



JONAH RAVENSHEAD

ETHAN

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A PICK YOUR DESIRE PREQUEL

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*For you, my filthy reader—
I see your desires. I know what you need. Now take it.*

ETHAN

I was 18, and life was a mess. The kind of mess you don't clean up because you're too busy trying to survive it. My parents' divorce had left me scarred, and running away at 16 only made it worse. But survival? I'd gotten good at that, real good. I'd learned to fend for myself, to use what I had—my lean frame, my messy brown hair, and those mischievous eyes that seemed to get me out of trouble more often than not. I'd figured out early on that people, especially men, couldn't resist them. It was like they saw something in my gaze they wanted to own, to control—or, better yet, to be controlled by.

So, I played the game. I'd let them stare, let them linger a little too long, and then I'd work it. A sly smile here, a flirty comment there. I didn't have much, but I had my body, and I used it like a tool. If it meant a warm bed for the night or a few bucks in my pocket, I'd do what I had to. I learned how to read people, how to figure out what they wanted before they even knew it themselves. Some wanted a quick thrill, others wanted the boyfriend experience—something soft and tender to make them feel special. And me? I gave them what they wanted and made sure I walked away with something in return.

But this? This was something else entirely. This was Sam. He didn't just look at me; he saw me. And for the first time, I felt like maybe I wasn't just surviving. Maybe I was starting to live.

I'd known Sam for about two years by then. We met during an anti-Nazi demonstration, running from the cops, hearts pounding and adrenaline surging. That's where our friendship started—in chaos. He worked as a mechanic or something like that. Honestly, I never paid much attention. We bonded over punk music, cheap beer, and the kind of reckless freedom that only comes when you're young and feel like the world owes you something. We'd spend nights smoking cigarettes, laughing, and just trying to forget the messes our lives had become.

Sam was hot—not as hot as me, obviously—but there was something about him. That edge, that quiet intensity. He carried himself like he knew things, like he'd seen things I hadn't.

Maybe he had. We'd tease each other, push each other's buttons, but there was always this tension. A spark. Still, somehow, we'd never crossed that line. Not yet.

Looking back now, I realize how little I really knew about him. He was my friend, sure, but there were layers to Sam I hadn't even scratched. He kept parts of himself hidden, and maybe I did too. We were just two guys trying to survive, trying to find something real in a world that didn't give a damn. And then that night happened, and everything changed.

That day, we were in his tiny apartment in Berlin, the kind of place that smelled like old cigarettes and instant noodles. I was leaning against his kitchen table, arms crossed, giving him my usual attitude. I was wearing one of my baggies and a way-too-slim shirt—the kind that clung to my lean frame, accentuating every curve and muscle. I liked how it made me feel, like I was in control of how people saw me. Hot, confident, untouchable. And Sam? He just stood there in his jeans and a plain shirt, not trying at all. But that was the thing about Sam—he didn't need to try. He just was.

His dark eyes were locked on mine, and the air between us was charged, like the moment before a storm breaks. I tilted my head, my smirk sharp, my tone dripping with that snarky edge I knew drove him crazy. "What's the matter, Sam? Cat got your tongue?"

He didn't flinch, just kept staring, his jaw twitching ever so slightly. It was maddening. And sexy. So damn sexy. There was something about the way he got all quiet and intense when I pushed his buttons. It made my skin prickle, my pulse quicken.

"You're such a brat," he finally said, his voice low, a hint of irritation laced with something else. Something darker.

I leaned back against the table, crossing my arms, letting my smirk widen. "And yet here you are, still putting up with me. What's that say about you, huh?"

He took a step closer, and I could feel the heat radiating off him. His voice dropped even lower, almost a growl. "You think you're so clever, don't you? Always got to have the last word."

I shrugged, but my heart was racing now. "Someone's gotta keep you on your toes."

He was close enough now that I could see every detail of his face—the way his jaw tightened, the way his eyes darkened. Was he angry? Or was it something else? I couldn't tell, and that uncertainty only made it hotter.

"You know," he said, his voice rough, his breath brushing against my ear, "sometimes I think about ripping those clothes off you and fucking you right on this table. Just to shut you up."

