

Evelyn 1 - Test Run

Elijah spotted her before she even spoke. Dark hair cascading over pale shoulders, black dress glittering like a night sky stitched with silver thread. She moved like a raven in the night, approaching his table while everyone watched her pass.

“Elijah?”

He jolted. “Oh... uh, hey. I... sit, please.” His voice cracked under her gaze.

Evelyn smiled politely. Her black and glossy lipstick cut a sharp line across her mouth. She slid into the chair like she belonged in it.

“This place is way too fancy for a first date,” she said, glancing around. Violin music curled through the air like smoke, accenting the baroque dining room with soft vibrations.

“Yeah... sorry,” Elijah said sheepishly. His attempts at remaining calm and collected were failing miserably.

“Trying to impress me?” she asked, arching a dark brow.

Elijah fumbled a shrug. “I mean, yeah? I don’t get matches often, and when I matched with you...”

Her eyes narrowed with curiosity. She leaned in, elbows on the table, her cleavage a calculated afterthought.

“You were enamored? Swept away?”

“Something like that, yeah.”

“So you wow me with money?” Her voice was light, but her eyes were sharp.

A waiter appeared at her shoulder. “To drink, madam?”

Evelyn didn’t miss a beat. “A bottle of the Dom Perignon. The one in the blue label.” She turned slightly, brushing her fingers down the menu before her eyes snapped up to Elijah. “Six hundred. Is that okay?” she asked without really asking.

He blinked. “Uh... sure. Yeah. Totally.”

Her lips curled up. “You’re very brave.”

“It’s fine,” he said as the knot in his stomach tightened. That bottle was two car payments. Maybe three. But her smile made him pretend otherwise.

The waiter nodded and walked away.

“So now what do you think of me?” she asked.

“I mean... I picked the place. I set myself up for that. I’m sorry.”

Something in her expression softened, if only for a moment.

“Relax. I can afford the bottle. I’ll pay for it.” She reached for her glass and turned it slowly between her fingers. “I just wanted to see what you’d do.”

His heart thumped like a rabbit. He knew why she could afford it.

“So. It’s successful then?”

“I wouldn’t do it if it wasn’t.” Her voice had steel beneath it.

The champagne came. The cork popped, startling Elijah. The waiter poured. Elijah stared at the pale gold liquid. He’d never drunk anything this expensive. Evelyn gave the waiter a polite nod before raising her glass in the air.

“Cheers,” she said.

“Huh? Oh. Yeah—cheers.” He clinked his glass against hers and took a sip. It tasted expensive. He had no vocabulary for it. Sharp, cold, and bright. It tasted better than he thought financial pressure would.

Elijah stared at Evelyn as she drank slowly. She was far more beautiful than her profile led on. The angles of her face. Her perfectly sharp black nails. Her breathtaking smile. The way the dress clung to her waist, accenting her perfect hourglass shape. How her silver jewelry glinted against her pale skin. She lifted her glass and sipped again. A perfect crescent of black lipstick stained the rim.

“So,” she said. “You read my whole profile?”

“I did.”

“And you’re okay with me being a sex worker?”

She didn’t lower her voice, it was clear she didn’t care who was listening. Elijah’s throat closed. A couple looked in their direction, scandalized.

“Honestly? I’m fine with it,” Elijah said softly.

“Because I’m hot?” she asked, almost amused.

“No. I mean—yes, you are, obviously. But it’s not just that.”

“It’s not a trick question, Elijah.”

“I just...” he faltered. “I know what it’s like to be different. A guy like me doesn’t get a ton of respect from mainstream society.”

She tilted her head. “A guy like you?”

His face flushed. “Someone who’s into... their partner doing the things you do.”

Evelyn tapped her fingernails against the table.

“You’re the first man to be that open,” she said. “So you’re really okay with my lifestyle? Even if nothing ever changed?”

“Yes.”

“Even my... extra habits?”

He remembered her bio. He remembered the line.

Don’t be mad if I fuck your friends ;)

His pulse spiked. “I’m... not opposed to it.”

She smirked. "We'll see how true that is." Her eyes scanned the dining room. "I think a test run is probably in order."

Elijah blinked. "A what?"

"Pick one," she said, casually waving her hand toward the other tables. "Man, woman, couple. Whoever. They'll be joining us tonight."

"I-I don't think everyone here would..."

"Oh yes they would." Evelyn sipped her champagne. "Pick one."

He stared at her for a moment. Then, almost defiantly, scanned the room for a couple that would prove her wrong. That's when he spotted them. A couple in the back. Maybe early fifties, hands clasped across the table as they smiled longingly into each other's eyes. He saw a cake with gold trim. It looked like it was their Anniversary.

"Them," Elijah said.

Evelyn followed his gaze. Her smile widened when she saw the couple. Her white teeth popped against black lipstick as her mouth twisted into a smile. "Oh, you're cruel."

She stood.

"H-hey, I was kidding," Elijah said quickly.

But Evelyn was already moving, hips swaying like a metronome as she walked over to the couple. Elijah looked over at a couple sitting a table over, they looked at him in disgust. He smiled uncomfortably before returning his attention to Evelyn. She touched the man's shoulder as she spoke a few words. His wife scowled. The man laughed, his wife slapped him in response. Elijah nearly fell out of his chair.

But Evelyn never faltered. She leaned in, talking, laughing. And slowly, the wife's arms uncrossed. Soon, they were all toasting with their glasses.

She pointed back at Elijah, the couple looking at him with curiosity.

He wanted to disappear.

When she returned, Evelyn's eyes sparkled with triumph.

"Done," she said, sliding into her seat. "We'll finish dinner. Then meet them at the Lucien on Fifth."

He stared. "How... what did you say to them?"

Evelyn shrugged. "I told them the truth. That you and I are exploring, that they were a loving couple who deserved a reward, and that we wanted to invite them to join us for a night of exploration. After all, you only get to live once. They were also flattered that you specifically picked them out, by the way." Her grin widened.

Elijah opened his mouth, but no words came out.

"You look like you need a drink," Evelyn said sweetly. She topped off his glass.

He drank it all in one gulp.

—

Elijah sat stiffly in the armchair by the edge of the hotel room, hands clutched around his thighs tightly. He took in his surroundings. It was another upscale muted hotel room like any other found in the downtown strip. A king-sized bed sat in the center of the room, the sheets turned down neatly.

Evelyn stepped out of the bathroom in full lingerie and walked over to the mirror resting on a cabinet. Black lace hugged her body tightly, accentuating her curves perfectly. Elijah's eyes trailed up Evelyn's thigh-highs clipped to garters, stopping on a sheer bra that made it difficult to breathe. She caught his eye in the mirror as she adjusted her earrings.

"You can back out at any time," she said, voice flat.

Elijah's throat was tight. He tried to speak twice before the words came out.

"I'm... I'm good."

She gave a half-smile, more pity than warmth. "Okay."

A knock at the door broke the silence. It was the rhythm of someone who was not quite sure they were in the right place.

Evelyn opened the door.

The couple from the restaurant stepped in awkwardly, their hands still joined like kids crossing a street. The woman was petite, with a faded floral dress that didn't quite match her red heels. The man wore a suit jacket too big on the shoulders. All in all, their imperfect fashion complemented one another perfectly.

"I can't believe we're doing this," the woman whispered, glancing around the room nervously. Her eyes caught Elijah's, but she quickly looked away from him and returned her attention to Evelyn.

"You're going to have the time of your life tonight, trust me," Evelyn said with an overly sweet voice. She leaned in close to the woman, brushing her arm. "I promise this is something you two will be talking about for the rest of your lives."

Her warmth was disarming. The couple softened immediately, relaxing their shoulders, their smiles unsteady but genuine.

"I'm Evelyn," she said. "And that over there is Elijah."

Elijah gave a little wave from his chair. He felt like a set piece in Evelyn's performance.

"Hi," the woman said timidly. "I'm Michelle. This is Thomas."

Evelyn gestured toward the bed. "Why don't you get comfortable? No pressure of course, but feel free to take your clothes off if you're ready."

Michelle and Thomas hesitated, looking at one another. Then, slowly, they began to undress.

It was not glamorous. Thomas folded his pants over the back of a chair. Michelle peeled off her stockings like she was doing laundry. Neither was particularly fit or young, but they looked at each other with years of affection, a kind of quiet intimacy that couldn't be faked. As Thomas moved towards the bed, he looked at Elijah with confusion.

"So he just likes to watch?" Thomas asked, half-laughing as he stood by the bed in his boxers.

Evelyn glanced at Elijah, then back to Thomas. "So he says."

She walked over to a suitcase by the closet and unzipped it. Inside rested a camera, tripod, and small ring light. Professional equipment that she handled with precision. She moved with purpose. She clicked the camera into place and turned on the light. She adjusted her hair, her lips parted, and Evelyn became someone else entirely. The seductress. The siren.

She turned to the group with a gentle smile.

"Is everyone ready for some fun?" She asked.

Thomas cleared his throat. "Is this uh... going to be on the internet?" He asked.

"Don't worry sweetheart, your faces will be blurred. The audience isn't that big anyway," Evelyn spoke gently, coaxing the couple as she walked towards them with a calm sway. Her fingernail trailed down her chest as she neared the couple.

"I don't know Thomas..." Michelle said nervously.

"It's alright, really. You are both perfectly safe. Besides..." She stepped in front of Michelle and fixed her hair. "What's life without a little risk?"

Thomas and Michelle looked at one another, seemingly resolved in their decision. Thomas' eyes then darted back to Elijah.

"And he's just going to watch then?" Thomas asked. Evelyn grabbed the base of his chin and turned his face toward hers.

"Just pretend like he isn't there," She said. "We're all going to have a great time."

She moved them in place like a film director, voice warm but commanding. "That's perfect Thomas, get yourself comfortable. Michelle, I want you to get on your knees now. Good. We're going to start by having you suck your husband's cock. Show him how good you are."

Michelle hesitated for a moment. She knelt, looking Thomas in the eye as she gently into her mouth. Thomas gasped, hand instinctively going to her hair as he began to thrust upward. Evelyn moved behind Michelle, kneeling as she brushed the hair off her shoulder.

"There you go," she whispered. "Just like that. You're such a natural."

Elijah's heart thundered as he watched Evelyn reach down and slip a hand between Michelle's legs. The woman's legs quivered as she gasped, her hand tightening around her husband's cock. Evelyn's fingers worked slowly in deliberate, smooth motions. Her other fingers explored Michelle's back, down her ass, up to her side. It looked choreographed. Effortless.

"You like when he's in your mouth?" Evelyn whispered into Michelle's ear, then louder, for the camera. "I bet he tastes so good."

Michelle moaned, the sound muffled as Thomas thrust eagerly into her. Evelyn's fingers worked faster, sliding into Michelle with practiced grace.

Then she leaned forward and joined her. Her lips wrapped around Thomas's cock, her black hair falling like a curtain as she swallowed him whole with a deep, satisfying moan. Two mouths working in tandem, Evelyn leading Michelle as if it were a dance. Michelle whimpered. Their tongues teased together as they explored

Thomas' quivering shaft. Evelyn laughed into the kiss, pulling Michelle in. Their mouths collided, tongues wet and urgent, lipstick smearing as they made out passionately.

Elijah shifted in his seat, cock hard beneath his slacks. He watched Evelyn's as sway as she took another man's cock, as she coaxed a couple into fucking her. The desire he felt inside himself was overwhelming, and yet, he didn't know where to put it. His gaze wandered to Thomas, who unfortunately was already looking at him. Their eyes met, completing a strained gaze that neither seemed to want.

Their line of sight was broken as Evelyn straddled Thomas, her thighs pressing down onto his lap. Thomas' eyes widened in excitement, his hands raising as if he were being arrested.

"Wait, are we—?" he began.

"Yes, we are," Evelyn purred.

She took him inside her like it was nothing. Her hips lowered slowly, back arched as Thomas' cock spread her open. Michelle looked on nervously, unsure what to do. Evelyn looked back at her with a smile, beckoning her with a finger.

"Come here," Evelyn cooed, pulling Michelle to her lips as she was slowly filled by her husband.

"Ohhh my god," Thomas' eyes were wide with shock, his hands clutching onto Evelyn's full hips as she rode him with practiced ease. Evelyn's lingerie shifted with every bounce. She moaned softly as she stuck her tongue down Michelle's throat. Then she leaned back, moaning softly, black lipstick smeared across her lips as she placed her hands on Thomas' shoulders.

"F-fuck," Thomas groaned. Thomas's body tensed. A long, guttural exhale escaped his lips. Evelyn stayed seated, letting him pulse deep inside.

Evelyn laughed gently as her finger trailed across his cheek. "Already?"

"Oh my god," Michelle said. "You... you came inside her?!"

"I—I'm sorry," Thomas stammered.

Michelle's eyes slowly filled with rage, but Evelyn caught her with a smile. She brushed a hand over Thomas' chest, still grinding on his cock as balls emptied inside her. "He did great." Then she turned to Michelle. "Now let me finish you off since he can't."

She pulled herself off Thomas, cum leaking between her thighs, glistening in the dim lamp light. She swayed her hips to the camera, ensuring it was all captured. She moved Michelle next to her husband, gently laying her down as she moved between her legs. Evelyn's ass raised high in the air, her glistening pussy on full display for her digital audience.

And Elijah.

He could hear everything.

The soft whimpering, Evelyn's mouth kissing, licking, tasting. Michelle grabbed Thomas' hand, squeezing it tightly as her back arched. Evelyn moved with expertise, building the rhythm slowly, deliberately. Her fingers curled just right. Her tongue flicked, moving between soft kisses of consumption.

Michelle erupted. Her body shook as she gasped. She grabbed onto Evelyn's hair, holding on tightly as her thighs squeezed tightly around Evelyn's head.

The room went quiet after, filled only with shallow breaths. Evelyn moved between the couple. Sharing soft kisses while whispering words of praise to them both.

"You did so well..."

"You're a natural..."

"You tasted so good..."

"I won't forget you."

Then Evelyn stood, wiping her mouth, and clapped her hands.

"Great job you two. Okay, let's get you dressed!"

Thomas and Michelle stumbled, gathering their clothes in a disorganized fashion. They dressed in silence, glancing at each other, then at Elijah. Elijah didn't move. His cock was still hard. His face flushed. He was sitting in a space between dream and reality, watching as the couple awkwardly made their way to the door, enjoying the praises of Evelyn the entire way.

"Thank you so much for the fun evening. I'm sure this will be an anniversary to remember." She said.

Thomas paused at the door.

"Can... can we call you sometime?" he asked, Michelle looking back at him with surprise.

Evelyn smiled sweetly. "You can subscribe." She said, handing him a card. Michelle tugged on his hand.

"Oh, you are absolutely hopeless, come on, we're going home!" Michelle pulled him away, and Evelyn closed the door.

Silence.

She made her way over to the mirror, looking at Elijah in the reflection as she opened her makeup bag.

"You did remarkably well," she said, reaching for her lipstick and reapplying it with a practiced swipe. "Want a second date?"

Elijah let out a long breath. He looked around the room—at the camera, at the bed, at the smudged makeup on the sheets. His cock throbbed painfully.

"Sure," he said quietly.

"Good." Evelyn packed up her things, then pulled her luggage's carrying handle. "I'll call you."

She walked to the door, heels clicking softly on the hardwood. She opened it and stepped out into the hallway.

Before the door closed, she looked back at Elijah once more.

"Oh, and Elijah?"

He looked up, eyes still glazed over in shock.

"Yeah?"

"Room's under your card, right?"

The door closed. Elijah sat frozen in the chair, his mind caught in an endless loop of visions and desire.

Evelyn 2 - Birthday Boy

The low thrum of bass pulsed up through the sidewalk. Evelyn's heels clicked sharply against the wet concrete as she crossed the street...

The low thrum of bass pulsed up through the sidewalk. Evelyn's heels clicked sharply against the wet concrete as she crossed the street. Her dark coat cinched around her waist, her cleavage on perfect display.

Downtown was waking up, a blur of neon spilling in foggy vapor and cigarette smoke. She adjusted her purse on her shoulder and approached the red velvet rope with absolute confidence.

Maurice was waiting for her, gold clipboard in hand, headset tucked tight against his temple. His smile grew the instant he saw her.

"Took you long enough to get here," he said. "The guy was starting to think you weren't gonna show."

Evelyn stopped two feet in front of him, letting the coat slip just enough to reveal the tight black corset and dress beneath, straps biting into skin, silver hardware shimmering under the streetlight. She tilted her head.

"Well, I'm sure he'll be just fine once he sees me."

Maurice gave her a look. "Uh huh, what kind of service does he think he's getting?"

"Bottle service," she purred, her voice a touch husky. "Maybe special attention. But that's not part of the package." Her eyes gleamed.

"Back to teasin' huh?" Maurice unclipped the rope and let Evelyn pass.

"Always, did you get a look at him?"

Maurice nodded slowly. "I did."

"Is he hot?"

Maurice laughed and shook his head. "Absolutely the fuck not."

She sighed right back at him. "How many friends?"

"He packed out the VIP area. Don't worry, you won't be the only bottle girl. But you're the main event."

Evelyn smiled, slow and feline. "Aren't I always?" She stepped past the velvet rope, brushing Maurice's shoulder. "Is Angela here?"

"Yup. Just got in. She was happy to show once she heard you'd be here."

"Good," Evelyn said flatly, eyes already fixed on the glowing entry. "Let's make some money."

The club swallowed her in black walls, strobe lights, and a sea of moving bodies. The DJ was already ramping into a deep, tribal set, the club pulsed to the ache of the speakers.

As Evelyn stepped deeper, all eyes turned to her.

They always did.

Her heels bit into the glowing LED floor as she walked, every step precise. She smiled at the eyes that lingered. Gave a wink to one of the bouncers. A man spilled his drink watching her pass. Evelyn didn't break stride.

She was halfway to the back bar when a girl stepped into her path. A slim blonde in a silver tube top, tugging a dazed boyfriend behind her.

"I'm so sorry," the girl said, clutching her drink. "But... you're Gothychix, right?"

Evelyn turned, smiling easily. "Are you two fans?"

The girl bounced slightly. "We are! You are so hot, I can't believe I'm actually meeting you." Her boyfriend said nothing—just stared, open-mouthed, like he'd forgotten language.

"Can we get a picture?"

"Of course," Evelyn said, reaching for the girl's phone. She turned toward the lens, pressing her body between the couple. Just as she snapped the shot, she felt a hand sliding low, and clumsy fingers squeezing her ass tightly.

Evelyn turned her head slowly. The boyfriend froze. His hand lingered as a dumb smile formed on his face.

Evelyn grinned, wicked and sharp. "Hope you two have a good night," she said sweetly, brushing his wrist off like lint.

She walked away without looking back.

Angela was at the bar, leaning over a tray of tequila shots, dark curls cascading around her honey-brown skin, hips wrapped in a leather harness over fishnets. Her curves were always something Evelyn deeply admired. When Angela saw her, she lit up, waving like a drunk cheerleader.

"Oh my god, look at you, girl! How have you been?" Angela ran to her and gave her a hug.

Evelyn smirked, walking into her arms, their cheeks kissing once. "Busy. Rich. Horny."

Angela snorted. "Still in your villain era, I see."

Evelyn flagged down the bartender and leaned in close. "Two mezcal, one with lime."

Angela pressed against her side. "So? What's the latest? Who's got your attention?"

Evelyn accepted the drinks and passed one over to Angela. They downed them like professionals.

"Elijah." Evelyn didn't look at Angela when she said his name.

Angela raised her eyebrows. "No. Way. The guy from the dating app?"

Evelyn sipped. "Mmhmm."

"And? Is he actually your lifestyle?"

"So he says." Evelyn's words were dry and calculated.

Angela tilted her head. "Well... was he nice?"

Evelyn nodded, expression unreadable. "Very."

Angela watched her for a beat. "You think it's gonna be a thing?"

Evelyn shrugged, smiling just behind the rim of her glass. "Not sure. I don't know if I'm ready to be someone's fantasy."

Angela laughed. "Do you think that's what he's turning you into?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"Just do you, babe. The rest will work out on its own."

Evelyn grabbed two shots of Tequila from the tray. They clinked glasses. The alcohol burned down sweet and rough.

"So what's the story with our birthday boy tonight?" Evelyn asked.

Angela slid her shot glass across the bar.

"Same story as always. Young, arrogant, rich. He's packed the place to the brim, so there'll be plenty of money flying around."

"Is he hot?" Evelyn asked.

Angela smirked. "Kind of?"

"Good. You ready to get going?" Evelyn asked.

"Let's fucking do this!"

The upstairs VIP section looked like a rap video shoot. Colored lights pulsed over chrome furniture, half-naked dancers filtered through the booths, and a cluster of young men were already becoming enraptured in the alluring temptation placed before them.

Then Evelyn appeared. The room began to shift around her, orbit her every word, every practiced laugh, every touch. She was a professional, and she was good at it.

Most of the men tried not to stare. They failed. Evelyn gave them just enough attention to make them reach for their courage. And then she'd turn. Hips swaying, her OnlyFans link burning in the back of their minds like a branding iron. She was what they wanted, and she loved making them feel like they couldn't have it.

Then there was Ivan.

He spotted Evelyn the moment she entered. She felt his gaze burn into her while she entertained. He was in his late twenties, maybe. Sandy blond curls tied back, cut jaw, lean body in tight black jeans, and a vintage tee too expensive for what it was.

"Well shit," he called out, arms wide. "Gothychix really showed!"

Evelyn approached him with a gentle sway that weaponized her every curve. Ivan grabbed a wad of hundreds and stuffed them directly into her cleavage.

"Show me a good time, alright?" He said loudly.

"I always do," she replied coolly, plucking one bill from her chest and tucking it behind his ear.

He laughed, biting his lip as he lost himself in her eyes. "You're dangerous."

She leaned in, lips just by his ear. "You have no idea."

Angela slid in behind her, popping a champagne bottle as her body swayed to the music.

"Happy Birthday birthday boy!!" The room erupted.

The next hours blurred in motion. Evelyn pouring shots between her breasts, a guy trying to get her number and failing miserably, hands brushing her hips, bills tucked into her garter. It was always like this. She smiled for the tips. Smirked when they talked over each other. Laughed when she saw them falling in love with her.

All the while, Ivan never stopped watching.

He orbited her with the rest, always making sure to show he was the biggest spender, the one in control. Eventually, he sidled up beside her with a glass in each hand. "So is this your whole thing? You just show up and make men go dumb?"

She looked at him sidelong. "You paid for it."

"You could make a guy fall in love."

"Then what would I do for work?"

Ivan grinned. "Come with me."

She glanced toward Angela, who gave her a subtle "you good?" expression.

Evelyn gave her an assuring nod in return, finished her drink, and set the glass down with a soft clink. "Lead the way."

Ivan guided her down a dim hallway, past a velvet rope, into one of the private booths closed off with dark curtains and gold fixtures. He pulled back the curtain, several of his friends were already inside.

The room was dim and velvet-lined, a private nook carved away from the club floor's heartbeat. LED lights pulsed behind smoked glass. Someone had ordered bottle service twice over, the ice buckets were sweating, and half the table was powdered with sugar dust and ash.

Ivan had claimed the central chair like a throne, pulling Evelyn onto him. He sat wide-legged and relaxed, swathed in gold chain links, spilling arrogance with every laugh. One hand gripped a glass of champagne. The other was buried beneath Evelyn's ass.

She didn't flinch. She stayed perched on his lap, a long-legged silhouette in her skin-tight black dress, one hand stroking the back of his shaved neck. Her nails trailed against his skin with delicate, practiced motions. Ivan looked up at her, pulling her close as he pressed his cheek against her chest.

"Jesus," Ivan muttered. "You're fuckin' unreal."

His fingers slid boldly over her hips, pushing the hem of her dress higher. Evelyn shifted just slightly, letting her thigh press into his groin.

"You this handsy with all the bottle girls?" she asked, feigning sweet curiosity.

Ivan grinned, not bothering to answer. His hand climbed to cup one of her breasts through the tight fabric. He squeezed with no finesse. She arched slightly, her pose perfectly practiced.

"You know," he said, breath hot on her collarbone, "I've seen your OnlyFans."

Evelyn tilted her head, eyes lidded and amused. "Oh, have you?"

“Damn fucking straight I have. I’ve seen what that mouth can fucking do.”

She smiled slowly. One manicured finger trailed down his chest, stopping just beneath the edge of his open shirt.

“You like watching me suck dick?” she asked, voice smooth and curious. It was the pull of a siren, one which no man could resist.

“You’re a fucking slut, that’s for god damn sure,” Ivan reached into a duffel bag at his feet and pulled out a clump of hundreds. He shoved them toward her like a dog with a bone. “Wanna give me a special birthday present?”

“I’m not that easy,” Evelyn purred, letting the stack hover in front of her.

Ivan laughed, low and mean. He reached into the bag again and pulled out another wad, slapping it down on her thigh, the rubber bands hitting her skin with a loud clap.

“I’ll make it worth your while.”

She stared for a moment, tempered and poised. Then picked up the bills and flipped through them with her thumb, counting silently.

“Cute,” she said flatly. “I want another band.”

Ivan scoffed. “Goddamn—”

But he reached into the duffel again, grabbed two more stacks, and held them out like an offering. Evelyn leaned in. Her fingertip brushed behind his ear. Her lips grazed him as she whispered.

“Tell everyone to leave.”

Ivan tensed beneath her. She could feel the surge of primal excitement overtaking him. He turned and barked to the room, “Yo! Get the fuck out!”

Chairs scraped. The room emptied like a sink draining. A few bottle girls giggled as they gathered purses and gave Evelyn a knowing look. The group disappeared behind the curtain.

And then they were alone.

Evelyn slid off his lap, smoothed her dress, and stepped between his legs. Her heels clicked once on the floor, then silenced. She looked up at him with that same unreadable mask she always wore.

“You ready?” She asked him.

“Y-yes.” Ivan was far more timid when he was alone. Evelyn handed him her phone.

“Record,” she said.

Ivan blinked. Then took it, thumb already hovering over the red button.

Evelyn dropped to her knees.

Her fingers moved with confident precision, undoing his belt, and sliding down his zipper. His thick cock sprung from his pants. It was thick already, pulsing with anticipation. She stared at it a moment, then wrapped her hand around its base.

"You impressed?" Ivan asked. Evelyn smiled.

"Give me another band and I'll say yes." She didn't wait for a reply. Her hand moved up and down his shaft. Slow, deliberate, and leaned in.

Her mouth opened just enough to lick the tip, tongue swirling in one teasing circle. Ivan hissed through his teeth, her phone shaking in his hand.

She watched him squirm for a moment, then fixed her eyes on his cock while she swallowed him whole.

It wasn't fast. It wasn't eager. She sucked him with surgical skill. Slow bobbing movements that grew in depth and rhythm, each descent sealing tighter around his cock. Saliva ran down her chin, glistening over his shaft. Her lips made a soft, wet sound every time she came up for breath.

Ivan watched, mesmerized. "God damn..."

She was overtaking him, Evelyn could see that. She had bewitched him to a point where she knew he was hers. It happened with every man, it was only ever a question of when they would break.

Ivan's hips buckled. With one hand, he grabbed a fistful of Evelyn's hair. With the other, he shoved the phone closer to her face. Then he thrust up, hard.

Evelyn gagged, opening her throat to make way for Ivan's aggressive pace.

"That's fucking right, take it," he grunted.

Evelyn's eyes narrowed at him – a look of defiant challenge – and sucked harder. Her mouth tightened as her movements became more aggressive, matching his roughness. Her lipstick smeared as she deep-throated him. Ensuring to gag and moan loudly for Ivan's pleasure.

Ivan groaned. "Fuck, fuck, just like that—"

He stood suddenly, pushing her back slightly, guiding her head with both hands. His cock filled her mouth over and over again, saliva poured down her chest as his throbbing cock hit the back of her throat.

She placed her hands on his thighs, never pulling away as Ivan face fucked her.

"Holy shit, you're such a good little slut. You want this fucking dick, don't you?"

Evelyn moaned around him. Low, guttural, and full of heat. Her mascara ran. Her jaw flexed with effort.

His hips bucked.

"Oh fuck!"

He groaned loud as he came, thick pulses of cum shooting down her throat.

"Swallow it," Ivan said, pushing himself deep into Evelyn's mouth. She held steady, letting it flood down her throat. She relaxed her jaw as she swallowed, her soft lips pressing against Ivan's ballsack. His fingers balled tightly in her hair as he emptied himself.

Ivan's breath steadied, and after a few gentle thrusts, he slowly pulled out. His cock glistened, slick and red at the tip. Evelyn coughed once, then wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She reached into her bag and pulled out a compact, reapplying her lipstick and fixing her mascara in the mirror like it was just another part of her shift.

“So is the birthday boy happy?” she asked, her voice calm and collected.

Ivan slumped back into the chair, dazed, still holding the phone like a relic.

“You’re... fucking amazing.”

“I know.” She stood and fixed the hem of her dress.

Ivan glanced down at the footage on the screen, thumb hovering over the playback.

“I might ask for you again,” he said. Evelyn walked over to him, gently plucking her phone from his fingers.

“And I might come back.” Evelyn walked over to the curtain, looking back over her shoulder. Her smile didn’t reach her eyes.

—

Outside, the bass of the club vibrated the concrete. Evelyn found Angela leaning against the bar near the staff corridor, scrolling through her phone as she took a drag from her vape pen.

“Night,” Evelyn said, giving her a quick wave. Angela looked over at her.

“Did you make bank?” She asked.

“Mmhm.” Evelyn smiled sweetly, walking past.

“Good for you girl, get home safe! I’ll text you tomorrow.”

“Sounds good babe,” Evelyn said.

She slid into her Uber. The door clicked shut, and she exhaled slowly, her body sinking into the seat. Her hands moved automatically, unlocking her phone.

She watched the first few seconds of the video. The lighting was perfect. Her mouth, her moans, her eyes. All of it, perfect. She watched Ivan’s cock sliding past her lips, fixing her hair nervously as she clipped part of the video.

It would hit hard. It would hit exactly where it needed to.

She opened Venmo and searched Elijah’s name.

\$650 memo: For the Hotel + a little something extra ;)

Then she attached the file and hit send.

The rush hit her slowly, and as she closed her phone, Evelyn felt something she hadn’t felt in years.

A flutter in her heart.

Evelyn 3 – Texting

Elijah's apartment smelled like fast food and weed. A common occurrence when his friend group came to visit. The apartment itself was...

Elijah's apartment smelled like fast food and weed. A common occurrence when his friend group came to visit. The apartment itself was nothing of great substance, though it did provide plenty of space for guests and his roommate, Ryan. A fan clicked somewhere in the corner, trying and failing to push the stale heat off the sagging brown couch where four grown men sprawled like college kids. Controllers passed hand to hand, one round of kills bleeding into the next. Elijah sat on the rug, his back propped against the coffee table and a pillow, half-watching the screen, half-scrolling his phone.

“So how's work been going Elijah?” Lucas said, stretching his arms behind his head. He was a lean, tall man, with a cut jawline and athletic build. There was something fox-like in his expressions—sharp, clever, and a little more knowing than he let on. He dressed like someone who wanted to be ignored but never really was, with gentle normcore pieces and subtle tattoos. Lucas had made his claim working as an aspiring ghostwriter, though his career had yet to take off. He still relied heavily on his parents for financial support.

Elijah looked up from his phone. “It's been alright. We're starting to pick up on sales with the new shirt series 'Still Dreaming.' Jackie and Val are pretty hopeful the momentum sticks.”

Lucas let out a whistle. “Damn. That's wild, man. Elijah is turning into a business owner. Wish I'd started a company in college instead of screwing around with tech classes.”

“Well, we're not out of the woods yet,” Elijah said. “Still juggling fulfillment hell and late-night panic attacks.”

“You're living the dream,” Henry chimed in. He leaned back into the loveseat with one leg crossed, his watch catching the light. Henry always looked like he'd just stepped out of a GQ profile. Long black hair tucked behind his ears, beard trimmed close, linen shirt unbuttoned at the collar just enough to show his fit chest underneath. He'd filled out since their early days. Once a lanky nerd like Elijah, Henry was now the poster boy for successful businessmen. A smooth operator who spoke in slow, precise beats.

“You still doing the runs to that little fulfillment center in Pomona?” Juan asked.

Elijah nodded. “For now, we want to have our product sit in the warehouse and have them ship it. But we can't keep up with the orders as it is.”

Juan cracked open another beer, grinning. “Man, I don't know how you do it.”

“We can't all be nepo artists, Juan,” Lucas cut in. Juan let out a warm laugh.

“Coming from the guy who still has his parents paying his rent,” Juan countered playfully. Lucas smiled coyly in response as Juan continued. “You and Jackie still pulling all-nighters?”

“Sometimes. Val handles most of the customer service now, which helps. Jackie's a machine, though. The other day, she packed like a hundred orders solo.”

Juan laughed. “She's got that grind in her.”

Juan was the kind of man who brought light into a room before he even opened his mouth. Tall, broad-shouldered, with smooth dark skin and a perpetual glint in his eye, he carried kindness the way other men

carried bravado. A big smile, a bigger laugh, and jokes so quick you couldn't see them coming. Even now, he leaned into the group with warmth, a magnetic presence without trying. Despite his clearly privileged lifestyle of art and trust funds, it was impossible not to like the man.

"Jackie always did scare the shit outta me," Ryan said, eyes glued to the TV. "In like... a good way."

Ryan was the opposite of his counterparts in almost every way. Soft-bodied, pale, with shoulder-length hair and a hoodie two sizes too big. But he was sweet. Earnest in a way that disarmed even the most cynical among them. His room was a shrine to Magic The Gathering, and the group held a joke that one day he would meet his dream girl at a local Commander night.

"She's intense," Elijah said. "But she keeps us sane."

"You ever hook up with her?" Lucas asked suddenly, a smirk curling his lip.

"No," Elijah replied, a little too quickly. "We're strictly business."

Lucas let out a cool laugh as he smoothly worked through enemy lines on screen. "Just asking."

The conversation drifted to convention gossip, Jackie's new idea for anime-themed blankets, and Henry's recent trip to Lisbon. It was easy, like always. Elijah let himself get lost in it, the gentle hum of friendship, the distraction from the weight always pressing behind his eyes.

An undercurrent of desire for something he didn't fully understand. For someone he wanted to know. Then his phone buzzed.

He glanced at the notification.

"Evelyn sent a video."

Elijah's breath caught. He unlocked the phone. The thumbnail for the video was black. Elijah's thumb hovered over it for a moment, heart racing in his chest. Then, without thinking, he tapped play.

The moans were immediate. Wet. Raw. Rhythmic. Echoing from his speaker like a punch in the gut.

The room froze as all eyes shot to Elijah.

"What the fuck is that?!" Juan laughed loudly, clearly entertained.

"Jesus, bro," Ryan muttered, shaking his head as his eyes remained locked on his game.

Elijah fumbled with the phone, thumb smashing the volume down. "Shit – sorry! I – shit."

Lucas laughed. "That's why you don't leave porn tabs open, my dude!"

"It's not like that," Elijah said, heat blooming up his neck.

"Sounded a lot like that," Juan countered, still grinning. "You got a VR headset we don't know about?"

"Got to be disciplined with that kind of stuff," Henry added.

The group laughed. Elijah hesitated.

He could've lied. Could've played it off as a slip. As porn and nothing more. But it was more, a lot more, and despite what his better judgment told him, he found himself speaking.

"It was Evelyn."

That name lit the room like a match.

Lucas jolted upright. "No. Fucking. Way. The hot girl? The one you matched with on Tinder?"

Elijah nodded.

"Holy shit, you actually went out with her?" Lucas sounded more impressed than surprised. "Bro, she was unreal. Like, supermodel levels of hot."

"Wait wait, you telling me she sent you that?!" Juan asked, still halfway between stunned and amused. "Like, just now?"

Elijah's phone was still in his hand. The screen had gone dark. He didn't dare look at it.

"Yeah," he said.

Henry's voice cut through the group's excitement. Cool. Controlled. "So she's sending you nudes after one date?"

There was an edge to his words. Barely noticeable, but Elijah felt it.

"Something like that," Elijah said.

Juan whistled low. "Man, I thought she was just teasing you when y'all matched. But look at you, bro! You landed the jackpot, good for you."

"I think she's still testing me," Elijah murmured.

"How so? Seems like you're doing well if she's sending you stuff like that." Juan asked curiously.

Elijah needed to be careful. No one knew what Evelyn actually did, and he wasn't sure if he wanted them to. Especially given what she'd written in her profile.

Don't be mad if I fuck your friends ;)

"I don't know... it's just some of the things she's said and done makes me wonder how serious it is."

"Girls like that have to be careful. They get a lot of creeps wanting them just for their body. She's making sure you're safe," Ryan said matter-of-factly, never losing focus on the screen. He managed several kills and jumped. "Nice!"

"How the hell would you know anything about it?" Henry shot back jokingly.

"Hey, I might still be a fucking virgin, but I've been friend zoned enough times to know how girls think. I could write a novel on the stuff they've dumped on me." Ryan said.

"Yeah... maybe you're right," Elijah said. His eyes flicked back to the screen.

The video was still there. Frozen on Evelyn's eyes.

He clicked mute and tapped play.

Evelyn's raven hair spilled across her shoulders in silky waves, the camera set low, her face angled up as her head bobbed. Her lips were glossy, parted wide around a man's cock. She swallowed him with slow, practiced strokes. Her tongue swirled around his tip, occasionally adjusting her head and kissing his shaft.

All the while her eyes stayed fixed on the camera.

On him.

Elijah stared back, lost in Evelyn's eyes.

He knew the man was irrelevant. He knew who this video was actually for. Evelyn was confident and in control, and she was offering him something sacred.

Elijah's cock twitched in his jeans.

The guys were still talking, maybe laughing, maybe reacting to something Juan had said. But their voices were muffled like they were underwater. Leaving Elijah alone with Evelyn.

He turned the phone slightly, shielding it from view.

Evelyn tilted her head in the video and parted her lips. Saliva spilled from her mouth, pooling on the man's balls. Then she smiled.

Fuck.

Elijah's throat went dry.

Elijah knew this was what he signed up for. But to see it was something else. This is what she did, this is who she was, and she wanted him to see it.

Lucas elbowed Elijah lightly. "You good, man? Seem really focused on your phone..." The question was intentionally playful. Elijah let out an uncomfortable laugh.

"Yeah," Elijah muttered. "I'm fine."

He wasn't. His skin buzzed like it was too tight, his heartbeat drumming in his ears. The room was too loud yet far away. This was the woman he was seeing. Jesus...

A wave of despair caught him in his stomach. He wondered how many men Evelyn had done this with. He wondered if she was doing it right now. Perhaps she saw him as a joke, a plaything to keep her entertained. Maybe he would become another faceless man in one of her videos. Long forgotten once she had gotten what she wanted.

All those thoughts faded when she looked up at the camera again. Lips stretched, eyes half-lidded. Not shy. Not apologetic.

She was showing off.

And something in him stirred—equal parts arousal and dread.

Evelyn was trouble.

He knew it in his gut.

But his hand didn't move from the phone.

And the video kept playing.

