

sweet revenge

The apartment building's laundry room smelled like dryer sheets, stale detergent, and the faint metallic tang of copper pipes that ought to be replaced. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead. It was light, past midnight probably, and the small nook was empty except for the rhythmic thump of someone's load finishing its cycle.

Jacob pushed his way in through the door, laundry basket tucked under his arm. Wearing the same hoodie and jeans he had on for two days, he finally decided to freshen up. Hidden in his hood, he didn't even notice her at first, too caught up in his own thoughts.

But Anna was already there, bent at the waist as she hauled her wet clothes from the washer to the dryer. Black mini skirt riding up just enough to show the edge of her lacy thong. Low-cut white blouse stretched taut across her chest, the top two buttons purposefully undone. Blonde hair cascading across her shoulders like an expensive shawl. She straightened, fixing her skirt as soon as she heard the door creak. Her eyes flickered towards his face, mouth twisting into immediate disgust.

"Jesus," she muttered loud enough for the echo to carry over the machines. "Can't even do laundry without running into your face."

Jacob set the basket down onto the folding table with a deliberate slowness. He gave her a lazy once-over glance, that he knew pissed her off the most. The kind that lingered on her toned legs, her chest, her face, like he was cataloguing a list of every flaw.

"Still dressing like you're paying rent in blowjobs, I see," he scoffed.

She slammed the dryer door harder than necessary, the metal ding echoing through the corridor.

"You're obsessed," she snapped. "You've got nothing better to do than to follow me around and call me names like some horny middle schooler." She folded her arms under her chest, pushing her breasts even more on display. Intentionally or not, it worked.

He snorted, pulling his own wet clothes out of the washing machine and dumping them into the empty machine next to hers. "If the thong fits, right?"

Her eyes narrowed. She took one step closer, heels clicking against the linoleum, poking him right in the middle of his chest. "Say it," she spat. "Go ahead. Say the word you've been just dying to say all week."

Jacob's mouth curled into a slow, mean smirk.

"Whore."

"Manchild!" she grunted, hand fisting into the front of his hoodie. "You know what your problem is, Jacob? You think you're hot shit. But it just makes you look pathetic."

He didn't back up, instead straightening to his full height, looming over her small frame. "And you know what *your* problem is, Anna?" Their faces inches apart. "You act like everyone should kiss your ass just because you've got tits and a pulse. Well, newsflash! Nobody's impressed. Least of all, me."

She laughed once, sharp and cold.

"You think you're funny?"

Jacob smirked, leaning in just enough to make it uncomfortably personal. "Wouldn't be so worked up if it wasn't true."

He could see something behind those bright blue eyes snap. Her plump lips opened and closed, unable to respond. A frustrated grunt came out of her, as she clenched her fist.

And before he could blink, she lunged, both hands slamming into his chest with surprising force for someone like her. He stumbled back with a surprised expression, elbows colliding with the floor first.

She didn't give him any recovery time.

He dropped down on his ass, then flat on his back when she kicked his legs out from under him.

And she didn't wait.

Before he could even try and recollect himself, exclaim something in protest, it felt like the air was knocked out of his lungs.

Anna planted one black open-toed heel square in the center of his chest, pressing down just hard enough, that the heel dug into his sternum, pinning him down like a bug.

A strangled grunt escaped his lips. He grabbed her ankle instinctively.

She didn't react. Instead, she leaned her weight forward ever so slightly. Sinking into his flesh the more he tried to fight it. He hissed, wincing as he could feel his skin burn from the pressure.

His hand fell limp at his side.

"Get the fuck off—"

"No." Her voice was venomous, pleased even. "You've spent the last few months calling me a whore. It's cute you think you're doing something here."

Anna bent her waist, blonde hair coming down like a curtain. "It doesn't hurt me, Jacob. Just makes me want to shut your fucking mouth for good."

She ground her heel in a slow agonizing motion, his face curling into a petty wince. "So here's what's happening now."

She breathed out, running a freshly manicured hand through her hair, then fixing the edge of her tight little blouse. Even now, she had an innate reflex to look hot.

“I’m going to rape your fucking mouth until you choke on the word. And you’re going to take it. Understood?”

The dryer behind them buzzed to a stop. The room fell quiet momentarily, except for the low hum of lights and the ragged sounds of his breathing.

She smiled victoriously, seeing his expression sink.

“Not like anyone wants to give it up to you anyway.”

“You insane bitch,” his hand rose again, trying to shove her ankle sideways, break her balance and free himself from whatever was to come next. Her second heel pressed firmly against his open palm next to his shoulder.

