

Stalked Ch. 1

by [*Eve*](#) ©

It was just another typical day at the library, so there was no way that Emily could have foreseen that something so seemingly innocent could change her life forever. She had been checking in books from the return box that she had done everyday when she happened upon a book that did not belong to the libraries collection. This in itself was nothing out of the ordinary because people were constantly dropping off books that that belonged to other libraries or even their own books by accident.

Those books were dealt with by putting them on a separate shelf where they could be reclaimed and more often than not they were. This particular book however, was unlike any type of book that she had come across in all her three years of becoming a librarian. At first glance it was just a regular hardback book. It was a black book with no cover with the title written in gold print. As Emily was putting the book away she got a proper look at the title and paused. The Darker Side of Sex it read. No authors name appeared anywhere on the book, simply that intriguing title.

She was tempted at that moment to leaf through the pages since her curiosity was definitely peaked, but she thought better of it. Mrs. Smith, the head librarian didn't approve of an idle moment in her library and she always seemed to be popping up at the most inopportune moments. Hastily she put away the book and went about her duties as if she had never even seen that book, but no matter how hard she tried, for the rest of the day her thoughts drifted to what it's contents might hold.

On her way out that night, she made a detour to that shelf. It was such an automatic function that she realized that she must have been thinking about taking it with her all day. What would be the harm anyway, she would take it home that night, to read and she could return it in the morning with no one being the wiser? She simply wanted to look through it that was all.

When she came home that night to her house that night, she went through her regular routine of feeding her cat, fixing herself a light supper, and then drawing herself a hot bath, which was her favorite part of the night when she could relax and let her hair down. Tonight she had a book while she soaked. As she sunk into the steaming depths of the water and settled back she opened it up.

The very first page made her sit up and gasp, for on the page was a diagram of a woman positioned on her hands and knees naked, while an equally naked man was kneeling behind her with a handful of the woman's hair in one hand and a whip in the other. Underneath was a description of what was happening. Emily was stared transfixed to the page. She had only heard of stuff like this whispered in hushed conversations but never did she believe that stuff like this went on. To the average person, this picture may have produced a snicker, a snort of disgust or no reaction at all but Emily was not quite the average person.

From an early age she sex was a three letter word that was unmentionable. She was taught that it was something that should be shared only within the sacrament of marriage and only for purposes of procreation. If not used in those circumstances it was something to be ashamed of and dirty. From the age of two when her parents were killed in an automobile accident, Emily was raised by her elderly great-aunt

Ruth who was an avid bible thumper. When she was a little girl the rules that she was governed by seemed only natural but as she grew older she began to question these rules. Emily grew into a pretty girl with a gleaming main of reddish-brown hair, and huge green eyes, that dominated a heart shaped face, with a smooth peaches and cream complexion but she wasn't allowed to flaunt these qualities, having to wear her hair pulled back in tight ponytails, and wear unflattering clothes like skirts to her ankles and shapeless dresses, never being allowed to wear pants of any sort. Because she was unable to get outside much, she was always rather pale. When Emily had dared suggest a little blush to give her a little color this fact to her aunt, Enid said that only sluts painted their faces and were so overly concerned with their appearance. As she grew older and prettier, her aunt grew stricter.

One of her most vivid childhood memories was when she had gotten her first period, and she had told her aunt. Ruth had immediately ripped her clothed to shed and forced her in the shower where she was pelted by scalding hot water, while Enid stood over her with the bible reading sanctimoniously reading scriptures about the loss of innocence. Emily could only huddle there in a ball crying, humiliated and shamed. She felt as if she must have done something terribly wrong to have deserved this, from that point on Ruth became much more fanatical. She was only allowed out of the house to go to church, school, and church functions, and to accompany her aunt on her "good works." Making friends was discouraged because most kids in Aunt Ruth's opinion had the devil in them anyway. Most of the kids never talked to her anyway because she usually just melted into the background. She didn't bother anyone and no one bothered her.

Emily didn't mind so much because she was so shy that the thought of making friends made her nervous. She was only allowed to read school text books and the bible, and anything else was strictly forbidden, which was where Emily's one rebellion lay. Books were her passion, she loved the thought of far off lands and adventure, but she could only indulge at school during her lunch hour. Sometimes when she knew Ruth would be away from the house for a while, she would sneak down to the public library to read for a couple of hours. At home she was the good little girl her aunt wanted her to be never daring to bat an eyelash without her aunt's permission, that was until the her senior year in high school, and the day she met Mike Black. He was the substitute teacher that took over for the English teacher who was off on maternity leave. In his early twenties, Mike was the stuff dreams were made of. Every girl in class had a crush on him, with his movie star looks. He wore his jet black wavy hair pulled back in a pony tail. His eyes were the most intense piercing blue that she had ever seen, and his pouty red lips, would make the likes of Brad Pitt jealous.

He didn't believe in formalities and everyone called him by his first name. All the girls in class vied for his attention while the males smoldered with jealousy. He was Emily's first crush, and she flourished under his praise when she did well in class. She knew that she would never hold his attention with all the prettier girls in class but she put forth an extra effort to do well in the class so that he at least knew that she had a brain. One day at class her prayer had been answered, Mike asked if she could stay after to go over an assignment with that she had turned in. Emily's heart fluttered at the thought of spending a little time alone with him. "Emily, I just want you to know that I think that you are one of the smartest students in the class. This assignment that you turned in was college level work but to be honest, your work isn't what I wanted to talk to you about."

He looked directly into her eyes while he spoke and she felt as if she would faint. "I don't understand, Mr. Black," she said uncertainly.

"Please call me Mike. Anyway, I've only been here a couple of weeks but I was wondering why you seem to isolate yourself from the rest of the class. You sit in the corner, and you don't say a word. I know that it's out of line for me to say this but I hate to see a pretty girl you hiding away." Emily blushed fiercely at his compliment. No one had ever called her pretty before, and she couldn't reply to save her life. "Do you drink coffee?" he asked.

"What?" she asked not knowing where this was leading.

"You know, coffee, the black stuff you make in a percolator. Do you drink it?"

"Umm, no not really. I like tea though."

"How about coming with me for some coffee after school."

Emily couldn't believe that this dreamy man was asking her out for coffee but then she remember her aunt waiting at home for her. "I can't, I have to get home." She said trying to keep the disappointment out of her voice.

"Oh, did you have other plans if you don't mind my asking."

"Not really, but my aunt, she really wouldn't like it if I didn't come home right after school." Tactfully he didn't ask anymore on subject. They spoke for a few more minutes and then she excused herself because she had to go to another class. For the rest of the week she felt like the biggest fool. She had the opportunity to spend time with him and she turned it down. What a fool she was.

Not knowing what made her do it, one day after class the following week, she went up to him after class and asked if his offer for coffee was still open. She was relieved when he said that it still was so after school that day, they went to the coffee shop. Emily knew that she would face her Aunt's wrath when she got home, but that was neither here nor there.

Mike took her to a small little shop just on the outskirts of town. Mike turned out to be the a great conversationalist and a good listener. He told her a little bit about his background and about his long term goals. After a while she found herself talking about her own empty life and the strict rules that she lived by. After they had talked for what turned out to be a few hours, Emily finely asked the question that was on her mind from the beginning. "Why me?"

He looked at her shrewdly through narrowed eyes for a moment before answering that question. "Do you want an honest answer the safe answer?"

Now what did he mean by that she wondered? "Honest please."

"I don't think you're ready for the truth yet, but one day, I'll tell you," he took another sip of his coffee, and changed the subject to indicate that the previous one was closed. For some reason Emily felt chills at that answer. They continued talking for another hour, and then he took her home. As she was getting out of the car, he pulled her back into his arm, and lowered his lips on hers.

She was so stunned that she didn't respond at first. She could hardly believe that this was happening, but after a few moments, she melted in his embrace and returned his kiss eagerly. His tongue probed at her closed lips until she admitted it entrance. As his tongue explored the contours of her mouth, his hand crept slowly, up to grasp a firm young breast and squeeze gently. Emily gasped at the new sensation of his touch. She had read about this in a romance book before, but she had never imagined that it would make her tingle between her legs the way it did.

His caresses grew bolder and he moved his hand under her blouse, and pushed aside her bra to feel her bare skin. He pinched her nipples, a bit roughly bringing her back to her senses. "I have to go," she said hurriedly.

"You can go now, but we're only just beginning Emily. Give my regards to your aunt," he said in dismissal. Emily was so shaken by the encounter that the sharp slap and tongue lashing she received from her Aunt didn't bother her that much. When she went to school the next day, she didn't know what to expect when from him, but he pretended as if nothing had passed between them. After class he left when the students left, and it continued like this for the next few weeks until one day he was gone and the regular teacher had returned.

