. I laughed.

"Pam," I said to myself. "I dare you to orgasm ten times in a row without stopping. And I dare every single person in this room to help."

They descended on me like a wave. Mouths, hands, cocks, tongues. I lost count of who was where. A mouth

on my clit. Fingers in my ass. A cock in my mouth. Another in my hand.

I came again and again, each orgasm building on the last, a chain reaction of pleasure. I screamed, I wept, I laughed. My body was not my own—it was theirs, shared, passed around like a feast.

By the time I reached ten, I was limp, trembling, covered in cum and sweat.

"Who's next?" I gasped.

No one answered. They were all spent, collapsed around me, a pile of naked bodies.

But the storm was still howling. And tomorrow, we would do it all again.

Chapter 23: The Final Confession

The third morning, the storm broke. The wind died. The snow stopped falling. The sun rose over a world of white, blinding and pure.

I stood at the window, naked, watching the light hit the fresh powder. Behind me, the others were waking, stirring, pulling on clothes with slow, reluctant movements.

"We'll have to dig out," Harold said. "The plows will come eventually, but we can start shoveling."

"Not yet," I said, turning. "Not until we finish what we started."

Everyone looked at me. There was a new intimacy between them—they'd seen each other's bodies, tasted each other's cum, watched each other break. But there was also fear. Fear of the outside world, where this couldn't exist.

"One last thing," I said. "I want you all to stand in a circle. Naked."

They obeyed, forming a ring in the center of the living room. I stood in the middle.

"I want you each to say one thing you learned about yourself this weekend. One truth you're taking with you."

Diane spoke first. "I learned that I'm not broken. I thought I was... after the kids, after the weight, after Harold stopped looking at me. But I'm not broken. I'm just hungry. And that's okay."

Harold took her hand. "I learned that loving someone means letting them be free. Even if it hurts. Especially if it hurts."

Marcus said, "I learned that I can make a woman come. Really come. Not just from a dick, but from my hands, my mouth, my voice. I have power."

Lena smiled. "I learned that I'm not just a lesbian. I'm a sexual being. Labels don't matter. Pleasure does."

Emily's voice was soft. "I learned that I'm beautiful. I learned that sex doesn't have to be scary. It can be... holy."

Pastor David was last. He took a long time. Then he said, "I learned that God isn't in the rules. He's in the connection. He's in the touch. He's in the moment when two people give themselves to each other, no barriers, no shame."

He looked at me. "I learned that you're not a devil, Pam. You're a priestess. You gave us back ourselves."

I felt tears sting my eyes. I didn't let them fall.

"Then let's seal it. One last circle. One last communion."

I knelt. They knelt with me, forming a ring around me. I took David's cock in my mouth. Diane took my pussy. Harold took Diane's pussy. Lena took Harold's cock. Marcus took Lena's pussy. Emily took Marcus's cock. It was a chain of mouths and flesh, each giving and receiving.

We moved together, a single organism, a wheel of pleasure. The rhythm built, faster, harder, wetter. I felt David's cum hit the back of my throat. I felt Diane's orgasm on my tongue. I felt my own climax rising, a wave that would not stop.

I came with them, all of us together, a single cry of release that echoed through the cabin.

Afterward, we lay in a pile, panting, slick, fulfilled.

"We have to clean up," I said finally. "The plows will be here soon."

We moved as if in a dream. We showered, we dressed, we packed. We laughed too loud, hugged too long, avoided each other's eyes just enough to keep the secret safe.

When the snowplow rumbled up the driveway, we filed out into the white world, blinking in the sudden brightness. The driver looked at us funny—ten people, rumpled and grinning, emerging from a tiny cabin.

"Rough weekend?" he asked.

"Best one of our lives," I said.

I climbed into the back of the van with Emily. She leaned her head on my shoulder.

"Will we ever do this again?" she whispered.

"Not like this. Never like this. But the seed is planted. You'll carry it. Each of you."

She kissed my cheek.

The van pulled away, and the cabin disappeared behind us, swallowed by the snow.

I smiled.

I had my two orgasms from each of them—and so much more. I had given and taken, consumed and been consumed. I was full.

And somewhere, in the back of my mind, I was already planning next year's trip.

Chapter 24: The Return Home

The van dropped us off at the church parking lot where we'd originally met. The air was crisp, the snow already melting in the afternoon sun. We stood in a loose circle, our bags at our feet, the silence heavy with everything we couldn't say.

I looked at each of them. Diane and Harold stood close, their fingers intertwined. Marcus had his arm around Lena's waist. Emily was pressed against Pastor David's side, her head barely reaching his shoulder.

"This isn't goodbye," I said. "It's just... the beginning of a different kind of secret."

"How do we do this?" Diane asked, her voice shaky. "How do we go back to normal after three days of... heaven?"

"You don't go back to normal. You bring the heaven with you."

We parted ways. I watched them drive off in their separate cars, each carrying a piece of me with them.

I took a rideshare back to my place. The streets of the college town were quiet, the campus still on winter break. My body still ached. My pussy was sore, stretched, used. My nipples were raw from teeth and tongues. My throat was dry from swallowing cum. I was exhausted, but I was also humming with energy.

I needed more. Not more of them—not yet. But I needed to feel powerful in my own space.

Chapter 25: The Pastor's Temptation

Pastor David arrived exactly at ten. I met him at the back door, my robe loose, nothing underneath. He was nervous, his hands trembling, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"I shouldn't be here," he whispered.