The man in the video stood, body taut with motion. Evelyn never looked away from the camera. Her lips stretched wide as his hips drove forward, pumping his cock into her mouth with a pace that was brutal and precise. She took it all. Controlled her breath. Swallowed him like she was built for it.

She liked it. That much was clear.

Her throat flexed, her eyes watered, and Elijah's gut twisted.

It was too much.

He should've been angry. Jealous. Something. But all he felt was the low, coiled heat of shock and arousal. It fired through his body like voltage, stiffening every nerve with something primal. Something he didn't know he'd wanted until it was staring back at him with a wet mouth and a messy smile.

Elijah was bewitched, and there was no escape from the spell.

The man grabbed Evelyn's head, holding it still as he pumped into her with reckless thrusts, his pelvis slapping against her face. Her tongue flicked around the base of his cock each time he plunged into her throat, saliva trailing in silver ropes across her chin and onto the floor.

She kept eye contact with Elijah the entire time.

Elijah's cock pressed uncomfortably against his waistband. He swallowed hard as he closed the video, the screen fading to black. His reflection stared back, flushed and rattled.

Voices cracked back into focus.

"Bro, remember that chick from sophomore year?" Ryan laughed. "The one that tried to cast her ex in my homebrew campaign?"

"God, Callie?! She fizzled that campaign in like, a week," Juan said, shaking his head.

"You're just mad she made your paladin racist," Lucas grinned.

"She made my entire bloodline racist," Juan corrected. "Like it was in the lore. I had to roll disadvantage on charm checks with every elf."

Elijah chuckled faintly, phone still in hand. He opened his messages and clicked Evelyn's name.

Elijah: That was hot.

He stared at it. No. Too forward.

He deleted it. Then hovered again. Something more casual, more guarded. He scrolled back up to the video thumbnail and tapped the little heart icon beneath it.

That was safer.

Then he typed again.

Elijah: When can we meet?

He hit send before he could overthink it, immediately regretting it. The message sat there, blue and bold.

Elijah pocketed his phone.

Henry handed off the controller to Lucas and cracked his neck. "We need to play another campaign soon. I find it funny that all of your characters have absolutely no evasion, by the way."

"I like my high-damage builds," Lucas said, kicking his feet up. "Why dodge when you can just nuke the whole map?"

"Because stealth exists," Ryan muttered.

"You run stealth on a Berserker?"

"No," Ryan corrected, "But you can still use it from time to time. Brute force can't get you everywhere. Sometimes a gentler solution is the right one."

Juan laughed. "You know where else you could apply that advice?"

"Your sex life?" Lucas offered.

"I was gonna say my ex, but sure, that too."

The couch rippled with laughter.

Elijah leaned into the moment, letting it wash over him. There was security in spending time with such close friends. It was familiar, it was safe, it was his tribe.

But the weight of the message in his pocket kept tugging.

Minutes passed. Elijah pretended to watch the screen, but his mind kept looping the same scene. Evelyn's face. Her lips wrapped around a stranger's cock. The gaze they shared. The one she never broke from.

He was about to check his phone again when it buzzed. One short vibration. Then another.

He pulled it out.

Evelyn: Pick me up at this address tonight.

A pin dropped with it. A neon-blue location pulsing downtown. Elijah tapped it.

Club Lux. The lettering glittered like heat lightning. Everyone knew that place. High-end, exclusive, the kind of place full of velvet ropes and overpriced drinks. Elijah had never even tried getting in.

His heart thudded. She still wanted to see him.

Even after that video.

His throat tightened. A dozen thoughts ricocheted at once. Maybe it was a trap. Maybe she was teasing him. Maybe he was going to be the next victim in a long string of men...

Or maybe she really wanted to be with him.

He stood without realizing it.

"I think I'm gonna head out," Elijah said, brushing crumbs from his jeans.

Lucas looked up. Smirked. "Going to see Evelyn?"

Elijah scratched the back of his neck. "Yeah."

"Shit," Juan grinned, "after a video like that? I would too. Lucky guy, having her all to yourself."

Elijah's face went warm.

He tried to smile. "Yeah. Lucky me."

He could feel Henry watching him. The others went back to their banter, but Henry didn't say a word. Just adjusted his watch, then flicked his eyes back to the screen like nothing had happened.

Elijah grabbed his keys off the table and slipped out the front door.

Evelyn 4 - Close and Far

The car was deathly silent as Elijah pulled off the freeway, his fingers tense on the steering wheel. The city lights crawled over...

The car was deathly silent as Elijah pulled off the freeway, his fingers tense on the steering wheel. The city lights crawled over his windshield in gold and neon ribbons. Club Lux was just ahead. It was the kind of place you didn't accidentally end up at. You had to know someone, or at least pretend like you belonged.

He'd never tried getting in. Never even considered it.

So pulling up now, dressed in a button-down he had ironed three times, felt surreal. He pulled up to the club's entrance. The bouncers didn't look at him twice. Thankfully, he wouldn't have to make a fool of himself trying to get inside.

Because he spotted her immediately.

Evelyn stood just past the velvet ropes, framed by a row of eager partygoers trying to get inside. She saw him and gave a slight, playful wave. Her fellow bottle girls, all long legs and glossy laughter, kissed cheeks and waved goodbye as they disappeared back into the pulse of the club. Then it was just her, just Evelyn.

She was wearing a latex mini-dress. Black, off the shoulder, cut high on the thighs. It clung to her like wet paint, every curve carved with intention. Her jewelry caught the streetlight – thick silver bangles on her wrists, cool chrome rings stacked up her fingers. A black choker clasped snugly around her throat with a heavy silver ring resting at the hollow between her collarbones. Her black glossy hair was tucked behind her ears, framing and sharpening every angle of her face.

Elijah's breath caught as she stepped towards him, her hips swaying with perfected rhythm.

She opened the passenger door with delicate precision and slid in.

"I can't believe you actually came," she said, buckling her seatbelt with a faint click.

Elijah glanced at her, trying not to let his eyes linger too long. "Why wouldn't I?"

Evelyn turned her head, studying him silently. Then, without a word, she looked forward.

"Where are we going?" she asked, tone light.

He looked over at her, hands back on the wheel. "Where do you want to go?"

Evelyn tilted her head. Her fingers tugged the silver ring at her throat. "You should be really careful asking me those kinds of questions."

Elijah smiled. "Where do you want to go?" he repeated, more softly this time.

Evelyn's lips curved with slow interest.

—

The restaurant sat in a quiet pocket of downtown, tucked behind an unmarked black door with only a red paper lantern marking the entrance. Inside, the omakase bar glowed under soft golden light. Spotlighting polished wood, a dozen seats, and one chef.

Elijah and Evelyn sat in the middle of the bar, their thighs nearly touching.

He tried not to flinch at the price printed on the menu. Fixed cost. No substitutions. The kind of place where no one asked questions because you were supposed to know the answers already.

Elijah didn't.

Evelyn sat with one leg crossed, knee angled toward him. Her skin looked impossibly smooth under the warm light. The chef placed the first creation between them. Fatty tuna, hand-rolled, no soy sauce.

"So," she said as she reached for the roll with delicate fingers, "what did you think of the video?"

Elijah hesitated, keenly aware of their fellow dinner guests' side-eyeing Evelyn. Then, with timid cadence, he grabbed his sushi piece and spoke.

"It was interesting," he said finally. "Who was he?"

Evelyn didn't blink. She popped the sushi into her mouth and swallowed in one smooth motion.

"Does it matter?" she asked.

Another piece of sushi was placed in front of them. The chef worked with monk-like precision. Pristine. Silent. Elijah glanced up and saw a smile flicker on Evelyn's lips. She took the second piece, her tongue pressing delicately to the rice as she brought it between her lips.

He could see it. A flash of another man's cock in her mouth, the way she stared into the camera as she was staring at him now. Elijah looked away.

"I suppose not," he murmured.

"Do I sense jealousy?" she asked, not unkindly.

He didn't answer right away. The chef looked at him expectantly, gesturing toward the sushi. Elijah gave an apologetic nod and ate it, chewing with more effort than necessary. With a polite bow, the chef continued with the other guests.

"It's not jealousy," he said. Evelyn raised an eyebrow. "Okay, maybe it is. I guess I just... is he your boyfriend?"

Evelyn blinked. The question seemed to catch her off guard.

When she didn't answer, Elijah continued.

"What I mean is," Elijah continued, "do you have more boyfriends? Like me? I just want to know before..."

"Before what?" she asked, voice gentler now.

"Before we get too serious." Elijah looked around the room. It was clear many of the fellow guests had stopped talking and were eavesdropping on their conversation. Elijah did his best to put them out of his mind.

With a low whisper, he continued. "Clients, casual things... I can handle that. But if other people have your heart already, I..."

"He's not a boyfriend," she said quickly.

There was a vulnerability in her voice, so small Elijah almost missed it.

“He’s not?” he asked, relieved. She smiled then. Not the usual sly, practiced smile he'd seen, but something tender and real.

“No. I’m only dating you.” Evelyn said.

Elijah blinked. “Oh.”

“Yeah.”

Another piece of sushi arrived, and neither spoke as they lifted it to their mouths. The silence wasn’t awkward. The current between them softened.

“The sushi is really good,” Elijah said finally.

“It is,” Evelyn agreed.

The chef bowed slightly, proud.

“I’m okay with all of it,” Elijah continued. “Just promise me, if you ever stop seeing this as something serious... you’ll tell me. Okay?”

Evelyn didn’t answer right away.

“And what happens if I do?” she asked.

He looked down at his plate. “Then we might be able to stay friends. But truthfully... I don’t think we could keep dating.”

She tilted her head again, bracelets clinking as she rested her arm on the bar. “You wouldn’t want me for something casual? It’d be free, you know. Men would die for that chance.”

“I don’t think I could do it,” Elijah admitted, rubbing the back of his neck.

Evelyn studied him again.

“Why?” she asked.

Elijah let out an uncomfortable laugh, his eyes timidly meeting Evelyn's.

“It’d hurt too much.”

Evelyn's face remained stoic. But her fingers stopped playing with the ring on her choker.

Another plate arrived. Neither of them touched it.

“Most men wouldn’t say that,” she said softly.

“I know... I'm... I'm sorry..”

“No,” she said. “Don't be.”

They ate again, slower now. The chef moved further down the counter to serve another couple.

The world beyond the omakase bar felt far away — the video, the club, the money, the roles they kept performing. For just a moment, the quiet settled around them like steam. No facade. No camera. No performance. Evelyn looked at Elijah. Just looked.

A nervous smile formed across her face.

—

“Turn here,” Evelyn said, her voice low as she pointed to a narrow garage entrance lit by flickering LED lights.

Elijah squinted at the gate sign. “It says it’s fifty dollars.”

“Don’t worry. I have a pass. It’ll be free.”

He raised an eyebrow but eased the wheel towards the entry gate. Evelyn handed him a thin black access card. He tapped it against the reader and the gate shuddered open with a clunk.

“Drive to the roof,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Something in her tone made Elijah glance over. It wasn’t her usual practiced calm or razor wit. There was a tightness in her throat. Something unspoken curling around the words.

Elijah didn’t press. He just drove.

Each level up the ramp buzzed with overhead lights, the echo of tires on concrete amplifying the quiet between them. As they emerged onto the roof, the city skyline bloomed wide around them. A sprawl of glittering towers and dark silhouettes framed against the indigo sky.

Elijah found a spot that overlooked the city, then killed the engine. The two stared in silence.

“It’s nice,” he said, his voice breaking the stillness.

“Yes,” Evelyn murmured. “I like coming here sometimes. Just listening to music while watching the lights.”

Elijah slowly turned to her, only to find Evelyn already watching him. The blue neon lights from a distant billboard reflected in her eyes.

She reached for his hand.

Her touch was smooth and warm. She didn’t say anything as their fingers tangled together. She pulled him gently toward her.

And then she kissed him.

It wasn’t tentative. It wasn’t soft. Her lips crashed into his like a soft wave. She tasted like red wine and sweet perfume. He kissed her back, deeper, his other hand rising to cup her cheek. Her fingers found his chest as she pulled him across the center console towards her.

Her body was hot against his. Elijah’s thoughts scattered like birds as he was consumed with passion. The kiss deepened, quickened, turned breathless. Evelyn pulled back for half a second, reached down, and guided his hand up over her latex-covered chest.

Elijah’s fingers found her breast. He squeezed it firmly. Evelyn moaned – a sound so sudden, so raw, it made Elijah’s cock throb violently in his jeans as their lips pressed together again. He felt her tongue slide into his mouth and wrap around his. Elijah’s hands continued to explore her body. Squeezing, touching, caressing.

Evelyn broke the kiss, panting, her eyes glassy.

“Put your seat back,” she whispered.

Elijah obeyed without question, fumbling for the lever, and sliding the driver's seat into a recline. Evelyn moved gracefully, slipping one knee on either side of him. She straddled his lap, the curve of her ass pressing down directly onto his aching cock.

He gasped as she let her weight down. Evelyn grinned.

Her hands slid up his chest slowly. Then she placed them on either side of his head, palms against the leather seat, lips hovering just above his.

"You want to know what kind of service they get?" she asked.

The question burned a hole in Elijah, twisting something in his gut. He didn't answer with words. He pulled Evelyn down and kissed her hard. She ground against him in slow, rhythmic circles, her body rolling with sinful grace over his pulsing cock. Every shift of her hips sent heat shooting up his spine as her dress crawled up over her ass.

Elijah's eyes fluttered shut.

And he saw Evelyn elsewhere. On her knees. Her glossy lips stretched around someone else's cock, eyes locked with a camera. He imagined her riding another man in this exact seat, moaning for him as she took his cock. He pictured a faceless stranger gripping her ass, fucking her from behind as she arched like a goddess, cum dripping from her thighs.

How many had been inside her? How many had paid to experience what he experienced now?

How real was any of this?

Elijah groaned, half in agony, half in lust. His hands moved down her back, then slid onto her soft, bare ass.

She kissed his cheek, then his neck. Her breath hot against his ear.

She held close to him, forehead pressed to his. For a long moment, they just breathed.

Then Evelyn sat upright. Her fingers reached her neck and unlatched the silver ring on her choker. She held Elijah's gaze as she brought his hands to the zipper on her back.

He hesitated. She nodded.

He slid it down.

The latex dress parted like a second skin, revealing the soft swell of Evelyn's cleavage.

He leaned forward and kissed the top of her chest. His hands moved up, trembling as the dress's zipper continued to slide down her back. She closed her eyes as he undid it. Then, she shrugged off the dress completely, letting it bunch at her hips.

Evelyn sat bare-chested in Elijah's lap, the skyline bathing her in a neon glow.

Elijah froze. Staring deep into Evelyn's eyes.

He couldn't move. Couldn't look away. Her body was perfect, she was perfect. Every curve caught the city lights with absolute perfection.

Evelyn smiled nervously. "What?"

“You’re so beautiful,” he said, barely above a whisper.

Evelyn shifted as if the words had physically hit her. She averted her eyes, brushing her hair behind one ear.

“Is everything okay?” Elijah asked gently.

“Yes,” she said after a long pause. Her tone was uneven. She fixed her gaze on the horizon, then slid off him.

“I think it’s time for me to go,” she murmured, smoothing her dress back over her hips and pulling it up to cover her chest. She didn’t look at him as she reattached the choker ring with slow, trembling hands.

“You can drop me at the Clara Hotel.”

Elijah sat up straight, confused. “Did... did I do something wrong?”

“No,” she said. She glanced at him. For once, there was no armor, no smirk, no games. Just innocent eyes.

“You were perfect.”

She turned to the window. “The Clara, please.”

It wasn’t a command. It was a plea.

Elijah nodded. “Sure.”

He started the car.

They drove in silence, the city pulsing around them. Evelyn didn’t speak, didn’t look over. She just sat with one hand braced against the window, watching the skyline retreat behind them.

The silence stretched long.

Elijah gripped the wheel tightly.

He looked at her from the corner of his eye. Studying her subtle shifts and delicate pose. Realizing with sudden clarity that he was scared.

Scared because he was starting to fall for her.

And he had no idea where he would land.

Evelyn 5 - Big Spender

Angela's apartment always made Evelyn feel like she was walking through a movie set. Tall ceilings, white stone countertops, tile floor so polished it reflected the tapping feet that trailed along its surface, throw rugs that looked too delicate to step on, and a panoramic view of downtown that swallowed everything in blue skies. All of it bought and paid for with high heels, ring lights, and carefully curated depravity.

The two stood in Angela's studio corner as they posed under the soft push of diffused panel lights, nude save for their matching black thongs.

"Okay," Angela said, fixing her hair as she read from the whiteboard just out of frame. "Now we need asses out."

She glanced over her shoulder, winked at the camera, and arched her spine until her ass popped like a heart-shaped peach.

Evelyn followed her lead, leaning forward, back arched, hands on her thighs. But her body moved like she was underwater as her mind drifted away into thought.

Into Elijah.

Into the way he kissed her in the parking garage. She remembered her hand curled in his shirt, how his mouth tasted, how gently he pressed his against hers. Her chest squeezed as she remembered how vulnerable she'd felt afterward. How seen. Nothing had made her feel like that before. It was foreign, shocking, and terrifying.

"Oh, sweetie, you gotta stick that ass out a little bit more," Angela said, peering into the preview screen.

Evelyn blinked. "Huh? Oh. Yeah. Sorry." Her focus returned, and Evelyn moved her body with expert precision, straining her posture as she turned and looked at the camera with pouting lips.

"There she is!" Angela's voice was breezy, but her eyes were soft with concern.

They moved into the next pose. Standing hip to hip, hands on each other's waists. Then another. Angela's hand splayed across Evelyn's stomach, Evelyn's fingers trailing up Angela's side. In the camera, it would look electric. In the room, it was little more than practice and execution.

Angela adjusted her stance, then glanced sideways. "Is everything good, babe?"

Evelyn offered a too-bright smile. "Just peachy."

Angela didn't push. She never did. They transitioned to the final pose, dropping on their knees, bodies tilted just enough for the arch of their backs to read as erotic rather than awkward. The lights caught the angles of their torsos, shadows curling around breasts, hips, and red-painted lips.

The camera lens flashed, and Angela clapped loudly.

"That's a wrap! Thanks again for the last-minute collab, this is going to help me out so much," Angela said, standing up and shaking out her hair.

"Anything for you, lovely." Evelyn stood and went to grab the hoodie and sweatpants from her bag. She blew Angela a kiss as she pulled the hoodie over her head and stepped into the soft gray fabric.

Angela was already at her laptop transferring footage. "I'll send it over to Mackey for edits, he should be emailing you your copies within a couple of days."

"You're a doll." Evelyn inspected herself in the mirror, then tugged the hood over her head, collapsing onto Angela's white leather couch with a relieved sigh.

Her phone lit up in her palm, and her heart skipped as she checked it. The feeling quickly left when she saw the notification was from Ivan.

Evelyn chucked her phone to the side with a sigh.

Angela caught the movement and smiled. "You waiting on a certain someone to reply?"

Evelyn rolled her eyes, but her bashful expression betrayed her. "No."

Angela flopped down beside her, still only in her underwear, stretching her legs like a cat in the late afternoon sun. "Mhmm. Is it Elijah?"

Evelyn groaned, curled into a tight ball, and buried her face in her knees.

Angela poked her side. "Does that mean it's going well with Elijah then?!"

"Stop!" Evelyn shouted between laughs, shoving Angela's hand away and collapsing backward dramatically. Her face was red when she peeked through her fingers.

"He hasn't texted me since we met..." She said softly.

"Uh huh, and have you texted him?" Angela replied.

"No..." Evelyn said timidly.

"Well, maybe you should so he knows you're thinking about him?" Angela's words were a playful, motherly candor. Evelyn smiled warmly and let out a frustrated laugh.

"Maybe! Not yet..." Evelyn looked down at her phone, bit her lip, and locked its screen.

"But it is going well?" Angela asked.

"We'll see," she said, too shy to meet Angela's gaze.

"Oh my god. Is Evelyn finally going to get a boyfriend?"

"I said we'll see," Evelyn snapped, just a little too sharply.

Angela raised her hands in mock surrender. "Alright, alright. Keep me updated. What about the college admission?"

"I'm meeting with an advisor soon. I'm hoping the credit transfer goes through quickly."

"It will, babe. Don't you worry..." Angela's phone buzzed loudly. She grabbed it, her tone shifting as she read through a text. "Oh. Also, Jackson is showing up soon. Just got a text from him."

Evelyn's face twisted. "Jackson? Really? I thought you were done collabing with him."

"Don't judge me!" Angela countered. Evelyn's expression did just that.

"Look, I needed a girthy boy. I got a special request from a subscriber and he was the only half-decent cock available today."

"That man is so fucking annoying."

"I know." Angela stood and started gathering props. "That's why I'm giving you a heads-up. So you can bounce before he shows."

As soon as the words left Angela's mouth, there was a knock at the door.

Evelyn stared at Angela with a deadpan expression.

Angela winced. "Well. Kind of a heads up." She said, walking towards the door.

"You're too kind..." Evelyn mumbled under her breath.

Angela turned the handle while mouthing sorry, and Jackson strolled in like he owned the apartment. He was a product of their lifestyle. An overly jacked, blindingly white, steroid-filled man who hid his insecurities behind a buzzcut and a cutoff tank top with a graphic that read *Suns Out, Guns Out*.

"Angela baby! Already naked for me?!"

"Just finished shooting," Angela said with well-practiced politeness.

"Come here—!" Jackson made a beeline for her and hoisted her up like a doll.

"Oh! Okay!" Angela said, laughing despite herself. She looked at Evelyn over his shoulder and rolled her eyes dramatically. Evelyn smirked.

Jackson set her down and turned to Evelyn, his probing eyes made her grateful she had put her sweats on before his arrival.

"Evelyn! How you've been my fine little minx?"

The words made Evelyn's skin crawl. Tucking herself closely into the couch, Evelyn managed a smile through clenched teeth.

"Just great, Jackson."

"So, check this out," Jackson said, pulling out his phone as he stepped towards her. "Got this new custom wrap on the Camaro last week. That Matte black with red trim? It's super rare. Makes it look like the Batmobile, right?"

Evelyn glanced. "Uh-huh."

"Took this chick for a ride last weekend, right? Total baddie. Ass like a fucking yoga ball. She came twice before we even made it to the overlook."

What did that even mean?

"Oh wow." Evelyn's voice was flat as her eyes trailed from Jackson's phone to the skyline beyond the windows.

"Then I took her back to my place, got her in the shower, then she wanted more. Can't blame her, the pad makes them all melt. Even agreed to film. Got the whole thing on GoPro. Fuckin' cinematic."

"That's great," Evelyn muttered with distracted indifference.

Evelyn's phone buzzed again and she instinctively grabbed it.

Her expression flattened when she saw it was another message from Ivan.

Ivan: I'm going to be at the club today. Swing by.

With a sigh, she locked the phone and let it sink into the cushions.

"So, you sticking around?" Jackson asked. "Still need to do my first scene with you."

Evelyn looked up slowly. "Not today I'm afraid."

Jackson grinned. "God, you're such a fucking tease. Alright, keep playing hard to get. It'll happen eventually."

"Oh, I'm sure. But right now, I've got to get going." Evelyn stood and gave Angela a little wave. "You two have fun."

"Bye babe!" Angela called, letting out a surprised laugh as Jackson grabbed her from behind.

"Feel free to swing by later if you change your mind!" Jackson shouted.

Evelyn smiled as she walked out the door. Hood up, work bag slung across her shoulder, phone in hand, and heart somewhere else entirely.

—

Evelyn walked into the club's main room, adjusting the black dress she had quickly changed into in a bathroom stall. It clung to her curves tightly, cut low enough to tempt without becoming tasteless. Thin straps over bare shoulders, hem barely grazing mid-thigh. But most importantly, it was easy to slip on at a moment's notice.

She passed through the club with smooth steps, knowing that unspoken spotlights followed her every move. The music pulsed with low, seductive tones. A rhythm that matched the sway of her hips. Heads turned. They always did.

Evelyn's heels clicked confidently across the polished concrete as she walked up the short steps of the club's VIP hall, neon and smoke curling around her in pulsing waves.

The bouncer at the ropes scrolled through his phone. A tall man with cornrows, thick wrists, and a calm air about himself. His eyes flicked over her and immediately softened with recognition.

"Hey, Evelyn. You're looking good tonight," Booker said, his voice low and easy.

She smiled. "Thanks Booker. I had a client ask for me specifically."

Booker arched a brow. "Ivan, right?"

Evelyn gave a quiet nod, a hint of gratitude in her eyes.

"You know if he's around?"

He thumbed behind him, toward the velvet-roped hallway. "Yeah. Back in the main lounge. Just him back there."

"Perfect," she said, trailing her fingers along Booker's shoulder as she walked past him. "How's the girlfriend?"

"Pregnant as hell," Booker replied, his eyes trailing along her body.

"Give her my best wishes," Evelyn said with a wink. Booker laughed.

"Man save the fucking drama for the clients."

"You know I like to play around."

"Yeah, yeah, go get your bag," Booker said with a wave, returning his attention to his phone. Evelyn gave him a nod and turned.

The hallway to the back lounge swallowed her in darkness as the music faded into the background. She reached the main lounge doors and paused. Then, with a deep breath, she pushed them open.

Ivan was seated on a black leather loveseat. He looked awkward sitting alone in such a large room. He ran his fingers through his slicked-back sandy blonde hair as he kicked the duffle bag resting at his feet. He wore a fitted black button-up, a gold chain sitting just above the open collar, and enough cologne to flood the room with an overly aggressive musk.

"Long time no see," He said, arms spread along the backrest as he leaned into the couch.

"Long time," Evelyn replied coolly, striding across the room with calculated grace. She ran her fingers through her flowing hair as she sank into the seat beside him. Legs crossed, chest on display, and a smile sharp enough to cut any man to shreds. "How has the birthday boy been?"

"You can call me Ivan, you know," Ivan said coolly.

Evelyn smiled, slow and teasing. "I'm well aware."

Ivan chuckled softly as he sucked his teeth. Evelyn studied him. His polish was thick, but not seamless. The hair was too deliberate, the confidence too rehearsed. The soft underlayer of insecurity was always easy to spot in young men like him. She could peel it back if she wanted to. Tilt her head a certain way, feed him the right lie, say the thing that would make him fall for her. She could sink her claws in and feast as much as she wanted to.

Her eyes flicked to the duffle bag, already determined to leave with whatever amount of cash was inside.

"So," Ivan asked, too casually. "Anything new in your life?"

Evelyn could answer any way she pleased. She could make up a story about a trip she never took, or a party she didn't attend. She could say whatever answer would fit her mark's fantasy. She usually did. But something twisted differently in her chest this time. A thrill, a risk. A desire to have something she was truly proud of witnessed.

She leaned in, just enough for her perfume to tease his nose, her fingers trailing along the buttons of his shirt.

"I met someone."

Ivan blinked. His posture stiffened.

"You mean like... a guy?"

"Bingo," Evelyn said, voice light, measured. She let her fingers trail upward and tap gently against his collarbone.

"And he knows what you do?"

"He does," Evelyn confirmed.

Ivan's jaw shifted. His face collapsed into contempt.

"So you told him everything? Including what we did?"

"He's very aware," she said, letting the words sit in the air, unbothered.

Ivan exhaled a bitter laugh. His hand slid to her thigh, fingers pressing just a little too hard into her flesh.

"It won't last." He said firmly.

Evelyn's brows lifted slightly.

"Excuse me?"

"He's cool with it now, but it won't stay that way." Ivan's words were cold, pointed, and matter-of-fact.

Evelyn pulled back slightly, the line between amusement and irritation sharpening across her mouth. "You sound jealous."

"I'm realistic," Ivan said. "They always say they're fine with it. Until they see you walk into a room with someone like me. Then suddenly it's tears, ultimatums, insecurity. One way or another, the whole thing is going to implode."

Evelyn kept her face neutral, but something inside shivered. She could see Elijah's nervous eyes, the way he touched her like she was glass, the vulnerability of his soul.

"So you're bet is he'll leave? Because he seems pretty happy to me." Evelyn framed the question in indifference, but it was more genuine than she would have liked to admit.

"I think he doesn't know you yet. But he will, and then it will all change."

The air became taut as piano wire. Evelyn let it stretch before she smiled again, calm as ever.

"Maybe I want it to."

Ivan scoffed. His fingers squeezed once more, then withdrew. The silence swelled before Ivan pivoted.

"I have a party coming up next week, I expect you there," he said smoothly.

Evelyn tilted her head as she swirled her nail on Ivan's chest. "Can't. I'm going out of town with a friend."

"Your boyfriend?"

"No. A friend-friend. I won't be here."

"You need to be."

He reached into the duffle bag and pulled out a thick wad of hundreds secured with a band.

"I'll make it worth your while."

Evelyn slowly took the money from his hand and tucked it into her purse.

"Day and time?"

"Saturday, and no later than nine. And make sure you wear something fucking sexy."

He paused, staring at her with calculating eyes before pulling out another roll of cash.

"Why don't you bring your friend too?"

Evelyn's eyes narrowed. "My friend-friend?"

"No. Your boyfriend."

Evelyn drummed her fingers lightly against the new bundle.

"I'll think about it."

"You'll do it."

"Will I?"

Ivan's voice dropped. "Yes."

She met his eyes, then slowly grabbed the wad of hundreds.

"I'm sure he'll enjoy it." She said shortly.

Ivan smirked. "I bet."

Evelyn's eyes dropped to the duffle bag at his feet.

"How much is left in there?" She asked.

"Enough," Ivan said coolly.

Her lips curved. "And what do I have to do to get it?"

His hand moved toward her waist, fingers brushing the edge of her dress strap.

"We can figure that out."

He slipped one strap down, exposing the curve of her shoulder. Then the other.

The room went quiet, and Evelyn could hear the thump of bass mixed with the hiss of her breath.

She didn't move. Her chest rose slowly, skin luminous under the warm light.

Ivan leaned in, the scent of cologne nearly unbearable, as his hands began to explore her.

Evelyn closed her eyes as Ivan's tongue forced its way between her lips.

Evelyn 6 - Easter Labels

The smell of packing tape and cardboard clung to Elijah's nostrils. It was the type of scent that Elijah had become so used to that he didn't notice until he had stepped out and come back in the following day. The rented studio space was small, cluttered, and running hot. The portable AC unit Val had purchased ran in the corner of the room, barely keeping the space bearable to work in. They'd talked about upgrading to a warehouse, but that was a far way off. For now, this was home. Three people with hundreds of orders to fill amid an Easter flash sale. It was the kind of pure chaos Val and Jackie thrived in.

Elijah did his best to keep up with their fevered pace, folding another graphic tee and sliding it into a branded box with several stickers.

Across the folding table, Val held her phone between shoulder and cheek, voice firmly sugar-sweet as she boxed several pairs of shorts.

"Yes ma'am, I understand. But if we overnight it, it still has to pass through your local facility... yes, that means it will still take about a week to arrive. No, we can't control processing times."

Elijah glanced up at her. Even irritated, Val was beautiful. Black hair tied into a loose bun, olive skin glowing underneath the harsh fluorescents. She wore a cropped tank top with high-waisted pants. While she wasn't afraid to get her hands dirty in their shop, she still dressed like a gallery opening was always thirty minutes away. Listening to the drama unfold, Elijah had lost track of his work, a mistake Val quickly pointed out.

"Oh, Elijah, use the Easter labels. The little pastel bunnies." She pointed toward the labels stacked on a spindle nearby.

Elijah nodded, sliding the spindle towards himself. The rabbits were grinning with suspiciously sharp teeth. A design decision graciously given by Jackie. He peeled one off and slapped it onto the finished box.

"Yeah, Elijah," Jackie piped up from the other side of the room. "What the hell?"

She was crouched over a stack of printed invoices, sorting by zip code like a high-functioning goblin. Her outfit consisted of platform Converse, ripped tights, and a ringer tee with the logo of a punk band she insisted she no longer liked. Her tattoos peeked from every edge of visible skin. Her look was completed by a nose ring, chipped black nail polish, and micro bangs that perfectly framed her face.

"Packing was never my specialty," Elijah muttered, flicking the bunny label once to smooth it.

"Yeah, yeah, numbers and spreadsheets for you," Jackie shot back. "Quit complaining."

"I'm not complaining."

"You're whining." Jackie corrected. Elijah squinted in frustration.

"I've literally been packing in silence this entire time."

"But not with joy," she said, pointing at him with a single finger. "Do it with joy."

Val clicked off the phone and let it drop onto the table as she let out a frustrated sigh.

"I swear to god, I'm gonna design a sticker that says 'We're not fucking Amazon, bitch.'"

"We should slap it on every difficult customer's box," Jackie said, holding up a hand for an air high-five. Val happily slapped it from across the room.

Val turned her gaze on Elijah, and when he noticed her intense stare, he looked up nervously.

"What?" He asked.

"You gonna tell us about her?" She asked.

Elijah blinked. "Who?"

"Don't play stupid," Val said, reaching for a fresh stack of shirts. "This girl you've been seeing."

"The one you left early for last Friday? When you claimed you were 'meeting a friend'?" Jackie added.

His hands froze above the packing tape.

"Sorry about that." He said.

"You're allowed to have a life. I just want to know more about this mystery lady." Val said.

"Yeah, like, what does she do?" Jackie asked.

"Uh..." Elijah froze. He hadn't thought through how he would explain Evelyn's profession. In truth, he didn't think he would have made it far enough for these kinds of questions to become a reality. "She's... a model..." he said, voice uncertain.

Val arched an eyebrow while Jackie's mouth dropped open.

"Oh my god. You're dating an OF model, aren't you?!" She said.

He hated how clever they were. Elijah didn't speak. He didn't need to. Jackie let out an exaggerated gasp while Val crossed her arms and shook her head in disbelief.

"Elijah Godfrey..." She said.

"Look, it's not as bad as all that... It's not like-"

"Not like what?" Jackie grinned. "Not like she fucks guys on camera for money?"

"I didn't say that." Elijah countered hastily.

"But does she?" Jackie pressed.

"I'm not getting into it." Elijah went back to his work, praying that they would drop it. He felt their eyes burn into him.

"Listen, I won't judge," Val said with a tone of someone who was absolutely judging. "But I do want to know what her deal is. What kind of OF model is she?"

"You know... just the typical stuff... nothing crazy," Elijah lied.

Jackie broke into a wide grin. "Holy shit... it is crazy stuff, isn't it?"

Before he could respond, his phone lit up with a soft ping.

Val's eyes dropped to it. "Is that her?"

Elijah hesitated. "Yeah."

Val nodded slowly. "Well, don't keep us waiting. What does she have to say?"

He picked up the phone and tapped it open.

A video thumbnail filled the screen. It was Evelyn, bent over in dim lighting, her dress hiked up to the waist. Her round ass was centered and flushed. A man's hand grasped her waist from behind, fingers digging into her flesh.

Elijah quickly locked the phone and looked up at Jackie and Val, his face turning red.

Jackie let out a low whistle. "She's sexting you, huh? And with original content? Wow."

"I... did you see?" He stopped when Jackie and Val laughed, rubbing the back of his neck. "I didn't expect that."

"You never do with girls like that," Val muttered with low concern.

Jackie laughed. "You're just jealous you didn't think to monetize your ass."

"Please," Val scoffed. "If I wanted to, I would be the ultimate vintage dominatrix."

Jackie gasped. "That should be a new design."

"Already making mockups in my head."

Elijah let out a quiet breath. The box in front of him sat half-sealed.

Val eyed him.

"Do you like her?" She asked gently.

He looked up and gave a nod.

"I do."

Jackie beamed.

"See? I knew you were one of the good ones. Forward-thinking, accepting of women's liberties. Love that about you."

Val wasn't as quick to smile. Instead, she stared, searching to see how true Elijah's words were. He knew the look. She often turned into a mother bear when it came to him and Jackie.

"And she's not... pushing you into anything you don't want to do, right?" Val asked.

"No," Elijah said firmly. "It's not like that."

Val stared. Long enough for it to border on interrogation.

"Can we see her?" She finally asked.

Elijah hesitated. Jackie leaned in with bright eyes.

"Yeah... I wanna see what girl you kinda pulled." Jackie was always unabashed in her bisexual curiosity. It was a healthy counterbalance to Val's unspoken role as volunteer older sister.

"I'm curious too," Val said.

He sighed and unlocked his phone again, scrolling through Instagram until he found her profile. Then, after looking at her for a moment, he turned the phone and showed it to them. Jackie and Val lurched forward like two school children in a museum.

Jackie's eyes widened.

"Holy fuck, Elijah. What the fuck?!" She snatched the phone and swiped through Evelyn's grid. "Good for you. Holy shit!"

Jackie promptly handed the phone to Val, who took it skeptically. Her eyebrows rose slightly. She glanced up at Elijah, then back to Evelyn's profile. She didn't say anything at first. Just scrolled with a delicate finger. Then handed the phone back to him.

"Just be careful," she said. "Pretty girls like that know how to play people."

"You're a pretty girl," Jackie said.

Val smirked. "And sometimes I play people."

Jackie rolled her eyes.

"No, you don't, you just wish you did." She dropped into a seat next to Elijah and stared.

He locked his phone and put it in his pocket.

"She's not playing with me," he murmured.

"You sure?" Val asked.

He felt his confidence waver under her scrutiny. Truthfully, he didn't know. In fact, he didn't know much about the world he was entering. He shifted in his seat and shrugged.

"I want to believe she isn't," He said.

Jackie flicked one of the many paper footballs resting on the table at him. "Hey, even if she is? It's a journey you'll never forget. Not everyone gets to experience something crazy like this, so just enjoy it."

Val crossed her arms again. "But if that isn't what you want, just make sure she's being real with you. You're too innocent for this world. I don't want you getting hurt."

"I'm not innocent," Elijah countered, sounding like a defiant child. Val raised one eyebrow while Jackie grinned.

"Kinda are, though," Jackie said.

Elijah sighed and stepped away from the table. "I'm taking five."

"Uh-huh... take ALL five," Jackie said, making a jerking motion with her hand. Noah pointed at her.

"That's workplace harassment."

"I'll take it up with HR!" She responded. Val laughed and softly slapped her on the back of the head.

"Get back to work, gremlin..."

"Ugh! Fine..."

The two went back to their business as Elijah walked toward the studio's front door, glancing down at his phone as he exited into the hallway.

It was quiet except for the low buzz of the overhead lights. Elijah stepped out of their studio and closed the door behind him. Down the corridor, an older man in slacks and a polo passed by, nodding politely before disappearing into a space labeled Knox Legal Consulting. Across the hall, the lights were on in Vesta Yoga, soft ambient music coming from under their door. Just beyond it, the employees of Retro City were working through their latest shipment of old video games.

Elijah leaned back against the wall, still holding his phone. The concrete floor felt cool even through his shoes, and the hallway had a faint scent of pine-scented cleaner. His pulse ticked behind his ears as he put on his earbuds and tapped the screen.

The video played almost instantly. Evelyn was bent over, hands on the wall of a dim room. It looked to be a private club. Elijah's eyes quickly scanned the surroundings. Dark paint, gold fixtures, plush leather in the background, and LED lights trimming the corners.