Pain flared whit-hot across his ribs and hand, a choked sound escaping his throat.

“Yeah, keep fighting,” she said softly, mocking. “It just makes this more fun for me.”

She reached under the hem of her skirt, like she was putting on a show, teasing him. Two of her fingers hooked under the lace trim of her thong, dragging it over the curve of her hips, the smooth of her thighs, until it pooled around her ankles. She stepped out of it with the other heel, then kicked the scrap of fabric aside like discarded evidence.

Anna gathered the front of her skirt in one fist and hiked it high enough to expose her cunt completely. Not a drop of shame or hesitation. A cold, focused intent hid behind that pretty little face.

“Lie still,” she ordered. “Or I’ll make sure every breath you take for the next week hurts.”

Before he could say another insult, she lowered herself on his face. Her knees bracketed his ears. Her bare, already-wet cunt settled directly onto his mouth, hot, slick, and suffocating. The sudden weight crushed any protest into muffled vibrations against her folds.

She rolled her hips once, giggling. Testing, claiming his mouth, sighing at the contact.

“Lick.”

He didn’t move.

She leaned forward, sealing his nose and mouth completely beneath her. His chest jerked involuntarily, uselessly. Seconds dragged into ten, fifteen. Black spots bloomed at the edges of his vision. Only when his free hand gripped her thigh, she lifted, just enough for him to suck in one desperate breath through his nose.

“I said lick, loser,” she repeated. “Or next time I won’t lift at all. You’ll pass out with my cunt juices on your face. How pathetic is that?”

His tongue flicked. Angry, reluctant, tracing the length of her slit. She hummed in approval, hand pulling on his short hair, and settled her full weight again, grinding in slow, deliberate circles, smearing her arousal across his lips and chin.

“Much better,” she moaned. “How’s it feel, hm? Getting your mouth raped by the whore you can’t shut up about? And you know what, I think— you wanted this. Bet it’s everything you fantasized about when you jerked off thinking of me.”

He worked his tongue, forced, humiliated, she reached and popped the remaining buttons of her blouse open one by one. The fabric parted. She shrugged it off her shoulders, it slid down her arms and pulled behind her on the linoleum. Her fingers quickly found the tiny clasp of her bra. A quick flick and it joined her blouse.

Her small, supple breasts spilled free into the cool air. She cupped them immediately, thumbs circling already-tight nipples as she rocked harder against his tongue.

“Keep going,” she breathed. “Just like that. Use that tongue like you’re sorry for every time you opened your fucking mouth.”

He had no other choice. Her thighs clamped tighter around his head. He could feel her orgasm inching closer. Breath hitching, hips snapping.

Until her body locked up.

Her brows furrowed, mouth opening obscenely. A sharp cry tore from her throat as she came. Hips grinding, flooding his mouth with slick heat. He swallowed reflexively, sputtering, unable to pull away even an inch.

When her movements eased, she smirked down at him. Breath shallow, chest rising and falling. Her dainty palm reached behind, sliding down the front of his jeans.

He was achingly hard. The outline was unmistakable even through denim.

She laughed, low and cruel. Delighted at her gimmick.

“Oh my god. You’re fucking hard?” She squeezed through the fabric, biting her lower lip. “Admit it. You loved eating my pussy, didn’t you?”

“Fuck— you,” he managed, voice wrecked and muffled against her.

Her fingers tightened painfully. “Wrong answer, loser.”

She turned her torso, one heel hovering just above his groin. “I feel sorry for you, so I’m giving you two options. You tell me you loved it, and maybe I’ll stroke you enough so you cum in your pants like the pathetic little bitch you are. Or, option two, I stomp your balls flat. Your call.”

Long seconds of silence.

It came out hoarse and broken. “I... liked eating your pussy.”

“Good boy.”

Her hand rubbed him through his jeans. Slow, relentless circles. He let out a quiet groan, hoping it would go unnoticed.

“Was this your plan all along? To get cornered and raped by the girl you jerk off in secret to?”

He shook his head, face messily covering in her slick. She scoffed. It didn’t take much for him.

Jacob’s hips jerked helplessly and he spilled into his boxers with a strangled groan. His head was spinning. She kept stroking until he whimpered from overstimulation, then finally released him.

“Since you enjoyed it so much,” she said, voice drenched with a fake sweetness. “You’re going to do it again. Right now.”

She shifted forward and sank back onto his face without waiting. This time, she simply pressed down hard when seeing his hesitation, cutting off his air until the frantic, sloppy licks started again. Anything to breathe.

“Deeper,” she demanded. “Fuck me with your tongue like you mean it.”

