



Taken Online (Online Obsessions #1)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Ashers life is falling apart.

His job sucks, his loneliness is bone-deep, and the only place he feels wanted is online, where he becomes AshLuv, a teasing, cocky persona who flirts, posts, and cashes in on horny strangers desperate for his attention.

But when Kaleb finds him, everything shifts.

Kaleb isn't like the others. He's calm. Controlling. Patient. And he doesn't just want photos. He wants obedience. Possession. Asher.

What starts as a game of messages and dares spirals into something far more dangerous, because Kaleb already knows who Asher is.

He's not just a follower.

He's not just a fan.

He's Asher's therapist.

And he's been watching. Waiting.

Ready to take everything Asher's too scared to admit he wants.

Total Pages (Source): 13

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Prologue

BLAKE

The green and blue hues of the neon overhead lights blinded me as I dragged myself toward the packed dance floor. My left eye twitched in frustration watching the droplets of cherry vodka spill on my suit as I pushed through a sea of drunk college students letting loose. Then I spotted my girlfriend— definitely too loose . She was dancing freely, her body vividly missing the rhythm of the beat, her red hair matching the rosy crimson splayed across her cheeks. She didn't see me watching her.

I grimaced at her lack of self-awareness. I abhorred going to clubs like this; trendy music with exhausted remixes pounding against one's eardrums, too many people, and not enough introspectiveness between any of them.

I finally reached her, amidst the center of the chaos. I grabbed her arm and handed over the drink. She yelped, then looked up at me. Her smile was immediate and bright. She took a sip before wrapping her arms around me and dragging me forward. Some more cherry vodka spilled on my suit.

"Can't believe we finally finished! God, it was exhausting!" she laughed, clutching onto me. "We did it, babe!"

"Obviously," I responded, wrapping my arms around her and kissing the top of her forehead, breathing in her pinewood scent.

Next: my own private practice.

She was wearing a tight green dress, leaving little to the imagination. Knowing her, she had on her matching pink lingerie set with the ribbons underneath.

She bit her bottom lip as her smile widened. She wrapped her red-stained lips around the straw of the drink and gave me a heated glance.

“Mmh, that means we can actually take our time now, you know? Instead of quickies.” She played with my tie, kissing my jaw, her lips staining the collar of my crisp shirt.

I didn’t like PDA, but I was feeling particularly horny that day. I needed her in my bed now.

I grabbed her chin. “Look at me.” Her eyes fluttered open. “How about we head back to my place?” She grinned up at me, blushing like a virgin—which she definitely wasn’t.

“I don’t know...” she teased. “What if I say no?” She sipped her drink, peering up at me with those innocent green eyes.

I loved when she acted like this: naive. It sent a sick thrill through me. I leaned down and pecked her cheek. “I’ll make you.” She smiled and then pounced eagerly, game forgotten, kissing me ferociously, her body becoming pliant against me. I attempted not to grimace at the tender kisses.

This was the part that killed me, she never put up a fight afterward. She’d tease, but then she’d cut it short, leaving me more frustrated than before. Her body was willing as my hands squeezed her ass, and I should have been enjoying it. Despite the lack of heat, she had her tight body pressed against me, practically begging for me to take her as rough as I wanted. To have my way with her however I wanted.

So... why did I feel so bored?

Then I saw him.

His eyes were chocolate brown, deep with allure and innocence. They were wide, framing his delicate features. He glanced at me briefly from atop the second floor of the club, but I could taste the need to sedate him. For the split second our eyes met, it felt like he was a deer standing face to face with a hunter.

Bambi.

My girlfriend brought her hand underneath my shirt, grazing my abs.

“Let’s go home. I’ll let you do whatever you want,” she murmured against my lips.

I could hear her, but my eyes wouldn’t stop drifting toward the man. The hue of the lights reflected off his silky skin, pale as moonlight, making his dark eyes stand out more. He was no longer looking at me, just sipping his drink.

Look at me, Bambi.

He did, as if he could read my mind.

His doe eyes were big and unassuming as he peered me down, making something dark coil in my gut. He was waiting for me to follow.

He turned away.

I didn’t hesitate. I followed.

I pried my girlfriend off. “I’ll be right back. Restroom.” Her tone was baffled, but I

couldn't hear her exact words since I was speeding to the top floor.

The top floor was more or less the same as the bottom—drunks everywhere—only the lighting up here was nonexistent, probably so people could get up to more debauchery without anyone seeing them.

Where had he gone?

I wandered for a while. Almost everyone looked the same due to the dark lighting.

I knew I had been gone long enough to have probably pissed off my girlfriend by now, but I just had to find him.

I almost gave up when I made it to the bathroom. I checked my phone, and my girlfriend was blowing it up.

Where are you?

Call me.

Kaleb? Are you serious?

Asshole, where did you go?

I'm worried. Are you okay?

I responded that I got lost, which was the most obvious lie. I was far from incompetent.

That was when someone bumped into me.

He didn't apologize, so I turned, ready to take my frustration out on them.

There he was. In all his glory. Wide dark eyes staring at me like I was an insect. He barely spared me a glance, typing away with a wry smile on his phone. He briefly looked up.

"Move, you're hogging the mirror." He bumped me with his hips and took a bathroom selfie. Multiple, actually.

It was clear he thrived off attention and was going to post those to appear more artsy than he actually was.

"Full of yourself much?" I murmured.

He turned, looking like he'd love nothing more than to put up a fight.

"Obviously?" He rolled his eyes.

He turned to leave the bathroom, but I grabbed his arm. He turned with a vicious look up and down. The bathroom was dim. I could barely make out his facial features.

"What?" he demanded, pushing my arm slightly away.

His voice wasn't fear or arousal.

It was detachment. And I didn't like that.

I had never felt this before, but it felt like I had glue in my throat. I coughed and froze.

Fuck, I wasn't like this. I was usually very good at communicating my feelings.

Damnit, say something, Blake.

The longer we stood there, the more the energy seemed to shift into his power.

Like I was the one off my game. Just being in his line of sight was making me feel nervous.

I didn't feel nervous.

Ever.

Not in my adolescent years, not through university or the doctoral program— why now ?

He gave me a predatory grin, as if sensing that he was the one winning.

I could tell by the change in his stance: from defensive to offensive. He stood a little straighter. He knew he was dominating me in terms of sheer presence.

He then eyed me up and down again, but this time with clear interest.

“You're hot,” he licked his lips. “Tall too.” He looked younger than me but was talking about me like I was cattle he was contemplating buying.

Assessing me.

“Unfortunately, not my type. I like men who take charge and you...” He gave me an innocent smile, pure taunt. “Well, I'd just walk all over you.”

Then he walked away, a faint look back.

A test.

He was trying to coax me. I knew that logically. He was baiting me to follow and redeem myself in the power play he had annihilated me in, but my feet felt rooted to those tiles.

He didn't turn back again.

I had failed his test.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter One

ASHER

R ough Gangbang – \$650/hr. Three Masked Men. All 30 and up. Sign Up Now.

Damn, those advertisements were crazy hot. Sometimes I really hated being broke. Well, I wasn't technically broke, but my job barely paid enough to scrape by. Even renting this shitty one-bedroom apartment in the city drained most of my paycheck. I couldn't even sign up for this gangbang, though judging by the replies, it was probably a scam.

And truthfully...the idea sounded hot but the actual reality of three men surrounding me sent chills down my spine.

I didn't have a glamorous job. I worked tech support for a small company that made "smart fridges." Yup. If you couldn't figure out how to set up your overpriced refrigerator, I was one of the many associates you'd call. Honestly, I just followed a troubleshooting script. Most of the time, the customers' questions were so basic that I wanted to scream, Read the fucking manual! At least it was remote work. No leaving my apartment. No human interaction. Just me, my computer, and the occasional idiot on the line.

Another pop-up flashed across my screen. I was scrolling Dark Forum, a secret, invite-only corner of the internet. It was 18+ and annoyingly exclusive. Usually, you had to know someone to get access. I didn't. I had zero friends, so I bought a username and password off eBay. Best fifty bucks I ever spent. The account came

with access to some premium sub-communities, and I'd been hooked ever since.

The best part? The pictures. The forum had everything: hot tops, slutty bottoms, and, my personal favorite, dirty fantasies of men doing whatever they wanted to you. The idea of a hot man taking control, using your body, manhandling you, gagging you? Sign me up.

The forum's DM feature was perfection. Post something and people with similar kinks would flood your inbox. I spent most of my time in the CNC (consensual non-consent) threads, where posts ranged from mildly suggestive to outright filthy.

My last post?

Ash.luv: Status: Horny. Really Need Someone 2 Break In and Fuck My Brains Out.

It got ten likes and six replies, all deliciously vulgar. I'd even attached a slutty picture: me biting my lip, shirtless, on my bed, flashing a peace sign with one hand and holding the phone like a selfie stick with the other. I wasn't muscular, more on the smaller side, with a few tattoos (some cute, some awful) and snakebite piercings on my lips. The eyeliner was a personal touch, giving those losers a taste of femboy fantasy, even though I didn't consider myself remotely close to that archetype. But the people liked what the people liked.

Over time, I'd built my own little community on the forum. I called it Ash's Corner. Twelve loyal members. They loved telling me all the ways they'd ruin me. Some even sent tips or little gifts; digital stickers that added money to my account. It was practically magical. Sure, there were cam boys and live streams, but I preferred my little army of men who wanted to bend me over and destroy me. I liked that they didn't know what a loser I was in real life and only really knew that I liked dick.

I opened my chatroom to send a follow-up message and got comfortable, sitting on

my bed in tight black shorts and an oversized sports jersey from a random team I couldn't name.

Ash.luv: Need someone to face-fuck me :(

Honestly, I was desperate for a hot dick in my mouth, but I wasn't one to let some guy take me home. Still, nights like this made me want to be sexually open. I craved a man throwing me on the bed and having his way with me. Of course, it was all just fantasy. I only liked the idea of it if the guy was hot and not some creep. Which, unfortunately, probably described most of my fanbase.

My chatroom lit up.

Jaced.95: Send your address, and I'll tie you to the bed and teach you how to suck dick properly.

A shiver ran down my spine. My slim hand drifted to caress my inner thigh. I snapped a quick picture of what I was doing, just enough to tease, not show. It captured me lying on the bed, jersey hanging loose, black shorts bunched around my knees. My inbox immediately flooded with gifts and money.

Horny losers. I let out an exasperated huff when I saw I'd received a \$25 gift; an animated heart with an arrow. Score. Now I could get takeout later or maybe even a green casino chip. Honestly, half the fun was taking money from strangers online. The other half was fulfilling my dirty little fantasies.

More members joined the chat.

xDeax: Sexy little fuck. Take it off. Show us that tight ass. HotRobin4: Bet you'd love nothing more than to be fucked by a real man.

Then there was Kaleb.

I sat up a little straighter. He usually wasn't active on Thursdays.

Kaleb privately messaged you.

Kaleb: Hello, bambi.

Always with the bambi. What the hell did that even mean? Was it because I looked innocent? I leaned back on my bed, forgetting about the others.

Ash.luv: Hey baby. Miss me?

I bit my lip.

Kaleb is typing... I waited. And waited. The longer I waited, the more irritated I got. He was always like this, and it grated on me. Did he not understand how valuable my time was? I huffed again, out of self-preservation.

Kaleb: I wouldn't be messaging you if I didn't. Kaleb: Did you get the care package I sent you?

I bit my lip. Always so serious. I grabbed one of the large shirts he'd sent me. It smelled amazing. It was oversized, but I loved using it to sleep in. He'd also sent chocolates and a cute necklace.

I took a picture of my neckline, the delicate gold necklace with Baby on full display.

Ash.luv: Ofc I got it. Thank you, sir.

I smiled at my message. I felt giddy waiting for his reply, which was weird. I loved a

sexy chat with a horny stranger who sent me stuff, but Kaleb felt different. Real...ish. Like he wasn't just trying to get off. Or maybe that was just the hopeless romantic in me, refusing to accept that my life was nowhere near that stage. He typed for a while.

Kaleb: It looks good around your neck. It belongs there.

Ash.luv: Might have to replace it with your hands soon.

I loved flirting with Kaleb. There was always a layer of restraint he held in the beginning, until—

Kaleb: Strip. Put the shirt on only. Keep the necklace on. Send me a picture.