Emily was crushed. Even though he did seem to ignore her after their one time out she had nourished hopes that he would take her out once more. She figured that she would never see him again, but she could never get over the longing that he had awakened in her. Shortly before she graduated high school, her aunt passed away quietly in her sleep ending her reign of terror over her niece. Being Ruth's only living relative, Emily inherited the house and a small sum of money that she put towards the maintenance of her property.

After she graduated she took a couple courses at the community college in library science, and then took a job working at the local library. Though she was free of her aunt she still led a pious life. She didn't know any other way to be and she envied those who had the social graces that she did not. One other thing that she envied but didn't realize until sitting now in the tub looking at the picture, was the sexual freedom. Not since that one incident with Mike Black had she been touched in such a way. She was still painfully shy, and kept to herself. She had a few acquaintances that she talked to from time to time but no really close friends. Only a few guys had asked her out and she always said no because she didn't know how to act around others in a social setting and secretly, she compared each guy to Mike.

She paused at each page she flipped through taking in the details she saw pictures, of people being bound and gagged, in positions that she had never seen before. There was one picture of a man that was licking the boots of a laughing woman. Another picture showed a picture of a woman with some kind of strap-on device kneeling over another woman. Emily knew that these pictures should have shocked and disgusted her, but instead, she felt a tightening in her breasts, and that tingling sensation between her legs that she had felt those years ago.

She squirmed when she grew hotter and hotter. She laid the book down on the floor, and her hand crept between her thighs instinctively to relieve the pressure that she felt there. She touched the throbbing bud of her clit and shuddered. She had never touched herself so intimately before, but it felt so good. She rubbed her aching clit between her thumb and forefinger. A low moan escaped her throat as. She let her

other hand trail towards, her breasts and she grazed each nipple lightly. She squeezed, rubbed, and caressed herself aroused in the intense feelings that she evoked from within. The more she touched herself the more she realized that something was missing. She needed fulfillment and she needed it now. Remembering the pictures of the different sexual acts, she knew that she wanted what was in that book.

Later that night as she was turning lying in bed about to dose off the phone rang. It was strange that someone would call around this time at night because she didn't often get many call.

'Hello?' 'Emily, how are you tonight?' asked a raspy voice on the other end of the line. She tensed up because she didn't know who it could be because she certainly didn't recognize the voice.

"Who's speaking?"

"Emily, I am hurt that you don't know who I am, but I know you," the voice taunted. A chill ran down her spine. She had heard about weird prank calls, but that this person would know her name, scared her a bit. She was unlisted in the phone book, and only a few people had her telephone number.

"Listen, I don't know who you are and I don't appreciate you calling here. If you call me again I will call the police," she threatened.

The voice on the other end of the line merely laughed. "You are very naive, sweet Em. You won't call the police on me," he said confidently.

"I don't have to listen to this" she said about to hang up, when the voice said.

"How did you enjoy the book?" She froze.

"What book?"

"Sweet Em, don't play games with me, you know which book I refer to. I will have to teach you not to toy with me, but you will learn soon enough. Now, tell me what you thought of the book."

She was scared now but couldn't utter a word if her life depended on it, and at this very moment she wasn't certain if it did or not. "'You put the book in the drop box?"

"Yes, my sweet, and I knew you would take it home with you. I told you, I know everything about you, I know that you looked through those pages, and you got so hot and wet baby. You pussy lips were so swollen with need that you touched yourself didn't you?"

When she didn't answer, he laughed again. "I thought so. Goodnight little one. You'll be hearing from me again soon," he hung up with those last ominous words.

Emily, placed the phone back on the hook quickly and flew under the covers of her sheets. She pulled the covers tight around her as if to protect herself. She didn't move a muscle. She lay there wondering who this person could be and what he wanted from her. Emily didn't sleep a wink that night.

Stalked Ch. 2

by [*Eve*](#) ©

he didn't know how she did it, but Emily managed to get out of bed the next morning. She was still getting over the shock from the phone call from the night before. She didn't know anyone so intimately to boast such claims as the caller of last night had.

At the library she went about her usual routine, but she could hardly concentrate, and was scolded several times by Mrs. Smith. Towards lunchtime, Mrs. Smith called her into her office to speak to her. "Have a seat Miss Reardon, your head seems to be everywhere today except on your job. Usually you are quite competent, but today, you are the exact opposite. I think it would be best if you take the rest of the day off and get some rest. Tomorrow, I should hope that you've recovered your bearings. that will be all." Mrs. Smith said dismissing her as if she were a grand lady and Emily was her servant. As Emily was walking out the door, she heard Mrs. Smith say, "Of course this will come out of your annual leave." Emily merely nodded and went on. She was so use to taking people's flack that it didn't matter.

Home was really the last place that she decided to go to the park and feed the ducks and pigeons at least that would. On her way she stopped by the store to pick up a loaf of bread and then headed for the park. As she sat on the bench tossing crumbs to the motley crew of birds she got the distinct feeling that she was being watched. Hastily she put her bread away and started down the path towards home, yet the feeling of someone watching turned into the feeling that someone was following her. Not many people were present at the park because they were either at work or school. As her steps quickened so did the person's following, until she broke out into a run.

"Emily!" the person called out and she almost halted at the sound of her name but she continued to run until a firm grip was placed on her shoulder, and before she could let out a scream a hand come down to clamp firmly on her mouth. "Don't try to run you silly fool." The voice behind her whispered. "Now, if I take my hand off your mouth, will you promise me you won't scream.

Scared out of her mind Emily nodded. Was this the man on the phone? The hand uncovered her mouth the grip that now rested around her waist remained. Gently he turned her around and Emily almost sobbed in relief. "Mike! What are you doing here? I thought I would never see you again! Where did you go off to after you left?" she asked in wonderment.

He pretty much looked the same if not a bit paler and his hair was a lot longer but other than that he was still the exactly as she remembered him. "Hold on sweetheart, one question at a time," he laughed.

"I thought I would never see you again. You didn't even say good-bye," she said barely above a whisper. "I didn't say good-bye because I knew we would see each other again. Did you think that I wouldn't finish what I started?" Emily blushed as she remembered what had happened between them a few years back. To her chagrin she could feel her nipple tightening beneath her top and from the knowing look that Mike gave her she could tell that he saw it.

"What are you up to now?" She asked shyly.

"Oh, about six foot two," he joked with the same lazy charm that she remember him for.

After a slight pause she said, "Well, maybe we will run into each other again." "Do you still live in the same house with your aunt?"

"I live in the same house but my aunt passed away."

"I'm sorry to hear it."

"Thanks." After that brief exchange Emily was at a loss for words. "How about dinner tonight, that is if you aren't busy? We can catch up on old times."

"No, I don't have plans, dinner would be nice." She blushed again.

"Great, I will pick you up tonight at eight." He kissed her lightly on the cheek before departing. He didn't ask for directions so she assumed that he remembered where she lived. What a coincidence that she should run into him of all people. She wondered what he was up to now.

She walked home in bliss thinking of her good fortune in running into Mike again. Emily hummed a senseless tune to herself all the way home imagining what a night out with him would be like without the nagging thought of her aunt in the back of her mind. She entered the house and locked the door firmly behind her. Taking a bath would soothe her nerves. She wanted to be nice and fresh for her date Tonight. Her date. Emily smiled at the thought.

Technically this was her first date. In her enthusiasm she looked through her closet for something decent to wear. Since her Aunt's death she got rid of some of the puritan like clothes, although her wardrobe still bordered in the conservative side. She finally choose, a green dress that she had bought on impulse. Though it was a deceptively plain outfit that was long sleeved and came to her knees. It boasted no frills or buttons but when she put it on the dress hugged every inch of her body. She hadn't wanted to purchase it at first but the salesgirl had insisted that she should, and now she was glad that she had. She laid the dress on the bed and ran herself a bath.

As usual the water was so soothing and it calmed her down. She laid back and closed her eyes. She drifted off to sleep not realizing how tired she actually had been from her lack of sleep the previous night. She woke up, to hear her doorbell ringing. The only person she was expecting was Mike. She hopped out of the tub, and slipped into a robe. She made her way downstairs to see who it was, but when she peered out of the window to see who was there, no one was at the doorstep. Emily began to wonder if she had imagined it.