His eyes returned to Evelyn and what was being done to her. A man, faceless, held a camera as he pounded into her hard from behind. His free hand gripped her hips greedily as his thrusts caused Evelyn's ass to jiggle. Her moans were perfect and unapologetic.

Elijah's stomach knotted. He couldn't tell if her pleasure was a performance or if she liked it.

She looked back at the camera over her shoulder. Her dark, silky hair trailed across her neck, eyes charged with lust. She bit her glossy black lip. Looking into the stranger's eyes with a gaze that would melt any man.

The stranger pushed his fingers between her lips. Evelyn sucked them in hungrily as she shut her eyes. He shoved into her with a grunt. Her body jerked forward, her cheek pressing into the wall as his pace quickened. She gasped, but didn't stop him.

"I'm gonna fucking cum..." The man said in a strange accent.

"Cum for me, baby," Evelyn said seductively.

He shoved his full length into her, then pulled out quickly, spraying across her ass and the dip of her back. The camera shook as Evelyn slid down without being told, knees perfectly posed as her lips parted. She took him in her mouth effortlessly.

She looked into the camera.

Elijah watched her lips wrap around the man's cock, as she swallowed him, as his girth expanded her throat. The sound of her sucking filled his ears.

She didn't stop until he softened. Until the man pulled out his half-hard cock and slapped it against her face.

The screen turned dark.

Elijah exhaled. His erection strained against his waistband, making him turn uncomfortably as a group of yoga students passed by. He prayed it wasn't too visible.

His chest felt tight as he stared at his phone's black screen and realized how different this video had felt.

The man in the video wasn't new. Elijah felt it.

He was certain it was the same one from the blowjob video she had sent before. His mind began to race. Perhaps this meant that they were more. Others like him. Perhaps it meant she was playing games.

She said she wasn't seeing anyone.

Elijah clung to that. He had to believe Evelyn hadn't sent this to toy with him. She had done it as a gift. To turn him on.

And for the most part, it had worked.

Elijah scrolled down to the message Evelyn sent with the video.

Evelyn: You like it when I'm bad?

His thumb floated over his phone hesitantly. He was a man split between emotions, none of which he could fully name. His mind burned with equal parts jealousy and arousal as his fingers moved across the phone screen.

Elijah: Yeah. I did.

He was surprised when her reply came almost instantly.

Evelyn: Glad to hear it. What are you doing next Saturday?

He blinked. The arousal began to mix with an undercurrent of dread.

Elijah: Nothing. Why?

Evelyn: Good. You and I are going to a party. Pick me up at 8:30, I'll be at the Clara. Dress nice.

He looked at the message, heartbeat racing.

Then another one came.

Evelyn: Oh also, I should warn you...

Elijah: Yeah?

Evelyn: I'm probably going to get fucked ;)

Elijah's grip on the phone tightened. The hallway around him buzzed dimly as distant voices echoed through the stairwell.

Elijah couldn't move. He was stuck in a state of dissolution and excitement. All the while, Val's voice rang in his head.

Pretty girls like that know how to play people.

He looked down at the screen again.

Evelyn was different.

She had to be.

He texted back slowly.

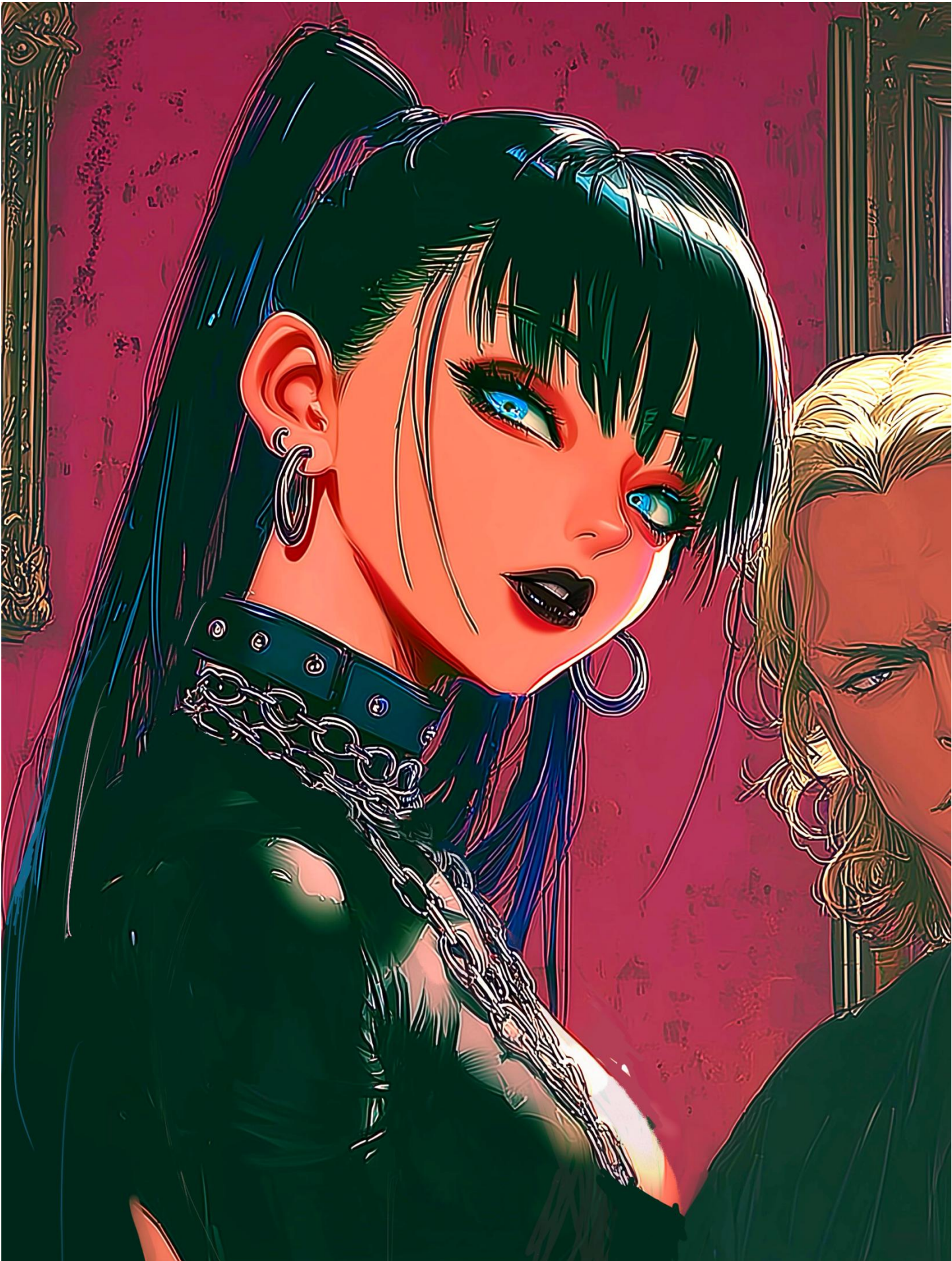
Elijah: Noted ;)

He swallowed, adjusted himself against the strain in his pants, and turned toward the studio door.

Everything was going to be fine.

It had to be.

Evelyn 7 - Big Party



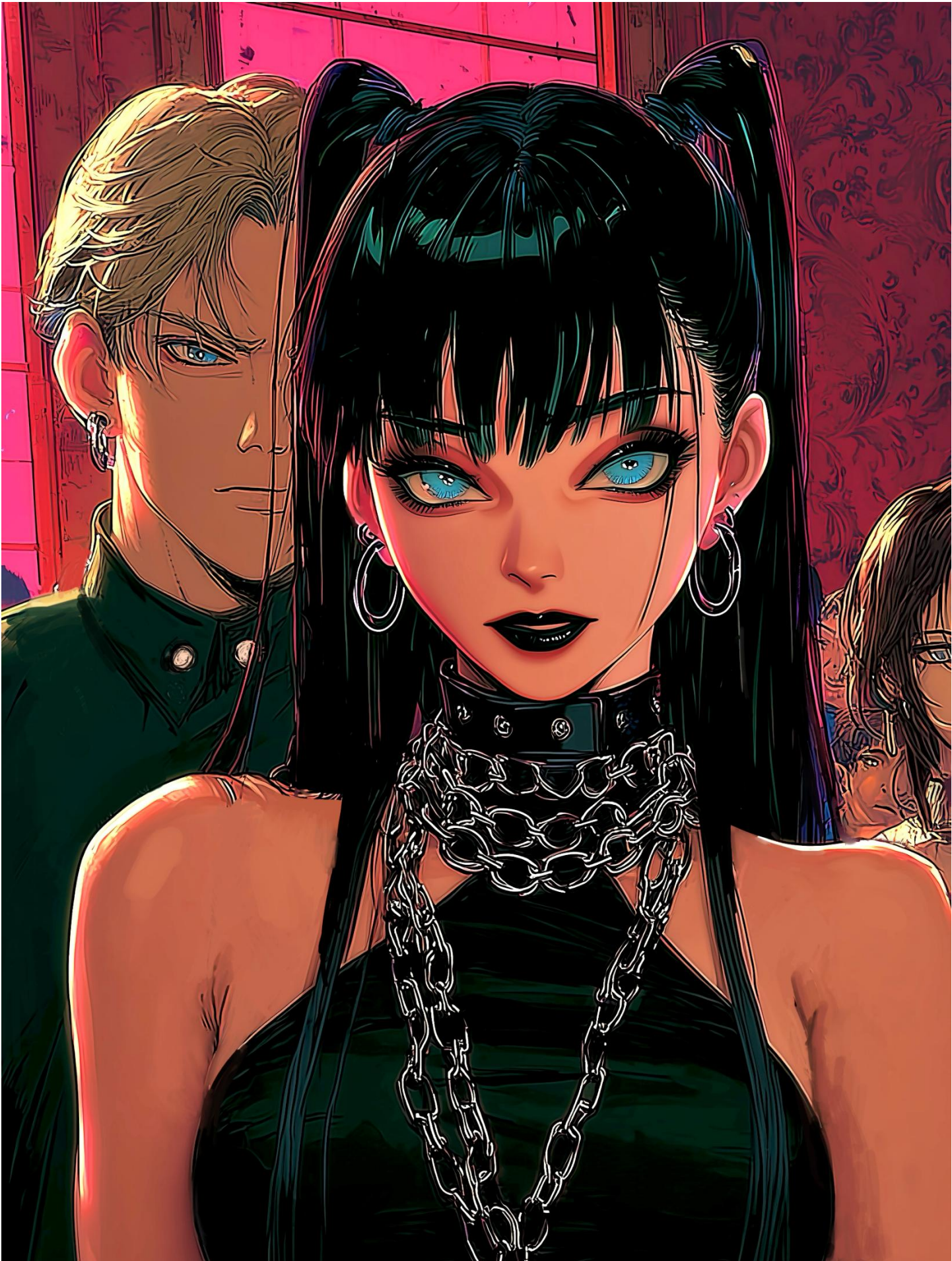












Elijah waited in The Clara's main drive, his Toyota idling beneath the soft glow of its recessed lights. The hotel was breathtaking, Ethan couldn't deny it. A glass monolith trimmed in pale stone and gold accents, its entrance framed by potted palms and valet attendants in black gloves. It was an entrance to a world Elijah lived outside of. A world of influencers, billionaires, and the elite.

Sunlight cut across the pavement, shimmering against the sports cars ahead of him. Elijah's car, well past ten years old, looked like a delivery vehicle someone had forgotten to move. He did his best to act like he belonged, leaning against the passenger's side door, arms folded, and ignoring the confused looks of those who passed him.

Heat radiated from the pavement. The downtown skyline towered around him, a mixture of high-rise apartments and rooftop gardens barely visible overhead. The street beyond bustled with self-driving cars and clipped heels of tech talent.

Elijah glanced down at his phone, then glanced at The Clara's doors, relieved as he saw Evelyn passing through the doors.

She slipped past an old couple with effortless stride, their eyes following her as she moved with a gentle sway. Elijah couldn't blame them; he was just as enamored as they were.

Shor wore tall, glossy black boots, a pair of high-waisted shorts that hugged her hips, and a fishnet shirt that covered a black tube top. Silver rings accented her black nail polish, and a pair of slim silver chains hung around her neck.

Elijah stood straight as she approached him, smiling gently.

"You're early," she said.

"You're late," Elijah countered.

Evelyn's smile turned playful. "Am I?"

She was close enough for Elijah to smell the peppermint on her breath. His eyes trailed down her neck, following the trail of glitter that shimmered on her skin.

Words catching in his throat, Elijah turned and opened the passenger door.

"Here," he said.

Evelyn laughed under her breath. "Such a gentleman."

She kissed him on the cheek before sliding in. Elijah stood for a moment after he closed the door, dumbstruck. Then quietly walked to the driver's seat.

The Toyota rattled as it started. Evelyn shifted slightly in her seat, crossing one leg over the other as they drove in silence. Her phone lit up. She checked it briefly, then closed it. It lit up once more. The moving background on Evelyn's screen caught Elijah's eye.

"Wait," he said. "Is that... Crusaders?"

Evelyn glanced at him. "What?"

"Your wallpaper."

She looked at her phone and laughed. "Oh. Yeah. I play all the time."

“No way. Really??”

“Yeah! I know, it’s so nerdy. I’m an addict,” she spoke with her usual air of nonchalance, but Elijah could hear the vulnerability underneath it.

He looked over at her, stunned. “Wait, so have you gotten to the third tower?”

“I beat the third tower,” Evelyn said triumphantly.

“How?! I’ve been stuck on it for like, a week.”

“Boss is bugged,” she said. “You have to loop with a few archers, then drink an attack potion. It will melt after.”

“You’re kidding.”

“I’m not.”

He shook his head in disbelief. Evelyn looked at him, a subtle glint of nervousness in her eyes.

“Oh god, are you getting the ick?”

“What, no? Not at all, I’m...” Elijah laughed. “I’m going to pretend I didn’t just fall in love with you.”

Evelyn blushed and fixed her hair. Her phone lit up again.

“Is that work?” he asked with calm curiosity.

“Yes, unfortunately,” she said. “Do... you want to hear about it?”

“Of course.”

“Well... ok. I still have a few subscribers on an old subscription tier. It’s supposed to come with 24/7 responses. When I was first starting, it seemed like a good idea... but I quickly realized it wasn’t. I check it every few hours.”

“That sounds exhausting.”

“It is very exhausting. I’m hoping they unsubscribe soon.”

The car coasted along the freeway. Tall palm trees arched overhead as a hill filled with big homes came into view.

Elijah glanced over at Evelyn. She rested her head on her hand, watching the trees blur past them.

Her phone buzzed in her lap. She flipped it face down. Then her hand trailed to Elijah’s thigh. He took it with his free hand, their fingers interlocking as they weaved lazily between traffic in the setting sun.

“Turn here,” Evelyn said. Elijah took the exit and drove into a neighborhood of mansions.

Evelyn directed him up a winding hill to an estate. Carefully hidden behind a wall of green shrubbery and an open iron gate. Elijah drove through it, following the stone driveway to a roundabout.

They slowed to a stop, the headlights shining on a large front patio.

“This is it?” Elijah asked.

Evelyn leaned forward.

“Looks that way. He’s more loaded than I thought.”

“He?”

“My client,” she said. She let the words settle for a moment. “He... asked for both of us.”

Elijah stared blankly, more curious than alarmed.

“Why?”

Evelyn turned toward him and shrugged.

“I guess we’ll have to see,” She said playfully.

Elijah looked past Evelyn at the house. Then back to her.

“Listen...” She leaned forward and tapped the tip of his nose with one finger. “If it helps at all, I’m happy he did.”

“You are?” Elijah asked.

“Oh yes, it means we get to have some fun together.”

Elijah didn’t answer. He couldn’t.

“You alright?” Evelyn asked.

“Y-yeah...”

“You don’t have to come if you don’t want to,” Evelyn said with a testing tone.

Elijah wondered if this was what all this was. A test. To see if he could actually handle what she did, to see if he would stay if he saw it.

“I want to,” Elijah said.

Evelyn smiled weakly.

“Let’s just have a fun night,” she said.

“Fair enough,” Elijah said, killing the engine. Evelyn moved for her door latch.

“Wait!” Elijah said. Evelyn looked at him, freezing playfully as Elijah stepped out, jogged around the front of the car, and opened the door for her. She took his hand with a smile.

Her sharp nails pressed the inside of his palm as she stepped out of the passenger seat, standing close to Elijah as they caught each other's gaze once more.

“You look so beautiful,” he whispered softly.

“We’ll see if you’ll be saying that in a minute,” she teased, squeezing his hand.

They laughed together as Elijah led Evelyn towards the house entrance. The path up to the house was long and curved, lined with partygoers dressed in the latest fast fashion trends. Every woman looked like an influencer, and every man looked like he owned a yacht.

She didn't let his hand go until the doors opened.

The entry hall was decorated with spotlighted plants. Glass panes stretched across the ceiling, opening into an upper balcony. Somewhere above, a woman laughed loudly over the beat of house music as people milled about on the stone-tiled patio beyond the sliding doors.

It was far more crowded than Elijah had anticipated, and far richer.

Yet above them all, Evelyn still stood out.

People looked when she entered, their eyes tracking her every step. Couples froze when she smiled. And like always, it made no difference to Evelyn. She ignored them, but Elijah couldn't. He had never had so many eyes on him before. Examining his every motion, glancing between him and Evelyn in confusion.

Elijah gripped Evelyn's hand.

She looked at him and squeezed back.

"Hey," she said softly, leaning into his ear. "Are you alright?"

Her warm breath tickled his neck as he nodded.

"Yeah."

Her thumb rubbed the back of his hand.

The music grew louder the deeper into the crowded home. The crowd peeled back as Evelyn moved through it.

Then they began to appear.

First came a man in a silk shirt and gold necklaces.

"Hey Angel," he said.

"Hey, you," Evelyn said, leaning forward and saying something Elijah couldn't make out over the noise.

Then came another. A lean, sun-kissed man who slid his hands confidently around her waist, whispering into Evelyn's ear. She laughed, expertly moving out of his embrace while gently sliding her hand down his shoulder.

More followed, and Evelyn handled each with ease.

More came. The crowd shifted and swelled. Soon, the two were gradually pulled apart. Not wanting to hover, Elijah made his way to the bar, grabbed a drink, and watched as Evelyn moved through a sea of men.

As soon as he was out of her orbit, no one noticed him. He was invisible once again. Elijah let out a sigh of relief as he leaned against a wall. He felt sorry for Evelyn. He couldn't imagine constantly being watched wherever he went.

A few drinks followed, and Elijah's nerves eased. Just in time for Ivan to appear. He wore an unbuttoned white linen shirt, sunglasses, and white flowing pants.

The room shifted at his presence. Elijah tensed as he made a beeline straight to Evelyn, his entourage following closely behind him.

“There she is!” he shouted.

Evelyn barely had time to turn before he grabbed her by the hips and pulled her close.

Then he kissed her. It was deep and possessive. Elijah watched as Ivan’s tongue shot down Evelyn’s throat. He watched as Evelyn glanced over at him, closing her eyes when Ivan squeezed her ass and grabbed her neck.

Elijah’s chest stopped moving. He moved towards them before he had time to think.

Ivan glanced at Elijah as he broke his kiss, pulling Evelyn to his side with one arm wrapped tightly around her waist.

To Elijah’s surprise, Evelyn smiled as he approached, slipping out of Ivan’s embrace and walking straight to him.

“Thanks, babe, you shouldn’t have,” she said, grabbing the half-finished drink and drinking from it.

Ivan’s face went blank as he watched Evelyn press her lips softly against Elijah’s.

Adrenaline mixed with affection. Evelyn’s hands trailed up to Elijah’s neck before she stepped away.

“So,” Ivan said, stepping toward Elijah, “you’re the new friend, huh?”

He offered a hand as he pulled Evelyn back to his side. She went gracefully, her eyes never leaving Elijah.

He took Ivan’s hand with a controlled squeeze.

“I am,” Elijah said.

Ivan smirked. “She’s got her talents, huh? Better enjoy it while you can.”

Elijah’s eyes shot to Evelyn.

“She’s a wonderful woman,” he said. “But I have a feeling we have plenty of time yet.”

The room fell silent. Evelyn and Elijah shared a longing gaze.

Ivan stared coldly as a slow, bitter smile stretched across his face. He slapped Elijah’s shoulder hard enough to make his teeth chatter.

“Well, any friend of hers is a friend of mine. Come. The real party’s upstairs,” He said, pulling Evelyn with him as his entourage and Elijah followed.

The rooftop was otherworldly. A perfect glass-paneled enclosure that opened onto a heated terrace, an edgeless pool spread out like a mirror, seamlessly reflecting the city skyline. Next to it, a hot tub was set into a marble cradle surrounded by recessed lights.

Ivan walked onto the terrace, dressed down to his swim briefs, and waded into the hot tub to the delight of several partygoers.

He looked back over his shoulder at Evelyn. “Come on, sweetheart.”

Evelyn hesitated. Then, slowly, she began unlacing her boots.

He watched her undress. She removed her shorts, revealing a black bikini underneath. Then, she pulled her tube down, exposing her full breasts beneath her fishnet shirt. Her nipples were covered with black, X-pattern pasties.

Then she turned to Elijah, smiling bashfully for a moment as she let him take her in.

"I'll see you later, babe," she said tenderly.

Elijah stepped towards her and picked up her clothes.

"Have fun," He said gently. Evelyn laughed and looked to the ground.

"You going to be alright by yourself for a while?" She asked.

"I'll find something to do," Elijah said.

"Well, I hope you enjoy the show," Evelyn said.

"Babe! Ass in the tub, now!" Ivan shouted, his accent flowing between his inflections and aggression.

Evelyn turned from Elijah, walking with a playfully exaggerated sway of her hips as she raised an arm daintily in the air. Ivan pulled her into the water by the hand. She laughed and fell into his lap.

And Elijah, watching, made his way over to the bar on the opposite side of the terrace. He poured himself a bourbon and got comfortable. No one joined him. They didn't even notice. And that was fine.

Elijah watched the night bloom in layers.

Evelyn leaned back into Ivan, head resting on his chest, her legs draped across his thighs. He whispered into her ear, hands tracing slow lines along the curve of her hips. Then, he stole another kiss.

As his hands explored her.

As partiers watched with envy.

More guests made their way over to the hot tub. Evelyn grabbed two bottles and poured them into Ivan's mouth, his entourage erupting in rehearsed applause at the sight.

She looked across the water, and her eyes found Elijah again.

Then she laughed. A real laugh. And Elijah knew it was for him. She didn't look away immediately. She held his gaze long enough to let it land. Then her attention turned back to Ivan, and the light dimmed in her eyes.

Time passed between swigs of alcohol and changes in music. Eventually, Ivan and Evelyn made their way to the pool.

Ivan waded in first, olive skin catching the lights as Evelyn followed, the two a picture-perfect couple.

He dove under the water, surfaced behind her, and wrapped Evelyn in his arms. Ivan lifted her into the air and slammed them both into the water. She surfaced and laughed, wriggling free and swimming off. Water splashed, landing on a group of women near the pool's edge. They shrieked and splashed back. Enviously watching as Evelyn swam past them.

When she reached the far end of the pool, she turned and locked eyes with Elijah.

Elijah didn't look away. Because he knew she didn't want him to.

She bit her lip and winked.

Ivan caught up with Evelyn again, pulling her back toward the shallow end without even looking in Elijah's direction.

As the two neared the other side of the pool, a girl climbed onto the shoulders of a well-built man. Evelyn followed in suit, jumping onto Ivan's shoulders. His fingers dug into her thighs as they shouted, pushed, and tumbled. Laughter rolled through the warm night air, mixing with the music.

And still, between every game, every touch, every moment with Ivan, Evelyn's eyes drifted back to Elijah.

She locked eyes with him while Ivan's hands trailed down her hips.

She smiled just as Ivan kissed and latched onto her neck.

She blew him a kiss while Ivan licked whipped cream off her chest.

Every look told the same story. That this was their moment, their evening, and no one else's.

The night trailed on.

On and on.

Leading to early dawn.

The party thinned with dimming laughter. Guests slipped into robes, into rooms, into each other. The DJ packed up in silence as the pool steamed. Ivan climbed out of the water, grabbing a towel with one hand and Evelyn with the other.

They moved toward the glass doors at the edge of the terrace as the party folded behind them. But just before they crossed through, Evelyn turned.

Her eyes found Elijah across the deck.

She lifted her hand and, with a single curled finger, beckoned.

Elijah stood, her things in his arms, and followed them into the home.

The hallway was quiet, chilled by the steady, silent flow of AC. Silver sconces flickered along black marble walls, and Elijah's footsteps were dampened by the thick weave designer rugs trailing the hall.

Ivan walked ahead silently. Seemingly unaware of Elijah's presence. Evelyn was at his side, her arm looped around his waist. Water dripped from her wet skin, leaving a trail of dots in the rug behind her.

Ivan stopped at a wide, half-open door.

He turned to Evelyn, saying nothing.

Then, catching Elijah's silhouette from the corner of his eye, he jumped.

"What the fuck? What are you still doing here?" Ivan asked.

"I wanted him to come," Evelyn said calmly.

Ivan's jaw flexed.

"Well, I didn't fucking pay to have him stare," he muttered.

"I'm not sending him home," Evelyn replied, voice overly sweet.

Ivan scoffed. "Fine. But you're fucking waiting out here." He pointed to the floor just outside the threshold. "Listen if you want. I don't care. But don't fucking come in."

He pushed the door open forcefully.

"Come on," he said, already disappearing inside.

Evelyn stopped at the threshold.

Her eyes found Elijah's.

"Will you stay?" she asked, softly.

Elijah nodded. "I'll be right here."

She stared for a moment, measuring the words.

"You'll... wait?" She asked.

Elijah nodded. "Always."

Evelyn's lip trembled.

"I'll get you when we're done," she said.

"Alright."

She lingered a moment. Then, with a nod, she stepped through the doorway. Disappearing into the dim light.

Elijah eased back, lowered himself to the floor, and felt the cold stone kiss his palms as he sat.

Evelyn 8 - Wait For Me















Evelyn stepped into the room, her heels catching on the edge of a shag rug that felt completely out of place. But that was how everything felt in this room. It was clear that the only objective of the room's decor was to show wealth. Neon tubing flickered lazily behind an abstract sculpture made of rusted chrome, while a green velvet loveseat sat under a framed oil painting of a screaming face. All of it clashed, creating an unignorable level of visual noise.

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But the first thing Evelyn noticed wasn't the furniture. It was Ivan.

Already naked from the waist down, he reclined against the California king's garish white headboard, stroking his cock lazily as she approached him.

Normally, this wouldn't have meant anything to Evelyn. She had seen Ivan and countless paying clients naked before. This was another paycheck, another fantasy she would fulfill. Yet this time, her breath caught from the sudden, sharp awareness of how real this moment was.

Because it wasn't just another paying client. Elijah waited for her right outside in the hallway; he would hear everything.

If he stayed.

Spotting Evelyn's hesitation, Ivan grinned as he squeezed his shaft tightly.

"Is he all tucked in out there?" Ivan asked. Evelyn didn't respond.

He snapped his fingers and pointed to the bed with a sharp, commanding gesture.

"Crawl over here and suck my dick," Ivan spoke louder than necessary, and Evelyn knew exactly who he wanted to hear. Her stomach twisted. If this had been last week, she wouldn't have blinked. Ivan was an easy mark, and one she enjoyed extracting every last penny from.

But now everything inside her felt pulled tight as she neared the bed's edge, like a piano wire strung tightly between guilt and arousal. Evelyn must have paused at the bed longer than she realized, because Ivan snapped his fingers again.

"Hey. You still with me? Get the fuck over here," Ivan said.

At once, Evelyn buried her emotions under a practiced smile. Her fingers hooked into the waistband of her damp underwear, and she slowly peeled them off.

"Can't give it to you too easily, can I?" she teased.

Ivan scoffed, stroking himself harder. "Always with the fucking games."

Evelyn's wet panties dropped, her bare feet kissed the cold wood floor as she stepped out of them.

She glanced back into the hallway. If Elijah was there, he was silent.

The whole house was silent.

If he was still there, he was going to know what she was. But they had done this before. Why did it matter now?

A small shiver crawled up Evelyn's spine, excitement doubling her heart rate.

It would be easier if he left. It would be predictable. Life would return to normal; she could continue as she always had.

But, deep down, she hoped he wouldn't.

The heat between her legs pulsed. Evelyn let her palms trail over her thighs as she climbed onto the bed, eyes locked with Ivan's as she crawled toward him. Her knees sank into the mattress as her hands trailed across his thighs, stopping just beneath his cock. Her fingers wrapped around his girthy shaft as she kissed it softly. Closing her eyes when she saw Ivan's head roll back in ecstasy.

'He's just a mark.'

Her lips parted.

'He will never have me.'

Evelyn licked his throbbing tip.

'Imagine it's Elijah.'

She took him into her mouth in one smooth motion.

"FUCK!" Ivan shouted, hips jerking forward.

Her throat closed around him instantly. The pressure at the back of her mouth made her eyes sting. He was already pushing far deeper than she had planned, but she didn't back off.

She swallowed him, shoving his cock down her throat as far as she could go, gagging performatively as she did.

Ivan placed a hand behind her head, guiding her rhythm as he thrust into her mouth. "You are so good at this."

Evelyn's nose mashed into his pelvis as his pace quickened. Her lipstick smeared. Her saliva slowly poured over his balls and down her chin, staining his white sheets. She continued to gag for him as he took her mouth, and in return, Ivan moaned as if he was on stage.

His performance agitated Evelyn and made her work his cock with every trick she knew.

She made popping sounds with her lips. Kissed the side of his shaft. Stroked him with both hands as she sucked. She moaned as she swallowed him with smooth, perfect motions.

All in the hopes of him cumming quickly.

He needed to cum quickly.

'Pretend it's Elijah. He doesn't get to have you like Elijah does... '

She wondered what Elijah would be like. If he would be different from the others. Evelyn hoped so; the alternative was terrifying. Would he groan like her clients did? Would he lose control the same way? Would he be rough? Would he kiss her after?

Did she want him to?

She choked on Ivan's dick as he pushed himself fully into her mouth and held it there before pulling out completely. A thick string of saliva trailed from her lips to the tip of his cock. Her chest heaved. Spit and precum trailed from her chin and glistened off her breasts in wild strands. It was only now that she realized how much her hands had been shaking.

"Fuck," Ivan laughed. "I didn't know you missed me that much."

He grabbed a handful of her hair as he slapped his cock against her cheek. Then he stood from the bed and pulled Evelyn up with him. Grinning like a wolf as he slid his cock between their thighs and rubbed it against her pussy.

Evelyn closed her eyes, fighting the moans that escaped her. Ivan began to thrust with an even pace, his hands squeezing her ass tightly as he pushed her against his toned body.

"I hope he's fucking listening," he said, still thrusting with steady rhythm. "I hope he hears everything I'm about to do to you."

Evelyn buried her face into his chest, clenching her teeth as the tip of Ivan's cock rubbed against her clit.

She felt his hands trail up to her waist. Evelyn looked at him and found hungry eyes waiting for her.

"Turn around," Ivan's voice was filled with a primal desire even he wasn't immune to.

Evelyn obeyed, turning around slowly. She pushed her ass into his pelvis and felt his cock slide between her legs once again.

"Move over here," he said, pushing her back onto the bed.

The mattress sank beneath her palms as she bent down and spread herself open. Ass arched, spine bowed, hair cascading over her shoulders in soft black waves.

He stood behind her, cock in hand at the edge of the bed. Evelyn's hips swayed as Ivan's cock landed between her ass cheeks. He began to thrust slowly, and she wiggled her ass in response. It made him groan.

Then, without warning, his cock, still slick from her juices, slid lower and entered Evelyn's pussy.

Her breath caught in her throat as she felt him hit her cervix.

'Don't moan.'

Ivan began to fuck her in deep, hard thrusts. Every movement pushed her forward on the bed, her breasts flattening against the sheets.

'It's not that special.'

Dull sounds of slapping flesh filled the room. Evelyn clenched her jaw as her cervix was pounded by Ivan's girthy shaft. All the while, she kept silent.

She glanced toward the hall. It was empty and silent.

But... he wouldn't have left.

Would he?

Evelyn needed to wrap this up. Maybe if she started thrusting back into Ivan, he would finish early and go check to see if—

SLAP.

Ivan's palm smacked across her ass, the sound ricocheting off the walls. Evelyn gasped before she could stop herself, pain and pleasure mixing throughout her body.

Ivan grabbed her by the hair again, pulling her head back and kissing her roughly. His tongue thrust past her lips, swallowing her breath like it belonged to him. Then he pushed her face back down into the sheets.

"Make some fucking noise," he demanded.

A piece of Evelyn ached to be heard. Ached to know she had asked Elijah to do this with her. Ached for him to know how wet she was, how fast her pulse raced every time she imagined him watching.

She opened her mouth and moaned. Loudly. Shamefully. Deliberately. It would probably be burned into Elijah's memory before this was all over.

"Good girl," Ivan said.

The evening began to blur after that.

Ivan flipped her onto her back. His hands gripped her thighs, spreading her wide with ankles overhead as he fucked her with deep, forceful slams.

She gasped.

Ivan yanked her up and dragged her to the wall, spinning her around and fucking her from behind. Her palms splayed flat against the cool paint, her cheek pressed hard against the cold surface as her body jolted with every thrust.

As her legs began to quiver, Elijah's face kept appearing. Behind her eyes. Between every blink.

She could see him in Ivan's place. Standing behind her, his mouth against her throat, his hands on her hips, his voice whispering how good she felt, how bad he wanted to come inside her.

"Yes," Evelyn said. She moaned, counter thrusting into him. "Yes!" She felt Elijah become more forceful.

"That's right, you fucking slut!" Ivan said, fucking hard enough to make Evelyn's legs shake.

She was close. Heat and humiliation grew like a storm inside her. She clenched her jaw as Ivan's onslaught continued.

'Try to picture Elijah again.'

Ivan threw her back onto the bed and shoved her face into the blankets. She lay flat on her stomach, her thighs squeezed tightly together, her back arched. She felt Ivan's weight press against her as he lined his cock up with her pussy, entering slowly with a loud groan.

The new angle took her breath away.

She wasn't supposed to like this. Not this position. Not this moment. No normal woman would do this to the person they were seeing.

She was supposed to want him. Only him. And she did, in her own way.

Her mind clung to Elijah. She remembered how perfect he had been at their first dinner, how interested he seemed in her, how he hadn't blinked when she told him who she was or what she did.

He made her feel like a person.

And now he sat in the hallway, listening to another man take her. At least, Evelyn hoped he still was listening.

The thought of walking into an empty hallway after this felt like a waking nightmare. But Ivan gave her little time to dwell on it. He began thrusting harder. Grunting loudly as he slammed his hips against her ass with all the force he could muster. His cock hit her cervix until the line between pain and pleasure vanished.

Evelyn's fingers clenched the sheets as the mounting pressure inside her became unbearable.

And with a final thrust, Evelyn's body broke.

Her mouth opened instinctively. An aching moan escaped as her orgasm crested. Her legs tensed. Evelyn convulsed, lost in one of the greatest orgasms she had ever experienced. Her face pressed into the sheets, lips open and wet with heat.

She hated how good it felt.

But she hated the fact that she didn't want to stop it even more.

By the time Ivan rolled her onto her back, she wasn't fighting anymore.

He opened her legs and pushed himself back inside her. Evelyn's pussy, sensitive and swollen, seized around him. The curve of Ivan's cock rubbed her G-spot perfectly.

She looked up at him, hating how sexy he was in that moment. Chest heaving. Hair slicked back. Muscles taut and trembling with effort. He kissed her again, tongue plunging deep into Evelyn's throat. He grabbed her breasts roughly, squeezing until they almost hurt, and she kissed him back.

His pace quickened.

He was close.

But it didn't matter.

He had beaten her tonight.

Evelyn gave in. Fully. Quietly.

Her body trembled beneath him, still flushed, still wet.

Her jaw ached. Her thighs burned. Her stomach cramped.

And still, she didn't stop him.

"Say my name," he said between thrusts.

She looked up at him, but didn't answer.

He adjusted his position, slamming into her harder. The bed frame hit the wall. Evelyn let out a cry of pleasure.

“Say it, or you don’t get paid.”

That wasn't true. Evelyn would get her money no matter what he said. But she wanted this to be over.

“Fuck, Ivan!” she shouted. Her tone was a perfect blend of sensuality, fatigue, and desire.

“Say you want me to cum in you,” Ivan pressed.

The command was tantalizing.

'Elijah will hear it.'

Her heart surged with adrenaline.

“I want you to cum in me! Give it to me Ivan!” Using first names always worked with clients, and Ivan was no different.

His pace became feral, body tight as he gripped her thighs and pounded her into the mattress. Then with a deep, guttural moan, he came. Slamming into her deep enough for his tip to push against her cervix. He held himself there, cock twitching as he filled her.

In a wave of relief, Ivan dropped onto her like a drunk lover.

She lay beneath his weight, both breathing heavy as she felt the sweat on their chests mix. His cum pooled between her thighs as he thrust slowly.

She waited between counted breaths, fighting against every urge to push Ivan off and rush to the hallway.

Normally, Ivan wasn't much for aftercare. When he was done, he would discard Evelyn quickly. But tonight, he wrapped his arms around her tightly.

It was a message, a performance. A means for him to possess her. Ivan certainly wouldn't have been the first to try and dominate her.

But he was the first to take her in front of Elijah.

That reality became an almost unbearable weight.

After a few minutes too many, Evelyn shifted beneath Ivan.

“I should go,” she murmured.

Ivan didn't answer.

She lifted her shoulder slightly, testing Ivan's weight.

He wrapped an arm around her waist before she could rise, his mouth pressing into the slope of her shoulder.

“I didn't say we were done,” he whispered, his hand already sliding between her thighs, fingers brushing her clit.

Her breathless moan was muffled instantly as he kissed her, swallowing the sound down into his chest.

Ivan's fingers pressed deep inside her, but all Evelyn could think about was Elijah,
And whether he was still waiting.

Evelyn 9 - Cold Hallway



Evelyn 9.