"Then leave." I stepped aside, letting the cold air rush in. "But if you stay, you're mine for the night. No hesitation. No guilt."

He stepped inside.

I led him to my room. The door clicked shut behind us. I turned on a single lamp, casting the room in amber shadows.

"Sit on the bed," I said.

He sat, his hands on his knees, his posture rigid. I stood in front of him and untied my robe. It fell open, exposing my body. His breath caught.

"I want you to worship me, David. I want you to use your mouth, your hands, your cock. But I also want you to talk. Tell me about your wife. Tell me about the guilt. I want to hear it while I'm fucking you."

He swallowed. "Her name was Sarah. She died of cancer six years ago. I held her hand while she... while she took her last breath."

I climbed onto his lap, straddling him, my pussy pressing against his pants. I could feel his cock hardening beneath me.

"We made love three times in the hospital," he continued, his voice cracking. "The nurses thought we were crazy. But she wanted to feel alive. And I wanted to give her that."

"Good," I whispered, unzipping his pants. "Now give me that. Give me the hunger you saved for her."

I freed his cock, already thick and leaking. I guided it to my pussy, sinking down slowly, taking him inch by inch. He groaned, his hands gripping my hips.

"I want you to fuck me like you're mourning her," I said, beginning to ride him. "I want you to fuck the grief out of your body."

He started to move, his hips bucking upward, his hands sliding up to my breasts. He kneaded them, pinched my nipples, his breath ragged against my neck.

"I miss her," he gasped. "I miss her so much."

"I know. Take it out on me."

He flipped me onto my back, his body covering mine. He drove into me harder now, his eyes closed, his face twisted with emotion. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him deeper.

"Talk to me," I said. "Tell me about her. Tell me about the first time you made love."

"We were nineteen. In the back of my father's pickup truck. She was wearing a yellow sundress. I was so scared. She had to guide my hand between her legs."

I came, a sharp orgasm that made me cry out. He kept fucking me, his rhythm becoming desperate.

"She's watching you, David. She wants you to be happy. She wants you to fuck me until you forget every lonely night."

He sobbed as he came, his cum flooding me, his body shaking. I held him, stroked his hair, kissed his forehead.

"Stay," I whispered. "Stay all night. I'll hold you."

He nodded, his face buried in my neck.

We lay there in the dark, his softening cock still inside me. No one knew. No one would ever know.

But he would come back. They always came back.

Part III: Football Camp

Chapter 26:

The Quarterback's Pressure

The Florida heat hits different when you're elbow-deep in grease traps and rinsing plates that never stop coming. I've been here three weeks, and my skin smells like bleach and old food. The jocks train from dawn till the sun turns the sky orange, and the cheerleaders practice their routines in the shade of the gymnasium. I watch them all from the kitchen window, invisible behind steam and the clatter of stainless steel.

Derek — the quarterback, the golden boy with his name already engraved on some future NFL trophy — caught my attention on day two. He's engaged to Brittany, the head cheerleader, and everyone treats them like royalty. But I saw something behind his eyes during the first evening scrimmage. A tremor in his throwing hand. A

muttered curse after a missed pass. He's scared of failing, and I can smell fear like cheap cologne.

I started tracking his habits. He always jogs behind the kitchen dumpster before sunset, alone, muttering to himself. I'd watch from the back door, drying a plate, pretending not to see. His shoulders hunched, his jaw tight. He'd whisper "Come on, come on, you can do this" under his breath. The golden boy was cracking.

One night, I timed it perfectly. I was taking out the trash — a job no one else wanted because the dumpster was ripe with rotting food and the air was thick with mosquitoes. He stood there, hands on his knees, breathing hard. I let the trash bag drop and shuffled closer, making sure my footsteps were audible.

"Oh — sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt," I said, my voice soft and shy. That's my mask. The stammer, the averted eyes, the way I cross my arms like I'm hiding.

He looked up, startled. "No, you're fine. Just... cooling down."

I took a step closer. "You looked tense. I'm good at... easing nerves. My mom taught me these pressure point things." I smiled, small and innocent.

He laughed, but it was hollow. "You're the dish girl, right?"

"Pat. But everyone calls me Mouse."

He nodded, not really caring. I saw him start to turn away, so I reached out and touched his forearm. The contact was brief, but I felt his muscle tense under my fingers.

"I could help," I whispered. "No one has to know."

He should have walked away. He should have laughed me off. But Derek was drowning in his own expectations, and I was the only life raft in sight. He swallowed, and I saw the conflict flicker in his eyes. Then he looked at the dumpster, the shadows, my small frame, and he nodded once.

I led him to the narrow space between the dumpster and the fence, where the weeds were overgrown and the gravel crunched under our feet. He smelled like sweat and grass and nervous pheromones. He was already half-hard — I could see the bulge straining his compression shorts.

"You don't have to—" he started.

"Shh." I dropped to my knees. "Let me take care of you."

I pulled down his shorts. His cock sprang out, thick and flushed, pre-cum already beading at the tip. I wrapped my lips around him without hesitation, taking him deep into

my throat. He gasped, his hand flying to my hair, gripping tight. I worked him with practiced rhythm, my tongue tracing the vein on the underside, my fingers cupping his balls, teasing the sensitive skin behind.

He tried to be quiet, but his breaths came in ragged huffs. He whispered "Fuck, fuck, that's so good" into the humid air. I doubled my pace, feeling him twitch against my tongue. I wanted him to come fast, to be overwhelmed, to associate this release with me.

