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**Conrad's
First
Girl**

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By Varian Krylov

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Conrad had three particular qualities which suited him most advantageously for the endeavors of his new predilections: his physical appearance which was a tender beauty almost beyond belief in a representative of the male sex; a talent for understanding the nature of each individual encountered which seemed to border nearly on clairvoyance; and a strength of will culminating in a patience which suggested that he was, or at least believed himself to be, operating within the constraint of geologic time rather than within the fleeting term of a mere human life. A fourth quality, which was certainly no liability, was an unshakable confidence that he would succeed in everything he attempted, and that it was inevitable that everyone he wished to charm and seduce would, sooner or later, succumb.

* * * *

Conrad implemented his plan. He began modestly. Waiting in line one day at a coffee shop he initiated a conversation with the woman in line behind him. He knew he had his mark when, as he let her watch his gaze slide over her, a delicate blush bloomed in her cheeks. He gave her a grin to let her know he had seen her embarrassment, then turned his back on her, stepping to the counter to place his order. He paid her no more attention as he collected his drink and took a table by a window. He did not allow her to catch him watching her as she waited for her beverage, or as she carried her cup and her heavy book bag to a table across the room from him. Discreetly he kept an eye on her as she somewhat awkwardly arranged her books upon the table and began her studious endeavor, flipping through pages of multiple books, scribbling notes on a legal pad.

She was very young and rather average. Average hair. Average face. Average body. But her manner, her posture, suggested a girl painfully shy. Insecure, perhaps. Closed in on herself, imagining away the outside world and its inhabitants. He wondered if she had ever been fucked.

He let thirty or forty minutes go by. Then he approached her. He stood at the edge of her table, looking down at her, waiting for her to look up. It took her a long time, as if she were certain that he were standing there looking at some art on the wall, or maybe looking for a table. But at last she raised her head and met his gaze. He gave her his warmest, sweetest grin. Utterly innocuous. No hint in it of the wicked intentions he had.

“Marx, Keynes, Veblen, Galbraith. I wonder if you have time for any other men?”

“Sorry?”

She gave an awkward little laugh, obviously embarrassed at not understanding.

“I’m wondering, my dear, if these gentlemen could spare you some evening, so that I could enjoy the pleasure of your company.”

She just stared at him. He laughed a soft, warm, disarming laugh.

“I’m Conrad. What’s your name?”

“Elsie.”

“What a pretty name.”

Another blush, due, no doubt, to the insinuating tone of his voice, rather than his banal compliment.

“May I join you? Just for a moment—I promise not to distract you from your studies for too long.”

She gestured toward the empty chair opposite her. She looked distinctly like someone being beckoned by a sidewalk huckster.

“You study economics?”

She gave a faint smile in affirmation.

“I’m afraid it’s a topic I know nothing about.”

He sat there in the silence following his confession, watching her flush once more under his stare. She kept glancing down, trying to evade his penetrating gaze, but each time she raised her eyes once more she found him still looking, in a brazen, almost challenging manner. She was getting more and more flustered. Her chest was swelling and dipping with excited breath beneath her sweater. Finally, desperate to break the power of his holding stare, she spoke.

“You’re British?”

“Right. London.”

She tried a smile. She was pretty when she smiled.

“I love London.”

“You’ve been?”

“Last year.”

“And what was the most memorable moment of your time in London, then?”

“Oh...”

She giggled again, on the spot.

“...seeing Warhol at the Tate Modern.”

“A match made in heaven.”

No hint of the condescension in his mind was evident in his voice.

She nodded, smiling a little less awkwardly now.

“Well, Elsie,” he said, giving her the most tender smile he was capable of, “I’m afraid I’ve got to go. But I’d really like to see you again. May I have your number?”

“My number?”

She looked suspicious again.

“Yes.”

He laughed without malice.

“I don’t pretend to be as clever as Mr. Marx, there, but I assure you I have other qualities he lacks. If you like art, perhaps we could go to a gallery opening on Friday.”

Conrad drew a little notebook forth from his pocket.

“May I borrow your pen?”

She handed over her cheap ballpoint.

“So, Elsie,” he said, penning her name neatly at the top of a small sheet, “what’s your number?”

She gave it to him and he duly recorded it, put the cap back on her pen, and handed it back to her with a smile.

“I’m so glad I came here for my coffee today, Elsie. It’s not my usual spot. I look forward to seeing you again very soon.”

One last flash of his charming smile, and he was gone. Half an hour later Elsie packed up her books and went home, having been unable to concentrate on her studies.

The next day Conrad called her and invited her out for dinner and an art opening on Friday night. The thing about a girl like Elsie, there was no need for game playing, for waiting three or four days before calling. There was no chance of her taking his interest for granted. Not that Conrad was insecure. Hardly. It was only that, for his plan to be effective, she had to be emotionally involved. Losing his attention would need to be a problem. It would ensure cooperation. But the sound of Elsie's voice when she realized it was him revealed, with no room for doubt, that she had been hoping, every second since their meeting, that he really would call.

When he picked her up at six on Friday she had transformed herself into a creature little resembling the girl he had met at the coffee shop. Conrad smoothly disguised the nature of his smile as he took in the change. Possibly she had been to the hairdresser. The shapeless sweater and baggy khakis of her study session had been replaced by a simple dress of pale blue, delicate fabric. Her feet were transformed in the constraint of pointing toes and spiky heels. She blushed when he greeted her with a kiss on the cheek. In her dress her flush showed on her chest as well as in her cheeks.

They had wine with dinner. After the first glass Elsie became nearly gregarious, chatting away about this and that as Conrad watched, bemused. At last, when she paused for another little sip of wine, Conrad asked a question.

"Do you have very many men in your life, Elsie?"

Her wine-fuelled composure evaporated, and once more she was blushing in confused silence.

"I don't mean to be impolite. I was just curious to know if you date much."

“No, not really.”

She was looking down at her half-consumed plate of risotto.

“How old are you?”

“Twenty.”

“I’m thirty two. You don’t mind being out with an older man, do you?”

“No.”

She smiled.

They went to the opening at Roq la Rue. Conrad rather smoothly prevented his young date from drinking more wine. He wanted her sober. After they circled the space, looking at the art, Conrad honed in on the artist, took Elsie with him as he approached her, introduced himself and his date, made a few insightful observations, asked a few incisive questions, and finally, made the young artist laugh for three consecutive minutes, simultaneously impressing and intimidating Elsie. Then he took her home.

He parked the car in front of her apartment building, hopped out, and opened Elsie’s door for her. This was not an act of old-fashioned gallantry. It was a way of ensuring his control over a crucial moment. He proffered his hand, helped her out of the car, and closed the door. With her right hand in his left Elsie was caught between Conrad and his car. He leaned in close.

“I’d like to come in with you.”

She had thought he was leaning in for a polite good-night kiss. A gesture appropriate to his respectful treatment of her through the course of the date that had

been more wonderful than she could have fantasized. Her hopeful little smile faded to a nervous frown.

“Oh...I don't...I'm afraid we'll wake my roommate.”

“We'll be quiet.”

She was slowly shaking her head ‘no,’ as she tried to summon the courage to refuse him.

