

4 I'm Done

The next morning

Sore. My entire body is sore and still pulsing from last night's strenuous activities. My v****a has a pulse. An actual pulse. Even with all the soreness and throbbing....I feel good. My body feels loose and tight all at the same time. I didn't know s*x could be like that. He was so passionate and so enrapturing I ended up losing myself in him again and again.

I have bruises and bite marks all over my body. My thighs and butt especially. Axel is denitely an ass man. The way he worshiped me while pounding into me from behind was almost too much to handle.

I slip out of his hold in the ruined sheets, cringing as the movement causes my core to sting. Once standing, I looked down on the man who took me for the ride of my life last night. If I thought he looked handsome last night, it's nothing compared to how he looks right now. His mused hair, relaxed sleeping face, and contoured muscles, rising and falling with each steady breath he takes makes me swoon at the sight. He's beautiful when he's sleeping. He looked ruggedly handsome when he was awake, but with his body relaxed in sleep, he looked breath-takingly beautiful.

I slip into his bathroom, taking care of my business before quickly washing my face, letting the cool water run down my back, cooling my ushed skin.

I look different. I look almost glowing right now. The bite marks on my shoulders and back aren't deep, but they stand out against my pale olive skin. I wonder if he has a biting fetish. He almost looked like he was holding himself back from biting me harder last night. My back and my butt are a different story. The bite mark on my left buttock is bright red and swollen.

The bruising on my hips, upper arms and thighs are a perfect imprint of his ngers. I look like I was thoroughly f****d last night. My messy hair, my bright, puffy eyes, swollen lips, and ushed skin are evidence of what was done to me. I liked it. I want him to do it again.

Maybe not now, but one day. I'd like to come back and see him if he is up for it. Right now, I need to get cleaned up and ready to catch that bus.

Axel is still passed out, snoring slightly in the center of the bed, snuggling with the pillow I fell asleep on last night. I decided to leave him sleeping for now. I can get ready rst, so I'm not tempted to hop back in bed with him, then wake him to say good-bye after.

My backpack full of my belongings is still on the small table, and my clothes are strewn about the oor from him hastily undressing me last night. I pick up my clothes and take them back into the bathroom with me along with my backpack. I need to wash quickly. I only have about 30 minutes until the bus gets here.

I take a washcloth and clean myself as best I can with it, dry off, then use my deodorant and spray to conceal any lingering smells. I don't mind smelling like him and s*x, but the other people on the bus might. It's a long ride back home.

I quickly brushed my teeth and dressed, wearing my leggings and baggy hoodie over a long sleeved shirt. I brush my hair out and use my dry shampoo to tame it down. There. I look much less like I just had s*x with some sex-god in the middle of the Canadian wilderness.

Tip-toeing out into the bedroom, I approach Axel on the bed to wake him and tell him bye, but his phone starts vibrating on the oor where he must have dropped it last night.

The screen lights up with a picture of him and some red-headed girl who is absolutely stunning. She has pale, creamy skin, bright green eyes, and a perfect smile. She is hugging Axel from behind, her arms wrapped around his neck as he rests his hand over hers. They look good together. My heart twinges inside my chest.

The caller ID reads 'COURTNEY'. He had a girlfriend and her name was Courtney.

When the phone stops silently ringing, a message comes in.

'GET HOME YOU JERK. CASEY IS ASKING FOR YOU.'

Casey? Does he have a daughter with this woman?

My heart is breaking. Even though I knew this was a one-night stand, I never expected Axel to be in a relationship and have a child. No wonder he wanted to get me closer to the bus stop. Actually, he was quick to get me out of that bar last night too. He didn't even touch me until we got back to this room. Briey holding and nudging me as he directed me where to go, but he didn't kiss me or touch me more than that until we were behind closed doors.

I knew he was too good to be true.

I thought I actually felt a connection with Axel. I felt like our hearts were blending into one. I guess I was mistaken. He never planned on taking this beyond last night. He has a family back home, and in my lust and haste to get away from Levi, I fell into temptation.

