

LET HIM SENSE A RIVAL

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She did not perfectly understand the high that came from knowing she would forfeit what she wanted for him. The larger the sacrifice, the larger the high. The more she wanted, the more she lost. And the more she lost, the more he won.

(18+)

*Later let him sense a rival, the bed's shared pact:
remove these arts, and love grows old.
— Ovid, Ars Amatoria (Book III)*

Heavy summer storms had dragged sticky air into the city all day long, then deep into the evening. They laid it thick over München's teeming cafés and bustling shops, pressed it into apartments whose windows still sat cracked open, permeating spaces with an intent to suffocate an unwilling population. The tackiness of the atmosphere, swollen with grass and gasoline, amplified the scents it consumed, making everything adhere to skin like a written record.

Both foreign and familiar touches clung to her clothing and to her body, at her neck and her wrists and her ears and her hair. Ghosts of finely tuned colognes lingered amid a mixture of tangy sweat and lavender perfume. The dark shapes of other men veiled his vision as she dragged their invisible presence into his apartment with her, attaching themselves to her provocative figure like greedy shadows while they wrapped her softly manicured fingers with theirs.

He stalked her into her bedroom, eyes fixed on her spine and shoulder blades, the way they shifted beneath an unbroken plane of bare skin. He closed the door and stepped up close behind her as she set her overnight bag onto the bed. He gripped her hips, pulled her tight against him, and buried his face in the smooth arch of her neck.

She let her head fall back onto his shoulder and sunk into his hold, sliding her fingers between his. She sighed as he breathed her in. "Won't you let me unpack first?"

"I can smell them all over you," he said, voice low and murky, dampening her fragrant skin. He slid their hands higher, layering fingers over her ribs.

"Can you?" she said with an audible smile as he drew his nose up along the cords of her neck. Dark, masculine notes of amber and cedarwood hovered about her naked shoulders. They spiraled up around her exposed throat, telling and unmistakable, and the nerves at the base of his spine pulled tight. The encroaching steps of suspicion tripped a wire of excitement. A spark of adrenaline flashed through him, igniting the deeply buried seam of desire. The thought of someone else fucking her made him only want to fuck her more.

His mouth came to settle in the curling frame of her ear. He pushed his accusation into her, hot and hissing: "You know I can."

“We were merely dancing, nothing more.”

“Mm, is that so.”

“You already own everything I once had to give.”

She twisted enough in his hold to look up into his eyes, fingers still entwined with his. She blinked slowly. Her lashes were long and curved, reaching for him. The lines and contours of her expertly applied make-up had the fresh precision of seemingly being but a few minutes old, oxblood lips carefully defined and untouched.

He managed to free his hands and took two measured steps back as she turned to face him. With practiced precision he sharpened his gaze with a thin edge of possession and greed before cutting it down her risqué figure. “The dress?” he said with a pointed nod.

“It was a gift.”

“From who?”

“From you.”

“In that case,” he purred darkly, arms folding across his chest, “I want it back. You cannot be trusted to act sensibly with it.”

He saw the way the corners of her mouth twitched up in knowing anticipation. She unfastened the dress, pushed the straps down over her bare shoulders and let it fall to the floor in a puddle of powder blue silk. She looked up at him again, eyes half closed in quiet desire, standing in only a pale peach foundation garment, sheer stockings, and white and powder blue heels. She bent down low, holding his stare, and unclasped the thin straps looping around her ankles before stepping out of them. She pushed the shoes off to the side with one foot.

“All of it,” he said when she made no move to continue on.

Her smile grew as she complied, removing the stockings and the brassiere and the girdle, everything until there remained nothing against her skin but the humidity and his attention. She tilted her head to the side, eyes now aglow with hunger and expectation. His gaze ran the unobstructed gamut from the bright halo of her blonde hair to the subtle lacquered tint of her toenails. Her fingers fidgeted with impatience beneath his scrutiny and she breathed in heavily through her nose.

He could pick out the muted fragrance of her arousal from the pleasant medley of other scents in the room: sour wood varnish, ironed bed sheets, fresh cut flowers, damp earth—and hiding at its core now, something very warm and very human and very familiar. Something that

lured both his mind and his body. Perverting his thoughts and making his blood run hot and fierce with purpose.