“I don't think it's a good idea.”

“But it is, Elsie. It's a lovely idea. Though I should tell you in advance, I don't fuck on the first date.”

Then he gave her that irrefutable grin, the smile she could not help but mirror, and he led her up the steps toward the entrance to her building. They took the elevator up to the sixth floor, walked down a fluorescent nightmare of a hallway, and entered a dark apartment. Elsie twisted the round knob of a dimmer switch, illuminating the cubicle-sized living room enough to allow them to pick their way around the cramped furniture to sit on the sofa. She led Conrad over and gestured for him to have a seat. He smiled, his face very near hers, and wrapped his fingers tightly around her arm.

“Not here, Elsie. Your room.”

She herself could not understand why, in spite of the fear that was rising up within her second by second she allowed him to lead her away from that sofa, toward the dark little hallway where her bedroom door faced her roommate's, or why, as they stood between those two doors, she opened hers and let him into her little room. It was he who felt for the switch and flooded the room with light. In the dark she had been ready to surrender an embrace, a kiss, but now, with the comforting veil of darkness

ripped away she could hardly even meet his eyes, and she pulled her arm from his grip, unconsciously backing away from him. He grinned, allowing her for the first time to catch a glimpse of his lascivious nature. Then, taking one swift stride forward he recaptured her arm, and caught the other as well, and pushed her backward toward her bed. Real terror transformed her face as she felt his physical strength, untempered by the gentle warmth she had seen in his eyes all evening, displaced now by excited determination. He pushed her down, into a sitting position at the edge of her bed. If he had pushed her back, made her lie down, thrown himself on her, she would have pleaded, then screamed. But as soon as he had her seated, trembling, upon her mattress he let go of her arms, and backed away, grinning down on her.

Perching casually on the window sill just two feet from her, he sat there for a few long moments, slowly devouring her frightened look, drawing in each timorous little exhale of hers as she sat there, wondering what he was about to do to her. He felt his power over her, and it swelled him with dark satisfaction. And it made him hard.

“Not tonight, but one night very soon, Elsie, you’re going to feel my cock inside of you.”

He watched as his words transformed her face once more. It was not fear, but shock and angry embarrassment that shaped her features now. His smug confidence, the audacity and crudeness of his words were a cruel violation deliberately calculated to contrast his carefully decorous behavior earlier in the evening.

“Have you ever had a man’s cock inside of you, Elsie?”

She just sat there in angry, trembling silence.

“I’m fairly certain you haven’t. Not even in your mouth. Am I right?”

She wanted to scream her indignation at him, throw him out. But she sat frozen and silent.

“In fact, if I were to hazard a guess, you’ve never so much as touched a man, or even seen a stiff, swollen prick. Except, maybe, in a photo or a film.”

And with that, sitting there on that window sill, his knees almost touching hers, he unbuckled his belt. He watched as her eyes, moist with tears of frustration and rage, were veiled by her lids and lashes as she turned her indignant stare from his face to his hands as they undid his pants. Then, watching her watch, he pushed his hand down his pants, sliding his palm over his shorts, over the bulge of his already hard prick, down, giving his balls a gentle squeeze, up the firm shaft of his cock. She was still staring when he moved his hand away, giving her a good long look at the shape of his stiff prick perfectly outlined under the snug fabric of his boxers. He gave a low chuckle. Humiliated as she was, she was transfixed.

“Now you’re going to sit there like a good girl and watch me stroke it.”

Slowly pulling down the band of his shorts, inch by inch he revealed himself to her, showing her that tumid, manly thing.

“While you watch me stroke it, Elsie, I want you to think about taking me in your mouth, all hot and soft and wet.”

“He let his fingers lightly embrace his rigid shaft, trailing them up and down, slowly, as he spoke.

“Imagine circling that little pink tongue of yours around the tip...”

He ran one index finger slowly around the head of his cock.

“...then sliding my prick between those lovely full lips, feeling me sliding back, over your tongue, deep into your mouth.”

Up and down he moved the circle of his fingers, still languidly.

Now that her fear had ebbed, her embarrassment was not enough to keep away the tender ache that was pulsing between her legs.

“My cock utterly filling that hot, wet mouth of yours. Imagine sucking me, sweet Elsie, taking me all the way in, then pulling back, letting me slide out from between your slurping, sucking lips, as you massage me with your tongue.”

Stroking himself in earnest now, his grip tighter, his hips pumping his cock into his fist, he watched her staring, her chest palpitating with excited breath, her lips just slightly parted, almost as if she were hoping for the command to drop to her knees and suck him right then.

“Then, darling, it won’t be you sucking me anymore. It will be me, fucking your mouth, holding your head, my fingers sunk into your hair, gripping it in fistfuls and thrusting between your lips until I’m ready to come. And when I get very close, Elsie, when I’m just about to come, I’ll pull back, and you, dear Elsie, will keep your mouth open. I want you to taste my come, but I want to see, so in the final moment, as I pull free of your hungry, nursing mouth I’ll give myself the finishing stroke, and shoot my hot, sticky come onto your tongue, onto your lips, and watch you lick them clean and swallow.”

And with that, Conrad leaned forward, grasped Elsie’s wrist and shot off into her dainty, cupped palm as Elsie watched all the goo spurting out. Even at the moment of

climax, even in the panting, shuddering seconds after, he did not take his eyes from her face. She had watched every single second.

He pulled up his shorts, did up his trousers and belt. Then he bent over, gave her a warm kiss on her flushed cheek, and whispered in her ear.

“I look forward to our next date, Elsie.”

He let himself out, leaving her sitting on the edge of her bed, her cunt throbbing, her hand cradling the still-warm pool of come.

* * * *

Elsie sat in her pathetically run-down second-hand import, parked in front of an almost palatial Tudor home looming above her at the top of a hill of pristine, suspiciously green lawn on the corner of a swank block in the trendy Seattle neighborhood of Capitol Hill.

What the fuck am I doing?

Everything, everything was telling her to leave. To leave and to never answer another phone call from that man again, to forget she had ever met him. It was all wrong. The way he had approached her at the coffee shop. He was too interested. Too smooth. Too too good-looking. His easy charm made her feel her awkwardness all the more painfully. His thirty-two years made her twenty seem ridiculously void of maturity and experience.

And then there had been that thing—what he had done when she had stupidly let him come in at the end of their first date. He had shocked her. Humiliated her. And yet, when he had left, she had not cried. Even the anger and the embarrassment she had felt all through it faded quickly away and, when she went to bed, the whole scene made

her incredibly aroused as she played it back in her mind. And then, thinking about it, she had gotten herself off.

But now, parked in front of his enormous house in her crummy car she felt more painfully than ever how wrong it all was. Everything about him—his cocksure manner, his looks, his age, his money—made her feel weak and vulnerable. And, of course, there was the obvious, painful question. What the hell did he want with her, anyway? She wasn't really pretty. Not that she thought she was ugly, but, hell, she wasn't completely clueless—a guy like that could do way better. She wasn't all witty and clever like him. She was intelligent—book smart—but she couldn't banter and jest the way he did. The way she had seen the artist doing with him at the gallery opening he'd taken her to. What did a guy like that want with a girl like her when even far less attractive, homegrown guys at school never gave her a second look?