Evelyn 9



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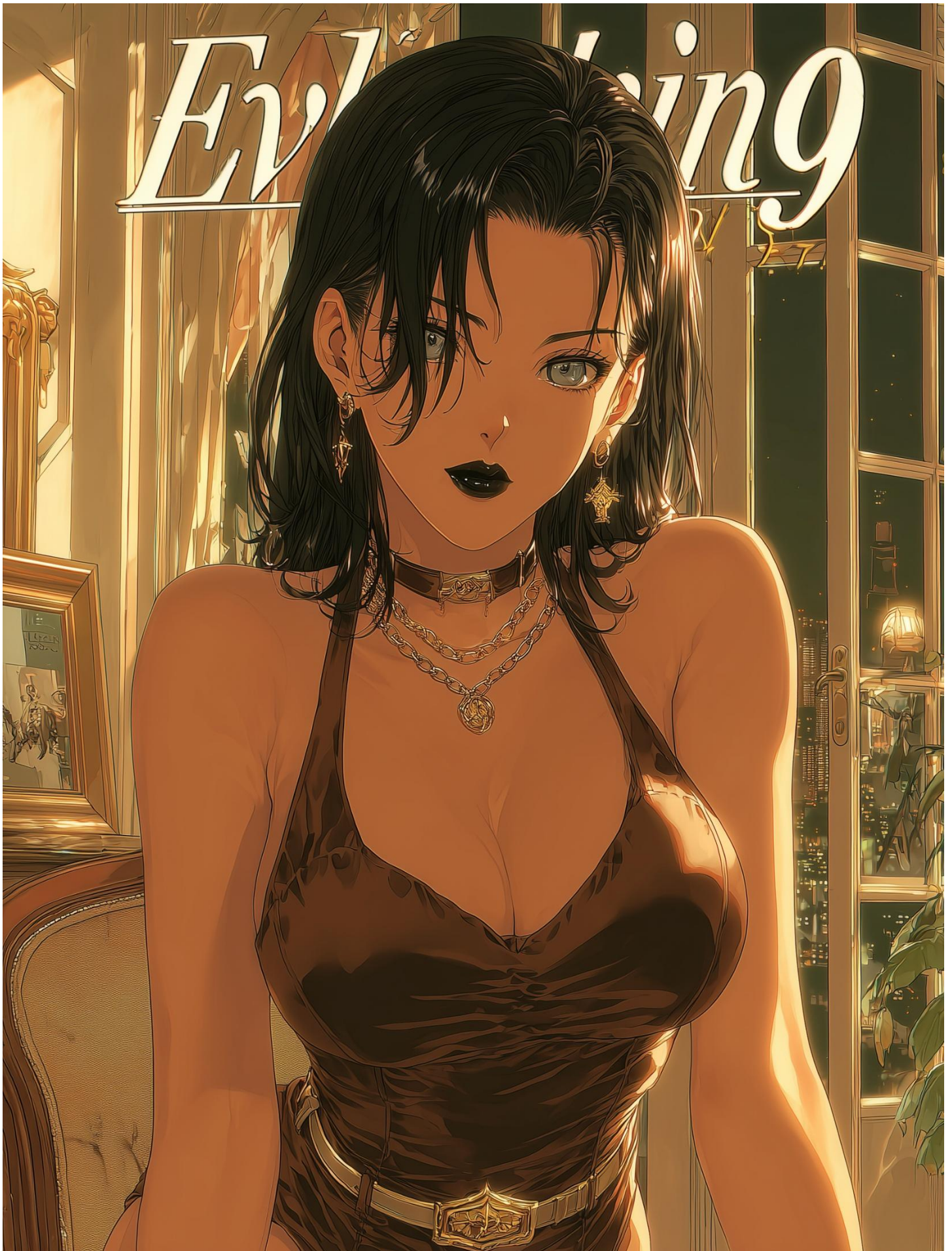




Evelyn 9







Elijah closed his eyes and breathed slowly.

He could hear them starting up again, christened by Evelyn's soft, breathless moan. A sharp gasp followed. Then the unmistakable sound of skin slapping skin.

Elijah checked his phone.

3:14 a.m.

They had been going for hours now, but Elijah had lost the exact count. Time collapsed into the sound of Evelyn's voice. That velvety voice. It rose in short-lived peaks before crashing into valleys of silence. As the night had dragged on, Evelyn's song grew softer.

Elijah stared at the phone's screen until it dimmed to black. He set it face down on his leg and shifted on the hallway's hard tile floor. They were cold beneath him. But even their chill couldn't extinguish the burning he felt in his chest. A sensation that he didn't want to name.

Their pace began to quicken once more. Elijah clenched his teeth.

He hadn't expected it to last this long. He'd anticipated a repeat of his first night with Evelyn and the old couple. Nothing more than a few minutes of moans, awkward thrusting, and a quick exit. But this?

This was relentless.

He curled one hand into a fist as his other adjusted the rock-hard bulge in his pants.

"Say it again," Ivan's smug voice rang out through the bedroom door. "Say it while I fuck you."

"I love your cock so much," Evelyn cooed.

Elijah flinched.

He didn't want to hear more. But he didn't reach for his headphones either. He could've, they were still in his pocket. He could've played something loud enough to drown them out. He could've gone into another room and played a game until they were finished.

But he didn't.

Because she had asked him to stay.

So instead, he stared blankly at the floor, heart in his throat, as Evelyn moaned something unintelligible as Ivan took her.

She sounded hot when she fucked. The way she cried out, the way her voice cracked, the way she became breathless after a hard slap. Like she was unraveling from the inside. Listening to her fall apart for someone else made Elijah's cock throb.

And Ivan... Elijah was surprised at his confidence. He spoke as if she were his and only his. There was no hesitation in his words, and each was as biting as the last.

"Look at me. Don't fucking look away."

"You like this cock, don't you?"

"Moan for me when you cum."

Elijah's stomach knotted.

Was this what Evelyn liked? Was this what turned her on?

A man who could go for hours without stopping. A man who didn't ask for permission. Who fucked like it was the only thing that mattered.

What if Elijah couldn't give her that?

He exhaled through his nose in an attempt to ease his shakes.

Maybe Val had been right.

"Pretty girls like that know how to play people," she'd said. Elijah had written it off as Val's usual protectiveness at the time.

But now...

Now he sat in a cold hallway of a wealthy man's home. Listening to Evelyn call Ivan's name in the next room over.

Elijah couldn't help but feel small.

Ivan had everything. Money. Looks. Confidence. He didn't have to try. He just had to exist, and women like Evelyn flocked to him.

Elijah couldn't help but compare himself to the impossible standard. Perhaps that's why she had no problem fucking Ivan and not himself.

A creak of the bedframe snapped his thoughts in half. Then the dull, repeating sound.

Smack smack smack

The moan that followed made Elijah's skin prickle.

"Oh my god, don't stop..." Evelyn's voice was shaky and slurred.

Smack smack smack smack

Their pace quickened and grew louder.

Elijah's cock stirred in his pants, begging for a release. He swallowed hard. Embarrassed by his own arousal.

He shouldn't be hard. He shouldn't want this. He closed his eyes and listened to her voice. The way she pleaded, the way she sobbed out Ivan's name...

"Fuck, Ivan... right there... oh my god!"

It hit Elijah like a hard wall.

She cried out over and over.

Screaming it like she belonged to him.

Elijah squeezed his eyes tightly. His chest ached. He tried to remind himself what Evelyn had said — that she wanted him to be there. That he was special. That this was for him.

"Jesus! Ivan! Ivan!!!"

Ivan...

Elijah was special...

.

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Right?

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Another cry. Louder than the last.

The air felt thicker now. Each noise that came from that bedroom wrapped itself around Elijah, tugging him toward the door even as his brain screamed for him to stay away.

He couldn't stop picturing her. Legs spread. Eyes closed. Ivan's hands on her throat. Her mouth hung open as she begged for his cock.

Elijah's fists clenched again.

A low, shameful ache pulsed beneath his skin.

He wanted to be the one who made her moan like that.

He wanted to see her when she came.

No, he needed to see her.

And in a flash of heated desire, his curiosity, hot and terrible, finally won.

Elijah rose slowly, tiptoeing on the hallway carpet, making his way over to the bedroom door.

It was wide open; they hadn't bothered to close it.

He pressed his palm to the frame. His heart jackhammered in his chest as he peeked into the bedroom.

Then he saw it.

Evelyn was on all fours, arms stretched long across the bed, her face pressed down on the mattress. She raised her ass high, back dipped into a sinful arch.

And Ivan was behind her. Hands locked around her hips, fucking her with deliberate, forceful thrusts.

His muscles flexed with effort, sweat dripping down his chest and arms. His pace was brutal, steady, unrelenting. The sound of their clapping flesh echoed in the quiet room like a drumbeat.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

Evelyn's body jolted with each impact. Her breasts swayed beneath her. Her ass rippled with every thrust. Elijah's eyes followed the curve of her slick thighs, trailing upwards to her chest, stopping at her face.

And as if she could sense him, Evelyn's eyes opened, catching his gaze.

Half-lidded and glazed, Evelyn smiled softly.

"Hi..." she mouthed, barely audible over Ivan's ragged grunts.

Elijah's lungs forgot how to work as warmth spilled over his chest.

Ivan grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked Evelyn upwards. Her body snapped back into place, back arched even deeper now, her face tipped toward the ceiling.

"Fucking tight little thing," Ivan growled, panting. "You gonna cum again for me?"

Elijah couldn't move.

He was hard. Painfully so. His cock strained against the fabric of his pants, each pulse in sync with the rhythm of their bodies. He tried to adjust himself, but it didn't help.

He watched Ivan drive into Evelyn with sharp, punishing strokes. Evelyn screamed in pleasure.

But her eyes never left Elijah.

Even as her arms shifted forward, her fingers curling against the sheets like a stretching cat.

Even as Ivan's thrusts grew erratic, as sweat rolled down his back, as the wet slap of bodies filled the room like thunder.

Evelyn watched him, smiling as though it was the happiest moment of her life.

That smile hit Elijah harder than anything Ivan could've said. It was like her whole body lit up just from seeing him. Even being used, fucked, and trembling beneath another man, she was his.

It didn't make sense. But it didn't have to.

Elijah felt it, this feeling between them he couldn't name. An unspoken connection that wrapped around his chest and pulled tightly.

He didn't understand it. But it was real.

And then their gaze was broken by Ivan's fingers closing around Evelyn's throat.

He choked her softly, leaning down and biting her shoulder.

Then, slowly, Ivan turned his head and locked eyes with Elijah, a wicked grin forming on his face.

Elijah didn't move.

He couldn't move.

Ivan's gaze was steady, unblinking, and sharp with recognition.

Elijah couldn't help but feel like he'd been caught doing something deplorable. He wanted to disappear. To melt into the doorway and disappear into the hallway. But it was too late.

Ivan didn't stop thrusting.

He was panting, sweat dripping down his back as he kept pounding into Evelyn's slowly. Every thrust made her body shift forward as her soft sounds spilled from her half-open lips.

"Didn't I tell him not to look?" Ivan asked Evelyn, speaking through heavy breaths.

Evelyn turned her eyes away.

Elijah kept silent.

"I said," Ivan growled, "didn't I tell him not to look?"

Evelyn shivered beneath him as he pulled her onto his cock.

"...Yes. You did," she said.

Ivan smirked.

"Well. Guess that means I have to show him why he should've just stayed in the hallway."

He slowly pulled out of Evelyn's swollen pussy, cock glossy with her arousal, and guided Evelyn off the bed by her hips. She followed him without resistance, moving gracefully to her knees as if it was scripted.

Elijah watched as Ivan took a handful of her hair and pressed his cock against her lips.

She opened them without hesitation.

Elijah watched Ivan's glossy shaft slowly enter Evelyn's mouth. She let out a muffled moan, wrapping one hand around the base of his cock. Evelyn braced herself on his thigh as she began to bob her head gently. Her dark lashes fluttered as she slowly swallowed more of Ivan's length with each motion.

"You know what's funny?" Ivan said, still looking at Elijah.

He pulled Evelyn's head back, his slick cock sliding out of her open mouth. He slapped it over her face, and Evelyn kept her mouth open in response, her tongue licking his manhood with every thrust.

"She doesn't have to do this," he said. "That's the crazy part. She makes more than enough money online. Between the clips, the messages, the sponsorships..."

He gripped his cock and slapped it lightly against Evelyn's cheek. Her lips stayed open.

"...She chooses to do this."

Another slap, across her other cheek.

"She wants this. She wants to be on her knees, getting her throat ruined, with you standing there like a fucking extra."

He looked Elijah dead in the eye.

"You're not here because she loves you. You're here because she likes the idea of you watching. You're playing a part, you are a toy, and that's all you'll ever be."

Elijah's chest tightened.

He looked at Evelyn. Part of him still expected her to protest. To confirm what he believed to be true.

That she wanted him here.

That he mattered.

That they meant something.

But nothing came.

Evelyn moaned as she pushed forward, taking Ivan back into her mouth. She gripped him harder now, sloppier, spit bubbling around the edges of her lips. Her throat flexed with each push forward. Ivan's hand curled in her hair, holding her head in place.

Elijah felt hairline fractures spread across his heart.

He stopped breathing.

Her eyes flicked over to him once, and upon seeing his expression, she did a double-take.

Then hesitated.

Her mouth slipped off Ivan's cock slowly, lips glistening, chin soaked. She looked up at him with a familiar softness and vulnerability in her eyes.

Ivan thrust his cock forward, undeterred.

"I didn't say to stop," he said sharply.

Evelyn slowly looked at Ivan, then back at Elijah.

A long beat passed.

Elijah watched, tense and hopeful. Maybe she was about to protest. About to get up, walk to Elijah, and leave with him.

Then Ivan leaned in, brushing the wet hair from her face, tucking it behind her ear. His fingers lingered on her cheek. Gentle and affectionate.

"I didn't say stop," he said again, quieter.

She looked up at him, then gave Elijah one final glance.

She smiled, closed her eyes, and slowly, obediently, wrapped her lips back around his cock.

Ivan groaned. Elijah's body shook.

Ivan placed both hands behind her head and began to thrust forward.

Controlled. Purposeful. Possessive.

Evelyn gagged softly as he pushed himself deep into her throat. She held onto his thighs, breath catching between strokes. Ivan pulled out, dragging spit and precum down her chin, then pushed back in again. Deeper. Harder.

He tilted his head toward Elijah and smiled.

“Go ahead,” he said, voice cool. “Keep watching. We both know the role you signed up for... and you’re doing great.”

Elijah didn’t flinch.

Didn’t blink.

He just stood there, motionless, as Evelyn took another deep thrust, then another, moaning weakly as her throat opened for Ivan again and again. Every time she pulled back for air, Ivan guided her right back down his shaft.

It was a hypnotic display of sexual skill that Elijah never thought he'd see in person.

And it aroused him in a way he couldn’t understand.

He should’ve looked away. Should’ve walked out. But he didn’t. He just stared, cock hard in his pants, every breath shallow.

Eventually, Ivan groaned and pulled Evelyn up roughly, dragging her back to the bed. He turned her, laid her on her back, and slid inside her in one slow thrust.

Evelyn moaned sharply, arching beneath him.

She tried to look over at Elijah again, but Ivan caught her jaw with his hand.

“No,” he said, almost tender as he pulled her gaze back to him. “Eyes on me.”

And then he kissed her. Deeply. Passionately.

Elijah watched their tongues wrap together, watched their hips find a steady rhythm. Watched as their slow, grinding strokes made Evelyn moan into his mouth.

She looked... different now.

Her fingers curled into the sheets. Her toes pointed. Her moans grew softer, more rhythmic. Less performative.

She looked like she was melting into him.

She looked like she loved it.

And Elijah believed it.

So there it was. Ivan was right. Evelyn didn’t need this. She never did.

She wanted it.

She wanted Ivan. Not because of money. Not because of some act. Because she liked it. Because she liked being taken, used, and fucked.

And she knew Elijah couldn't give her that.

And maybe that was the point all along.

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"Pretty girls like that know how to play people."

The words rang through Elijah's head as he stepped back from the doorway slowly.

He leaned against the wall, cold marble biting through his shirt, and slid down until he hit the floor.

The chill spread into his skin. He shifted onto the carpet, curling into the center of the hallway where it was warmer. He folded his arms across his chest and stared at the ceiling.

He was pathetic.

Any normal person would've left by now. Would've walked out, blocked her number, and burned the memory out of their mind.

But he didn't.

Because he remembered her voice and that smile.

"Will you stay?"

It hadn't been casual. It hadn't been sexy. It was a real plea. So naked and vulnerable that it made Elijah's chest hurt.

She never pretended to be more than she was. She never expected him to stay.

Because no other men ever did.

She didn't beg. She didn't manipulate. She just asked.

And he'd said yes.

Because he wasn't like other men.

He could take it.

He wanted to, and that had to mean something.

Right?

The sounds in the bedroom grew quieter. Softer. Evelyn's moans now sounded small, swallowed into Ivan's skin.

There were no more taunts. Just the slow thud of bodies, the creak of the bed, and the occasional gasp between breaths.

Elijah let his eyes flutter shut.

His cock still throbbed in his pants, uncomfortable and swollen.

He didn't touch it.

He just lay there. On the carpet. Exhausted in the dim lamplights.

Eventually, the fatigue overtook him.

And he fell asleep to the steady rhythm of Evelyn being taken.

Evelyn 10 - Take Me Home



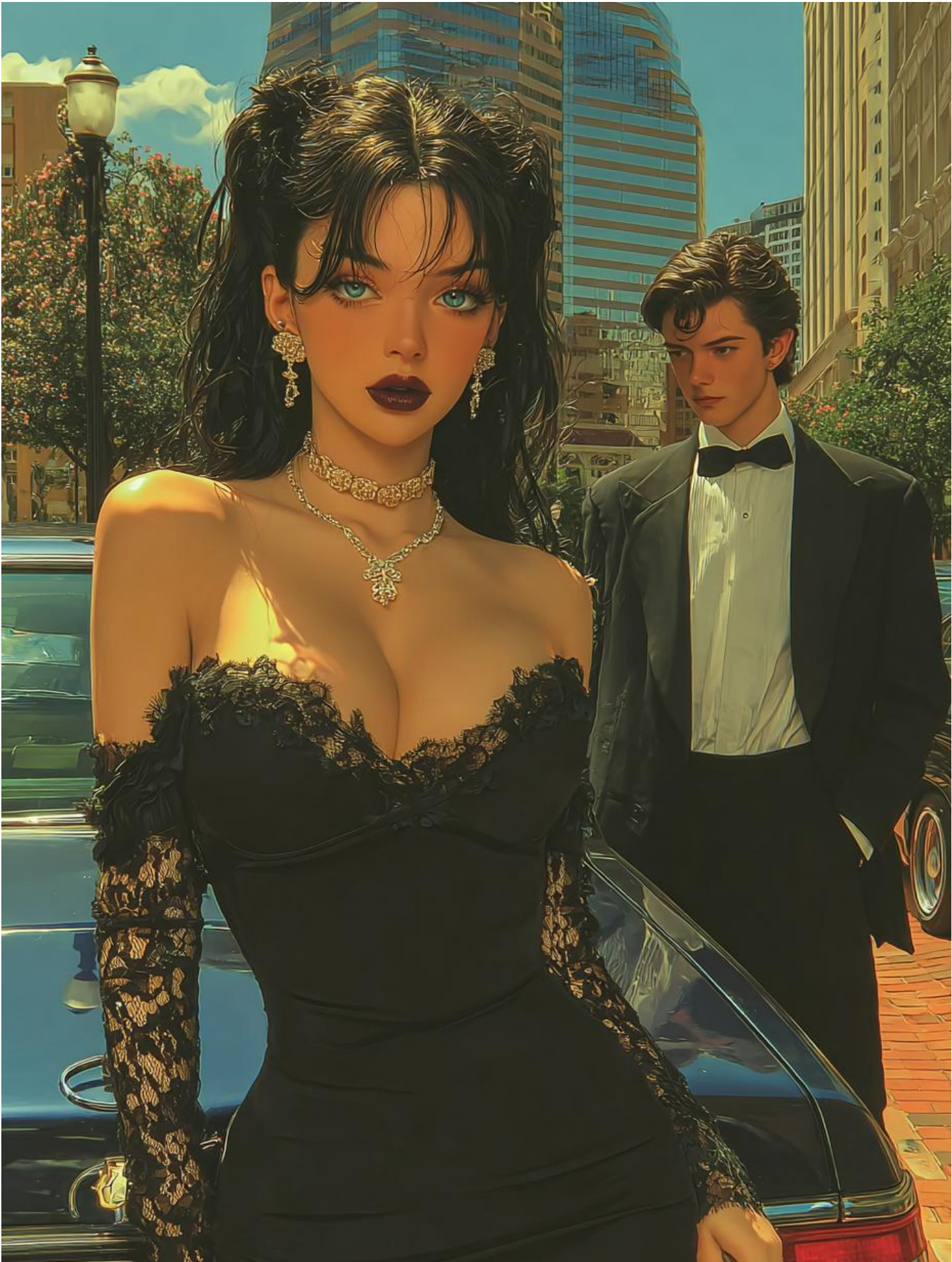














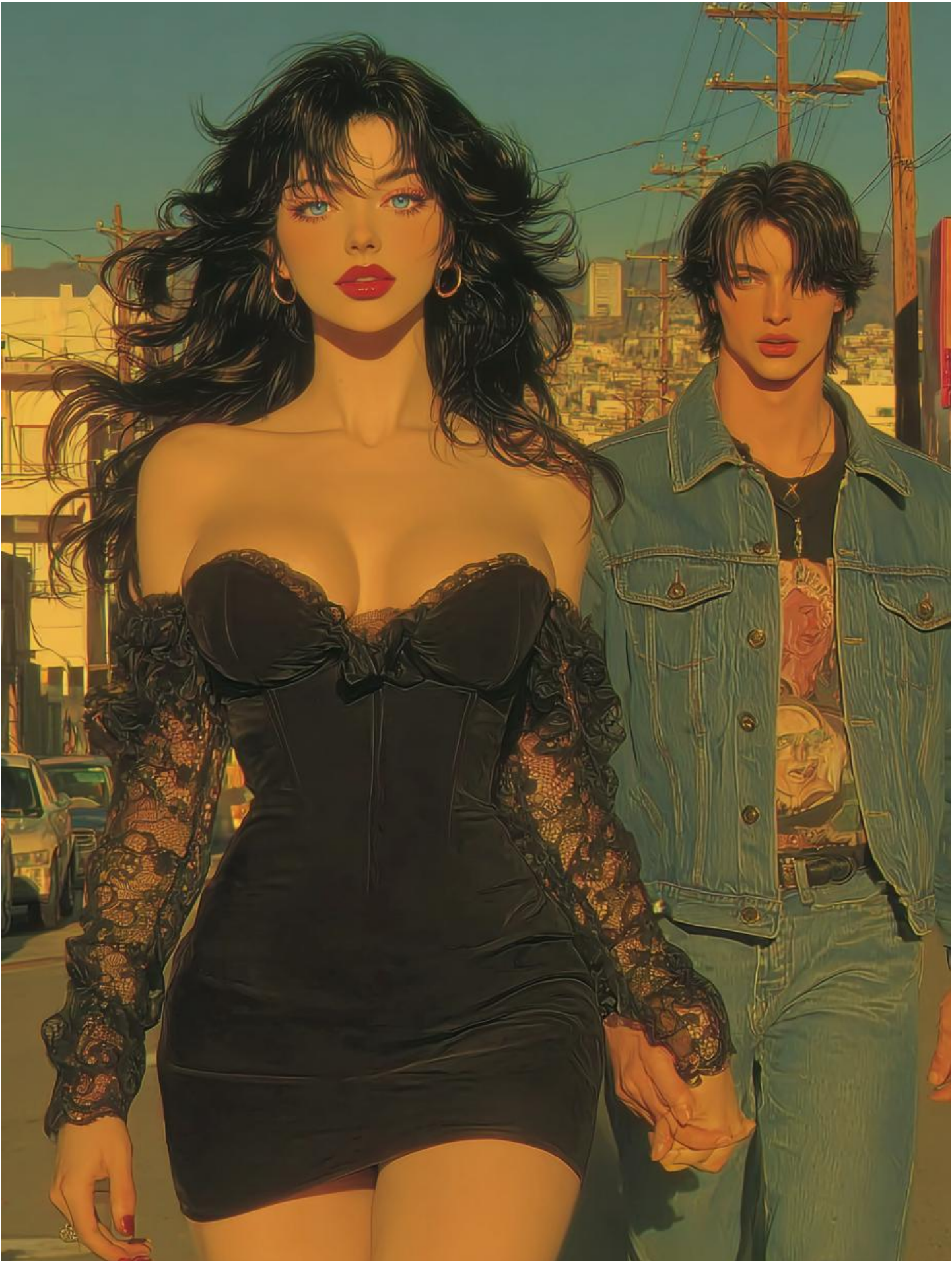




















The room was dim and silent, the air thick with the smell of sex and sweat.

Evelyn stood barefoot near the edge of Ivan's bed, slipping a strap of her dress back over her shoulder with slow, deliberate fingers. Her lipstick had long since faded. Her skin wore the imprints of nails and teeth. Her body hummed with the memory of everything he did to her, and everything she let happen.

Ivan's home felt like a mausoleum in the early hours. Plush, expensive, dead quiet.

Evelyn wanted to keep it that way.

Ivan had fucked himself unconscious and now lay sprawled across the mattress, one arm over his head, the other draped across where Evelyn had been previously lying. His chest rose in a slow, relaxed rhythm. And Evelyn had to admit, she preferred the peaceful expression he had found in his sleep over his usual toxic bravado.

She studied him. His angular jaw, toned muscles, and faint scruff along his face. She had to admit, he was gorgeous. A man who would be impossible not to look at.

But she was relieved her rustling hadn't awoken him.

Adjusting her hair, she turned toward the nightstand. A little black leather pouch was still there, bulging with cash. Exactly what was promised. No more. No less.

She took it silently, tucked it into her purse, smoothed her hair in the reflection of a picture frame, then walked out.

The hallway swallowed her in shadow. No footsteps. No voices. No music. Just the faint mechanical hum of the cold AC blowing overhead.

She wondered if he would be there. Wondered what he might think.

She passed through the front hall slowly, her heels in one hand. Cold, early dawn light broke faintly through the frosted windows.

Every step brought her closer to fear. The kind that made her want to vanish. To slip out the back and avoid whatever reality waited for her in that hallway and spare herself the ache of finding it empty.

But her feet kept moving.

And when she turned the corner, he was there.

Elijah.

He had moved since last night, making his way slightly farther down the hall and curling against the far wall, slouched with his back to a marble column. One arm pillowed beneath his cheek, the other slack across his lap. One shoe was off, and his jacket was tucked under his head as a makeshift pillow.

Evelyn stopped breathing as she fought back tears.

He had stayed.

He looked cute when he slept. Lips parted, hair a wild mess, kindness etched into every line of his face.

He didn't belong in this world. That much was obvious.

And that made him more beautiful than Ivan ever could be.

She moved to him on quiet feet, collected his straggling shoe, and knelt beside him. Evelyn's palm hovered over his cheek a moment before brushing a curl away.

Then she kissed his forehead.

"Hmm?" Elijah immediately began to sit up, his voice thick and warm with sleep. Evelyn smiled with trembling lips.

"Hey," She said softly.

Elijah smiled. "Hey, party still going?"

She caressed the side of his face and shook her head.

"All finished," she whispered. "Come on, time to take me home."

He nodded slowly, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth as he gathered himself and stood. She put her heels on and did her best not to laugh as Elijah stumbled about half-asleep with one sock sagging. He looked around the entryway like he wasn't sure where he was. Evelyn took his hand, their fingers interlocking in perfect unison.

"Come on, this way," she said.

They stepped out into the early morning together.

Outside, the cold, damp air was decorated by a dusty lavender sky.

Her heels clicked softly against the stone steps as they slowly made their way past the wreckage of last night's party. Stepping over crumpled plastic cups, past glittering streamers in the bushes, and over broken glass near the curb. The driveway was littered with cigarette butts and ash. Elijah's car, the only one left, was parked crooked at the very end. Once they neared it, Elijah stepped ahead of Evelyn and opened the passenger side door.

"Here," He said. She fixed her hair and shook her head with a wide smile.

"Thank you," She said bashfully.

She slid in and exhaled. The seat was cold, but the familiar scent of Elijah's budget cologne filled Evelyn's nostrils, bringing her peace.

She watched as he walked over to the driver's side and sat. He let out a sigh as he turned the engine on and switched the fan to defrost mode. The windshield fogged over with condensation, and the two sat in silence as it slowly faded away.

Evelyn leaned over and placed her hand on his thigh, her touch speaking the words she couldn't.

Without looking, he took her hand with his and squeezed gently.

She kept her hand there the whole drive. Tracing idle shapes in his jeans as they cruised across an empty highway into golden morning rays.

The streets were mostly empty, save for a garbage truck passing them in the opposite lane and a jogger sprinting through a red light. Evelyn never did get used to how alien the city felt at this hour.

She stared out the window, tracking a flock of birds flying over a park.

Something was blooming in her chest. Unfamiliar surges of warmth that made her throat ache.

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He had waited...

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The reality was still sinking in as she rubbed her fingers up his thigh slowly. Not to tease. Just to feel him. Just to know this moment was real.

No one had ever waited.

By the time they reached the Clara, the sun was rising. It cast long lines of gold across the pavement as Elijah pulled up to the curb. The building shimmered like glass. Tall, cold, and perfect. Evelyn didn't move at first. She feared it might all melt away if she did. So, she just looked at him.

Elijah's eyes were still puffy. But he smiled all the same, then blinked in the direction of the doormen and frowned.

"I can uh... drop you off here if you'd like," he mumbled.

Evelyn smiled, heart racing as she prepared to ask the question Elijah would never assume.

"Do you want to come up?"

A surprised smile formed on his face. "I'd love to. I'll just have to find some public parking."

"I'll have the valet park," she said.

"Oh. Right." He blinked. "Fancy."

"You'll get used to it," Evelyn said, laughing softly as she went for her door.

"Wait," Elijah said. "Let me."

Once again, he rushed to her passenger door and opened it. She stepped out, gracefully taking his hand. The hotel staff greeted her by name and took Elijah's keys. He trailed beside her in a daze as they entered the hotel lobby.

Inside, the lobby was like a modern cathedral. Black and white tile glinting under the chandelier light. Everything smelled faintly of bergamot and money. The staff moved with quiet, robotic precision without a single glance in her direction. Evelyn had always appreciated their professionalism, especially given the late nights and parade of men that she brought home.

They stepped towards a private elevator, and a staff member pushed the button for them. It chimed delicately as it opened.

The two stepped inside, neither speaking as Evelyn stepped closer to Elijah's side.

Her fingers found his again.

By the time the elevator opened onto the fiftieth floor, Evelyn's chest was tight. Her penthouse stretched out like a page from an interior design magazine. Cold granite countertops, stark leather furniture, floor-to-ceiling windows that wrapped the room in a watercolor sunrise.

Elijah stepped inside carefully, his eyes moved slowly across the room. Past the glowing fireplace, the floating stairwell, and the view of the bay. His eyes stopped on that view, and he exhaled.

Evelyn placed her things near a coat hanger and kicked off her heels. Then walked into the space barefoot, caressing Elijah's shoulder as she passed him.

He followed her through the living room, past the white leather sofa and glinting glass table, stopping as she entered her bedroom. She let go of his hand and moved silently to the edge of the bed.

The bedroom was still dim. Curtains drawn. The carpet was thick under her toes.

Evelyn lay back on the bed, slipping her dress straps off, and slowly peeling off the pasties clinging to her breasts, her nipples hardening in the cool air.

Their eyes remained locked as her fingers hooked under the waistband of her underwear. She peeled them down slowly, letting them fall to the floor in silence.

Evelyn adjusted herself, lying sideways on the bed, her bare skin cool against the plush duvet. Her knees curled slightly. One arm draped across her waist. The early morning light spilled through the curtains in thin, golden slats, catching the pale curve of her back and the soft underside of her thigh.

She twisted her torso gently as she faced him.

Elijah stood in the entrance, frozen. Eyes trailing over her naked body. There was an innocence in his gaze. It made Evelyn laugh softly, shyly. Her hand came up to cover her chest, fingers curling around her shoulder.

"You going to join me?" she asked.

Elijah blinked. "Oh. Uh... yeah."

He moved to the bed slowly, like a man unsure if he was dreaming.

She looked up at him with equal timidity.

Her expression was different. No sultry smile. No wicked glint in her eye. She looked... nervous. Like she hadn't done this a thousand times before. Like this was the first time for something special.

When he bent down to kiss her, she met him halfway.

Their lips touched with the gentleness of something new. She tasted him, let her fingers slide up the nape of his neck. He kissed her again, deeper this time, and she melted back into the bed, her legs parting as he moved over her.

Their bodies pressed together.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and held him close.

Their tongues interlaced in perfect rhythm.

Her nipples brushed the fabric of Elijah's shirt with every shift. Evelyn's hands drifted down his back, fingers curling around the hem before she began to lift it. She lifted it slowly, inch by inch, until it peeled over his shoulders.

The shirt dropped to the floor.

And Evelyn paused.

She had never seen him like this before. The rays cut across his defined body. A body that was far more muscular than she'd expected. Lean muscle traced the lines of his stomach and chest. A nearly perfect athletic build.

"Wow..." she breathed.

She wanted to say more. She wanted him to know just how special he was, just how much he meant to her.

But the rest didn't come.

Elijah kissed her again.

His hand found her breast, and he squeezed it gently. His mouth followed a second later. Evelyn arched under him, a soft moan escaping her lips as he sucked gently, the sensation sparking heat between her legs.

She held him tighter. Wrapped her legs around his waist.

She wanted him.

She wanted all of him.

Her heart began to thump in her throat. Sweat formed on her palms.

Elijah kissed down Evelyn's body slowly. She watched him through hooded eyes as he reached for his belt, undid the buckle, and unzipped his pants. The rustle of denim was loud in the quiet room. He stepped out of his jeans, leaving only his boxer briefs.

Evelyn's breath caught.

She could see the outline of him beneath the fabric, thick and eager. Her thighs pressed together as she bit her lip.

Their kisses deepened.

Evelyn moaned into his mouth as he pressed his cock against her thigh, grinding slowly. His lips traced her neck, biting her gently just beneath her ear. The heat rose quickly. Evelyn rolled Elijah onto his back, climbing over him, her body gliding against his as she moved with perfectly practiced motions. Hips swaying as her wetness smeared against the bulge in his briefs.

Elijah groaned and thrust upward eagerly. "Jesus, Evelyn."

He grabbed onto her waist firmly, and she leaned down, kissing him deeply once more. She could feel his cock slipping between the slit of his boxers. She could feel him throbbing underneath her wet lips. His hands trailed up to her breasts, squeezed them tightly, then followed the arch of her back before resting on her ass cheeks.

They rubbed against each other in fatigued silence. Both moaning softly as they moved toward the edge of euphoria.

"I want you," Elijah said.

Evelyn bit her lip and nodded nervously.

"O-ok..."

He reached down to his boxers and began to pull them off.

And as the fabric slid down his throbbing shaft.

Evelyn froze.

She sat there on top of him, eyes wide, breath shallow. Panic appearing sharp and sudden. Like a glass of cold water poured over her chest. Her hands went still on his shoulders. Her hips stopped moving.

Elijah sat up, her legs still around him.

"Hey..." he said, voice soft. "Are you okay?"

She opened her mouth. Nothing came. Her lips trembled. But Elijah didn't say a word. He stroked her back gently, letting Evelyn find her words.

"I'm sorry, I..." Evelyn's throat tightened as the tears she had so desperately fought rolled over her cheeks. "I don't know what is wrong, I..."

She couldn't finish.

Her face twisted in confusion.

That was it. She had tried, and she had blown it.

She looked away, covering her face with a hand as shame and sadness drowned her.

"Hey," Elijah whispered gently. He pulled her closer to himself.

He wrapped his arms around her like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"It's okay," he said.

Soft caresses followed. Gentleness and safety interlaced with every touch.

"W-what?" Evelyn barely managed the word.

"It's okay," Elijah said again.

He held her tighter as her face collapsed into the curve of his neck, arms going limp at her sides as she finally let her emotions take her.

Tears poured down her cheeks in silence. Evelyn curled into him, her breath shaky and shallow. Elijah's hands moved slowly through her hair, pushing it out of her eyes as he held her close.

They tipped sideways as Evelyn wept silently. Falling onto the bed, still tangled in each other.

He kissed her temple.

"It's okay," he whispered again.

Evelyn held onto him like she might never let go.

Time faded away into exhaustion.

Evelyn pressed her damp cheek against his neck as he squeezed her gently.

And with a few quivering breaths,

Peace found her again.

With it, the deepest sleep Evelyn had in years.

Evelyn 11 - Waking

























Elijah stirred slowly, face nuzzled into a cool pillow that didn't smell like him, twisting in sheets that felt too smooth. As he slowly came to consciousness, Elijah shifted onto his back, stretching one arm lazily as his eyes blinked open.

He smelled perfume. Faint. Floral. Expensive.

That's when he remembered where he was and who he was with.

Elijah's gaze shifted to his side and stopped on Evleyn.

Her back faced him, bare beneath a thin sheet that clung to her hip. The room was mostly quiet, save for the low hum of the air conditioning and the occasional soft rush of wind against the towering glass windows. She breathed in slow, even intervals. As she shifted, her dark hair spilled across the pillow and down the sheet, exposing the nape of her neck.

She looked like a painting from a dream. Elijah's eyes followed the shape of her shoulder toward the slight inward curve of her waist.

It wasn't a dream. Elijah was really here.

It took a moment for the night to catch up with him. He remembered watching Ivan take Evelyn. Waiting in a cold hallway until exhaustion swept over him.

The warmth in Evelyn's eyes when she woke him.

He remembered holding her, caressing her, comforting her.

His chest tightened at that memory. It had been beautiful. He only hoped he'd done enough for her in that moment.

Evelyn shifted slightly and, sensing his movement, turned to him. Still mostly beneath the sheet, her eyes opened slowly. Then her mouth pulled into a soft, sleepy smile.

"Morning, stranger," she said.

Elijah smiled back. "Good morning."

"You sleep okay?" She asked softly, scooting closer towards him.

He nodded. "Better than okay."

She leaned forward and kissed him. There was passion behind the action, a sense of trust that had followed them from the night before. Her lips were soft and full. Elijah could taste the sweetness of her lip balm on them. It lasted a moment, then she pulled back.

"I'm gonna go shower," she murmured, pushing the sheet away and sliding out from beneath it.

Without thinking, Elijah sat up, immediately regretting it.

The tent under the sheets was undeniable, his cock pulsing painfully against the fabric. He froze, heart hammering in his chest as he glanced in Evelyn's direction.

She stood halfway to the bathroom, completely bare. Her skin glowed in the natural light, hair cascading loosely down her back. She paused, staring at the outline of him beneath the covers.

Then, slowly, her eyes lifted to meet his.

"I blue-balled you, didn't I?" she asked, her voice a mix of sultry amusement and guilt.

Elijah stared at his throbbing cock, then scrambled to maintain some form of composure. "Oh, it's totally fine..."

Evelyn smirked as she walked back toward the bed, bare feet silent on the rug.

"I feel bad," she said softly.

"Don't," Elijah said firmly. "The last thing I want is you feeling guilty about last night. You did nothing wrong."

Evelyn stopped. Biting her lip as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other with an uncharacteristic flicker of nervousness.

Then, finally, she took a step closer.

"What if I want to take care of you?" she asked, voice barely above a whisper.

Elijah's chest tightened. He swallowed hard.

"Are you sure? You don't have to—"

"I know," she cut in gently, sliding back onto the bed.

She crawled toward him, dragging the sheets down from his hips. The cool air kissed his thighs as his boxer-briefs strained, his cock already thick and pulsing. Evelyn lowered herself beside him, chest brushing his leg, her breath warming the base of his length.

"I want to," she said, eyes locked on his.