Tentatively she reached to unlock to door to peak out, only to discover that the door was already locked. Could it have been that she forgot to lock the door? She could have sworn that she locked the door. She remembered that she took particular care to lock the door this when she came home. Her blood ran cold. Someone had been in her house, and could very well still be there. She backed away from the door and ran

up the stairs, in a panic. She closed and locked her bedroom door. She ran to leaned against the door terrified of moving. The phone rang then, and that broke her out of her temporary paralysis.

"Calm down, Emily," she scolded herself. She walked the short distance to the phone. "Hello?"

"Missed me baby?" The man from last night was calling again. She slammed the phone back on the cradle and it rang again. She picked it up again only to hang up again instantly. The phone rang again and finally her temper snapped. "Look, you jerk. Stop calling my damn house or I'll call the police." She yelled into the phone.

"It's good to know that you have a backbone sweet Emily but if you hang up on me one more time bitch, you will be punished dearly," the voice threatened in not so good humor now. Was that a death threat? Even if she wanted to she didn't know if she could hang up. She didn't know what kind of person she was dealing with so perhaps it was best to play along with him.

"What do you want from me?"

"Let me be the one to ask the questions cunt. Did you like my present?"

"The book?"

"I already know you liked the book stupid. I bet your pussy got really wet looking at all those pictures, wondering what it would be like to do those things. I was referring to the present I left you just now."

"You were in my house!" she accused. "

Maybe I was, maybe I wasn't. Why don't you check out your top right dresser drawer?" He suggested. Emily put the phone down to inspect the her drawer. This was the drawer she kept her underwear. She opened the drawer to find it empty. She picked the phone up again, "Why?"

The voice chuckled. "My dear, I was doing you a favor. All those old lady panties. Someone with your hot body should be wearing thongs and crotchless panties. Perhaps you should invest in some."

"Who are you?" She asked.

"Didn't I tell you that I ask the questions? Really my dear, if you want to do things the hard way we can but I would much rather if we did things the smile way. All you have to do is obey me."

This had to be a bad dream, Emily thought to herself, why had this person chosen her out of all the women out there. "Why should I do, what you ask? What makes you think that I won't call the police the minute you get off the phone?"

"Look on your refrigerator door. You'll be hearing from me again real soon. Bye baby." And with that he hung up. Emily replaced the receiver wondering if she should do as he asked. Common sense told her to phone the police right then, but her curiosity got the better of her.

She went to the kitchen to check out the refrigerator as the voice had advised. In the center of the fridge hanging under a magnet, was a Polaroid of her in the bathtub. No bubbles obscured the sight of her naked body. She was leaning back her eyes were closed, and her neck was arched. It was the type of tub that stood on legs away from the wall, so her arms rested casually around the rim, showing off her pert breast quite clearly. He had taken a picture of her while she was asleep in the tub. One thing was certain. Underneath the picture was a note that said: THERE ARE MORE.

It was only three words, but they said so much. She experienced several emotions, at that moment, fear, anger, worry, and something else she couldn't quite figure out but it was a twisting feeling in the pit of her stomach. Emily wasn't sure if she was quite up to going out with Mike now, and what was she going to do about underwear. she couldn't go out without them, and plus if she went out, there was no telling if her stalker would intrude her home while she wasn't there.

Finally she decided that she would stay home tonight and call a locksmith to get a dead bolt on her door and call the phone company to get her phone number changed. The last thing she wanted to do was call the police, because there was no telling what would become of those other pictures if she did. Though she regretted the idea of missing her date with Mike, she knew that she had to. She couldn't leave the house, not the way things were.

The doorbell rang promptly at eight. Emily was still in her bathrobe. She answered the door and Mike stood there looking as if he had stepped off the cover of GQ magazine, in a nice suit with the jacket slung nonchalantly over his shoulder. "You're not ready," he frowned.

"I'm so sorry but I can't go out with you tonight."

"Why not? I thought you didn't have any plans?"

"I didn't....I don't but I...."

"At least let me come in." She blushed at her rudeness and immediately stepped back to allow him entrance. "Would you like something to drink?"

"No thank you. What I would like however is to know why you're canceling out date."

"I can't explain it. I would rather not say." She said not able to look him in the eyes. He grasped her chin gently, and turned her face to his.

"If something is bothering you, I would like to know. Please tell me," he said softly. Whether it was his gentle tone of voice or his genuine interest in know what was bothering her, she didn't know, but she instantly burst into tears. Instantly he enfolded her in his arms. He held her and she sobbed until her tears were just hiccups. He guided her to the couch and sat her down. "Now tell me what this is all about."

She sighed deeply and told him what had happened. When she finished he had a thoughtful expression on his face. "You are coming back to my place. I don't think that you should be in this house alone. As for work, do you think that you could take

a couple days off. Maybe this thing will cool off if you lay low for a few days," he suggested.

"I couldn't impose."

"Yes, you can, and you wouldn't be imposing. I insist. I have a two bed room apartment. You can stay in one of the spare rooms, now go upstairs and throw some things in an overnight bag," he ordered.

An hour later she was in Mike's apartment. "Are you hungry?" he asked.

"No, but I am rather tired."

"No problem. Give me your work number and I will call in for you tomorrow. Tomorrow, I'll cook you some breakfast and we can talk this thing through to figure out the next course of action. Now, let's get you tucked into bed."

He led her to the room designated as hers. "Do you have a nightie or something to sleep in?" he asked.

She nodded and retrieved a night gown from her bag. He took the gown out of her limp grasp and he began to undress her. Emily began to protest but he was undressing her in such a clinical way that she knew it was probably not that big a deal to him, but she could feel her body getting warm. She couldn't believe that she was actually allowing him to do this to her. She stood totally naked before him when he was finished. He simply pulled the nightgown over her head as if he undressed and dressed women everyday of his life. Mike turned the covers down and automatically she slip underneath the covers. "That's a good girl. Now get some sleep, you've had a long day. We will talk in the morning," he promised and then leaned over to kiss lightly on the lips. As he walked out the door, he turned around to say, "You have a beautiful body Emily. Pleasant dreams."

He flicked off the light and closed the door after that. She shivered almost violently at the arousal she felt as a result of that one statement. She closed her eyes then, and had a peaceful rest. She had the most sensual dream that night. She dreamt that Mike had not stopped at undressing her and that his hands explored her body, squeezing her breasts in his hands. His tongue ran along the lines of her body, touching her in places she had never knew she'd be touched in. It was the best dream that she had ever had.

When she woke up the next morning with a smile on her lips. Feeling very rested she hopped out of bed in anticipation of that breakfast Mike had promised. She was famished! The apartment was dead quiet. There was no movement at all. Perhaps Mike was still asleep. She went to the kitchen to find a note on the fridge. Out of coffee. Off to the grocery store. Will be back soon, to get breakfast started. Mike

Just then the phone rang. Emily had no intention of answering because this wasn't her apartment and Mike probably had a machine. Sure enough the machine clicked on, and with the first few words made Emily breathe catch in her throat, "Listen Bitch, you think you're so clever hiding out with your little boyfriend. You can't hide from me, you get your ass back to your own house, or you will regret it!" The machine clicked off. Emily passed out.

Stalked Ch. 3

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When Emily came to she was lying in a bed. Mike was leaning over her pressing a cool, damp cloth to her forehead. She tried to sit up but was pushed gently back against the pillows.

"You need to lay back down. You've had a bit of a shock I'd say," he said.

"Mike, I have to get out of here. I have to go!" She exclaimed in a panic, once more trying to struggle out of the bed only to be restrained once more.

"You're not going anywhere. Do you think I would let you go when there is some nut on the loose making threats. You can't go back to your house. What would you do but worry yourself to death waiting for him to make his next move? No way, I won't allow it," he said firmly in a voice that left no room for argument.

"But----"

"No. You're not going back to your house. At least not without me. I heard that message on the answering machine and I'll be damned if I let that maniac get his hands on you." He had grabbed her firmly by the shoulders and shook her a little to get his point across. Emily felt a shiver of excitement run up her spine at the feral expression in his eyes. His protectiveness made her want to give in to him but she knew that if she did, something could possibly happen to him and she would never forgive herself it did.

"I can't allow you to become involved with this. I don't want to get involved in all this. I'm not sure what this person is capable of and I would feel responsible if you were harmed in any way because of this. It's so creepy. It's like he knows my every move. He knew that I would be the one checking those books out. He knew my schedule, and the right time to enter my house. It's very disconcerting. It's kind of you, but this is my problem and I'm going to have to deal with it myself."

"Do you think I'm just being kind? Do you think I'm doing this to earn some sort of fucking boy scout badge?" he demanded. Emily could only stare at him in bewilderment not sure where the anger was coming from. "I care about you Emily. Surely you know that."