He bucked his hips, burying himself in my throat, and I let him. I swallowed around him, triggering his climax. He came with a choked groan, hot and thick, and I drank every drop, milking him until he sagged against the fence.

I pulled away, wiped my mouth, and stood. "There. Now you'll throw better tomorrow."

He stared at me like I'd performed magic. "I... yeah. Thanks."

I gave him a shy smile and slipped back into the kitchen before he could say more.

The next day, he threw three perfect touchdowns. After practice, he found me in the dry storage room, pretending to organize canned goods. He grabbed my wrist, his eyes hungry.

"Same time tonight?"

I nodded, and I saw relief flood his face.

That routine became our secret. Every evening before scrimmage, I'd blow him behind the dumpster. But I never let him touch me. I didn't want intimacy. I wanted dependency. I wanted him to need me the way an addict needs a fix. And when he started winning games, he convinced himself I was his good luck charm.

He never knew I was training his body. I edged him before practice — making him wait, building his need, sending him onto the field with his balls aching. His stamina improved. His focus sharpened. And every night, he came back to me, desperate for release.

Sometimes, when he was alone in the locker room, I'd sneak in and find him already hard, waiting. I'd take him in my mouth while his teammates showered just feet away. The risk made him harder. The secrecy made him hotter.

And I? I loved every second of knowing that the golden quarterback of the summer camp was begging a dishwasher nobody for his daily relief. That his fiancée Brittany had no idea her future husband's lips still smelled like my pussy.

But I never told. I never would. That's my gift — I take what I want, I give what they need, and I disappear into the shadows until they come crawling back.

Chapter 27: The Tight End's Shame

Joe was built like a god. Six-foot-four, two hundred forty pounds of muscle, all carved from hours in the weight room and brutal drills. He had a booming laugh and a slap on the back that could knock the wind out of a normal man. The defensive linemen respected him, the coaches praised him, and the cheerleaders threw themselves at him during the few parties they threw.

But I noticed something. During warm-up stretches, when the team did hamstring drills and the coaches walked around correcting form, Joe flinched whenever Coach slapped his ass. A tiny jerk, a tightening of his jaw, quickly masked. But I saw it. I saw it because I spent my shifts watching every single one of them.

I started paying attention to his shower habits. He always faced the wall, never turned his back to the room. He kept his towel wrapped around his waist until he could

pull on his boxers in a corner. No one else seemed to notice — they were too busy showing off, flexing, joking about their dicks. But Joe hid.

One afternoon, he came into the kitchen to drop off his practice jersey — he was supposed to collect laundry for the team. I was scrubbing a burnt pot, my hands red from the heat. He dropped the bag and lingered, glancing at the door.

"Hey," he said, his voice lower than usual. "You're the one who's always here, right?"

I looked up, blinking. "Mouse. Yeah. Need something?"

He shuffled, uncomfortable. "Uh, no. Just... you work late."

"Someone has to wash the dishes," I said with a shrug.

He nodded, not really listening. His eyes were distant. I saw the tension in his shoulders, the way his fingers drummed against his thigh. He was struggling with something.

I dried my hands and walked over to him, close enough to smell his deodorant and the faint tang of sweat. "You okay, big guy? You look like you've got something on your mind."

He laughed nervously. "Just tired."

I touched his arm. "I give good massages. Helps with muscle tightness."

He looked at my hand on his bicep, then at my face. Something shifted in his expression — a flicker of hope mixed with shame. He followed me to the dry storage room without a word.

Inside, I locked the door. The room was narrow, lined with shelves of rice bags, canned tomatoes, and industrial-sized containers of flour. It smelled like cardboard and dust. He stood in the middle, his hands shoved in his pockets, not meeting my eyes.

"Joe," I said softly, "I'm gonna ask you something, and you don't have to answer. But I've seen you flinch when people touch your ass. You shower like you're hiding from a sniper. Is there something you want to tell me?"

He went still. A long pause. Then his voice cracked: "I've never... I mean, I think I might like guys too. But I've never done anything. And I'm scared—" He broke off, his face reddening.

"Scared of what?"

"Scared of what they'd say. The team. My dad. Everyone." He pressed his palms into his eyes. "I can't stop

thinking about it. Being touched there. But I'm too scared to try."

I stepped closer. "I can help you explore that. No judgment. No one ever has to know."

He looked at me with wet eyes. "You'd do that?"

I nodded. "Turn around. Lean over the rice sacks."

He hesitated, then obeyed. He braced his arms on a stack of fifty-pound bags, his back arching. I pulled down his shorts and his boxers together, exposing his thick thighs and the curve of his ass. He was trembling.

I knelt behind him, spreading his cheeks gently. I saw his hole, tight and untouched, puckered with anxiety. I leaned in and licked a slow stripe from his perineum up to his entrance. He gasped, his whole body shuddering.

"Relax," I murmured against his skin. "Let me take care of you."

I ate his ass slowly, methodically, circling his hole with my tongue, dipping inside, tasting the salt of his skin. He moaned, deep and guttural, and his hips pushed back against my face. I worked my tongue deeper, then slid a finger inside him, feeling his inner walls clench around me.

"Fuck," he breathed. "Fuck, that feels—"

I added a second finger, curling upward, searching for that sweet spot. When I found it, his knees buckled. He cried out, his cock — hard and dripping — slapping against the rice bags. I finger-fucked his prostate while I licked his balls, and he came with a scream muffled against a flour sack, his cum splattering onto the floor.

He collapsed forward, panting. I wiped my mouth and stood, patting his hip.

