

8.

Despite having spent over an hour in the shower, she could still smell him on her skin, the sweet stench of his aftershave. He was still lying in her bed, sleeping like a baby, incentive enough for her not to return to the warmth her duvet would provide. As she poured herself a drink, her mind wandered to the events of the last few hours.

She remembered getting into the taxi, and him getting in next to her. What happened before was rather blurry, although she knew there had been a lot of alcohol involved, because she would never have done this sober. Not something this stupid. He'd kissed her in the cab on the way back to her place. His lips had tasted of stale cigarettes, and as she had caressed his tongue with hers she could taste the bitterness left behind by the bottle of whiskey they had shared. What happened after was clear in her mind, like a film that was being played over and over.

"You want a coffee?" She had no idea what time it was when the taxi stopped outside her building. To be fair she wasn't even sure if she was even wearing a watch. "No coffee. Just you". He slipped the driver his fare, and probably a 200 percent tip, but he didn't seem to care. He took her hand and pulled her towards him, kissing her passionately as he held her in his arms, one of his hands grabbing her ass, pressing her against him. She had no idea how they had managed to get upstairs, or how she'd managed to unlock the doors, it didn't seem as if they'd taken their hands off each other for one minute. Yet one moment they had been standing on the pavement, and now they were in her bedroom. It had been a long time since someone else had been in her bed.

He had been so gentle with her, kissing her softly as they'd undressed each other. She didn't want gentle though, she wanted to feel alive, to feel something other than pain and loneliness. She wanted to feel, and not think. That's it, she wanted to just feel without worrying or thinking about the consequences of having that closeness with someone that sex often caused. Looking teasingly at him she grabbed her handcuffs from the bedside table, within seconds she had made herself a prisoner, her hands tied to the iron railings at the head of the bed. She could tell it was turning him on, seeing someone as strong as her looking so defenceless. He had kissed her again, but passionately this time, not gently as before, but like he wanted her and she was the only woman in the world. She moaned gently as his weight on top of her made her feel warm despite the cold air in the apartment. She had forgotten to put the heating on. "Fuck me." It sounded so common, almost seedy, but then she had never been the making love kind of girl. "Please" she hastily added before looking at him with eyes that were begging him to do as she asked. She wanted him, at that place in time it was just the two of them, and the world around them had ceased to exist.

As he slipped inside her, her hands were grasping for the iron post, tightening around the cold metal as she moaned loudly. "Is that the best you can do?" His movements became faster as she had again become bored with his careful and gentle approach. "That's better." She had lit a fire within him, making him want to prove his manhood, wanting to show her how good he was. His right hand tugged at her hair, pulling her head roughly

against the bed, making her neck out to look even longer than what it was. His other hand fondling her breasts, rubbing them and pinching at her nipples, pain had never felt this good. His breathing was getting heavier and he was mumbling under his breath, some words she couldn't make out but she was pretty sure he called her a bitch. "Well, gorgeous, at least for tonight, I'm your bitch." She moaned again as her words made him pound her harder, his hands now holding her legs into the air, pulling her against him as he pounded against her. As his movements become rapidly faster and each time he pushed against her harder, she closed her eyes. She couldn't remember the last time she had felt this good. As the final pounding drew closer she asked him to stop and unlock her from the cuffs. She didn't think he would at first, the look in his eyes still being that of an animal whose pride had been harmed. As he gave in and freed her, she pushed him down on the bed, sitting on top of him now. As she started riding him her nails dug into his back, scratching his skin till she felt small prickles of his blood on her fingers. She felt her climax nearing, and as he exploded from pure ecstasy inside her she kissed him again. As their tongues met and their lips pressed firmly together she started shaking uncontrollably, and she was still shaking slightly when a few minutes later she was sitting in her usual spot at the window lighting a cigarette. By the time she had finished smoking, he was fast asleep.