Emily's eyes misted up a bit. After all this time, Mike was saying the words that she had wanted him to say so long ago, but now the words just seemed so out of place. "You care so much about me, that you took me out once and then you practically ignored me. Then you disappeared and I never heard from you again until yesterday and all of a sudden you care about me?"

"Yes, I do. I know my behavior was strange and I really can't get into that right now, but I do care about you. I did back then and I still do."

"And, I'm just supposed to believe you and everything will be OK? Well, I may have been naive back then, but I've smartened up a lot." Instead of saying anything else, he took her face in both hands and brought her lips to his. Emily's first thought was

to struggle, but the feel of his tongue against her lips felt so good. She sighed, which allowed his tongue to creep slowly into her mouth. His tongue explored and plundered until her tongue came forward to tentatively meet his. It had been so long since he had kissed her like this. She didn't object when she felt his hand slid to her breast and squeeze gently and then a little more roughly.

His hand moved under her shirt until he was touching her bare skin. His fingers pinched at her nipples, gently at first and then he increased the pressure, making her gasp. She pushed him away, and looked away. She was red all over her body with embarrassment. "Don't be ashamed of what you feel. I feel it too. There has been this chemistry between us since we first met, and I may not be able to explain why I had to take off so suddenly after that time I took you, out but it will all be explained in due course. You'll just have to trust me. Do you trust me?" He asked, looking her directly in the eyes. Emily meekly nodded not knowing why, but strangely, she did trust him. "Now, how about some breakfast, and we can talk about all the other stuff when you have something in your belly. I promise that it will make you feel better. I make a killer ham and cheese omelet." He smiled that smile that made her heart melt.

Over their breakfast of omelets, toast, and coffee they began to feel in the gaps of their life since they had last seen each other. Emily told him, what she did after her aunt had died, and her long term goals. "You know, I haven't really given a lot of thought to what I want to do with my future. I know that at twenty-one, I should have figured out where I'm going and all that, but I have been content with my life as it is. I have a job that I like, I have my own home, sometimes, I like to visit the theater. I guess I'm not the type of person that needs a lot of stimulation. I guess growing up with my aunt, I never thought to much of my future. I think if my Aunt would have lived, she probably would have married me off to one of the nice church going boys and I would have went along with it of course, but now that she's not here. I guess I'm kind of at a loose end, but at least I would be able to make my own decision as to what I want to do with my life." She sighed.

"Are you happy?" He inquired.

"I'm content."

"They're not the same thing my dear."

"I guess, I'm happy." She shrugged.

"That's what I thought," he said simply, not bothering to elaborate. He took a sip of his coffee and looked at her thoughtfully. She blushed again. It seemed as if he had a way of seeing right through her.

"So what have you been doing these past few years?" She asked a bit nervously.

"Oh, a little of this and that." He said vaguely.

"But I mean what are you up to now? You must have a flexible job to be able to not be at work right now." She observed.

"Well, when you're your own boss, you don't have to worry about getting to work on time or going in at all."

"You have your own business?"

"Sort of. It's really the family business."

"The family business? I thought that you wanted to be a teacher full time?"

"I wasn't sure what I wanted a few years back. I kind of knew I wanted the type of job that made a difference so to speak, so I choose to teaching. My mother really wanted me to get into the family business, but I rebelled, and did the college thing and took a regular job. I was substituting at your school, trying to figure out if teaching was what I really wanted to do. I figured that it would give me a taste for it at least."

"But you left so abruptly. I guess you didn't like it."

"No, I guess I realized where my priorities lay, and it was with the business."

"Tell me about it."

"Not much to tell really."

"I'd still like to hear." She probed.

"Well, my mother started it really. When my dad died it was just me, her and my brother Steve. Steve was twelve, I was nine. Money was kind of tight, so my mom and she wasn't really trained in anything since she had been a stay at home mother. She found odd jobs of sorts to do and my brother had a paper route and I collected bottles for cash. Anything to help out to bring a little extra cash around the house. Well, my mother was doing these odd little jobs for different people and thought to go into business servicing clients with their special needs. It became successful, and when Steve was old enough he got into it, but I kind of held back. I wasn't sure if that was what I really wanted so I tried to get my teaching degree, but then there was a bit of a family crisis that involved the business. I went to their aide when my mom needed help and I have been in the business since."

"Did this happen around the time that you left my school?" She asked putting two and two together.

"Yes," he said and then he changed the subject again. They continued the flow of conversation easily. Emily felt that she had learned so much more about Mike, but something in the back of her mind was nagging her. Despite the fact that he revealed, a little more about himself, it seemed as if he didn't tell her much at all. "I brought you a gift, by the way. I got it when I was out this morning."

"A present? No one has ever given me a present before. What is it?"

"Come and take a look." He led her to his room and collected a package wrapped in red tissue paper. Emily looked at him uncertainly. "Well, open it up," he urged.

She opened the paper, tentatively. What she found made her turn beet red. Wrapped up in the tissue paper, were several pair of panties. Tiny panties, of all colors. Some of them had a big gap where the crotch was located, and some were thongs. All

were lacy concoctions that Emily would never have had the nerve to purchase herself. "You needed these didn't you?"

"Well, yes, but.... I couldn't possibly wear these things."

"Why not? They would suit you."

"But none of these panties cover my all privates." She said primly.

He looked at her for a second in disbelief, and then he started to laugh. "You sound like my old Sunday school teacher. You're right they don't cover you all the way. They're not supposed to. I would like to see you in these though. You stalker probably did you a favor by taking your panties. I bet they were the nice respectable kind that you could pull all the way over your stomach."

Emily once again turned a deep shade of red because it was true. Defiantly, she snatched up the underwear and stalked to the bathroom. She picked out a lacy black thong and slip it on. There was a full length mirror on the bathroom door, and she couldn't help but stare at herself. She looked... Sexy. When she came back out of the bathroom, she stared defiantly at Mike, daring him to say something, but he didn't say a word. He merely smiled. Mike persuaded her to stay with him. He persuaded her to call in to work and take a leave of absence which Mrs. Smith was none to happy about. Mrs. Smith went as far as to suggest that Emily's job might not be available if she did not return soon.

At that point it really didn't matter. Though she liked her job, there were other libraries, and she had enough money in the bank to allow her to be off work for quite a while. In the back of her mind, she knew that she should be dealing with her problem herself, but Mike mad it so easy for her to lean on him. He had taken care of everything for her.

He went back to her house to get some extra clothes for her. He contacted her neighbor to inform her to call him if she say a suspicious character lurking around her house. He had only done this when Emily had begged him not to contact the police. He made sure that he always answered the phone. There were times when she knew that the mystery man was only the other line by the taunt expression on Mike's face when he would answer the phone, but he never said a word. When the dead roses were delivered to her, he disposed of them without saying word. It was all a little frightening but being with Mike, had made it easier for her to deal with it.

He stayed with kept her entertained, while remaining the perfect gentleman. He didn't some much as give her a goodnight peck on the cheek. After three days of this treatment, Emily was so frustrated that she couldn't take it. Sexual frustration was not a new experience for her but only now was she able to recognize it. On the fourth night, she tossed and turned on her bed unable to sleep. She knew that something had to be done and knew exactly what it was.

"Well, Em, you have to grow up sometime." She said to herself. She slipped out of bed and removed her night shirt, and then her panties. It gave her a bit of a thrill to stand there naked thinking about the pleasure that awaited her. Emily crept silently to his room. She had never seduced anyone in her life, and she was shaking all over. She pushed his door open. "Mike." She called his name softly. "Mike." Again no answer. When her eyes adjusted to the darkness of his room, she noticed that the

bed was empty. Her heart squeezed painfully in her chest. She flicked on the light switch, and screamed a blood curdling scream. The covers were pulled back, but in the sheets, written in blood was: I TOLD YOU NOT TO FUCK WITH ME!

With a speed she didn't know she had, Emily, ran back to her and threw on some clothes and grabbed her coat. She was getting the hell out of there. This was what she had feared. Something happened to Mike and it was all her fault. She raced ran out of the apartment and into the street. Fortunately for her a cab was pulling up. She hailed it, and hopped in before the cab had properly come to a stop. "Where to lady?"

"To the police station and hurry please." Then she remembered that she didn't have any money to pay cab fare because she had left her purse in Mike's apartment. She would have to make a pit stop at her house. She had some money stashed away there. Fortunately her house keys were in her coat pocket. She instructed the driver to take her back to her place first and to wait for her. She was a little nervous upon reentering her house, but nothing could happen with the taxi driver waiting outside for her. When she crossed the threshold, she turned ash white.