"That was just the beginning," I said. "You want more?"

He turned to look at me, his eyes dazed. "Yes. Please."

From that day on, Joe became a regular. He'd find me after practice, and I'd take him to the storage room, the laundry closet, even the shower stall after everyone left. I fucked his ass with my fingers, then with a cucumber I snuck from the kitchen fridge. He'd beg me to let him fuck me, but I refused. I was in control.

I taught him to worship my body too — he learned to eat my pussy like I had eaten his, fumbling at first, then getting more confident. He became addicted to the secrecy, the taboo, the feeling of being owned. And I became his dirty little secret, the dishwashing girl who made his hidden desires real.

He started bringing me gifts — protein bars, a new phone charger, cash. I took it all, because this was my game and he was my puppet.

Chapter 28:

The Cheerleader Captain's Closet Case

Brittany was the queen of the camp. Head cheerleader, captain, blonde perfection with a smile that could charm a stadium and a bitchy streak that could cut glass. She treated the other cheerleaders like servants, snapped at coaches, and sneered at the kitchen staff like we were beneath her notice. But I saw through her.

I saw the way she flinched when Derek ignored her. I saw the way she clutched her phone, waiting for texts that never came. And I saw the way she complained in the locker room — loud enough for everyone to hear — that she couldn't come during sex. That she thought she was broken.

I knew better. Brittany wasn't broken. She was closeted, frustrated, and terrified of what that meant. And I was exactly the person to unlock that door.

I started by stealing a pair of her discarded panties from the laundry bin. They were white lace, pristine, with a faint smell of her sweat and a hint of arousal. I took them to my tiny room and masturbated with them that night, imagining her squirming under my touch. It made me wetter than any man ever had.

The next day, I slipped a note into her gym bag while she was stretching. It said: "I know what's wrong with you. Meet me behind the bleachers at midnight. Bring \$50. — The girl who washes your dishes."

I knew she'd come. She was too proud to ignore a challenge, too desperate to leave a mystery unsolved.

At midnight, the camp was dark except for the security lights humming along the path. She was there, arms crossed, her ponytail tight, her face twisted in annoyance. When she saw me, her eyes widened.

"You?" she spat. "The dish rat? What the hell do you think you're doing?"

I didn't flinch. I just stood there, letting her anger wash over me. "I know you can't come with Derek. I know

you think something's wrong with you. There's nothing wrong. You just haven't had the right person touch you."

She laughed, harsh and mocking. "And you think you're that person?"

"I know I am." I stepped closer. "Give me fifteen minutes. If I'm wrong, you can punch me and never see me again. If I'm right, you pay me and keep coming back."

She stared at me, her jaw tight. Then she pulled a crumpled fifty from her sports bra and held it up. "Fifteen minutes."

I led her behind the bleachers, where the shadows were thick and the crickets so loud they drowned out our footsteps. I made her sit on a folded mat, and I knelt in front of her.

"Take off your shorts," I said.

She hesitated, then complied. Her legs were toned, smooth, her pussy waxed bare. I parted her thighs gently, leaned in, and licked her from her entrance to her clit in one slow, deliberate stroke.

She gasped, her hand flying to my hair. "Oh my god."

I didn't stop. I licked her clit in circles, then used my tongue to flick it, varying pressure, reading her reactions.

I slipped two fingers inside her, curling them upward, and felt her walls flutter around me. She was soaking wet.

"You like that, don't you?" I murmured against her skin.

"Shut up," she breathed, but her hips were grinding against my face.

I focused on her clit, sucking gently, then harder, while my fingers worked her g-spot. Her breathing became ragged, her moans louder. I felt her tighten, her back arching off the mat, and then she came with a cry that was half-sob, half-scream. Her cum flooded my fingers, and I lapped it up, savoring the taste of her surrender.

When I pulled back, she was staring at the sky, chest heaving. She didn't move for a long moment.

Then she looked at me, her eyes vulnerable. "What the fuck was that?"

"That was you finally letting go," I said. "Now pay up."

She gave me the fifty, and I saw the addiction already forming in her dilated pupils. She wanted more.

She came to me the next night, and the next. I made her kneel before me, asked her to say please, to call me "ma'am." She resisted at first, but I slapped her across the face — not hard, but enough to shock her — and she melted. She

needed someone to dominate her, to strip away the bitchy armor and find the submissive girl underneath.

I ate her pussy in the equipment shed while the team practiced, my mouth muffling her cries. I made her go down on me, teaching her how to please a woman, correcting her technique with sharp words until she learned. She became obsessed. She paid me in cash, in designer clothes she stole from the camp store, in whispered confessions about her secret fantasy of being tied up.

I never let her touch me the way I touched her. I kept myself distant, untouchable. And when she begged me to be her girlfriend, I laughed and said no. I was her dirty secret, her shameful pleasure, and that's exactly where I wanted to be.

Brittany was under my control now. She did whatever I asked — fix my schedule, cover for me with the coach, even bully the other cheerleaders the way I told her to. She thought she was using me, but she was the puppet, and I was pulling every string.

And no one, not even her fiancé, had any idea.

Chapter 29: The Coach's Discipline

Coach Thompson ran the camp like a military operation. He barked orders from the sidelines, his voice carrying across the field like a bullhorn. He was in his late forties, broad-shouldered, with graying temples and a wedding ring that caught the sun. The players feared him. The cheerleaders admired him. The other coaches deferred to him.

But I saw what they didn't.