Until that.

This part always got me going. Despite how serious Kaleb acted, at the end of the day he was just as horny as the rest of the men begging for my attention in the DMs.

Pathetic.

But something about me? I loved pathetic, rich men.

I snickered and started stripping, kicking off my shorts and pulling off my shirt. I reached for the oversized black one with the university logo on the front. Maybe he'd gone there. Maybe he wanted to see me in it. I put it on but teased him anyway.

Ash.luv: Pushyyyy. It's gonna cost you. You know I don't show for free, baby.

Kaleb: Of course. Good boys like you need some compensation for sending something dirty, right?

I smirked. The transaction went through in a matter of minutes. I checked. Yup, \$2,000, processed to my savings account.

Kaleb: Payment sent. Show me who you belong to.

I sent him the pic. I made sure to show my full body, how the shirt swallowed me up but still rose mid-thigh. I stuck out my pink tongue for the camera.

Kaleb: Fuck, you're perfect. Body made to be fucked.

A thrill ran through me, the same one that always hit when I was talking to Kaleb. I lifted the hem of the shirt and touched myself.

Kaleb: I bet you'd let me fuck you if I asked, right? You'd probably invite me over and present that tight little hole of yours. Tell me.

I played with myself, touching my crown and teasing the slit, but this wasn't something I was genuinely interested in. I reached backward, typing with one hand as best I could.

Ash.luv: I would say no.

#1 Rule of the Asher Playbook: Never let them call the shots.

Kaleb: Oh yeah? What would you do if I took you anyway? Pinned you down and spread your legs?

I sucked two fingers and gently coaxed them into me. I moaned at the intrusion.

Ash.luv: Call the police.

I moaned as I went deeper. Fuck, I needed something more. My fingers were too short.

Kaleb: Call the police, huh? I bet they'll love to hear your sounds over the phone. I'll make sure to fill you with my seed before they get there. Give them something to examine.

I added another finger, pushing harder, twisting for more access. I needed to come.

Kaleb: I'll smear my seed on your lips, make you talk to them like that. Show them who you belong to. Kaleb: You'll like it.

I came all over myself and smeared my release on my lips, tasting myself.

Ash.luv: Like this?

I made sure to send him a picture. My shirt was lifted, and he could see the mess on my chest and mouth.

Kaleb: Friday. 8 p.m.

Ash.luv: Yes, sir.

Like clockwork, baby.

Men like Kaleb needed to feel in charge. And I always loved giving them the illusion of it. But at the end of the day, they came because I let them.

Pathetic horny losers. Every last one.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter Two

BLAKE

“It’s just sometimes I feel like I can’t fuck her. Like, I respect her too much...” the man bumbles on. “And I don’t mean to upset her with all the porn.”

I sigh. Classic case of the Madonna-Whore Complex. Likely tied to societal conditioning around being a heteronormative male. But you can’t just spell it out for men like this. They have to arrive at the realization themselves, find it in the light themselves, that’s what makes it stick. Otherwise, they get defensive, stop coming, and end up even more addicted to porn.

“So, do you wish to date the women in the pornographic content you consume?” I ask, writing in my little black notebook.

Sweet chocolate turtles

More of my old T-shirts

Another necklace, maybe a choker.

I glance at the list of things I can’t wait to buy my little minx, pretending I’m actually taking notes on this man’s very evident issue.

“Hell no!” he chuckles.

I keep my face neutral.

“I mean, it’s just—ya know? Not the type of woman you bring back to your mother.”

I study his features. “But the type you’d risk your marriage over, right?”

He bristles at the suggestion. Immediately indignant at the idea that this might be his fault. That the blame could lie solely in his hands, not on the faceless women he watches.

Like my little Asher.

I decide to throw him a lifeline.

“Desire and love are different. I understand.”

He exhales sharply, grateful that I appear to be on his side.

“Yes! I love my wife, but sometimes I wanna see some... some—”

“Some hot online crush?” I interject.

I know the feeling. Nothing quite makes my day like watching Ash lick his own release off his fingers. Dirty boy. My Dirty Boy.

“Yes! I don’t love them, just think it’s hot,” he says, relieved, like he’s finally found a way to justify it to himself. A loophole that absolves him of consequences.

“Why not ask your wife to do some of the things you love to see?” I return to my notebook.

A jar of my cum?

Is that too far? Would he block me?

Yes, he would.

I cross it out.

“I don’t know. I don’t want my wife to...”

He rambles, but the answer’s obvious. He doesn’t respect a woman’s sexuality, at least not really. He sees sex as something inherently degrading from a woman’s perspective, so if his wife were to take part in his fantasies, he’d subconsciously view her as less for it.

Sad, but boring. It’s a pattern I’ve seen in a lot of men. A real shame. They deprive themselves of the pleasure of watching someone they love do filthy things for them.

I can’t relate. Nor do I care to understand.

My watch vibrates. I set the notebook down.

“I see. I think our next session should focus on breaking the barrier between what you consider a sexual versus a respectable woman.” He nods. “In the meantime, try imagining your wife in the positions you assign to other women. Or try humanizing the women you watch. Understand?”

He sighs but nods.

“Thank you, Doctor.”

“Of course.”

He leaves. I open the picture Ash sent me.

He’s wearing my old university T-shirt.

He looks good in it. Too good. It’s too big for him, which sends a wave of desire right through me. Shows just how significant the size difference would be. I bet I could wrap my hands around his waist.

A call comes through.

“Dr. Peterson.”

“Speaking.”

“A new walk-in client. He says it’s court-mandated therapy.”

My brows knit together. I check the time.

I suppose I can squeeze in one more. What’s the harm?

“Send me the court documents and let him in.”

I hear the door open. Swift steps approach the couch. I don’t look up, focused on my tablet, reviewing the documents I need to sign.

“Sit down, and I’ll be with you in a moment.”

I see, from the corner of my eye, that he sits.

I finally set the tablet down and look up.

Dark chocolate eyes meet mine.

Bambi.

This can't be happening.

I'm not ready. I don't even register what he says at first, his mouth moves, tongue flicking out briefly, and I have to force myself not to check out what he's wearing.

Focus. You can't freeze again.

"Um, did you hear me?"

Gone is the snarky man I met at the club a few years ago. This version is quiet, reserved. His body language screams discomfort. Shy.

I need to get it together. I stare at him. He quickly looks away.

Perfect. I glance down.

He's wearing a hoodie.

My hoodie.

The one I sent him.

It swallows him. He's also in sweats. And the necklace. The one I bought him.

Fuck.

“So, erm—”

I cough, letting the nerves out. He doesn't seem to recognize me from the club. Guess I wasn't all that memorable. A bittersweet feeling.

“Nice to meet you...”

“Asher! Asher Greene.” He smiles, fiddling with the hem of his sweater. Nothing like the slutty little persona he projects online. You'd never guess by looking at him that he likes cockteasing men for fun.

“Okay, Asher, I'm Dr. Peterson. Pleasure to meet you.”

I sit straighter.

Why are you here?

You shouldn't be here. Not yet.

“So, tell me, Asher, what brings you in today?” I ask, my notebook burning in my hands. Just a few pages back and he'd see the list of things I've wanted to send him.

“It's court-mandated.” He smiles shyly. “And you were close, so I figured... yeah.”

I nod. I need to pull it together.

Deep breath.

He's in my office. My world.

He's under my control.

I am not the man from the club who couldn't speak in his presence.

Still, I'm a little pissed off at how he acted.

I school my face into neutrality.

"What was the crime, Asher?"

I watch him bite his lip.

"I don't wanna say. It's kinda embarrassing." He smiles, all shy charm.

The more I stare him down, the more I start to think it's all a performance.

Look at me, I'm cute and helpless. Be gentle.

Nothing irritates me more than being manipulated, especially by someone who leans on their looks the way Asher does. You're more than that, bambi.

Of course he thinks I'll fall for it.

I scan his posture again. He's not uncomfortable. He's feigning prey. He doesn't want me to pry.

So I pry.

"If you want me to sign off on your court order, Asher, you'll need to tell me. Otherwise, I suggest another psychologist."

His eye twitches. He didn't like that. But he won't leave. Not after I called his bluff.

He'll push back.

“Okay, it’s just... I was in my car and got this overwhelming feeling, you know?” He looks away, all shy again. Manufactured innocence.

“Horny?” I ask, voice flat.

His expression shifts. Annoyed by my lack of warmth.

Knowing what he shares online, I’m not surprised. He’s used to getting his way. Probably uses seduction like a scalpel.

I write it down.

“What the hell are you writing?” he snaps, before quickly softening. “I mean... I haven’t said anything.”

“Of course not.” I smile. He relaxes.

He moves, unzipping his hoodie slightly. Tank top underneath. The necklace on full display. His collarbone.

He catches me looking.

That gives him confidence. He spreads his legs a little. Sinks into the couch.

“Mind if I lie down?” he asks, voice soft. “Mr—Dr. Peterson, sir?”

“Go for it. Peterson is fine.”

He does. Opens his legs a little wider. Hoodie slips open further. His body— tight,

lithe —is on full display.

He's doing this on purpose.

Clinical Notes: Subject attempts covert seduction to deflect from therapy.

"You may continue, Asher."

He sighs. "It's kinda hot in here. Could I get a drink?"

I smile, cold. "We have tea and water."

He bites his lip. "Do you have coffee?"

Clinical Note: Control Issues.

"No," I say, still smiling. "Please continue."

He notices I don't offer the tea or water again. Starts fidgeting with his sweater.

"Well, I got caught doing something inappropriate in my car. Totally not on purpose. And unfortunately, a cop saw. Boom. Court-mandated."

I remember that video. Fuck.

One of the old ones. Phone camera. Grainy quality. But that orgasm? Real. I played it every night for a month, I probably still have it somewhere buried in my gallery with the rest of my videos of him.

Though, I had video footage of a different angle from the event since I followed him in my car and filmed him from afar. He didn't even notice, which was concerning. I

hated no self awareness.

He toys with his necklace. I watch his hands.

“Do you often masturbate in public?” I ask, gripping the notebook.

He flashes a smile— dirty as sin —then flips back to shy.

He can’t decide: does he play innocent and pull compassion out of me, or seduce and have me eating out of his hand?

Or maybe he really is shy.

I jot a note.

Clinical Note: Possibly shy or manipulative. Unlikely both.

“Yes, sir... I’m usually very horny.” He slides his hand from his necklace to his zipper. Lowers it slightly.

Seduction, then.

Interesting choice. Why?

Did he peg me as the type who fucks clients? What about me gave him the impression that being sexually appealing gets him in better graces with me than being shy and pitiful?

Tell me, Asher.

I wish I could tie him up, shake him a bit, reveal everything his mind is thinking of

me. Want every single little nugget of information even if it's negative.

“Can you heal me?” he says, lips parted. “Make me stop being such a... slut? Please, Doctor?”

Jesus Christ.

He was going to be a handful.

And not in the way I'd fantasized.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter Three

ASHER

The therapist was giving me a glare of neutrality. Absolutely nothing to work with. Did I misread the signs? I could've sworn I saw him check me out. I stopped my zipper midway, noticing his eyes hadn't drifted below my collarbones. My cheeks flushed. He's probably straight. This isn't gonna work. I feel my stomach drop the longer he stares at me. No spark. Nothing.

I sit up straighter. Fuck me.

I hated being around normal men. Men who didn't spend their nights jerking off to pretty boys online. Men with full-time jobs, normal schedules, and stable relationships. Men who wore ties and never drove above the speed limit. Men like him. Because around those men, I felt less powerful. Less... me.

"Do you do this often?" he asked, his voice firm but not unkind.

The fluttering started in my stomach. A familiar sign I was nervous, usually got this when I needed to bail on a date with someone who makes me uncomfortable. But he was my therapist, so couldn't exactly leave, could I?

This is why I loved being online. Online, I was Ash. The sexy, hot twink you wanted to fuck but couldn't, so you had to settle for a picture and your right hand.

In the real world? I was a loser who couldn't read a room to save his life. Someone

who relied so much on sex appeal that I forgot how to speak around real, straight men, and women, honestly.

God. I just had to get caught touching myself in public.

To be fair, it was super late at night. I didn't think anyone would see.

Dr. Peterson started tapping the edge of his notebook with his pen. Tap. Tap. His eyes scanned me, thoughtful, assessing. Intelligent.