He stepped forward and took her face in both hands. He smoothed his thumbs over the pinkening ridges of her cheekbones, watched as her lips parted and felt as her breath washed across his palms. He traced their shape with one of his thumbs, seeing them through the carnivorous eyes of other men. Their fantasies of being able to cradle and kiss and taste her. To consume her.

He let it come to rest at the center of her chin just beneath her bottom lip.

“Open.”

Her eyes glazed over as she dropped her jaw. He leaned in and covered her mouth with his own. She wrapped an arm around him, grabbed at his shirt collar, and ground her body up into his. She whined as his tongue slid against hers, along the slick walls of her mouth and over her teeth, covetous and investigative. Searching for something that didn’t belong and wasn’t welcome. Something they both knew he wouldn’t find but he was going to hunt for anyway because that was the game.

He felt her knee sliding up the inside of his thigh, the side on which she knew he dressed, and he couldn’t help but rock into the pressure. He moved a hand to her back, fingertips skipping between the notches of her spine like puzzle pieces falling into precisely measured gaps. He drew her closer, forcing her body to bow to his fervor.

Then he abruptly broke away from the kiss and they stood there, entangled, panting against each other’s flushed cheeks.

“I told you,” she murmured softly, shimmery eyelids fluttering. She grinned, lazy, carnally intoxicated. The hard line of her lipstick blurred as it smudged and faded out past the border of her lips. She licked at one of her thumbs, rubbed it over the corner of his mouth and added, “But please keep going until you’re satisfied.”

He considered her for a moment before he instead made his way over to the side of the bed and sat down. She moved in tandem; except she laid herself onto her back, knees up, feet planted on the mattress, and placed her head in his lap.

He gently carded his fingers through her hair and studied her as she turned her face in toward his abdomen, eyes closing, her cheek pressing down heavy against his cock. His eyes were drawn away from her face when she casually laid her hands over her rib cage just beneath

her breasts. He watched them rise and fall. They weren't overly large, pairing well with her smaller frame. Pretty and lovely rather than lascivious and obscene. They didn't need to demand a man's attention in order to collect it and he had no doubts other men took care to sketch them into their fantasies the way he'd once had to.

She nuzzled at him slightly, the subtle smile on her blurred lips inspired by the growing evidence of her influence on his body. He took in a measured breath, steeping in the pleasure of her weight dispersed across his thighs, and then exhaled a "So tell me about your night," as he petted her.

Her smile grew as she turned her face in tighter against his groin, her entire body twisting to accommodate the new position. "What do you want to know?" she asked, playful yet sincerely curious. Her words were hot and muffled and her breath soaked right through the fabric of his trousers.

He asked about the venue. She mentioned a nightclub she frequented with some regularity. He asked about the other members of her party. She mentioned names he was familiar with: her sister, her best friend, another girl from the shop. She mentioned other names, female names he wasn't familiar with; but by that point he'd lost any superficial interest in further fleshing out any of their identities.

She had turned over onto her stomach, her fingers now splayed across the inside of his thighs and wandering in all sorts of distracting directions. With his head tilted back, eyes closed, he listened to her narrate the progression of her evening against his erection in an even, measured tone.

He wasn't interested in the women.

He waited patiently and dreamed.

Finally he heard a name that was neither familiar nor female. Mister amber-and-cedarwood. The sudden tug of arousal between his legs was fierce and sharp, yanking him back into the present moment in full. He opened his eyes and looked down at her again, smothering a smile. "Who?"

"Dietrich," she fired off at the ready.

"And what is Dietrich's family name?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. He didn't offer and I didn't ask."

He smiled. "Did you offer yours?" Not that it signified anything. There were plenty who

shared the last name Braun in the city of München and beyond, most of them utterly unrelated. But he wanted a clear picture of just how intimate their exchanges had been. He wanted to know how well Dietrich had felt he'd known *this* Braun.

"Not exactly," she said. "Gretl introduced herself early on in the night and then told him we were sisters."

"How convenient," he almost purred, winding and unwinding the hair at the nape of her neck around his finger. He wondered how close Dietrich had gotten. If he'd managed to touch her here. If he'd tried to lean in and lay his mouth over the exposed skin with the hope she'd press herself into him.

He grazed his fingertips over the notch at the tip of her spine and saw the goosebumps run down her arms. "And what does your new friend do for a living?"

This brought out an unexpectedly sincere grin from her and her eyes slanted upward in his direction. "Automobiles," she said from beneath her lashes. "He said he was an engineer. I didn't understand a word of it. You would've liked him."