I saw the way he stayed behind after everyone left, sitting alone in his office with a bottle of bourbon hidden in his bottom drawer. I heard the cracks in his voice when he called his wife at night, always apologizing for being late, always promising to make it up to her. And I saw the way his eyes lingered on the cheerleaders' asses during practice — hungry, guilty, then turning away.

He was a man drowning in responsibility, suffocated by his own discipline. And discipline, I knew, was just another form of hunger waiting to be broken.

I started delivering his dinner trays myself. It was a small thing — the kitchen staff usually sent the youngest kid, but I volunteered. I'd knock on his office door, enter with my head down, and set the tray on his cluttered desk. He'd mutter thanks without looking up. But I made sure to brush his arm when I set down the napkin. I made sure to let my fingers linger just a moment longer than necessary.

The first week, nothing. The second week, he started noticing.

"You're the one who brings my food," he said one evening, looking up from a stack of play diagrams. "What's your name?"

"Pat. But everyone calls me Mouse."

He frowned. "Why Mouse?"

I shrugged, letting my eyes drop. "Because I'm quiet. I don't make trouble."

He studied me for a moment, and I saw something flicker in his gaze — curiosity, maybe, or the beginning of recognition. He didn't say anything else, but his eyes tracked me as I left.

I knew the hook was in.

The next evening, I timed my visit carefully. I knew his routine: after dinner, he'd review footage for an hour, then pour himself a drink. I waited until I heard the clink of glass against glass, then knocked.

"Come in."

I entered with his tray. The bourbon bottle was out on the desk, half-empty. His tie was loose. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Long day, Coach?" I asked, setting the tray down.

He rubbed his temples. "Long season."

I didn't leave. Instead, I walked around his desk and stood beside his chair. I let my hand rest on his shoulder, feeling the tension coiled in his muscles.

"You're carrying a lot," I whispered. "I can help."

He looked up at me, startled. "What are you—"

I moved behind his chair and pressed my thumbs into the knots at the base of his neck. He flinched, then groaned as I dug deeper. I worked his trapezius, his deltoids, the tight cords running down his spine. He leaned forward, resting his elbows on the desk, letting me work.

"That's... that's good," he breathed.

"Just relax," I said. "You don't have to be in control all the time."

I let my hands slide down his chest, over his pecs, then lower, to his belt. He stiffened.

"Pat, I'm married—"

"I know." I unbuckled his belt. "That's what makes it better."

I pulled his cock out — already half-hard, thick and veined. I leaned over his shoulder and licked the tip, tasting the salt of his pre-cum. He groaned, his hand flying to the back of my head, but he didn't push me away.

I sank to my knees behind his desk, taking him into my mouth while he sat in his leather chair, staring at the door like someone might walk in at any second. I swallowed him deep, my tongue working the underside of his shaft, my fingers cupping his balls. He bucked his hips, fucking my throat with increasing desperation.

"Oh god, oh fuck," he whispered. "This is so wrong."

I pulled off just long enough to whisper, "That's why you need it."

I took him again, deeper this time, letting him hit the back of my throat. His breathing became ragged, his hips jerking. I felt him twitch, felt the heat building, and I

doubled my pace. He came with a choked gasp, flooding my mouth with hot, bitter cum. I swallowed every drop, milking him until he sagged back into the chair.

I wiped my mouth and stood, adjusting my apron. "Same time tomorrow?"

He stared at me, dazed, his cock still wet. "Yeah. Same time."

From then on, it became our ritual. Every evening after practice, I'd find him in his office, and I'd kneel under his desk while he reviewed footage. Sometimes I'd blow him for thirty minutes, edging him until he begged. Sometimes I'd let him finish in my mouth, and he'd collapse like a man released from a year of prison.

He never touched me. I never let him. I was his release valve, his secret sin, his discipline undone. And when he won the camp championship game, he credited his "mental clarity" to the team.

But I knew the truth. I was the one who kept him clear. And that secret was mine.

Chapter 30: The Kicker's Release

Max was invisible. That was the thing about kickers — no one noticed them until they missed. He was skinny, quiet, with a mop of brown hair and a perpetually worried expression. He practiced alone on the far end of the field, drilling the same forty-yard kicks over and over, muttering to himself when the ball sliced wide.

He had a girlfriend back home — I'd seen her picture on his phone during lunch. She was pretty, with long blonde hair and a bright smile. They talked every night, but I could hear the strain in his voice. She wanted him to quit football, move back, start a real life. He wanted to prove himself.

I saw the pressure eating him alive.

I started sitting near him during meals. Not next to him — that would be too obvious — but at the same table, a few seats away. I'd nibble my food, watching him push

his tray around, never eating. One day, I slid over and sat across from him.

"You don't look hungry," I said.

He looked up, startled. "Oh. Uh, just not feeling it."

"Pre-game jitters?"

He laughed bitterly. "Every day is pre-game."

I smiled, soft and shy. "I know a way to take the edge off."

He raised an eyebrow. "What, drugs?"

"No. Better." I leaned in. "Meet me behind the equipment shed at midnight. Trust me."

He showed up. I knew he would. He was wearing his practice shorts and a hoodie, looking nervous and young.

"What are we doing?" he asked.

I didn't answer. I pulled him into the shadows behind the shed, where the floodlights didn't reach. I dropped to my knees and unzipped his shorts before he could protest.

"Wait, wait—" he started.

"Shh," I said. "Let me help you."

I took his cock into my mouth — thin but long, already stiffening. I worked him slowly, deliberately, using my tongue to tease his frenulum. He gasped, his hands finding my shoulders.

