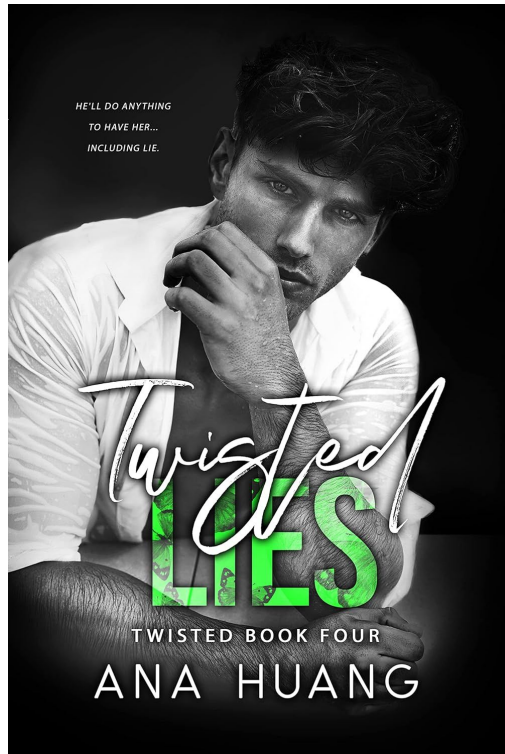


Twisted Lies



Book Summary

Follows Stella Alonso, a shy social media influencer, and Christian Harper, a powerful, morally grey CEO, as their relationship unfolds amidst manipulation, control, and obsession.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol, anxiety, BDSM, death/grief, deception, erotica, kidnapping, murder, obscene sexual activity/sexual nudity, /potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient behaviors, profanity, references to suicide, sexism, stalking/cyberstalking and violence-graphic.

Adult

By Ana Huang

ISBN 9781728274898

CONTENT WARNING

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Deviant Content

Page	Content
292	“Tell me.” The tiny glide of his finger over my hip was enough to send my pulse into overdrive. “Do you want sex, or do you want to be fucked ?” My thighs involuntarily clenched at the way he said fucked . It was the dark purr of a predator toying with its prey, making them beg for their own destruction before it pounced. The only difference was, I didn't feel like prey. I had a choice, and I'd never felt more powerful. Moisture gathered between my thighs. I was so wet I could feel it slicking my skin, but I was still half tempted to take the safe route. To have easy, ordinary sex where I didn't have to bare any part of myself except my body. till half tempted to take the safe route. To have easy, ordinary sex where I didn't have to bare any part of myself except my body. My mind warred with every other part of me for control. Do you want sex, or do you want to be fucked? I'd kept my desires caged for so long, but perhaps it was finally time I set them free.
293	I didn't want soft kisses and gentle caresses. I wanted skin and blood. I wanted nails scratching down his back and bruises on my hips. The commands. The release. The oblivion. I wanted it all. “I want to be fucked.” My whisper was barely audible. “I can't hear you.” His fingers glided over the dampness of my panties, and I fought back a moan at the delicious friction. Embarrassment and lust blazed through me in equal measure. “I want to be fucked,” I repeated. Stronger this time, more confident, but it wasn't enough. “Louder, Stella. Use your voice.” His voice hardened, his words pitiless. “Tell me what you want.” He pressed a firm thumb to my clit, his touch as brutal as his command. White-hot sensation sparked through me and drowned out my embarrassment. “I want to be fucked!” The words exploded out of me, raw and filtered, followed by a needy moan when Christian rubbed his thumb over me. His smile was that of a dangerously seductive monster promising all sorts of filthy, debauched deeds. “That's what I thought.” He tore my underwear off with one sharp tug before his mouth crashed over mine, swallowing my gasp and ensuing moan when he fisted my hair hard enough to make my eyes water. The hard tug arrowed to my core like there was an electric wire directly linking the two. My scalp throbbed in rhythm with my clit, and my mind was so clouded by desire I didn't notice we'd moved until my back hit the bed. I watched as Christian shed his clothes, revealing broad, sculpted shoulders and a sexy V-cut that led down to his... Oh my God. My mouth dried at the sight of his cock. Long, thick, and hard, with a bead of pre-cum glistening at its tip. It was so big that I involuntarily clenched at the thought of it filling me. The mattress dipped beneath his weight, and his thumb found my clit again, circling and stroking until it was swollen and needy and begging for more.
294	“How would you like to be fucked, Butterfly?” He kept his thumb on my clit and pushed a finger inside me, working it deeper with each movement. A whimper clawed up my throat as my body lit beneath his erotic manipulations. “On your back and spread wide, or on all fours taking every inch of my cock in that tight little pussy?” Had I not been lost in a haze of lust, I might've been embarrassed by his filthy words. But I was too far gone, and Christian was the only man I'd ever truly fantasized about. He was every dark thing that couldn't be whispered and dirty deed that I secretly craved.

