

The Stalker Woman

Danielle never accepted the end. Her relationship with Sylvia had ended two weeks ago, but her ex's silence was poison burning in her veins. At 2 a.m., Danielle parked her white BMW in front of Sylvia's building, the car key trembling in her sweaty hand as she carved a deep groove down the entire side—metallic, echoing like a moan of pain, imagining Sylvia's skin torn the same way.

Then she broke in through the back window, body pressed against the cold wall, leaving saliva-wet notes in the drawers: "You're mine. I'll fuck you until you beg." She called from blocked numbers, voice hoarse with lust and rage: "I can feel your pussy calling me. It'll always be mine." Sylvia, exhausted and wet with fear, sought Ariel Lettie. The two had known each other since college; Ariel was the friend who fucked with her eyes before touching, cruel when desire demanded it.

Sitting in the kitchen, Sylvia told her everything: the scratches on the car, the break-ins that left cheap perfume in the air, and the threats that soaked her panties with dread. Ariel listened, licking her lips, the uniform tight across her full breasts. "Don't file a report," she purred, voice low, almost a sex whisper. "I've seen this scene a thousand times. The system releases them; the bitch comes back hungrier for pussy. I have a way. Off the books, but it'll leave you coming with relief. Cool?"

Sylvia swallowed hard.

"Cool."

"Buy a burner phone. Call her. Set up a meeting here. Tell her the door will be open, to walk in without knocking, and to wait in the living room with her legs spread for the surprise. I'll handle the rest."

Sylvia obeyed, fingers shaking on the keypad. She called. Danielle answered on the second ring, her voice trembling with hope and lust.

"Hi Danielle, Sylvia here. Listen. Door open, no knocking. Go straight to the living room, and wait for me there. I have a surprise that'll make you come at 11:20 p.m." Sylvia said, then hung up.

On the appointed night, Danielle arrived at 11:17 p.m., the BMW purring like an animal in heat. High-waisted Zara jeans molding her round ass, a black bodysuit clinging to heavy breasts and the curve of her shaved pussy, a leather jacket open

to reveal sweaty cleavage, and high heels making her thighs quiver with every step. She walked straight in, the house smelling of Sylvia, her heart pounding in her cunt. The living room was dark, with only the golden lamp lighting the sofa where she imagined rolling naked with her ex.

Ariel waited outside, in full uniform, badge cold against her body. She opened the BMW's trunk and placed two wrapped packages—one of weed reeking of sin, the other pure coke. Then she drew her SIG Sauer P320, metal hot in her sweaty palm, and entered, the scent of leather and arousal thick in the air.

Danielle turned, eyes wide with shock.

"Hands on your head, you stalking whore. Trespassing."

"I was invited! Sylvia wants me here!" Danielle shouted, but Ariel already had her on the floor, knees digging into her soft back, uniformed weight crushing breasts against the rug, cold cuffs biting wrists, and the friction hiking the bodysuit to expose her ass.

"Shut up and spread for a search, bitch."

She dragged her outside, the street empty, cold wind licking exposed skin. Ariel opened the BMW's trunk; the packages gleamed like trophies. Thick fingers frisked Danielle, squeezing breasts, sliding between thighs, and brushing her fear-wet pussy.

"That's not mine!" Danielle moaned, her body betraying her with a gush of arousal.

"Every slut says that. But your cunt's already dripping for me."

In the back seat of Ariel's car, Danielle trembled, cuffs cutting flesh, the smell of leather mixed with her sweat and desire. The twenty-minute drive to the abandoned warehouse was silent except for muffled moans. The place stank of rotten fish, rust, and old sex. A back room: a filthy mattress on the floor, rusted iron bars, clinking chains like promises, worn leather collars, hanging whips, and the metal "on all fours" rig—bars that locked knees and elbows to the ground, ass high, pussy and asshole offered like gifts.

She threw Danielle onto the mattress, the impact making her tits bounce. "This isn't the station, you bitch. Why?" Danielle growled, voice hoarse with lust-laced terror. "Second chance, slut. Do what I say, lick my pussy until I come on your face, and I'll let you go without charging you for the drugs in the car... and in your cunt. Otherwise, I'll stuff coke up your ass and weed in your torn pussy and haul you to jail. Who do you think they'll believe? A crazy stalker who hunts exes to eat pussy,

or me, a decorated cop who's fucked half the department, coming in their mouths? Sylvia told me everything, you obsessed whore."

Danielle swallowed her sobs, her pussy throbbing with submission.

"I'll do... everything, ma'am."

"Good, bitch. Strip. Slow, so I can watch that cunt drip."

Danielle obeyed, cuffed hands clumsy but lust guiding. The jacket thudded to the floor, revealing swollen breasts in the bodysuit. Heels kicked off, legs spread. Jeans slid down slowly, baring trembling thighs and a round ass.

Finally, the bodysuit peeled down, tits springing free, nipples hard as stones, shaved pussy glistening—no panties; she was ready to be fucked. Naked, vulnerable, cold air raising goosebumps.