My breath hitched, but I didn't back down. "You wouldn't dare." I knew he would. I knew he would.

His lips curved into that smirk I both loved and hated. "Wouldn't I?"

And just like that, the tension exploded. His hands were on me, rough and demanding, and I let him. I barely lifted a finger to stop him. The second his fingers brushed my skin, I felt it—my body betraying me, my cock hardening instantly. Damn it. His hands were greedy, taking what they wanted, and all I could do was let them.

He didn't hesitate. In one swift motion, he grabbed the hem of my hoodie and yanked it over my head, tossing it aside. My breath hitched as his hands moved to my belt, undoing it with a practiced ease. I barely lifted a finger to stop him. My heart was racing, my body buzzing with anticipation.

He pushed my pants down, and I stepped out of them, my boxers the only thing left. He looked at me, his eyes dark, hungry. "You're trouble," he muttered, gripping my hips and hoisting me onto the table.

I let out a small whimper as he spread my legs, his fingers teasing the waistband of my boxers. I could feel the heat between us, the electricity crackling in the air. He tugged my boxers down, his eyes never leaving mine. And then he was inside me, and I let out a soft moan, my hands gripping the edge of the table for support.

He grinned, that same cocky grin that drove me crazy. "You're such a brat," he said, his voice rough. And then, without warning, he slapped me across the face.

The sting was sharp, unexpected, but it sent a jolt of something—arousal, excitement, power—through me. I looked up at him, my eyes wide, my breath coming in short gasps. "Do it again," I whispered, my voice trembling.

He did. The second slap was harder, and a small, choked sound escaped my lips. He leaned in, his lips brushing against my ear. "You like that, don't you?" he murmured, his voice a low, dangerous purr.

When he slapped me, it wasn't just the sting that got to me. It was the shock, the anger, the way my body reacted like it had a mind of its own. My face burned, but so did my cock, rock hard and throbbing. I was furious—at him, at myself, at the way he could turn me into this mess with just a touch, just a slap. What the hell is wrong with me?

Sam fucked me so good it was unreal. His cock drove into me with a rhythm that felt both punishing and perfect, like he knew exactly how to hit every spot that would make me lose my mind. My back arched against the table, my fingers clawing at the edge as I tried to hold on. Every slap he landed—first on my face, then on my thighs—sent a jolt of something through me, something hot and electric. The pain was sharp, but it wasn't just pain. It was... more. Sweet. It made me hotter, needier, and I couldn't help but beg for it. "Again," I hissed, my voice trembling, my body craving more.

He didn't hold back. His hand came down harder, the sound of skin meeting skin echoing in the room. My thighs stung, but it only made me clench around him, my cock throbbing with every slap. I was a mess, a trembling, gasping mess, but I didn't care. I wanted it—him, the pain, the control. It was like nothing I'd ever felt before, and I couldn't get enough.

When he finally pulled out, I was soaked in sweat, my body trembling from the intensity of it all. He looked down at me, that same damn smirk on his face, and ran a finger down my cheek. "Not so bratty now, are you?"

I swatted his hand away, my cheeks burning, but I couldn't muster the energy to argue. He'd wrecked me, and I loved it. Fuck, did I love it.

Sam's smirk faded into something softer, almost gentle, as he stepped back, giving me space

to catch my breath. His voice, usually so sharp and commanding, was calm now. “You okay?” he asked, his eyes searching mine.

I nodded, my chest still rising and falling rapidly. “Yeah,” I managed to say, though my voice sounded small, so damn small. My mind was racing, trying to make sense of what had just happened. He’d hit me—slapped me right across the face—and I’d fucking liked it. What the hell was wrong with me?

Sam tilted his head, studying me. “What are you feeling right now?” he asked, his tone steady, almost soothing.

I hesitated, my thoughts jumbled. “I... I don’t know,” I admitted, my voice barely above a whisper. “I mean, you hit me. And I liked it. That’s messed up, right?” I looked up at him, searching for an answer, for some kind of reassurance.

