I rush back home, my feet burning with each step and my muscles crying out to me like a choir of sopranos singing the high song of pain. I burst through the door and she’s there waiting for me in the chair in the living room, or the loving room as we like to call it. She has a riding crop in one hand that I know she’s been toying fitfully with and in her other hand she holds a copy of memes monthly. Her attire is as ravishing as always, a leather corset that hugs her delectable figure and outlines her every curve and delicious facet. Her panties are much the same though they are made of a more delightfully soft blend of fabrics, just looking at them reminds me of all the times I have seen them being peeled sensuously off her luscious backside to reveal the carnal treasures beneath. She wears fishnet stockings upon her luscious legs but her feet remain unadorned, a memory of her heels digging into my back and her toes curling onto my shoulder as she rakes her nails along my back hits me. She is just as fantastic and intoxicating as the day I met her, but I can’t let that distract me, not now, not today. She puts down her magazine and draws the riding crop up her leg, forcing my attention back to them, I almost lose myself again.

“What have you done to me? I can’t even think anymore without my thoughts turning to you, it’s like you’ve infected me with some sort of sexy disease.”

“Our plan is proceeding as expected.” She says, uncrossing her legs and making me want to tear my clothes off.

“What plan, and is there more than one person involved or are you just using the royal we in a hitherto unprecedented manner? I don’t care just, we’re in a relationship dammit and I love you.”

“And this gives you power over me?”

“No, of course not, but I would at least like to feel in charge of my own mind.”

“Do you feel in charge?”

“No, I… I haven’t for a long time.”

She lets the magazine fall to the floor as she comes closer to me and lays the riding crop against my face.

“Ah yes, I was wondering what would break first…your spirit.” She cocked her head to one side as the riding crop left the side of my face and then came crashing back, leaving a red streak across my cheek and rattling my teeth. “Or your body.”

I felt an overwhelming rush of lust begin to cloud my head. “You’re starting a fire.” I growled.

“Yes.” She said, drawing out the word till it was nothing but a throaty hiss as she leaned down to my ear. “The fire rises.”

Her eyes made contact with mine and I couldn’t hold it for long. “I don’t even know who you are anymore.”

“It doesn’t matter who we are.” She said, twisting the riding crop in her hands as she relished the moment. “What matters is our plan.” I tried to struggle back to my feet but she pushed me over onto my back with one prod of her foot. She was putting on the mask now.

“No one cared who I was until I put on the mask.”

“I always cared who you were, even before you put on the mask. I just want you to let me have a moment that’s not occupied by you.” She looked at me fondly for a moment her eyes softening as they traced over my body.

“Take control, for these are the instruments of your liberation.” She said, placing my hands over her leather clad breasts and smiling like a knife. I squeezed the splendiferous orbs underneath my hands and felt the firmness of the leather that held the deliciously malleable flesh underneath them. I get my legs underneath myself and pick her up, my fingers digging into the sculpted beauty of her butt. As I try to take a breath she takes the opportunity to press her mouth against mine and snake her tongue into my mouth. I lose a step, but soon my tongue is wrestling wetly with hers and her nails are digging into my neck as she pushes herself further into my mouth. I come to the doorway and find the door closed but I am not removing my fingers from their current occupation of squeezing and molding her behind, so I kick the door open. I don’t bother turning on the light as we both crash into the bed.

“Ah, so you think the darkness is your ally.” She says, pulling me closer so that my head rests between the valley of her breasts. “But you merely adopted the dark.” Her toes hooked into my pants and pulled them halfway down my legs. “I was born in it.” She pushed me onto my back, her hands pinning my arms to the bed and her knee rubbing against my crotch as I took in the view displayed before me. “Molded by it.” My pants left my legs entirely with another quick movement of her feet. “I didn’t see the light until I was already a woman.” She pressed her body down onto mine, I could feel her breasts pushing against my chest and rocketing my already mind destroying desire to new heights. “And by then it was nothing but blinding.” She said, her words tickling my ear as her hands stroked through my hair and across my chest, nails carving into my flesh and sending such waves of delightful pain rolling up my spine.

“You’re pure evil.” I breathed.

“I’m necessary evil.” She said.

I tried to speak again but she put a finger against my lips and stopped me before I could begin.

“What a lovely, lovely voice.” She trailed her finger down my face and across my chin and chest. She ran it up her leg, the nail hooking into the fishnet stockings and hitching them up as the rest of her body rose to straddle me. She reached behind her and I saw her corset loosen. “Let the games begin.”

And then a plane crashed into the house. There were no survivors.