Elijah nodded slowly as he pushed her hair behind her ear.

"All right. But if it's too much, you can stop."

She smiled gently. "I know."

Evelyn's fingers hooked in the waistband of his briefs and slid them down.

Elijah's cock sprang free, hard and aching. Evelyn's fingers slid up his chest, nails grazing his skin, and without breaking eye contact, she leaned forward and wrapped her lips around him in one smooth, wet motion.

Elijah let out a strangled gasp, head tipping back as his knuckles dug into the sheets.

Her mouth pulled around his cock, swallowing him in an ecstasy he didn't think was possible from a blowjob. She bobbed her head rhythmically, cheeks hollowing as her hand curled around his girth, tongue swirling along his shaft with expert control. She moaned softly against him, sending vibrations through every nerve.

Elijah clenched his jaw. Already pent up from the night before, it took everything he had not to explode in her mouth instantly.

And Evelyn wasn't making it easy for him.

She pulled back with a soft pop, blew him a kiss, then slid off the bed to her knees on the plush rug. Her hair fell wild around her shoulders, her body still completely bare, skin flushed with arousal. She looked up at him from below and patted the bedside.

"Sit at the edge," She said softly.

Elijah obeyed, dazed, his cock standing stiff in front of her face.

Evelyn leaned forward, pressing her breasts together, and trapped his wet cock between them. Then she began to move. Slowly at first, then she picked up her pace. The silky skin of her chest glided around him as he felt the pressure of her tits squeeze against his shaft. Evelyn lowered her head and teased the tip of his cock with her lips.

Then she sucked him again, titfucking and swallowing in unison, the entire lower half of Elijah's body lit with fire.

He groaned, planting one hand on the mattress to steady himself. His hips jerked forward involuntarily as his primal instincts overtook him.

Her eyes stayed locked on his, playful and intense. Her tongue flicked against his crown before she swallowed him again, deeper this time, throat stretching as he slid between her lips.

Their pace quickened, Elijah began thrusting upward in rhythm with Evelyn's motion. Her cheeks were flushed, her mouth dripping as spit ran in glossy strings down her chin. Her hands slid up his thighs, digging into him just enough to keep Elijah grounded.

She popped off his cock and gasped theatrically, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"God, you have such a nice cock," she breathed.

And Elijah knew she meant it. They stared at one another, each smiling brightly. Evelyn laughed.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" She asked.

Warmth swelled in his chest as Elijah brushed the hair from her eyes.

"You look beautiful," he said.

Evelyn blushed instantly.

"Don't do that," she said softly.

"Do what?" he asked, smiling.

"Make me feel that way..."

Elijah traced his fingers down her jaw and over her neck. Then leaned down and kissed her tenderly. Her lips were still wet with him. He didn't care.

She pulled back and whispered, "Stand up."

He did.

Evelyn spread her thighs and arched her back, a goddess on her knees, lit by morning light.

"I want you to face-fuck me."

Elijah blinked as a surprised laugh escaped him. "What?"

Evelyn laughed with him as she gently rubbed his thigh. "Please. I think it's hot... and..."

"And?"

Her expression shifted into something soft and uncertain.

"I want to experience what that's like with you..."

Elijah smiled.

"Okay. Just tap me if it's too much."

She leaned forward and kissed the side of his cock.

"Don't worry," she murmured. "I will."

He guided her by the back of her head and slid slowly inside her mouth again. She took him with a performative gag and soft moan. Her fingers gripped his thighs as he began to move.

Steady rhythm gave way to passion.

Her throat took him with practiced grace, her jaw flexing as he fucked her mouth in deep, heavy thrusts. Her spit coated him, dripping onto her perky breasts. She moaned loudly, her body pressed close as he lost himself.

He grabbed the back of her head with both hands, hips pumping faster.

Evelyn's hands slid to his ass, pulling him deeper.

She was perfect, eager, and messy. Her throat squeezing him with every thrust. Her eyes stayed locked on his, unfaltering, drinking in his pleasure. She moaned louder. Sloppier. Her chin was soaked, her lips stretched, and still she sucked him like she needed it.

It was all Elijah could take.

"I'm gonna cum," He choked out.

Evelyn answered by pulling him deeper, swallowing him as her lips sealed tight. He let out a broken groan as he jerked forward and pulled her head close. Shoving her face into his pelvis, cock buried in her throat as he exploded. His mind lifted to the heavens as he felt his hot cum flood her mouth.

He swore under his breath as she swallowed every drop of him.

She let out a moan of pleasure, still sucking, still holding him as the waves of ecstasy pulsed through his entire body.

Light-headed and weak-limbed, Elijah collapsed back onto the bed.

Evelyn followed, sliding next to him and kissing his thigh. Then she took him back in her mouth.

Soft, teasing, and playful.

Her tongue swirled gently around Elijah as he grew soft, her fingers cupping his balls, coaxing every last ounce of him into her mouth.

Once she had sucked him dry, Evelyn pulled off his cock while still sucking, her lips giving one last satisfying pop.

Then she kissed his pelvis, trailing slowly up to his chest, then his neck.

Then his lips.

Elijah wrapped his arms around her tightly.

They kissed for a long time, tangled and breathless.

They sank into each other. Embracing in restful silence. Feeling each other in a manner that could never be spoken or understood by those outside of it. A moment of existence that brought meaning to even the darkest of days.

And after a season in that safety, Evelyn gently patted Elijah's chest while kissing his cheek.

“Okay,” she said. “Time for me to shower for real.”

They both laughed. Elijah gave her a gentle squeeze.

“Y—yeah. For sure...” He said.

She hopped off the bed, hips swaying as she gave him a playful wave before vanishing into the bathroom.

The door shut softly behind her.

Elijah laid back, eyes wide, body humming.

He let out a long, relieved sigh.

Dropping back against the pillow, Elijah glanced at his jeans that were folded on a nearby chair. He reached for them, fishing out his phone with clumsy fingers. The screen lit up as he went to check the time.

2:14 PM.

Jesus.

He rubbed his eyes. The light from the floor-to-ceiling windows now spilled amply across the floor. Elijah gazed through the split in the curtains, watching the ocean shimmer through the haze of the city skyline.

From this height, the city looked like a dreamscape.

And Elijah stared into that dream for a long time.

This wasn't his life.

And yet, here he was.

Lying naked beneath thousand-thread count sheets in a hotel that would have taken months of saving for him to afford. A hotel so pristine didn't even feel real.

It was real, wasn't it?

He glanced at the bedside table, spotting a charging cable coiled neatly beside a leather-bound guestbook. He grabbed it and plugged in his phone.

The sheets still smelled like Evelyn. Sweet and warm and faintly herbal.

The shower hissed faintly from the other room.

Elijah lay back and closed his eyes.

A wave of peace nearly lulling him back to sleep.

The bathroom door opened with a gentle click.

Elijah sat back up as Evelyn stepped out, her long dark hair wrapped in a towel, her face fresh and bare. She wore a soft, off-white robe knotted loosely at the waist. It hung open enough to reveal the center line of her chest, the gentle swell of her hip, the inner curve of her thigh. Sunlight caught in the edges of the silk as she moved gracefully across the room.

Gone was the illusion she put on every night. All that remained was Evelyn. The real Evelyn.

And that made her even more beautiful.

"Glad to see you didn't fall back asleep," she said, reaching up to slide in a silver hoop earring.

Elijah laughed. "I honestly thought I might. I'm not usually up that late."

She smiled and walked over to him, pecking him softly on the lips.

"I promise that won't be an everyday thing," she said.

He watched her cross the room to the vanity near the window, her robe cinching as she sat.

"You snore, by the way," she said casually, reaching for her other earring.

Elijah grinned. "I do not."

"You absolutely do." She tilted her head, examining her earlobe in the mirror. "Little baby snores."

"You're making that up."

"I'm not," she replied, her voice playful, her posture relaxed.

And somehow, without needing to say it, Elijah felt it.

She wasn't performing.

Not like last night. Not like at their first dinner, or at Ivan's party. This version of her, resting in a robe with damp hair and no makeup, teasing him with a crooked smile, was Evelyn.

He lay back against the pillow again, staring at the ceiling with a dumb smile hanging on his lips.

"So do you," He countered playfully.

Evelyn's eyes flicked up in the mirror.

She turned slightly, narrowing her gaze.

"I do not," She said with pointed protest.

Elijah shrugged where he lay, arms tucked behind his head. "Whatever you say."

A smile tugged at her lips before she rolled her eyes and looked back at the mirror, shaking her head.

“Unbelievable.”

The sunlight continued to stretch across the floor, spilling onto the bed in a slow, warm crawl. Evelyn reached for a thin brush and swept it under her eye with precise, practiced strokes.

“But for real, did you sleep okay?” she asked, not looking back.

“I did, thanks.”

“Good. Do you mind if I play some music?”

“Not at all.”

She tapped a button on the edge of the vanity. Soft piano music began to play from hidden speakers. Delicate notes rolling gently across the suite. The kind of music that made time feel slower.

Elijah let his eyes fall shut as he took it all in. The warmth. Her presence. The quiet thrum of grand piano keys. He could hear the ocean beyond the glass. The scent of her perfume still lingered in the air, joined now by something floral from her lotion.

“This is really nice,” he murmured.

“I prefer luxury wherever I can get it.”

He cracked one eye open, watching the silk hem of her robe swish as she adjusted in her seat.

“Is this... where you live?”

“No. I have my own apartment farther north,” she replied, now leaning closer to the mirror to line her lips.

“But honestly, it’s easier for work to stay in hotels. Plus, I don’t want clients knowing my location.”

“That makes sense.” He paused. “I guess... I had no idea you could afford something like this.”

Evelyn smirked, catching his reflection in the mirror.

“The power of sex,” she said, flat and playful.

He grinned. “The ultimate business model.”

Evelyn capped her lipstick and leaned back slightly. Her makeup today was lighter, less sculpted. Still gorgeous, but softer. She didn’t look like the sex celebrity who stole last night’s party. She looked... like Evelyn.

She stood and crossed to the bed, slipping into a pair of sweats and a white T-shirt before climbing beside him.

Evelyn reached for her phone and flopped onto her back close to Elijah's side.

“Need to play the Daily Crusader challenge,” she said.

Elijah laughed. “Oh yeah! I nearly forgot.”

They lay shoulder to shoulder, phones held above them. Soft laughter and light bickering filled the room as they tapped through level after level. Evelyn’s leg found his beneath the sheets. At one point, she poked him in the side when he missed a bonus chest. He retaliated by fake-complaining about the hotel’s Wi-Fi speed.

It felt easy.

It felt effortless.

Evelyn turned and bit her lip as she rested her head in the crook of her elbow, her fingers fiddling with the string in her sweats.

“So... can you hang out today?”

Her voice was casual. Almost. But there was an edge of nerves hiding beneath the question. That same quiet vulnerability from the night before.

Elijah checked his phone. A calendar notification blinked across the screen.

“Ah... I can't,” he said, wincing slightly. “I'm actually meeting with some friends later this afternoon.”

Evelyn's face fell only slightly before she nodded, forcing a smile.

“Totally, no worries.”

The words were clean. But her hand had stilled on her robe as her eyes dropped back to her phone.

Elijah watched her.

“Do you want to come?” He asked.

Evelyn smirked faintly, scrolling without looking at him.

“Do you want me to come?” she asked, her tone teasing but not unserious.

“I do,” Elijah said gently.

She didn't answer right away. Just stared at the screen a moment longer before her thumb went still.

Then she sighed a slow breath, and smiled.

Soft and sheepish.

“Well... okay,” she said. “But you might regret it.”

“Maybe,” Elijah said, rolling onto his side to face her. “But I'd regret not asking you more, I think.”

She turned her head to look at him and smiled.

The real one, the goofy one.

A smile that crinkled her nose and softened her whole body.

A smile that spread across her face like sun through clouds.

“Then I guess I'm going to meet your friends...” she said.

Elijah nodded, grinning. “I'm starving, though. Can we go get something to eat first?”

“I'll have room service bring something up, babe,” Evelyn replied, already reaching for the bedside phone.

Her voice was smooth, but the warmth in it gave her away.

She was happy.

Evelyn 12 - Shoes Off















































The front door shut behind them with a soft metallic click, the sound oddly loud against the quiet stairwell. Elijah stood beside Evelyn, keys still in hand, heart racing more than he had anticipated. The hallway smelled faintly of old wood and someone's leftover takeout, and the dim yellow overhead lights warmed the worn, grey-colored walls.

Evelyn looked up the stairs with a little tilt of her chin. "Lovely building," she said, almost humorously.

Elijah laughed softly, thumb brushing the back of his neck. "Sorry there's no elevator. It's actually a renovated old manufacturing space."

She glanced back at him as they began their ascent, heels clicking softly against the worn treads. "It's lovely, really. A lot more charm than my overpriced hotel..." She took another few steps before adding, "Reminds me of my actual apartment."

"Oh yeah?" Elijah quickened his pace to stay at her side. "When do I get to see that?"

Evelyn turned, a sly little smile on her lips. "Soon, if you play your cards right."

Elijah grinned, "I'll be on my best behavior."

"But will I?" Evelyn countered playfully. The two laughed as they reached the landing.

The door to his unit stuck a bit before giving way to a forceful push.

"Home sweet home," Elijah said, more sheepishly than he meant to. The place was modest, but no one was mistaking it for upscale living. The vinyl floors buckled under their feet, and one of the two bedroom doors clung desperately to one hinge. A poster of *The Thing* leaned against the wall under an old AC unit.

Evelyn stepped inside the entryway without hesitation. Her eyes flicked from the collection of shoes on the floor to the posters dangling next to shelves lined with collectible games and manga. A small smile curled her lips.

"It's cute," she said, turning to face him fully. "Shoes off?"

"Only if you want to."

"No, shoes always off!" came a voice from the living room.

Evelyn turned slowly toward Elijah, one eyebrow arched. "Roommate?" she asked under her breath.

"Yeah," Elijah said with a wide smile.

"Friendly roommate?" Evelyn pressed.

"A best friend, his name is Ryan."

Evelyn nodded once. "Okay then. Shoes off."

She bent with practiced grace and slipped out of her black heels, placing them neatly by the door. Elijah followed suit, toeing his off while trying not to stare at the way her mini skirt hugged her thigh.

They stepped into the living room and found Ryan was fully reclined on the couch, controller in hand, eyes locked on the screen. The glow from the TV lit his soft face in blue-white flashes, his hoodie bunching around his arms as he leaned forward and pushed his long hair out of his eyes.

“Who did you bring?” he asked, not breaking his focus. “Is that Val?”

Evelyn turned to Elijah with a look of playful suspicion. “Who’s Val?”

Elijah laughed. “Just my boss. She’s a cool person. Ryan, I want you to meet someone.”

Ryan glanced back.

Then did a double-take.

His character in-game died immediately. Blown away comically by a tank with a loud KRAKOW and a plume of fire. Ryan didn't even flinch. He just stared at Evelyn, dumbfounded.

“Ryan,” Elijah said, grinning. “This is Evelyn.”

“Hi,” Evelyn said, giving a slow, delicate wave of her fingers. Her smile was disarmingly warm, but Elijah had expected nothing less.

Ryan gulped as he nodded slowly.

“H-hey.”

His voice cracked. Evelyn bit back a smile, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear before stepping closer to the couch. She moved with performative grace, the same smooth, practiced motions Elijah had watched during Ivan's party.

“What game are you playing?” She asked gently, looking over her shoulder at Elijah with a devilish grin.

“Uh... Lancer Squad 3. It's a tactical shooter...”

Ryan’s eyes snapped back to the screen as several rounds flew past his character with a loud snap.

Evelyn moved to sit beside him, nodding solemnly.

“Hmm. Looks interesting.” The couch cushions sank under her weight, her bare thigh touching his lightly. Ryan shot upright at her touch, and when Evelyn angled toward him, he turned bright red. She draped one arm lazily over the back of the couch, her fingers close to the back of Ryan's neck. She tilted her head and parted her lips slightly, gaze fixed on the screen like it was the most fascinating thing in the world.

“How do you win?” She asked.

Ryan swallowed audibly. “Uh... well, you need to keep with your squad. You lose cohesion and... uh... you’ll get pinned down, and it gets harder to...uh...”

His words trailed off into the static hum of the game’s loading screen as Evelyn pressed closer. Pushing into him playfully. Sweat formed on his face as his eyes darted between her and the screen.

Evelyn’s breast pressed into Ryan's arm as her long fingernails just barely touched the nape of his neck. Close enough for her perfume to sweep over him.

Elijah leaned against the doorframe and tried not to smile. Evelyn was doing that thing again. The thing he’d seen her do at the party. At the restaurant. That smooth, disarming flirt reduced men down to blinking, blushing wrecks.

But this felt different.

Softer. Warmer. Almost sweet.

It felt like she was trying to get to know Ryan; she just didn't know how else to do it.

Ryan had stopped playing, as if caught under a spell. The game had respawned him, and his character stood idle.

Exposed.

Evelyn watched the screen for a moment, then turned to Ryan again with wide, curious eyes.

"You said something about cohesion?" she asked gently.

Ryan looked like he forgot how to swallow as he glanced at Elijah nervously, then back to the TV.

"R-right, yeah... It's really about how well you can work with your teammates..."

Ryan's character began to move.

Elijah bit the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing.

He wasn't sure what was more humorous, how smitten Ryan was, or how oblivious Evelyn seemed to be to her conversational approach. He had to admit, the two made quite the pairing. The way she encouraged him when he took an objective, pressing her body next to his as a reward. The way her undivided interest encouraged him to speak further. How the playful bumps against Ryan's arm helped him relax.

It would've made any man feel like the most important person in the world.

And Evelyn, to her credit, didn't seem to be performing.

She wasn't coiling her words in innuendo or teasing to provoke.

She was trying to connect.

Elijah watched her profile as she spoke, following her fluttering lashes, the small curl of her lip when she laughed at Ryan's innocent jokes. She shifted on the couch again, and her skirt caught high along her thigh, revealing the faint shadow of a garter strap that connected to her stocking.

Ryan definitely noticed.

And so did Elijah.

For a half second, he wondered if she'd worn those for him.

Then Evelyn turned toward Elijah with a little smile.

The same smile she gave him at the party. The same call of affection from across the room.

The same eyes searching for his approval.

Elijah's heart caught behind his ribs as he gave her a gentle smile and nod.

"And then if you equip the radio perk, you get the mini-map. Which, honestly, is kind of broken. You get such a good understanding of where everyone is, it's almost unfair..." Ryan said, his fingers twitching over the controller.

Evelyn nodded, legs crossed tightly, her chin resting on the heel of her palm. Her eyes stayed on the screen, but her posture leaned into Ryan, like the game's flow depended on how close their bodies were.

"Oh wow, so there's a lot of thinking involved."

Ryan laughed, soft and bashful. "Yeah... a lot, honestly."

"That must mean you're smart, huh?" she said, her voice smooth and teasing. She shifted her black hair over one shoulder, exposing her elegant neck to Ryan. The shimmering strands framed her face just as her teeth caught her bottom lip.

Ryan glanced at her, becoming transfixed in her gaze.

His character was blown away once again.

"I mean, yeah... I'm pretty smart..." Ryan said as Evelyn leaned in, her lips hovering near his.

And she looked right at Elijah. "That's pretty hot, honestly. Cute nerds are my weakness."

He blinked.

She smiled.

Elijah wasn't sure what to make of it. The way she glanced at him while leaning just a little closer to Ryan, her voice warm, inviting.

Dipping into something deeper. Something Sensual and practiced.

It was effortless. Like this was a second language. One she couldn't stop speaking, even when she was trying to be good.

And she was being good. Elijah could see it.

And Ryan was blooming under her attention.

He cracked one of his ridiculous one-liners. Something about spawning too early and regretting it, and Evelyn burst into laughter. A real one. Her eyes crinkled as she smiled brightly and touched his shoulder.

Then, with almost imperceptible ease, her fingers trailed down his arm.

Elijah felt his chest tighten.

She might actually be serious about sleeping with his friends.

That realization terrified him as much as it turned him on.

"So that's when I usually would want to lock down the objective point, right?" Ryan said, eyes never leaving the screen. "But, what people don't know is that if you wait for armor backup, your squad automatically gets a defense boost."

"What?!" Evelyn shouted, throwing her hands in the air as a tank exploded on the screen. A bloom of smoke filled the corner of the map. "God, that was so satisfying."

Ryan grinned. "Yeah, it's great when a plan comes together."

"You are so good at this, Ryan," Evelyn said.

Elijah watched his friend's face light up, confidence and happiness blending into something he rarely saw in Ryan. Elijah had to hand it to her; Evelyn was incredible at this. At seeing people. At making them feel like the most interesting person in the world.

As Ryan and Evelyn laughed together, her phone buzzed. When she pulled it out to check it, her smile dimmed as her thumb hovered over the screen.

She sighed, barely audible, but it was enough to catch both Elijah and Ryan's attention.

"Everything alright?" they asked at the same time.

Evelyn looked up slowly. "Hmm? Oh, yeah, I suppose so." She stood, smoothing her skirt as she glanced toward Elijah. "When are your other friends arriving?"

"Maybe twenty minutes?"

Evelyn clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth and let out a breath. "Darn. I might have to meet them another time then. I have something to tend to."

"Aww man, you're leaving already?!" Ryan's eyes widened as he glanced at Elijah and cleared his throat. "I mean... because you won't be able to meet everybody..."

Evelyn turned to him, lowering herself just slightly, voice dipping again. "Guess we're going to have to wait till next time to really get to know each other."

Ryan flushed crimson. Elijah watched his friend seize as his nervous system shorted.

Then she turned toward Elijah, and everything softened.

She walked over to him with quiet steps, her arms winding around his neck as she pressed her body close to his.

"I'm going to miss you," she said gently.

"Is it work?" Elijah asked.

"Yes and no," she replied, pressing her finger lightly to the tip of his nose. A little boop that made his heart catch. "Something came up last minute. I need to sort it out."

"Well, if you need me to come..."

She shook her head, brushing her fingers down the lapel of his hoodie. "I'll be alright. Enjoy your guy time."

She pulled him close and kissed him deeply. Ryan looked away in awkward silence, returning his attention to the TV screen. Evelyn pulled away and planted another kiss on Elijah's cheek.

"I'll text you later?" he asked, quietly hopeful.

Evelyn smiled. Not the bottle girl smile, not the flirty one she used on Ryan.

It was the smile she saved for him alone.

"Please do."

She turned toward the couch again, calling over her shoulder. "Goodbye, Ryan!"

“See ya!” he called back, voice a pitch higher than normal. His eyes followed her every step as she bent to slip her heels back on, the curve of her thighs fixing him in place.

His character died once more.

Evelyn stood up, turned to them both, and blew a kiss, then headed out the door.

The silence settled like dust.

Ryan turned slowly to Elijah, still dazed, mouth open.

“Dude...” he said, voice hushed.

“I know,” Elijah replied, smiling like a fool.

Ryan let out a breath and shook his head, still grinning.

“I’m happy for you, man. Now play this game with me.”

Elijah dropped onto the couch beside him. “Alright.”

The controller buzzed in his hand.

But his mind stayed at the door, still gazing at Evelyn's smile.

Evelyn 13 - Kalisto





































Kalisto's front bar still smelled like lemon-sanitizer and cheap floor wax when the bass kicked in for the third time that night. The warm-up DJ had a taste for Donna Summer and slow-building intros. It suited the space. A smaller club tucked south of downtown, with low ceilings and lava-lamp chandeliers that gave off the illusion of being high-end. At least in the dark.

Evelyn stood near the edge of the dance floor, tray in hand, her heels echoing faintly under the old tile. The light shifted from magenta to amber and back again. Slow pulses. Like the club was breathing.

Her jumpsuit caught the shimmer, black sequins catching every glint. The V of the neckline dipped low and clean, exaggerated by a fat vintage belt that hugged her waist. She looked sharp. Bold. Iconic.

Angela stood next to her in a matching silver jumpsuit that accentuated her dark skin tone and curves perfectly. Her own sequins sparkled like water under moonlight. Together, they looked like they had been pulled out of a retro pin-up calendar. They were go-go girls with bottle service upgrades, and for tonight, Kalisto was their stage.

"So they're not taking the credits?" Angela asked, her hip cocked to the side, tray perfectly balanced on one palm.

"Can you fucking believe it?" Evelyn muttered. "A state fucking college. I don't even know why I'm trying to get the damn thing anymore, it's not like I need it."

Angela gave a dry snort. "Could always do one of those bullshit online degrees."

Evelyn gave her a light shove. "The whole point was to go to college like everyone else."

"Ohhh, I see," Angela teased, eyes rolling to meet hers. "You wanna live out that college party life, huh?"

"Shut up..." Evelyn's lips pursed before cracking into a wide smile.

They both burst into laughter, heads tipping back, their trays balanced with muscle memory alone.

A man drifted over in a wrinkled khaki jacket, his hair covered in a painful amount of gel. He looked like someone trying to be noticed without knowing why.

"Welcome to Kalisto!" the pair chimed, flashing their showroom smiles.

He laughed, gave a lazy nod, and kept walking. Swallowed by the haze and empty dance floor.

Angela let out a breath. "God, the tips are going to be fucking terrible tonight."

Evelyn scanned the empty floor. Angela was right, it was a bad night to pull. A few stragglers wandered around the bar while a table of promoters checked their phones for a better spot.

"I might be able to pull some promoters our way..." Evelyn said, setting her tray down on the front bar.

Angela gave her a look. "Babe..."

"It's fine." Evelyn pulled out her phone, turned to face the club, then flipped her camera. She gave a slow twirl. Black shimmer caught the overhead lights as the camera drank in the sequined walls and multi-color pin spot glows. She looked over her shoulder with a practiced smirk and held the last frame.

Then she tapped in a caption.

Come see me while you can ;)

“Done,” she said, putting the phone away.

Angela frowned. “You didn’t have to do that. I know you don’t like bringing in fans.”

Evelyn shrugged. “I want the tips too.”

Angela didn’t argue. She just gave a quiet nod, the kind that said more than words ever could. She never pushed and was always understanding. It was why she and Evelyn had stayed close all these years.

Before either of them could say more, a voice cracked behind them.

“Hey, hey! Trays up at all times, Evelyn!”

Evelyn closed her eyes slowly. “Come on Mikey, really?”

“Yes fucking really,” the man barked. Mikey had a chest like a keg and a neck like a stack of bricks. His hair was slicked back in thick streaks, and he wore an open blazer over a vintage Prince tee that had seen better years. “I don’t care if you’re a big shot now. Trays. Up! What am I payin’ you for, huh?”

Angela snapped to attention with a mock salute. “Yes sir! It won't happen again, sir!”

“Yeah, yeah...” He waved his hand and disappeared toward the back booth like some underworld king returning to his throne.

Angela leaned in close. “He should be thanking you.”

Evelyn grabbed her tray, laughing. “He’ll thank me when we break ten grand on bottle sales tonight.”

The lights dimmed as the main floor spots kicked on. Like clockwork, the first real wave of the night started to roll in. First, the promoters arrived. The same six or seven that orbited any venue Evelyn touched. And with them came the typical selection of well-manicured entourages.

And from them, the crowds began to form. They came in threes and fives. Clusters of club rats, half-drunk bachelorettes, couples with barely-there outfits and carded smiles.

Evelyn watched the club fill, then saw Ricky. A lean Dominican with a gold tooth and gold chains to match. He blew her a kiss from the bar and pointed to his booth.

Evelyn tapped Angela's shoulder.

“Let’s go,” she said, walking ahead with swaying hips. Her jumpsuit glittered with every confident stride.

She walked like she owned the floor. Because she did.

Angela trailed behind, snapping gum as she waved to several onlookers from the crowd.

Ricky stood with two other promoters, one of them lighting a blunt under the table like he hadn’t been caught doing it six times already.

“Mira, it’s the disco queens,” Ricky said, his grin wide. “Finally decided to bless us, eh?”

“You mean rescue you,” Evelyn corrected, sliding her tray down in front of him.

Ricky gave a little nod of respect.

“Y’all doing champagne tonight?” Evelyn asked, already picking up a bottle.

“Clicquot, baby. And make it look cute. I need two stories tagged.”

“Then tip like you mean it,” Angela said behind her, popping her hip.

Ricky's entourage laughed. Evelyn glanced at the group.

"You have them well trained," She said playfully. Ricky snorted as several of the women glared.

"That bluntness is going to get you in trouble on day chica."

Evelyn popped the bottle with a clean twist and lit the sparklers.

"But not today," She said as they walked the bottle over. Evelyn could feel the club beginning to shift. Lights catching the glass, music pulsing harder. Bodies moved with intention. The start of the night had finally come.

Evelyn held a fresh bottle high and made her way through the crowd, flanked by Angela on one side and two junior girls she didn't know on the other.

It was showtime.

She smiled. Danced. Twirled. Let her hips swing in rhythm with the track. A slow funk groove rolling into a remixed version of “Love to Love You Baby.”

By the time they returned the promoter tables, the crowd was watching. Pointing. Pulling out phones in excitement.

“Ricky!” Evelyn sang over the music, placing another expensive bottle in front of him with a kiss blown directly at the camera lens.

It looked glamorous. Cinematic.

Then she pulled out her own phone, filming the perfectly curated fantasy of what club Kalisto could offer.

But as the flash faded, something clung to the edge of her mind, her smile faltering for half a second when she hit “post.”

She glanced up at the crowd and felt the heat of hungry eyes trailing her. The women stared too, all sharp edges and quiet judgment.

This was her life. A life surrounded by noise, sex, jealousy, and fantasy.

Evelyn's lips tightened as she forced a smile and walked on.

The club had found its pulse.

Bodies pressed into every corner of Kalisto, the air heavy with perfume, cologne, and the bass line of a Nile Rodgers deep cut. Disco lights danced across the ceiling in fractured rainbows, catching on sequins and sweat. The kind of heat that made skin feel electric. Evelyn and Angela moved through it like angelic sirens. Untouchable, hypnotic, fluent in every gesture the job required.

A look here. A laugh there.

Fingers brushing shoulders. Smiles that lingered just long enough.

VIPs waved them over. Some familiar, some new, and the two women moved in perfect sync. Bottles lifted overhead, trays resting on curves like accessories. When the crowd got close, they danced. When the cameras came out, they posed. When the hands tried to linger, they vanished like smoke.

It was a language Evelyn had been fluent in for years.

Eventually, the pair made their way toward the back bar, their pace slowing as the rhythm thumped deeper and the crowd thickened with sweat and sex. Angela led the way, popping behind the side bar and snapping her fingers at the bartender.

“Two?” he asked.

“Three,” she said. “We deserve three.”

Evelyn leaned on the bar, pulling her hair back off her neck, skin hot beneath the lights. Her eyes were glassy but sharp.

Angela slid a line of shots their way. Gold tequila in chunky disco-themed glasses.

Evelyn took one and tossed it back, then slammed the glass back onto the bar.

“I’m thinking,” she said after a beat, “I might just forget the whole college thing...”

Angela’s expression didn’t even flicker. She tossed back her own shot. “You can’t do that. I won’t let you.”

Evelyn glanced sideways, catching the eye of a very drunk middle-aged man who kept winking at her. She gave a professional smile while speaking through her teeth. “Why?”

Angela turned her body toward Evelyn as the crowd surged behind them.

“Because I know you’ll regret it the rest of your life.”

Evelyn took the second shot and stared at the glass in her hand. The light hit her cheekbone in a perfect line, making her look more like a sculpture than a woman.

“It’s just a piece of paper,” she said.

Angela leaned forward, resting her forearm on the bar. “It might just be a piece of paper, but for you, it’s more. It’s finally showing your mom she was wrong. It’s proving to your past self that you always knew what you were doing.”

Evelyn let out a laugh, sharp and sudden, but it wasn’t quite steady. There was a ripple underneath it, just beneath her breath.

“What the fuck, are you my therapist now?” she said, laughing again, doing her best not to hide her trembling lip.

Angela smiled, slow and sure. The kind of smile only someone who’d seen your worst could offer.

“Put up with the bullshit,” she said. “What’s a few more years? It’s not like you can’t afford it.”

“Yeah...” Evelyn murmured. “You’re right.”

She downed the second shot. And for a second, peace found her.

Then her gaze lifted across the room.

And everything in her body stiffened when she saw him.

“Shit.”

Angela clocked it immediately. “What?”

“It’s Ivan.”

Angela followed her eyes. “Oh yeah,” she said softly. “Sure is...”

He was hard to miss. Tall, sharp-featured, expensive. A tailored confidence that was both cultivated and unearned. A man who had never needed to ask twice. His shirt clung to his chest, open one button too far, his silver chain catching light as he spotted her.

He grinned and waved.

Evelyn’s stomach twisted.

“You want me to cover?” Angela asked, voice low.

“He already saw me.”

Ivan approached, and the crowd split like water. He knew exactly how much space he took up. And exactly who was watching.

“There she is,” he said, slipping an arm over Evelyn’s shoulder.

Evelyn kept her tray to her side, giving Angela a knowing glance before turning her attention back to Ivan.

“Did you come here just for me?” she asked, a false sweetness in her voice so clean it might as well have been honeyed venom.

“Maybe,” Ivan said, shrugging. “What if I did?”

“I’d say it’s creepy.”

Ivan laughed. “Then I guess I’m creepy.”

His accent sweetened the toxic words as his hand slid toward her ass. She caught his wrist before it made contact.

“Ah ah...” Evelyn said, her wicked smile returning as she nodded toward the towering bodyguards near the VIP booths. “This isn’t the touchy kind of place. Don’t want to get kicked out, do you?”

Ivan scoffed, amused. “Does that go for the private rooms, too?”

Evelyn tilted her head, eyes cutting sideways toward Angela, who rubbed her fingers together in the universal signal for money.

Ivan turned to look at Angela, but Evelyn caught his chin between her fingers, pulling his gaze back to her.

“Hey,” she said, voice low and charged. “You’re here for me, right?”

Ivan stared into her eyes, smiling as his hand slid up her wrist slowly.

“Does that mean we’re doing this?”

“You have money?”

Ivan sniffed. “Of course.”

Evelyn pulled his arm around her waist.

“Then lead the way.”

Ivan pulled her close. Eager, smug, and led her toward the back stairwell. The crowd seemed to part for them as men and women both stared with envy, the music thumping beneath their steps like a second heartbeat.

Evelyn looked over her shoulder and caught Angela’s eye.

Angela gave her a playful thumbs-up and mouthed “Get the bag.”

Evelyn smiled, but it quickly faded when her attention returned to Ivan.

Upstairs, the private rooms glowed in low red light. The bass was a distant hum now. Velvet couches. Frosted-glass tables scattered with half-empty flutes and lipsticked rims. She followed Ivan through a beaded curtain, his hand firm around her waist as he opened the door to a larger VIP room.

The door clicked shut behind her.

A chill came over her as the red lights swallowed her whole.

There wouldn't be anyone waiting for her outside that door.

No one to take her home.

To hold her.

To tell her it was ok.

And while it shouldn't have mattered, Evelyn couldn't shake a cold truth.

When this was over, Elijah wouldn't be there.

Evelyn 14 - Film It











































The red light cascaded off Ivan's sculpted frame. His jaw caught the neon glow like a blade, reflecting off the mirror sunglasses he had slowly put on when they entered the room. Evelyn's shimmering black jumpsuit reflected glints of red highlights as they stood across from one another,

She always found it strange how surprisingly calm she was with someone as vile as Ivan. It was a language she understood, one she could come back to and tame.

The door behind her creaked open. A gust of air swept in with the scent of expensive cologne and overbearing laughter.

She glanced back slowly, noting a large man clumsily stepping in. She looked back at Ivan, raising an eyebrow.

"Friends of yours?" She asked.

"Yeah... friends who were supposed to wait outside. What the fuck are you doing?" Ivan asked.

"Making sure you were okay, boss." The big man said. He was uncomfortably broad, pale, and lazy in posture. With sleeves too tight and a forehead glossy from sweat.

"I'm fine. Leave us," Ivan said.

The posse of ill-spoken followers began to fumble about.

Evelyn watched in amusement. There were three men in total, all of whom were worse than the last. One had a poorly drawn neck tattoo, a Rolex, and baby-soft hands. Another wore a buzz cut several decades out of date, no doubt the same cut he'd had since his time in private school. It fit his tight polo shirt and outdated skinny jeans. The third, skinnier, looked wired enough to sprint through a wall if Ivan commanded it.

And behind them was a woman. Her black bob was clean, accented perfectly by her tight designer dress. She wore a permanent expression of judgment behind silver eyes. A bottle girl, probably. Or a girlfriend who didn't know she was being passed around. Either way, Evelyn was glad to have her in the room.

As the group began to turn toward the exit, Evelyn looked at Ivan and smirked.

"Some friends you've got there."

Ivan looked at Evelyn and raised a hand.

"Wait," he said.

They paused. He gestured toward them casually.

"Join us," His voice dropped slightly on that last word.

It didn't surprise Evelyn. This was exactly the kind of power trip that made men like Ivan tick. She stepped toward his side, heels clicking quietly on the marble floor. She leaned in, letting her chest skim his shoulder as she pressed her lips to his ear.

"You want an audience now?" she said. Words melting tastefully.

Ivan smiled in his typical smug manner, every motion a microaggression meant to make Evelyn feel foolish, small, and little. Something which might have worked on lesser women. His hand brushed her hip as he pulled her close.

"Maybe you got me addicted after you made your little boyfriend watch us," he said.

She smirked, taking in the statement carefully.

"So this is your new thing now?" She countered.

"Maybe.:"

She turned her gaze on the group, trailing down the torso of the broadest one, whose eyes already followed her like a trained mutt.

"It'll cost extra," she said, glancing back at Ivan.

"I can afford it," Ivan said indifferently.

They both knew the rules. That was the game. It had always been the game, ever since she started in this world at eighteen.

Back then, she had nothing. No money. No friends. No plan. Just a duffel bag, a cracked phone, and a gut feeling that home would kill her faster than the streets. She was naive in ways men like Ivan could smell. And many had nearly eaten her alive.

But she had survived.

Evelyn had made a life. It wasn't clean, or safe, or ever fair. But it was hers. Predictable. Transactional. Dangerous. And in that danger, she found something she'd grown to appreciate.

She looked back at the group, eyes scanning them with quiet precision.

"Then get comfortable," she said coolly, backing up as she spoke. "All of you."

The crew tumbled into the VIP room like spoiled children. One of them slapped the other's chest, laughing as they dropped into leather couches that curved around the room, facing the large pole stage that Mikey had insisted be installed in the center of every VIP room.

A premium experience, he said. Evelyn was still mad at him for the decision. It meant more work for less money. It's why they had cut a commission deal ever since she blew up.

Ivan took the best and only personal seat. A leather chair resting closest to the stage, just off-center. He adjusted the thin gold chain around his neck as he eyed Evelyn like his property.

"Dance for us," he commanded, voice flat, eyes locked on her behind his reflective lenses. Then he tilted his chin toward the stage.

One of the men let out a whistle. Another slapped the table and shouted something incoherent. The woman sat on the edge of the couch, crossing her legs. She leaned over and made a few comments that tempered the men, swirling a glass of something clear in her hand.