Sam didn’t laugh or mock me. Instead, he leaned in close, his expression steady, almost tender. “It’s not messed up,” he said, his voice low but firm. “It’s about enduring. About giving control to someone else and trusting them to hold you through it.” He paused, his dark eyes locking onto mine. “You knew I wouldn’t let you fall. That’s why you liked it. That’s why you could take it. Every slap, every touch—it was me catching you, pushing you, but never letting you go.”

His words hit me harder than any slap could. I felt it then, the truth in what he said. It wasn’t just the pain or the shock. It was the trust. The surrender. I’d given him control, and he’d taken it—not to break me, but to make me feel something real. Something raw. And he’d been right there the whole time, holding me, catching me, even when it hurt.

“It’s not about being weak,” he added, his voice softer now. “It’s about being strong enough to let go. And you were. You are.”

I swallowed hard, my chest tightening as his words sank in. He was right. I’d trusted him, and he hadn’t let me fall. Not once. And that—that was the part that felt the most powerful.

“I don’t know what to think,” I admitted, running a hand through my messy hair. “I mean, any other guy hits me, he gets my fist in his face. But you... you could’ve hit me a hundred times, and I’d have taken it.” The admission felt like I would tell someone my biggest secret, my weakness, but I didn’t care. I needed to say it.

Sam’s lips curved into a small smile, and he reached out, brushing a strand of hair from my face. “That’s the point,” he said softly. “It’s not about the pain. It’s about the connection. The power. And you?” He tilted my chin up, forcing me to meet his gaze. “You’ve got a lot of power in you, Ethan. You just don’t know it yet.”

That was the night everything changed. Sam introduced me to a world I didn’t even know existed, a world of control and surrender, of pain and pleasure. He was my first Dom, and it was exhilarating. But then, one night, he turned the tables on me.

We were in his apartment again, the air thick with that same tension that always seemed to crackle between us. I was being my usual bratty self, pushing his buttons just to see how far I could go. My smirk was sharp, my tone dripping with that snarky edge I knew drove him crazy.

“What’s the matter, Sam? Too scared to put me in my place again?” I taunted, my voice laced with challenge.

He didn’t respond immediately, just stood there, his dark eyes locked on mine. His jaw twitched, and I could practically see the gears turning in his head. I wanted him to snap, to lose control. I wanted him to use me in a way that would silence the chaos in my head, to take control so completely that I didn’t have to think, didn’t have to feel anything but him. It wasn’t just about the slaps, though they were part of it. It was about the release, the surrender, the way his hands on my body could make the noise in my mind fade into nothing. If it meant a few sharp stings across my face or the ache of his grip on my skin, so be it. Right?

But it was more than that, wasn’t it? It wasn’t just the pain or the pleasure—it was the way he made me feel alive in a way I hadn’t before. It was the way he could make me forget everything, even if only for a moment. And I craved that. I craved it like I craved the air in my lungs. I wanted him to push me, to pull me apart and put me back together, to remind me that I wasn’t just surviving—I was living. And if that meant taking whatever he dished out, then I’d take it. Willingly. Hungrily. Because with Sam, it wasn’t just about being used—it was about being seen. And that? That was worth every sting, every slap, every gasp.

Finally, he took a step closer, his voice low and dangerous. “You’re such a pain in the ass,” he growled, his frustration palpable. He moved in, his body pressing against mine, pinning me to the wall. His breath was hot against my neck, sending shivers down my spine. “Always pushing, always testing me. You think I can’t handle you?”

I tilted my head, my smirk widening. “Can’t you?” I teased, my voice a whisper. “Or maybe you’re just scared of what might happen if you really let go.”

He stared at me for a long moment, his eyes searching mine, and then he stepped back abruptly, releasing me. I blinked, caught off guard by the sudden distance. His expression was calm now, almost unnervingly so. “Maybe it’s time you learned what it’s like to be in control,” he said, his voice steady, measured.

I froze, my heart skipping a beat. “What are you talking about?”