Everything in the house was vandalized. The coffee table was broken in two, the couch was slashed. Things were thrown all over the floor. Her books. Her precious books were ripped out of the binders. What kind of sick person was this. Emily didn't know how long she stood there but the taxi driver must have become impatient because her began to honk his horn. She still could move. She couldn't believe that someone would destroy her home like this.

She jumped when the taxi driver came up behind her, "Hey lady are you coming or.....Holy Shit! What happened here?" he asked. She didn't answer. Couldn't answer. "Come on, I'll take you to the police. You don't have to worry about the fare." He guided her back to his cab and she let him. She was still in semi catatonic state. In the back of his cab Emily felt completely numb. Who would do this to her. She had a conflict with anyone. The driver was talking about something and she wasn't listening. "Are you listening Emily?" The driver asked. She snapped to attention.

"How did you know my name?"

"I know a lot about you Emily." That voice! Emily looked frantically in the rear view mirror to see a pair of eyes gleaming viciously at her. She screamed.

Stalked Ch. 4

by [*Eve*](#) ©

This is not happening, she thought to herself, as the taxi took her to an unknown destination. "Where are we going?" She demanded.

"Just sit back and enjoy the ride doll," the driver said in an amused voice. Desperately she lunged for the driver to get him to stop the vehicle. The car severed dangerously on the road, and the driver took a swing at her, catching her on the side of the face knocking her back in her seat. "You crazy bitch! Are you trying to get us both killed? Try something like that again, and I'll make you wish you were never

born," he said in a tone that was dead serious. Emily had never been more frightened in her life. She had never felt a fear as intense as the fear she felt at that moment.

She huddled in the corner of the cab to get out of his reach in case he chose to grab her. Escape was the only option, but at the rate the cab was going she knew that if she tried to get out of the vehicle while it was moving she might not escape alive. Finally she decided that when the car stopped, she would jump out as quickly as she could and run, but every mile that was driven made her heart sink because her surroundings were becoming less and less familiar as they went on. More than anything she wanted to give into the luxury of tears but the anger took over. There was no way she was going to let this bastard see her cry so she sat there thinking of what she would do if she got away.

To his credit, the driver didn't offer any conversation which was just fine with Emily, but now and again, she could feel the cold stare of his eyes in the rearview mirror. She knew that if she got out of this ordeal alive she would never forget those eyes. They were the lightest blue that she had ever seen, and set to his dark features, it made him quite menacing. From the glimpses that she seen of his face, he could have been a handsome man, with his dark hair and rugged features, but like his eyes, there was a coldness about him that made her shudder.

He was certainly a big man, not overly tall, probably no more than six feet, but he was muscular as if he worked out frequently. She could tell this even through his clothes. Poor, poor Mike, he couldn't have stood a chance at this guy, Emily thought about Mike's more slender frame. At the thought of Mike, anger took over the fear and the self-pity.

"What did you do to Mike?" She asked with more calm and control than she actually had at the moment. The driver didn't say anything. "Hey! I'm asking you a question."

"My name is not Hey, it's Zeke, and you'd better learn it quick girlie." He commanded, totally ignoring her other question. Zeke. The name meant nothing to her. Who was this guy, and why had he chosen her? She decided to try a different approach.

"Zeke, why did you do this. I haven't done anything thing to you. I don't even know you. Come to think of it, I can't think of anyone that I've done wrong." This only cause him to burst into a peal of laughter.

"Life's a bitch isn't it? Why don't you just sit back and shut your trap? We're almost there," he instructed. Emily sat back and let her mind return to ways of escape.

What seemed like another half an hour, Zeke pulled the cab to a halt. "We go no farther until we lay some ground rules here." He got no further than that before Emily was out of the cab in a flash. She ran down the road as far as she could not knowing where to go. It was one of those winding roads surrounded on each side by woods, with not a house or building in site. Why he chose to stop the she didn't know but she didn't want to stick around to find out. She kept running despite the feeling of pain in her lungs from running so hard. In no time at all however she heard footfalls behind her.

Despite the head start that she had had, Zeke had no trouble catching up with her. She was ran even harder, but was finally tackled from behind to the ground. Zeke flipped her over to pin his body underneath his. If she could she would have screamed but she didn't have enough breath left within her to summon one. "That wasn't smart. I guess you've already figured out rule number one though, you can't escape me, so don't try. If you do, you'll be punished." He got up dragging her up with him. "Come on."

"No...let...me go," she said breathlessly still struggling against him. Her struggles were nothing to him. He simply grabbed her and hauled her over his shoulder like a sack of flour and started walking back towards the cab. She squirmed still. Zeke brought a palm down stingingly on her bottom. Tears of pain and humiliation welled in her eyes, after while she made herself go limp knowing that her struggles, were useless, at least at that moment.

"Thatta girl," he laughed in amusement. "Sooner or later you may find out that you don't want to struggle."

"Don't count on it." She muttered, which brought another sharp slap on her already aching ass. She let out a yelp, the tears were now falling freely down her face.

"Rule number two, I don't like sass girlie. You speak when spoken to and it's yes Zeke, no Zeke. Understand?" When she didn't answer she received another slap. "Understand?"

"Yes, Zeke!" she almost yelled. She would say anything at that point so that he wouldn't hit her again. She already knew that she would have bruises on her butt, she didn't want him to add anymore to it. They were back in to the cab in no time. Zeke opened the back seat and dumped her in. He pulled out a bandana from his pocket. He grabbed a handful and pulled her closer. Emily sat rigidly as he put the bandana over her eyes and secured a knot tightly behind her head.

"Now stay put, and don't take that off, or I promise that your ass won't be the only thing hurting you."

"Yes, Zeke. She said automatically.

"Very good." He said softly. She felt her hand tweak her breast. She flinched away, and the hand returned to her breast again. "Don't pull away from me. That's rule three." Emily forced herself to remain still as Zeke moved his hand over her breasts. His touch was surprisingly gentle, and to her humiliation she could feel a slight stirring within her. She heard him chuckle gleefully and then she heard him get out and close the door behind him. He returned to the driver seat and the car moved on. Emily sat fidgeting in her seat nervously. After what had just happened she was too scared to even move.

They didn't seem to go that much further before the car was brought to another halt. "We're here." She waited as he came around to her door and opened it. Automatically she got out and waited. He took her arm and began to guide her to an unknown destination. They went up some steps and they went through a door. He led her a few more feet, and up more steps, and then through another door. He sat her down on what felt like a bed. "Stay right there and I'll be back. Don't touch that blindfold. I'll know if you did or not." She thought he had left but she heard him say,

"By the way, don't even think of escaping." He left and she heard the sound of a door closing.

Only a few minutes must have passed before he returned. He took her hand and placed a mug in her hand. "Drink it," he ordered. Emily hesitated. She wasn't sure that she wanted to die by poisoning. "Drink it. It's not poisoned." He said as if reading her mind. She took a sip. It was only water, and her throat was dry. She gulped the rest of it down. "Now we wait." He said.

"For what?" she asked.

"You'll see." Silence. The not knowing what was going to happen next was the worst part, but strangely, she could feel her body relaxing. After a while, she was completely relaxed, almost sleepy. With her already closed eyes by the blindfold, allowed her to succumb to the drowsiness and feel back against the bed. "That's what we were waiting for." Zeke whispered to himself. The drug that he put in her water should keep her knocked out for a few hours.

Emily came to, later on, and she couldn't open her eyes. Come to think of it, she could hardly move at all. When she tried to move her arms and legs, they would only be moved so much before she felt restrained.

"Ain't no use of struggling, them ropes are secured nice and tight." Zeke's voice penetrated the darkness. She felt the bed dip under his weight and her blindfold was plucked from over her eyes. She blinked as her eyes adjusted to the light. She was what look like a luxury suite in a hotel, but it couldn't possibly be. The room was completely white. White walls, furniture and curtains. Emily turned a deep scarlet when she realized that she was stark naked, with all of her limbs tied in ropes that were tied to a post. The ropes only allowed her to move her limbs just enough to bend them.

For the first time, Zeke laughed, and Emily looked over at him, getting her first proper look. He was as she remember, the dark features and the sinister blue eyes, but gone was the jeans and pull over that he had worn before. He was wearing some sort of leather harness that crisscrossed over his muscular chest. He wore leather pants that molded tightly to his thighs. He looked just like that man in the book. Her eyes widened in fear when she spied the whip that he was holding in his hands.

"Please don't hurt me." She pleaded. Before she even knew what was going on, Zeke was at her side bring the whip down against her thigh. She let out a yell. Though it stung like mad, it didn't produce the pain that she had imagined it would.