She grabbed his limp hand and dragged it up, pressing his palm against her bare breast. “Come on, play with it. Pinch my nipples. Make yourself useful for once, loser.”

His fingers obeyed. Clumsy, exhausted. Trembling, as they closed around her soft swell of her breast. Anna’s skin was fever-hot under his palm. She hissed in approval when he pinched it lightly between his thumb and forefinger. She could feel his tongue slide into her hot wetness relentlessly, biting back moans. All he could think about is someone potentially walking in on them. Seeing him being used like a sex toy. Just for her pleasure.

“Like that,” she breathed, voice fraying at the edges. “Don’t you dare go gentle now.”

She rode him with a punishing rhythm, hips rocking in short, brutal circles that dragged her clit across the flat of his tongue over and over again. The wet sounds echoed obscenely in the quiet laundry room.

Slick flesh against slick flesh. His ragged inhales, whenever she allowed them. The low mechanical drone of the dryer that had long since finished its cycle, but kept tumbling on someone else’s forgotten timer.

Jacob’s jaw ached. Every muscle in his face felt locked in one permanent cramp. His tongue, raw, swollen and moving on autopilot now. Long strokes, then quick flicks when she barked orders, then slow, deliberate circles when her thighs began to shake.

He hated how automatic it became. Hated more that his body still responded, cock throbbing painfully against the damp mess inside his jeans. His lungs burned, head swimming from oxygen deprivation and the sweet taste of her.

Anna came again. She didn't announce it with a moan this time, instead her whole body completely seized, back arching, fingers digging into his scalp for leverage.

And she ground down so hard, the bridge of his nose flattened painfully against the edge of her pubic bone.

His fingers obeyed—clumsy, exhausted, trembling—as they closed around the soft swell of her breast. Anna's skin was fever-hot under his palm; the nipple already peaked and sensitive from her own earlier teasing. She hissed approval when he pinched it lightly, then harder when she rocked forward and demanded more. "Like that," she breathed, voice fraying at the edges. "Don't you dare go gentle now."

She rode him with punishing rhythm, hips snapping in short, brutal circles that dragged her clit across the flat of his tongue again and again. The wet sounds were obscene in the quiet laundry room—slick flesh against slick flesh, his ragged inhales whenever she allowed them, the low mechanical drone of the dryers that had long since finished their cycles but kept tumbling on someone else's forgotten timer.

Jacob's jaw screamed. Every muscle in his face felt locked in permanent cramp. His tongue, raw and swollen, moved on autopilot now—long strokes, then quick flicks when she barked the order, then slow, deliberate circles when her thighs began to quiver. He hated how automatic it had become. Hated more that his body still responded—cock throbbing painfully against the damp mess inside his jeans, lungs burning, head swimming from oxygen deprivation and the relentless taste of her.

Anna came again.

This time she didn't announce it with a cry. Her whole body simply seized—back arching, fingers digging into her own thighs for leverage, and she ground down so hard the bridge of his nose flattened painfully against her pubic bone. No air. None. Just the suffocating press of her cunt sealing his mouth and nostrils, pulsing around the intrusion of his tongue as she rode out the spasms in long, rolling waves. Black spots exploded behind his eyelids. His free hand clawed uselessly at the tile beside his head; the other stayed trapped against her breast because she hadn't released it.

She held him there.

"Look at you," she panted. "Big tough Jacob, the guy who thinks calling women whores makes him alpha. Now you're just a warm wet hole for me to come on. How's that feel, huh? Knowing every time you open your mouth from now on you're going to taste me?"

He couldn't answer. Couldn't even snarl. Only muffled sounds escaped—half protest, half involuntary groan when she clenched around his tongue.

She came a third time like that—sudden, violent, thighs clamping so tight around his ears he thought they might bruise. She flooded his mouth again; he swallowed what he could, the rest dripping down his cheeks and pooling in the hollow of his throat. When the aftershocks passed she didn't lift off completely. She hovered, just enough to let him drag shallow breaths through his nose while the tip of his tongue still brushed her oversensitive clit.

“Say thank you,” she whispered.

He stayed silent.

She dropped her full weight again. Sealed him shut.

He bucked once, weak, frantic, then stilled. The message was clear.

When she rose this time she gave him a full three seconds to breathe before sinking back.

“Thank... you,” he rasped against her, voice so wrecked it barely carried.

“Louder.”

“Thank you.”

She smiled down at him, blue eyes glittering with something close to affection—if affection could be cruel.

“Good boy. Now make me come again.”