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294	"Both." More whimpers poured out when he worked another finger inside me and pumped both in and out—slowly at first, then faster and faster until he found a rhythm that made my head spin. "As hard as you can." I heard a groan, followed by a harsh command. "Get on your hands and knees." I did as I was told. The cool air brushed my sensitized sex as I turned and positioned myself on all fours. I was drenched, dripping all down my thighs and probably ruining the sheets before we even started. I heard the faint rip of foil before the heat of Christian's body enveloped me. He fisted my hair with one hand and gripped my hip with the other hard enough to bruise. "Remember..." I let out a small cry when he yanked my head back until his mouth was next to my ear. The head of his cock slid against my slick entrance, until I practically panting with anticipation. "You wanted it hard." He released my hair, pushed me face down on the pillow, and slammed inside me with a single powerful thrust. I let out a small cry. I was wet enough that he slid in easily, but he was so big it was almost painful. Pain warred with pleasure as my eyes watered and my inner muscles stretched to their max. "Fuck, you're tight." Another, more guttural groan. "That's it, sweetheart. You can take it." Christian held on tight to my hips and stroked his thumbs over the curve of my ass in soothing sweeps while I struggled to accommodate his size. My breaths came out in soft pants. I was impossibly full, but gradually, the pain subsided and gave way to delicious pressure.
295	My teeth unclenched enough for a low moan to slip out. I pushed back at him, desperate for more. More friction, more movement, more anything. I heard a chuckle, followed by a soft "good girl". Then Christian slammed into me again, this time with such viciousness it knocked the breath out of my lungs. I squealed, my mind blanking at the sudden, forceful invasion. Dark pleasure burst through me, and I barely had time to catch my breath before he started moving again. One hand stayed on my hip while the other pressed against the back of my neck, forcing my face deeper into the pillow. Rough hands. Savage strokes. A punishing, carnal rhythm that coaxed moan after moan out of my mouth. "You feel so fucking good," Christian grunted. "It's like your pussy was made for me. Every fucking inch." He withdrew so just the tip remained inside me, paused, then plunged back in with one brutal thrust. Again and again, until the headboard banged against the wall and drowned out my muffled squeals and whimpers. Tears and drool soaked my pillow as Christian pounded me mercilessly. I'd been reduced to a wreck, held together with nothing but mind-numbing pleasure and the softest pricks of pain. It wasn't sex. It was pure, hard fucking...and it was exactly what I needed. The guys I'd previously slept with had treated me like I was a porcelain doll in bed. Their intentions were good, but the sex had excited me as much as a game of golf. I didn't want gentle. I wanted passion in its rawest form. I wanted the oblivion that came with pleasure and the knowledge that, no matter what form that pleasure came in, I could trust the