He crossed his arms, his gaze never leaving mine. “You’ve been pushing me, testing me, trying to see how far I’ll go. But maybe it’s not about me. Maybe it’s about you.” He paused, his lips curving into a small, knowing smile. “You liked what I did to you last time, didn’t you? The way I took control, the way I made you feel. You’re craving it now, aren’t you?”

My cheeks burned, and I looked away, unable to meet his eyes. I didn’t want to admit it, but he was right. I wanted him to fuck me, to hit me, to make me feel that same mix of pain and pleasure that had left me trembling and desperate last time.

“Ethan,” he said softly, his voice pulling me back to him. I looked up, and his expression was serious now, no trace of teasing in his eyes. “You don’t have to be scared of what you want. You don’t have to keep playing this game, pushing me just to see if I’ll break. You can take control. You can tell me what you need.”

I swallowed hard, my chest tightening. “I... I don’t know if I can,” I admitted, my voice barely above a whisper.

He stepped closer again, but this time, there was no aggression in his movements. His hand brushed against my cheek, his touch surprisingly gentle. “You can,” he said firmly. “You’ve got it in you. You just have to trust yourself.”

I took a step back, my heart pounding. “Sam, this is... this is a bad idea,” I said, my voice shaky. “I’m not like you. I can’t just... take control like that.”

Sam crossed his arms, his expression steady, unyielding. “You’re wrong, Ethan. You’ve got it in you. You just don’t see it yet.”

I shook my head, my mind racing. “How can you be so sure? I’ve never done this before. I don’t even know where to start.”

He stepped closer, his eyes locked on mine. “Because I know you. I’ve seen the way you push people, the way you test limits. You’re not just a brat—you’re hungry for it. You want to know what it feels like to hold that power, don’t you?”

I hesitated, my chest tightening. “Maybe. But what if I mess it up? What if I hurt someone?”

Sam’s voice softened, but there was still a firmness to it. “You won’t. Not if you listen, not if you care about them. It’s not about just taking control; it’s about giving them what they need. You’ve got the instinct for it. I’ve seen it.”

I looked down, my hands clenching at my sides. “But... what if I’m not strong enough? What if I can’t handle it?”

He reached out, his hand resting on my shoulder. “You’re stronger than you think, Ethan. You’ve been through hell and back, and you’re still here. That’s not weakness; that’s strength. And this? This is just another way of using it.”

I swallowed hard, my mind still swirling with doubt. “What if they don’t want it? What if I cross a line?”

Sam’s grip tightened slightly. “Then you stop. You talk. You check in. It’s not about pushing them past their limits; it’s about helping them explore them. You’ve got to trust yourself—and them. That’s what this is about. Trust.”

I looked up at him, my voice barely a whisper. “And if I can’t?”

He smiled, a small, knowing curve of his lips. “You can. You just have to let yourself try. You’ve got the heart for it, Ethan. That’s what matters.”

I took a deep breath, the weight of his words settling over me. Maybe he was right. Maybe I did have it in me. I just had to trust myself enough to find it.

My hands were shaking as I told Sam to lean over the table, my voice firmer than I felt. I could see the surprise in his eyes, but he didn’t argue, just obeyed, bending forward and gripping the edge of the table. My heart was pounding, my mind racing with doubts. What if I go too hard? What if I hurt him? But then my hand came down, and the sound of flesh meeting flesh filled the room. Sam let out a low moan, and it wasn’t just a sound—it was a signal. A guide. It told me everything I needed to know.

I hit him again, this time a little harder, and the sound he made was even more intense—a mix of pain and pleasure that sent a wave of something electric through me. I’m doing it, I

thought, my pulse racing. I'm actually doing it. Each spank felt like a step into a new world, one where I wasn't just the one taking the hits—I was the one giving them. And Sam? He wasn't just letting me; he wanted it. The moment my hand connected with his ass again, Sam wiggled, like he was begging for more. His breath hitched. He didn't just gasp; it was a fucking invitation. His hips shifted slightly, his ass tilting toward me, and I could see the way his muscles tensed and relaxed, like he was savoring the sting. He's not just taking it, I realized, my pulse pounding in my ears. He's enjoying it. The way he moved, the way his body responded—it was like he was silently telling me to go harder, to push him further. And that? That was all the confirmation I needed.