He snickered and then batted off a sudden pang of unease. It was always mildly discomforting whenever there was overlap between himself and those who attempted to court her. Though this particular trait was hardly one that had drawn her to him so strongly, it nevertheless served as a reminder that there still existed a sizable collection of simpler elements within his own identity that could readily be found within other, average men.

"I told him I was a stenographer," she said in anticipation of his next question, her fingers toying more persistently with his trousers, absentmindedly outlining his growing length. "Visiting from Regensburg. I don't think he believed me though."

"Why is that?" He realized his own fingers had stopped moving. He trailed them down between her shoulder blades and concentrated on tracing and retracing the sunken line of her spine. He felt her tense up and shiver, curling into his touch, and caught a glimpse of her stiffening nipples.

"Gretl let some things slip," she said dreamily, her eyes now intently focused on his groin. Then she added with a shy, modestly contrite expression, "She was having a fun time."

"I'm sure she was."

"Don't be like that."

"And what about yourself?"

“Sure,” she said with another small shrug. Then she unbuttoned his trousers and opened his fly with practiced ease and gripped him through his briefs. He rewarded her with a hushed gasp, the summer air settling thick in his mouth. She bent down and murmured, “You know how I love to dance,” as she carefully tongued and teathed at the head of his cock through the fabric.

She knew that dancing wasn’t what he’d been referring to. But she made no attempt to clarify or correct her statement. And he couldn’t force himself to care at present. He was discovering gradually that there were elements within her own identity that he simply could not change. A bitter pill that was at times difficult to swallow—though it went down easier when it proved to dull the friction constantly sparked by their wildly disparate lifestyles.

His fingers again laid over the back of her neck and pulled her hard against him. She drew him out from his briefs and took the tip into her mouth, working it patiently with her lips and tongue. He threw his head back and breathed unsteadily, eyes closing again. But the picture was far too incomplete. A mere shadow with a name. He needed more.

“How old?”

She hummed thoughtfully and then released him. She idly thumbed the underside of the head as she answered: “Thirty-three.”

His nails fixed to her skin as he throbbed noticeably in her hand. Fourteen years his junior. An inch too close for comfort.

Though not by much, this man was still technically closer to her own age of twenty-four. Yet somehow it didn’t *feel* that way.

Encouraged, she went on, painting vividly with a low voice, “Light hair, blue eyes,” as she stroked him indulgently with her hand. Her breath was hot and latched onto his freshly wetted skin. “Sharp dresser, very handsome. Oh, and what a *wonderful* dancer,” she raved as she dipped down and swallowed everything he had.

He fell back, propped up on his free hand, the other twisting into her hair, and let these details set fire to his imagination until Dietrich was no longer a silhouette. He was a fully fleshed, hot-blooded man, tall with a well cut face and a well cut figure, with confident hands and even more confident steps. He was mature and experienced and knew how to trim himself with finely chiseled charm. Perhaps he was even married. It wouldn’t have mattered. Something about her made her worth every risk.

He would’ve said precisely the right things to make her eyes go wide and her knees go

weak. He would've stared brazenly at her mouth and made her blush. She would've leaned toward him whenever she laughed at his provocative remarks and laid her hand on his arm, close enough to feel his body heat in the soft, dim lighting of the nightclub. The background noise of the other patrons engaging in their own affairs would've created an artificial wall of privacy around them, curtaining off their conspiratorial words and their shared looks of longing.

As if she could see this scene playing behind his eyelids, she said calmly in a tone weighted with warmth: "He looked at me the way you did, when we first met. Hungry. Like a starving animal." He glanced down at her and she dropped a breathless laugh into his lap. "Yes, like that," she murmured, taking conspicuous pleasure in it as she stroked his cock deliberately. "He looked at me like that in front of everyone, with no secrets. I knew very well what he wanted from me. So did everyone else."

"You're a tease," he accused with a huff, showing his teeth, bristling against the salt lacing her pointed words.

"You are too."

"That's hardly comparable."

She hauled herself up, slowly, low lidded eyes full of fermenting lead, and slid into his lap. She leaned in and tucked her face into his neck, hands coming to rest heavy over his shoulders. Then one of them plunged down between their bodies. He felt her warm fingers wrap around his cock and press it against her clitoris just as she nipped at his neck. A bullet of pleasure shot out from the base of his spine and ricocheted up over his scalp as everything within his body snapped to stiff attention.