My throat tightened. Felt like it was stuffed with cotton. I forced myself to swallow. "Can I please have some water?"

He narrowed his eyes for just a moment, so fast I wondered if I imagined it. "No coffee?" he asked dryly, giving me the smallest smile before heading to a mini fridge in the corner.

My cheeks burned. I turned away. I hate when men make me feel stupid.

I hated how, in that moment, he had all the control. I should've taken the time to find a gay therapist, someone who could look at me and see something fuckable, not pitiful.

His office was massive. Not your typical therapy space. I glanced down at the wooden nameplate on the coffee table between us.

Dr. Peterson, PsyD Clinical Psychologist

There was a single couch: firm, but soft enough to mold around my weight. He had a large armchair by a corner desk, and even a kitchenette. A break room disguised as an office.

He returned, handing me a glass of water with a lemon slice.

“Fancy,” I muttered, taking a bigger sip than I meant to. The cold, citrusy water soothed my throat instantly.

“So, tell me, Asher.” He leaned forward slightly, voice lower now. “Why do you think you were sent to court-mandated therapy?”

I sucked the lemon slice dry and tossed it toward the coffee table. It bounced to the floor. His eyes followed it.

“I dunno. Sexual deviant, maybe?” I scoffed, rolling my eyes, completely forgetting I was supposed to be making him like me.

“Pick it up,” he said, scribbling something in his notebook.

“What?”

“Pick up the lemon. You’re not at home.”

His tone carried authority. I scoffed, but he looked up and met my eyes.

“Do you need an adult to do it for you?”

He leaned forward, but I snatched the lemon off the floor and slapped it onto the table. “I am an adult!” I snapped.

His eyebrows raised slightly.

“What are you fucking writing?” I snapped again. “I haven’t even said anything yet!”

Something about him pissed me off. Maybe it was knowing he was probably straight. Maybe it was that I'd actually have to go through with this therapy thing so he could sign my forms.

I breathed in, trying to calm myself. He finally stopped writing. Then he turned the notebook around.

Shy or manipulative.

The flush that followed was instant and red-hot. I covered my zipper without thinking.

"You're supposed to be a therapist. Not forming biases." I glared at him, my jaw tight. My heart thudding. "You know calling me manipulative is pretty insulting, right? Like... you don't even know me yet."

He gave a wry smile, setting the notebook on the table and leaning back. The lines at the corners of his mouth creased. He was older than me, but not by much.

His dull gray eyes locked on mine. His black hair was pushed back, but a few strands had escaped, framing sharp cheekbones and a chiseled jawline.

"I'm not trying to insult you, Asher," he said, leaning forward again. His forearm flexed under the sleeve of a crisp white dress shirt. I tried not to notice how built he was.

"I'm simply observing." He nudged the notebook toward me, a subtle challenge glinting in his eyes. "How about you describe yourself, and we go from there?"

He passed me the pen. I took it.

What the hell was I supposed to write? Camslut? Secret pervert? That I get off to men jerking off to me or sending me money? That I have a dead-end job and no friends, and most of my human interaction comes from people who want to fuck my throat?

That I hated him for not checking me out, so I could at least know I wasn't imagining it the first time?

I bit my lip. He was still staring.

"You know how to write, don't you?" he asked, expression blank.

"Yes! Jesus, yes, I know how to fucking write, asshole," I snapped, grabbing the notebook.

He smiled, tight-lipped, smug bastard.

I started scribbling.

Asher's List

I am nice.

I am friendly.

I am honest.

I am cute.

I am NOT manipulative.

I handed it back. He read it with clear disappointment.

“Asher, I can’t help you if you’re not willing to help yourself. Let’s try this: I’ll say something, and you tell me if it’s accurate.”

I nodded.

He glanced at the page and jotted something else down.

“Sensitive?” he asked. A loose strand of hair fell over his forehead. His grip on the pen was firm.

I swallowed. Looked away.

“No,” I said.

“I don’t believe you,” he replied, not missing a beat. “I’ll put yes for both our sakes.”

I wanted to snap, but that would only prove his point.

“Likes older men?” he asked clinically.

A jolt went through me. Where the hell did he get that from? Now I felt like I was on a tightrope.

What had I done that said I liked men?

Shit. Was it the zipper thing? The eye-fucking?

I panicked.

“Erm... no.”

He chuckled softly. Wrote something else.

“Remember—honesty, Asher.”

“Sexually active?”

“Does that really matter to a therapist?” I said, leaning hard on the sarcasm.

He paused. Then:

“One, I’m a clinical psychologist. Two, it does when the client is sent to court-mandated therapy for fucking himself with a dildo in a public space,” he said flatly.

“So,

sexually active, or do you usually keep yourself company?”

“I—how do you know it was a dildo? I never said—” I stared.

He sighed. “It’s in the court documents, Ash.”

My face flushed. Hard. Fuck.

They were that specific? God, trial was humiliating enough.

“...I just play with myself,” I mumbled, staring at my nail beds.

He hummed and jotted more down.

“What do you usually do when you play with yourself?”

“Is this necessary for therapy? I mean—”

“Asher.”

His voice wasn't loud. Just sharp. Firm. It made me sit up straight.

“If you want me to sign off on this court-mandated therapy, you don't question me. Got it?”

He leaned in, locking eyes. I immediately looked away. He was right. He was the therapist, or "clinical psychologist". It was his job to ask. My job to comply.

“Sorry, Doctor.”

“Sir.”

“Sir,” I corrected.

He went back to writing. Then tore a page from his notebook and handed it to me, folded.

“I'll see you next week. Five p.m. sharp.”

I went to open it, but he grabbed my wrist.

“Not until you get home.”

I nodded and left.

I read it in the car.

The client has been instructed to refrain from achieving climax until our next session. This task is intended to evoke the client's capacity to tolerate arousal, delay

gratification, and become more aware of the emotional and psychological factors that fuel their compulsions.

What the fuck?

Then a text from Kaleb:

Kaleb : Can't wait. Video call soon.

Therapy is going to blow, man.

I hate normal men.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter Four

BLAKE

As soon as 8 p.m. hits, I sign onto the forum. It's a perverse place, but even I have my quirks, and this one was necessary for my sanity.

I needed to see him. Not as my client, but as my personal little toy.

I close my office door and palm myself, already imagining the dirty show he's going to put on for me. All tease, no release.

I wish I hadn't seen him walk into my private practice. I wanted to meet more organically. I had it all planned out.

I'd find him at his favorite club, catch him just tipsy enough, then swoop in all charm. I'd offer to buy him a drink. I'd spike it, nothing dangerous, just enough to lower his walls. He'd wake up in my bed, untouched. I wouldn't fuck him. He doesn't see men as anything but animals who want to use him, so I wouldn't. And that would be the key. He'd thank me for being a gentleman, with his tight body curled against me. Then, after he's asked, I'd give him the best fuck of his life.

He'd fall in lust. Then love.

It would've worked. He's lonely. Lives alone. The only people he talks to are perverted men on the forum. He would've been easy to break. Most people are. I'd be gentle with him at first. Sooner or later, he'd return my affection.

We would've been lovers.

But now I can't. He's my client. And if I fuck him now, even discreetly, it'll only confirm what he already thinks of men.

Great.

Maybe I can move slowly. Subtle enough that he doesn't notice. Or maybe I can break him to the point that it doesn't matter how perverse I am, because by then, he'll be too in love to care. But he doesn't seem like the type to fall in love under those circumstances.

Fuck.

I try to keep the frustration out of my message as I type.

It's not his fault he walked into my office. But now all I want is to grab him, bend him over my desk, and make him beg me to fix him.

I have to be careful now. I have to coax him.

But the goal is still the same.

Ash.luv: Turning on camera now ;)

I lean back, waiting for my favorite show.

Ash pops on screen, smiling with that sultry little look of his. He's wearing the collar like I asked. His eyes— big, dark pools of chocolate —lock on the camera.

“Hi Kaleb. Good to see you, sir .” He flicks his gaze toward the chat window. “So,

what game tonight?” He grins.

The way he says my name makes my mind ease with happiness, it's so silky and perfect.

He's fully dressed in a college school uniform. His choice, not mine. I do appreciate it though.

A crisp white button-up, slightly wrinkled, with a crooked red patterned tie. Short white shorts and a thin collar around his neck, leash wrapped loosely around his hand.

He looked like a proper college boy. It made me hard instantly.

He plays with the end of the red leash while waiting for my reply. I paid good money for two hours of his time. Ironically, two hours of Ash's time costs more than two hours with me as his therapist. Fitting, isn't it?

Usually, I like to play a little game; make him strip piece by piece, one command at a time. But tonight, I want to mess with his head a bit.

Kaleb : Truth or Dare.

He glances at the message and chuckles, giving a mock salute.

“Truth or Dare, huh? I suppose I can.” He lingers a moment, then ties the leash to his bedframe, double-knotted. My pulse jumps. He can't go far now. He brings the camera closer. “So... truth or dare me?” He laughs.

Kaleb: Truth or Dare, Bambi.

His smile curves into something sharper. “That sounded like a statement, Kaleb...”

Normally, I prefer when he calls me sir. But the way he says my name? I don't mind.

"Okay... dare," he says, sitting up straighter. "What would your dare be, sir?"

Kaleb: Start with stripping.

Ash grins and starts unbuttoning from the top, one slow button at a time.

"Yes, sir. Whatever you want." He bites his lip at the camera and continues undressing. I lean back, unzipping my pants and freeing my cock. He's halfway naked now, shirt pooling on the bed.

Kaleb: Now play with your nipples. Make them nice and swollen for me.

He looks up, smirking. "You didn't even say Truth or Dare, sir." But his hands are already on his chest. He pinches and rolls his nipples, closing his eyes as he begins to whimper.

He lies down, popping his fingers into his mouth before dragging them over his chest. His nipples grow dark and slick with spit, perfectly hard.

"Mmh, fuck, sir—" He lets out a low moan, fingers pinching harder. His other hand trails up to his throat, resting over the collar.

I squeeze my balls and start stroking myself again. God, if I were there, I'd have my hand around that throat. I'd use the collar like a handle and cut off his air until he begged.

He's gasping now, making soft little sounds. Completely lost in it.

Kaleb: Stop.

He hears the ding and immediately halts, hands dropping obediently to his thighs.

Kaleb: Truth or dare.

Ash smiles again. "Let's make it interesting. Why not both at the same time?" He leans back, elbows braced. "C'mon. Do your worst."

I tighten my grip at the base of my cock. I'm not ready to come yet.

Kaleb: Tell me about your real job, sweetheart. And bring out that pink dildo you love.

Asher bites his lip and strains against the leash, reaching for the toy. He starts sliding off his shorts, no boxers in sight.

Long legs. Tight ass.

Perfect.

Now he's naked, save for the collar and leash tethered to the bed.

I stroke my cock as I spot a small blue plug already nestled tight in his ass.

He pulls it out with a soft whimper. "Fuck," he murmurs, setting it aside. Then he brings the camera closer to his face and licks the tip of the pink dildo that I asked for, slow and teasing.

I almost come just watching him. I could train him so well. Right now, he can barely take the head in. The girth stretches his lips wide.

He zooms the camera out, placing the dildo on the floor and kneeling down.

Kaleb: Ride the dildo and tell me about work.

Asher glances at the chat and pouts. His dark eyes go even darker.

He straddles the dildo, groaning at the first push of it inside.

“Fuck... it’s so big,” he moans, easing down further.

I stop jerking. Any more and I’ll blow.

He’s careful, slow. His breathing’s shallow as he lowers himself inch by inch.

It’s obscene. Naked and collared, his tie crooked around his neck, nipples flushed pink. He sinks onto the pink dildo with little whimpers like a perfect little slut.

Not yet, Blake.

Kaleb: Talk.

Ash lowers himself more, whimpering, moaning softly, trying to stay quiet for the neighbors.

“Erm... well, my job? I like... oh fuck—” He drops lower. The base nearly disappears inside him. His eyes flutter. “I talk to people online and—oh fuck, sir—I do customer service.”

My cock pulses hard in my hand.

Kaleb: Fuck yourself with the dildo. I’m not paying you to make love to it.

He glances at the screen, groans, and begins bouncing a bit faster.