I'm so stupid.

Grabbing my backpack, I started quietly walking towards the door. Before I turned the handle, I looked back at Axel one last time. He's still fast asleep, his gentle, beautiful face making my heart contract over and over again. Even if it was just a one-night stand for him, it meant something to me. I felt worshiped and adored for the rst time in my life. It hurts now knowing that was all a lie.

Hanging my backpack over my shoulder, I opened the door as quietly as I could and made my way out through the halls, keeping my head down as I travelled back out the way we came in last night. I get a lot of curious stares, but no one says anything to me as I make my way outside, into the cold morning air.

The bus stop really is right in front of this place. In the dark, I missed it last night, thinking it was just another random building.

I check the schedule on the wall of the station. When I pull out my phone to check the time, I see it was still off from last night. I turn it on, and instantly it starts going off like crazy. Text after text comes through, along with a notification for 73 missed calls. I didn't even know it was possible to call someone 73 times in one night.

Most of the texts are angry and demanding. Some are pleading and begging me to come back. No apologies. Not real ones. There was a 'I'M SORRY I FOUND YOUR SLUTTY SWIMSUIT AND DIDN'T LIKE IT' text, but that's denitely not an apology. That's projecting, and I'm not responding.

Maybe I should be done with men completely? I'm tired of being used and made to feel like crap all the time. Axel.....I thought he was someone trustworthy and honorable. I felt it. I felt that he was good for me in my soul, but that turned out to be a lie. Maybe I'm just a bad judge of character. I should focus on myself for the time being, and give Levi and all of mankind a rest. At least until I gure out how to make better choices for myself.

Checking the time, I see I have about 8 minutes until the bus comes. The station is still closed, so I'm guessing you buy your ticket on the bus here directly from the driver. I start digging through my backpack, searching for my wallet, but honking draws my attention back up towards the road.

"BAILEY!" Levi yells, pulling his car to the side of the road, parking, then jumping to storm over to me. "Where the hell have you been? I've been looking for you all night!"

I huff, rolling my eyes and crossing my arms across my chest. "None of your business. We're done, Levi. Go away."

"We're done? Quit being dramatic and get in the damn car, Bailey."

"I'm not going anywhere with you, asshole. We're over. I don't want to argue with you, so just go away."

"Bailey," Levi drops to his knees in front of me, "You don't mean that."

"I do," I glared at him. Between all the bullshit I always have to deal with from him, and then the humiliation I feel from succumbing to Axel's, a cheating man's advances last night has me at my wits' end. My heart feels like it's literally breaking. I'm not going to lie, though. I think it hurts more thinking about how Axel used me than knowing I'm ocially through with my long-term boyfriend.

Levi sighs deeply, then shakes his head, "The bus doesn't run here anymore if that's what you are waiting for. At least let me give you a ride home."

Great. Axel could have told me that last night, but he was too busy trying to con me into bed with him, making me believe he might actually care about me when he has a family back home waiting for him.

Why did he offer to bring me back to his home then?....

That might have been part of the scam too. Make me feel like he likes me enough to take me home knowing I'm a total stranger and will refuse, then get me to go to a hotel room with him instead, letting me know it's right by the bus that will never come but he knows I was waiting for. What an elaborate scam....

My head is a total mess. I can't make sense of any of this. I just want to go home and cry myself to sleep.

"Fine, but we really are through. Levi. I just need a ride home."

A triumphant smile breaks across his face. "Okay, just get in the car, and we can talk on the way."

I don't argue. He can talk all he wants. I'm not changing my mind. We're done, and I'm done with men. All of them. Especially the sexy one I left snoring back in his hotel room.

Levi opens the passenger door for me, I slide in, then spend the next few hours trying to tune out his ramblings and pleading for me to not be done with our relationship.

I am done. It's time to focus on myself. I'm so enraptured in my thoughts as we pull out of town, I completely miss the bus as it pulls into the station behind us....