Her knees shuffled forward and her thighs hugged tight to his waist. She ground down harder against him, prohibiting him from slipping inside her. "How so?" she hummed, sliding against him, flooding his skin with her breath.

"They don't know you're teasing," he said through his teeth.

Irrespective of whatever fantasies he inspired and encouraged in others, everyone understood, once all was said and done, that he was fundamentally beyond their reach—while barely anyone understood this of her. There was neither a greater calling nor a discernible partner roping her off from the rest of the crowd. She was neither a nun nor was she a wife. She was an attractive young woman who liked to smoke and drink and dance with attractive men at parties with naked fingers—and he was well aware there existed a pack of rapacious women who would

eagerly shove her into the arms of another man if it resulted in the seat to his left being vacated.

She pulled back a couple inches. Her finger traced the line of his jaw, stalling under his chin. Then she tipped his head back. “Maybe I’m not,” she suggested with a threatening tilt of her head. She was staring down at him, her expression so open and so severe that for a brief, wild moment he believed her. He wanted to strike it off her face, hold on to it for later.

Instead, he laid his hands around her waist and anchored her to his lap as he shifted his hips, grinding her harder against his solid erection. The air held weight in his lungs, coming and going at a vertiginous clip. He could feel how wet she was, sliding against him with ease. Sliding into her would be even easier—if she would allow it.

“Did he touch you?”

She smiled and shook her head, brushing the pads of her fingertips over his lips. “Not improperly,” she said with a measure of perfectly crafted counterfeit innocence. The picture developed on its own: her moving flush against this other man’s body, his hand between her legs while her mouth parted with invitation.

He kissed her fingertips. Reflections flashed across his eyes and teeth as he smiled in return, too sharp to touch. He ran his hands up and down her sturdy thighs as his voice melted into the humid, summer darkness. “Did you want him to?”

This was where she sometimes stumbled. She did not perfectly understand the high that came from knowing she would forfeit what she wanted for him. The larger the sacrifice, the larger the high. The more she wanted, the more she lost. And the more she lost, the more he won.

She had not yet recognized this dynamic for what it was in such clear terms; and he certainly wasn’t going to lay it out so explicitly for her. She would figure it out in time, once the real pain of sacrifice came to make her just as wet as the mere fantasy of it. Once loving him became so unbearable that it made her eyes water and her heart hurt while simultaneously her thighs strained and spasmed with pleasure and her body went searching for more.

Sometimes he thought about her falling in love with someone else. Sometimes it crossed his mind when he was in a peculiar mood and had only himself to keep his bed warm at night. Sometimes it made him hard to think about her wanting to leave but having no will or ability to do so, knowing he had so fatally infected her that she believed she had nowhere else to go and no real desire to even go looking. And sometimes she would cry and beg forgiveness there, bowed over on rosy bare knees with mascara on her cheeks, head in his lap, his fingers in her hair as he

listened to this confession because to her it felt like a sin, a betrayal. The mere existence of such emotions was an act of infidelity. And he would cum into his hand so brutishly his muscles would cramp and his teeth would hurt.

She wet her lips. “What if I did?” she whispered, a tantalizing mix of hesitancy and curiosity pooling in her eyes and rippling through her voice that he would’ve gotten drunk on were it possible. She still wasn’t beyond doubt she was supplying the correct lines, being they were unwritten; but she was deeply and truly curious. These words were not wholly performative. She wet her lips again and asked, “What would you do?”

He dug his nails into her hips and squeezed until the tendons in his fingers ached and she was wincing, squirming in his lap. He kissed her roughly and bit into her bottom lip, biting until she panted and whimpered open-mouthed, yanking fistfuls of his hair while still refusing to pull herself away from him. He dragged his nails down her flesh. He wanted to tear into her, to see her bare. Not merely naked but exposed and vulnerable all the way through, writhing beneath a searing spotlight of raw honesty as he tugged on the tender strings that bound her to him to emphatically remind her of his ownership.

He already had some of her blood on his hands. What difference would a little more make?

He let her go, the taste of her lipstick lingering on his tongue. “Show me first,” he panted.

Her breaths were pinched and shallow. Her eyes were tight and shimmering, full of lust, pupils dilated and vibrating. “Show you what?” she said.