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295	person delivering it not to hurt me. Because as rough as Christian was, I'd never felt safer. Another cry fell from my lips when he wrapped his fist around my hair and yanked my head back again. "You're dripping all over my cock, sweetheart. Look at you." He swept his thumb over my damp cheek. I was a mess, my face streaked with tears
296	and my body trembling with lust. "An angel about to come from being fucked like a whore." An electric shiver moved through my entire body at his words. "Please," I sobbed. "I need—I can't—please ..." I didn't know what I was begging for. For release, for him to go harder, for this never to end. All I knew was, he was the only one who could give it to me. "Please what?" Christian kept one hand fisted in my hair while he reached his other around to my sensitized sex. "Please, I need to..." My reply devolved into a hoarse scream when he pinched my clit. My brain short circuited, and my body spiked with pleasure so intense I instinctively tried to scoot away. I only made it a few inches before Christian dragged me back. "Try that again, and I'll spank you so hard you won't be able to sit." I yelped when his palm landed on my ass with a warning slap. He lifted his hand and closed it around my throat. "I want to feel you coming on my cock, Stella." His fingers dug harder into my skin with each word. I could only answer with a string of unintelligible moans. I'd lost my voice to the need coiled beneath my skin, threatening to split me apart at the seams and turn me into the ruins of the person I once was. The one who'd played it safe her entire life, who'd been so afraid of going after what she wanted that she didn't dare voice her desires out loud. She'd shattered beneath Christian's touch, and I never wanted her back. I closed my eyes, picturing the obscene image we must've made. Me on all fours, my head pulled back and my back arched while Christian pounded me from behind. One hand around my throat, the other hand fisting my hair. A faint red mark from when his palm struck my ass... Heat moved down my spine, building and building until I exploded into a thousand brilliant pinpoints of light. They raced through my veins and lit a match to every nerve ending until they consumed me whole. Oh God. No wonder other people raved about sex. If that was what it was supposed to be like... I was still clinging to the remnants of my orgasm when Christian flipped me over onto my back. His arms bracketed my body, and his mouth grazed mine as his thrusts slowed into...not something soft, but softer. More sensual.
297	"I can still feel your pussy rippling around my cock." He cupped my breast and rubbed his thumb over the stiff peak. "As beautiful as I imagined." He kissed me harder, his mouth claiming mine and his hands mapping my most erogenous zones as he fucked me toward another orgasm. "Right there," I panted when he hit a spot inside me that made my toes curl. I clung to him, my legs spread wide to take him as deep as he could go. "Harder. Please, I...oh God..." My moans pitched higher when he increased his pace and the tremors of a second climax quaked through me. Slowly at first, then all at once when Christian pinched my nipple and drove into me with as much force as the beginning of the night. I cried out as wave after wave of pleasure washed through me.

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297	I felt him shudder and jerk inside me before he, too, came with a groan, but I was swept up in euphoria so intense it drowned out everything else. It went on for what felt like forever before I finally slumped into a sweaty, mindless heap.
321	He was already hard, his arousal thick and dripping with pre-cum. He let me set the pace as I slowly took him down my throat, but he was so big I had to pause every few seconds to adjust. Eventually, however, I took him to the hilt and stayed there for a minute with my lips stretched wide against the base of his shaft. I hummed with pride before I started moving. Slowly at first, then faster as I got more comfortable with his size and the angle. Christian let out a low curse and tangled his hands in my hair when I settled into a rhythm, licking and sucking until his muscles tightened beneath my touch. I flattened my tongue and ran it along the underside of his cock as I withdrew, then gently sucked the head and slid him all the way down my throat again. His grip tightened on my hair. "Fuck, Stella." Christian's tortured groan sent another arrow of lust to my core. "That feels so fucking good, sweetheart." I moaned with satisfaction and redoubled my efforts. Drool leaked from the corners of my stuffed mouth and dripped down my chin, but I didn't stop.
322	The blowjob was for him, but every groan and slide of his heat against my tongue pulsed between my legs like it was for me. I loved knowing that I could turn him on like this. That I could give and take pleasure at will. I was on my knees, but I had the power to bring him to his. "I knew you could take it. Every inch, just like that." His praise washed over me as I gagged around the base of his cock. "Good girl." The ache deepened, and I couldn't take it anymore. I shifted positions so I could grind against his leg while I increased my pace and savored the hot, erotic taste of him. It was easier for me to come when I was grinding on something versus using my fingers, and the firm pressure against my clit mixed with the filthy, sloppy sounds of the blowjob drove me higher toward release with each passing second. I was drenched and probably making a mess of his pants, but I was too lost in a fog of lust to care. "I can feel how wet your cunt is." Christian pulled my head back so I stared straight up at him, my eyes watering from taking him so deep for so long. "Does this turn you on, hmm? Grinding against my leg while you choke on my cock?" "Mmmph." My muffled moan of affirmation cut off in a gasp when he abruptly pulled me off him, picked me up, and pushed me against the window in one fluid motion. Desire pooled between my legs at the press of glass against my cheek and the heat of him at my back. I loved when he was like this. Rough. Demanding. A beast uncaged. Christian yanked my dress straps off my shoulders and pulled the bodice down to bare my breasts. "When you come..." He rucked the skirt up with his other hand and hooked his finger in the waistband of my underwear. "It'll be with my cock inside your pussy, not your throat." I heard the tear of lace and the unmistakable rip of foil. Then he was inside me, fucking me so deep and hard the living room echoed with the sounds of my cries. My hands splayed against the window, which fogged with my gasping breaths.

