I wanted a bad boy; I got one

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Jill goes to a party to meet hot guys. She is forced to do more than she ever imagined.

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I wanted a bad boy; I got one

I adjusted my tank top and took a deep breath as I walked into the row house. My best friend stood beside me and smiled. We had just made the 20 minute drive into Philadelphia from her house. I was always socially awkward so parties were never my thing, but Sarah was dating an older guy and he had so many cute friends that I couldnâ t resist. The party was at Drewâ s house and I had looked him up on Facebook before. He was right up my alley, leather jackets, tattoos, and piercings.

â Hey, your name is Jill right?â Drew stood beside me and I had to look up at him because he was so tall. All I could manage was a head nod because I was so nervous at his closeness. His tattooed arm brushed against mine and I felt my cheeks flush. I turned to look at Sarah, but she was already gone somewhere with her boyfriend. He pulled a huge bottle of Smirnoff vodka out of cabinet and poured two shots, without asking me.

â Here, this will make you relax.â He smirked at me and threw a shot back. I grabbed the tiny glass. I had taken shots before and I knew my limit. I swallowed the alcohol in one sip and shook my head. Alcohol always gave me the chills. He poured one more for each of us and then his loud friends came in and completely ignored my existence. I took the shot he poured for me *and* the one he poured for himself. Fuck him; Iâ ll get free alcohol out this night if nothing else.

I left the kitchen to find Sarah, but there were so many people. I tried to look over the sea of people to find her because she and I were the only ones wearing color. I pushed my way through all the metal heads and was surprised to find myself at a staircase. She definitely wasnâ t here so I started climbing the stairs and calling out her name. I reached the top of the stairs and couldnâ t see or hear anyone up here over the blaring music. I turned around and felt the alcohol kicking in finally. I started to giggle and peered down the staircase, but someone was standing in the middle of stairs.

â Going somewhere?â I heard his deep voice from below. â I was just looking for my friendâ ¦â He grinned at me but there was something darker behind that smile. He pointed to the room behind me and I was hesitant but I figured itâ s just my nerves. I cracked open the door to peer inside the dim room, but two arms wrapped around me and pushed me into the room.

â Get away from me!â I screamed and backed up farther into the bedroom. He smirked before shutting the door and turning the lock. When he turned around I started screaming as loud as I could manage. â HELP! HELP! AHHHH!â I screamed until his hand covered my mouth and muffled my screams.

â Shut up,â He screamed at me and pushed me against the wall. I tried to slap him, hit him, punch him but he grabbed both my arms and slammed them above my head. He pinned me against the wall with his figure and I could feel my whole body tighten. â Stop!â I screamed but he ignored me and put his hands up my shirt. I felt his warm hands run over my flesh and it made me feel sick. This canâ t be happening, I canâ t let this happen.

â Youâ re disgusting.â I screamed at him, but he only smiled at my insult. He stepped back and took me in full view. I tried to duck under his arms and run for the door but his arms wrapped around my waist and snatched me back. He dragged me over to the bed. I kicked at the air and screamed at the top of lungs again.

â Go ahead, no one will hear you. And even if they didâ ¦ they wouldnâ t care.â His words cut deep because I knew he was telling the truth. These guys were hoping he would do this; they wanted him to rape me. He threw me down onto the bed and I pulled myself backwards away from him. I was leaning back on

elbows and kicking at him with all my strength. He reached out with one hand and wrapped it around my ankle, pulling me back to the center of the bed underneath him.

â Pleaseâ ¦ Drewâ ¦ Please just let me go and I wonâ t tell anyone.â I pleaded with him now because he was getting very close. He sat on top of me and just grinned down at me. His weight was pushing the air out of my lungs and tears pried at my eyes. â Begging are we?â He pinched my cheek and I turned my head away from his gaze.

