

## The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

"I want to feel something else." My voice came out huskier than I intended.

"I want to forget. I want to be desired. I want to get fucked over and over until I can't remember who he is anymore. I want to hurt him like he hurt me."

*Careful what you wish for, Abby.*

This was insane. I was about to proposition a complete stranger through a bathroom door while tipsy on a plane. I didn't know this man and couldn't even see him. For all I knew, I could be opening up to a serial killer.

But maybe that was exactly why I could say it. Maybe fucking a stranger would help. Maybe I just needed to feel something other than this crushing, humiliating pain.

I didn't care if it was reckless. I didn't care if it was stupid. Just this once, I was going to do something for me. Something that had nothing to do with being good or careful or the perfect girl Drake had expected me to be while he fucked his whores.

"Open the door."

Good lord in heaven, that voice. It was lower, rougher and it wasn't a request. It was a command.

My fingers found the lock, but I hesitated. What if I opened the door and regretted it? Every rational thought I had left screamed this was crazy, but the wine and the pain and the desperate need to feel wanted drowned them all out.

I didn't want to be the girl Drake had mocked anymore. I wanted to be desired. Wanted. Alive.

Leaning forward, I pressed my eye close to the gap between the door and frame, peering through to see the stranger on the other side.

My breath caught in my throat. He stood in the dim bathroom light, and even through the small gap, the sight of him made my stomach flip.

He was tall. Powerfully built. The kind of man who commanded attention without lifting a finger. A black t-shirt stretched across his impossibly broad shoulders and his muscular chest.

The fabric clung to every defined muscle, every hard plane. His arms were thick, corded with strength that made my thighs clench involuntarily.

His jet black hair looked tousled and slightly mussed like he'd run his hands through it in frustration. It made him look dangerous.

Untamed.

And his face. God, his face. It was sculpted like and chiseled, like he was a Demi-god.

A strong jaw covered in dark stubble that made me want to feel the scrape of it against my inner thighs. He had sinful lips that looked like they could deliver either filthy promises or devastating kisses.

His emerald green eyes stared at the door with an intensity that made hunger coil in my belly.

*How big is his cock?* The thought slammed into me.

If I was going to do this, I couldn't deal with small cocks. A man built like that, with that kind of presence, that raw masculine energy? He had to be huge. Thick. The kind of cock that would split me open, stretch me so wide I'd feel it for days.

My pussy clenched around nothing, already aching, already wet. I straightened, swallowed hard and made my decision. My trembling fingers flipped the lock and the door swung open. Immediately, I stepped into the dimness of the bathroom to study him further.

He strode in, filling the doorway completely, even more imposing up close. The bathroom suddenly felt impossibly small, the air charged with something electric and dangerous.

His woody, expensive cologne hit me first. The kind of scent that cost more than my rent and screamed wealth and power. It wrapped around me, making my head spin worse than the wine.

*Tom Ford*, my wine-soaked brain supplied.

Dark ink peeked out from under his right sleeve, intricate patterns spiraling up his forearm. My eyes trailed his upper body.

I kept my head down, the oversized sweater draped over me, sunglasses firmly on my face.

Only a few strands of my red hair fell forward, partially hiding my cheeks. The space between us evaporated. Rough fingers caught my chin, tilting my face up. His touch sent heat waves straight to my core.

But I didn't look higher. Didn't meet his eyes through the dark lenses of my sunglasses.

"Red." His voice was barely above a whisper.

His hand moved to brush through the strands of hair framing my face. "Beautiful."

Tingles raced across my scalp, down my spine, straight to my pussy.

*God, what did his cock look like?*

My mind conjured images. Thick and long and heavy. The kind that would make my jaw ache if I tried to take him in my mouth. The kind that would stretch my pussy so wide I'd gasp. The kind that would leave me sore and satisfied and ruined for anyone else.

I wanted it. Wanted to feel that thickness pushing into me, spreading me open, filling me so completely I couldn't think.

"Rules," I managed to say, though my voice trembled. "No names. No questions."

For a moment, he said nothing. Then his hand moved from my hair to my throat. He let out a low, dangerous chuckle.

"Your rules," he said, his voice that dark rumble that made my knees weak. "My control."

*Oh fuck, this man was dominant.*

I could feel the heat radiating off his body, smell that intoxicating cologne mixed with clean skin and pure male.

*How thick was he? Eight inches? Nine?*

My fingers fumbled for the light switch.

Darkness swallowed us except for the thin line of light under the door and the faint green glow of emergency floor lighting.

Just enough to see the intricate black ink spiraling up his right forearm when he braced his hand against the wall beside my head, caging me in. The tattoo seemed to move in the dim light, serpentine and mesmerizing.

"No faces," I whispered.

If I couldn't see him clearly, this wasn't real. Just a fantasy. Just something to make me feel alive again.

He shifted closer, his chest brushing mine. His thigh pressed between my legs, thick and solid. I gasped, stumbling back against the sink. His cologne wrapped around me. The scent alone made my pussy throb.

*Serial killers didn't smell this good,* I thought wildly.

His breath ghosted across my neck. A whimper escaped my lips before I could stop it. His hand came up slowly, fingers tracing down my neck over the fabric of my sweater.

Each touch deliberate. Careful. Like he was learning me by feel alone in the darkness. Over my jaw. Across my lips. So slow it made me tremble.

"Tell me again. What do you want, Red?"

The words tumbled out, loosened by wine, need and desperation.

"I want you to fuck me." My voice was breathless, needy. Desperate.

"Make me lose my mind. Make me forget everything. I want your cock inside me. I want you to stretch me wide open, fill me so deep I can't breathe, can't think. I want to feel you for days. I want you to ruin me."

*O, Saint Valentine, please let him have a huge cock. Please let him split me open. Please let him fuck me so hard I forget my own name.*

Then his hand fisted in the strands of red hair framing my face. Yanking my head back, he traced kisses down my throat, nibbling at it.

"Turn around."

I was about to get fucked by a stranger. A dominant, devastating stranger with huge hands and a voice like whiskey and a cock that was probably going to wreck my pussy completely.

And I couldn't wait.