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323	It was made of tinted glass so people couldn't see inside, but there was still something so deliciously dirty about being taken against it while people went about their lives outside, oblivious to what was happening above their heads. Christian pounded me savagely, with sharp, brutal thrusts that scrambled my thoughts into nothing. There was no trace of the refined CEO. No suits, no polite charm, only his cock filling me up and his hand around my throat while he fucked me like an animal from behind. His length stretched my inner muscles in a tight burn as I stood on tiptoes trying to take him deeper. Every scrape of my rock-hard nipples against the cold glass sent another spark to the inferno building at the base of my spine. Harsh breaths and needy whimpers mingled with the slap of flesh against flesh and the wet, slick sounds of his cock drilling into me. The filthy symphony swirled around us, dragging me higher and higher until I crescendoed toward orgasm. "Christian, please ." His grip on my throat stole my screams and turned them into hoarse pleas. "I need...I'm going to..." I lost the rest of my sentence to another wave of pleasure when he reached around to stroke my clit. Once. Twice. Just enough to deepen the ache, but not enough to break the leash on my swelling release. "I love when you beg so sweetly for me." He buried his face in my neck and nipped at the skin. "Do you need to come, hmm?" "Yes. " My answer spilled out in a sob. "Then be a good girl and push that pretty little cunt back on me." I obeyed without thinking. I arched my back so I could fuck back at him while he gripped my hips with both hands and slammed me onto him. Broken squeals and whimpers fell out as my body shook like a rag doll's from the combined force of our efforts. "Just like that," he groaned. "You look so beautiful like this, spread wide with my cock buried inside that tight pussy." Electricity replaced the blood in my veins. I was lit up from the inside out, a live wire of sensation that he stoked hotter with every thrust. Christian's hold on my throat tightened while he reached around and pinched my nipple with his other hand.
324	"Come for me, sweetheart." That was all it took. My orgasm finally broke free. It crashed through its restraints and consumed me whole, sending a wave of heat from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. My body bowed from the intensity of the pleasure, and I would've collapsed onto the ground had Christian not been holding me up. I was still floating on my high when he turned me around and lifted me up so my back was against the glass and my legs hooked around his waist. He hadn't come yet, but his strokes slowed into a gentler rhythm. "I love feeling you come around me." He kissed his way up my neck to my mouth. "You are fucking perfect." The words hit me somewhere deep and vulnerable.

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324	Emotion lodged in my throat, but I wrapped my arms around his neck and rode him faster, more comfortable with taking the lead than examining the feelings his statement brought to the surface. Christian's breaths harshened. His muscles went taut, and I could feel him throbbing inside me before he finally came with a loud groan.
342	My reservations melted when I felt the first bite of the rope around my wrists. I'd taken my bikini off at his orders, and I lay face up on the cushioned seat at the end of the boat while he bound my wrists together above my head. The tighter the ties, the wetter I got. I used to feel ashamed or embarrassed about my sexual proclivities, but being with Christian had put most of my worries to rest. He never made me feel bad about what I wanted in bed. He pushed me out of my comfort zone and embraced my fantasies so thoroughly they felt normal—which they were, according to my online research, but there was a difference between knowing something and feeling it. Still, my body tightened with surprise when I saw the silk scarf in his hands. "If you want me to take it off, tell me," Christian said. "Okay." My voice pitched higher than usual. I'd never been blindfolded during sex. The thought of not seeing the world around me made my stomach flip, but my tension eased when he tied the scarf around my eyes. The hint of sunlight filtering through the thin silk was enough to help me relax. I waited. And waited. I heard Christian moving around the boat, but he didn't touch me. In the absence of visual stimulation, all my thoughts turned to how vulnerable I was at that moment. My hands tied, my eyes covered, my body naked and bared to his gaze. He could do anything he wanted to me.
343	Anticipation shivered over my skin. I heard a soft clink and the nearing of footsteps. My muscles pulled taut, waiting for— A soft noise of surprise escaped when something cold pressed between my breasts. An ice cube. It didn't touch my nipples, but they immediately hardened from the proximate chill. They poked against my bikini top, so sensitive the friction sent a tingle straight to my core. "It's a hot day," Christian said lazily. "We need to cool you off before we get started." My breaths turned into pants when he dragged the ice cube down to my stomach, then up again, over and over until it melted against my skin. I heard another clink, followed by the glide of another ice cube over my nipple. Shivers erupted all over. My nipples weren't just hard anymore; they were almost painful with need as he circled them with the cube and rubbed it over the firm peaks. Just when I couldn't take it anymore, when the pleasure and pain formed an unbearable burn, the wet warmth of Christian's mouth replaced the cold. The sudden change in temperature sent shockwaves through my body. "Christian," I gasped. "Oh God." It wasn't just the ice, the tight bindings on my wrists, or the way I tugged and twisted that made everything feel impossibly erotic. It was the play between hot and cold, the heightening of my senses due to the blindfold, and the way he took his time pleasuring every inch of my body.