She resumed her rhythm, slower now, savoring. One hand stayed knotted in his hair; the other roamed her own body. She traced the curve of her waist, cupped her breast, rolled the nipple between thumb and forefinger. Every so often she reached back to palm the wet bulge in his jeans again, squeezing just enough to make his hips jerk involuntarily.

“You’re still so fucking hard,” she observed, almost conversational. “Even after you came in your pants like a teenager. You really are a pervert, aren’t you? Getting off on being used. On choking on cunt you claim to hate.”

He didn’t deny it. Couldn’t. The evidence was humiliatingly obvious.

She laughed softly and sped up. Her breaths grew shorter, sharper. The wet slide of her against his face grew louder, more desperate. When the fourth orgasm hit she didn’t smother him completely—she rode through it with quick, shallow thrusts that let him steal frantic gulps of air between her pulses. She came with a broken whimper this time, body trembling, thighs shaking around his head.

She didn’t stop.

“Keep going,” she panted. “Don’t you dare slow down.”

His tongue felt like it belonged to someone else now—numb, mechanical, endless. He flicked, sucked, thrust, circled—whatever pattern made her moan loudest. She guided him ruthlessly: “There—right there—fuck, yes—harder—don’t stop—”

The fifth climax built slower but hit deeper. She curled forward, forehead almost touching his, blonde hair curtaining their faces as she ground down in tight, frantic circles. Her nails dug into his scalp. Her breath fanned hot across his forehead. When she came she cried out—raw, unrestrained—and held him pinned through every fluttering contraction, only lifting when the last tremor faded.

She stayed straddling his chest after that one, looking down at the wreckage she'd made of him.

His face was a glistening mess—lips swollen, chin dripping, cheeks flushed dark red from exertion and lack of oxygen. His blue eyes were glassy, pupils blown wide. Chest heaving. Hair matted with sweat and her arousal.

She reached down almost tenderly and wiped a thumb across his lower lip, collecting the slick there before pushing it back into his mouth.

“Suck,” she said.

He did, too broken to resist.

She watched him for a long moment, then leaned down until her lips brushed his ear.

“You’re going to remember this,” she whispered. “Every time you see me in the hallway. Every time you think about opening that smart mouth of yours. You’re going to taste me. You’re going to feel my thighs around your head. And you’re going to get hard all over again, knowing I can do this whenever I want.”

She straightened, still straddling him, skirt rucked up around her hips. Her blouse and bra lay forgotten somewhere behind her; she made no move to cover herself. Why would she? She'd already stripped him of dignity, modesty was nothing after that.

“One more,” she decided aloud.

His eyes widened fractionally, exhausted protest flickering there.

She ignored it.

She slid forward again, settling her soaked pussy back over his mouth. This time she didn't smother immediately. She let him lick slow, almost gentle at first—teasing herself with the flat of his tongue while she played with her breasts above him.

“See?” she murmured. “You’re learning. You know what I like now.”

She built herself up leisurely—long strokes, then quick flicks, then deep thrusts of his tongue when she wanted to feel filled. Her insults came softer now, almost crooning.

“Such a good little mouth-whore... look how eager you are... bet you'd beg for it if I let you speak... pervert... my personal toy...”

When the final orgasm approached she leaned forward, bracing both hands on the tile above his head. She fucked his face in short, sharp thrusts—chasing, relentless—until she shattered with a long, shuddering moan that echoed off the concrete walls.

She rode it out completely, grinding through every aftershock, only lifting when her legs threatened to give out.

Then she stood.

Slowly. Gracefully. As if she hadn't just spent the better part of an hour using his face as her personal seat.

She smoothed her skirt down with casual hands, stepped into her thong where it lay on the floor, and slipped it back up her thighs. She retrieved her bra and blouse, shrugging them on without bothering to button everything. The top two buttons stayed undone—habit, or maybe deliberate reminder.

She looked down at him one last time.

Jacob hadn't moved. Couldn't. He lay sprawled on the cold tile, chest rising and falling in shallow pants, face wrecked and shining with her. His jeans were dark with his own release and the dampness that had seeped through from prolonged contact.

Anna tilted her head.

"Next time," she said quietly, "don't make me wait so long to remind you who you're dealing with."

She turned on her heel—click, click, click—and walked to the door. Paused with her hand on the knob.

"And Jacob?"

He didn't answer. Didn't have the voice left.

She smiled anyway.

"If I catch even a hint of that word coming out of your mouth again... we'll do this in the hallway. Where everyone can watch."

The door clicked shut behind her.

Silence returned to the laundry room—broken only by the faint buzz of dying fluorescents and the slow, uneven rasp of Jacob's breathing.

He stayed on the floor a long time after that.

Tasting her.

Remembering.

Knowing she meant every word.