"Take that as a warning. I told you not to speak unless spoken too, and we'll get along. Understand?" She nodded her head vigorously. The whip was brought down again. "What?" He demanded.

"Yes, Zeke!" He smiled in approval. At this point she was shaking badly. To her relief he put the whip down, and joined her on the bed. His hand rubbed over the tender flesh that the whip had touched. His touch was so gentle that it was hard to think that only moments before he had inflicted the pain. Emily was unaware that she was crying until she felt him wipe the tears that were stream down into her hair. He bent over and licked the salty residue from her face.

At first she stiffened at this unexpected intimacy, but as his tongue continued, to explore the crevice of her ear, she could feel herself relaxing. His hand moved further up her thigh stopping at her bush. She squirmed as his tongue ran down her neck and he began to nibble at her skin. His mouth moved down further still and fastened on an already hardened nipple. His teeth nipped at the rigid peak, causing her to moan, to her chagrin. She couldn't believe that she was actually beginning to enjoy what he was doing to her. His hand squeezed the lips of her swollen pussy lips. Carefully, as if handling something delicate, he slipped a finger into the slick warmth. His fingers latched on to her clit rubbing it between his thumb and forefinger. Zeke continued the caresses with his mouth and hand, making her body ache for a fulfillment that she had yet to experience. His hand moved lower, and he slipped his middle finger slowly into her. She felt a little discomfort at this intrusion into her body, but only a little because the pleasure was more overwhelming. "Nice and tight. Virgin pussy, he will be pleased."

Emily froze at his words. Who was Zeke referring to, and what was wrong with her. Here she was tied up in some strange bed, being groped by some strange guy who had wreaked havoc in her life and quite possible have committed murder. When Zeke began, his caresses again, she turned her head away from him. This seemed to anger him, and he grabbed, handful of her hair and turned her head forcefully back towards him. "Don't you ever turn away from me again!" he snarled. In a burst of courage, she hocked and spit in his face. For a second he was stunned by her rebellion. As the spittle, dripped down his face, he wiped it off and looked at it as if he had never seen such before. Something ugly enter his eyes, and he raised his hand to strike her.

"Zeke! That's enough!" A command came from the door. Hesitantly Zeke lowered his hand. Emily was stunned as Mike stood in the doorway, looking just fine.

"Mike, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"I live here." He answered as if it was a ridiculous question.

"I don't understand." She whispered.

"You will. Zeke, leave up now. You can come back in a half an hour."

Zeke got up reluctantly. "Yes, Master." Emily flushed at Zeke's address of Mike.

"What's going on?" She cried.

"Remember when you were eighteen and you ask why me?" She nodded dumbly. "I think you're ready for that answer now."

Stalked Ch. 5

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Emily was stiff with tension. All of her worst nightmares were coming true. She had come to trust Mike, and to find out that he was involved in this somehow, frightened her. Who could she trust? "I thought that something had happened to you," her lips

quivered giving the impression that she was about to cry.

He took a seat on the bed beside her bound body. He leaned over and kissed her softly on the lips in reassurance, and gave her one of those smiles that had always made her heart flip. "Mike, what do you have to do with all this?" she asked barely above a whisper. "Please tell me that this is some terrible mistake," she pleaded. This time the tears ran unheeded down her cheeks.

"Shh. Angel don't cry. I don't want to hurt you. I will explain everything," he stroked her hair as if she were something very precious. He leaned over once more, this time to run his tongue along the wetness on her face where the tears had fallen. Emily turned her head away. She felt so torn. How was it possible that this man who had brought her so much fear and anxiety, bring her the pleasure that she felt? He sighed heavily and got to his feet. "Okay, I guess I should start at the beginning, and be patient, this is a long story, but I'm sure you'll realize how you come into all of this soon." He raked his hand through his hair in a gesture of frustration, as if to gather his thoughts. Emily waited silently for him to begin his story. Mike paced the floor up and down before taking a seat next to her once more.

"Well, as I told you, my father died when I was nine. We had always had a comfortable existence. Dad earned the living and Mom stayed at home and kept house. Mom was one of those women, who let the man do everything. Dad controlled the finances, and ruled the household. Mom was content to let him, so when he died, it was a bit of a shock to discover that my dad had kept a mistress. He had set this woman up in her own house and had apparently bought her expensive gifts. It had drained his resources. Our house was heavily mortgaged, and dad had been in debt. Mom's only option was to sell the house but with all the bills that were owed there was barely anything left for us to live on. For the first few months, we lived like nomads, moving from relative to relative. When we out stayed out welcome in one place we would move on to the next place," he paused for a moment as if in reflection. His mouth twisted in an ironic smile.

Reluctantly Emily's heart went out to him. She could not imagine growing up in those circumstances. Sensing her pity, his jaw tightened rigidly and he continued with his story. "Anyway, Mom did what she could, taking a job here and there, mostly cleaning people's homes and working in a grocery store as a cashier. We were able to move into an apartment of our when Mom was able to say up enough money, but of course the neighborhood was a pretty shabby affair as was the apartment we lived in. It was pretty trashy, homeless people sleeping openly on the pavement, hookers on the street corners, the blare of constant police sirens. Mom busted her ass trying to make ends meet by taking on yet another job. Steve and I helped out all we could too. Steve got a paper route, and he didn't have a bike so he would get up around three in the morning, to get the papers delivered a but risky for a twelve year old especially in that neighborhood. I would run little errands for a local shop keeper and he gave me twenty dollars a week. It wasn't much most of it went towards groceries and she let me keep five so I could get a school lunch. Sometimes that school lunch was my only meal that day.

"Mom was proud that she was able to keep us off welfare although we didn't have much. Steve and I both hated it, but we never let Mom know because sometimes when she didn't think either one of us was looking, she would cry. It tore me and my brother to see her like that but there really wasn't a lot that we could do. Things went on like this for about a year and then Mom met Robin. I don't know how they

met but meeting her, had changed our circumstances for the better. It was Robin, that had made the suggestion that Mom could be making more money for doing less work, if you catch my drift," Emily could only stare back at him blankly.

"Oh, yes, I forgot that you were such a babe in the woods. Well, to make the picture a bit clear, Robin, ran a house of ill repute. A whore house. Of course I didn't discover this until much later on, but anyway Mom started working in that house. And just as Robin had said, Mom was making more money. We were soon able to move into a bigger apartment in a nicer neighborhood, and Steve and I didn't have to work anymore because Mom was making good money. Very good money. She said that she cleaned offices buildings, and in our ignorance we believed her. Mom worked nights but we saw her in the day time, and I had a pretty good life. Steve and I didn't want for anything. Robin would come and visit us often and I believe that she was my first real crush. She was a goddess, a long mane of chestnut hair, and beautiful green eyes...kind of like you actually. She was stunning. She was a big flirt and she'd make me blush all the time. I offered to marry her, but of course she told me that she would wait for me until I was a proper age. Steve was a little in love with her too," he laughed.

Emily wished that he would get to the point and soon, because her muscles were beginning to ache from being tied up and she couldn't see what any of this had to do with her. As if reading her mind he began to need her limbs, "Patience little one. It's all part of the story. It wasn't until I was about fifteen and Steve was eighteen when we found out the truth about Mom. Everything was cool, I was a sophomore, in high school, Steve was taking classes at a community college and was assistant manager at a gym. Life was pretty good. One night when all three of us were home, which was a rare thing, there was a loud banging on the door. I was the first one to the door, and when I opened it, Robin, collapsed in my arms.

"Mom was screaming and Steve was talking about calling the police. Robin, as weak as she was, was very firm about not calling the police. She was a mess both of her eyes had been blacked and blood was running out of her mouth, she was missing some teeth, and she had bruises all over her face and body from what we could tell. Mom said that we would put her up for as long as she needed to stay. Steve and I didn't know what to make of it, but neither of us said anything about it. Robin stayed with us for a couple of weeks. It was on that last night that she stayed with us that we learned the truth. I had come home that day from school, and Robin and Mom were waiting on the couch for me. They told me to take a seat so we could wait for Steve. He came home, not long after, and it was Robin, who began to tell us, about the type of business she ran.

"Like mom, she had a family to support and her husband had left her in a financial bind when he had died. That was one of the bonds she had with Mom apparently, anyway she told us how she had started out turning tricks to feed her children, and how one of her johns suggested the idea of her opening up her own service. She ran with that idea, with the help of the john who financed for her. Well, business was good but unfortunately she lost her children. She didn't say how, and we didn't ask because it seemed a raw subject to her. Anyway, she had gone on to say how she had met Mom and had gotten her involved in the business and how they became good friends. It was then she explained that a john had gotten a little rough with one of the girls, and she had gotten involved which was how she had gotten beaten up. There was no way she could go to the police with it in her line of business. Steve and I sat there stunned wondering how Mom could have done this.