“Oh fuck.” He speeds up, his moans more breathless. He starts to reach for his cock but pulls back, putting two fingers in his mouth instead and groaning around them.

“Mhh....God.” He moves a little faster now, clearly on edge. His hand hovers near his cock but pulls back. Instead, he sticks two fingers in his mouth, groaning around them.

I grit my teeth, clenching my jaw. I’m close. Too close.

Kaleb: Customer service, huh? Are they nice to you, baby?

He’s bouncing up and down on the dildo, biting his lip. His tie is slipping, hanging crooked across his chest.

“I—mhh, oh god...”

He’s about to come, I can see it. Hands-free.

Kaleb: Stop. Sit on it. Still.

He barely reads the message before halting. His body trembles from the restraint. He scrunches his brows, clearly struggling to obey.

“Yes, sir,” he breathes. The dildo is fully inside him now, buried to the base. “The people who call... they’re usually mean and rude,” he groans, shifting slightly, trying to grind against the base.

Kaleb: You like when those men talk down to you? Do you think they can tell you’re a dirty little slut who needs to be told what to do?

I know he hates it when men talk down to him. But when he’s horny? It turns him

feral.

There's something about being forced. About submitting to a man's command, even if he resents it, that gets him off. Maybe it's about losing control. Maybe it's because deep down, he thinks the men online are beneath him, so letting them degrade him feels like the ultimate betrayal.

"Fuck, Kaleb—sir." He moans, whole body buzzing. "I—yes, I think they can tell I'm a slut."

Kaleb: Of course they can. Look at you, fucking yourself on a dildo for money. Wearing a school uniform when you didn't even go to college, correct?

Asher whimpers.

"No, sir. I dropped out." He closes his eyes, starts moving again, pulling himself up and down.

Kaleb: I know you did. Don't worry. I like them dumb and slutty.

He bites his lip at the chat, cheeks flushing. His pupils are blown wide.

"I'm not dumb," he mutters. But I've got him. He's slipping. The degradation cracks through whatever pride he tries to hold onto.

Why does it work so well on him? Maybe he needs to feel punished. Maybe giving himself to men like us is the only way he knows how to feel wanted.

Whatever it is, it's intoxicating.

Kaleb: Stand up. Show me that hole. Play with it.

He moans but obeys, rising to his feet. He bends over for the camera, stretching his tight hole open with both hands. His ass is flushed and slick. The dildo glistens nearby, still wet.

He groans as he opens himself wider.

I take a few screenshots for my private collection.

Kaleb: Now tell me how smart you are, Bambi. Shove your fingers in that tight ass and prove it.

The chat alert makes him glance up. He hesitates, flushes, then follows the order.

“Just ‘cause I’m doing this doesn’t mean I’m dumb,” he mutters, pushing two long fingers inside himself.

Kaleb: Don’t worry your pretty little head too much, okay?

His jaw tightens.

“I’m serious, asshole.” His voice is sharper, but he’s still finger-fucking himself. “Stop insulting me.”

That moan at the end nearly finishes me.

Kaleb: You need a man to help you think. And that’s okay, Bambi. That’s what I’m here for.

He stiffens, eyes locked on the chat. He’s clearly caught between lust and pride. His brows draw together like he’s ready to argue, but he doesn’t stop.

I keep pumping, feeling my orgasm crest.

Kaleb: Truth or dare. Last one.

Asher's eyes are glassy. He pulls his fingers from his mouth, breath uneven.

“Dare.”

I grin.

Kaleb: Tell me what a dumb little slut you are.

It's a direct order. I can see him hesitate, but his cock gives him away. It's twitching with need.

He sighs, bites his lip, and finally mutters, “I'm a dumb little slut.”

His voice is quiet, almost bashful. Then his hand drops between his legs.

Kaleb: Kiss the dildo and thank it.

He turns bright red. He's about to argue.

Kaleb: I don't pay my dumb little slut to think, do I?

Asher groans, leans down, and kisses the tip of the dildo.

Kaleb: Come on, Bambi. Kiss it.

He glares at the camera but obeys. He drags his tongue from the base to the tip and kisses it again.

“Thank you.”

Kaleb: Show some respect. That dildo was just inside you. Call it sir.

Still crouched, he reads the message. Then lets out a soft, pitiful whimper.

“Kaleb...”

His cock is still hard, aching.

He presses a kiss to the dildo’s head again. “Thank you... sir.”

I give myself one more stroke and come hard, groaning into the silence of my office. If he were here, I’d have him on his knees, licking it off my hand. Thanking me for my seed.

Dirty little boy.

Kaleb: Good boy.

Asher slumps back with a smile.

Kaleb: Don’t come.

He pouts.

“But, sir...” His big brown eyes stare right through me.

Kaleb: You know if I was there, I’d hold you, right?

Asher nods, but his lower lip trembles. I see the tears forming in the corners of his

eyes.

Shit.

I should've known better. You don't push someone like this if you're not ready to offer real aftercare.

He snuffles quietly, blinking fast. He's facing away from the camera, like he's trying to hide it.

Kaleb: Grab the jacket I sent you. Put it on.

He obeys without question, tugging on the oversized hoodie. My old university logo stretches across his chest.

Kaleb: You're perfect.

And he is.

God, he is.

I can't wait any longer.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter Five

ASHER

I was sitting in the waiting room for thirty minutes. I showed up a little late, sure, but that didn't matter when I was the one waiting. Now that? That pissed me off.

I woke up feeling weird. Really weird. I don't particularly like crying, especially not after a sexual encounter. And definitely not over Kaleb. The man hadn't even touched me. So what the hell had me nearly breaking down?

I didn't like how he called me dumb.

Okay, maybe I did. But that's messed up, right? I shouldn't like that. It was demeaning. And I'm not dumb by any means. But the way he said it, like it was just a fact of life, like I was just a hole, a toy, his dumb little thing to use—

It felt so fucking real.

Like I was just.. fuckable.

I hate that word.

And I know I am, alright? I'm self-aware. But there's a difference between giving a man permission to think he's in charge... and Kaleb just being in charge. That wasn't part of the deal.

I huffed and leaned back into my seat, unlocking my phone to scroll through some new comments on my latest post. It was riskier than what I normally upload, but I'd been riding a high last night, alcohol, arousal, and a heavy dose of orgasm denial courtesy of a certain someone.

I just wanted some control back.

God, I hate how I pictured Dr. Peterson's voice when Kaleb was sending the messages. I shouldn't have, he was my fucking herpaist but I was exactly talking to men...his voice was the only one I can picture at this point. And the whole time? I kept remembering the "Doctor's orders" and it quickly blended with Kaleb's orders. No coming. Denied.

So yeah, I was on edge. And now, instead of being at home and overcompensating in the filthiest way possible, I was sitting here.

Waiting for my therapist.

"Wow. So insightful," said a female voice. I looked up.

A woman was walking beside Dr. Peterson, practically glued to his left arm. She looked up at him with a radiant smile.

She was tall, taller than me, though nowhere near his height, and carried herself like she owned every space she entered. Glasses, high ponytail, tailored pencil skirt. Pretty. Confident. Effortlessly graceful.

She laughed at something he said, then took the coffee he handed her. No giggles or hair flips, just the composed elegance of someone who knew she didn't need to try.

She was mature. Like him.

It made me feel... small. Bitter, even. Just yesterday I was dressed like some sex-fantasy schoolboy, leash and all. Bet she wouldn't be caught dead in something like that.

Even dressed for work, you could see her curves through the crisp white shirt and fitted blazer. She looked like someone who belonged in his world.

“Okay,” she said brightly, “I’ll be happy to come to the housewarming, Blake.”

Housewarming?

She grinned, confident and sure of herself, like she already knew what she wanted, and what she wanted was him.

Blake smiled back at her. Then he saw me.

Instant shift. Whatever smile he was wearing evaporated. He gestured for me to follow him into the office, like I was some misbehaving pet.

I only followed him because it was court mandated.

He shut the door behind me and took his seat across the room.

“You were late, Asher,” he said, tone clipped.

I scoffed. The audacity.

“I guess that’s something we have in common, Blake ,” I said flatly.

His jaw tightened. He put his tablet down and crossed his arms.

“Did you complete your task?”

Task.

“You mean where I’m not allowed to come?” I asked, glaring.

He inhaled slowly, visibly re-centering himself. “Asher, that was a controlled parameter we established to isolate specific—”

“I don’t care how you dress it up. You didn’t want me to touch myself. Got it.” I rolled my eyes. He was already starting to piss me off.

Sure, he was hot. Tall. Stoic. Built like he probably didn’t even need a gym membership. He had the kind of presence that made people shut up when he entered a room. But that didn’t give him the right to play with my head.

“Let me ask you something, Blake. Do you have control issues? I was a little flirty in the first session, so you, what? Assign me orgasm denial like some kind of punishment? You sure you’re qualified to be a therapist?”

He didn’t answer right away. His rich hazel eyes just studied me. Observing, calm, almost clinical.

Like I was the mystery.

Then he stood. And, holy shit, he was tall. Taller than I remembered. As he moved, a few strands of hair fell across his forehead and he pushed them back. It took everything in me not to stare.

He removed his jacket and crossed to the kitchenette area like I wasn’t even there. Muscles shifted under the thin fabric of his shirt. I could see the stretch of his back,

the line of his shoulders. Even the buttons looked like they were working overtime.

No wonder that woman had basically done the classy version of throwing herself at him.

He returned after a moment and set a bottle of water and a granola bar in front of me.

“Drink,” he said calmly. “Being hungry is a side effect of skipping breakfast. Probably because you woke up late. Probably because you went to sleep at 4 a.m. due to overstimulation and poor impulse control. Which, in turn...”

He flipped his notepad around. One word was written in bold capital letters.

LATE

I opened my mouth to argue, to defend myself, but he raised a single finger to his lips.

Shut it.

“If you’re late again, Asher, I’ll drop you as a client.”

What the actual hell?

I stood up, defensive. “That’s not fair. You—”

“Sit down,” he said.

No yelling. Just a shift in tone. Authority. Cold. Final.

I sat, fuming.

“You were late,” he continued. “So I took my lunch break early. I gave you a ten-minute grace period. You still didn’t show.”

He opened his notepad without looking at me.

“And I prefer you address me as Dr. Peterson.”

I scoffed, irritation prickling at my skin. So that woman in the hallway could call him Blake, but I had to be formal? Who even was she to him?

“The task wasn’t meant to agitate you to this extent,” he added. “I apologize for the oversight.”

He skimmed his notepad with those annoyingly calm eyes.

“How about you tell me what about the task was particularly difficult?” he said. “What do you usually do before bed, Asher?”

I couldn’t exactly answer that. Not truthfully.

Usually, every Friday night, I give Kaleb a show, the kind he pays for. And every other night? I send him sexy photos. Nothing too explicit, just enough to keep him hooked. Sometimes I messaged other guys, but it wasn’t the same. They didn’t pay as much. They didn’t get my heart racing like he did.

Which was stupid. As fuck.

He was a man on a screen. For all I knew, Kaleb could be some fifty-year-old creep with a foot fetish and a VPN.

But in my gut, I knew he wasn’t.

He'd sent me clothes, after all. A package that smelled... good. Not just clean-laundry good, either. It smelled like spring. Like something personal.

I liked it. I wore that oversized shirt too often.

Dr. Peterson was still staring at me, waiting for an answer. Obviously I wasn't going to tell him the truth.

He narrowed his hazel eyes at me. Today, his hair was slightly less neat than usual, like he'd run his hands through it a hundred times. I hated that he was still handsome. Hated his hot-but-professional outfit. The kind that was perfectly tailored but casual enough to seem effortless. The kind of look only someone unfairly attractive could pull off without trying.

He had a bit of scruff today too, and his serious gaze made me feel like he could see right through me. His hands were large and masculine as he toyed with the pen in his grip.

He didn't sit like a therapist. Not the crossed-legs, sweater-vest type. He sat with his legs spread like he owned the room, spine straight, energy controlled but powerful.

I hated it.

"I don't usually do anything before bed," I said, flatly.

He nodded, almost amused, and jotted something down.

"What about yesterday?" he asked. "Anything special?"

Jesus.

“No. Well. I don’t remember. Bad memory and all.”

He nodded again like he believed me. Which was insulting.

“Let’s try something new.”

He stood.