Part of her didn't care. A tiny little part of her, the part that usually stayed obediently buried beneath all her good judgment and diligence and cautiousness, wanted whatever twisted adventure might be in store for her at his hands. The night of their first date had been so strange. The dinner and the gallery opening had been so romantic, so far beyond anything she could have expected, she had hardly dared believe it was not a dream. And then, back at her place, she had been really terrified, for a few moments, that the dream was turning into a nightmare. She had thought, just for a few seconds, that he might rape her. But then he had done that other thing, and now she wasn't sure whether it had been horrible or incredibly erotic.

Looking up the sweep of verdant lawn, up the steps of the vast, columned porch to the heavy double doors she felt queasy with fear. But then again, the danger itself

seemed part of his allure. Yes, maybe he was really a little bit dangerous. And, immersed in her tedious little life of study and work, she wanted the romance of a dangerous liaison. She coaxed herself out of the driver's seat, closed the door, and began her ascent.

Interminable minutes slogged by after she rang the bell before the front door swung indifferently open and Conrad appeared before her. Already nervous, her anxiety was hiking up in pitch moment by moment, aggravated by the wait, by the intimidating proportions of the door, and then by the cold composure of Conrad's face. She felt a moment of real panic. Had she come on the wrong night? At the wrong time? Had he invited her over as a joke, only so he could cruelly remind her that she was utterly unworthy of his attentions? But then he smiled a warm, if slightly bemused smile and gestured her in.

"So, you decided to go through with it after all."

"With what?"

"With our date this evening."

Two sentences out of his mouth and she was already blushing.

"Of course." She smiled and tried to sound casual, as if there was no implication in his remark.

"You were down there in your car for so long, I imagined you were having second thoughts."

Shit. He'd been watching her.

"No, no. I just didn't want to be early."

"Ah, I see." It was clear from his tone that he knew she was lying, which was kind of obvious since her indecision in the car had made her over ten minutes late. "Well, in any case, I'm glad you're here. Why don't we go outside, into the garden, and have a little wine."

He led her over darkly gleaming hardwood floors through a foyer, through a sitting room, through a dining room toward French double doors.

"Your home is beautiful." She had never been in such a richly, immaculately masculine house before.

"Thank you," he answered simply with his characteristic ease.

The double doors opened onto a large, ornately landscaped garden the likes of which she had only seen represented by glossy photos in magazines and coffee table books. In a secluded corner, under a magnificent flowering tree was a small wrought iron table with two chairs, one of which he pulled out for her. He sat down next to her and filled her glass from a bottle that sat open on the table before them, then filled his own glass.

"Cheers," he said, raising his glass and clinking it lightly against hers.

"Cheers," she mirrored back, still nervous.

She took a sip as he watched her, smiling a small, roguish smile. Jesus, he was so beautiful. Cloudy green eyes and fair skin a lovely contrast to his dark, close-cropped hair. And that mouth. How she ached to be kissed with those soft, full lips.

"So," he said, still not having put his lips to his glass, "I've been wondering, since our last date, whether I was right about you."

"Right about what?"

"Was I right," he purred like a panther, "in surmising that you've never had a cock inside of you?"

She felt herself blush one of those mortifying blushes that seem to last a lifetime, where the face turns a deep red, ridiculous red. The sort of blush that perpetuates itself interminably as the initial embarrassment continues in the humiliation of its evidence. She tried to coax her breathing back to normal, and set her jittering wine glass down.

"Well, Elsie?"

"Why ask me things like that?"

Her question was confrontational, but her eyes were focused down on the pattern of the wrought iron table and her voice was a wavering whisper.

"Because you're so pretty when your face flushes all pink like that. And because it arouses you."

Flattery. More humiliation. He was right.

"Now, Elsie, answer my question. Have you ever had a man's cock inside of you?"

"No."

She had no idea what had made her answer him when what she should have done is stand up and march back through that fucking mansion, get in her car and never see that rude asshole again. He was chuckling softly.

"I've no idea how, dear Elsie, but somehow I knew it. I was quite sure."

Finally he took a sip of wine. She was too nervous not to drink and was afraid that if he abstained that would be one more card stacked in his favor. He was gazing at her steadily. Studying her.

"You're a virgin."

She felt a little twitch in her lip that seemed to give him his answer.

"And you've never given head."

She felt herself saying no with a tiny movement of her head, though she had not really meant to answer him.

"Indulge an imprudently curious man, Elsie. Tell me how it is that a delightful girl like yourself makes it to the age of twenty never having experienced physical love."

It was evident that he was enjoying her discomfort. And maybe there wasn't anything so strange in that. She could see where someone would feel a certain sense of power in Conrad's position. What was harder to understand was why that scrutinizing, taunting gaze of his, and all of his unforgivable questions, were making her so terribly aroused. Or why she was so eager to ensure that his expression of smug delight did not fade.

"I don't know."

"Surely you date."

"Not really. I'm not a very social person."

"Well, then, I count myself lucky to have penetrated your force-field of isolation."

He grinned, a little ironically it seemed to her.

"Come," he said, standing and offering her his hand, "let's go inside."

A wave of panic crashed over her, even as she took his proffered hand, stood, and walked along with him, back into the huge, dark, empty house. She was afraid of what he would do once they were inside. And she was afraid of what she would do. She didn't know herself when she was with him.

He took her into a sitting room, the polished surface of dark wood gleaming here and there with the light cast by pale lamps and a modest fire that burned more for ambience than warmth on that temperate night.

He did not invite her to sit. He walked her over, before the fire, and there, moved close until she felt his body against hers. She gazed up at him looking down at her and thought he was about to kiss her. Instead she felt his fingers come softly to her thighs, curling against her legs, walking in place, gathering up the fabric of her skirt, up, up, up, until her legs were bare to his hands. Her breath sped. Her arms hung awkwardly at her sides, not knowing what to do with themselves. He just kept gazing down at her, hiking her skirt up higher and higher, then transferring all those gathered folds into one hand. The other came down, between her legs, only slightly parted in the stance she had landed in as she had stopped walking.

She could have backed away. But she didn't.

His hand, between her legs, played over her panties. Two or three times at parties in high school she had been touched there, after too many rum and cokes, the boys who felt her up reeking of stale beer. This was something entirely different.

"Tell me something, Elsie."

Just the tip of his finger was taunting her aching little clit with the smallest and softest of motions. And that, that few square millimeters of his finger against her body was their only contact.

"After what happened in your room at the end of our last date, Elsie, did you get yourself off?"

Her face went hot. She just stared at him in mortified silence, her skirt gathered up in his hand, his finger making her ache so sweetly between her legs and all through her insides.

"Did you touch yourself, the way I'm touching you now, and make yourself cum, thinking about what I'd done?"

She wanted to run. But then he lifted his finger and she felt panic. She wanted the pleasure back.

"Answer me, Elsie. Did you rub this sweet little pussy of yours and make yourself cum? Thinking of me?"

"Yes."

She could not believe she'd answered him. A gratified smile curled a corner of his mouth. He touched her again and her body's lax disappointment snapped back to tense, seeking anticipation.