"It was then that Mom explained that she agreed to go into a partnership of sorts with Robin, and she wouldn't be turning tricks anymore. As if that was supposed to make us proud! Can you fathom that? She then had told us as boldly as she pleased that she wanted our support. I was just floored because I didn't know how to react at first. Steve stormed out of the apartment without a backwards glance, and we didn't see him for days after that. I pretty much kept out of the house as much as I could coming home only for meals and sleep. I knew that it was hurting Mom the way we treated her, but we were hurting too. It was Robin who finally made us see what a sacrifice my mother had made for us. Sometimes you have to do what you have to do to put food on the table. She then went on to explain that the partnership would not be the two of them running a whorehouse, but then going into a whole different direction in the sex industries. As opposed to selling their sexual favors, they would be selling sex. They had an idea to start an adult catalogue service. Have you ever heard of that before?" He asked.

Emily shook her head.

"Oh yes, you are an innocent aren't you? But after tonight, you won't be," he promised. She shivered involuntarily. The veiled threat should have frightened her, especially since she didn't know how this story would end. His comment had the opposite affect and excited her to the extreme. She could feel a wetness seeping from between her legs. His eyes followed her squirming lower body. He smiled as his hand moved downward from her taunt belly to her swollen pussy lips. He squeezed them slightly and Emily instinctively bucked up against his hand. he played with the folded until slipping his forefinger inside, making her gasp in pleasure. He slid it in and out, loving the way her muscles clinched around his finger. "I am going to love sliding this cock in that tight cunt of yours," he murmured. Emily grew wetter, as she watched in amazement as he removed his finger and inserted it in his mouth. "Mmmm," he relished the taste of her, "and you taste good too.

She blushed furiously. He stood up and then began to pace the room. "Okay, back to the story. Now where was I.....? Oh..yes, well, I didn't understand this thing either but Robin had taken some business courses when she was in school. Steve, and I eventually forgave Mom and things were cool again. The four of us got a house with the money Robin and her had saved up over the years. They started their business in our basement. You know about LL Bean of course, well this catalogue was like that but, it featured adult aides like dildoes, vibrator, whips, porn videos. The first year was a bit of a struggle for them, but to everyone's surprise, it was a wild success.

"By this time we all moved into a huge house. Steve got into the business, and when I turned eighteen, they asked me if I would be in it. I worked with them, but my heart wasn't really in it at the time, so I went to school, and started working on my teaching degree. That my dear is the family business. Most people wouldn't admit to having heard of us, but a lot them have. We're international now," he said proudly.

"But what does that have to do with me?" she finally voiced the question that was on her mind.

"Listen and you will find out. One of my first girlfriends in college was into the kinky stuff, I mean like S and M. I won't get into another long drama about it, but she gave me a taste for it, and I haven't gone back since. I find that I like the be the dominator. I found a club that I meet people who enjoy my lifestyle as well, ordinary

people by day, but we gather every now and then I have for a little fun. There are about eight people in this little club, excluding myself, two males, four females. I believe that you've met Zeke."

Emily's eyes widened trying to comprehend what she was telling him. "Ah I see that you're trying to figure out how this all fits together. Well, I didn't start this little thing until after we met so let me tell you where this all comes in. I was substituting at your school and I was stunned when I saw you. I was bowled over. You looked like Robin, but a younger version and I couldn't help wondering why you always seemed to melt in the background because you were such a beautiful girl. Against my better judgment, I asked you out. I knew that I shouldn't but you intrigued me. You turned me down but that was okay, that night I was talking to mom on the phone and I told her all about you and your uncanny resemblance to Robin. Mom made a big deal about knowing what your name was. I told her. She said that she would call me back.

"I didn't think much of it but Robin called back and asked me in detail all about you. I told her and then she broke down in tears. It all came out then that she had had a son and a daughter, and there had been a freak accident and her son fell down some steps and broke his neck while she was sleeping. The state had found her an unfit mother, and took her daughter away. Apparently they put her in the custody of her only living relative. A spinster aunt. Your mother was never set eyes on you again, because your aunt Ruth moved away without leaving a forwarding address."

Emily was stunned. "My mother....is alive?"

Mike shook his head sadly. Emily's heart beat fast. How could this all be? It sounded so improbable. "When I disappeared, because of that family crisis, it was because Robin, had gotten into an automobile accident. She was coming to see you."

"But Aunt Ruth said...."

"Your Aunt lied to you. Your mother was very much alive and she wanted you with her, but she didn't know where you were. She also left you a very wealthy young woman."

"But.....why have you...why have you done this to me."

"Emily, it started out with me coming to find you, and tell you everything but I saw you walking home one day from the bus stop and you were still the same dowdy little thing you were three years ago. I wanted to wake you up. I knew when I left you that first time that I would come back for you. You just weren't ready for me then, especially with your upbringing, but I think you're ready now. It was me who put the book in the book drop. I got this idea in my head to make you realize that you are a beautiful and sexy woman. I only wanted to keep it to a few phone calls and little things like the underwear. That was me by the way who took the pics and there are no more pictures, that was Zeke's idea. I got Zeke involved to throw the scent off me. I forget that he gets a little over zealous at times. I wanted it to just be a secret admirer thing. He got into the whole thing and ran with it."

"But he called you Master....." she pointed out not understanding how this all worked.

"Yes, I am in a sense, because I am the leader of this club and they all call me that, I suppose someone has to be. He listens to me, but I never gave a him limit of what he could and couldn't do with you although I told him that he would not harm you physically. The trashing your house thing, was a bit much, and I'll deal with him later on that but, really this is all just a game to him, and I keep him around because he keeps the other slaves in line."

"Do you ever....punish people?"

"Sometimes. Look, I've wanted you since I first saw you, but I won't keep you against your will. We can talk some more about this later, if you want, but right now, I want you too badly. If this is all too weird for you, say so, and I will let you, go. If not, I will call Zeke back in and we can have start having some fun." All the information that she had taken in was overwhelming. Her aunt a liar, her mother had been alive all that time, Mike into some kinky S&M thing. Why was she even thinking about this?

"Oh, by the way, if you choose to stay, you will refer to me as Master."

Stalked Ch. 6

by [*Eve*](#) ©

As Emily lay there, her mind tried to take in all that Mike had revealed to her. Her head was telling her that now was not the time to take Mike up on his offer, but her body was screaming for release, and to her chagrin, Mike seemed to know it. "You want it don't you?" he asked knowingly. Not able to look him in the eyes, she simply nodded. "That's what I thought." He stood up, and went over to the door. When he opened the door, Zeke walked in naked as the day he was born, with a smirk on his face. He had a leather strap around his neck and he was carrying several items in his hand including an ice bucket. She was a little apprehensive about what was to happen but sensing her fear Mike walked back over to her and kissed her on the lips in reassurance. "Zeke won't do anything I tell him not too. If you say stop we will. OK?"

She was still unsure. "I just need to know the rules Mike," she said a little uncertainly.

Mike gave a secret smile to Zeke. "Well,...." he trailed off and before she saw it coming, Zeke brought down the leather strap against her thigh. She let out a yelp more for the unexpectedness of the strap rather than the pain. "The first rule of course is to speak only when you're spoken to, and you will call me Master. If you want to stop, we will at anytime, but you must use the safety word which is "sanctuary" Do you understand?" Mike asked.

"Yes," she whispered a little scared but very excited. The strap came down on her still tender thigh once more. She gasped out loud.

"Yes, what?" Mike asked with a smirk on his face.

"Yes, Master."

"Very good, angel. I see you're a quick learner," he said, then he turned to Zeke and gave him a nod as if to signal something. Zeke was holding something in his hands when he came over to the besides. Emily tensed up not knowing what was about to happen. Mike moved out of the way so that Zeke could have access to Emily. She held her breath as Zeke applied this metal concoction to each nipple that was held together by a chain.

"Nipple clamps," Mike explained as Zeke gave the chain a tug, making her gasp at the unexpected pleasure that it brought her. Mike watched as Zeke then leaned over to run his tongue over Emily's rock hard nipples. She squirmed as Zeke's hand moved over the flat of her belly down to her thick bush of pubic hair. Zeke seemed content to play in with the wiry patch for a bit and Emily was dying for him to touch the inside of her dripping wet cunt. To her surprise, Zeke pulled roughly at the hair, and she winced at the pain. Immediately her eyes flew to Mike's, but he stood there and watched intently with desire burning in his eyes. Why was he just standing there, she wondered to herself?