Evelyn drifted closer to Ivan. Her fingers trailed the edge of his chair as she watched her own reflection in his sunglasses. She stopped in front of him, bent forward slowly, and drew a single nail down his chest.

"Let's make sure you have the money first..."

He cocked his head in amusement.

"How much?"

“Two hundred.”

Ivan scoffed.

Evelyn glanced at the other men, nodding in their direction.

“Each,” she clarified.

That got a laugh from the group, one of them even spit up a bit of champagne.

Ivan's jaw tightened. In one smooth motion, he grabbed Evelyn's wrist. Strong enough for her to know he could overpower her, but not firm enough that it would hurt her. Another intimidation tactic, another means of controlling her. What fear she did feel promptly bled into dopamine as Evelyn let Ivan tug her closer.

“You know that’s too fucking high,” he said coolly. “Be a good girl and give me a real price.”

Evelyn smiled, tipping her head just enough to let her hair fall across her shoulder. Her mouth hovered above his.

“Well...” she said, slowly pulling her phone out. “We might be able to get you a discount.”

Ivan’s brow arched behind the shades.

“I'm listening,” he said.

“You’ll just have to record the show.”

There was a moment where the room didn’t know if she was kidding.

Then Ivan's rabble went feral.

“Yo! Fucking Only Fans bitches I swear to god...”

“Holy shit, is that allowed?”

“Bro, I fucking love this place.”

Glasses clinked. One of the guys ordered another round. The tension loosened into clamoring wealth and high-energy chaos.

But Evelyn stayed close to Ivan, her hand still hovering above his chest, phone in her other hand. He hadn’t let go of her wrist.

She liked that.

He leaned back in the leather chair, his pretentious grin never leaving his face.

“I don’t want this going on your slut site,” he said firmly.

Evelyn’s smile deepened, happy to have the opportunity to twist her knife into Ivan’s ego.

“It’s not for OnlyFans.”

For the first time that night, Ivan’s confidence faltered.

“...Then what’s it for?” Ivan's tone was growing sharper.

“It’s for Elijah,” Evelyn said plainly.

Ivan's smile dimmed, his brow furrowing beneath his sunglasses.

"You mean the fucking cuck piece of shit you left out in the hallway?" He asked coldly.

She nodded once, still dangling her phone loosely between two fingers.

Ivan shook his head and let out a bitter laugh.

"Look, I'm happy you found yourself a little cuck client. But I'm not being filmed so he can jack off to my dick later."

"That's my offer," Evelyn shot back.

Contempt poured over Ivan's face.

"Whatever he was going to pay you, I'll cover it."

"He isn't paying," Evelyn shot back.

Ivan froze, his smug expression finally giving way to something colder.

"What?"

"He doesn't. pay," Evelyn repeated, mockingly slower this time.

"I heard you. What the fuck does that mean?" Ivan said, voice rising.

His jaw clenched sharply, like he was grinding through the statement. Across the room, his entourage started to notice his change in temperament. Voices dipped. The bottle girl with the sharp bob snapped into action, promptly grabbing one of the several bottles of liquor the entourage had ordered, and began pouring drinks with well-rehearsed laughter, corralling the boys back into chaos.

Evelyn noted it with a flicker of gratitude.

"Aw, does that hurt your feelings? You want me to start sending you videos, too?" Her voice was airy, a tone honed by countless raging men, and built for fine-tuned combat.

Just as intended, the words cut directly into Ivan's ego. He took off his glasses and tossed them onto a nearby table.

"I'm not a fucking cuck. I get the real thing. Always. Your cuck doll can wait, have some other limp dick film for you."

A well-placed attempt at regaining control. Evelyn squinted gleefully.

"You either film," she said with a mock pout, "or no dance."

Ivan leaned forward, his face inches from hers.

"Fine. Then just fuck me."

Evelyn tilted her head slightly, tongue sliding across her teeth. "Sure. As soon as you start filming."

"What the fuck? I'm paying you," His voice rose to a dangerous level. Evelyn knew he was drunk enough to fly off the handle if she pressed him.

A half-second of hesitation passed through the room as heads turned nervously. But at the precipice of Ivan's rage, Evelyn only felt calmer.

Anger made things simple.

Anger made things distant.

She was there, and she wasn't.

As always.

"It's your choice," she said coolly. "No one's forcing you to fuck me."

Ivan scoffed again, hurling himself back into the chair as if having a tantrum. Evelyn didn't say a word as they stared at one another in silence.

"Two bands. No filming," Ivan finally said.

Evelyn gave a quiet laugh and rolled her finger along one of the rings on her hand.

"You really think my time is worth just two bands? Without video, I'm not getting anything out of this, babe."

"I'll double it," Ivan said coldly.

She laughed softly, almost sadly. "Okay. Four bands, and you won't have to film."

"Good," Ivan said, victorious.

"But I'm still filming."

Ivan's head whipped toward her. "You have got to be fucking joking. Who the fuck do you think you're talking to right now?!"

There it was, the edge of the knife. Had she been younger, she would have caved to his threatening rage. Afraid of getting in trouble, afraid of him complaining, afraid of leaving the club alone later.

Now, however, Evelyn stepped away from Ivan with an indifferent shrug.

"Well, if you don't want to play nice..." she said, walking toward the door, "I'll just get back to the floor and find someone who will."

"I'm not fucking caving!" he barked behind her.

Evelyn lifted her hand and wiggled her fingers in a playful wave.

"Okay, okay. Wait, wait. Two bands. And you can film," Ivan called.

Evelyn stopped mid-stride and turned.

She walked back with deliberate slowness. A smile played at the edge of her lips, calculated and soft, just enough to suggest surrender.

It was a gentle dance she'd learned to keep little men placated. They had to think everything was their idea. They had to think they were never taken advantage of while she played them like a marionette. In small cuts, Evelyn had to whittle him down.

She stepped over Ivan, slowly straddling his lap. Her thighs framed his body, her dress riding high enough to remind him exactly who was in charge. His hands instinctively settled on her hips and squeezed greedily.

"Four," she corrected sweetly.

"Evelyn..." he muttered, his voice thick with warning.

She took his hand gently and brought two of his fingers to her lips. Then sucked.

Slowly. Deeply. Letting her lips part just wide enough to pull him in to the knuckle. She moaned softly around them, eyes fluttering shut, then pulled back with a wet pop. Her lipstick left a faint smear on his knuckles.

"Four," she said again.

Ivan stared. His breathing deepened, his hands tightened around her hips, then drifted, almost lazily, over her round ass.

"You really like him that much?" He asked, in a tone Evelyn couldn't quite pinpoint. The question made her heart swell.

"Does it matter?"

Ivan grunted. His grip loosened. Then his eyes flicked sideways toward the group on the couch.

He smiled again.

"Six," he said. "But they get a turn."

He looked back at her.

"And don't worry. I'll even film it for you. We can send all of it to your little friend."

Evelyn felt her body seize.

Just for a moment. The world stilled. He had found her vulnerability.

Elijah.

That fragile, genuine thing.

The thing that terrified her the most. The thing she had dreamed about the most.

Would he stay if he saw her like that?

She swallowed. Then forced the thought away.

This was business. If Ivan wanted to play his game, she'd raise the stakes until he choked on them.

"Ten for that kind of play," she said, her voice flat and confident. She expected him to scoff. To mock her and move on to something else.

Instead, he offered his hand.

"Ten," He said.

Her breath caught.

He held the offer out, eyes locked on hers.

“What? You don’t want the money now?” he said, mockingly.

Evelyn bit her lip.

And took his hand.

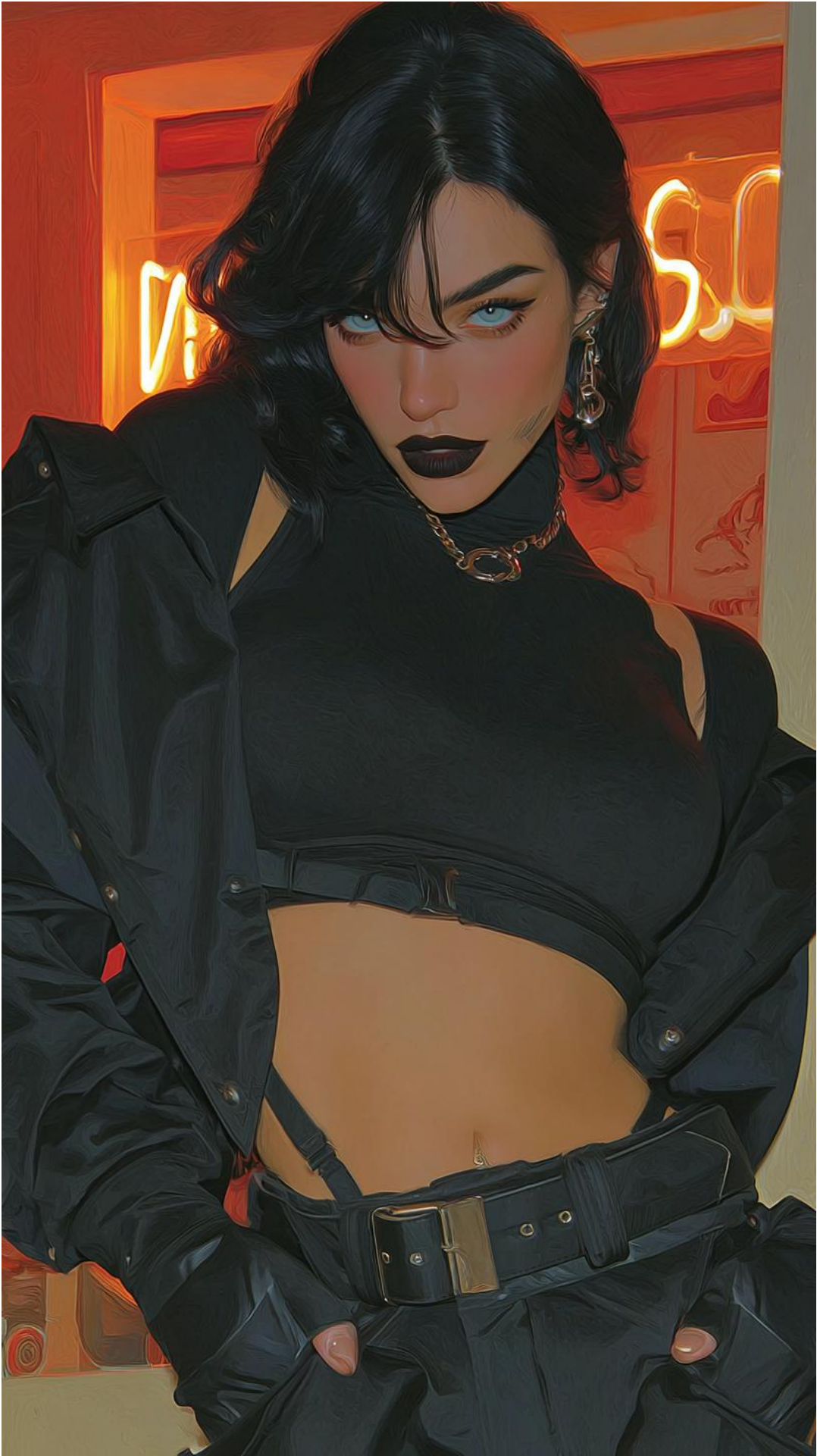
“I want five upfront,” she said.

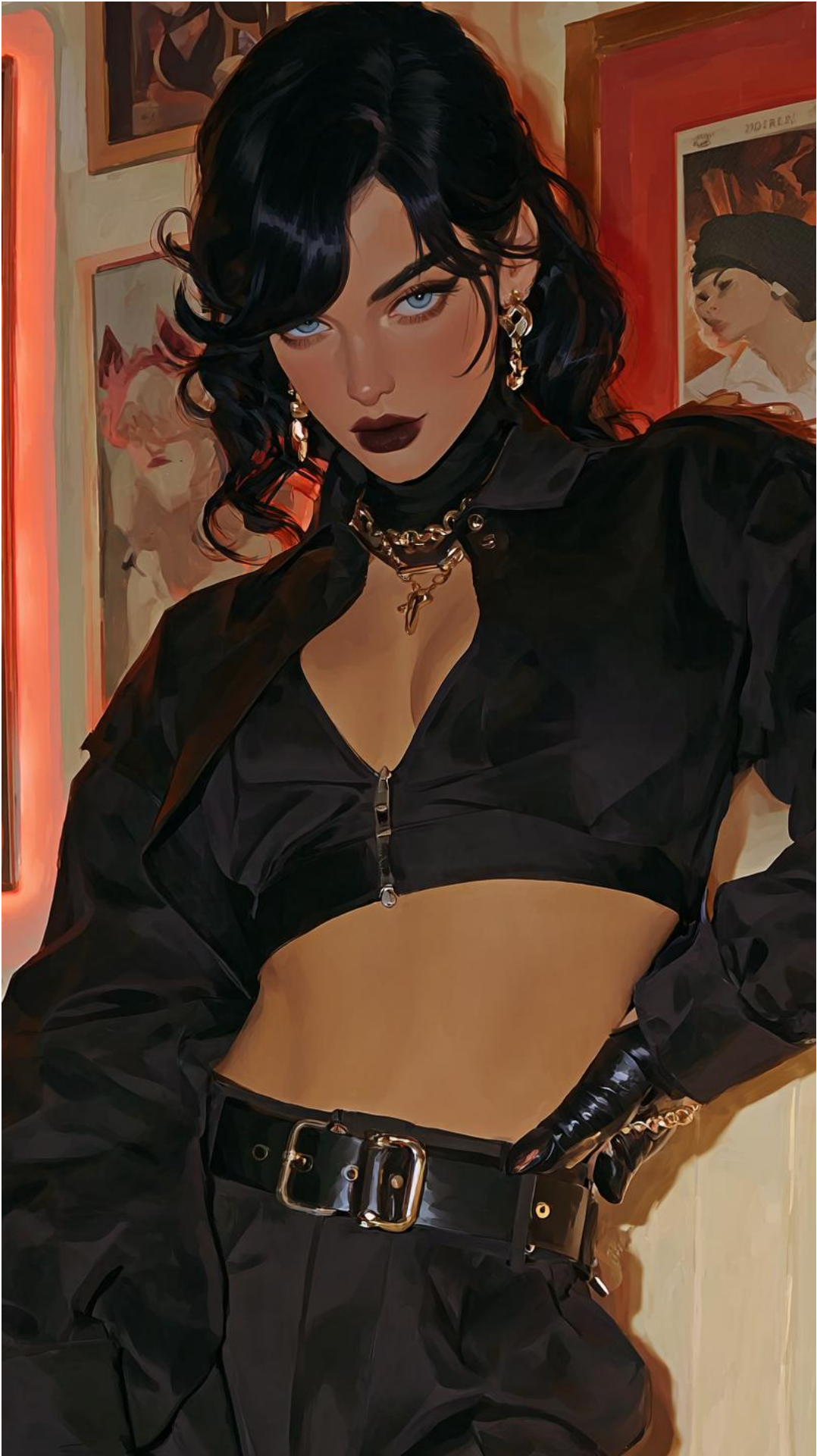




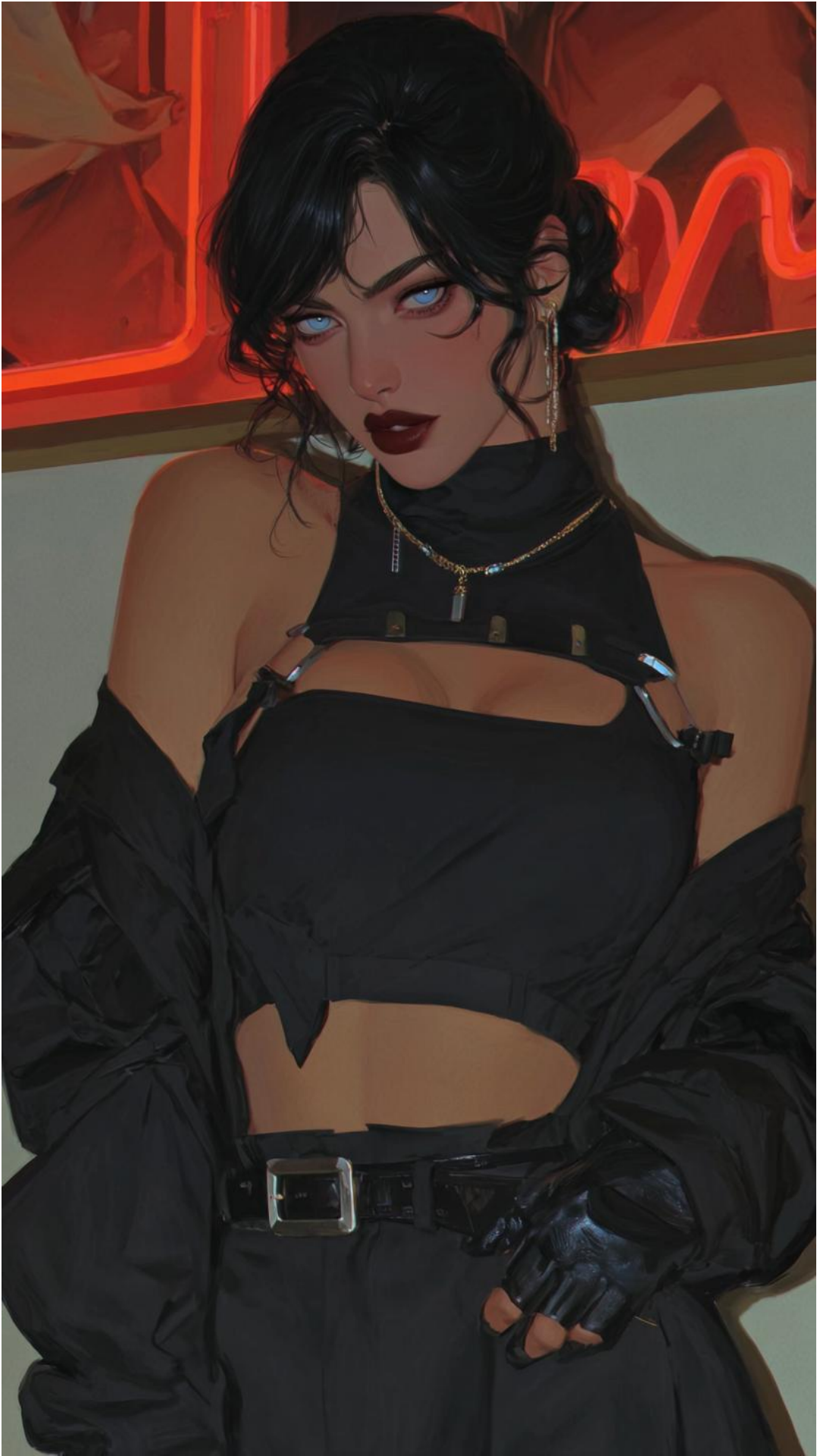












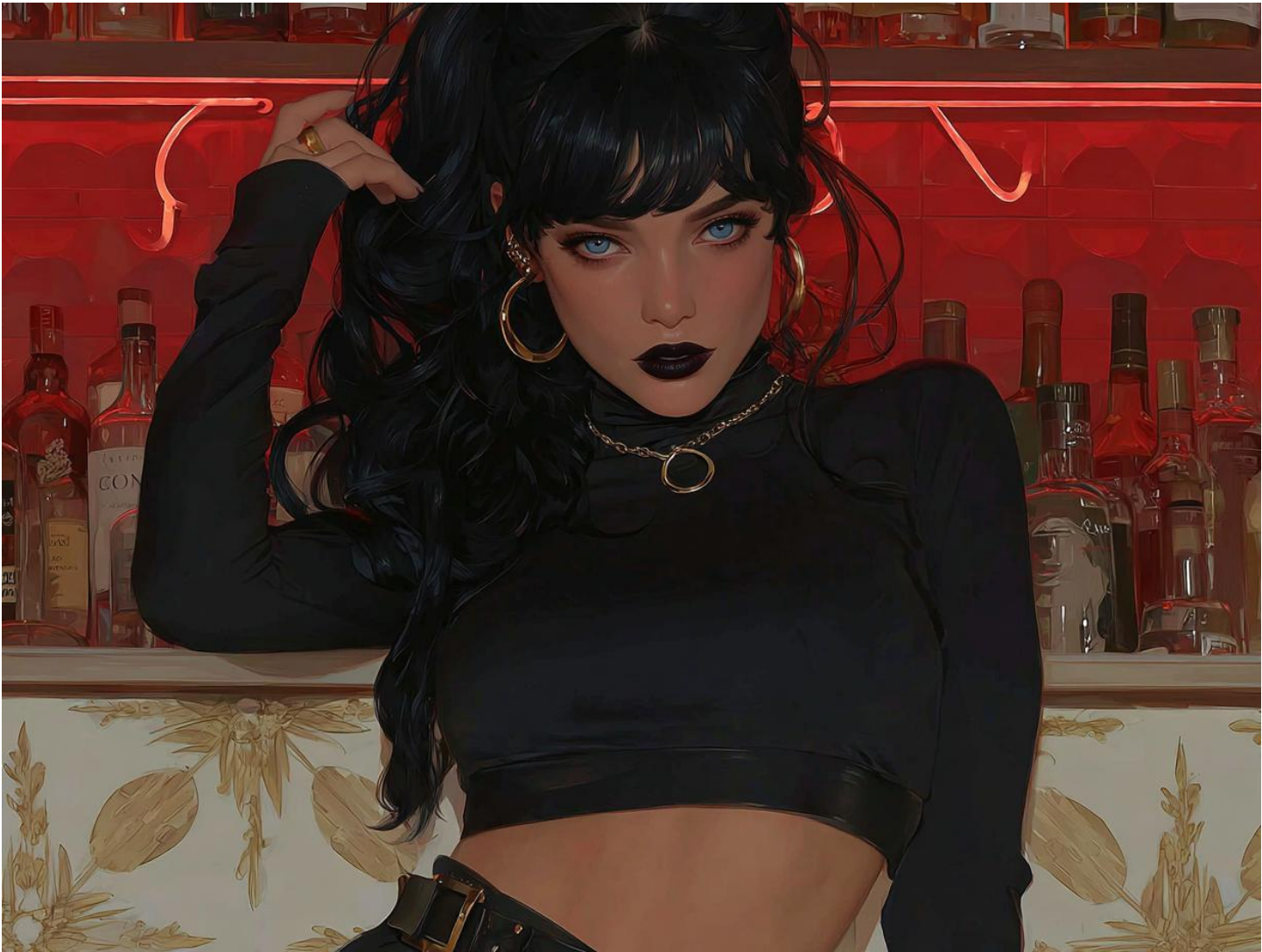
















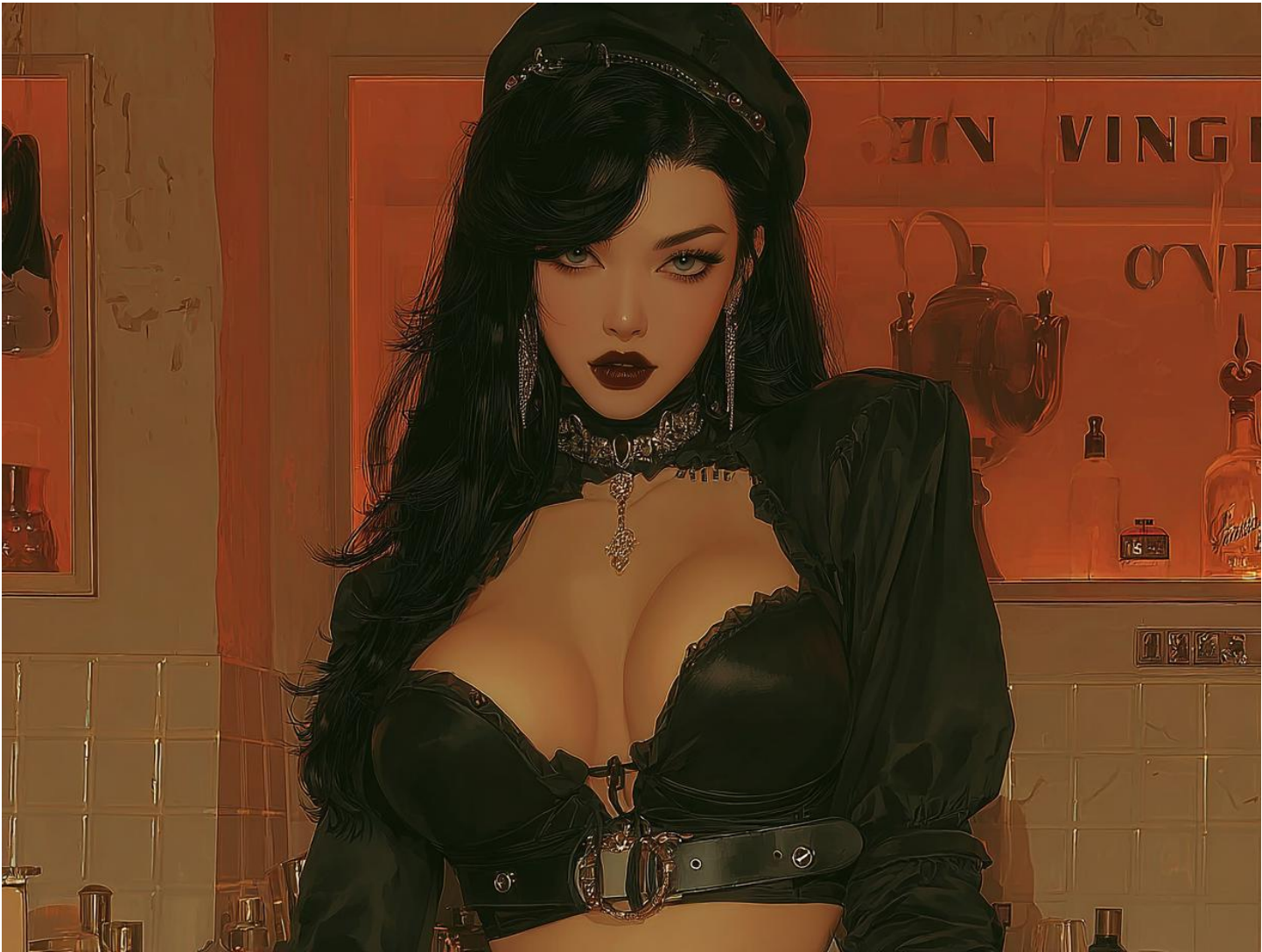
















"I want five upfront," Evelyn said.

Ivan's hand tightened around her wrist with an equally tight smile. As if he knew the answer was never in doubt. It grated against Evelyn's nerves.

He dipped his hand into the duffel bag at his feet and worked through stacks casually, slapping together five clean bands before shoving them into Evelyn's chest one at a time. He watched the way they pressed into her jumpsuit. His motions were balanced perfectly between playful and aggressive. With the last stack, Ivan let his hand press against the shape of Evelyn's breast while glancing up at her.

"Five stacks," He said.

Evelyn smiled, wearing her mask of professionalism with poise and grace. She stepped away from Ivan and slid the stacks into her bag. Double-checking to ensure the bills were real.

"You had them counted?" She asked.

"Of course I had them fucking counted," Ivan said dismissively. Evelyn already knew that, but it helped to remind him that this was a business for her at the end of the day.

She returned to Ivan, holding out the burner phone she used for recording.

"A deals a deal," She said.

Ivan took it without question.

"Guess it's time we give your little friend a show."

Behind them, the private room hummed faintly. Low red lights painted everything with a soft glow that flattened all edges. Frosted tables gleamed with rings of condensation. The bass from downstairs rose and fell like a distant ocean. His posse still sat on the large couch surrounding the strip pole in the middle of the room. Ivan turned to them and gestured lazily.

"Alright, it's show time. Make a fucking circle around her," His voice grew loud as he stood. The men began to shift, their slow movements fueled by liquor. Evelyn watched them carefully for signs of trouble as Ivan's gaze flicked toward the other dancer who hovered along the wall, pretending not to listen.

"You want in on this?" He asked, peeling two bands from the pile and lifting them toward her.

She stared at the money. Then at Evelyn.

"I think I'm good," she said. The tone carried judgment, but there was nothing new about that. Even though they were in the same industry, most women judged Evelyn more harshly. At first, it was because she was younger than they were, then it was because she could pull in larger clients. Then it was her success. Then, her willingness to capitalize on that success. No matter which way she went, there seemed to be daggers following close behind.

"If you guys are all set, I think I'll be heading out," The dancer continued. Ivan shrugged.

"Suit yourself. Close the door on your way out."

She did, promptly. As the door latched, Evelyn didn't hesitate. She moved before anyone else had a chance to take charge, and looked at the three men for what they were – her marks.

The one on the left was the loudest. She had seen him before and already knew his name was Trey. It fit him. He was a thick, pale man. Built like a misshapen refrigerator with rail-thin legs. A worn Rolex sat on one wrist, no doubt purchased in the shady jewelry lots downtown. A poorly inked neck tattoo peeked from his collar. An eagle, maybe. The blown-out lines made it hard to tell. He was the usual type of customer at strip clubs, which meant Trey already knew the rules. He wouldn't be a problem.

The man next to him, Colton, as Ivan called him, wore a tight polo that strained against his chest. It was clear his only noteworthy personality trait was his muscles. He had a buzz cut that screamed military nut, but his childish demeanor and co-dependent attachment to Ivan made it clear he'd never served. None of the rich ones did. His jeans were a decade out of style, along with the worn loafers he'd likely pulled from his father's closet. He would make eye contact with her, then follow up with a forced, loud, obnoxious laugh. He was uncomfortable with the situation. Evelyn could use that.

Then there was Zeke, the wiry one. He had been in Ivan's cohort for a while now. The man was all bones and fast twitches. Evelyn suspected he had a drug problem, which might make him more jumpy than the rest. He sat with one knee bouncing, tapping his platinum card against the glass table absentmindedly. His eyes flitted from Evelyn to Ivan, back to his drink, then up again.

He definitely would be the most volatile of the bunch. She'd need to keep an eye on him.

Ivan turned on the burner phone's camera and pointed it at himself.

"Hey man," he said, grinning into the lens. "Don't fucking remember your name, but thought you might like to see what your girlfriend is up to."

Then he turned the camera on Evelyn as the three began to approach her.

"Alright. Get to work." Ivan's tone was filled with demeaning contempt.

Evelyn stood still for a moment in the center of the room, letting the heat of their stares land across her body. The black jumpsuit she wore shimmered under the low red light. It clung to every curve like a second skin. The vintage belt cinched her waist tight, drawing their eyes where she wanted them. She rolled her neck once, hair cascading over her shoulder, then turned in a slow circle like she was modeling for them.

Trey whistled. "Jesus Christ. Ivan, you've been hiding her?"

Colton laughed loudly in response, but it was Zeke who stared with the most intent.

"You are Gothychix, right? The one from the video where—"

"You bet," Evelyn said, cutting Zeke off with a wink. She turned to Ivan. "I'm surprised you haven't already told them who I am."

Ivan smiled behind the camera. "I don't typically like sharing."

Evelyn smirked.

"Wait... Gothychix... I know that name," Colton said with a snort, pulling out his phone.

"Of course you fucking know! She's the one I showed you, remember?" Zeke said.

Colton finished typing into his phone, then his eyes widened. "Holy shit... It is her."

"I take it you're a fan?" Evelyn asked him. Colton glanced up.

"Huh? Well, I mean... You're everywhere, so it's not like I can get away from you..."

Evelyn smiled. Subconscious shame was typical for men like him. An inability to accept the dissonance it took to hide their lust and still come to places like this. They couldn't admit she had power over them. They had to keep the illusion that they were the ones in control.

She moved to the center of the group with deliberate steps. Her heels clicked softly against the floor, then disappeared as she stepped onto the thick velvet carpet. She went for Trey first, sliding her fingers down the inside of his collar, teasing the edge of that ugly tattoo.

"Who did your ink?" she asked softly.

Trey grinned. "My boy in Pasadena. You like it?"

"It's unforgettable," she replied. Colton stepped forward eagerly; she knew he would. Evelyn glanced over at him and eyed the glass in his hand. She let her fingers trail over the rim before taking it gently from his hand. She took a slow sip, eyes never leaving his.

Colton looked like he'd stopped breathing.

She turned her head slightly, lips wet from the drink. "Vodka soda?"

"It's Grey Goose," Colton confirmed. She caught the tremble in his breath.

Evelyn handed the glass back without breaking eye contact. "A little cheap, don't you think?"

Colton flushed. Evelyn was surprised. She had expected a bit more fight out of him. He would be easier than she thought. Evelyn turned to Zeke next. He was watching her like a wolf waiting to pounce. She reached up and brushed a speck of lint from his shoulder. Zeke didn't blink. For someone like him, no reaction was a good sign. At least for now.

"I'm not paying you to chat," Ivan said shortly.

Evelyn put him out of her mind as she straightened. She was good at this part, at forgetting about anything outside this moment. She unhooked her belt with a slow, practiced slide and let it fall to the floor.

Then dropped slowly to her knees.

Velvet pressed against her legs as the circle closed in. The buzz of male hunger thickened, a chemical scent of cologne mixing with lust and sweat.

Belts unclasped. Zippers slid down.

She didn't need to tell them what to do. They moved like they'd rehearsed it, like men who had jerked off to her for years and were finally getting their chance at the real thing.

Trey moved first. She assumed as much. He sprang out of his pants fully erect while the others worked themselves over. She grasped Colton and Zeke in her hands to help them while Trey eagerly thrust himself between her lips. His gut pushed against her nose as he pumped his short, wide cock in her mouth.

He was easy to deep throat. She swirled her tongue around him as he rutted like a rabid dog. He groaned loudly, gripping the back of Evelyn's head tightly, trying to force himself deeper. Evelyn's throat opened on instinct, her tongue pressing flat beneath the base of the shaft, guiding him deeper as he used her mouth like a fuck toy.

She could feel the other two hardening in her hands. Zeke had a pronounced twitch each time she stroked him. He was long and veiny as well. Colton, however, was thicker. She worked them with practiced ease, letting her rhythm sync with the movement of her mouth.

Trey let go of the back of her head, and Evelyn began to bob.

Controlled. Measured. She found her pace and used the full length of her mouth to milk every inch of him while her hands circled the others, squeezing in perfect, alternating rhythm. Moans echoed overhead. The kind she had heard hundreds of times before.

“Jesus Christ,” Trey grunted. “She’s so fucking good at this.”

His thighs trembled. His breath hitched.

He lunged forward without warning, burying himself as deep as her throat would allow.

Then he came.

A guttural gasp ripped from his chest as he pulsed into her mouth. Evelyn moaned around him, swallowing reflexively as heat spread across her tongue. She tasted salt, musk, and cheap vodka. She didn’t pull away. She held him until his spasms faded.

Trey thrust a few more times, emptying himself completely with a low, satisfying sigh. As soon as he began to pull away, Zeke shoved him back, his cock replacing Trey’s instantly.

His veiny length slapped against Evelyn’s wet lips before she could fully inhale. He pushed himself into her completely. Evelyn’s throat clenched as he facefucked her without rhythm, like a man who was experiencing oral for the first time in his life. His hands tangled in her hair. He made noise constantly. Low gasps, high whines, a running monologue of disbelief.

Behind her, she felt Colton grip her waist and hoist her up.

It surprised her; she had assumed he'd be too timid to take initiative like that. Still, she followed his motion, raising and presenting her ass for him. His hands groped eagerly, squeezing with force before gripping the fabric of her jumpsuit. She heard a sharp tear of fabric before she registered what had happened.

Her jumpsuit gave way, splitting perfectly down her back.

Cold air kissed her bare skin as the tear widened, her body half-exposed in a flash of violent desperation.

She jumped up.

“Hey!” she snapped, voice sharp. Zeke promptly grabbed her head and shoved it back down onto his cock.

"I'm not done..." He said desperately. "I'm not... not done."

He pumped vigorously as Colton's hands explored Evelyn's wet pussy.

“Relax, I’ll get you a new one,” Ivan said flatly.

Evelyn moaned. Practiced, rehearsed, controlled. It wasn't uncommon for men to lose themselves. Plus, she could use the destruction of property to her advantage later. Evelyn turned her head just enough to catch the glow of the phone in Ivan’s hand. The camera was fixed on her with laser focus. It was then that a frightening thought struck her.

Elijah was going to see this.

He was going to see her torn open. Spit-roasted. Fucked by men who were little more than strangers.

She felt it coil in her chest. A wave of guilt and arousal that was foreign to her. It wasn't supposed to matter. In fact, it had never mattered before. Countless men had come and gone from her life. Countless had known what she did and even watched.

It wasn't supposed to matter.

But with Elijah, it did.

The camera stayed trained on her as Zeke kept her mouth full, still thrusting sloppily, eyes half-closed. Salvia dripped down her chin, and Evelyn forced herself to focus on the muscle memory.

Then she felt Colton's thick cockhead slide against her. He squeezed her ass as he thrust slowly. Her jumpsuit hung off her waist in shreds. His hands slid up to her covered breasts and squeezed them tightly, then he tugged at the hem around her chest. The jumpsuit was strapless, and one quick tug exposed her tits to the cold club air. Zeke's pace quickened at the sight of them, replacing Colton's hands as his grip slid down to Evelyn's hips like handlebars.

Then, Colton slid his cock back and slowly began to press into her.

Evelyn knew she should have demanded condoms; she knew the risks. But she also already knew Ivan and the conversation that would have followed. He would have vouched for them, complained, dismissed, and Evelyn would have believed him. Despite his repulsive nature, Ivan still had tact. There was no way he would have brought company in that would ruin his chances of having her. Or, more importantly, have even the slightest chance of passing an STD to him.

So Evelyn focused on Colton's cock, and his cock was big. Bigger than she'd expected. The first thrust landed hard enough to make her pull off Zeke and gasp. His tip pressed into her deep. Her legs shook as she tried to stay balanced.

"Oh my god," she breathed between thrusts. At those words, Zeke promptly shoved himself back into her mouth. Letting her moans slip between his length.

The two began to move together. Pushing Evelyn between them with a brutal, primal rhythm. Colton slammed into her from behind, and Zeke gagged her from the front. Evelyn's thighs quivered as Colton's cock hit her again and again, slamming against her cervix with every pump. Then, with a final, powerful thrust, he turned her sideways, dragging her toward the couch like she weighed nothing.

Zeke popped out of her mouth. He shouted in protest.

"Hey!" Zeke snapped, stumbling forward.

"Shut up," Colton growled, hauling her onto the furniture. "You'll get your turn."

Colton tightened his grip and shoved Evelyn over the back of the couch.

She folded over, chest sinking into the cushions as the breath left her lungs in one sharp exhale. Her hands dug into the leather. She felt him square up behind her, body heat pressing close, his breath hard and uneven.

Colton drove into her again.

Her stomach pressed deeper into the couch as he filled her, using her hips like anchors, pulling her back to meet every thrust. The angle was punishing. Every movement landed deep, knocking small, breathy sounds out of her throat she couldn't control.

He fucked with the single-minded force of a bull.

Her eyes squeezed shut for a moment. Heat coiled low and fast. Her jaw went slack. The rhythm found something inside her and dragged it upward. Pain blurred into pleasure. Then into something sharper.