But she was already slipping off his lap and onto the mattress. She slid away from him, down clean white sheets to the end of the bed, moving comfortably under the single-minded stare of a predator. Her mouth was red and shiny and swollen, the skin of her hips and thighs already striping pink. She leaned back onto her elbows and shoved her bag off the bed with one hand. It landed on the carpet with a solid thud. Something clattered and skittered across the floor. Then she settled onto her back with her feet flat on the mattress and stared down the center plane of her body at him, her face framed by her raised knees.

“Where he touched me?” she finally continued. Still quiet, still unsure. But he could see her mind starting to clear, her direction firming. She swallowed and ran her fingers over the sheets on either side of her hips, toes curling. “Or where I wanted him to?”

If there was any license within this game to verbally praise her, he would have provided.

Instead, he lifted his chin and began to loosen his tie. “Both,” he demanded. He discarded it onto the floor alongside her bag and started unbuttoning his cuffs.

“Well,” she said with a sigh, shifting slightly, tipping her head back and staring up at the ceiling, watching her night replay behind her eyes as she scrubbed the tape for moments of note. He undressed with care and watched as she placed calculated touches across her body, listening to her recount how Dietrich held her fingers and kissed the plane of her hand and supported the small of her back and curved his hands around the slick lines of her waist. Something hot and feral ripped through his chest when he saw her hand go between her legs; when she confessed that Dietrich had tried to slide his thigh between hers.

He crawled back onto the bed at that moment and she returned to the present. Her attention mounted on to his every move as he repositioned himself over her, hips between her knees, hands on either side of her head. An errant lock of dark hair fell across his forehead.

“Did he kiss you?”

These words hit her like ice water. “No,” she answered a bit too quickly with a curt shake of the head. An automatic response. But then she blinked and recovered just as quickly, correcting the misstep, her voice softer. “No,” she said again. “We were never alone.”

It was an impressive amendment. One that affirmed her commitment to him while still resting it on the fickle cliff’s edge of mere chance. No, Dietrich hadn’t kissed her—because there had simply been no *opportunity* for it. She was getting better.

His fingers curled into the sheets, fabric bunching against his palms. He leaned in, the tip of his nose brushing against hers, and murmured closer to her mouth, “Did you want him to?”

Her lids grew heavier, her face tilting up toward him. Still she held his gaze. The word was mostly air: “Maybe.”

He drew in a careful breath, filling himself with her scent: perfume, hormones, and sweat. The fantasy spawned an open question as to whether these notes were here for him, or for Dietrich.

The solid mass of arousal sitting between his legs made his tongue careless. He demanded again with a sigh, “Show me,” the words feathering across her lips.

She laid her hand against the side of his neck as though she was going to close the distance between them. But as soon as he moved in to catch her mouth, she tucked her chin against her throat. Her hand slid down, planted itself on his shoulder, and began to push him

back.

His thoughts lagged, snagged on confusion thorned with the subtle sting of rejection, until she planted her other hand on his other shoulder and directed him more firmly, more clearly. She wasn't pushing him away. She was pushing him down.

She stared up at him from beneath her lashes, unblinking, unbreathing, her lips slightly pursed. And then he understood. He flashed her a fierce look, a rousing bind of anger, pride and lust before ducking down to kiss her between her breasts. He wandered down her body, inching backward, stealing tastes of her mildly salty skin as she moved her hands to her breasts now that he needed no further instruction. He heard her sigh and hum as she let her head fall back, her belly rising and falling with growing excitement while he gently mouthed at her navel.

When he reached the sensitive, fleshy mound of her pubic bone, her voice rose in pitch and her knees fell open. He lowered himself onto his forearms, sinking most of his weight back onto his heels, and then used his dominant hand to press up against the inside of her thigh to open her up even more. She responded by mirroring his positioning with her other leg, letting the elegant lines of her slit, inside and out, flower open before him. The familiar, subtle scent of her sex, its heat falling across his tongue triggered a keenness throughout his body that made him dizzy.

Going down on her during their early days had been simple and fun. Bearing herself to him so completely used to make her go quiet, borderline bashful. The way she used to close her eyes and turn her flushed cheek into her shoulder, her thumbnail between her front teeth as she'd occasionally peeked down at him through a narrow curtain of lashes suggested she hadn't realized that the thought of him putting his mouth between her legs had haunted him since the day they'd met; when he'd caught a glimpse of her thighs beneath her slightly too-short skirt, so nicely filling out her slightly too-sheer stockings. She was right in that he had come away from their first meeting—where she had outright refused to get into his car even though she'd been responding to him in all the right ways—feeling very curious and very hungry.