He was tall enough to easily overpower me, which I knew wasn’t the point of the moment but still sent a bolt of something uncomfortable through my chest.

I watched as he rifled through a drawer and pulled out a folded red cloth. He smoothed it into a triangle between his fingers.

Then he walked toward me.

“I’m going to blindfold you,” he said evenly. “With one of your senses dulled, you may recall more.”

What the fuck?

Nope. I didn’t want this. I really, really didn’t want this. It felt too intimate. Too exposed. Too much. But I couldn’t bring myself to say that out loud. I didn’t want to lose whatever edge I thought I still had.

Any retort died in my throat the second he got close. I could smell his cologne. Something fresh and sharp and warm, like cedar and citrus and soap. Familiar, but overwhelming. My chest tightened.

“You’re seriously just going to blindfold me?” I muttered.

His hands grazed my cheek as he centered the cloth over my eyes. Darkness fell over me. And then... just him.

No sight. Just scent. Touch. The heat of him behind me as he tied the knot gently, his fingers brushing through my hair like it meant something.

I gripped the couch cushions hard enough that my nails bit in.

I knew the second he stepped back. His scent faded, leaving me with a bizarre, shaky emptiness.

“Okay, Asher,” he said softly. “Take a deep breath for me.”

I did.

“Now, tell me... what about yesterday made the task particularly difficult?”

It hit me in that moment: this man didn’t know me. He might have a degree, a license, a notebook full of psych terms, but he didn’t know me. To him, I was just another patient with a fucked-up file.

And maybe that’s all I was to him. A problem to solve. Something to diagnose, treat, and file away.

A man like him wanted a clean little ribbon wrapped around his hypothesis. So why not give him what he wanted?

“Yeah... I’m remembering now,” I said, my voice quiet but steady.

The silence that followed was thick. Like he was waiting, listening, processing.

“So... yesterday, I was with... my boyfriend.”

Which was a lie. Obviously.

I was with Kaleb, but I wasn't about to tell my therapist that I liked getting paid to perform in front of a camera. I didn't need him psychoanalyzing my relationships with faceless usernames. I'd already tried flirting with him and that backfired. So now? I'd play along. Play the game.

The silence stretched so long I almost reached up to remove the blindfold. But then—

“ Boyfriend? ” he asked.

His voice sounded different. Deeper. Rougher. Or maybe that was just the blindfold messing with my senses.

I couldn't tell.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter Six

BLAKE

Blood rushed to my ears.

Boyfriend.

Boyfriend?

I didn't know what I was feeling— I'd never felt it before —but there was a sick sensation in the pit of my stomach. A fury I boiled down to irritation.

Asher looked cute. Blindfolded on the couch, legs criss-crossed. His brown hair was a mess, like he'd rushed over. Mismatched socks. Still in his pajamas. And now, suddenly, he had a boyfriend?

Was this new? Did it happen after I signed off last night? Did he film that show for me, then invite someone over and let them bend him over?

I clenched my notebook shut.

“Yeah, we're not serious,” Asher muttered, like that was supposed to mean something.

Would his little boyfriend like knowing he sends sexual photos to strangers online? That he fucks himself on camera for men like me, dressed like a schoolboy with a

leash tied to his bedframe?

The thought of another man touching him made my chest ache. He didn't even like being around men. So who the fuck was this guy?

I've followed Asher for years. Whenever he'd disappear from the forums, I needed to make sure he was okay. So, yes, I installed a few cameras in his apartment. For the most part, I respected his privacy. But sometimes, I watched.

And what I saw worried me.

He'd go quiet. Stare at the walls. Wrap his arms around himself and eat in bed. The only people he spoke to were through a headset for his job. He never left his bedroom.

In public, he hated being around men. At the grocery store, he'd flirt with the cashier, if they checked him out. If not, Asher would sneer and mutter insults under his breath.

At clubs, he was flirtatious. Teasing. But he never went home with anyone.

Online was where he felt safe. But even there, I could tell it was a mask.

So what changed?

When did he start tolerating men enough to date one? To spend time alone with one?

Because as far as I'm concerned, I'm the only man he's seen in the last week.

I needed to calm down. If I lost control, I'd blow my cover. And he'd be creeped out.

“What did you and your boyfriend do?” I asked, gravel in my throat. “Did you... break the task?”

He hesitated. “He did. I didn’t.”

What the hell does that mean?

My stomach turned, and I stood abruptly. I walked to the kitchenette and poured myself a glass of whiskey.

I shouldn't be drinking at work, but hearing the love of your life talk about someone else fucking them will do that to you.

Did this stranger fuck his throat? His ass? And just... not let him come?

My grip tightened around the glass. Rage burned hot in my chest.

So Kaleb means nothing to him? I pay him. I praise him. I edge him. And then what? He gets off camera and spreads his legs for someone else?

I downed the whiskey in one gulp.

The cameras. I could use the cameras.

But could I stomach watching it?

Watching him giggle. Smile. Let another man undress him and use him like a toy?

Was that what the schoolboy outfit was for?

Who was this guy? A teacher? A pervert? Where did he meet him?

I needed to know. I had to know who was touching what was mine.

“Hello?” Asher’s voice broke through the fog. “Are we done with the blindfold?”

I turned. He’d taken it off. His expression changed when he noticed the drink in my hand.

I didn’t hide my anger. It was pouring off me in waves. I had to get a grip.

But I didn’t want to. Not when I’d just found out my future boyfriend was probably getting face-fucked by someone else right after video chatting with me.

I felt... defeated.

I was better than this. More logical. Emotionally stable. Smarter.

I’m a licensed clinical psychologist, for fuck’s sake.

This wasn’t complicated. This was jealousy. Envy. Plain and simple.

I forced myself to breathe.

“Do you... need a minute?” Asher asked, gesturing to my drink.

I would find out who his boyfriend was. And then deal with it.

I set the glass down and returned the bottle to the cabinet.

“Yeah. Sorry about that. Relationship troubles,” I offered with a fake smile.

He huffed and tugged off the blindfold.

But I grabbed it and slid it back over his eyes.

“I thought—”

“Silence is appreciated.”

He scoffed.

I sat back down and wrote the most important thing in my notes:

Asher’s boyfriend.

I could reconnect the camera feed, but to do that I’d need to physically retrieve and reset the hardware. He was always home. Could I get in and out without being caught?

I’d figure it out.

“Tell me about your boyfriend, Asher. Understanding my clients’ relationships helps me assess how their environment impacts their emotional behavior.”

He nodded, biting his lip.

“He’s pretty... serious. And I don’t know, yesterday just felt weird. More than normal. Weirder than I’ve ever felt with a guy.”

He was being honest. Open. And I hated that this mystery man brought that out in him.

That was supposed to be me.

Calm down, Blake.

“Good weird?” I asked.

Asher hesitated. “Yeah and... no. He kind of made me feel like a loser. But also like a person?”

He coughed, clearly uncomfortable. His cheeks flushed.

Bambi.

God, even now, I could feel my heart beat faster. I still hated his boyfriend. But maybe a little less.

Asher is still mine. And I’ll make sure he feels like a person with me too. A perfect person. Because he is perfect.

“I see. Did your task get in the way of connecting with him more?”

He shook his head. “Not really.”

What does that mean?

I didn’t want to pry too hard. Not yet. I couldn’t risk seeming possessive.

He leaned back into the couch, and I imagined him smiling up at some faceless guy. Letting him in. Telling him about the task. Maybe giving him instructions.

Don’t let me come, okay?

My watch vibrated. I checked the time.

No.

Asher recognized the buzz, and before I could stop him, he pulled off the blindfold.

No, no, no.

I needed more time.

Or maybe this was for the best. I wasn't thinking rationally. I needed to get the hardwire reinstalled.

I needed to see who this man was. Who he let touch one of my holes.

"Okay, Asher. Time's up." My voice came out rougher than intended. My hands were shaking, but I doubted he noticed.

"Next task: I want you to create some distance from your boyfriend. Just for a short while. I'm trying to gauge your personal dependency on him."

It was bullshit. Did it sound believable?

I just didn't want him near that man until I found out who he was.

"Is that necessary?" Asher frowned. "I mean... what does that have to do—"

"You've displayed behavioral patterns that may suggest potential reliance on sexual interaction for emotional grounding. I need to assess your stability in isolation."

He looked a bit defeated.

So I reached out, gently cupping his cheek.

He froze. His brown eyes widened, pupils blown. His lips parted slightly.

“You’ll do great. And if you need more... professional support, message me instead, okay?”

My voice softened. He needed to feel like I cared. Because I did.

He was clearly going through something. And I was too focused on jealousy to pay attention.

I cursed myself for that.

But I would make it right.

I needed to find out who his boyfriend was.

And then I’d make him disappear.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter Seven

ASHER

I was ignoring Kaleb. Well, ignoring all my male fans, really.

Doctor's orders?

I hated men. Truly. But... I also felt lonely. I wanted one of them to double-text me. Needed them to. I hated feeling like this: needy, desperate for male attention. For validation.

Didn't even matter what kind. Call me a dirty little slut or a perfect boy, it all hit the same. And I hated that. Hated that I still got hot either way.

So, I decided to take Dr. Peterson's advice. Today, I was distancing myself from my fake boyfriend: Kaleb.

But halfway through the day, I found myself bummed out. Kaleb hadn't texted me. Not once. Not even a message asking for a private photo.

All the other horny guys did, obviously. But they never pried. Why would they? I wasn't their boyfriend. Just a guy on a screen they found... fuckable.

I hate it. I hate it.

I even went to the grocery store, just to be around people. It was the weekend, and I

thought maybe... maybe something would help. I passed a lot of couples and somehow felt lonelier than ever.

Isolation wasn't working. Not even a little.

I wandered through the park for a bit. Still nothing. Had the sudden urge to post a picture. Something hot. Maybe even try something risky in public. Maybe I should actually let a guy fuck me for once. Go to a club, find someone decent-looking, and just... do it. But I didn't.

I walked home, defeated. Scrolled through my messages. My sister's name popped up again, just more apologies.

Sister: Talk to me. Sister: I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

I closed the thread and opened my messages with Kaleb. Mostly sexual stuff, sure. But every once in a while, he'd remind me to eat. Or text something stupid like "The moon's beautiful tonight." It was weird. Weirdly sweet.

I wanted to send him a sexy photo. Get his attention. I didn't even know him, probably never would, but I knew if I sent something, he'd reply. But I couldn't. So I did the only thing I could.

Asher: Hey. It's Asher.

It only took a minute. He responded immediately. And yeah, maybe I got a little giddy seeing how fast he replied. Felt like a fire lit inside me.

What a loser. Just waiting by his phone?

God... is he secretly a pervert, just dying for me to message him?

Pathetic.

Still, I was lying on my stomach, kicking my feet like some teenage girl because his reply made me feel something.

Kaleb: Hello, Asher. How can I help you?

Lame. So lame.

Asher: You gave me your number.

He was typing. I could see the dots. That weird rush came again.

Blake: Yes, I did. Professional help, remember? So, how can I assist you?

I didn't want to end the convo. I wanted to talk to him. To someone who understood me. Even a little. Didn't know what to say, though. "Hey, Doctor, I'm a loser with no friends. Please chat with me?" No thanks. Fuck that.

Asher: Nevermind. False alarm.

I typed it. Stared at it. Deleted it.

I should be honest, right? For once?

Asher: I feel lonely. Without... my boyfriend.

There. Pathetic. Honest. Whatever.

Blake: I'm in the middle of a housewarming party, so I can't text you.

Oh.

I deflated immediately. Jesus, of course he had a life. What the hell was I expecting?

But then, another message.

Blake: Come over. I'll introduce you. Here's the address.

My heart stopped.

His house. A real address.

Nice area too. Like, really nice. Twenty times better than this dump I live in.

I shouldn't go. It was unethical. Obvious boundary-crossing. But Kaleb was older. A therapist. He seemed fine with it?

God. Could I actually go?

I looked down at my outfit, tank top and pajama shorts. I looked like a slut. So I changed.

Asher: Isn't that against ethical laws?

Blake: You're following laws now?

I flushed.

Blake: Don't worry too much. I'm helping you. Call it exposure therapy.

I didn't even think. I just grabbed my keys and left.

The moment I got there, I knew I didn't belong.