She broke.

A scream tore out of her as her body shook violently, her legs trembling while the unexpected orgasm crawled through her. The room pulsed in time with it. Red lights wavered. Heat crawled up her neck. The wet sound of skin slapping as juices poured from her entrance. It had been a long time since a client made her cum like that.

Her eyes snapped open.

And Evelyn found the camera staring back at her.

Ivan had it tilted perfectly to her face. He himself was hidden behind the recording light that glowed like a small, cruel star.

Colton slammed forward with a ragged shout.

“Fuck!”

He buried himself inside her, hips smashing flush against her backside. Evelyn felt the pressure drive higher, hitting the same sore place deep inside her over and over as his cock pulsed with release. His body stiffened and held. His breath came out in broken bursts.

She felt the warmth of his seed spread through her as he emptied himself.

And all of it was on camera.

Her mouth parted as she still shook, caught between shame and pleasure. Elijah would see that expression. He would see every flicker across her face. The vulnerability. The surrender. The way she had come apart.

Colton finally loosened his grip and staggered back, panting.

Evelyn collapsed forward the second his hands left her waist. Her knees buckled, forehead resting against the cushion. Her thighs trembled so hard she could barely steady herself.

Ivan's overly casual voice drifted into focus.

“Damn. Well, at least you know she'll be nice and broken in for you.”

He unzipped his pants, the sound cutting through the low thrum of the club's bass.

As Ivan did, Zeke eagerly walked behind Evelyn. He hooked his arm under her waist and dragged her upright, forcing her back onto trembling legs. Before she found balance, he thrust inside her from behind in one sharp, urgent motion.

She gasped.

Evelyn gripped the back of the couch to keep herself steady as Zeke drove into her with frantic thrusts. He had none of Colton's heaviness, but twice the speed.

Ivan stepped in front of her.

His pants were open. Phone still lifted, the lens locked on her face as if it were the only part that mattered.

"Look up at me," He commanded. Reluctantly, Evelyn obeyed. He smiled, pressing his tip against her lips.

"She really does have beautiful eyes, doesn't she?" Ivan said as he slowly slid into her mouth. She let her tongue relax and jaw loosen as he began to thrust. Slow at first. Then deeper. The recording light hovered above her, capturing Ivan's length disappear between her lips over and over. Zeke pounded from behind, their movements clashing but slowly finding a rhythm that used Evelyn like a pivot point. The room filled with the harsh cadence of their breathing. The slap of skin. The faint clink of glass somewhere on the table.

The minutes began to blur together.

Ivan's grip tightened in her hair, guiding her, pushing just until her throat swallowed around him, then easing back. Zeke groaned, his pace never slowing, his hands digging hard enough into her waist to bruise.

At some point, Evelyn stopped hearing them.

But she still felt the camera.

Each small gasp. Each stutter in her breath. Each tiny expression that escaped despite her best efforts. All of it was saved and heading somewhere it didn't belong.

To Elijah.

Her pulse hammered.

Zeke grabbed her arms and yanked her away from Ivan's grip, hauling her upright and spinning her. He dragged her around the couch and dropped onto it, planting himself onto the cushions.

"Sit," he muttered, already pulling Evelyn down onto his cock.

She didn't resist.

He filled her again as she sank onto his lap, her back turned to him, facing out toward the room. Her hands braced against his knees while she began to move, hips rolling in steady, practiced waves. Her ass met his thighs in smooth, rhythmic drops. Reverse cowgirl was one of her specialties. Most men lost themselves in this position.

Zeke's head fell back.

"Fuck..."

His hands slid up her waist to her breasts, squeezing them as she rode him harder, losing herself in the motion because it was easier than thinking.

Zeke's breath quickened.

His hips started to thrust upward to meet hers.

She felt the tremor hit him before the sound did.

His body tensed. A sharp, broken moan escaped his throat.

Evelyn drove herself down one last time, burying him inside.

He came with a strangled gasp, clutching her tightly as he pulsed.

She stayed there, back arched, chest rising and falling, feeling the heat spread through her again.

All the while, the camera in front of her remained steady.

Evelyn's eyes drifted toward the far side of the room.

Colton and Trey stood near the table now, both half-lit by the room's red lights. Pants still open. Cocks in their hands.

She could read them like a menu.

They weren't finished. Not even close. They'd try for round two. They always did.

And that was the plan.

They had a taste, and now she would bleed them dry.

Trey, the fat one, started walking toward her. Eagerness written over his sweaty face.

Evelyn didn't break her rhythm. She rolled her hips slowly against Zeke, his cock still twitching inside her as he moaned softly, overstimulated but unwilling to stop.

She raised one finger once Trey was only a few paces away.

"It's extra for two rounds," she said, voice calm.

Trey hesitated, cock hard and pulsing.

Ivan laughed, still holding the camera, his other hand stroking himself lazily.

Trey looked over at him with a subtly pleading expression.

Ivan shrugged. "Don't look at me. I already gave you the freebie."

Evelyn tilted her head, giving Trey a soft, seductive smile.

"Come on," she said sweetly. "I'll even give you a discount."

Her voice dropped into that honeyed place between seduction and cruelty. Fortunately, Trey already knew the game. Which meant there wouldn't be much of a fight. He sighed, still stroking himself.

"How much?"

Evelyn had already gauged him. The second-hand Rolex and worn designer shoes. The slight whine in his tone. Trey wasn't poor. But he wasn't like Ivan, either.

"Three thousand," she said flatly.

"Fuck that," he muttered.

Evelyn didn't answer right away.

Instead, she leaned back into Zeke, her arm curling behind her to cradle his head as her hips kept moving. Her fingernails trailed gently down his cheek. Zeke whimpered, his hands rising to cup her breasts. He squeezed, moaning like he was losing his mind.

She arched her back as she looked back at Trey.

“Come on. You’ll last longer the second time. It’ll be worth it. You didn’t even get to fuck me cowgirl yet.”

Like clockwork, Trey sighed and fumbled for his phone.

“You have Venmo?” He asked.

Evelyn smiled.

“Go through my link page,” she said, dismounting Zeke with a slow, deliberate lift of her hips. He slipped out of her with a slick sound, a quiet whimper escaping his throat as he collapsed back into the couch, half-unconscious with pleasure.

She walked over to her duffel bag, hips swaying, ignoring the ache between her thighs as she reached for a towel. She dabbed herself clean while stealing a glance at Ivan. The camera remained fixed on her.

Trey’s phone chimed.

“Alright,” he said. “Sent.”

Evelyn checked her phone. The notification appeared almost instantly.

She locked it and turned.

"Ok," She said with a smile, letting Trey take her by the waist and guide her back toward the couches.

Ivan followed them, the camera never leaving her.

“Wow, your girl’s pussy is worth three thousand. At least now you know,” he muttered with a dry smirk.

The words sliced across Evelyn’s ears.

But she didn’t flinch.

She mounted Trey in silence, her thighs straddling his lap as he latched onto her breasts hungrily. Evelyn avoided looking at the camera as she lowered herself onto him.

She had a job to finish. She was going to wring these men for all they were worth.

Evelyn 16 - Shell

































Elijah lay in his bed, lazily scrolling through videos and images, until he stumbled on a video of the game Crusaders. It was Evelyn's favorite character, Sweeny the Archer, dancing on screen. She was a rabbit warrior with an overly positive personality. Something Elijah found especially humorous, considering Evelyn's stoic disposition. Sweeny wore a shining set of metal armor and danced in unison with several rabbits in colorful dresses. All of them jumped between different settings as the beat shifted. It was silly, but Elijah knew Evelyn would love it.

Rabbits were her favorite animal, after all.

"They just make me happy," she said.

"Oh yeah? Why's that?"

Evelyn shifted uncomfortably.

"We had a hutch growing up. It was about the only thing that was mine. I was in charge of feeding and caring for them. I would feed them the leftover greens my mom would throw away. I'd go out there, and they'd be waiting for me at the door. They loved me as much as I loved them. I'd spend hours out there with them. I'd pet them and brush them," Evelyn smiled for a moment. "I would make little outfits for them with my old clothes."

She laughed and covered her face.

"I miss them."

Elijah watched as she retreated into that memory and made sure never to forget it himself.

He pressed the share button on the video and typed up a message.

Elijah: Look! It's Sweeny!! Thought you'd like it lol

And then he went on scrolling without a second thought.

—

"Fuck, you can do anything with her," Colton shouted, grunting as he pounded into Evelyn. She was bent over the leather couch, moaning as his cock slowly stretched her. It only took a few more pumps before he finished inside. Then he let out a guttural sigh as Ivan stepped forward and pushed the camera in Evelyn's face.

"And there she is, you're pretty little girlfriend. Covered in cum," he said. Colton laughed and slapped her ass hard. It made a dull thud as he pulled out.

"I gotta say," Colton said. "This was worth every fucking penny."

Evelyn stood with graceful indifference. She turned and smiled at the camera, giving it a wink. Pretending it was just another video going on her OnlyFans.

She pushed past Ivan and walked towards her duffel bag. As Evelyn unzipped it, she glanced over at Colton, relieved to see he was getting dressed. The other two had already left, leaving only Ivan to deal with.

He followed her with a camera, clearly trying to get a rise out of her. Evelyn ignored him as she reached for her phone, hoping he would lose interest. Instead, Ivan pushed the camera inches away from her face. Finally, she looked up at him in annoyance.

"Do you mind?" She asked.

"I thought you wanted it all filmed?" Ivan said. Evelyn stared into the phone's bright light.

"Yeah, we did that. You can cut the camera now," she said flatly.

"I still haven't finished," Ivan said.

"I thought you didn't want to be filmed?" Evelyn countered, looking back down at her phone.

"And I thought you did," Ivan said coolly.

Evelyn laughed, a perfect, tempered, cold laugh, and smiled.

"Fine, do what you want. I'll be with you in a minute," She said, perfectly hiding the rage she felt inside.

Ivan scoffed and lowered the phone. "Don't be long, I'm getting impatient." He walked over to the couch and plopped down, proceeding to speak to Colton in a language Evelyn didn't understand.

She closed her eyes for a moment and took a breath. A few drops of cum fell from her chin and splatted against the floor. Evelyn promptly reached for a towel in her bag and cleaned herself. Then, she checked her messages, her heart fluttering when she saw one from Elijah.

Elijah: Look! It's Sweeny!! Thought you'd like it lol

She stared at the message. Her heart felt as if it were being eaten away. She played the video. She watched her favorite character, Sweeny the Rabbit Knight, do her iconic victory dance with a group of silly, stupid rabbits behind her.

They wore dresses and hats.

Evelyn held her laugh and fought back tears.

He'd remembered her favorite character.

He'd remembered her love for rabbits.

No one but Angela had ever remembered those things about her.

She was back at that hutch again. Petting those rabbits while humming.

"What happened to them?" Elijah had asked her.

She smiled weakly.

"Nothing good."

Evelyn's fingers trembled as she typed a response.

Evelyn: OMG so funny. Hope you're having a good night :)

She took a deep breath and buried her feelings away with her phone. Then she saw Ivan's designer shoes stop beside her bag. Evelyn looked up and found him standing over her, bulge pressing against his slacks as he leaned down and took her chin between his finger and thumb.

"Having fun?" He asked.

"Plenty," Evelyn said blandly, standing quickly and staring up at him.

Ivan stared right back.

"You think pretty highly of yourself, don't you?" He said.

Evelyn glanced down at Ivan's slacks.

"You want your turn now?" she asked.

"Were you texting him?"

"Do you want your turn or not?" Evelyn said again, not giving an inch. Ivan rolled his eyes.

"Fine, let's do it," Ivan said, turning for the couch.

Evelyn gently placed a hand on his shoulder. He stopped and turned back.

"What?" He said.

"The other half," Evelyn said, holding out her hand. Ivan looked down at it with a raised eyebrow.

"I think you need to finish the job before you get paid." Ivan grabbed her naked body and pulled her close, kissing her before she could protest.

Evelyn didn't fight it; she let him do as he pleased. It was easier that way with men like him. He needed to feel in control, even when he wasn't. It was the fantasy he was paying for. He lifted her up and dropped onto the couch, placing her in his lap as he slowly unbuckled his pants. Evelyn placed her hands on his shoulders as she fell back into her shell.

"You should have just left them off," she said.

Ivan smirked as he pulled his slacks over his knees.

"It was getting cold."

He grabbed his long shaft and pushed it against her slick entrance, keeping eye contact as his head slowly pushed past her folds.

"He'd probably want to see it, wouldn't he?" Ivan said, reaching for the burner phone at his side. Evelyn wanted to stop him. She wanted to say it wasn't necessary anymore. But it would clue Ivan in. He would use it to gain power over her. To torment her, to hurt her. And he would frame his torture as a playful game.

So she did what years of training taught her to do. She smiled and sat firmly down on his cock.

Ivan groaned as he thrust upwards eagerly. Evelyn leaned down and moaned softly in his ear, watching as Ivan's hand slipped away from the phone and found her ass instead.

"You feel so good," she said.

Ivan gripped her hips tightly and began to pump. He spoke in his language between grunts and gasps, looking into Evelyn's eyes as he swelled inside her.

Evelyn placed her hands on his chest and pushed her pelvis against his. Grinding back and forth, swaying perfectly with his rhythm. He felt good. His size was perfect, and his shape hit her well. She let her persona enjoy that. Ivan flipped her onto the couch and hoisted her legs over his shoulders.

He pounded into her from the perfect angle, hitting her insides just right, making a fire grow between her legs. It was perfect. She wouldn't have to fake it; it would send him over the edge, and they could be done.

"Keep going," she said, breathless. "Oh my god, don't stop, baby!"

Ivan's pace quickened, and Evelyn came. Or, something close to it. Something that was enough. Her body didn't shiver, but she acted as if it did.

"That's right," Ivan said. "That's fucking right!"

He grabbed her by the waist and lifted her into the air. Pumping into her long enough that he began to glisten with sweat.

"You are fucking perfect for me," Ivan said. "Fucking... Fucking perfect."

Evelyn responded by biting his earlobe and sucking his neck.

Time went on, and they fucked across the room. Long enough that Evelyn's cervix grew sore and her body grew tired. He made her hold her ankles while he fucked her from behind. He pinched her nose while she sucked his cock. He put her on all fours on the carpet. He made sure to get every last ounce of cash he'd spent on her.

"Tell me you love my cock," He said. Pounding into her from behind.

Evelyn didn't answer. Ivan grabbed her neck and kissed her. It felt good.

"Tell me," he said softly. Evelyn stared into his dark eyes a moment, feeling those old familiar feelings come up, mixing with her arousal and trying to break out of her shell.

"I fucking love your cock, babe," She said.

Ivan's smile was a thing of nightmares. Perfectly chiseled and wicked to the core. Only then did he hold the burner phone in front of her.

"I bet he'll love that," he said.

Evelyn went numb as he pushed her head down and finished inside her. As he groaned and filled her womb. As he slowed and pulled out, his cum pooling onto the carpet. She didn't remember standing up. She didn't remember sitting on the couch. She didn't remember Ivan sitting next to her.

All she could think about was getting that phone back.

He glanced at her and smiled.

"You enjoyed yourself, I could tell."

"Mmmmm."

He sighed and threw his head back, closing his eyes in triumph. Dangling the phone just out of Evelyn's reach.

"Ivan," Evelyn said steadily.

"Hmmm? Oh, right, your money," he said. Standing and walking away, phone still in hand.

"I'm curious," He said. Rummaging through his bag and pulling out several clean bands. "How long do you think he'll last?"

Rage poured over Evleyn.

"What?" She said coldly.

"How long do you think it'll be before he leaves?"

Evelyn stood and walked over to him. She tried to snatch the phone out of his hands, but Ivan playfully pulled it back.

"Ohhh ho ho! Relax! I am just teasing."

"Give me the phone," Evelyn said coldly.

"What? We have to send it to him, don't we?"

"Ivan..."

"Isn't that what you wanted?" He said.

Evelyn stood still, using every ounce of strength she had to keep her composure.

"I thought he liked this side of you? That's what you said, no?" Ivan stepped closer. "That he liked this?"

"He doesn't care what I do," Evelyn said.

"But you do, don't you?"

Evelyn shook her head and looked away. Ivan caught her chin again and pulled it back towards him. She stared into those brilliant dark eyes.

"Where did we go wrong, huh? We are good together."

Evelyn didn't answer.

"Oh, you're really mad, aren't you?"

Evelyn didn't answer.

"Hmmm, well, I might have pushed it too far." He handed Evelyn her phone. She snatched it from him quickly. Ivan laughed softly and handed Evelyn her money as well.

"You should be nicer to me," he said.

Evelyn turned from him without a word and began dressing quickly. She felt like she was choking as she threw on her hoodie and checked her phone once again.

Elijah: I knew you'd like it! Thinking of you, hope your day's going well :)

Evelyn locked her screen, threw the money into her duffel bag, and turned from Ivan. Blowing past him without a word.

"I'll call you!" He said.

Evelyn didn't say a word. She stormed out of the club, passing the sea of faces and blur of lights. And when she got to her car, she sat still. She went back to her phone and reread Elijah's message. More than ever, she wanted to see him. She began typing out a message.

Evelyn: Hey, I know it's late, but did you maybe want to come over?

She reread the message, then shook her head and deleted the text. No man would want to see her like this. She would need to wash herself. She would need to clean herself. She debated telling Elijah what happened. She didn't know how much she should say.

Evelyn closed her phone and stared off in the distance, fighting for her life to stay in her shell.

Evelyn 17 - Rabbits



Evelyn

17

Evelyn

17





When Evelyn first saw the rabbits her mother brought home from the farmer's market, she fell in love. Her mother made her promise to take care of them no matter what, and Evelyn swore she would. Then, she asked her mother where they would put them, and her mother said she had saved up money to buy a hutch for them out back.

And for once, Evelyn's mother had told the truth. The hutch was there when they got home. Her mother smoked a cigarette while she watched her daughter place the rabbits inside. Later, her stepfather stormed into the small kitchen while they were eating canned ravioli for dinner. He asked where the rats had come from and who had bought them. When her mother said she did, he asked whose money she used. Then they began to scream, and Evelyn stayed very still. She imagined she was hiding in a meadow with her rabbits. Waiting for the wolves to leave. A glass shattered against the wall, and Evelyn's mother screamed at her to go to her room.

The next morning, her mother told her the rabbits could stay, but she couldn't talk about them. She would also be responsible for cleaning their hutch, feeding them, and caring for them. Or else, Evelyn would have to let them go.

"What will I feed them?" She asked her mom.

Her mom stared at her with dead, cold eyes.

"There's grass, give them that. I won't be buying you anything. I got you those rabbits, and I took hell for them. Now figure it out."

So Evelyn made it her mission. Her parents rarely took her to school, so she spent most of her time outside, caring for those creatures every day. On the days she walked to class herself, she would rush home right after school to make sure they were ok. She would brush them, feed them, and love them with her whole heart.

Their names were Mary and Juney.

One day, her father came home early from work and saw Evelyn holding her rabbits. He stared for a moment, watching as she put them back in their hutch and ran away into the woods. Later that night, he went into a rage.

"She's always with those damn rabbits!" He screamed. It wasn't the first time. He regularly brought it up. Evelyn never knew when or where he would. Her mother would yell back, and Evelyn would hide in her room. She learned very quickly to avoid them both. She learned to read their moods and learn their schedules. She learned to be invisible and never share what she was doing.

She made a shell for herself, and she lived in it.

Mary and Juney loved greens, and Evelyn's mother often threw an excess of extras in the trash. Later in life, Evelyn often wondered whether her mother had done it on purpose. But she would never know. Regardless, she would only rummage through the trash for greens when her parents were both asleep. She would only go to see Mary and Juney when they both left for work.

She had grown fond of making outfits for them with some of her old clothes. She would draw the designs in her notebook with colored pencils, then cut them herself. Mary and Juney were so very gentle and never fought Evelyn when she put their outfits on. But they often began chewing on them, and the dresses would only last for about a day or so. The first set was too big, but the second was just right. And by the third set, Evelyn had begun to grow a skill for it. She made a red dress for Mary and a blue one for Juney.

She felt certain the dresses would last longer this time.

Once they were ready. Evelyn went out late in the morning, rummaged through the trash can, and pulled out the greens she could find. There was a lot more today; her mother had tossed out a full, fresh salad. She washed them under the hose spigot, then ran towards the driveway. She stopped and peered past the garage, letting out a sigh of relief when she saw all the cars were gone.

Then she turned to the hutch.

And found the door open.

Two balls of fur rested against the house.

Evelyn stared, stiff and frozen. The hutch door blew in the breeze.

Mary and Juney were lifeless, their fur was matted in red. The same darkened red that splattered the side of the house where her stepfather had dashed them.

He had found them in a rage. She would find out later. Angry at something that didn't matter and couldn't be explained.

And no matter how much Evelyn called out their names, Mary and Juney didn't wake up. She prayed over them as tears rolled down her face. She prayed for her best friends who had spent their last moments in the terror she woke up to every day.

In the terror she would now have to face alone.

And it was her fault.

If she had just been more careful, if she had hidden her movements better, she could have protected them. She could have kept them safe. Instead, she had let them be killed.

Evelyn put their dresses on and hugged them close.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," She said, again and again. Her eyes red and her nose running. And when the tears ran out, she went into the garage and found her mother's rusted gardening tools and an old grocery bag. She carefully placed each of their soft bodies into it and carried them into a small patch of woods.

Evelyn dug two small graves and placed Mary and Juney gently inside them. She took her time covering them both, carefully crafting two perfect little mounds. She placed stones around them and wildflowers on top.

Then, she sat and stared, a part of her hoping they might come back if she waited long enough. Her shell growing ever stronger as the sun set and the flowers wilted.

—

Evelyn watched Elijah play Crusaders on the couch as she blended smoothies in the kitchen. They had begun seeing each other twice a week, and every week, Evelyn grew to love them more and more. Elijah had such a calm air about him. He was funny, gentle, and kind. When she was with him, it felt like she was reconnecting with a part of herself from a long time ago.

As she turned the blender on low, she heard Elijah groan.

"God, really?!" He shouted.

"Are you stuck again?" Evelyn asked. Elijah nodded.

"I cannot beat this platinum run! I'm even using the Sweeny build you recommended!"

Evelyn turned off the blender and poured their smoothies.

"Did you take your ultra boots like I said?"

"Yep."

"Are you level three hundred or more?"

"Uh-huh."

"Hmmm," Evelyn walked behind Elijah and leaned over the couch, handing him a glass. He took it, eyes still fixed on the screen.

"Ahhhh," she said. "There's the problem."

"What? Is it the armor?! I thought that might be it. Is it? No wait, don't tell me. Ok, tell me."

"You're just not good enough yet," Evelyn said playfully. Elijah turned slowly and glared.

"Really?" he said sarcastically.

She laughed and gave him a wink.

"Gotta get good, babe," Evelyn said, scruffing his hair before pushing herself off the couch and walking to her windows. She leaned against the wall and peered out over the skyline.

Elijah laughed and set his phone aside, smelling the green smoothie Evelyn had given him.

"What uh... what's in this?"

"Kale, it's good for you," Evelyn said.

She watched as Elijah inspected it closely, then took a sip. He jerked back with an over-exaggerated grimace. Evelyn laughed softly.

"Is it good?" She asked.

"Great," Elijah wheezed, "Just fantastic."

"It is not that bad!" Evelyn shouted. Elijah smiled brightly and took another sip, this time without a reaction. He looked so cute in that sunlight. His lean frame sat perfectly in his boxy tee. And the wireframe glasses framed his face wonderfully. He was so incredibly handsome, yet wasn't flashy about it at all. She wondered how many women had passed him on the street, not realizing how amazing he actually was. But Evelyn did. And now, that amazing man was sitting on her couch, laughing his ass off over his smoothie bit.

"I'm teasing," Elijah finally breathed. "Thanks for making it, babe."

"Uh-huh." She smiled, taking a sip from her own smoothie before setting it down and looking back out the window.

"Now I just have to beat this damn run," he said.

"Oh! That reminds me," Evelyn turned and walked into her bedroom.

"What do you have cooking over there?" Elijah asked.

"Nothing! Just a little present, please hold..." Evelyn walked over to her vanity and grabbed a red envelope. She froze when she saw her burner phone next to it. She had debated going through it for days. Battling with the question of whether or not it would be right to delete those videos.

Then, hearing Elijah begin to hum along with the battle music in the other room, Evelyn impulsively grabbed it and found the videos Ivan had taken. She quickly selected and deleted them all.

It wasn't something Elijah needed to know about. It was just work, nothing more. And now, it was in the past.

Before she could close it, Evelyn caught Ivan's number in her messages. Confused, she clicked on it.

Her heart sank when she saw he had sent a copy of the videos to himself.

She didn't know when he did it or what he planned to do with them. But she felt fear all the same.

"Watcha doing in there?" Elijah called out. An explosion came from his phone. "Aw, come on! I died again..."

"Nothing! Sorry, I just... hang on." She put the phone down and took a deep breath. There was no way Ivan could get those videos to Elijah. He probably didn't even want to. Ivan just wanted the videos for himself, as did they all. She pulled open a drawer and dropped the phone inside, then walked out of Elijah.

"Still having trouble?" She asked.

Elijah sighed.

"Yeah..."

"Then you're going to need this." She said, handing him the envelope. She stood in front of him, eagerly watching as he opened it.

"Holy shit," he said. "Is this a Crusador's gift card?!"

"It is," Evelyn said warmly.

"What?! You didn't need to do that! I didn't even know they made these."

"Well, I did! You have to scan the QR code on the back." Evelyn tapped on the card with her nail, and Elijah flipped it over. With a boyish grin, he scanned the card with his phone, eyes widening as the transaction completed. He looked up at Evelyn in shock.

"Holy shit, ten THOUSAND gold, Eve?!"

"Do you love it?!" She said.

"That is so much money!" Elijah looked back down at his phone. Then, in a softer tone, "You didn't have to do that."

"I wanted to," She said. Leaning down and kissing his forehead. Elijah looked up and smiled, giving her another gentle kiss on the lips. It made her feel that familiar old feeling. A welling in her chest that she was still learning to welcome.

It took her to a place she had buried in a forest long ago.

Evelyn didn't know how to express it, but she did the best she could. She walked around the couch and straddled Elijah, kissing him tenderly as her arms trailed up his chest. Elijah moaned and moved his hands to her hips, touching her in the same way Ivan had last night.

He would know that once he saw the videos.

A vice gripped Evelyn's chest. She stood quickly, pushing her hair behind her ears. Elijah watched as she made her way back over to the windows and picked up her smoothie resting on the table.

"Playing hard to get, huh?" Elijah said jokingly, grabbing his phone and turning it back on. Evelyn felt ease wash over her when she saw him react calmly.

"Well, I don't want to make it too easy." She said.

Elijah chuckled, another explosion erupting from his phone.

"Well, don't you worry, we've got all the time in the world," he said.

Evelyn stared at him a moment longer, admiring how his dark hair drooped and framed his face.

"I'm nervous to meet your friends tonight," she said.

"Oh, don't be," Elijah said. "They're super chill, you're going to love them. Shit! No wait, YES!!"

He looked up.

"I beat it!" He shouted.

Evelyn smiled, "Good for you, babe."

She glanced down at the floor and shifted her feet. After a moment, Elijah spoke.

"Hey," he said. Evelyn looked up.

"Hm?"

"I'm sorry."

Evelyn shook her head. "Why?"

"You're clearly nervous. I just sort of, you know, waved it off."

Evelyn stared blankly, genuinely uncertain how to react to that statement, because she had never heard someone say it before.

"Oh," she said.

"Yeah, what are you nervous about?" He asked.

Evelyn hadn't expected that question, either. She laughed for a moment. Already knowing the real answer.

She was afraid that they would judge her. She was afraid that they would see what she was, and reject her.

She was afraid this would be the beginning of losing Elijah.

"I just... I want to make a good impression," she said. Stepping out of her shell more than she had in years.

"You will," Elijah said, looking straight into her eyes. "You are amazing, Evelyn."

Evelyn looked away as her heart swelled.

"I should probably start getting ready," she said.

"Ok, did you want to keep talking?" Elijah asked. Evelyn shook her head.

"No, I'm alright. You play your game and relax, I'll be ready soon," She said.

"Sounds good, and thanks again, Eve," Elijah said, returning to his phone. She looked back at him, watching for a moment as he played his game. Never had her heart ached so much.

"You deserve it," She whispered, not loud enough for him to hear, before slipping away into her room.

Evelyn 18 - Friends





















































Evelyn peered out of her passenger window as Elijah turned into a strip mall parking lot. It was nothing special, save for the giant warehouse on the far end. It had a giant neon sign reading 'Megacade' flashing above its entrance. She laughed when she saw it.

"I'm guessing this is one of your guy's top spots?" She teased, looking at Elijah. He laughed and nodded.

"Me and Ryan mostly, we got to pick this time around."

Evelyn looked back out the window.

"This is so you," she said.

"Oh god, you're not getting the ick, are you?"

Evelyn shook her head, meeting his eyes to reassure him.

"Not at all," she said, "I love it."

Elijah pulled into a spot between potholes, and Evelyn began to get out of the car.

"Wait!" Elijah said.

"Are we doing this every time?" Evelyn said with a smile.

"If I can help it," Elijah said. She watched him exit and open her door. She took his hand happily, and together, they walked towards the entrance.

The crowd here was discernibly different than what she had gotten used to. Vintage clothing, baggy jeans, cargo pants, and thrifted tees were the fashion default. Evelyn couldn't help but blush when she inspected her own outfit. She wore high heels and a tight, plunging black designer dress. With real silver chains resting on her wrists and neck.

"I just wish you'd told me where we were going. I feel so overdressed," she whispered.

"But that would've ruined the surprise." Elijah kissed her cheek lightly. "Plus, you look great."

"For a club!" Evelyn said, "Not an arcade with your friends..."

"You want to head back and change?" Elijah offered.

"Oh, stop!"

"I'm serious!" Elijah said. Evelyn knew he meant it.

"It's fine, I'll live. I just hope they don't think I'm trashy or stuck up."

"Well, you're a little stuck up," Elijah teased. Evelyn pushed him lightly.

"Ok, let me remember now. It's Juan, Ryan, Henry, and... oh shit, who was the last one?" Evelyn asked.

"Lucas," Elijah said, opening the front door for her.

"Lucas! Ok, got it." She stepped inside and stopped in her tracks, her eyes widening. She was genuinely surprised at the size of the place.

"Wow."

"Isn't it amazing?! It was an old warehouse that they converted into a giant arcade."

"It's huge!"

The arcade was a nerd's fever dream. The black interior walls had been covered with hand-painted murals of video game characters Evelyn didn't recognize. Arcade cabinets of all kinds lined the first floor. With small pockets of air hockey and pool tables breaking up different sections. Evelyn's eyes trailed up the twin staircases to the second floor. Elijah followed her gaze.

"The upstairs is all the old retro stuff, and the downstairs is new indie stuff."

"Indie stuff?" Evelyn said, following Elijah as he walked to the front receiving desk.

"So there's this new trend of running games off PC cabinets. It's actually really cool because they can switch the games out every week. It also helps promote local indie developers."

"Wow, very impressive," Evelyn said as they walked up to a young, pale college girl running the front desk. She looked up from her phone, her eyes dead, and pushed her grandma-style glasses up her nose.

"Welcome to Megacade," she said dryly.

"Hey, Julie," Elijah said, pulling out a bright red card from his wallet and handing it to her.

"Hey, Elijah," Julie said, taking the card and scanning it. She handed it back to him, then glanced over at Evelyn, looking her up and down.

"Are you dressed as a character or something?" She asked flatly.

"Uh, no," Evelyn said.

"Ok. Well, it's a twenty-dollar entry."

"Oh no, she's with me," Elijah said, holding out his card again. Julie shrugged and took it once more.

"Have fun," She said, handing it back.

"Thanks!" Elijah took Evelyn's hand and passed into the arcade.

"Wow, didn't know I was dating a Megacade cardholder," Evelyn said.

"You get a discount if you're a member." Elijah raised an eyebrow with an overexaggerated smolder. Evelyn smiled and shook her head.

"Ok, big dog, don't let it go to your head..." She looked back at the front counter and saw Julie still looking at her. "I think she hates me."

"Who, Julie?! No, she's always like that. Come on, the guys are waiting for us in the second-floor lounge."

"There's a lounge?" Evelyn said, following him up a set of neon glowing stairs.

"And a bar," Elijah added.

"AND a bar?!" She said with sarcasm.

Elijah laughed and put on his best southern accent. "Only the best around here, partner."

Evelyn rolled her eyes and reached for his hand. They walked past several groups of friends and couples, all dressed in the same casual, thrifted fashion. They stared at Evelyn as she passed, some with revulsion, others with judgment, and some with attraction. It had been a long time since she had felt this out of place.

The second floor was filled with rows of arcade machines, neon lights, and TVs showing live streams. Groups of friends played old consoles on projector screens in lounge areas. Others were sitting in booths, eating and talking. A group of children ran past them, exploring every free cabinet they could find.

Evelyn covered herself with crossed arms.

"There they are!" Elijah said.

The two walked into a bar area decorated like a cyberpunk tea house. At a far booth, Evelyn spotted Ryan standing alongside the rest of Elijah's friends.

To her surprise, they were all incredibly tall, and anything but nerdy.

Ryan was the first to notice her. He rushed over with a big smile. Then, the rest of the group turned and stared with wide eyes.

There were three others. All of which were tall and handsome in their own right. Evelyn only had a moment to look at them before Ryan approached.

"Evelyn! You made it!" He said excitedly.

"Ryan! How have you been?" She asked. He opened his arms, and Evelyn hugged him. He pulled her close and squeezed. By instinct, Evelyn looked at Elijah, comforted to see him smiling.

"I've been good! I actually started up a new game you might like."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah! Elijah had mentioned you really like Crusaders, right? Well, there's this new console game where—"

"Come on, guys, let's not keep the others waiting," Elijah interjected. Guiding them to the group.

"Oh, right," Ryan said, blushing as he walked closely by Evelyn's side. He continued to explain the game to her, but Evelyn didn't hear him. Her focus remained fixed on the group and the anxiety racing through her heart.

"Everyone," Elijah said. "This is Evelyn."

The group stared in silence for a moment, finally snapping out of it when Elijah cleared his throat.

"Hey."

"Hi."

"Yo."

They said in unison. Elijah smiled and pointed to the first of his friends on the right.

"So, this is Juan," Elijah said.

Juan nodded. "Pleased to finally meet you. Elijah had been singing your praises for weeks!"

He was the tallest and most built of the group. A dark-skinned man with an impeccable smile and charisma. And judging by his clever mix of streetwear, Evelyn guessed he had to be an influencer of some kind.

"Same," Evelyn replied, offering her hand. He took it delicately, his eyes never leaving hers. The look was friendly, but not without passion. She had seen it many times before. Fortunately, it meant he was safe.

"Next, we have Henry," Elijah continued, motioning to the man standing next to Juan.

Henry was, without a doubt, one of the most gorgeous men Evelyn had ever seen. He was tan, tall, and perfectly groomed. His square jaw was covered in a closely shaven beard, and his wavy brown hair, trimmed to a medium length, was perfectly swept back. Of all Elijah's friends, he seemed the most out of place. Henry wore fine, baggy slacks, leather shoes, and a designer button-down shirt. It was the look of old money, though Evelyn doubted Henry actually came from it.

"A pleasure," he said, offering his hand. Evelyn took it cautiously, spotting the Rolex resting on his wrist as his hand enveloped hers. She looked up and caught the hunger resting in those chocolate brown eyes. She knew his type. If there was going to be trouble, it would likely come from him.

"Nice to meet you, Henry," She said, quickly looking at the last of Elijah's friends.

"And finally," Elijah said. "We have Lucas."

Lucas shyly offered his hand with a curt smile.

"Hey," he said.

He was the shortest of the three, standing around Elijah's height. He was lean, wore wireframe glasses, dressed fashionably casual, and had a perfect mess of dirty-blond hair. He caught her gaze only once, then quickly looked away. Evelyn smiled. She always did like the shy ones.

"Hey," she said back playfully, glancing at the group. "It's really nice finally getting to meet you all."

"Yeah, yeah..." Ryan said, passing between them. "Come on, let's go sit down."

Juan laughed and followed behind him.

"Always business with you," he said.

Evelyn promptly followed the group to the booth. They sat awkwardly for a moment. Juan checked his phone in silence. Lucas looked off into the distance. Ryan adjusted himself so his leg just barely touched Evelyn's.

And Henry stared, trying his best to capture Evelyn's gaze.

"So, Juan," Elijah said, not seeming to notice the group's tension. "Were you able to get on that balloon dating show?"

"Hmmm? Oh yeah, I did!"

"No fucking way, really?" Lucas said, turning his attention to Juan.

"Right?! I was thinking the same fucking thing. They had people lined up out the door. It took me about an hour to get in. I thought there was no way in hell I was going to get the part, but they said I was the right fit."

Lucas chuckled. "So you got the role because you're tall and hot. Got it."

Juan let out a vibrant, warm laugh.

"Probably," he said.

"Wait, wait," Henry said, breaking his gaze from Evelyn. "What is this now? You mean like an actual dating show?"

"It's online, but yeah! Their videos usually get around four million hits. I think it'll help my brand."

Henry chuckled. "I'm sure."

"Think you're going to find love?" Lucas asked. Juan shrugged and stretched, putting his hands behind his head.

"You mean between everyone trying to become a celebrity? Maybe. You never know," He spoke with such a clean, tempered edge. It broke the tension with ease, and the group relaxed almost instantly.

"So are you the one who's popping a balloon, or are you the one actually being judged by the lineup?" Elijah asked.

"Both, I guess. They take the 'most likable' people and use them a couple of times. So I'll be doing three lineups where I hold a balloon, then like... I think two where I'm the one being judged? I don't know. I have to bring a few outfits."

"Lucky..." Ryan mumbled.

"You could do it too, bro!" Juan said.

"Yeah, right. If I went on there, you know it'd be an instant pop across the board," Ryan said.

"Nah, you just need more confidence, my man," Juan said.

"I agree," Evelyn interjected. The group went silent and stared at her as if she were some great prophet. She smiled at Ryan. "I don't think you give yourself enough credit."

Ryan blushed and promptly stood. "I'm going to go get a drink. You guys want something?"

"Whiskey," Henry said. He stared at Evelyn as he pulled out a black card and handed it to Ryan. "I got this one. You guys want anything?"

Henry spoke almost robotically. There was something overly kind and fake about it. It brushed Evelyn the wrong way.

"Well, shit, if you're paying! Get me uhhhh... fuck, what's it called... a rusty nail," Juan said.

"I'll have an IPA, whatever brand, doesn't matter," Lucas said.

"Jesus ok slow down," Ryan said, clearly flustered. Then, he looked at Evelyn and pretended he was fine.

"Right, so, a rusty nail, an IPA... Elijah, you want anything?"

"Hm?" Elijah looked up from his phone, "Oh! I'll have an old-fashioned."

Henry kept his eyes on Evelyn.

"And what about you?" He asked.