His hand between her legs. Teasing her, terribly softly, over her panties. Just hints of touches. He still looking down at her, she still looking up, their faces a bare inch apart. But no kiss. He was watching her expression as he touched her without holding her, without kissing her. Her body was throbbing and aching under his tiny touches, and that delicious delicate pleasure-pain was bigger, deeper, sweeter because she was so embarrassed at being coolly observed as he made her feel it.

His hand between her legs. Pulling the crotch of her panties aside, slowly sinking a finger in among her yearning folds. Rubbing her, spreading her open, exploring her delicate creases, teasing her super sensitive clit. She moaned and a hot flush of embarrassment spread over her. Then he drove a finger up inside of her, a little

preview, a hint of what it might be like to be fucked, something hard filling her, pumping in and out and in and out of her. Fuck, it felt good.

They were still looking at one another, the closeness of their mouths mocking her with the un-given kiss. His finger fucking her, making her body tremble with pleasure and anticipation of that ultimate pleasure. She was close to cumming.

"Do you like feeling that finger in your pussy?"

"Yes," she squeaked.

He thrust in, deeper, harder, driving his hand up against all her swelling sensitive places between her parted thighs. She caught her breath.

"Tell me, Elsie, have you ever tasted yourself?"

Another deep, thrilling ascent of his finger forced another small moan from her. She just looked at him mutely. His finger slipped wetly from her.

"Hmmm?" he prodded.

He held up the finger that had been inside of her. Even in the dim light it shone shiny and wet before her face. And she could smell herself. She gave a small "no" with a move of her head.

His finger moved and she felt him tracing the contours of her mouth, glossing her lips with the sticky wetness of her sex.

"Taste."

Breathing fast and shallow, wondering how she could be there with that man doing these things, she tasted. Her lips parted, her tongue peeked shyly out and licked its tip over the edge of her upper lip, then retreated back into the safety of her mouth, bringing her salty musk back with it.

"Take it all, Elsie. Lick your lips clean."

He watched as her tongue came back out, and, starting in the corner of her mouth, licked across her upper lip, then stroked back the other way over her bottom lip before sliding away into her mouth.

"I'll bet you're delicious."

He glossed her lips a second time, then brought his mouth to hers, running his tongue over her upper lip, then sucking softly on her bottom lip, drawing her taste into his mouth. That, she would recall later, was their only kiss, this night or any other. Then his mouth was off her and he was watching her again as his hand went back down, between her legs, and began fucking her again. The familiar girth of his single finger filled her, fucked her, pumping slowly in and out, then she sucked in her breath as he came into her with two fingers, pushing her open, filling her up, fucking into her deep and slow. She was panting.

"Unbutton your blouse, Elsie."

She hesitated for a moment, but fuck, his hand felt so good down there, and that look on his face, that hungry seeking was so exciting and so...affirming. Her hands shook a little as she brought them to the top button, covered in the floral patterned cloth of her blouse, and worked it through the button hole. He watched her face, not her hands, as she moved on to the next button. Then the next, and the next, until her blouse was undone to the waist.

"Pull it open, Elsie."

His fingers went on pumping rhythmically in and out of her, slow for a while, then a burst of faster thrusts, then slow again, driving deep into her, his hand sliding

wonderfully against her lips, massaging her clit. Breathing erratically she pulled the front of her blouse open, revealing the lacy blue bra she had bought for their date, just in case, pretending that she believed he would not really see it.

"I want to see your tits, Elsie. Pull that lace down and show them to me."

She caught herself practically humping his hand. His fingers felt so fucking good inside her, she was on the verge of climax, aching for it, panting in expectation. She bared her breasts for him. They seemed to feel their nakedness. Cold and seeking heat her rosy nipples puckered up for his lips. He did not kiss them, though. He looked her over, then returned his eyes to hers and watched her as he fingered her to the edge of climax. She was right there, an explosion of pleasure imminent as he stroked into her wetness, her pussy swelling tight around his fingers. Slipping out for a second to rub her desperate little clit, then in again, as she pressed herself against him more and more obviously, anxiously seeking release.

"Does that little pussy of yours need to cum?"

Her whole body was rigid with need.

"Hmmm, Elsie? Does your wet little cunt need it?"

Another hot flush suffused her cheeks as she heard his question and, between words, the wet noises of his fingers squelching into her, slurping out of her.

"Yes," she confessed with a whimper.

He took his hand away, leaving her aching, needing. He walked away. Leaving her dumbfounded, standing alone in the center of an ornate rug, her skirt rumpled, her blouse open.

He strolled over to a chair by a window, and turned back toward her.

"Come here, Elsie."

Like an obedient dog she came when he called her, her tits bare and swaying slightly as she walked.

"Take off your blouse and bra."

She shed them without hesitation.

"And your knickers."

She lifted her skirt and slid her panties off. He regarded her with a self-satisfied smile for a moment, then unbuckled his belt, undid his fly and shoved his slacks down to his knees and sank down into the arm chair. She just stood there, gawking. There it was again, his prick, tall and hard. Her cunt throbbed with a dull, insistent ache. She wanted that cock inside of her. But she was scared. Scared of the pain. And, well, this was nothing like the first time she had imagined. This felt so...perverted. And, God, he didn't expect her to be on top, did he? She didn't know what she was doing. She wanted him to take her to bed, lay her down, make love to her.

"Put your left knee here," he patted the seat of the chair, just to the outside of his right thigh.

Her heart hammering she did it.

"And your right knee here."

She was kneeling over him now, his stiff prick aimed up her skirt at her throbbing cunt. He grabbed the hem of her skirt and began stuffing it into her waistband, uncovering her sex. Then his hands were on her waist, gently guiding her down until she was sitting on his thighs, his prick rising up between them, a few inches from her cunt. Then, his hands on her ass, he pulled her slowly against him, until the base of his

shaft was nestled between her wet pussy lips. She let out a little whimper as his stiff cock pressed against her aching clit and a throb waved through her abdomen. She wanted him to lift her, his hands under her ass, and lower her down on his hard shaft. She was dying to have him inside of her.

Instead his hands abandoned her ass and came up to her breasts, the tips of his two index fingers coming very lightly against the very tips of her nipples and gently rubbing them in the tiniest of motions. She whimpered again as a jolt of sensation out of all proportion to the tiny little touch he was giving her shot down into her crotch. God, her cunt was just throbbing, throbbing. She needed him, his touch there, so badly.

He was playing with her nipples, rolling them gently between thumb and finger, caressing, tugging lightly, pinching, making her writhe and pant. And when she writhed her clit rubbed against his stiff cock and she sighed with the pleasure of that contact she needed so badly.

"Does your wet little pussy need my cock, Elsie?"

He tugged on her nipples, making her wiggle helplessly.

"Ye-yes."

It was going to hurt, she knew, but she wanted it.

"You can rub your cunt against my cock, but don't take it inside you yet. That's for later."

Oh, god, what was he doing? He made it sound like he almost didn't care that her pussy was right there against his dick. Like it was all her, and he didn't need it, desire it at all.

"Go ahead, Elsie, rub that wet slit over my shaft. I want to feel you humping me. I want you to make yourself cum against me."