Zeke gave another painful tug at the hair, and she cried out again, but this time the tug was followed by a caress. Zeke, planted a kiss at the source of her pain, and once again she was hot at the site of Zeke's head between her legs. He moved his hands along the lips of her swollen pussy outlining them with his finger, before gently sliding a finger inside of her. Emily wished at that moment that she wasn't tied up so that she could touch him too as instinct directed. Zeke took his time leisurely, slipping his finger in and out of her, and then dropping his head, to touch his tongue to her clit. Her eyes strayed to Mike's once more.

By this time, he had shed his own clothes and was standing there watching stark naked stroking his cock back and forth. Emily licked her lips at the sight. Before she knew what happened, she felt a sharp pain. She screamed out, and looked down to see that Zeke had bitten her on the tender lips of her pussy.

"Why," she asked him, forgetting the rules for a moment. Not knowing where it came from, Zeke produced the strap and brought it down over her belly. Tears sprung to her eyes. One minute Zeke was administering pleasure, and the next pain.

Reading the confusion on her face, Mike explained, "This is how Zeke likes to play, and in time, I know you will like it too. You may continue Zeke." Mike instructed.

"Yes, Master," Zeke nodded. The strange part of it all was how it all was that as Zeke would bring her to the point of pleasure, and then deliver pain, was starting to turn her on. He would lick her clit, and then in the same second, squeeze it painfully. He would caress her nipples, and then tug fiercely at the nipple clamps. He would plant kisses all over her hot flesh only to bite down, leaving little marks on her skin. When Zeke pulled out a candle and lit it, Emily, almost said the safety word in fear that her would burn her with the flame, he let the candle burn, he tipped it over and let the hot wax drip on her flesh. It stung, and she bit into her lip to keep from screaming out, but strangely enough, this form of torture was a bit arousing.

After getting bored with dripping hot wax on her body, Zeke produced the ice bucket that he had brought in early and pulled out a cube of ice. She sucked in her breath as he applied the cold block to her skin. He started rubbing it around her navel, and made a trail up to the valley of her breasts before running the ice along the waiting mounds, taking his time to circle each nipple. He then ran the ice back down her

body until he was applying the ice to her clit. She shivered violently at the coldness. When the ice had melted, he took out another cube and repeated the process until the cube had disappeared into a puddle in her navel, which Zeke promptly bent over to slurp up. What he did next surprised her most of all.

He began to untie the ropes at her feet, and then her hands. Her muscles were very tense from being tied up so long, but she didn't get a chance to knead her sore muscles before Zeke grabbed a handful of her hair. "Get on your hands and knees," he ordered. Her slight hesitation caused him to bring his palm against her bottom harshly. She immediately scrambled to do what he asked of her. The next thing she knew, Zeke was sticking his stiff rod in her face.

"Suck it, and you better make me like," he sneered. Having never given a man a blowjob before, she was a little uncertain about what to do first, but instinct took over, and tentatively she reached out and took her cock in her hand, which he immediately slapped away. "No hands. I just want to feel your mouth." She dropped her hand, and then wrapped her lips around his cock. She could only go by what she had seen and read in that sex book that she had so she began to bob her head back and forth on Zeke's shaft. She could feel him growing bigger in his mouth. As she continued to suck him, she grew bolder, letting the cock slide out of her mouth so that she could run her tongue along side his cock and lower yet to his swollen balls.

She licked every inch of his dick and balls, and the fact that it was making him horny was a big turn on for her. She placed her mouth over his cock once more and Zeke grabbed a handful of her hair to keep her head still while he fucked her mouth. Her hands flew to her crotch so that she could finger her clit. She had never been so aroused before and this was driving her crazy. She knew then that if she didn't get fucked soon, she would burst.

As if her mind had been read, Mike joined Zeke and Emily on the bed. He got on his knees behind Emily and began to rub her ass, sliding his fingers down between the crevice of her ass to her awaiting pussy. He slid a finger inside of her and she moved her body against his hand and he went in and out of her. Mike then slipped another finger inside of her stretching her further. She wanted more and would have said so risking another smack but her mouth was already filled with Zeke's cock. She couldn't see what he was doing behind her but she was disappointed when she felt him withdraw his fingers.

"I think you're ready," he said grasping his dick in her hand, rubbing it against her ass. He slapped her ass a couple times with his penis before placing it at the entrance of her vagina. This was what she had been waiting for. He grabbed her hips and thrust forward quickly, breaking her maidenhead swiftly with little pain. She gasped out loud at the delicious feeling of his cock inside of her. He paused for a minute letting her get use to the feel of him inside of her before beginning a slow rhythm. She never imagined that she would be in the middle of two guys like this. Zeke was still pumping away in her mouth as she Mike began to pick up the pace behind her.

As he began to fuck her faster, he would bring his palm down against her ass. At first it surprised her but she was getting into this. The two men went at her relentlessly.

Zeke was the first to pull out. He stroked his cock, a couple times before letting his

cum spew into her face. His cum dripped down her face, down to her chin, and on to her tits. "Lick it up." Mike ordered not slowing down behind her, and Emily gladly obeyed letting her tongue catch all that she of Zeke's cum, that she could get. Zeke fell back as if to rest a bit, and Mike continued to go at it. He was insatiable, pumping away at her. Emily came over and over again and Mike still continued to hammer inside of her. After what seemed like an eternity he, yelled out.

"I'm going to cum!" He shot a load inside of her. He knees buckled and she fell across Zeke's body. When her breathing was under control, Mike was got off of the bed. "Zeke, clean her up for me will you." Mike said with more of a command than a question.

"Yes, Master," he said humbly. Emily thought then that Zeke would get off the bed and get her a wash cloth or something but to her utter surprise, Zeke knelt between her thighs and spread them a little further, and began to lick her vigorously. It didn't seem to bother Zeke that he was not only licking her cum, but Mike's as well. He lapped the juices up vigorously, as Mike looked on. Zeke buried his face in her pussy poking his tongue deeper within her. She moaned and wiggled, and the deep penetration on his tongue.

Mike came back over to the bed to remove her nipple clamps and then took a still erect nipple in his mouth. Mike's mouth played with her breasts while Zeke continued to eat her pussy. Mike then wanted to move on to something new. "I want you to sit on Zeke's cock." Mike said.

By now Emily was eager to obey his every command. Zeke was once again erect and she had no problem straddling her pussy on his cock. Zeke grasped her hips and she began to bounce up and down, slowly at first but going faster as she got use to this new position.

"Lean forward some." Mike ordered. She did as she was told, and yelped as she felt him apply some cold gel like substance to her anus. "Shh. It's either this way or the hard way," he said without further explanation he did continue however, her apply more of the gel in that area. It was only when she felt the tip of his cock at that entrance did she realized his intentions. She was no longer bouncing on Zeke's cock but he was still very rigid within her was bucking his hips up so that he was still moving within her.

She tensed up as she felt Mike ease his cock inside her ass. She resisted at first but he was insistent on gaining entrance, and he thrust his cock as hard as he could within her. The pain was excruciating. She yelled out the safety work. Although neither man pulled out of her they both became very still.

"Emily, love, sometimes it hurts the first time, and it's even worse when you tense up. Relax baby, and I promise I'll make it feel good for you. Neither one of us will move unless you say so. Now, do you really want us to stop or shall we continue?" Mike asked giving a little kiss on the neck. She was a little uncertain but everything else that that had done had brought her pleasure so she nodded her head for them to continue.

"OK, let us know when you're comfortable enough and then we'll start moving." After a few moments she nodded her head and Zeke began to move with her again first, and then Mike. When she relaxed it didn't feel so bad at all and after a minute or so,

she was getting into it. The feeling of having a dick in her ass, and her pussy at the same time was a huge turn on. Both men were sliding in and out of her at the same pace, making her cum not once but twice. She moaned at in ecstasy at being fucked by these two men at once. Mike was the first to pull out and then Zeke lifted her off of him, pushing her onto her back. They each stoked their cocks over her quivering body before cumming over her face and breasts, and where ever the cum landed.

When they finished, Mike slid down beside her. Zeke got off of the bed and walked out of the room closing the door behind him. Mike wrapped her cum soaked body against his and kissed her firmly on the mouth. "That was just the beginning, angel. Tomorrow, I will introduce you to some more of my friends. Would you like that?" he asked.

She nodded burying head in his chest. "

But just know this. When the games are all over. You're mine." He whispered the last words before giving her another kiss.

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