I closed my eyes and tried to breath. His hands moved under my shirt again and unclipped my bra. I felt the cool air hit my breasts and him groan with approval. My hands were balled into fists at my sides. â Hey, look at me.â He said but I didnâ t respond. I kept my eyes shut until I felt two hands grabbed my face. My watery eyes shot open and I took a deep breath. He could tell I was nervous bordering terrified.

He leaned down to kiss my breasts and I tried to push against him and knock him off me but he was too big. I whimpered in fear of what was coming. His tongue barely grazed my skin before the goose bumps spread all over my body. â Pleaseâ ¦Please stop.â I cried out and he lifted his head up and to the side. â Oh you want me to stop this and get right to the big finale?â I instantly regretted my words and cried more. â No no no no noâ ¦â I grinded my teeth out of frustration and mumbled words that I didnâ t even know.

He shifted his weight on top of me and started undoing his belt. I looked like a deer in headlights, stunned and scared. He undid his belt and left the jeans unzipped taunting me with their imminent threat. He stripped off his jacket and tee shirt and threw those across the room. Various tattoos covered his chiseled chest and I didnâ t have a clue what they meant. I stared at them, because anything was better than his deadly glare.

â Come on Jill, I know you like it. You like that Iâ m a bad guy.â He finally pulled down his pants and underwear revealing my worst enemy. I closed my eyes and my hands pulled on my hair out of pure desperation. He grabbed my trembling hands and put them on his cock. I tried to yank my hands away but his grip held mine there caressing his cock, making it grow. He let my hands fall back my sides and started unzipping my shorts.

I started beating on his chest and screaming wildly. â Go ahead, exhaust yourself.â I glared up at him as he yelled this at me. His hands ripped my shorts and underwear farther down until they left my ankles and hit the floor. I squirmed underneath him trying to move away but I was wedged underneath him. His large hands found my thighs and pried them open slowly. His rough hands moved farther down my inner thighs and I trembled with fear and a little anticipation. He kept dark his eyes on my face the entire time, watching me writhe and twist underneath him.

I felt my energy start to dwindle and my eyelids felt heavy. His fingers traced up and down my thighs. Finally he touched me, soft at first. He just moved his fingers over my lips. My breath was caught in my throat. â Youâ re so wet.â He plunged one, two fingers inside of me and rubbed my inside raw. My eyes had run dry, no more tears available. I could feel the bass of the music downstairs vibrating the bed. I stared at the ceiling as he violated my body, shoving his fingers inside of me.

â Alright you can leave now if you want.â He said to me and I didnâ t wait for him to change his mind. My eyes lit up with hope and I shoved him away from me and started crawling off the bottom of the bed. I was reaching for my clothes on the floor when I felt his hands on me again. I realized he was just toying with me. He wrapped one arm around my waist and pulled me back onto the bed.

â You thought I was serious? Thatâ s cute, now lay down and spread your legs.â I lost all sense of hope and obediently laid down for him. He spread my legs as wide as they would go and he entered me. He unmercifully pounded into me over and over. It made me sick to feel his skin on my skin, his hands on my

hips, and to hear his moans of pleasure.

Through all my tears, anger, and hopelessness I could feel myself reaching an orgasm. With each pump, I felt that heartbeat down low get faster and throb uncontrollably. I tried to fight it by closing my eyes and thinking about how wrong this is. I should hate this, hate him, and feel pain not pleasure. I gasped as I came and tried to quiet my moans, hoping that he hadnâ t seen or heard me. â I knew you would come around.â He finished shortly after me and I just laid there in these unfamiliar sheets soaked in sweat and disgust.

â You should go find your friend, Sarah. She was looking for you, but I told her you went outside to get some air.â He smacked my ass as I stood up, and from lack of energy I collapsed onto the ground and fumbled around in the dark looking for my clothes. Just before I reached the door he warned me. â Iâ m glad you enjoyed yourself, but if you tell anyone about this Iâ ll make sure next time you donâ t.â

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