He gave her nipples a good pinch and made her jump a little, her twat slipping up then back down the underside of his rigid cock, her clit sliding deliciously against him, promising her a gorgeous climax at any moment. He went on, massaging, tweaking, tugging her sensitive nipples, sending ripple after ripple of needy excitement down into her groin, making her need more and more to rub against him and release herself from this mounting torment.

She gave in slowly, gradually. At first she just relaxed her leg and hip muscles a tiny bit and allowed her body to sink slightly against him, letting her pussy envelop him in a slightly deeper embrace that gave her a hint of satisfaction. Then, each time he gave her nipples a slightly more rousing tug or pinch she would convulse against him and feel an ecstatic thrill shudder through her. Then, finally, her resistance failing her, her embarrassment drowning under a rising tide of need, she began tiny, tiny undulations against him, writhing hesitantly, moving her soft wet flesh over his hard length as he caressed her breasts and teased her nipples.

She was sighing softly now, surrendering to the pleasure of his hands and his body, seeking him with a need more and more urgent, more desperate, more wanton. She was flexing her hips in fevered little movements, rubbing needfully, up, up, up, each little flex dragging her clit deliciously against the underside of his long hard prick, each little slide down coming with the relaxation of a split second between flexes. Whimpering. Whining. Ready to cum and no longer caring how he'd manipulated her, what she looked like straddling him and writhing against him like a randy animal. Just

wanting that delicious ache to keep building, keep swelling up inside of her until it shattered her with a thundering climax.

Conrad's hands curved under her breasts and squeezed her soft flesh until her rosy nipples were thrust obscenely forward. They were throbbing with the aching memory of all his teasing and caressing, standing out in greedy points, seeking contact. She went on humping hungrily, seeking her pleasure, groaning softly with need.

"Look how deliciously hard your nipples are, Elsie. Did you like what I was doing before?"

"Yes," she whined, terrified he was going to interrupt everything again. She was so close. She began rubbing against him with frenzied urgency.

"Would you like me to lick your nipples, Elsie?"

"Yes!" she whispered pleadingly. Oh, god, she wanted that.

"Ask me."

A moment's hesitation. So hard to say out loud. But, fuck, she was going to cum any second.

"Please...lick my nipples."

He bent his head to her breast and she felt his warm wet tongue lathing her hard nipple, chaffing it softly for a moment before thrusting the tip of his tongue hard against that hard little nub of sensitive flesh and flicking it, making her give a sharp cry of startled pleasure.

"Do you want me to suck them?"

"Yes," she panted, "please. Please suck my nipples."

He turned to the other breast, licked it softly for a moment, then sucked it between his lips, pulled back, releasing it to the cool air. She was writhing against him now with complete abandon, just needing to cum. He put his mouth to her tit again, sucking at her nipple hungrily, strumming his tongue over the nipple stretching into his mouth with the pressure of his sucking and she was whimpering and humping and pulling his head to her breast in lusty seeking need. He abandoned her tit.

"Look down, Elsie. Look at yourself."

She looked down, down at her nipples, a deeper rose after all his pinching and tugging and licking and sucking, shiny from his mouth, full and erect.

"Look down there. I want you to watch while you get yourself off."

She shifted her gaze, between the rose-tipped peaks of her tits, down to where his cock was sliding between her wet cunt lips. His prick was a deep dark pink, the head swollen and vivid, shiny with her juices, rising up from between her folds as she slid down, the whole shaft snaking away and disappearing as she rose against him, dragging her greedy little clit over the hard length of his shaft, against the ridge that rose and curved and flared to the engorged head which bumped deliciously against her, smooth and round. She was sighing and moaning as she watched that disappearing reappearing act, as she ground brazenly against him, coming to her climax.

"I want to hear you, Elsie. I want to hear you cum."

She relaxed the fearful hold she'd clamped over her sighs and moans and let him hear her. Every exhale was a groan of agonized anticipation as she flexed her hips again and again and watched her juicy cunt slicking his prick and her whining moan went up in pitch as she got closer, needing, needing, writhing, wanting, crying for it, and

finally she flexed in a violent spasm and ground hard against him as her climax hit and her cunt throbbed and shuddered and she cried out and humped against him in a violent need to feel his flesh wringing every last little throb out of her.

As soon as the most powerful jolts of her climax began to ebb hot shame began to rise. There she was, straddling him, her tits bare and wet with spit, her skirt pulled up, her bare pussy spread around his cock, shiny with her juices. And there he was, gazing at her. Looking amused, like a naughty little boy who has just watched a classmate eat a slug on a dare. Then his expression metamorphosed into caddish sternness.

"Get up, Elsie."

Trembling from her exertions and with new fear and humiliation she backed away from him and stood before him.

"Get on your knees."

She felt she was sinking deeper and deeper into his unfamiliar world as she sank, almost without thinking, to her knees. He shifted forward in the chair until he was at the edge of the cushion and his balls hung down below his still stiff prick, all glistening with her juices.

"You've made quite a mess, haven't you, young lady?"

She certainly had. She was astonished, actually, at how wet everything was—the whole head and shaft slathered and shiny, his neatly trimmed pubic hair matted down all around the base of his cock, and even his balls and inner thighs glistened here and there with her wetness.

"Well? Answer me." His tone was at once playful and firm.

"Yes."

"And you're going to clean it up. Start with my thighs. Lick up all that naughty wetness, Elsie."

She leaned in, and as her mouth drew near his thigh she caught the scent. Her. And him. Their strong animal scents mingled together. She put her tongue to his thigh just below a shiny little smear and stroked up with her tongue, tasting again that essence of herself. She licked and licked over the firm warm flesh of his thigh until she had lapped up all of her musk, then performed her little trick again on the other thigh.

"Now my balls, Elsie. And since it's your first time, I'll admonish you to be gentle."

She had no idea what to expect. The couple of times she'd touched a guy's prick she hadn't been nearly adventurous enough to go near his balls. They were hairless and pink and when she put her tongue to them she was startled by how soft and yielding they were until her tongue felt the firm roundnesses inside. She licked and licked over the loose skin, noticing his cock twitch now and then, taking herself in with her tongue, drinking in his scent mingled with hers as she breathed. Next he had her lick his trim, smooth public hair clean.

"Now my cock, Elsie. Start at the base, and work your way up."

She put her tongue to the root of him, full and firm and glossed with her essence. She began lapping at him, licking at that rigid pole that swayed under the pressure of her tongue, then swathing upward in broad firm strokes, feeling the texture of him, the smooth soft skin stretched taut over that warm, firm flesh. The raised ridge of the underside. Round and round, then up, up. To that different part of him. She put the tip of her tongue tentatively to the florid dome of his cock, and licked. Replacing her cunt's wetness with the wetness of her mouth.

"That's very good, Elsie. Now, look behind you."

She turned and looked over her shoulder, finding her own reflection in the glass of a round mirror resting on the floor and propped against the front of the armchair opposite the one in which Conrad was sitting. There she was, down on her knees, skirt askew and hiked high, Conrad's stiff cock rising obscenely just by her head.

"Pull up the back of your skirt, Elsie."