But it wasn't just about the physical act. It was about the power, the control, the way I could feel him respond to every movement of my hand. It was like a dance, one I'd never led before, but somehow I knew the steps. And when I stopped, my hand hovering over his reddened skin, Sam looked back at me with those dark eyes of his and smirked. "You've got a good hand," he said, his voice rough. "Now do it again."

And I did. Over and over, until my hand burned and Sam's moans turned into gasps. It was messy, imperfect, but it was real. For the first time, I wasn't just playing a role—I was in it, fully, completely. And it was exhilarating.

I ordered Sam to lie on his back, my voice steady despite the pounding in my chest. He turned, positioning himself on the table with his legs in the air, his hands gripping his thighs tightly, exposing his ass slightly over the edge. My pulse quickened as I stepped closer, my eyes tracing the redness left by my earlier slaps. I gave him another sharp smack, the sound echoing in the room, and watched his body tense, his breath hitching. But then I did something he didn't expect—I started to lightly slap his hole.

His eyes widened, surprise flickering across his face, but I didn't stop. I read his body, listened to the low groan that escaped his lips, and knew he liked it. Oh yes, he did. I hit his hole again, a little harder this time, and his cock twitched, precum already starting to leak. It was beautiful, the way he submitted to me, the way his body reacted. He was enduring my slaps, serving me by taking what I gave, and in turn, I was serving him by giving him exactly what he needed.

With every slap, I felt more in control, more powerful. It wasn't just about the pain or the pleasure; it was about the connection, the trust. He was letting me in, letting me use him. And as I watched his body respond—his muscles tightening, his cock dripping—I knew I was doing something right. I was bringing him pleasure, pushing him to the edge, and it satisfied me in a way nothing else could.

Sam's breaths were ragged now, his hands gripping his thighs tighter as I continued, my slaps growing firmer. His ass was red, his hole tender, but he didn't ask me to stop. Instead, he pushed back, silently begging for more. And I gave it to him. It wasn't just about dominating him—it was about understanding him, about knowing exactly what he needed and giving it to him without hesitation. I never felt a connection like this before when I had sex with someone.

As I stood there, my hand stinging, Sam's body trembling beneath me, I knew this was it—

the experience I'd been chasing, the moment I'd been craving. And I wasn't letting go. I ordered him to turn on his back. Sam did knowing what would happen now.

I dropped my pants and fucked him like there was no other day. The second I entered him, it was like a switch flipped—I was no longer the hesitant, unsure Ethan from moments ago. I was in control, completely, and I wasn't holding back. My thrusts were hard, fast, and deliberate, each one driving him deeper into the table. His body arched, his moans filling the room, but I wasn't satisfied yet. I wanted to see him break, to hear him beg.

I leaned over him, my hand coming down sharply on his ass, the sound of the slap echoing in the room. He gasped, his body tensing, but I didn't stop. I tweaked his nipples, pinching and pulling until he hissed, his cock twitching with every touch. And then, suddenly, the words were spilling out of me, raw and unfiltered. "You're such a cheap fucktoy, aren't you?" I growled, my voice low and dripping with disdain. "Taking it like this, letting me use you. Disgusting."

I don't know where it came from, this sudden urge to humiliate him, but it made me even harder. I slapped his ass again, harder this time, and watched as his skin turned a deep red. "You like that, don't you?" I sneered, my hips slamming into him with every word. "You like being my little whore."

He didn't deny it. Instead, he pushed back against me, his moans growing louder, more desperate. It was like he craved it, needed it, and that only fueled me more. I grabbed his hips, pulling him toward me with every thrust, my cock buried deep inside him. "Tell me," I demanded, my voice sharp. "Tell me how much you love being my fucktoy."

And he did. His voice was shaky, broken, but he whispered the words I wanted to hear. "I... I love it," he gasped, his body trembling beneath me. "I'm your whore. I'm your fucktoy."