"Fuck, that feels..."

I didn't let him finish. I deep-throated him, taking him all the way down, and he cried out into the night air. I felt his hips start to thrust, and I let him, letting him use my throat like a toy. He came fast — too fast — with a desperate groan, spilling into my mouth.

I swallowed and stood. "Now go sleep. You'll kick better tomorrow."

He stared at me, mouth open. "I don't even know your name."

"Pat. Now go."

The next day, he hit all five field goals in practice. He found me after, his eyes bright. "That was insane. I felt... calm."

I smiled. "I told you."

Our arrangement continued. Every night, I'd meet him, and I'd blow him in a different location — behind the bleachers, in the equipment closet, once in the empty shower room. He started lasting longer, his stamina improving. His girlfriend complained that he was always too tired to talk on the phone, but he didn't care.

I taught him to eat me out too, one night when the humidity was thick, and the mosquitoes were biting. He hesitated at first, but I guided his head between my thighs,

and he learned. He got good at it — too good. I let him cum inside my mouth sometimes, letting him watch me swallow, and he'd look at me like I was a goddess.

But I never let him fuck me. I kept that boundary. I was his secret relief, not his girlfriend. And when camp ended, I'd disappear, and he'd be left with nothing but the memory of my mouth and the guilt of his betrayal.

That was the only payment I needed.

Chapter 31: The Team Doctor's Prescription

Dr. Reynolds was a serious man. Tall, lean, with silver-rimmed glasses and a clinical demeanor. He ran the medical tent with efficiency, treating sprains, strains, and the occasional concussion. The players respected him, but they also feared his needle-sharp tongue when they faked injuries.

I noticed him during my first week. He didn't look at me — no one did. But I noticed the way he lingered over the female athletes' injuries, his touch just a fraction too careful. The way he prescribed extra massages for the cheerleaders. The way his eyes followed Brittany's legs when she stretched.

He was a predator in a white coat, hiding behind professionalism. And I knew exactly how to trap him.

I faked a wrist injury. I wrapped my dominant hand in a dishrag and walked into the medical tent, cradling it like it was broken.

Dr. Reynolds looked up from his clipboard, irritated. "What's wrong?"

"I hurt my wrist," I said, my voice trembling. "I can't wash dishes like this."

He sighed, put down his pen, and gestured for me to sit. He took my hand, unwrapping the rag, poking at my wrist with cold fingers.

"Does this hurt?"

I winced — a perfect, practiced wince. "Yes."

"How about this?"

"No."

He frowned. "I don't think it's broken. Probably a sprain. I'll wrap it."

As he reached for the elastic bandage, I touched his knee with my free hand. He froze.

"Thank you, Doctor," I said, my voice soft. "You're so gentle."

He looked at my hand on his knee, then at my face. His expression shifted — from professional to predatory. He didn't remove my hand.

"Pat, is it?"

"Yes. But everyone calls me Mouse."

"Mouse," he repeated, like he was tasting the word.

"Why are you touching my knee?"

I leaned in. "Because I think you need something more than just treating sprains."

He was quiet for a moment, his eyes scanning my face. Then he stood, locked the tent flap, and turned to me.

"You're playing a dangerous game, Mouse."

"So are you," I said.

He pulled me up, pushed me against the examination table, and kissed me — rough, hungry, nothing like the gentle doctor act. His hands roamed my body, squeezing my breasts, gripping my hips. I let him, because this was exactly what I wanted.

He bent me over the table, yanked down my shorts, and drove into me without warning. I gasped — not from pain, but from the sudden fullness. He fucked me hard, fast, like he'd been holding back for years. His fingers dug into my hips, his breath hot on my neck.

"You're going to be my little secret," he grunted.

I moaned, arching my back. "Yes, Doctor."

He came inside me, pumping deep, and collapsed against my back. I felt his cum dripping down my thigh, and I smiled.

That was the beginning. Every afternoon, during his "office hours," he'd call me in for "treatment." He'd bend me over the same table, or push me onto the cot, or make me kneel on the floor while he fucked my mouth. He was rough, demanding, and always in control.

But I was the one in control all along.

I knew he was married. I saw the family photo on his desk. I knew he had a daughter my age. And I knew that if he ever tried to end our arrangement, I could ruin him.

But I didn't plan to end it. I planned to keep him coming back, keep him addicted, keep him risking his career and his marriage for a taste of my pussy. And when camp was over, I'd vanish, leaving him with nothing but the memory and the fear that I might, one day, tell his wife.

That was my medicine. And I was addicted to the cure.

Chapter 33: The Head Cheerleader's Boyfriend

Brianna was everything I wasn't. Tall, blonde, with legs that went on forever and a smile that could stop traffic. She was the head cheerleader, the one all the other girls wanted to be, the one all the guys wanted to fuck. She knew it too. She walked around camp like she owned it, her ponytail swinging, her voice carrying across the field as she called out routines.

She had a boyfriend named Davis. He visited on weekends, driving three hours from the university to spend time with her. He was good-looking in a clean-cut way — broad shoulders, sandy brown hair, a jaw that could cut glass. He played lacrosse, I'd heard. He was nice too, which made it worse. He held doors for people. He said

please and thank you. He brought Brianna smoothies after practice.

And Brianna treated him like an accessory.

I watched them during lunch. She'd sit with her cheerleader friends, ignoring him while they gossiped about other squads and complained about the heat. Davis would sit there, stirring his food, looking around the cafeteria like he was searching for something. He'd try to touch her hand, and she'd pull away, too busy talking to notice.