Evelyn looked at Elijah to see if he was picking up on his friend's energy. But, like always, he seemed blissfully ignorant. She returned her attention to Henry and sniffed.

"Don't worry about me, I'll maybe get something later," she said.

"You sure? I really don't mind," Henry said.

Evelyn smiled. "I'm sure."

Elijah looked at her, but didn't question it. She loved that about him. Henry shrugged.

"Alright, suit yourself," he said, nodding at Ryan. The group fell silent once more as Ryan went to grab their drinks.

"So, Evelyn," Henry said. "What do you do for work?"

The group looked at Evelyn intently. Elijah stared with piqued interest. They hadn't really talked about how she would answer a question like this, and she wasn't sure what the right answer was.

"I'm a bartender," she said flatly. Elijah's eyes widened in surprise. Perhaps he wanted her to tell the truth? Evelyn wasn't sure. She shrugged lightly at him with a bashful smile.

"What?" She said. "I know you're not proud of it, but it's what I do."

She regretted the words, especially when she saw the light in Elijah's eyes dim. She didn't know why she said that. Not once had Elijah ever made her feel bad about her job.

But, not missing a beat, Elijah smiled and replied.

"You're wrong, I am very proud of what you do," he turned to his friends. "She's really good at it, too."

Evelyn smiled apologetically, and Elijah answered with a comforting nod.

"Bartending can be nice. Which ones do you work at?" Henry asked, eyes still fixed on her as if they were the only two at the table.

"Sherry and Merrigold, but I hop around," Evelyn said quickly. Henry raised an eyebrow.

"Merrigold... isn't that a bottle service place?" His question was far from innocent. Not missing a beat, Evelyn nodded casually.

"It is," she said with a smile. The group looked at Elijah in surprise. Once again, he didn't hesitate.

"She is amazing at it, too. You have no idea how talented she is." Elijah's confidence brought a wave of relief to the table. Ryan returned, picking up on the group's enthusiasm.

"What'd I miss?" He asked, handing out the drinks. Henry took his along with his card.

"Evelyn was just telling us about her bottle service job," he said.

"Wait," Ryan looked at Evelyn in surprise. "You're an actual bottle girl?"

Evelyn nodded with a bashful smile.

"And Marigold's like, top tier, right?" Juan added. "I've only been to their restaurant side, but it was out of this world."

"It is," Evelyn confirmed, giving Elijah a wink.

"Nice! So you must be making fucking bank then, huh?" Juan said.

"I do alright," Evelyn said. Flipping her hair playfully.

The group laughed as Ryan sat down with a colorful blue drink. A plastic shark rested on top of it. Ryan picked it up and dropped it into the water, which immediately began turning red.

"Man, I bet the dudes you serve must feel so lucky," he said. The group stared at him for a moment before bursting into laughter.

"Ryan!" Juan shouted.

Ryan immediately blushed.

"What?! What did I do?"

Elijah buried his face in his hands and laughed softly.

"God man, we can't take you anywhere," he said.

"Oh, stop! He's just being sweet!" Evelyn said.

"Suuuure he is," Juan said. Ryan shrank into his chair, face crimson as he sipped his drink.

"Guys, stop it! He meant well, you're making him feel bad," Evelyn said.

"Nah, we're just playing. Speaking of," Juan said, turning to look out at the arcade. "I think it's time we get out there."

"Agreed," Elijah said, standing from the booth and offering Evelyn his hand. She happily took it and stood beside him. The rest of the group followed, making their way through the upper floor and heading to an area labeled 'Classic Alleyway.'

The group talked amongst themselves as Elijah stopped at a solid metal machine.

"We have to get tokens," He said.

"Ohhh, this is like a classic arcade then, huh?"

"Yeah, it's a really nice touch." He put a few bills in a small slot, and the machine spit out a pile of coins. Elijah reached into his pocket and pulled out a decorative bag with a pixel character on its front.

"Oh my god, you have a token bag," Evelyn said. Elijah glanced at her.

"You jealous?"

Evelyn wrapped her arm around his.

"Very," she said, kissing him on the cheek. Elijah took a handful of tokens, then gave the bag to her.

"It's yours."

"Oh my god, really?!" Evelyn said excitedly.

"Only for today!" Elijah said.

"Aw, well ok." She took the pouch gratefully, and they made their way into the arcade.

It didn't take long for the group to begin spreading out, shifting between playing together and separately. It was refreshing. Evelyn couldn't remember the last time she had been out to a place like this. She stopped at a machine she remembered from long ago. An old game where you jumped from cube to cube down an isometric pyramid. She watched the cute character jump on screen, laughing to herself. Then she pulled a coin from the pouch and pushed it into the console.

The game started, and Evelyn died almost instantly, her quirky character getting hit by a pursuing sentient triangle.

"Shit..."

As she put in another coin, Henry came and stood by her side.

"You like this one?" He asked.

"I do," Evelyn said, keeping her eyes fixed on the game.

"You're not bad at it," He said.

"Thanks," Evelyn replied, before falling off the edge of the pyramid. "Shit..."

Henry laughed, taking a swig of his drink as Evelyn put in another token.

"So," Henry said. "How did you and Elijah actually meet?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"He said it was on a dating app."

"There you go."

The little creature hopped from cube to cube.

"And you two... are official?"

Evelyn glanced over at him.

"I guess it depends on what you mean by official."

Henry shrugged. "You know, you guys are just seeing each other. That it's not something... casual."

The pixel creature was caught by a monster and died. Evelyn turned from the console and looked at Henry with an indifferent expression.

"And what if it was?" She asked.

"It'd be interesting to talk about, that's for sure."

"Oh, I'm sure," Evelyn said, walking past him. "We aren't, by the way."

"Official?" Henry asked.

"Casual," Evelyn corrected.

"Hmmm."

"Sorry to disappoint."

"Hey, I didn't mean—"

"It's fine," Evelyn said, scanning to see where Elijah had gone.

"You do seem awfully familiar, though," Henry said. Evelyn froze and turned to him. He smiled. "Maybe that's why I'm asking."

She stared, safe in her shell, examining Henry through a filtered lens as he finished his drink. Her eyes moved past him when she saw Elijah walking out of a row of consoles with Ryan.

"Nice talking to you," she said, making her way over to Elijah.

"Likewise, can't wait to get to know you more," Henry said, watching her walk away.

Evelyn made her way to Elijah and wrapped her arm around his.

"Hey!" She said softly. "What are you two doing?"

"We just finished a round of Dig Dug!" Ryan said.

"He won," Elijah added. "You having fun?"

"So much," Evelyn answered, relieved to see that Henry had moved on. "You want to play something together?"

"Absolutely!" Elijah said excitedly. Evelyn looked at Ryan.

"Sorry, I have to steal him for a little bit," she said.

"Oh, no worries. M-maybe you and I could play something later?" He asked.

"Of course!" Evelyn said.

Ryan smiled brightly. "Ok! Great, I'll uh... maybe we could... well... I was thinking, since you liked Crusaders so much, there's actually an indie game on the first floor that is really close to it. But, it's really cool because you have infinite lives and... well..."

He tapered off, eyeing Elijah and Evelyn a moment. Eyes dropping to their interlocking fingers.

"I'll uh... well I'll meet you later." He said. Turning and walking away abruptly.

"Ok!" Evelyn called out to him. She looked at Elijah. "He's so sweet."

"Oh, very. To you at least."

Evelyn squeezed his hand, guiding Elijah over to a group of racing games. "He has a pretty big crush."

"Yes, he does. I haven't seen him this happy in a long time."

Evelyn, still inside a shell, spoke into Elijah's ear.

"Well, maybe we'll have to make him a little happier at some point."

Elijah turned to her in surprise as she smiled devilishly.

It was an apology, an invitation, a test. It was all of it and none of it. It was wild whiplash as she navigated a world she had forgotten the language of.

He smiled and kissed her cheek.

"Why don't we focus on racing for now?" he said.

"Fair enough," Evelyn said shyly.

She followed Elijah into the racing cabin, watching as he placed several tokens into the machine. The game kicked to life, and the two were thrust into a pair of jeeps trying to outrun a horde of zombies. Evelyn screamed as the first wave of zombies began to chase them. Elijah groaned when they died for the first time. Evelyn shouted once they finally beat the first race circuit. Then, as they found their rhythm, she spoke.

"Your friends are nice," she said, sliding past a crowd of zombies.

"They really seem to like you," Elijah said.

"I noticed," She said. The two went silent for a moment. "Do they always get that excited?"

"Just around you." He said. "But you'd better focus, I'm about to beat you!"

Evelyn laughed as they turned a corner. Elijah was ahead, just about to cross the finish line. Evelyn leaned over to him.

"I wonder how excited they'd be if I got really friendly."

Elijah glanced at her in shock. His car spun, crashing off the side of a bridge. Evelyn zoomed past him as zombies pulled his character out of the wreck and began to eat him.

"Shit!" Elijah said.

"Ha!" She turned to him as her car passed the finish line. "Looks like I win!"

Elijah rolled his eyes. "That was cheating."

"Was it?"

Elijah laughed and shook his head. "Wanna play again?"

"Sure!"

He went for the token pouch between them, but stopped as his phone went off.

"Oh shit, hang on." He pulled it out and checked it. Reeling his head back in surprise.

"Oh," he said.

"What is it?" Evelyn asked.

"It's from Ivan... he sent a video."

Evelyn stared in horror. She tried to speak. She tried to tell him that what he was about to see didn't mean anything.

But the video was already playing.

After a few seconds of watching it, Elijah looked up at her, eyes unreadable.

"Elijah..." Evelyn said. Elijah cleared his throat.

"I uh... I have to go get some air," He said. Stepping up from the cabinet and walking off quickly.

Evelyn sat, staring at the empty chair as her own car crashed on screen.

Evelyn 19 - To Be Special







Evelyn chased after Elijah, walking quickly past rows of cabinets, laughing families, and flashing lights. She moved through a crowd of chasing eyes and lingering whispers. But she saw none of it; she only saw him. She watched as Elijah stumbled onto the first floor and rushed to a side exit. He pushed it and stepped through without looking back.

When Evelyn reached the door, she stopped, contemplating whether she had the courage to walk through it. She turned toward the main entrance and considered leaving. It would be easier that way. She could quietly exit Elijah's life and save him from the heartache that awaited them both.

She wouldn't have to hear those painful words all over again.

That it was over. That they couldn't work. That they had tried, but were just incompatible.

Evelyn didn't know if she could bear it this time. Not from him.

And yet, that same feeling is what drove Evelyn forward. She was uncertain. She was afraid. But she also knew her heart was already choosing him. Evelyn pushed the door open with a trembling hand and stepped through. She entered a cold, concrete hallway and found Elijah standing to the left, watching his phone.

He looked up at her, eyes still unreadable.

"Hey," she said shyly.

"Hey," he replied, glancing back at his phone.

"I'm... sorry," Evelyn said. Not knowing what else to say.

Elijah shook his head. "You don't need to be sorry."

"I feel like I should have warned you."

"It's your job. You don't have to tell me all the little details about your job."

"But..." Evelyn could feel herself falling away. "But I..."

That was it. That was her great speech. She couldn't speak another word. All she could do was watch Elijah put his phone away.

"That was shitty of him to do," Elijah said.

Evelyn stared at the floor and said nothing.

"Did you sleep with them?" He asked. Evelyn looked up, confused. The videos would have made that clear.

"I... what do you mean?"

"You danced for them. They were touching you... they stood around you... The video cut off when you uh..." He cleared his throat. "When you got to your knees and... well... you know."

Ivan hadn't sent all the videos. He was holding onto them, and while Evelyn couldn't know why for certain, she had a good idea. He was the kind of man who enjoyed games. The kind of man who never wanted a woman like her to be happy, unless it was with his permission. This was leverage, and Ivan was waiting to use it against her somehow. Perhaps he expected her to slip up. To lie and try to hide what had happened.

And in the past, Evelyn would have. She would have sold her very soul to keep someone like Elijah as long as possible, even if it nearly destroyed her.

But this time, she chose Elijah's well-being over her own desires.

"I did, and I'm sorry." Evelyn fought to speak every word.

"Don't be," Elijah said. "I knew what this was, remember? I knew from the beginning who you were."

Evelyn nodded.

"And... now... you're realizing you can't do this, right?"

Elijah shook his head. "No, that's not what I'm saying."

"But, you... You seem upset."

"I am," Elijah confirmed.

"Oh..."

What can I do? How can I fix it? How are you feeling? You mean so much to me. These are the things Evelyn wanted to say. These are the things she wanted to ask. And in a daydream, she was.

"You didn't do anything wrong. I'm not upset at you," Elijah said. He looked up at her. "I'm upset with them. With him."

Evelyn stared blankly.

"Do they always treat you like that?" he asked. Evelyn was still waiting for the trap. Still waiting for the accusations and yelling. Still waiting for the ridicule and shame.

"Not always, some clients are nice..."

"But does HE always treat you like that?" Elijah asked.

Evelyn laughed uncomfortably. "I... he's a newer client. But so far, yes."

Elijah shook his head.

"I really don't like him."

"I don't either." Evelyn laughed again, hating how indifferent it made her sound.

They were silent for a moment, and when Elijah still didn't accuse and belittle her, she decided to take the initiative.

"Seeing me like that... Seeing me... with them. Does it upset you?"

"Yes, but also no. I think with that group, I really don't like. Sex work or not, no one should treat you like that, Evelyn," Elijah said.

She didn't know how to respond.

"Oh," she said. "And... seeing me with other people. Does that... do you look at me different?"

Elijah laughed this time, face blushing.

"No, not at all," Elijah said. "Honestly... seeing you with other people... it turns me on."

He looked up at her apologetically.

"I'm sorry, I know now is not the time to be saying something like that. I don't know. Maybe there's something wrong with me."

Evelyn wiped the moisture forming at her eyes.

"Maybe there's something wrong with us," she said.

He laughed, keeping his eyes to the floor. She took a step towards him. Then, with a deep breath, she told the truth.

"He... he has more," she said. Elijah looked up, confused. "More videos, I mean."

"With them?" Elijah asked.

"And him, yes."

Elijah nodded. "Did he take them without your permission?"

Evelyn shook her head. "No, we... it was a deal."

"Are you sure?"

"I am," Evelyn said. "I've been doing this a long time, don't worry about me."

"But I do," Elijah said.

Evelyn laughed away the urge to cry.

"Will you see him again?" Elijah asked. Evelyn shrugged.

"Probably. If he pays."

"Why?" Elijah asked.

Evelyn shrugged her shoulders.

"He pays. He's no better or worse than others. A lot of them are like this."

Elijah nodded.

"Are you safe with him?" He asked.

"Yes..." Evelyn said softly.

"Well, as long as you are safe, I trust you," Elijah said, stepping towards her.

Evelyn couldn't bear to look at him directly.

"Do you... If you don't want to see me anymore... I understand. I know this can be hard... and I know I'm fucked up."

"Evelyn, you are the most amazing woman I've ever met," Elijah said. "Of course I want to keep seeing you."

His kindness was a hailstorm. Evelyn could feel the tears welling in her eyes.

"Why are you so nice to me?" She whispered, her words almost pleading. She felt Elijah's hand gently caress her cheek. It gave her the strength to finally look up at him.

"Because you deserve it," he said.

Tears dripped down Evelyn's face as she kissed Elijah deeply.

Her shell opened, and she stepped out, just to feel his lips against hers.

No facade or filter.

She truly felt Elijah for the first time that day. He pulled her close, and she ran her fingers through his hair. Afraid he might disappear the moment their kiss ended.

She broke away with a shaky breath and took his hand.

"Come on," She said. Guiding him out of the arcade and back to his car. Elijah followed without question, getting into the driver's side and starting the engine.

"There, on the far side of the parking lot. By the coast. Park there," Evelyn said. Elijah obeyed without a word.

He parked.

Evelyn unbuckled her seatbelt, laughing quietly as she leaned over and began to kiss him again. Deep, passionate, loving kisses.

Her heart swelled like an ocean as she guided his hand to her chest. Her heart poured like a river as he squeezed and pulled her closer.

Onlookers passed in the golden sunset, none of them paying attention to the odd car off in the corner of the parking lot. Thrill mixed with passion as Evelyn reached for his joggers and pulled them down. Elijah began glancing out the window nervously as his cock popped out.

"Don't worry," Evelyn said, kissing the side of his shaft. "We're far enough away from everything."

Elijah nodded, and Evelyn swallowed him. He let out a deep groan of satisfaction as she pressed her lips against his base. She pulled her head back, letting her saliva trickle down his head, before swallowing him again.

And again.

And again.

She gagged for him. She moaned for him. But it wasn't an act.

She wanted him. She wanted his cock inside her. She wanted him to stretch and fill her.

She had never wanted someone more.

She used both hands to stroke him as she swirled her tongue around his tip. Her thighs burned when Elijah gently held her hair back and began thrusting upwards. She squeezed her legs together, unable to contain herself any longer.

She let Elijah's cock fall out of her mouth and kissed it gently before straddling him.

"Evelyn, wait, I—" he said.

She cut him off with a kiss and pressed down. Elijah's cock sat between her folds, teasing her entrance, as she began to ride back and forth with slow, smooth motions.

Elijah moaned softly, his hands grabbing her ass as he forgot the world around them. She pushed her breasts into his face as his cock head rubbed against her clit.

Evelyn's pace quickened. Elijah bucked wildly.

The car rocked with their motions as Elijah pulled down her dress and sucked on her tits. It was too much. Evelyn needed him now. She lifted herself and took Elijah's glisenting cock with her hand, guiding it to her entrance.

Then, slowly, she sat down on it, moaning as she felt his tip enter her.

"Wait!" Elijah said, pushing Evelyn up by her hips. He looked out the window at a couple off in the distance. Evelyn looked to as she lowered herself to his ear.

"Really, it's alright," she said. "Let them watch."

"I don't know I..."

"Come on, trust me. I'm a professional, remember?"

"Not here," Elijah said firmly.

Evelyn paused. Fingers trembling on his chest. He was the first man to ever deny her like this. And why wouldn't he? She wasn't the kind of woman he wanted. He wanted someone normal. Someone who was fully his. Someone who he could bring home to his family and friends without any shame.

He was just being nice.

Because that's who Elijah was.

But in the end, he would leave for someone better. Because he deserved better. He deserved a relationship where he didn't have to worry about clients sending him videos or trying to torture him at parties.

He deserved peace, and love, and kindness.

And Evelyn knew he would find it one day.

Her lips began to tremble.

"If... if you don't want me. You can just say so." Her tone was weak and vulnerable. She looked away, not able to bear his gaze.

Elijah grabbed her chin and pulled her eyes towards him.

"I want you," he said.

"Then... why?"

"Because it's our first time," Elijah said with a laugh. "I don't want our first time to be like this. In a car, in some random parking lot."

Evelyn stared into his eyes. They were so sincere.

"I want it to be special."

Her heart opened. She was terrified, because this was the happiest she'd been in a long time.

She smiled, tears streaming down her face, and nodded.

"Ok." She said.

Elijah pulled her close and held her tightly.

Evelyn 20 - One Month





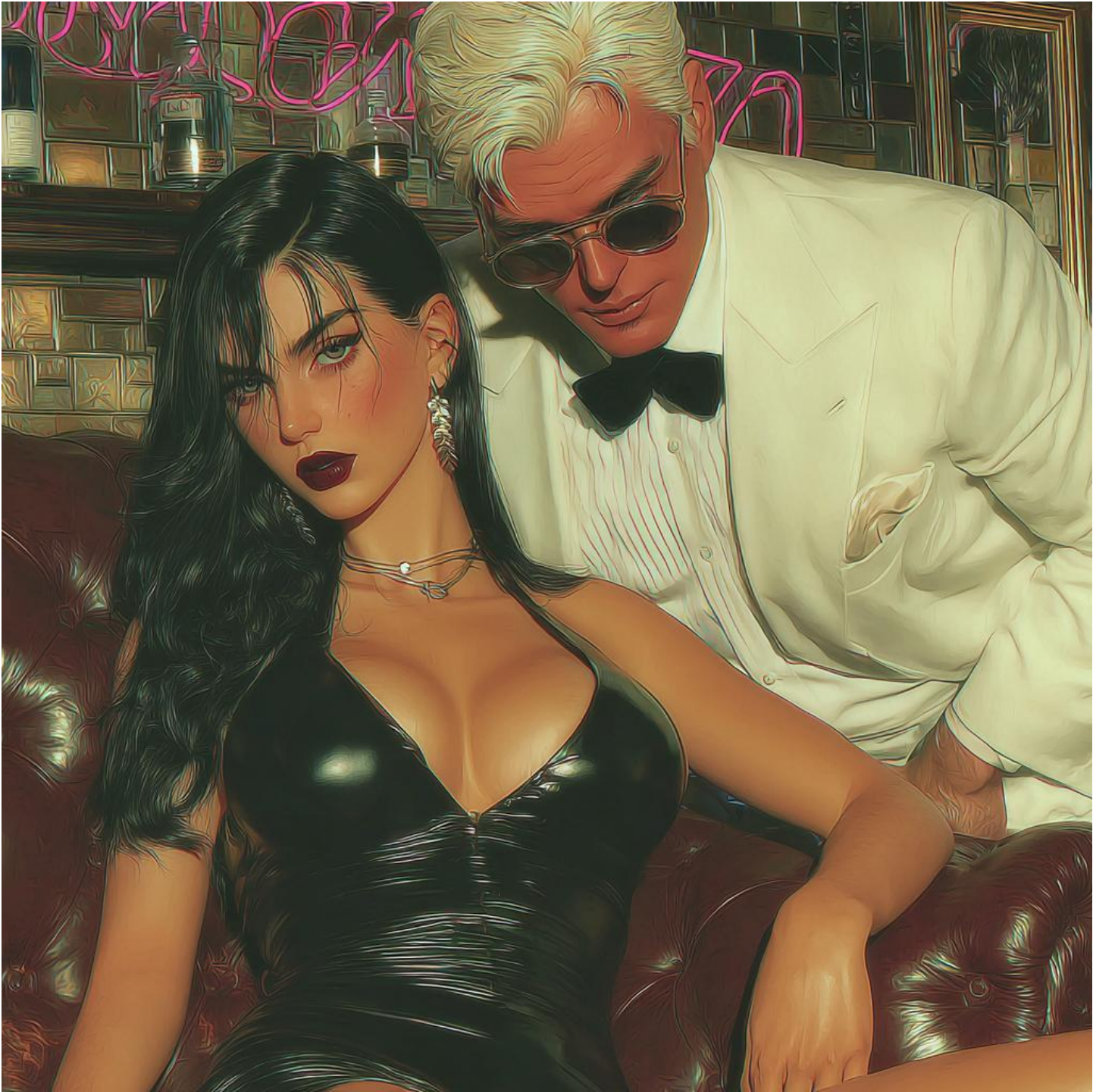




























They hadn't slept together. Evelyn had hoped they would. But they didn't. Instead, she and Elijah went back into the arcade and continued playing with their friends. Things picked up right where they left off. The group ordered another round of drinks and explored everything the arcade had to offer. Evelyn followed in step, seeking out Elijah at every opportunity. She wanted to know that everything was ok. She wanted to be certain that the words he said were true. She sought his eyes. His smile. His touch.

But no amount of words or affection could steady her nerves.

She feared that if she was gone for too long, he might leave forever.

But Evelyn did her best to put it out of her mind and enjoy the night. At the very least, Elijah's friends seemed to like her, and being with them was easy. Later in the evening, Ryan pulled her aside. Eager to show her a game on the first floor.

"You're going to love it!" he said. Evelyn looked at Elijah, who was preoccupied with a reflex punching game he and Juan were playing.

"Go on, I'll catch up!" he said.

"Alright," Evelyn said reluctantly. Then, in a more playful tone. "Make sure you beat him for me."

Juan laughed loudly as he missed one of the buttons.

"Man, no fair, where's my cheerleader?!" he said.

"Shut up and play the game," Elijah replied.

Their banter faded as Ryan led Evelyn down to the first floor, glancing at her shyly ever so often.

"You're really going to like this one," he said.

"I can't wait," Evelyn said sweetly, smiling as Ryan turned a corner and pointed excitedly at a bright blue game cabinet.

"Here it is!" she ran up to it. Evelyn laughed and followed, examining the game with interest when they got close. It was a top-down strategy game like Crusaders, but with a huge, vibrant screen.

"Wow! It really does look like Crusaders!" she said.

"Right?! The character designs aren't as good, though."

"Well, there's no Sweeny," Evelyn said. Ryan laughed.

"Yeah, is that your favorite character?" he asked.

"Most definitely." Evelyn watched the gameplay demo for a moment. "Does it actually play like Crusaders?"

"Pretty close," Ryan said, putting in several tokens and booting up the game. "There are a few adjustments to make it more arcadey, but I think you'll have a blast. Come on, let's do the co-op run together."

"Let's do it," Evelyn said. They started the game, and when they arrived at the character selection screen, Ryan leaned over and pointed to a blonde female knight in the corner.

"She's probably the closest thing to Sweeny," he said. Evelyn instinctually leaned into him, smiling as he blushed.

"Then that's who I'll play," she said softly. "Who are you going to be?"

"I'm... I'm going to be Sergult." He moved his cursor over a large, bearded, pirate-looking character and selected him.

"Seems strong," she said.

"Very," Ryan started up the game without another word, keeping his eyes transfixed on the screen. Evelyn very much enjoyed his company. He was a kind, upbeat person, and his crush was sweetly innocent. They played for a while, and very quickly, Evelyn got the hang of it.

"How long have you known Elijah?" Evelyn asked as they cleared the fifth level.

"Long time," Ryan said. "Since we were in high school."

"Oh yeah? Same grade?"

"He was a year older than me, but we got along really well. We were both, you know, nerds or whatever."

Evelyn laughed. "I can see it. It's sweet that you two have stayed together for so long."

"All of us have," Ryan said.

"Really, all since high school?"

"No, but college, yeah."

"How did you guys end up becoming friends?"

"Ah, well, that's a long story. We stayed friends because we all enjoy stuff like this. We just get along. Always have."

"I love that," Evelyn said as the two passed the next level. Then, more softly. "I just hope I can fit in."

"Oh, you will, they guys clearly like you." Ryan paused for a moment. "And Elijah... he's head over heels for you."

Evelyn blushed, struggling to stay focused on the game.

"Really?"

"Yeah. And I mean, why wouldn't he be? You're amazing." Ryan spoke nervously. And with both of them out of focus, they quickly died fighting the level boss.

Evelyn looked at him and saw genuine affection in his eyes.

"Well, I guess that makes two of us," She said sweetly. "Thank you for being so welcoming, Ryan."

Ryan blushed and smiled. He did have such a wonderful smile.

"Don't mention it," he said.

Evelyn found her confidence again after that. She went back upstairs and reunited with Elijah.

"Did you have fun?" he asked.

"So much, Ryan is the sweetest," Evelyn said, waving to Ryan as he hurriedly rushed past them.

"Yeah, he's the best," Elijah agreed. Juan scoffed as he played Pac-Man nearby.

"And what does that make me then, huh?"

"Are you saying Ryan isn't the best?" Evelyn countered.

"Naaaah, he is," Juan said as a blue ghost caught him. "Fuck, you two staying for bowling? We're going to get a lane."

Elijah looked at Evelyn.

"I'm a little tired," She said apologetically. Though in truth, she just wanted an excuse to bring Elijah home.

"Yeah, me too, we're probably going to pass my man," Elijah said, dapping Juan and hugging him.

"No sweat, I get it. And you!" Juan said, walking over to Evelyn and opening his arms. "Don't be a stranger now, you're part of this little crew as far as I'm concerned."

"Aw, thanks," Evelyn said bashfully, giving Juan a side hug. He took it in stride as Henry and the others approached.

"Are we going to bowl now?" Henry asked.

"We are, they're not," Juan said. The group seemed somewhat disappointed, but Henry seemed jealous. He looked at Evelyn with an intent, piercing gaze.

"Well, I guess we'll be seeing you around," he said. Evelyn smiled politely.

"Guess so," she said.

With a few parting words, she and Elijah left the arcade, and he drove her home. She glanced at him every so often, gauging to see if tonight would be the night.

"That was a lot of fun," she said.

"It really was! They absolutely loved you."

"Mmmmm. I can't wait to go home and relax," she moved her hand along Elijah's thigh lightly. "Maybe shower, play some Crusaders."

"That sounds like fun," he said with a smile. He took her hand with his own and squeezed it. Seemingly oblivious to her hint. They stopped in front of her hotel and parked the car.

"This was an amazing night," he said.

Evelyn bit her lip.

"Won't you come up?" she said. Elijah leaned forward and kissed her gently.

"Not tonight. Let's wait."

Evelyn kept her lips close to his, afraid to be any farther from him.

"You... you will come back. Right?" she asked.

"Evelyn," Elijah said, giving her another soft kiss. "I'm not going anywhere."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

"And you'll... you'll tell me if you change your mind, right?"

"Evelyn, I'm not—"

"Please, promise me you'll be honest and tell me. Promise me you won't just... leave." She fought against every word, embarrassed at how vulnerable she sounded.

Elijah hugged her tightly.

"I promise," he said. "I'll text you when I get home, ok?"

"Ok."

And he did. He texted her as soon as he got home. He texted her the day after, and the day after that. Despite everything he had seen and knew about her, he had stayed. At first, Evelyn couldn't believe it. But with every passing day, she was beginning to let herself. Work was easier, the days were lighter. Classes came and went, and all the while, a smile never left her face.

Even as she made her way through the crowd at Kalisto, selling bottles and flirting, Evelyn never stopped smiling. Her energy brought a wave of new attention, and it was good for business. Many tried to get a private dance with her, and many failed. But it was always this way. Only now, she flowed through it with ease.

At least until she found Ivan waiting for her at the bar. She ignored him as he stared, approaching from the opposite end and talking to the tender. When Ivan slid up beside her, Evelyn kept her eyes forward. When he waited, Evelyn pretended he wasn't there. Then, he finally spoke.

"Am I being punished?" Ivan said loudly over the boogie music. Evelyn glared at him, but didn't say a word. He laughed and turned to the dance floor.

"I've made you mad," he said.

Evelyn said nothing. Ivan nodded.

"I've made you mad." He bit the inside of his cheek and leaned towards her. "I'm very sorry, it was meant to be a little game. You know that?"

Evelyn turned to him and tapped her fingers against the bar.

"It was fucked up," she said.

"Then let me make it up to you," Ivan said.

"How?"

He held up a bag.

"How about you and I have a private dance?"

Evelyn laughed.

"There is no fucking way you're getting a private dance," she turned to several partygoers who recognized her, one of whom asked for a selfie. She took it with him before turning back to Ivan. He stared for a moment before nodding.

"What would it cost?" he asked.

"How much did you bring?"

"Twenty thousand," he said coolly. Evelyn, feeling especially vengeful, leaned forward.

"That might buy you a dance. And only a dance."

Ivan reeled. Part of Evelyn wanted him to say fuck off and leave, but the other part wanted to take every dollar he had. Either way, she would be coming out on top tonight.

Ivan cursed in his language, then rubbed the back of his neck.

"Fine then," he said, smiling all too brightly as his dark eyes found hers. "Consider it an apology gift."

Evelyn stared a moment, then walked past him and snatched his bag. Ivan followed behind her without a word as she led them to a small room in the back. Its interior was bathed in purple light, with one large chair facing a private pole. Evelyn pushed Ivan into the chair and began to move to the music. She swayed, undressing slowly as his eyes feasted on her body. But he made no move, no leering comments, no attempt to grab her. He simply watched as Evelyn peeled off her clothing.

She stepped closer to him, standing between his spread legs, undoing her top while looking into his eyes.

"Did I tell you my business sold?" he said.

She smiled, pretending that she actually cared.

"I'm set now," he continued. "I won't ever have to work again. But of course, I will."

"Mmmmm," Evelyn spun and pushed her ass inches away from his face.

"I'm even thinking about buying a yacht in celebration."

Evelyn rolled her eyes. "Good for you."

Her phone went off in her bag, the vibration loud enough for both of them to hear.

"Is that your friend?" Ivan asked. Evelyn cursed herself for not keeping it on silent.

"Wouldn't you like to know," she said, slowly sitting on his lap and grinding slowly. She wanted to make him beg. She wanted to blue ball him and take every dollar he had. She smiled as his hands slipped over her waist.

"No touching," She said. Ivan froze, then reluctantly withdrew.

"Did he like what I sent?" he asked.

Evelyn felt anger swell in her chest. She stood and turned, running a finger down Ivan's chest.

"How did you get his number?" she asked.

"I have my ways," Ivan said.

"He did, actually," Evelyn said. The honesty in her voice made Ivan's eyes go dim.

"So that's it then," he said.

"What's it?"

"He is an actual cuck. He probably doesn't even want to fuck you, right? He just likes watching? Is that why it works for you two?"

The question cut deep.

"He isn't," Evelyn said defensively. Ivan's head tilted, sensing a crack in her armor.

"It would make sense. Especially that pool night. What sane man sits on cold floors while his love is pounded in the next room, hm? Maybe I should have sent him the rest of the videos, too. He probably would have liked it. Did you tell him about them?"

Evelyn stood straight and stepped away from Ivan.

"You are a fucking piece of shit," she said coldly.

"You like it, though. So does that little cuck."

"You're just as much of a cuck as him."

Ivan smirked and leaned back in his chair.

"If you were my girl, I wouldn't let you do what you're doing," he said.

"That's why I'm not your girl."

"You could be."

Evelyn laughed loudly and shook her head.

"You wouldn't have to do this anymore," Ivan said.

"I like what I do."

"Then keep doing it for me."

Evelyn turned, looking at him in disbelief. "Are you fucking serious?"

"I am."

"I'm not becoming your personal sex toy, Ivan."

"Isn't that what you're already doing?" Ivan asked. Evelyn could barely contain her rage.

"Let's keep this business, ok?" She said shortly, continuing to dance in silence. After a few moments, Ivan sighed and rolled his eyes.

"Stop," he said. Evelyn did without hesitation, storming over to her bag and transferring Ivan's money into it.

"My god, you get so angry," he said.

"You seriously need to shut the fuck up," Evelyn said, blinded by her own fury.

"You need to relax."

"Oh my fucking god! Seriously, we are so fucking done," she shot up, slung her bag over her shoulder, and walked to the room's door.

"No, no, don't do that," Ivan said.

Evelyn stopped.

"I'm trying to apologize," he said.

Evelyn looked back at him, fully locked inside her shell. Her voice cold and indifferent.

"You're really trying that one on me?"

"I mean it," Ivan said calmly.

"Hmmm, I'm sure."

"Despite what you might think, I do actually like you," Ivan said.

"Well, that's your first mistake."

"I mean what I say."

"You like my body."

Ivan scoffed. "I like more than that. Clearly."

"You don't even know me."

"Because you won't let me get to know you."

Evelyn felt her phone buzz in her bag as she stepped towards Ivan.

"You know what I think?" she said.

Ivan smiled. "Please, do tell."

"I think you don't like sharing. It hurts your ego too much."

"That's not true," Ivan said coolly.

"It is."

"Then let me prove it," he said. Evelyn crossed her arms, surprised by Ivan's confident persistence.

"How?"

"Well, you need to let me see you outside the club more, for starters."

Evelyn laughed. "I have a fucking boyfriend, Ivan."

Sensing the venom in her voice, Ivan raised his hands.

"I know, I know. Trust me, I'm trying to..." he sighed in frustration. "I want more of you. I want to show you that I'm not this... asshole you think I am."

The words were sincere. Enough for Evelyn to drop her guard ever so slightly.

"So you want to have the girlfriend experience, is that it?"

Ivan smirked. "God, you have a fire in you. It's very sexy, you know that?"

"I don't escort like that, Ivan," Evelyn said sharply.

"Not even for one hundred thousand?"

Evelyn stared a moment, tapping her foot against the floor.

"One hundred thousand?"

"Yes," Ivan said.

"Bullshit."

"I'll wire you half tonight."

"No fucking sane person would spend that much on one escort," Evelyn said.

"Well, it wouldn't be for just one night."

Evelyn laughed. "Ahhh, there it is. So what? This is my yearly salary. You realize I make that in the month, right?"

It was a lie. On a good month, maybe. But Ivan didn't need to know that.

"I know, which is why I'd buy your time for a month."

"A whole month?"

"Yes, no other dancing. No other clients. Just you and me for a month."

"Well, I hate to burst your bubble, one hundred thousand wouldn't even come close to covering the cost. It's not just the clients I work with. I still need to film too, and I won't stop that."

"Then I'll film with you."

"Oh my god, really?"

"What?! We fuck good, and I'm a good size. Plus, you wouldn't lose any money."

"You really think you can just waltz into my fucking life like that? Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?"

Ivan pushed a hand through his sandy blonde hair. Clearly amused by their conversation.

"I was just offering, you don't have to say yes."

"Oh my god! Thank you so much for clarifying, here I was thinking I had no choice," Evelyn said mockingly. She turned without another word, heading for the door once more.

"We'll follow your rules," Ivan said.

"Goodnight, Ivan."

"I'll pay more," he said.

Evelyn wanted to leave. At least, a part of her did. But something about Ivan made her fire on all cylinders. The anger, the sensationalism, the idiotic sums of money he seemingly threw at her without question.

It made Evelyn stop once more.

"Oh yeah? Even if that meant no fucking?"

Ivan pulled out a lighter from his pocket and began to flick it open and shut.

"If you're suggesting I would force you, then you are mistaken."

"So if I were a nun the entire month, you would still pay me more?"

"Of course not."

Evelyn rolled her eyes.

"What would it cost?" Ivan asked. "If you still filmed and took clients when you wanted, but I was a priority. How much?"

"What does priority mean?"

"Oh, nothing too crazy. I get to take you on dates, and you would spend the night."

"I'm not spending every night at your place," Evelyn said firmly.

"Obviously, but at least once or twice a week," Ivan said.

Evelyn thought for a moment. They had played this game once already, and she had asked for a sum far too low. If this was serious, she was absolutely going to make it worth her while.

"A quarter million," she said flatly.

"Over double?" Ivan asked, flicking his lighter closed.

"You're asking stupid fucking questions, so I'm giving stupid fucking answers."

Ivan remained silent. Evelyn smiled.

"Not that crazy, huh?" she said.

"Fine, two hundred fifty thousand. One hundred thousand wired tonight."

Evelyn shook her head, absolutely stupefied. Ivan didn't wait for her answer. He picked up his phone for a moment, then set it down. Evelyn felt a buzz in her bag and pulled out her phone. Seeing that one hundred thousand was now in her bank account.

"You really are fucking crazy," she said.

"Or maybe I just like you that much." Ivan leaned back in his chair. "One month with more access, that's all I ask."

Evelyn knew this was messy and stupid. But it wasn't her first mark. Truthfully, she had done far worse for far less.

Plus, a quarter of a million forgave much.

"I need to think about it," she said. Adjusting her bag and slinging it over her shoulder. Ivan threw his head back and laughed.

"Sure you do. And don't forget to ask your little cuck for permission. I'm sure he'll be ecstatic about the news.

"Goodbye, Ivan," Evelyn said coldly, pulling the frosted glass door open and stepping through.