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343	My neck, my breasts, my stomach...by the time he moved between my legs, I was already a wet, slick mess from both my arousal and melted ice. A noise between a gasp and a yelp climbed up my throat when he rubbed a warmed cube over my swollen clit. "You have the prettiest cunt I've ever seen." Christian groaned. "Open wider for me, sweetheart." I spread my legs farther, and he pushed the ice inside me at the same time he sucked my clit into my mouth. One ice cube. One flick of his tongue. One reach of his hand up to pinch my nipple.
344	That was all it took. My mouth parted in a silent cry as my orgasm exploded behind my eyes and traveled down my body in electric waves. It was like the sensations were so intense they snatched away my ability to scream, gasp, or do anything else except burn in a fire so hot I disintegrated right then and there on the deck of the boat. No thoughts, no words, just a boneless heap of pleasure. The orgasm went on seemingly forever, but when it finally subsided, sound rushed back in a deafening wave. I sank deeper into the cushion, my chest heaving with ragged breaths. I was so dazed I didn't hear Christian switching positions until he hiked my legs up onto his shoulders. "You look so beautiful tied up and blindfolded." The tip of his cock brushed against my still sensitive sex as his voice roughened. "There's no one around, Stella. I can make you scream as loud as I want. Fuck you as hard as your pussy can take it until you come all over my cock." A needy whimper left me. I'd just come, but I needed him inside me. I loved when he used his fingers and mouth, but there was nothing better than the sensation of Christian stretching and filling me. The most intimate part of him in the deepest part of me. Nothing else compared. "You like that, don't you?" he taunted. "The idea of me wrecking that tight little cunt while you're helpless and bound?" "Yes . Please," I begged. "Fuck me." Another groan. A pause. And then a slam of his cock inside me as he fucked me like I'd asked. No, not fucked—he ravaged me, turning me inside out with his touch and his words. My body was bent practically double with my ankles by my ears and my hands tied together above my head while Christian pounded into me. Brutally. Mercilessly. Perfectly. Every thrust sent me sliding toward the edge of the seat, and my world devolved into a haze of sex, sweat, and heat. The blindfold made everything twice as intense—the sensitivity of my skin, the feeling of his cock inside me, the sounds of squeals and broken
345	whimpers mixed with his grunts and the obscene slap of flesh against flesh. I craved release yet never wanted it to end. Christian's hands tightened around my ankles as he bent over me and forced my legs further back.

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345	I was flexible enough that the angle didn't hurt. However, it allowed him to slide deeper than he'd ever gone before, and I couldn't hold back a gasp at the new sensation. The ache in my center built to an excruciating level. "So tight. So wet. So mine ." A thrill went through me at the dark possessiveness in his voice. "Come for me, Stella." He stayed buried inside me while he reached one hand down to pinch my clit. This time, my screams echoed in the sultry air as my body shook from the force of my climax. I came so hard tears sprung to my eyes and leaked down my cheeks from behind the blindfold. "Good girl." Christian kissed the tears away and slowed his thrusts, drawing out my release until he wrung every drop of pleasure from me. It was only when I went limp with pleasure that he, too, came with a loud groan.

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	26
Bastard	15
Bitch	3
Breast / Tit	13
Clit	22
Cock	25
Cunt	5
Fuck, Fuckers, Fucking etc.	194
Piss, Pissed, Pissing etc.	14
Pussy	11
Shit / Bullshit etc.	41
Whore	1
Slut	1
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	20
God / God damn etc.	25
Hell	44
Jesus	1
Lord	1
Christ	5