She had followed him home in his head that night, where he had immediately undressed her in the safety and privacy of his own thoughts. He'd wondered how she would react if, upon their next meeting, he'd told her to lie back on the desk and open her pretty legs for him, stockings and heels and all so that he could feast upon her, if only to satiate both his curiosity and his hunger.

It had eventually become clear to him, however, by way of their increasingly amorous interactions, that this fantasy hadn't been on her list of expectations. That she had initially assumed he wasn't modern enough to indulge in such an act. As if it were some novel trend practiced solely amongst her youthful peers.

But oh how he loved to indulge with her. Especially once he saw how she always wanted it so much and yet was always so hesitant to ask. The vulnerability at times had overwhelmed her and he loved to push himself into that, to make her blush fantastically and seek refuge in the darkness because she'd sometimes felt a little too exposed and a little too pliant under his eyes.

It was different now. There was an intensity to the act, and the weight of vulnerability had slowly shifted onto his side of the board. Once she had his head between her legs there was no more hesitancy in how she braided her fingers through his hair and moved his mouth precisely to where she wanted it. She liked to watch him now. Which made it difficult to watch her. He didn't always like her seeing the way his body too eagerly and too conspicuously responded to her taking power over him rather than the other way around.

He didn't want her watching him tonight either. But the reason was wholly different. She wasn't supposed to be thinking of him right now. She was supposed to be thinking of her stranger, the almost-could-have-been lover. That was the game.

And she seemed to understand this. Her head fell back, lips parting, eyes closing as he mouthed along the seam of her thigh. He kissed her softly on either side of her slick opening before kissing her directly at the gate. He drew the tip of his tongue up between her slender inner folds, the pressure light and shallow, teasing, sampling, until he reached the apex. He gave the crown of her sex another soft kiss, tapping experimentally at her clitoris with his tongue, his breath laying down a thick blanket of heat as—

Then she had his hair seized by the roots. His mouth was yanked flush against her vulva and her wetness washed over his lips and chin. She used both of her hands, the locks of his hair twisted and tangled around her fingers, pulling him in as she squeezed her abdomen to roll her hips up, seeking friction, not caring if she hit the ridge of his front teeth.

He cupped her thighs as she draped the arches of her feet over the bridge of his shoulders. He increased the pressure whilst preserving that languid, measured pace, exploring in and over and around without rushing. His motions stayed gentle and predictable, indulgent, and he pushed into her with his tongue as her breathing began to accelerate and deepen; until she was soon

humming and twitching with impatience.

He took her waist in his hands, thumbs pressing into the soft flesh just below her ribs in an effort to still her, to more thoroughly collect and swallow whole her carnal desire. She tugged on his hair again and he allowed himself to be directed higher; to slide his tongue up the line of her sex before he laid it over her clitoris, closing his lips around it.

One of his hands moved between her legs and slipped a finger inside her. It went in smoothly, the fit snug but offering no resistance. Upon pulling out he immediately doubled up before sliding back in, sinking his fingers in as far as he could, and she groaned in response.

“More,” she breathed.

“More?” he echoed—and then, laced with hormones, he demanded without thinking, “Did you want him to fuck you?”

Her body tensed up. The disinhibition in her expression was cleared away by a sudden gust of lucidity. Lost in the midst of pleasure, she’d forgotten she was still playing a role.

“I—” she blanked, slightly out of breath, her voice stuck in the back of her throat. Her eyes were jumping back and forth between his, pupils blown wide and searching. He’d never pushed the game this far, had never asked such a crude question in such crude language. She didn’t know what her unwritten line was. And she couldn’t pinpoint exactly where his line was either, nor how to prevent herself from crossing it.

“Adi,” she tried again, her shallow plea caught between a whimper and a moan. She squirmed under his scrutiny, flustered, her palms pressing against the insides of her thighs, fingers flexing. She knew he found pleasure in watching her with her hand between her legs and was undoubtedly hoping for such an allowance.

But this was so much better.

“Ask me,” he said impulsively, one hand anchored to her hip as the other drove his fingers into her harder, pressing up against the roof of her sex, his own arousal spurred on by the conflict in her eyes and in her body. A tight, rigid sound tore out of her chest as her abdomen and thighs went taut and she clawed at the sheets. “Ask me to let him fuck you,” he said. “Go on, beg me.”

