

## Selling My Virginity

\*Tiara\*

"Alright then! Let's meet up after work. We'll head to my apartment and discuss everything in detail before we proceed," Shirley suggested as a bright smile appeared on her face.

The work hours ticked by and the bar gradually closed down, but my mind was still conicted. I found it dicult to concentrate on my work, resulting in some spilled drinks while serving the customers.

Once work was nally over, I met Shirley in the parking lot. We hopped in Shirley's small second-hand car, making our way to her apartment located in a cozy little community.

As we entered her apartment, Shirley instructed me to have a seat in the small living area while she disappeared into her bedroom. She emerged shortly after, carrying her laptop, and casually slumped beside me on the couch. Her ngers danced nimbly across the keyboard as she accessed a particular website.

"Take a look, this is the site, and well, it's actually... umm... illegal," she hesitated.

My eyes snapped at hers in panic. But she remained calm.

"Don't worry. Nowadays a lot of illegal sites are active on the dark web," she shrugged casually.

I licked my dry lips as I stared at the site, feeling a mix of apprehension and uncertainty.

"I am scared, Shirley. I don't know..... I am still....." I mumbled, dgeting nervously with my ngers.

"You will be ne, Tiara. Just do it as a job. It'll just be one night, and you are very strong to handle it," Shirley boosted my morale. "Think about the money," she reminded me again.

Money was what I needed—money for my dad's loan repayment and advanced treatment.

"Okay!" I whispered, trusting my friend.

"Alright, Then we have to register rst. I'd suggest you use a fake name. How about Cianna?" She thought for a second before suggesting.

"Yes, I am ne with it," I agreed, nodding slightly.

"Okay!" She typed the name. "Oh, s\*\*t!" She exclaimed in disappointment.

"What happened?" I peeked at the laptop with curiosity.

"The minimum age limit is eighteen, and you're not..." she mumbled in a low voice, I looked at her biting my lips with nervousness.

"So, it isn't possible to register on that site," I sighed, unknowingly feeling relaxed. I would nd another way to get money as soon as possible.

"You will be eighteen next month, and the consent age in this country is sixteen," Shirley advised coolly. I couldn't understand how she could be so calm while talking about taking such a big risk.

"But what if they nd out?" my eyes widened with terror.

"Look, Tiara. You need money. So you have to do this. The men don't care as long as they are getting to own a virgin for a night," she insisted, grabbing my hand and squeezing in assurance.

Shirley knew that I had lied about my age and presented fake proof before when I had to get a night job at the bar. I was desperate to get a job that time and I knew the tips were good at a bar. I couldn't have a day job because I went to school. So, I desperately needed that job to survive.

"Are you sure I should do it?" I asked again in a pleading tone.

"Trust me, babe. I have seen those things happening a lot. It's safe," she assured me and I was convinced because she had helped me many times in the past as well.

"So, I have conrmed your fake age, and now I'm going to include details about your appearance and features," she declared, while I patiently waited beside her. "Alright, I've added all your information. Now we just have to wait for someone to place a bid on you," she stated after a brief pause.

I nodded.

"Okay, then I will leave for home," I mumbled, getting up and picking my bag.

"I will call you when a bid is made," she smiled softly. After bidding goodbye, I left for my home.

It was nearly dawn when I reached home and my dad was fast asleep. He looked so fragile and feeble. Once we had the money, I planned to send him for advanced treatment at the hospital.

I set up a mattress in the living room as always and quickly dozed off as soon as my body sank into the softness.

When I woke up, my dad was still sleeping, so I prepared breakfast for us. I searched online for part-time jobs that could pay me well, allowing me to save as much money as possible in two days. Afterwards, I needed to nd a way to make up the remaining amount of the loan. I didn't realize when half the day had passed normally.

Suddenly, my phone rang. As I swiped the answer option, Shirley's cheerful voice lled my ears.

"Guess what, Tiara?!" she chirped. "A bid has been made, and the highest bidder offered a whopping forty grand for you," she informed me in a cheerful tone.

Oh, I didn't know someone could make a bid.

However, the terried realization washed over me. It meant I was sold.

Despite this, forty grand meant I would have enough money for my father's treatment even after repaying the loan.

Taking a deep breath and gathering all my strength to solidify my resolution I announced, "I'm ready, Shirley."

"Alright, babe. I will come to pick you up in the evening," she said before hanging up the phone.

Later on, the funds were transferred in advance to my account. Without wasting any time, I promptly transferred the money to my father's account to help him repay the loan. When he inquired about the sudden inux of money, I lied that I had borrowed it from Shirley.

