

Chapter 4

I fucked myself hard.

Fist buried.

Palm slapping wet against my clit.

Juices leaking down my thighs.

And then...

The door creaked.

Again.

Slow.

Louder this time.

The air changed.

I felt it in my spine.

In my cunt.

He was there.

Watching.

I didn't stop.

I spread my legs wider. Arch my back.

Let my pussy open wide under the steam...wet, swollen, glistening like it was already fucked raw.

My fingers stayed right where I needed them, rubbing circles over my clit, faster now, slicker. Every touch made my hips jerk. Every breath was a moan.

"Do you see it, Daddy?" I whimpered.

My voice cracked. My head dropped. My mouth fell open as I kept rubbing, faster, rougher, like I needed to rub the ache out of my soul.

"I'm dripping for you..."

My free hand moved down.

Slid between the cheeks of my ass.

I pressed my fingers deeper...past my folds, between the swollen lips of my cunt until I was knuckle-deep in my own heat.

I fucked myself.

Hard.

One finger.

Two.

Then three.

I gasped.

The stretch was filthy. Loud. Soaked.

Water slapped the floor. Steam curled around me like a cloak of sin.

And I didn't stop.

Couldn't.

"Fuck... Daddy... fuck..."

I bit my own lip to keep from screaming.

The slick squelch of my fingers plunging into my cunt echoed off the tile like porn turned up too loud.

And the door?

It stayed cracked.

A sliver of hallway showing through.

Just enough for him to watch.

Just enough for him to see his little Omega bitch destroying herself for him.

I rocked on my knees, ass high, back arched, mouth panting.

"Please come in..."

I whimpered it like a prayer. Like a threat. Like an orgasm waiting to detonate.

"Please use me..."

I shoved my fingers in deeper.

Faster.

My palm slapped my clit.

I cried out...loud this time.

High. Desperate. Wet.

My pussy clenched around my fingers like it couldn't take it.

And then I collapsed.

Right there on the floor.

On my side.

My thighs twitching. My belly fluttering.

My cunt leaking thick, creamy strings down my leg.

I rolled to my back, chest heaving, my hand still between my thighs as I rubbed slow, soft, teasing circles over my overstimulated clit.

I wasn't done.

Not yet.

"Daddy..." I moaned again, breath shaking.

I reached up with my other hand...cupped my tit, squeezed it, pinched my nipple until it hurt.

And I pictured him.

Standing in the dark.

Arms crossed.

Cock hard under his pants.

Watching me like I was nothing but a toy that hadn't earned the right to be touched yet.

I rubbedbed again.

My pussy clenched again.

And I came...

Hard.

A second time.

Sloppier. Messier.

My back arched. My mouth opened in a silent scream.

Juice sprayed across my palm.

And still...I rubbedbed.

My fingers were raw. My clit throbbled like it had been beaten. My whole body felt swollen with sex.

And when I finally laid still?

When the orgasm stopped shaking me?

I looked at the door.

Still cracked.

Still open.

But he wasn't there.

Not visibly.

But I knew.

I fucking knew.

He'd seen it all.

And when I opened the bathroom door...

The hallway was still empty.

But the floor?

Wet.

Again.

Footprints.

Huge. Bare. Leading away.

Slow.

Just like before.

Just like he wanted me to know:

You're mine. And you'll keep doing this...until I decide you've earned my cock.

I stood there, trembling, thighs soaked in sweat and cum.

I didn't move.

Didn't breathe.

I let it sink in.

The humiliation.

The arousal.

The dark, spiraling obsession that had wrapped around my neck like a leash.

And as I crawled back to my room...

On my knees.

Naked.

Thighs soaked in sweat and cum.

Dripping on the floor with every move.

I didn't try to hide it.

I let it trail behind me...my scent, my mess, my filth.

A slick, wet path across the floor that said exactly what I was.

A girl in heat.

A ruined little bitch.

A toy Daddy hadn't touched yet...but already owned.

By the time I reached the bed, I was shaking.

My knees hit the mattress like a prayer.

I didn't climb up.

I offered myself.

Ass up.

Face down.

Spine curved like a leash was yanking me from behind.

And I moaned into the sheets.

Because they still smelled like me.

Like need.

Like desperation.

But the pillow...

The one I'd clutched last night?

It didn't smell like me anymore.

It smelled like him.

Leather.

Smoke.

That deep, dark alpha scent that made my thighs twitch and my pussy clench before my brain could process the arousal.

I dragged it into my arms.