She panted and swallowed and fumbled around with her words, trying to organize them into a completely new and unforeseen sequence. The sight of her straining made his cock ache and pulse. He liked that she was still looking to please him, that it only turned her on further to

do so. Apprehensive she may have been but he could still feel her getting wetter and narrower by the stroke as her hips tilted to aid him.

Blushing feverishly, she tried to hide from him by turning her head, her gaze slipping off to the side and into the darkness as she said shakily, “Can—”

“Look at me,” he cut in, his voice low and inharmoniously soft. The bright, frenetic tingling at the base of his spine had eroded away any remaining reticence weighing down his tongue.

Her eyes slid back over to him, peering down through her lashes. And there was that beautiful, borderline bashful girl again, flushed in all the right places and in all the right ways and staring at him with unabated lust. She was normally by nature such a fearless little thing, and seeing her suddenly turn almost sheepish made him want to sink his teeth into her.

With pink cheeks and bitten lips and padded breaths, holding fast to the bedding and to his gaze, she finally managed a hushed “Will you let him fuck me?” And although the words were rather meek and said without much persuasion, they still proved mightily effective. The powder keg of mutual need ignited instantly. The crude, manic desire to ensure ownership over another through primal, physical possession came rushing into the room and into their bodies with spectacular violence.

He pounced, hastily reorienting himself between her legs as he took his neglected cock firmly in his hand, his fingers slick with her arousal before it mixed into his own upon a few preliminary strokes. She reached for him greedily, with hands and arms and legs and mouth, her entire body intent on swallowing him as he laid down the length of his own atop hers. The head of his cock found her swollen opening with long established familiarity and she arched up against him as he pushed into her all the way without stopping.

He bit back a groan. The overwhelming heat and unrelenting grip of her sex shoved what was left of his mind off into a fuzzy void of euphoric static. With her arms wrapped snugly around his shoulders, her thighs flush against his, and her face tucked into his neck he began thrusting into her. Hot breath battered against his buzzing skin and fingers once again snaked through his hair. Somewhere off in the distance he noticed her muted voice, whispering, pleading, saying “please” over and over like gentle waves steadily rolling up along the beach.

These were empty words, a placeholder. She may as well have been saying “more” or “yes” or simply his name for all it truly meant. What she wanted was to be stuffed beyond

capacity with his love and his need, for him to pour everything of himself into her.

Just as well, they fit perfectly into the performance. He snatched them up and ran on with the fantasy.

His hands fisted into the sheets. He inched his knees closer, rocked against her harder. “Allow another man into your bed?” he huffed, driving his cock deeper for emphasis, once, then again, and again. A high-pitched, desperate little whine broke out from between her teeth. One of her hands latched onto his shoulder, fingernails pulling and breaking skin. She tugged at his hair and strangled his hips with her thighs, her body rolling in tandem under his aggressive movements as he nailed her flat to the mattress.

He wondered how Dietrich would’ve preferred to have taken her. Would he have driven her out to the dark edge of the city, fucked her raw in the backseat of his car through the fly of his trousers before withdrawing and stroking himself to completion on the inside of her thigh? Or would he have taken her to his home where he could safely spread her out on a white canvas of clean sheets, taken the time to thoroughly explore her naked body with his hands and mouth before making love to her, his body laid flush to hers as he came inside of her?

Then the scene evolved. He saw her inviting Dietrich into her own bed—a bed dressed with fine, feminine linens bought with *Adolf’s* money, sitting inside that cute, well-decorated house Hoffmann had been *instructed* to purchase for her at *his* behest. If Dietrich had known to whom she belonged, would he have dared to trespass? Would he have crossed that threshold knowing everything beyond it, including the girl, *especially* the girl, belonged to *Der Führer*?

Every day she went out into his city wrapped in finely tailored clothing at his willing expense and presented herself as a gift. He couldn’t view the little house he’d acquired for her from his apartment of course. But the thought of looking out his window one night and seeing her curtains carelessly left open while she fucked another man between his sheets made his skin flash over with fever and his cock throb madly. Jealousy blossomed bittersweet and full in his mouth. It threaded his ribcage like barbed wire before melting into a hot, glittering surge of desire that flooded his veins and pooled heavy in his groin. Blitzed on uncut, adrenaline-infused lust and trapped in the unforgiving throes of wild fantasy, he pulled her in as close as he could and said: “I’d rather see you dead.”