I saw the frustration building in him. The way his jaw tightened when she dismissed him. The way his eyes lingered on other girls — not with hunger, but with longing. He wanted to be seen. He wanted to be wanted.

I knew exactly how to give him that.

I started with proximity. I'd "accidentally" walk past him when he was alone, sitting on the bleachers waiting for practice to end. I'd sit a few rows down, reading a book, letting him notice me. The third time, he spoke.

"Hey, you work in the kitchen, right?"

I looked up, wide-eyed, shy. "Yeah. I wash dishes."

"I'm Davis." He extended his hand. "Brianna's boyfriend."

I shook it, my palm clammy. "I'm Pat. Everyone calls me Mouse."

"Mouse," he repeated, smiling. "That's cute."

I blushed, dropping my gaze. "I should get back to work."

But I didn't leave. I stayed, letting the silence stretch, letting him fill it. He did.

"Can I ask you something?"

I nodded.

"Do you ever feel invisible here? Like, everyone's so focused on themselves that you just... disappear?"

I looked up at him, my eyes meeting his. "All the time."

Something passed between us then. A flicker of recognition. I let my hand drift to my knee, then to the bench beside me — close to his thigh, but not touching.

"You're not invisible to me," I whispered.

He didn't move away.

That night, I found him at the campfire pit, alone, long after everyone had gone to bed. He was staring into the embers, a beer in his hand. I sat down next to him, close enough that our shoulders brushed.

"Couldn't sleep?" I asked.

"She's in her cabin with the girls," he said. "Some bonding thing. She told me to entertain myself."

"Sounds lonely."

He laughed bitterly. "Yeah. Story of my life."

I reached over and took the beer from his hand, taking a sip. Then I set it down and turned to face him.

"I can keep you company," I said. "If you want."

He looked at me, really looked at me, like he was seeing me for the first time. "You're different, Mouse."

"So are you."

I leaned in and kissed him. Soft at first, tentative. He responded after a second, his hand coming up to cup my cheek. The kiss deepened, and I felt his tongue brush mine. I pulled back, breathless.

"Not here," I said. "Follow me."

I led him to the maintenance shed behind the equipment building. The lock was old and easy to pick — I'd scouted the location days ago. Inside, the air smelled of gasoline and cut grass. A single bulb hung from the ceiling, casting yellow light over dusty shelves.

I turned to him and dropped to my knees.

"What are you—"

"Shh," I said, unbuckling his belt. "Let me take care of you."

I pulled out his cock — already hard, thick and cut, with a vein running along the underside. I licked my lips, then took him into my mouth. He groaned, his hands finding my hair, gripping but not pushing. I worked him slow, savoring the taste of his skin, the way his breathing hitched when I swirled my tongue around the head.

"Fuck, Mouse," he breathed. "That feels incredible."

I doubled my pace, taking him deeper, letting him hit the back of my throat. I felt his pre-cum on my tongue, salty and warm. I moaned around him, the vibration making his knees buckle.

"I'm gonna—" he started.

I pulled off just long enough to whisper, "Come in my mouth. I want it."

He did. With a guttural cry, he spilled into my throat, hot and thick. I swallowed every drop, milking him until he sagged against a shelf. I wiped my mouth and stood.

He stared at me, dazed. "That was..."

"Just what you needed," I said, adjusting my shirt. "Same time tomorrow?"

He nodded, still catching his breath.

I slipped out of the shed and into the night, leaving him alone with his guilt. And I smiled, because I knew he'd be back. I knew I'd be his secret, his release, his shame. And Brittany would never know.

That was the best part.

Chapter 33: The Equipment Manager's Apprentice

Cody was eighteen, fresh out of high school, working his first summer job at the camp. He was tall and lanky, with acne scars on his cheeks and a constant look of nervous uncertainty. He was the equipment manager's apprentice, which meant he spent his days hauling gear, inflating footballs, and fetching water for the players.

He was invisible too. Even more than me. The coaches yelled at him. The players ignored him. The cheerleaders looked through him like he was furniture. He ate lunch alone, sitting on an overturned bucket behind the equipment tent, scrolling through his phone.

I saw the loneliness in him. I saw the hunger. And I knew exactly how easy he'd be.

I started with small interactions. I'd "accidentally" run into him in the equipment storage room, both of us reaching for the same roll of tape. I'd apologize, stammer, and hurry away. I'd leave a cup of lemonade on his workbench with a note that said: "For you." I'd borrow a football from him and return it with a shy smile.

It took four days for him to crack.

"You're the kitchen girl, right?" he asked one afternoon, finding me sitting on the bleachers during my break.

"Mouse," I said. "And yeah, I wash dishes."

"I'm Cody." He sat down next to me, a little too close. "Thanks for the lemonade. That was... nice."

I smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. "You looked thirsty."

He laughed nervously. "I'm always thirsty. It's so hot here."

I let my hand rest on the bench between us, pinky brushing his. He didn't move away.

"I know a place where it's cool," I said. "Follow me."

I led him to the laundry room in the basement of the main building. It was small, cramped, filled with the hum

of industrial dryers. The air was thick with the smell of detergent and fabric softener. I locked the door behind us.

Cody looked around, confused. "What are we doing here?"

I didn't answer. Instead, I pushed him against the wall and kissed him. He froze for a second, then melted, his hands finding my waist. I felt his cock hardening against my thigh through his shorts.