Ariel stripped slowly, a powerful striptease: belt unbuckled, shirt open to reveal a black lace bra, heavy tits spilling, pants dropping to show soaked panties, and a shaved pussy pulsing. Fully naked, defined muscles and old fight scars, she grabbed Danielle's hair.

"On your knees, whore. Lick my pussy like it's Sylvia's."

Danielle dove in, hungry tongue on Ariel's swollen clit, sucking, lapping swollen lips, and swallowing salty nectar. Ariel yanked hair hard, face-fucked her, hips rolling, moans echoing: "That's it, you bitch tongue... deeper... I come on your face, not you on mine!" She came twice, squirting on Danielle's face and grinding wet pussy on her nose, mouth, and chin.

BDSM Scene 1: Suspension & Nipple Clamps

Ariel dragged Danielle by the hair to a central beam. Thick chains through ceiling hooks, cuffed wrists yanked overhead until Danielle was on tiptoes, body stretched, tits thrust forward, pussy exposed. "Breathe deep, bitch."

From the black kit, Ariel pulled two nipple clamps with 200g weights. She pinched the first pink nipple until Danielle screamed and clamped it—searing pain, blood pounding. The second was slower, twisting before closing. Weights swung, pulling, making Danielle moan and arch.

"Count to ten while I spin," Ariel ordered, twisting the weights like a clock.

Danielle counted, voice shaking, tears streaming, pussy dripping to the floor.

BDSM Scene 2: On All Fours + Paddle + Plug

Ariel released the chains, only to drag Danielle to the "on all fours" rig. Locked knees and elbows into cold steel bars, ass high, pussy spread, asshole winking.

"Open that ass for me."

She grabbed a 6cm-wide stainless steel plug, ice-cold. Spat, pushed in slow—Danielle screamed, anal ring stretching, cold metal burning. Left the plug, wide base gleaming between cheeks.

The black leather paddle cracked down: CRACK!—flesh swelling red.

"Count, whore! One... two..." Ariel struck rhythmically, alternating cheeks, leaving purple marks. Every five, she plunged three fingers into the pussy, fucking fast, thumb on the plug, twisting. Danielle came at 15, squirting on the floor, legs shaking in the bars.

BDSM Scene 3: Wax Play + Cane

Ariel flipped Danielle onto her back on the mattress, arms and legs chained spread-eagle to the four corners. Lit a low-temp red candle. "Stay still, or it burns worse."

First drop on the collarbone—sizzle, Danielle arched. Drop by drop down the breasts, circling clamped nipples, down the belly, stopping 1cm from the pussy. Danielle moaned, body sweating, wax hardening like a second skin. Ariel took a thin bamboo cane.

"Ten on each thigh. Count loud."

SWISH-CRACK!—a red line on the left thigh. Danielle screamed, "One!" Ten perfect lines, thighs trembling. Then five on the soles—bastinado—Danielle sobbing, pussy pulsing.

BDSM Scene 4: Face-Sitting + Breath Play

Ariel removed the nipple clamps—blood rushing back, searing pain. Sat on Danielle's face, hot pussy smothering.

"Tongue deep."

She ground her clit on the mouth and pinched the nose with one hand, controlling air. Danielle licked desperately, Ariel coming in jets, releasing the nose only when eyes rolled back. Three orgasms like that, Danielle on the edge of passing out, face drenched in squirt and spit.

BDSM Scene 5: Golden Shower + Final Marking

Ariel stood, legs spread over Danielle's body.

Hot golden stream straight into the mouth, over tits, and pussy. Danielle swallowed some, the rest running off. Ariel took a nine-tail leather whip and struck the swollen pussy—five light lashes, enough for Danielle to come again, body convulsing.

Finally, with a pocket knife, Ariel carved "A.L." on the inner left thigh—small, shallow, but permanent. "My mark. Never forget who broke you." Danielle sobbed, body marked, fucked, shattered. "You said you'd let me go..." Ariel laughed, cuffing her again, fingers still in the throbbing pussy. "You really thought so, you dumb slut?"

"You're insane..."

"I'll take you naked to the station. My lovers will gang-fuck you, filling that pussy with cum while I stuff drugs up your ass. Never near Sylvia again, or you're a cell whore."

She put on her uniform and threw Danielle in the back seat, naked, pussy exposed, fresh marks burning. Clothes in the trunk. Halfway, she stopped at a deserted payphone.

"Last chance, bitch. I'll take off your handcuffs and let you go, but you'll never come near Sylvia again. Or, I'll take you to jail, and you'll become a toy for the inmates and get gang-banged by guards."

"I'll never come near Sylvia again. Let me go." Ariel took off the handcuffs. "I need my clothes."

"Clothes? Not part of the deal, whore. BMW in the impound—get it tomorrow, if you survive the shame." Danielle got out naked, her feet on the cold asphalt. Ariel sped off, laughing.

The next day, Ariel knocked on Sylvia's door with a plastic bag. "Done. She'll never come back. Came so hard she forgot her own name." She pulled out the plastic bag: sweaty jacket, jeans with handprints, torn bodysuit, and heels. Sylvia frowned, arousal rising. "Why do you have her clothes?" Ariel grinned, eyes hungry, pulling Sylvia inside. "Long story... want to listen while I fuck you like I did her?"