No way. She couldn't do it. Not now, now that she'd seen how vulgar she looked, down on her knees, practically naked while he sat like a king on his throne making a lowly slave kneel to kiss the royal scepter. She turned from the mocking mirror to tell him to shove it. But the moment she looked up at him and saw the heat in those fabulous hazel eyes, her resistance wavered. And the look in his face sent a pulsing heat right to her crotch, and her resolve evaporated. It wasn't until some months later, when she looked back on this night, that she was finally able to admit to herself the meaning of that look that made her already sated cunt throb with need. It was contemptuous certainty. He knew she felt humiliated, that her humiliation aroused her, and that she would go on doing everything he told her. She tugged at her skirt.

"No, Elsie. Look in the mirror."

Oh God. Heart hammering, almost nauseous with nerves, she turned back to face her reflection, and hoisted the skirt up, baring her bottom. And more. She had never looked at herself like this before. She was startled to see her cunt blatantly visible there underneath the curve and cleft of her ass. In the mirror her face flushed red and she hurriedly looked away.

"That's an absolutely gorgeous view you're giving me, Elsie. Now, I want you to take my cock in your mouth, and I want you to rub that pussy of yours while you suck me."

Good God! She couldn't possibly. Still, she wasn't up to jumping up, running out. Actually, she wanted to try giving him head. She had been thinking about it incessantly since their last date, half with strange arousal, half with curiosity. And taking him into her mouth would be easier by far than meeting his gaze at this moment. She took him in her hand, bent over him, pressed the head of his prick to her lips, and took him in. Just a little. Just the soft, plump dome, so smooth against her lips, so full and warm in her mouth. She closed her lips around the shaft just behind the flaring ridge, sucked gently, licked the tip of her tongue over him.

"That's lovely, Elsie. Now let me see your hand between those thighs."

Oh God. Oh God. Her face was hot with shame. But her cunt was throbbing with rising need. And she could not bear the thought of his disappointment or disapproval. At least her face was turned away from that damned mirror. Keeping one hand on the floor to brace herself, she reached back and put the other to her sex. Christ, she was wet. And, oh! So sensitive. She could not help but jump at her own touch, startled by the intensity of her body's reaction.

"That's it, rub that little cunt for me while you suck me, Elsie."

Concentrating hard on the unfamiliar task of sucking cock, Elsie fingered her cunt almost absent-mindedly, instinctively pleasuring herself with little thought for where and how she touched. The prick in her mouth was the center of her attention. The way it twitched against her lips now and then, the way Conrad's breathing changed when she

thrust her tongue firmly down and up the underside of the joint between the shaft and head, trying now and then to take him all the way in, but unable to quite get past her gag reflex.

"Put your finger in your pussy," Conrad ordered, his voice husky.

She slid her hand back a bit and pushed her middle finger inside.

"Now fuck yourself."

His focus on what she was doing to herself embarrassed her. She was no longer lost in the mental safety of the blowjob. Slowly she slid her finger out and back in, feeling the strange texture of herself inside, her sticky heat. Normally when she got herself off she did not put her fingers inside, but only stroked and rubbed over her labia, her slit, her clit. The penetration felt strange. Good.

"Two fingers, now Elsie. And fuck yourself faster. Harder."

Her index finger joined its neighbor and she thrust her two digits deep into her cunt. Her other arm, hand, and shoulder were beginning to ache from supporting her. Fucking herself, sliding her fingers in and out of her wet, swollen cunt, she bobbed up and down optimistically on his prick, feeling that making him cum would give her a tiny sense of power in all of this. The thought of it made her cunt pulse close around her fingers. Her second climax was coming within reach. She stroked her thumb over her clit and a throb of excruciating pleasure rippled through her. She whimpered over his cock.

"That's good, Elsie. Let me hear you. I want to hear your moans while I watch you making yourself cum."

She was close, and the quiver in his sultry voice roused her all the more. She banged her cunt and thumbed her throbbing clit hungrily, slurping and licking at the smooth dome of Conrad's cock, teasing the hole at the tip with her tongue. She was whimpering and moaning now with every exhale, feeling her climax swelling in her groin, filling her belly. Suddenly Conrad's hands sank into her hair, gripping it almost painfully as he pulled her down hard on his cock, sinking into her throat, thrusting her lips against his moist hair at the base.

"Finger that pussy, Elsie."

He let her up for air, then slid her mouth up and down his shaft with greedy speed. Her eyes watered as she recovered from her near gagging, and caught her breath. She reamed her fingers in and out of her cunt, hearing her own whining moans as he jerked her down to the base of his shaft once more with a husky groan. The sound of his arousal drove her to the brink.

"Let me hear you."

Her cunt spasmed around her thrusting fingers and she stuffed them in and humped back against her hand, grinding her throbbing clit against her thumb, and cried out loud, the sound muffled on the cock buried in her mouth.

Conrad pulled her back by the hair and his cock popped free of her lips. Keeping one fist wrapped brutally in her hair he brought his other hand to his cock and stroked it fiercely. It took him just two or three seconds. Then he groaned and put the head of his cock against her bottom lip, spurting into her open mouth, once, twice, then shooting a final pulse of cum over her parted lips. Her cunt was still throbbing with her waning

orgasm as she felt some of the hot goo sliding down onto her chin and she swallowed what was in her mouth.

Fuck, she felt filthy. And, she thought, sex was infinitely more intense than she had ever imagined it to be. She finally gathered the courage to look up. Conrad was gazing smugly down at her, a satisfied grin on his gorgeous face.

"When you've gathered your strength, Elsie, you may want to step into the powder room and wash your face."

Her face went hot at the image she must be presenting, skirt hiked to the waist, bent over, cunt exposed, her mouth dripping with his cum. Utterly humiliated she jumped up and dashed off to the powder room. Where the fuck was it? She tugged at the hem of her skirt, wanting at least to cover her ass as he watched her wandering around like an idiot, topless, looking for the bathroom. Finally she found it, just off the entryway, shot through the door and slammed it shut.

She deliberately avoided the mirror with her eyes as she turned the faucet on full blast and began washing her face before the warm water had even had a chance to kick in. Finally some hot water came through and she soaped and scrubbed her face, rinsed, and did it all again. When she had toweled dry and confronted herself in the mirror she found that she had scrubbed away most of her carefully applied makeup. Dark rings of waterproof mascara stained the skin around her eyes. She spent another few minutes carefully soaping away her raccoon mask. She was about to open the door, about to return to Conrad, when she suddenly felt her near nudity with a twinge of painful embarrassment. No way could she stroll back in there topless. She yanked a towel from a brushed metal rod on the wall and wrapped it around her, then opened the door.

Conrad watched with a bemused grin as she returned. She clutched the towel to her chest as she scurried about the room, collecting articles of discarded clothing. She didn't know what to do. Her shyness was just adding to her embarrassment. They had just...well, she wasn't sure what it was exactly that they had done. But it had been intimate. Now she was acting like a child, too shy to let him see her breasts when a few moments earlier she'd had her legs spread, her ass in the air as she fingered herself and sucked his cock. Too ashamed to leave the room to dress she turned her back to him as she slipped her bra back on, threw on her blouse and hurriedly buttoned it before finally stepping into her panties and hiking them up under her skirt. When she turned back to Conrad he was still regarding her with a little smirk. She felt ridiculous.