It wasn't Blake's fault. It was the house itself. Huge. Clean. Manicured lawn. Two stories. Who needs two stories?

It made me rethink what I knew about him. If he had a wife, or a girlfriend, I'd know... right?

I mean, I had seen him wear a ring once. But that woman at his office, the one practically drooling over him, she didn't act like he was taken.

Still... staring up at his house, I suddenly felt very small.

I looked down the street and saw my beat-up car. That contrast hit hard. I didn't belong here.

I got closer to the door. Could hear the sound of chatter inside. Didn't knock. Just texted him.

Asher: I'm outside.

Blake: Come in. Door should be unlocked.

Great.

So this was happening.

The moment I stepped inside, I was hit with the scent of expensive cologne and wine. There were a lot of people. Not exactly a house party, more like an adult mixer. Everyone was dressed up. Cocktail dresses. Button-downs. Chandelier ceilings. Little hors d'oeuvres spread around the room like we were at a damn art gallery.

And then I saw him. Blake.

Tall, poised, perfect. He was speaking to her again, the woman from the office. She looked even better now. Red dress. Hair curled at the tips. A radiant fucking smile.

God, I was leaving.

I turned, but bumped into someone.

Older man. Mid-thirties. Attractive.

“Hey, sorry. Didn’t see you,” he said, eyes sweeping over me. Not subtle.

I wasn’t dressed for this. My clothes were worn. Ripped black jeans. Crisp white shirt and a tie, the same outfit I’d worn in that stream for Kaleb.

They didn’t know that, obviously. But still.

“Hi,” I said. Timid. Weird for me. But I didn’t like being here. Didn’t like why I was here.

The guy grinned. “Didn’t know my brother knew someone this young. College?”

“I’m 27.”

His eyes widened slightly. “Ah. Still young, but at least not nineteen. Thank God. Thought my brother was robbing the cradle.”

He offered me his drink.

I took it, grateful to have something to hold.

“How do you know Blake? You don’t look like his usual crowd.”

I downed the drink too quickly. It burned. Hard.

Not his usual crowd. Yeah. I knew what that meant.

“Thanks,” was all I said.

He chuckled, placing a hand on my shoulder.

I didn’t like hands on me. I was about to tell him so, when we were interrupted.

“Derek.” Blake’s voice dropped. Cold. Serious.

The temperature in the room plummeted, and even Derek looked rattled.

“Aye, my favorite brother,” Derek said with a smirk. “Introduce me to the cute brunette you’ve been hiding.”

I turned toward Blake, but his smile didn’t reach his eyes. When I looked back, Derek had already taken a step away from me.

Gone.

“Ignore him,” Blake said. “He flirts with everyone.”

He was smiling again. Warmer, maybe. Or maybe that was just wishful thinking. I hid behind my now-empty glass.

“How was the drive? Are you hungry?” he asked.

“I—”

“Blake! Love, come try Kim’s lasagna!”

Her again. Still glued to him.

She was smiling up at him like he belonged to her. And he smiled back.

“Would you like to try some, Ash?” he asked, gesturing toward the kitchen.

I followed behind them both. Reluctantly.

Why the fuck did I come? And where was this irritation coming from?

Chapter Eight

BLAKE

I hadn't expected this to be the way Asher would end up in my house for the first time. Not like this. Not in the middle of a party, under the pretense of "exposure therapy." But here he was, and I couldn't pretend it didn't make me feel something, something tight and tangled just beneath my skin.

He looked good. Not in his usual camera-ready way, either. He was quieter than usual, brows pinched with unease as he circled the dessert table like he was trying not to be noticed. There was a small pout on his lips when he skipped past the chocolate options. I watched him quietly.

He doesn't like chocolate. I didn't know that. And I hate that I didn't know.

Still, he was here. In my house. Not with his so-called boyfriend. He gave that up so quickly when I told him to create distance, it was almost too easy. He didn't argue. Didn't resist. That small compliance sparked something deep in my chest, a sick satisfaction I didn't care to examine too closely.

Wendy was clinging to my arm, her voice in my ear like static. She was smiling and talking and laughing at all the right cues, but I couldn't concentrate. I kept watching Asher.

I needed to get him alone before he slipped away and ruined the entire evening.

“Asher,” I said, cutting through Wendy’s endless chatter. I turned to her with a polite smile. “I’m going to show him around a bit, alright?”

She smiled back, too easily. “Of course.”

Finally, she let go of my arm, and I made my way toward Asher just in time to catch the moment he bit into a deviled egg, and immediately spat it out, grimacing, napkin in hand. I almost laughed, but more than that, I was grateful to see him react like himself for once. A little drama, a little flair. Something familiar.

I approached from behind, close enough that my elbow brushed against his side as I reached for a drink beside him. His body tensed slightly. His brown eyes flicked up toward me, less guarded than I’d expected, but dimmer than I liked.

“Would you like me to show you around?” I asked smoothly, offering a practiced smile. “I can start with my bedroom.”

He flushed slightly but covered it with a smirk. “Sure. I’ve always wanted to see how the other half lives.”

I smiled back, suppressing the urge to reach for his hand. I didn’t. But the urge was there.

I guided him through the crowd, ignoring every lingering glance and idle conversation around us. None of it mattered now. He was here. Following me.

If only he knew what it had taken for me to get this house. I moved here for him. Changed my life for him. He didn’t know that. Not yet. But one day, he would.

“This is my bedroom,” I said as I opened the door. The space was clean, almost pristine. A king-sized bed with firm pillows and dark sheets. A walk-in closet. A full

en-suite bathroom, complete with a jetted tub.

He wandered around the space with wide eyes. It was obvious how different this was from his apartment. I watched his face closely, wondering if he could ever feel at home here. If he could imagine this space as ours.

He paused by the closet, then popped his head into the bathroom.

“You have a jacuzzi?” he asked, disbelief written all over his face. “That’s... a bit much. How do you even afford this?”

I chuckled softly. “Well, I do own my own practice.”

He rolled his eyes. “Yeah, but still. A jacuzzi? That’s kind of lame.”

The comment hit me harder than it should have. I froze for a second. “You wouldn’t want one?”

He shrugged. “Wouldn’t fit in my place.”

Then, like it meant nothing, he strolled over to the bed and sat down. He bounced once, testing the mattress. “Comfy,” he muttered, then looked up at me and bit his lip.

I didn’t miss the look.

This was it. Not the ideal moment, maybe not even the right one. But he was here. Sitting on my bed. Wearing that shirt. Biting that lip. I couldn’t ignore it.

I turned and quietly locked the door.

The click echoed.

Asher sat up straight, his brows pulling together. “What was that?”

“I locked it,” I said, keeping my tone even. Letting the words hang in the air.

He stood up quickly, clearly uneasy. “Why?”

He knew why. I stepped toward him, and he stepped back, instinctively, until the backs of his knees hit the bed and he sat down hard.

“I—what are you doing?” he asked, voice thin, brittle. There was fear in it. But not just fear.

“Asher,” I said gently, lifting his chin with one hand. His skin was warm, soft beneath my fingers. “Why did you come here?”

He avoided my gaze, mumbling, “I don’t know. I didn’t... I don’t have anything else going on.”

I tilted his chin back toward me.

“Why do you think I invited you?”

His eyes darted toward the door. Something shifted in his face, and then he just... collapsed. Emotion drained from him all at once, like someone pulled the plug.

“...Because I’m fuckable.”

He didn’t say it like it was a compliment. His voice was small. Defeated. Like it was something he’d been told a hundred times and finally believed.

I let go of his chin. “Why would you say that?”

“Because that’s what men think,” he snapped. “You think you can lock me in a room and treat me like your fuckable little fantasy.”

His voice shook. But instead of running, he started tearing back the covers. His hands went to the buttons of his shirt.

“Fine.”

I stood frozen. “Asher, what are you doing?”

He looked at me, eyes glassy with unshed tears. “Don’t play dumb. I know what this is.”

He snapped his wrist out of my reach when I tried to stop him.

I grabbed him again, this time gently, cupping his face with both hands. He tensed, but didn’t pull away.

His chest heaved. He wasn’t crying yet, but he was close.

“Asher,” I whispered, “what’s wrong?”

He shoved me weakly. “You locked the door! What do you think is wrong? Do you think I’m new to this?”

“I just wanted privacy. To talk.”

He wasn’t listening. His eyes were wild, lips trembling.

Then something broke. He stopped resisting. His arms wrapped around my neck, legs curling around my waist as if on instinct. Like a reflex.

He buried his face in my shoulder and clung to me.

“Shh,” I whispered, holding him tighter. “You’re okay. I’ve got you.”

He weighed nothing in my arms. A boy who had been hurt too many times. A boy who still didn’t know what safety looked like.

There was a knock at the door, but I ignored it. Whoever it was, they could wait.

Asher needed me.

And I wasn’t letting him go.

Chapter Nine

ASHER

Ever since that night at Blake's house, things have felt... different.

Not the way they should've. Not like progress.

He treats me differently now. Softer. Like I'm made of paper, like I'll fold in his hands if he looks at me wrong. I don't know exactly what shifted, but I know I hate it. I hate the way his voice gets low and careful when he speaks to me. I hate the measured pauses in his questions, like he's talking to someone half his age. I hate the pity behind his eyes. Like he's watching a wounded animal instead of a man.

I've been doing everything I can to provoke him.

I flirt. I argue. I push boundaries I know I shouldn't. I try to remind him that I'm still me. Still sharp. Still the same mouthy brat he met that first day in his office.

But no matter what I do, he never rises to it. He doesn't snap. Doesn't lose his temper. Doesn't take the bait. And for some reason, that burns more than anything.

I hate it.

And I think, finally, that I've reached the end of it.

"How have you been doing, Asher?" His voice is smooth and steady, that rich tone I

used to crave now reduced to background noise.

"Fine," I say, maybe too quickly. My voice is tight, the edge obvious. But he doesn't comment on it. He just nods and writes something in his damn notepad.

That stings more than it should.

When the session finally ends, he offers me one of those small, patient smiles, tight at the corners like he's sorry for something he won't say out loud. His eyes are soft. Too soft.

It cracks my pride in half.

I'm not a child. I don't want to be treated like one. And whatever pity he's been holding back since the party, he can take it and shove it somewhere dark and unspeakable.

I won't tolerate it.

So, naturally, I make a decision. Not a good one. Not even a smart one. But a necessary one.

I decide to break into his house.

It's not like I'm planning to do anything. I'm not going to steal or vandalize. I just want to see it. I want to understand him, find something real, something that proves he's not this pristine, unshakable therapist he pretends to be.

Maybe I'll find something weird in his house. Maybe a hidden drawer. A sketchy receipt. A closet full of secrets. I don't know.

But what I do know is that I want him to treat me seriously. I want to knock him off his pedestal. I want to feel like we're on even footing, instead of this strange one-way dynamic where he's always three steps ahead and I'm left trying to claw my way up.

And maybe, if I'm honest with myself, I want to be caught.

When I get to his house, it's quiet. Too quiet.

I peer through the windows. Nothing.

I check the back door. Locked.

Figures.

But unlucky for Blake, I know how to pick locks. I learned the old-fashioned way. I'm not proud of it, but it comes in handy more often than it should.

I crouch down with a pin and twist the lock until I hear the satisfying click.

Yes.

The door creaks open, and I step inside.

It's just like I remembered. Immaculate. Tasteful. Almost clinical in its neatness. The same grand chandelier hangs above the open entryway, casting golden light across the polished floors. There's something almost sterile about the space. Like it's a model home, not one a person actually lives in.

I scoff under my breath.

Why does he need so much space? Two stories, vaulted ceilings, multiple guest

rooms? What's he compensating for?

I never confirmed if he had a girlfriend. I don't think he does. At the party, I could've sworn the hot brunette with the glasses tried to flirt with him, and he turned her down. I even overheard the secretary whispering about it the next week.

I move up the stairs as quietly as I can, but the wood creaks beneath my feet. I wince and slow my pace.

There's a faint buzz coming from upstairs, maybe a television or a sound machine. It's hard to tell.

I remember his bedroom is on the left.

I inch the door open.

Empty.

The bed is rumpled, the sheets tangled like he left in a hurry. The air smells faintly of his cologne, and I hate that I recognize it instantly.

He's not here.

And yet... I don't leave.

I sit on the edge of the bed. Let the silence settle over me.