Buried my face in it like I was suffocating in his chest.

And I whispered...

"Daddy..."

My body trembled.

My cunt throbbled.

Juices smeared slick between my legs and dripped down to my knees.

I rolled to my back.

Spread wide.

Stared at the ceiling like he was watching from above.

And I touched myself.

Again.

Even though I was sore.

Even though I was overstimulated.

Even though my clit felt bruised and my cunt felt like it had been split open from the inside.

I didn't care.

I needed it.

I needed to cum again.

To break again.

To melt under the weight of a man who wasn't even there.

My fingers slid between my folds.

Hot. Sticky.

So slippery I couldn't grip anything.

I circled my clit.

Soft at first.

Then harder.

Then faster.

And I whispered everything I wanted to scream.

"I'm yours..."

"I'd let you do anything..."

"Please, Daddy..."

I imagined his hand on my throat.

His cock in my mouth.

His voice, filthy and low...

"Good girl. That's it. Fuck yourself for me. Get that pussy ready."

I moaned.

My thighs spread wider.

My heels dug into the bed.

I fucked my fingers like.

I fucked my fingers like they were his.

Like they were thick.

Calloused.

Commanding.

Like they could wrap around my throat and shove inside me at the same time.

I shoved them deeper.

Curled them.

Twisted my wrist until I felt that swollen spot inside me, and pressed.

Hard.

"Daddy..."

It broke out of my throat like a sob.

My hips snapped up, fucking the air.

Fucking my own hand.

Soaking my palm with every slick, dirty thrust.

My clit was swollen. Raw. Screaming.

But I kept rubbing.

Kept moaning.

Kept crying out like a whore in heat.

Because I wanted him to hear.

I wanted him to know how far gone I was.

I wanted him to smell the slick pouring out of me from down the hall and come drag me by the hair, bend me over the mattress, and ruin what was left.

I didn't want soft. I didn't want gentle.

I wanted to be used.

I wanted his voice in my ear saying:

"This is what you wanted, isn't it, little Omega? To be Daddy's cumdump. To stretch that cunt open until it forgets every cock but mine."

I whined.

Thrust my fingers harder.

Slapped my clit with my palm until my thighs shook.

"Please..."

My voice was high. Broken. Full of tears.

"Please fuck me, Daddy..."

"I'm yours...please...please..."

My legs began to shake.

The orgasm hit like a fucking car crash.

No warning. No slow build. Just impact.

My pussy clamped around my fingers.

My hips jerked violently.

Cum squirted out in thick, creamy gushes that soaked the sheets beneath me.

I screamed into the pillow.

"DA...Daddy...!"

My body convulsed.

My vision went white.

And when it was over, when I collapsed back against the mattress, soaked in sweat and shame and slick, thighs still trembling, pussy still twitching around my own fingers...

I saw it.

A shadow.

In the doorway.

Just for a second.

Then gone.

No footsteps.

No voice.

No sound.

But I didn't need it.

I didn't fucking need confirmation.

I knew it was him.

I felt it in my bones.

The way the air dropped five degrees.

The way my nipples peaked like he was blowing over them.

The way my cunt throbbled like it wanted to apologize for being touched by anyone but him.

My fingers slipped out of me with a wet, obscene squelch.

I could still feel my orgasm leaking down between my cheeks, coating the backs of my thighs.

I didn't move to clean it.

I didn't move at all.

I just laid there...open.

On my back.

Legs wide.

Fingers drenched.

Breathing like I'd just been wrecked by a ghost.

Because I had.

Because he had.

And when I finally dragged my eyes to the door, to that empty space where his shadow had been...

I whispered it like a confession.

Like a brand.

Like a prayer to something bigger than the Moon Goddess.

"I'm yours, Daddy."

No answer.

But I didn't need one.

Because there was proof.

On the floor.

Right where the door had been cracked just an inch...

A faint, wet print.

Barefoot.

Massive.

Facing inward.

Like he'd been standing there.

Watching.

The whole time.

And now he'd left it for me.

A message.

A claim.

I sat up slowly, cum dripping down my inner thighs, my cunt sore and gaping from how hard I'd fucked myself.

I bent forward...wincing...and touched the print with my fingertips.

Still damp.

Still warm.

My breath caught in my throat.

My pulse pounded in my ears.

I curled my fingers into the sheets, dragged myself back onto the mattress, collapsed on my side like a girl who'd just been knotted.

Even though she hadn't been touched.

Not yet.

And I whispered it again.

"Please. Next time... let me taste you."