That was it. That was what I needed. I fucked him harder, my cock hitting that spot inside him that made him scream. And when I came, it was with the thought of everyone that could hear us, everyone that knows what we were doing. My cock was throbbing, the feeling only intensifying as I thought about everyone hearing his moans, his begging, his submission. Everything. A guttural cry escaped my lips, my hips jerking as I spilled inside him, my body shaking with the force of it.

When I finally pulled out, I was breathless, my body still thrumming with the aftermath. And as I looked down at him, his body flushed and trembling, I knew I'd crossed a line. But damn, it felt good.

Sam's breathing was still heavy as he turned to face me, his dark eyes glazed with a mix of satisfaction and something deeper, something I couldn't quite name. "Ethan," he said, his voice rough but soft, "that was... incredible. You were incredible."

I smirked, my usual bratty edge creeping back in, though my body still felt like jelly. "Yeah, yeah, don't get used to it," I teased, waving a hand dismissively. But inside, his words hit me harder than any slap had. I liked hearing him say that. I liked knowing I could give him something he wanted, something he needed. It made me feel powerful in a way I hadn't before. Still, I wasn't about to let him see how much it affected me. "Thanks for showing me this side of me,

though,” I added, my tone flippant but my eyes locked on his. “Guess I’m not just the brat everyone thinks I am.”

Sam chuckled, shaking his head. “You’re still a brat,” he said, his voice laced with affection. “But you’re more than that. You’ve got a lot of power in you, Ethan. I’ve always known it. Tonight just proved it.” He reached out, brushing a strand of hair from my face, his touch surprisingly tender. “You’ve got what it takes to hold someone, to push them, to give them what they need. You just have to trust yourself.”

I looked away, my cheeks burning, but I didn’t argue. He was right. I’d felt it tonight—that spark of control, the way I could make him respond to every touch, every slap. It was intoxicating. And terrifying. But for the first time, I wasn’t running from it. I was starting to understand it, to embrace it.

“Yeah, well,” I said finally, my voice low but steady, “don’t think this means I’m going easy on you. You’re still my favorite cheap fucktoy.”



As time went on, Sam vanished from my life, like most people I’ve cared about. It happened quietly, without fanfare—just one less text, one less meeting, until one day, he was gone. I was left to navigate this new side of me alone, and I made mistakes—plenty of them. I’m not proud of how I handled things in those early days. I learned the hard way about stop words and consent—and how crucial they are. I learned that being in control doesn’t mean losing control of yourself. I hurt people, nice people, and I’ll always carry that guilt with me.

There were times I pushed too hard, went too far, and didn’t recognize the signs that someone needed me to stop. I was reckless, selfish, and sometimes even cruel. I justified it by telling myself it was part of the power, part of the game. But it wasn’t. It was my failure, and it took me years to understand that. I had to learn that a session ends, that life goes on, and that the person beneath the role deserves care, respect, and kindness—even when they’re begging for more.

I’m not making excuses for the way I acted. I know better now. But back then, I was young, raw, and still figuring out who I was—both as a dom and as a person. I stumbled, I fell, and I hurt people along the way. For that, I’ll always be sorry. I’m sorry for how awful I was to so many nice guys. I’m sorry for not seeing them as people instead of just toys to play with. I’m sorry for not understanding that power comes with responsibility, not just freedom.

It’s a lesson I’ve carried with me, one that’s shaped the way I approach everything now. I’m not perfect—far from it—but I’ve learned to listen, to care, to see the person beneath the submission. I’ve learned that trust is fragile, and it’s my job to protect it, not exploit it. And while I can’t undo the damage I caused, I can do better. I can be better. For them, for myself, and for the people who trust me now.

Years later, at 26, I’ve built a life around this. I’m an escort now, accompanying men in their 30s and 50s on their travels, giving them the boyfriend experience by day and dominating them

by night. These men pay me good money to bring them pain and pleasure, and sure, it's nice. The money's great, and I won't lie—I enjoy the power. But it's not the same.

It's not the same as when someone submits to me because they want to, not because they're paying for it. When I find someone who gets under my skin, who takes my slaps and pushes me to the edge, that's when I know there's a real connection. That's when it's more than just a job—it's something raw, something electric.