And, she was fairly certain, her embarrassment was giving him great pleasure. If he came to her now, took her in his arms, kissed her, even on the cheek, and spoke tenderly to her, it would all be alright. He could rescue her from her humiliation. But with growing certainty, she knew he wouldn't. It was some kind of game he was playing. She suddenly felt tricked. Used. What kind of stupid idiot would get down on her knees and suck the cock of some guy who hadn't even really kissed her? She was staring at him, futilely hoping he would do some little thing that would make it possible for her to not hate him. So she could bear to see him again.

"Elsie."

He had spoken at last, his gaze soft, his voice tender.

"We should say goodnight now. But before you go, there's something I'd like you to think over. Give some thought, Elsie, to how you want to lose your virginity. I'd like you to come back here on Sunday night, and if you do, you won't be a virgin when you

leave. I think I've given you a fairly clear idea of what it will be like with me. If that's not what you want for your first time, you should decline my invitation. I'll ring you on Thursday for your answer."

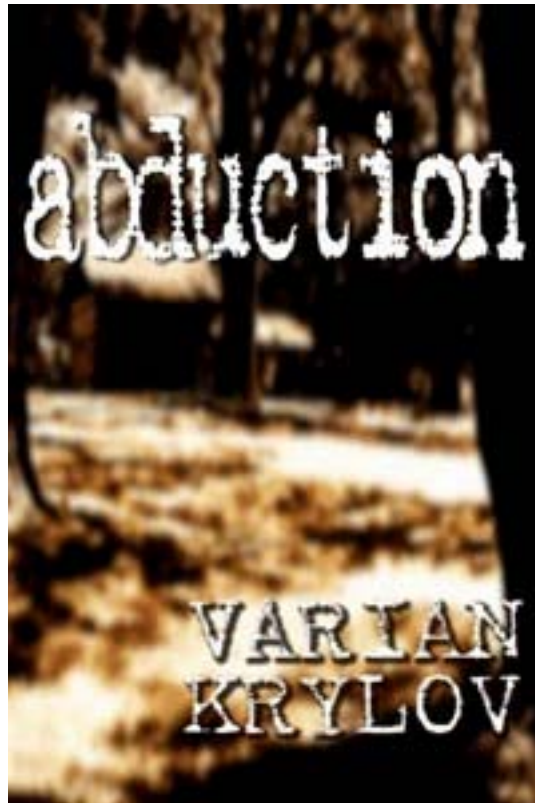
She was dumbstruck. He showed her to the door, politely, but with no affectionate caress, no embrace, no kiss. She was still trembling and mute when he said a final "goodnight," and closed the door behind her.

The End

ABOUT VARIAN KRYLOV

Since her girlhood in a sunny coastal town in California, Varian Krylov has nurtured a love of words and a curiosity about the deep, dark forces at work in human nature, especially sexuality, and how they often paradoxically twine with our tenderest impulses. Her stories tend to explore the sometimes fine line between what arouses, and what frightens, what we're driven to, and what we're ashamed of. You can find more about her [here](#).

If you enjoyed HURT, you might also enjoy:



ABDUCTION

By Varian Krylov

For years, college student Devan Astor has penned erotic stories based on her dark fantasies, but when she's abducted, she is faced with the real terror of being at the mercy of a cruel stranger. She flees, but in the remote cabin where she takes refuge, will she encounter a danger even more frightening than the kidnapper who is still hunting her? At the end of her ordeal, will she be left scarred by the experiences that so closely match her own fantasies, or will she discover fulfillment she never imagined?

Warnings: This title contains elements of non-consensual sex, anal sex and m/m sex.

[Review from Kyraninse at Night Owl Reviews](#) (4.5/5 - TOP PICK!)

"I really enjoyed...(this)... Not only is it remarkably executed but the psychological profiles of the characters are mesmerizing and their desires and needs sharply poignant... Varian manages to be descriptive without being cloying, her writing almost clean in its efficiency... I will look forward to Varian's works in the future..."

Excerpt From **ABDUCTION**:

He knew she would let him do anything, have anything. Anything. It was that thought—that he could do what he wanted—that made him so hard, so hot, rather than any particular thing he could think of actually doing. That this strange, quiet girl would let him touch her, take her, look at her any way he liked, and yield to any thing he might do with nothing but breaths and sighs and that look of hers.

Somehow her pigtails seemed perverse. He wanted her hair loose. Quietly, calmly, like a child with a doll who will neither judge nor protest, he took one pigtail in the loose circle of his fingers and worked her wet hair free of the elastic band. Then he did the other. He put the bands around his wrist and, with both hands, combed his fingers through her wet hair until it hung heavy and wet in thick strands over her shoulders and down her back. But he missed the nape of her neck, pale and whiskered with baby-fine hairs in two Vs, so he twisted her hair up in one hand and drew it up, bending her head forward, elongating the back of her delicate neck, making the pale skin go taut over the smooth rounded curves of her spine.

Christ, he hadn't even really touched her yet, and he was rock hard. What was it with this girl?

He leaned into her, let his face brush against her neck, heard her suck in her breath, felt her quiver as his chest pressed against her back. Breathing in the smell of her skin, feeling the heat of their bodies warming the wet cloth between them, seeing the tiny hairs—the soft blond down of her ears—he was momentarily aware of how on, how tuned into every sensation his body was in that moment, as if he could taste and see and hear molecules of air, of rain, of her and he felt oddly happy.

It was exciting to touch, to run fingers along the bare wet gooseflesh of arms, to peel the wet, sticking sleeves back to reveal her upper arm and the first hint of her shoulder, to brush his lips against her there without kissing, to think of licking and biting her tender flesh, to feel the excitement of anticipation, the little twinge of denial.

The t-shirt she had on was soaked and clung to her like gray skin, and he took in the shape of her tits, her dark areolae, her hard nipples, the vague ripple of ribs, the slight hollow of her belly. He came to her, his body pressing her, his thigh parting hers, getting a little sigh from her as his leg pressed against her cunt. After that little noise she turned her face away and closed her eyes, and he smiled, amused by her shyness. He leaned into her, her body soft and trembling, mouthed her ear, felt her panting breath with his chest, and whispered,

“What do you want, Devan?”

One of her wrists he let go, let his hand come down into her hair to feel its heavy thickness between his fingers. Her other wrist he brought down, down, and pressed her hand to his hard, aching cock.

“Is this what you want?”

She only answered with a breathy sigh, her eyes closed, her lips parted.

Still holding her hand to his swollen cock, barely moving it over him, he mouthed her ear again, gently bit her jaw just beneath it, kissed her neck, breathing in the smell of her hair and her skin as he tasted her flesh. He heard his own excited breathing, panting against her face, her neck, her jaw, tasted his own saliva as his mouth moved back to the places it had been already, tasted the salt of her skin—salty chin, jaw, neck, cheek. Strangely so, when her ear hadn't been, or the smooth neck beneath, under the

canopy of her wet hair. Not thinking, just feeling, feeling his way around her, he tasted the rain dripping from her chin, trickling down her smooth cheek, wetting her lashes.