She made a blunt sound, like she’d been hit in the stomach, the walls of her throat strangling the air as it tried to escape. Every part of her body went rigid as she writhed up against

him just before a fearsome surge of euphoria triggered an instant paralysis. She went silent and still as she drenched his cock and the bedding, her muscles contracting around him, violent and remarkable and unceasing, making up for any friction lost to the eruption of the dam.

He maintained his frenetic pace and chased her voice into the upper register, every exhale of hers a thin, ragged whine as he ruthlessly pursued his own climax, pushing her into over-stimulation. Her hands dropped to the bed and held to the sheets as she panted through her teeth. Then he felt one of them squeezing between their bodies, sliding down between her legs. He felt the backs of her fingers moving vigorously beneath him. His name echoed feebly in his ears until she was no longer able to make it past the first letter and appeared to masochistically force her body through another orgasm.

She was unable to remain silent or still. Her toes curled and the cords in her throat strained as she threw her head back. Her legs flung out and her feet dug into the mattress. She cried out; not loud enough to be truly concerning, but enough had anyone been in the apartment they would have registered what was happening.

The fantasy went up in flames the moment she said his name. The paper walls caught fire and disintegrated into ash and all that was left was the sweet, beautiful girl clinging to him, so deeply in love that she had already proven on more than one occasion that she herself would rather be dead than without him. And this pushed him over the edge.

He pulled at the sheets and panted through his teeth as he released himself inside of her, a right that without exception belonged exclusively to him and they both knew it. His rhythm broke and scattered out as he reaffirmed the annexation of her body and filled her with everything he had to offer. The fear and the power of impregnating her, of physically embedding a piece of himself within her, of his ownership being put on the most flagrant display; filtered through the wanton lens of raw eroticism, it sent a further shock of exhilaration and satisfaction through his system that, taken by surprise, he couldn't help but yield to.

Not that he would have ever freely conceded to such a preposterous thing.

* * *

“Does he exist?” he asked in the sultry, shadowy aftermath as she laid loose-limbed in his arms, sticky and feverish. They were spread out on top of the bed linens which were now rather

disheveled.

"I never asked his age," she hummed with a conspiratorial smile.

"I see. Find a new establishment."

She shrugged and turned over onto her stomach, still tucked tight up against him. "Probably for the best," she said, her chin anchored to his sternum as she went about drawing shapes across his chest with her forefinger. When he didn't inquire further, she peeked up at him from beneath her lashes. Then she rested her cheek against his damp skin and went back to focusing on her shapes. "He did try to kiss me."

"And I'm sure you instantly turned yourself into dust," he teased. But the way her eyes widened and flickered up and away again, almost like she felt guilty, told him his quip was in reality what had happened, and he arched his eyebrows. "You *did*, didn't you!" he laughed. He could only too easily picture her humorously panicked, blushing face as she realized this Dietrich intended to pursue her for more than a single night of mere flirtation and dancing; and then as she tried to escape the club without further drawing his attention. He smoothed her hair, shaking his head as he murmured "Poor boy," with a distant, smug expression written into his contented features.

"Poor boy?" she said, and raised her head and her body with a frown. "What about me?"

He gave a dismissive snicker and rolled his eyes. He tapped her on the nose. "Yes, what about you," he trailed off in a low echo. He raked his gaze, always fierce with some type of hunger, down her naked form that was still angled over his own. "You who lure men into this madness like a dewy-eyed, little Siren. Naturally he tried to kiss you. I should have been appalled otherwise."

"Perhaps I should have let him, then."

"You are free to do as you wish," he said, calling her bluff with a wolfish smile. He traced the curve of her shoulder with his fingertip and let it drift down her arm, following the highways of her veins as they ran across the soft indent of her elbow. "Why did you run away?"

"Don't be stupid."

"Were you afraid you would find him to be lacking?"

"*Lacking*," she scoffed and rolled over onto her back beside him. "I've never seen any other man dress himself as helplessly as you do." She ran her fingers through his tousled, pomaded hair and said, "It's shameful what you do to yourself!"

“So why did you run, Evi?”

She looked over at him again, fingers still in his hair as her bright eyes began to radiate a bone-deep sense of affection and devotion that truly was its own form of madness; as she sighed heavily with a conceding smile, “Because I’m just as helpless as you are.”