When I'm paid to dominate, it's just work. Sure, it can be fun in its own way, but it's never fulfilling. There's no spark, no shared energy. It's transactional, and while I can perform the role perfectly, I'm always aware of the line between us. They're clients, not partners.

What I crave is the real thing—the kind of submission that comes from trust and desire, not a credit card transaction. That's where I feel alive. That's where the control truly matters. This is what satisfies me.

I have a boyfriend now, Simon, and he's... different. In the best way. He's not like the men I meet through work, the ones who pay for control, for pain, for pleasure. Simon? He's gentle. So damn gentle. He's the kind of person who would move mountains just to see me smile, who pushes himself over and over again just to satisfy me. And the thing is, he doesn't have to. He doesn't owe me anything. But he does it anyway, because he wants to. Because he's mine.

I call him "My little cow," a nickname that started as a joke during one of our... let's just call it a "milking session." It stuck, though, because it fits him in a way I can't quite explain. He's soft, yielding, eager to please. He's not like that with everyone—no, he saves that side of himself for me. And I've realized, weeks later, that it's my way of saying I love you. I've never said those words to anyone before, not really. Not like this. But with Simon, it's in the way I call him "My little cow," in the way I hold him after, in the way I trust him with the darkest, most unspeakable parts of me.

And I do trust him. Completely. He's seen me at my most vulnerable, my most broken, and he's never flinched. He's held me through the aftermath of scenes that would send anyone else running, and he's done it without judgment, without hesitation. He gives me everything I need, even when I don't know how to ask for it. He's submission wrapped in warmth, and I've never felt so safe with anyone in my life.

But there's one thing I haven't told him. One secret I can't bring myself to share. He doesn't know about my work. He doesn't know that I'm a whore, that I leave with other men for days at a time, that I give them the boyfriend experience by day and dominate them by night. He thinks I'm visiting family when I'm gone, and I let him believe it because the truth feels too heavy, too dirty to bring into what we have.

I tell myself he doesn't need to know. That it's better this way. And maybe it is. Maybe it's the one thing I can keep for myself, the one part of my life that doesn't touch him. But sometimes, when he's lying in my arms, so open, so trusting, I wonder if I'm lying to myself. If I'm just too ashamed to let him see all of me.

Because here's the thing: I'm the most secure person I know when it comes to control, to dominance, to power. But when it comes to my job? I'm still that scared 16-year-old runaway,

hiding behind a mask, afraid of what people will think if they see the real me. And Simon? He's the one person who's seen through every mask I've ever worn. Except this one. And I don't know if I can ever take it off.

But this? This is who I am. It all started with a slap from Sam, that sharp, stinging sensation that awakened something deep inside me. That slap was the spark, the moment that set me on the path to discovering my desires, my power. It's where I found myself, where I learned what it meant to truly feel.

And now, as I stand here, my hand gripping Simon's collar, my voice low and commanding, I see the hunger in his eyes. It's the same hunger that ignited in me that night with Sam—raw, primal, and undeniable. For a moment, I'm transported back to that table, to the sting of Sam's palm, to the chaos and the clarity of it all.

Simon's submission is different than the one of my clients. Softer, but no less intense. His eyes plead for me to take control, to give him what he craves. I see it, and it's like looking in a mirror. That same need, that same fire, burning just as brightly.

Just for a moment, I'm 18 again, sitting on that table, my body trembling, my heart racing, waiting for the next chapter to begin. It's a moment I'll never forget—and one I'll never stop chasing.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR




Jonah Ravenshead is a Berlin-based author known for their deeply descriptive and evocative queer erotica. Drawing inspiration from personal experiences and desires, Jonah writes in a stream of consciousness style that captures the raw, unfiltered emotions, thoughts and intimacy of their characters. With a background in the golden days of LiveJournal and Tumblr, they craft stories that explore vulnerability, trust, and the complexities of desire within queer relationships.



When not writing, Jonah enjoys Berlin's vibrant queer scene, getting lost in a good book, or savoring a strong cup of coffee.

Contact & Social Media

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