I didn't come here for him, I remind myself. I came here to feel like I had power again. Like I wasn't just some broken doll he's been gluing back together.

But sitting in his bedroom, alone, it's hard not to feel pathetic.

Kaleb hasn't messaged me in two days. Even when I sent a couple of pictures, he just hearted them. No dirty replies. No voice memos. Nothing.

The other guys? They're background noise. All noise. They don't see me. Not like Kaleb does.

And Blake?

Blake shouldn't be on my mind this much.

But ever since he held me at the party, I can't stop thinking about his arms. The way his voice softened. The way I clung to him like I was drowning.

I should've pushed him away. But I didn't.

And now, lying back on his bed, I get horny just thinking about it.

I hate that I fantasize about letting him fuck me. About going back to that night and not pulling away.

God, if he walked in right now and wanted me, I wouldn't say no.

Not even close.

He's my therapist, sure. But what kind of therapist invites their client to a house party? What kind of therapist lets them into their bedroom?

He can deny it all he wants, but I know he wants me.

I know it.

And just when the thought becomes unbearable, I feel it.

A hand. Rough. Firm. Clamping over my mouth.

I freeze.

Another hand snakes around my waist, yanking me back against a solid chest.

I panic for a second, my heart skips. Is it Blake?

It has to be.

"Got you," a voice growls near my ear. Deep. Low. Dangerous.

It is him.

His voice sounds different, richer. Unfiltered. Less Blake the therapist and more...
Blake the man.

My body betrays me instantly. Heat floods my stomach. My breath stutters.

Jesus.

I should be petrified right now, but instead a warmth blooms inside me.

My brain is telling me to tell him to fuck off, but my body is ready.

Too ready.

Chapter Ten

ASHER

The grip was so tight I couldn't breathe. One arm wrapped around my waist, the other across my mouth, pulling me back hard against a body I couldn't see. My lungs fought for air, but my mind didn't scream the way it had before.

I should've panicked. I should've fought. But I didn't.

Because I knew who it was.

That scent . The heat behind me. The way his fingers clenched around me with practiced control. I knew it wasn't a stranger. I knew it was him.

"Why are you sneaking into my house, you little stalker?"

Blake.

But... not Blake. Not the careful, clinical therapist I sat across from every week. His voice wasn't calm or measured now. It was rough. Low. Dangerous.

It made my knees weak.

Oh god, why did he sound like that?

My heart pounded in my ears, not from fear, but from something hotter. I hated it. I

hated how badly I wanted to melt into him. I hated how his voice, stripped of professionalism, made my stomach clench and my skin prickle.

I tried to speak, but the words caught in my throat.

“I—I’m sorry, Dr. Peterson, I—”

His hand slipped from my mouth, only to slap hard against my ass. The sound echoed. I gasped, the sting blooming through my body, humiliation flaring white-hot beneath my skin.

“You’re not allowed to do that,” I snapped, breathless. “You’re my therapist.”

“You broke into my house,” he said, tone hard as steel. “I’m allowed to do whatever I want.”

That voice wasn’t clinical. That wasn’t restraint. It was want.

I didn’t know whether to run or fall to my knees.

His hands moved quickly now, gripping my waist, sliding over my thighs. Possessive. Hungry.

I couldn’t see his face, and that somehow made it worse. More intoxicating. More dangerous.

“You gonna tell the cops?” he said, dragging his lips close to my ear. “Tell them why you’re in my house at eleven p.m.? What, did you think I’d just let you snoop around?”

His voice was pure mockery, laced with something even darker. “You’ve got a real

bad habit of walking into places you don't belong."

He let go of me for just a second, and my breath caught again.

"Close your eyes."

His words weren't a request.

I should've said no. I should've fought. But I felt the command root in my chest like it belonged there. I closed my eyes.

His cologne washed over me like a wave; clean, sharp, and warm. I felt him move behind me. Then cloth brushed my forehead. A blindfold. He tied it firmly behind my head, knot tight. Darkness consumed me.

"Open."

I opened my eyes to nothing. Blind. Breathless. Floating.

My other senses sharpened. I could hear the sound of my own blood rushing through my ears. I could feel the fabric of my shirt sliding against my skin as he began to undress me.

His fingers moved over my chest, my ribs, my hips. "Damn," he muttered under his breath, voice low and ragged. "You're hot. And all mine."

He stripped me slowly. My hands twitched at my sides. I hated how much I wanted this.

How long had he been thinking about this?

How long had I?

He lifted me without warning, strong arms under my back and legs, and carried me somewhere soft. His bed. I knew it. I could feel the plush mattress beneath me, the cool sheets.

He pushed my legs open, wider than I wanted them to go.

Shame prickled at my skin.

I couldn't see what he was doing, but I could feel every move. The way he gripped my ankles. The way he repositioned me. Every adjustment made me feel smaller. More exposed.

I was hard. Pathetically, twitchingly hard.

He tied my wrists above my head with something soft but firm. His breath hitched slightly, and then I felt his hand on my chest. Then my hip. Then lower.

"You're perfect," he whispered, voice a little reverent, a little cruel. "So fuckable."

I flinched.

That word.

A memory I didn't want rose, fast and sharp and painful. But the way Blake said it, like he meant it, like it was something holy, it twisted the feeling into something else. Something I couldn't name.

I wanted to hate him.

Instead, I moaned softly as his fingers skimmed over my cock.

“Don’t close your legs, Asher,” he said, voice darker now. “Isn’t this what you wanted? What you kept teasing for in my office? What you wanted when you broke in here like a naughty little boy?”

His hand gripped my thigh again, and I whimpered.

“God, look at you,” he muttered. “Squirming and tied up. You’re so desperate for it. You want me to ruin you, don’t you?”

I didn’t answer. I couldn’t.

His hand left for a moment, and I whimpered at the loss. Then I felt his lips on my chest. Light, grazing. A slow path to my neck. He bit down, and I gasped, arching toward the pressure.

Then, his mouth found mine.

It wasn’t soft.

It wasn’t sweet.

It was a claiming.

His lips crashed against mine, and I opened for him instantly. He kissed me like he was starving, and I matched it with something close to fury. I bit his lip and he growled into my mouth.

My first real kiss with Blake,

God, I loved it.

This was my fucking therapist....why did that make it hotter?

Blake pulled back a fraction, breath ghosting over my lips.

“You taste like sin,” he whispered. “And you’re mine.”

I didn’t say anything. I couldn’t. My heart was battering against my chest, and I felt like my whole body had been set on fire.

Then he leaned in again. Rougher now. Deeper.

Our mouths collided like something inevitable, and I opened for him instantly, letting him swallow me whole. My body arched up into his, heat rolling off his skin as his weight pressed down. He kissed like a man unhinged, like this was the reward for every aching restraint he'd practiced before tonight.

“Please don’t,” I whispered between ragged breaths, voice cracking. “I’m—I’m a virgin.”

He froze, muscles locked against mine.

For one long second, the room was completely still, his body heavy over mine, his breath caught mid-exhale. Then his hands returned with purpose, stripping the last of my clothes away like tearing the final page from a book he already knew by heart.

“You want me to stop, princess?” he murmured, low and teasing, voice thick with something that bordered on reverence. His words sent a violent shiver through me. I could feel the heavy line of his cock through his pants, grinding slow and possessive against the inside of my thigh.

He sounded like he owned me.

Like he had every right to my body.

He made quick work of the rest, tugging my underwear down, running his hand up my leg like he was taking inventory of what was his now. I gasped as his palm slid over my inner thigh, firm and sure, and I hated how much I wanted him to keep going.

Then came the sound of his belt unfastening. A whisper of metal, the soft click of it being undone, and the rustle of his pants being pushed down. I felt him kneel between my legs, settle there like he belonged. Like this was always where he was meant to be.

"What's stopping me from taking you right now?" he murmurs, against my ear, his breath warm, his touch unforgiving. "Could have you however I want. Right Now."

Oh, god, Blake.

He reached up and gripped my ankles, spreading me wider.

Humiliation flashed through me like lightning. My breath caught in my throat. I was open. Exposed. Blind. Vulnerable in a way that made my skin burn and my cock ache all at once.

He groaned low in his chest. "Look at you... already shaking." He took my blindfold, and my senses blurred for a second at the ambush of vision, but I saw his dark hazel eyes peer at me.

He leaned forward, dragging his mouth across my stomach, then up to my chest. His tongue flicked across my nipple, sending heat shooting through me, and I gasped,

arching up against the restraints.

He moved lower again, trailing kisses down my hip, licking just beside where I needed him most.

My body betrayed me, trembling, twitching, begging in ways I couldn't speak out loud. I felt the head of his cock nudge against me, slick and thick and hot.

He didn't push in.

Not yet.

He stroked me first, long, slow, intentional. His fingers circled the head of my cock with maddening care, as if he wanted to memorize what made me gasp, what made my body jerk.

I whimpered, helpless.

Then, without warning, he shifted forward and pushed.

I cried out.

The stretch was sharp at first, pain blooming as he filled me slowly, deliberately. He didn't stop. He didn't rush. He watched me take him inch by inch, his hand gripping my thigh, holding me open.

"That's it," he whispered, voice hoarse. "Good boy. You're doing so fucking good."

I tried to breathe, but the sensation of him inside me, deep and overwhelming, knocked the air out of my lungs. My body trembled around him, but it wasn't fear. It was something else.

Something hotter. Heavier.

He was all the way in now. Fully buried. He didn't move.

He waited, grounding me with the pressure of his chest against mine and his hand still curled loosely around my cock. His thumb brushed the leaking tip once, and I moaned.

“You feel this?” he whispered. “That stretch? That fullness? That's me. Claiming what's mine.”

He started to move.

Slow. Intentional. Grinding deep with each thrust like he wanted to reach something no one else had ever touched. My back arched and my mouth fell open, but no words came out, just broken gasps.

My wrists ached above me from how tightly I was pulling the restraints, but I didn't want to be free. I wanted to be held like this. Taken like this.

Over and over, he drove into me. His rhythm building, steady, relentless. My cock throbbed between us, untouched, but I was already close. I was shaking, sweat slicking my skin, thighs quivering from the strain of holding myself open.

His eyes were darker than I ever seen them.

You can see the raw, unfiltered cruelty in his eyes when the mask slips. That's the man I need. The one who will take me, use me like I'm nothing but his fucktoy.

Or maybe more...

I moaned louder, throat raw from it.

Blake grabbed my chin, forcing my head to tilt up, even through the blindfold. “You’re taking me so well, sweetheart. Better than I thought a needy little liar like you could.”

His pace picked up, brutal now. Wet slaps echoed in the dark. His cock hit that spot inside me over and over until I was babbling, begging, a mess of need and heat and surrender.

“Please,” I choked. “I’m—I’m gonna—”

“Come,” he ordered. “Now.”

And I did.

I came hard, ropes of it striping my stomach, my thighs, my chest, my whole body convulsing beneath him as he kept thrusting, dragging me through it. I screamed his name, throat hoarse and spent.

Moments later, Blake buried himself deep one last time, holding me down as he came inside me with a guttural growl, his whole body shuddering above mine.

We stayed like that, tangled, slick with sweat and come, his chest rising and falling against mine.

I couldn’t speak. Couldn’t think.

But I’d never felt more fucked.

Or more whole.

Fuck. Me.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Chapter Eleven

ASHER

I should be asleep. I should be curled against him, warm and boneless and content, the way people are supposed to be after sex. But instead I'm wide awake.

He's next to me.

Blake.

His body is still warm from what we just did. His breath is steady. And mine isn't.

I can feel him watching me from the corner of his eye. I don't turn. I just stare at the ceiling like it has something to offer me.

Everything feels heavy.

My skin still hums from the way he touched me. The way he moved over me like I was something precious and ruined at the same time. He kissed me like he meant it. Fucked me like he owned it.

And maybe he did.

Maybe I let him.

But even now, as silence settles between us, I know something's off.

“You okay?” he murmurs.

I don’t answer. My throat’s too tight.

He shifts slightly, reaches over, brushing his knuckles across my jaw like he thinks it’ll help. It only makes my chest tighten more.

Then he says it.

“Bambi.”

Soft. Thoughtless. Like it’s second nature. Like he’s said it a hundred times before.

I freeze.

“What did you just call me?”

Blake goes still. Completely still.

I sit up, slowly. Turn toward him.