But the rain on her lashes was all salt...

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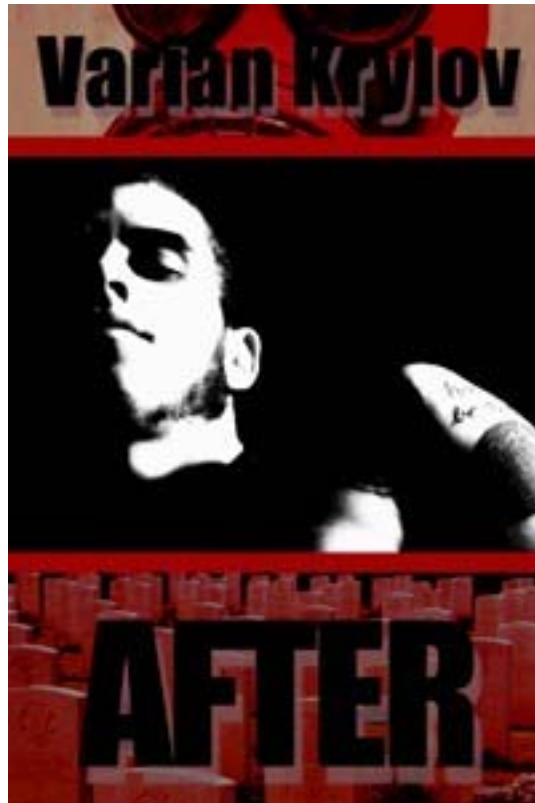


LOST

By Varian Krylov

When a typhoon destroys their boat, three scientists are stranded on an unpopulated island off the coast of Madagascar. As the weeks and months pass, it gets harder and harder for Derek to resist Cat's seductive advances. Cat, sensual, spontaneous, hungry to experience every thrill, every sensation. Cat, a virgin ten years younger than he. Cat, his kid sister...

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, sex and sibling incest.



AFTER

By Varian Krylov

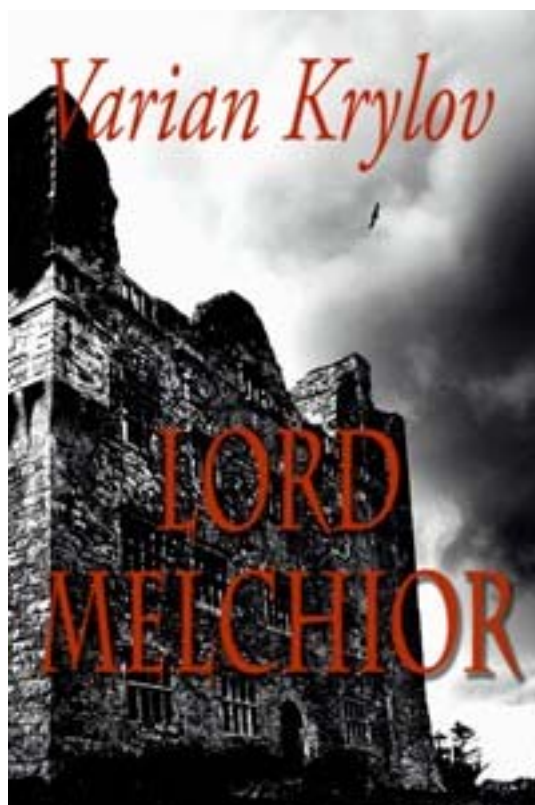
THE APOCALYPSE: A chimera devastates the human population. Technology fails and infrastructure crumbles. Civilization collapses.

AFTER: A generation apart, two women and the men who love them make incredible sacrifices to survive, and to destroy a brutal system of sexual slavery in a world where men outnumber women ten-to-one.

After two years roaming the devastated South alone, eighteen-year-old Eva is captured and held prisoner by the few surviving soldiers at a military base, who haven't seen a woman since The Dying. In Eva, Major Smith sees only the future of the human race, and he'll exceed all moral boundaries to ensure she gives birth to the next generation. But Eva and John—the man she is paired with—are determined to fight for freedom and a better future.

Two decades later, on the other side of the country, a Resistance woman is captured and brutally punished for subverting the Sex Laws. When she flees to the Resistance, Nix must decide if the man who helped her escape can be trusted, or if he's a spy using her to infiltrate the counter-slavery movement. As Nix makes her way east, her story twines with Eva's in a way neither woman could have imagined.

Warning: This title contains elements of nonconsensual sex, anal sex, m/m sex and a m/m/f threesome.



LORD MELCHIOR

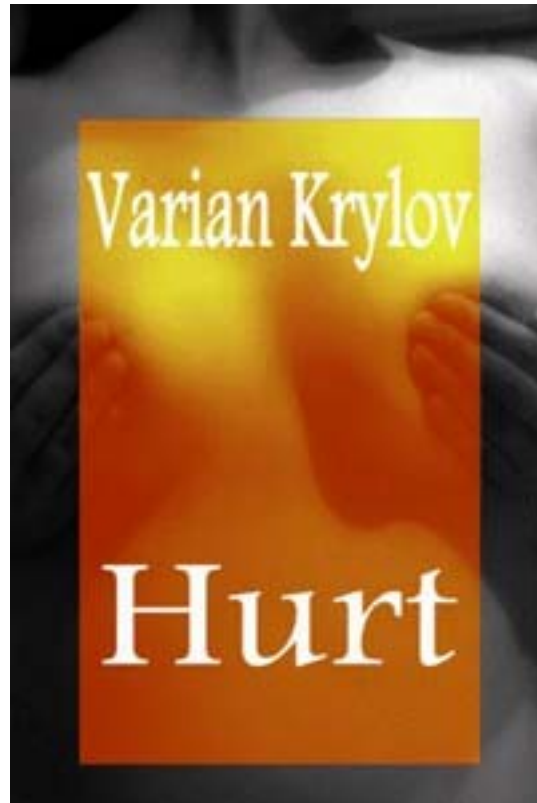
By Varian Krylov

Long ago and far away, Lord Melchior ruled over his lands and his serfs with an iron hand. Taken from their homes at the cusp of adolescence and brought up in strict segregation, the boys and girls of his realm learned total obedience and rigid chastity. But when naïve Zaccheus and Rasha were chosen to serve their master in his castle, they soon discovered that one of Lord Melchior's greatest pleasures was forcing his innocent young servants to violate the very laws he himself has imposed on them all their lives.

Warnings: This title contains elements of nonconsensual sex, anal and group sex.

Review from Dawnie at Fallen Angel Reviews: 5/5 ANGELS!

If you want a scorching & naughty short romp, this story is for you. Fast paced & downright mind-blowing...packs a big punch in a short amount of space. The sexual delights were enough to raise my temperature... Ms. Krylov's characters are interesting and well written. I look forward to reading more.



HURT

By Varian Krylov

Willful Vanka thinks she is dying. Galen, a famous actor, feels his life has become a superficial mirage. And beautiful Khalid can only love people who hurt him. When these three find themselves caught up in each others' lives, will their risky games of domination and submission destroy them? Or will they find solace from a lifetime of hurt?

Warnings: This title contains elements of nonconsensual sex, m/m sex and m/m/f threesomes.