Shirley informed me that she received a message from the bidder with other instructions that I was a surprise birthday gift for their friend, X.

As the night unfolded, I followed the instructions given by the bidder. Shirley dropped me at the hotel.

"You can do it Tiara," she encouraged, sensing my nervousness.

I nodded, smiling meekly.

"Remember you can't back out because the money is spent," She reminded me of the blunt reality. She left me at the hotel entrance.

My steps faltered as I proceeded inside the hotel. With trembling hands, I took the key card from the reception and went straight to the room. As I entered, a gasp of surprise left my parted lips. It was a luxurious suite, decorated with heart-shaped balloons and roses. Wine and glasses were kept on the coffee table beside the window. The lingerie I was to wear lay delicately on the bed, looking very expensive yet fully transparent. I hesitated as I trailed my hand over the fabric. However, I unknowingly took off my clothes and wore those indecent lingerie. I grimaced to see my reaction in the mirror as they didn't help to conceal my intimate parts. However, they were meant to highlight them. Feeling shy, I chose to wear a robe over lingerie. A list of instructions was kept on the bedside table.

I hesitated once more, my mind conicted. My nerves trembled as my pulse raced with each passing second, my heart pounding so intensely that it felt as if it skipped a beat.

Gathering my courage, I took several deep breaths and settled myself in the middle of the bed, awaiting the man who would take my virginity.

"It is only a matter of a night and it will be over," I coaxed myself.

After a while, the door swung open, instantly drawing my attention. A towering gure entered, capturing my gaze without hesitation. Almost spellbound, I couldn't tear my eyes away from the man who exuded an awe-inspiring aura, dominating the room with his presence. I had expected someone overweight, elderly, and bald, but instead, I found myself facing an Adonis.

His delicious scent made my heart go wild. Oddly, I sensed something peculiar stirring in my heart, and I found myself inexplicably drawn to him without any reason.

My gaze involuntarily traveled across his imposing frame, taking in his broad, powerful shoulders, muscular chest, trim waist, thick thighs, and long legs. Every inch of him appeared chiseled and dented. Even his clothing, I could discern, unconsciously, I caught a glimpse of tattoos peeking from beneath the folded sleeves of his shirt, piquing my curiosity. The thought ignited a sudden heat within me, leaving me breathless. This Greek God was undeniably attractive and could easily have any woman he desired.

So, why would someone like him need to buy a virgin? The thought left me bewildered.

His mesmerizing forest-green eyes locked with mine with a erce intensity as he panted, breathing heavily. At rst, he seemed taken aback and confused. Then a deep growl rumbled from his throat. I couldn't understand the language, but the sound seemed inhuman.

Oh, my God! He was not human!

Oh, no, no! The idea of having s\*x with a beast sent shivers down my spine.

Suddenly, a wave of horried coldness washed over me. Fear and anxiety consumed my mind.

But, my father had settled the debt. So, the money was spent and there was no turning back.

It's okay, Tiara! It's just one night, and it will be over soon.

I reassured my racing heart and prayed inwardly he wouldn't kill me after s\*x. I couldn't move an inch and rooted to my spot.

To my surprise, he also remained motionless, taking deep breaths and muttering under his breath as if conversing with someone unseen.

I heard another loud growl from him, making me tremble.

I felt a chill of fear run down my spine as I noticed his furious eyes red with anger.

So, he did not appreciate me as his birthday present. He must have considered me unworthy of being in his bed.

Feeling uncertain, I cautiously rose from the bed. Terried, I looked at him through my eyelashes. His breathing quickened, and his chest rose and fell heavily. Growling lowly, he xed me with a piercing glare. I dropped my gaze as my heart raced with fear, convinced that my fate was sealed tonight. Unsure of what was expected of me, I stood there, dumbfounded, unable to tear my gaze away from my own feet.

"I am sorry, Sir, that you're disappointed to nd me as your birthday gift," I whispered, biting my lip nervously as I was not sure what I was speaking. "I will refund your entire money.

However, I can't return your money right now, but I will try to pay it back soon," I mumbled under my breath as I was so scared to even voice a word.

With the thought of leaving the room, I picked up my clothes and clutched them to my chest as I walked past him toward the door.

In the blink of an eye, two muscular hands seized me, and before I could know it I was pinned down onto the bed. The man, the handsome beast, panted heavily, his breath mingled with mine as he loomed over me, his gaze lled with unspoken danger.

My hands were held captive, pressed against the mattress, rendering me helpless. Panic surged within me, but I couldn't move a muscle. Those beautiful eyes held me captive, xating me in place. As his head lowered toward me, I closed my eyes.