"Have you ever been with a girl?" I asked, pulling back.

He shook his head, his face red. "No. I mean, I've done stuff, but not..."

"Not all the way?"

He nodded.

I smiled. "I can teach you."

I dropped to my knees and pulled down his shorts. His cock sprung out — long and thin, almost touching his belly button, with a slight curve to the left. I wrapped my hand around it, feeling it twitch.

"Just relax," I said. "Let me show you what feels good."

I took him into my mouth, slowly, letting him feel the warmth of my tongue. He gasped, his hands flying to the wall behind him for support. I worked him gently, build-

ing a rhythm, letting my saliva coat his shaft. I took him deeper and deeper, until the tip hit the back of my throat.

"Oh god," he whispered. "Oh fuck."

I pulled off and looked up at him. "I want you to fuck my mouth. Can you do that?"

He nodded, his eyes wide.

I took him again, and this time, I let him thrust. He started slow, awkward, but I guided his hips with my hands, showing him the rhythm. He got faster, harder, his breathing ragged. I felt his pre-cum on my tongue, tasted his desperation.

"I'm going to come," he gasped.

I pulled off and stroked him with my hand, aiming his cock at my face. He came with a shuddering cry, ropes of cum splashing across my cheek, my lips, my chin. I closed my eyes, letting it paint my skin.

He collapsed against the wall, breathing hard. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to—"

I wiped my face with a towel from the laundry pile. "Don't apologize. That was perfect."

I stood and unlocked the door. "Same time tomorrow?"

He stared at me, still catching his breath. "Yeah. Definitely."

I left him there, his cum still warm on my face, knowing
I'd made another conquest. He'd be back. He'd be addict-
ed. And I'd be his secret, his first, his shame.

The best kind of gift.

Chapter 34: The Assistant Coach's Son

Jake was nineteen, visiting his father for the summer. His dad was one of the assistant coaches, a loud, red-faced man who screamed at the players from the sidelines. Jake was the opposite — quiet, thoughtful, with a book always in his hand. He had dark curly hair and deep-set brown eyes that seemed to hold secrets.

I noticed him on the third day. He was sitting under a tree near the practice field, reading a worn paperback. He looked up when I walked past, and our eyes met for a second. He smiled. I looked away.

But I felt it. A pull. A recognition.

I watched him over the next few days. He didn't participate in camp activities. He wasn't a player or a coach. He was just... there. Reading. Walking. Sitting alone at

meals. His father ignored him. The players ignored him. He existed in a bubble of his own making.

I wanted to pop that bubble.

I approached him during lunch, when the cafeteria was loud and chaotic. I sat down across from him without asking.

"Hi," I said.

He looked up from his book, surprised. "Hi."

"I'm Pat. Everyone calls me Mouse."

"Jake." He closed his book, setting it aside. "You work in the kitchen, right?"

I nodded. "And you're the coach's son."

He snorted. "That's one way to put it."

I leaned in. "You don't seem like you want to be here."

"I don't. My dad thinks I need to 'toughen up.' So he dragged me here for the summer." He shook his head. "I'd rather be anywhere else."

"Me too," I said.

I let my hand rest on the table, close to his. He looked at it, then at me.

"Why are you talking to me?" he asked.

"Because you look like you need someone to talk to."

He was quiet for a moment. Then he smiled — a real smile, warm and sad.

"Yeah. Maybe I do."

That night, I found him sitting on the dock by the lake, his feet dangling over the water. The moon was full, casting silver light across the surface. I sat down next to him, close enough that our shoulders touched.

"Couldn't sleep?" I asked.

"Never can," he said. "Too many thoughts."

I reached over and took his hand. He tensed, then relaxed, his fingers intertwining with mine.

"Do you want to forget your thoughts for a while?" I asked.

He turned to look at me. His eyes searched mine, looking for something. I didn't blink.

"Yes," he said. "I do."

I leaned in and kissed him — slow, deliberate, tasting the mint of his toothpaste. He responded with a hunger that surprised me, his hand cupping the back of my head, pulling me closer. I felt his tongue slide against mine, and I moaned softly.

I broke the kiss and stood, pulling him up. "Follow me."

I led him to the boathouse, a small wooden structure at the edge of the lake. Inside, it smelled of damp wood and old rope. I spread a tarp I'd stashed there earlier across the floor.

Jake looked at me, his eyes dark. "Are you sure?"

I answered by pulling off my shirt.

I lay down on the tarp, pulling him on top of me. He kissed my neck, my collarbone, my breasts. His hands explored my body, tentative at first, then bolder. I felt his cock pressing against my thigh, hard and eager.

I reached down and guided him inside me.

He gasped as he entered, his forehead pressing against mine. "Fuck, you feel so good."

I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him deeper. "Move," I whispered. "Fuck me."

He did. Slow at first, then faster, building a rhythm that made the tarp rustle beneath us. I arched my back, meeting his thrusts, feeling the heat build in my belly. I bit my lip to keep from crying out.

"I'm going to come," he said, his voice strained.

"Come inside me," I said. "I want to feel it."

He did, with a shuddering groan, his hips pressing deep. I felt his cum flooding me, hot and thick. I held him, letting him ride out the waves.

We lay there afterward, breathing hard, tangled together. He kissed my shoulder.

"That was incredible," he said.

"It was," I agreed.

But I was already thinking about the next target. The next conquest. The next secret.

I'd be gone before he woke up. And he'd spend the rest of the summer wondering if I was real, or just a dream.

I liked it that way.