

Chapter One

Sitting along the shores of the Atlantic, Kurt Daley opened her laptop to work on what she hoped would become the next best seller. She took in a deep breath, closing her eyes momentarily, when she reopened them, the setting had changed. She quietly sat in a well-tucked corner watching as the doors of the forbidden open revealing its secret world where only the corrupt can dwell. Their sick, twisted fantasies coming to life so immanent that even a realist would have to question it. Kurt began to type her cover letter.

You never hear a person say, “I wish to be raped! Or I wish that I could have been raped.” But the truth is, reading about it has its own turn on. When words are formed together that depict every emotion, every feeling, every thought, every effect that both persons experience, the reader is literally able to feel the victims dry, taut flesh being torn behind every back-breaking thrust, leaving behind the sting of humiliation and pain of defeat. The funny thing about the flesh is that in a situation like this, the focus would be on the assailant. Tasting the words and visualizing the attacker's erect penis throbbing with the ache of rejection. Foreplay is far from his mind because his girlfriend who was on her period with a headache that Tylenol could not cure, denied him of the passionate frenzy he so desperately needed. Of course this is only after she toyed with him, playing with his emotions making his subconscious desires come to life. He could actually feel himself bearing forward, deeper into her, as her hand slid up and down his shaft. A slight trickle of excitement escaped his one-eyed dragon and the bellowing fever welled within the walls of his testicles. Every time he tried to reach into her panties, she only teased him returning

his hands to her erect nipples. He kissed them gingerly at first, then the building passion brought saliva to his lips and he began to suck more fervently until he could take no more.

“News flash! I’m on my period,” she told him but it was too late. He was out of control and didn’t give a damn whether he ran red lights, green lights, purple lights, yellow lights or no lights. He wanted in and that’s it. He tugged at her tight-fitting jeans, an impossible girdle, then a pad with an attitude.

“Dammit!” he swore, watching her smile wildly at him.

“I told you!” she reminded him, feeling a bit tickled.

His ache felt insufferable, but not enough to dive into the rotted carcass between her legs. Masturbation crossed his mind but he was too angered for that. Snatching up his jacket, he stormed through the apartment door grabbing his mountain bike as he went. Her laughter chided in an echo behind him. Glancing back, he saw her as the jack-ass she was.

Reaching the ground floor, he rode his bike through the lobby then out the door, bumping down two steps onto the sidewalk. It was late. Everyone was either inside their warm, toasty homes getting laid or asleep. He passed by a set of buildings fit to be condemned but sheltered the homeless. Turning the corner, an area known as No-man’s Land, he saw a woman hurrying through the alleyway. Her flight being desperately driven now realizing the long way around beat the dark alley before her.

Distance did not hinder the sight of her voluptuous breasts bouncing in the air, flopping from one side to the other. Pam Grier came to mind with her supple breasts and long hair. As his peddling accelerated, he calculated the distance between the woman and the lit street behind him. A throb reminded him of the gorged appendage bound by his trousers. Feeling a bit desperate, he punched the woman in the jaw dazing her momentarily. Tottering backward, she fell into the man’s arms. Quickly, he pulled her into an abandoned building. An old, moldy armchair would do just fine. He turned the chair over and forced the woman face down onto the back of the chair.

“Please mister,” she managed in a fruitless whimper. “I have a

hundred dollars in my purse.”

“Feel this,” he said pulling the woman's hand to his groin. “Do you think a hundred dollars could cure this?”

“I can not have sex.”

“Shut up.” He insisted holding his hand high to slap her. “Don't make me become violent. I don't want to hurt you.”

Her plea for mercy fell on death's ear. Continuing to tug at her panties until they were down around her knees, he then leaned over her and whispered...

“I don't want to hurt you. Just be still and this will be over soon.”

He spit on his finger to moisten her flesh then gently entered her. She was so tight he was ready to burst before he could work up a good sweat. Within moments, the orgasm he needed so badly was ready to erupt. He pressed deeper, thrashing into her. A satirical twinge interrupted his pleasure momentarily.

“Jesus! Haven't you done this before?” He said making a statement more than asking a question.

“Please stop this before it's too late.” She managed between gasps. It was clear that the man was not listening. He continued to tear his flesh inside her.

“God, it's coming.” He cried with the shrill of puberty. He heard the woman yelp followed by a cry of pure ecstasy. She gave him a pain he could appreciate.

“I don't know if I was in you or you were in me. What's your name anyway?”

“Samantha.” She answered relishing her own orgasm.

“You came didn't you? I felt it. You were enjoying it.”

She didn't respond to his self-appraisal.

Finally all was released. He momentarily collapsed on her, still moving slowly until his erection ceased. He snatched his member from her.

“Thanks Samantha. I believe that was the best I ever had.”

He loved that after sex throb. Samantha remained hovered over the chair. She quietly panted, as she too enjoyed the gentle attack of this violent man. Her orgasm was sweet, but she kept her appreciation

quiet, allowing her attacker to relish over his presumed power.

The pain became intense. He quickly clasped his member in his hand. The menacing pain warned him to free it. Digging into his pocket, he pulled out his key ring, which had a penlight attached to it. Shaking nervously, he shined the dim light downward. The sparsely lit penlight was barely sufficient to accommodate his plight. Now kicking himself for not replacing the light, he cursed himself for being negligent.

“Blood!” he squealed in a soprano voice. “What’s this?” he said dabbing the blood with the end of his shirt. The crimson fluid continued to rush forward, stinging behind every touch. Its origin became visible.

“What the...?”

His head was cut four ways about half an inch deep from his exaggerated calculation.

“I tried to tell you, but you wouldn’t listen.”

“Listen to what?” He adamantly demanded an explanation.

“I asked you not to rape me.”

“What did you do to me? What did you do to me?” continuing to squeal unaware that he was saying everything twice.

“I did! You think I did this to you? No you did this. I mean what did you think? I was some defenseless woman waiting to be prayed on. Sex is not free and it doesn’t come cheap either. Marriage is usually the price. My father installed a device that would punish anyone who tried to take my virginity without marrying me. I suggest you hurry to the doctor before it’s too late.”

He clinched his fists.

“There’s no time for that. Every second you waste is the bleaker your chances.”

His anger was succumbed by fear. Realizing that she was right his hand lowered. His frightful gape amused her. He examined his penis again then staggered from the building leaving his bike behind.

The woman remained there, savoring the taste of sweet release. This night was like many in this alley. She knew she could always depend on some desperate man to prey on her.

Kurt chuckled, relishing the sweet after taste of her twisted mind. As hard as it is to believe, she is only the facilitator. At first the reader is caught up in the fury of confused passion to then be baffled by the triumphant ending where the victim is actually the assailant and the assailant becomes the victim. This is the kind of surprise and wonder readers are looking for. No one wants to hear the whimpering side of the victim. You get that in the news. Novel readers are looking for the ultimate rush of the unexpected and that's what I give them.

She closed her laptop after finishing her book proposal. She took one last look at the open seas. The sun was an eerie scarlet as it set beneath the sea and behind her was a darkening sky that dared her to come into it. Kurt liked a challenge. She picked up her laptop and nonchalantly returned to her car. She traveled the dark road to her home where she would print her proposal and cover letter to send to her agent.