He’s watching me like a man who knows he’s just stepped off a cliff.

“I—”

“No. Say it again.”

He doesn’t.

“Blake.” I straddle him, not to be close. Not to be sweet. I plant my hands on his chest and lean down, fire roaring through my chest. “How the fuck do you know that

name?”

He says nothing.

So I slap him.

It’s not hard. Not yet.

But I want it to hurt.

He doesn’t flinch.

When I raise my hand again, he grabs my wrist.

“Enough,” he says.

“Enough?” I pull back, eyes narrowing. “Answer me, asshole.”

I wrench my arm from his grip and bolt off the bed. His phone is on the nightstand. No password. He’s too cocky for that.

My fingers fly across the screen. And there it is.

The truth.

The messages. The recordings. The receipts. The username.

Kaleb.

Blake.

Kaleb.

It's him. It's always been him.

“Oh my God.” My voice shakes. “You fucking knew me.”

I don't wait for a reply. I'm already running. I storm down the stairs, phone clutched in my fist like it's proof of the betrayal, the lie, the sick game he's been playing since day one.

Behind me, I hear him call my name.

I had never run so fast in my life.

My feet pounded the floor as I flew down his stairs, Blake's unlocked phone clutched in my hand. I didn't even care if I tripped or fell at this point. I just needed to get out. Away from him. Away from that house.

From him.

Kaleb.

I knew it. Somewhere deep down, I knew. The way he touched me, the way he talked to me in sessions, the little smirks he tried to hide when he thought I wasn't looking. But seeing the proof spelled out in his texts, the photos, the goddamn usernames, it shattered something I didn't know I was still trying to protect.

He knew me. He knew me before I ever stepped into his office.

“You piece of shit,” I muttered, shaking, scrolling through message after message. “You knew me. You fucking knew me.”

I hit the bottom of the staircase and yanked open the front door. I didn't even grab my jacket. My hands were trembling and my throat burned like I'd swallowed gravel.

He followed. Of course he did.

"Asher, baby, wait. Please let me explain."

"Don't call me that."

I turned to face him, wild-eyed, heart hammering. He had the audacity to look concerned, like I was the one who'd just flipped reality inside out.

"You've been Kaleb this whole time?"

His mouth opened, then shut. "Yes."

My voice cracked. "You were watching me? Talking to me? You sent me fucking gifts. You told me to wear a collar. You jerked off while I—"

He flinched. "It's more complicated than that."

"No. No, it's really not."

I hurled the phone at him. He didn't catch it. It hit the carpet with a dull thud and slid.

"I hate you," I said. "I hate you so much."

I wanted him to bleed. I wanted him to suffer under the weight of the truth he'd buried while smiling at me across his big, perfect desk.

But instead of screaming, or hitting me back, or throwing me out, he stepped forward:

slow, careful. Like I was a skittish animal.

“I didn’t plan to fall for you, Asher.” His voice was quiet now. “But I did. Long before you walked into my office. I didn’t even know it was you at first. I swear.”

“Bullshit.”

“I swear,” he repeated. “But once I knew... once I saw you in front of me, sitting across from me in that chair... I didn’t know how to stop.”

I backed away, not because I was scared, but because I didn’t trust myself not to break something.

“You watched me,” I said. “In my room. In my bed.”

“I never watched you without your consent. You knew the camera was on.”

I doubt it, highly doubt that he's telling the truth.

“That’s not what I mean.”

He looked down at the floor. His silence told me everything I needed to know.

I crossed my arms tightly, trying to hold myself together.

“What is wrong with you?”

He looked up. His expression was unreadable, but the pain in his eyes was sharp enough to pierce through my anger.

“Everything,” he said. “But so is everything about you. That’s why we match.”

The words caught me off guard. I stared at him. My brain refused to register what he just said as anything other than manipulation.

But it didn't feel like that.

And that terrified me.

"You can't keep doing this," I said finally. "You can't play both sides. You can't be my therapist and Kaleb. You can't say you care about me and then fuck me like I'm—like I'm—"

"I know," he said. His voice cracked. "I know, Asher."

He stepped forward again, slower this time. He didn't reach for me. He didn't try to touch me.

"I'll quit," he said. "I'll step down as your therapist. Officially. I've already started the process. I couldn't keep going after... after last night."

That stopped me.

"You're serious?"

He nodded. "I don't want you in my life because you're assigned to me. I want you in my life because you choose to be there."

I shook my head. The world tilted under my feet. I hated him. I needed him.

I felt like I was going to puke.

Blake...Kaleb, whoever he was, ran a hand through his hair. He looked tired. Not the

neat, controlled therapist I'd first met, but a man barely holding his mask together.

"I did horrible things, Asher," he said. "I crossed lines I never should have crossed. I broke my own rules for you. And I'll probably never forgive myself for how I did it."

I hated how honest he sounded.

"But I didn't lie about how I felt," he said. "Not once."

A silence fell between us. I didn't know how long it lasted.

The street outside was quiet. The wind had picked up. I could hear the rustle of trees and my own uneven breathing.

I sat down on the steps, burying my face in my hands. "I don't know what to do with you," I mumbled.

"You don't have to do anything," he said softly. "You can walk away. I'll respect that. But I'm here. Not as your therapist. Not as Kaleb. Just as me."

He stepped forward. Sat beside me on the step. He left space between us. Too much space.

We sat like that for a long time.

I don't know what made me lean toward him. Maybe it was the quiet. Maybe it was the way he didn't reach out, didn't grab me or press his body against mine like before. Maybe it was just the fact that for the first time since everything exploded, I finally heard him breathing like I was.

Ragged. Uneven. Human.

I turned to him. He met my eyes.

“Do you remember what you said to me?” I asked.

His brow furrowed. “When?”

“In the room. When you thought I didn’t know who you were.”

He hesitated. “I said a lot of things.”

“You called me perfect,” I whispered.

His eyes softened. “Because you are.”

I should’ve hated it. Should’ve rolled my eyes or made some snide comment. But instead, I leaned in.

And he met me there.

The kiss wasn’t like the ones I’d imagined. It wasn’t hot or frenzied. It wasn’t Kaleb. It was Blake. Real. Still. And I could feel his restraint, the way he held himself back from devouring me.

It made my chest hurt.

When we finally pulled apart, I didn’t speak. Neither did he.

I just leaned into him. Let his warmth settle into me.

And for the first time in days, I let my eyes close without wanting to cry.

I don't know how much how much of what he was saying was truthful and which part was just him covering his tracks...

...but what really scared me was knowing how deep down, I didn't care .

I should care. A lot.

A lot more than this.

I shouldn't let him lie to me with this pretty words.

But fuck...what's the harm?

Right?

Jesus, I really was stupid.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:35 am

Epilogue

ASHER

We've been dating for six months.

If you can call it that.

I'm not sure what to call it, really. "Dating" feels like something teenagers do. Too normal, too tidy for whatever this is. There's no label that fits us without lying a little. But he's in my bed more nights than not. I wear his shirts, even when they hang too loose on me. He makes me breakfast I didn't ask for. I yell at him. He buys me flowers like that somehow makes it even. We fuck. We fight. We don't go to therapy. We pretend we're okay.

Maybe that's love. Maybe it's something else.

Blake—Kaleb—whatever name he's wearing that day, still watches me when he thinks I'm not looking. Not through cameras anymore. At least, I think not. But with his eyes. Always with his eyes. Calculating. Possessive. Quietly obsessed.

Sometimes it turns me on. Sometimes it makes my skin itch. Usually it's both.

He never really apologized. Not in the way a normal person would. No real remorse. No explanation. Just: "I couldn't help it. You were mine the second I saw you." And somehow that was enough. Somehow I stayed.

I tried to leave once. Packed a bag. Slammed the door like I meant it. Told myself it was over. He showed up at my place at two in the morning, barefoot, drenched from the rain, holding the hoodie I left at his place like it was a child's toy he couldn't bear to lose.

He didn't say sorry.

He said, "Don't do that again."

I didn't.

The fake boyfriend thing? That lie lasted all of one fight. I shouted it at him during an argument, just to feel like I still had a weapon to swing. Just to see if he'd finally flinch. He didn't.

He dragged me into his lap, held my wrists down, and murmured against my throat, "That's cute. You needed a story to make me jealous. You could've just said you wanted me to be rougher."

I bit him.

He liked it.

We've never fixed what broke between us. Never tried, really. It's easier to let it rot quietly in the corner of the room. We walk around it. Step over the broken pieces like they're part of the furniture now. We find new ways to hurt and heal each other. It's a rhythm. Familiar. Predictable.

And I think that's what makes it real. Honest. We don't lie about who we are anymore. We just stopped pretending we're trying to be better.

That's the most stable thing we've got.

He's watching me from across the kitchen. I can feel it, even before I look up from my phone. He's leaning against the counter like he's casual, but I know better. His jaw tightens when I laugh at a text. His fingers twitch where they hold the towel, like he needs to be gripping something harder.

"You gonna tell me who that is?" he asks. Calm. Too calm.

The towel in his hand is already clean, but he keeps wringing it like it might bleed answers if he squeezes hard enough.

I smile. Slow. Sweet. Just a little bit cruel. I sip from my coffee like it's the most interesting thing in the room.

"No," I say simply.

He steps forward. Measured. Intentional. His voice drops.

"Don't be cute, bambi."

My breath stalls in my throat. The mug stills in my hand.

He hasn't called me that in months. Not since that night, the night when everything broke open. When I found out Kaleb and Blake were always the same man. When I realized the person I trusted most to protect me had already claimed me long before I said yes.

He steps close. The air shifts. I can smell him, clean skin, black coffee, the faint bite of his cologne.

"You know I don't like sharing," he says softly, brushing his knuckles against my jaw

like it's an apology he doesn't know how to give.

I meet his gaze. My stomach twists. I should be angry. Should be afraid. But all I feel is that familiar ache, the one that sits somewhere between desire and surrender.

I don't answer. I don't need to.

He knows.

He always knows.

He leans in, lips brushing the corner of my mouth, and I let him. My pulse stutters, betrays me. When he kisses me, finally, it's soft. Not sweet. Just quiet. Possessive. Like he's reminding me who I belong to.

And I let him.

Because I'm taken by him.

Whether it healthy or not, I don't care.

BLAKE

He doesn't think I know when he's baiting me.

That little smile over the rim of his coffee mug. The slow turn of his body so I catch the outline of his hips. He's been doing it since our first session. A long con with no name, no rules, no end.

Six months in, and he still thinks he's in control. That this is a push and pull. A dance. A negotiation.

It's not.

I knew what I wanted the moment he walked into my office. No, before that, when I saw him in that dingy club. A little cracked thing, playing hard to get with his pain like he wasn't dying for someone to catch him bleeding.

I caught him.

And I'm never letting go.

People ask if I'm happy now. Colleagues. The one or two friends I haven't entirely abandoned. Even Wendy, when she texts on occasion. Am I happy?

What a stupid question.

What I am is full. Anchored. Finally living in a world where he wakes up tangled in my sheets, where his toothbrush sits beside mine. Where his hair clogs my drain. Where he screams at me just so I'll drag him into bed and remind him what it feels like to be owned.

I used to think I needed him compliant. Sweet. Cured.

But no. I love him wild. Teeth-bared. Poison-tongued and dangerous. It means I get to be the one who tames him. The one he always returns to.

I don't need his peace. I need his chaos, because it matches mine.

Sometimes he tries to run.

Sometimes I let him.

But he always comes back.

And if he ever doesn't?

I still have the backup camera feed.

The keylogger.

The private folder.

The burner phone that still logs into his forum account.

He is mine. Entirely. Irrevocably. He can scream, he can claw, he can kiss me through gritted teeth, but it doesn't change a thing.

I won.

And when I slip into bed behind him at night, when I press my lips to the back of his neck and feel him shiver, I whisper the only truth that's ever mattered.

"You don't belong to anyone else."

He never says it back.

He doesn't have to.

I feel it in the way he exhales when I wrap my arms around his waist.

I feel it in the way he sleeps only when I'm touching him.

I feel it in the way he hates me.

And still chooses me.

Every single time.

And I'll love him through them all. Love him until he finally sees that he's worthy of any love he's ever been denied.

Doesn't need those horny, pathetic men.

He has me, now.

And, I have him. All of him.

THE END