

The Pleasure Game

Johnathan entered the sliding doors of an upscale hotel in downtown Atlanta. He took the elevator to the sixth floor of the building and knocked on a door with room number 666. A beautiful blonde woman was dressed in revealing black lingerie; she opened the door. Johnathan entered the room and pushed the woman onto a queen size bed.

“Oh, baby, what are you going to do me?” Amber said.

“I’m going to take you to hell devil woman,” said Johnathan.

“Well, I have been rather naughty lately, and I have my own secrets”

Johnathan and Amber made passionate love for hours in the hotel room. When the passion began to cease and they were both out of breath, he rolled off Amber and sat up on the front edge of the bed. Amber passed Johnathan a menthol cigarette. A thick minty cloud of smoke filled the air of the room.

“Amber, you’re fantastic.”

“If only you knew all of my secrets.” Amber said.

“Well, maybe you can teach me some,” said Johnathan.

“Well, I have to get ready for work: night shift,” said Amber.

Amber stood up naked in front of Jonathan. He pulled her close and kissed her stomach. She stuck her feet into her jeans and pulled them up and over her large buttocks; she zipped them up. Amber made a living as an EMT. She put on her bra, EMT shirt; and jacket. Amber kissed Jonathan passionately before exiting the hotel room. Jonathan sat on the bed and began to cry.

“I need help,” he said to himself.

“What am I doing?”

Later that night, Johnathan pulled into the driveway of his two-story luxury home. He walked to the front door and slowly unlocked it to let himself in. When he entered, he was greeted by his beautiful wife, Samantha. She kissed him on the cheek.

“Did you have a good day, baby?” Samantha asked.

“Uh, yeah, I guess,” he said nervously.

Samantha was cooking dinner in the kitchen. Johnathan noticed she was dressed sexier than normal. He eyed her up and down. She was wearing revealing lingerie and high heels.

“You’re a little- under dressed for someone who is making dinner,” said Johnathan.

“What’s the matter babe? I thought I would surprise you with a little dinner and desert tonight.”

Johnathan began to feel nervous. He made his way to the bathroom to take a shower. He scrubbed himself all over with body wash to hide any *scent* of Amber. Samantha knocked on the door, which startled Jonathan and caused him to knock over the shampoo bottles in the shower.

“Dinner is ready,” yelled Samantha.

“C-coming, babe.”

Johnathan sat down at the dinner table to a well-prepared meal of roasted chicken, mashed potatoes, and green beans. Samantha sat down directly across from him in her usual seat at the table.

“This is delicious, honey,” said Johnathan,

“I made it extra special for you, dear.”

After the two finished their meal, they sat and talked for a few minutes. Johnathan began to feel dizzy and nauseated. He held his hands over his eyes *and ran them down his face* as he looked up at the ceiling.

“Are you alright?” Samantha asked.

“I feel like I am going to be sick,” said Johnathan.

Johnathan leaped up out of his chair and raced to the restroom. He heaved over the open toilet seat. Samantha burst into the bathroom behind him and rubbed his back to comfort him. Suddenly, he passed out on the floor. He saw a blurred image of Samantha before he fell into unconsciousness.

A few hours later, Johnathan woke up in a chair that sat directly in front of his own bed. He felt an extreme tightness around his wrists and ankles. He looked down to notice that his wrists and ankles were zip tied to the chair. He felt his warm blood flowing down his wrists, and through his fingertips, dripping onto the floor. Johnathan began to shake in panic. Warm tears dripped from his eyes. He looked over at the dresser noticed a butcher knife. Duct tape over his mouth prevented any cries for help. The legs of the wooden chair scrapping against the hardwood floor got the attention of Samantha as she entered the room.

“Awake already?” Samantha asked.

She was still dressed in her sexy lingerie and high heels. She danced seductively in front of Johnathan. Samantha ripped the duct tape from his mouth causing the hair from Johnathan’s beard to rip from his face. He let out a scream of agonizing pain.

“Why don’t you find me attractive anymore baby?” Samantha asked.

“W-what the hell are you doing Samantha? How did you do this?”

“I roofied you, of course,” said Samantha.

Samantha continued to dance. She sat on his lap and started to nibble on his neck. He closed his eyes and bit his lip in fear as her teeth gently bit into his neck. Tears were flowing down his cheeks and his face was glowing bright red. Perspiration was pouring from his body.

Samantha licked his face from his chin to his right ear lobe. She backed away from the chair slowly. Jonathan spat at her feet.

“So, you want to play nasty, huh?” Samantha asked.

“Please, let me go!” Johnathan yelled.

Samantha pulled out her cell phone and scrolled with her finger looking for something. She held the phone in front of Johnathan’s face.

“What do you see here, Johnathan?”

Johnathan read multiple messages on the phone between Amber and himself. He started to cry.

“I’m sorry. I knew what I was doing was wrong,” said Johnathan.

“You are the biggest piece of shit!” Samantha yelled.

She threw the phone at Johnathan. He was crying uncontrollably. He looked up at Samantha with tears flowing down his face.

“*I-I* wanted to ask for a divorce, but I didn’t know how to say it without breaking your heart,” said Johnathan.

“Well, you’re in luck. I will grant you a divorce, but on my terms.”

Samantha danced her way to the bedroom closet. She pulled out a big gift-wrapped box with a red bow on it. She bent over with her buttocks in his face to tease him. She placed the box on the floor at his feet.

“I got you a gift,” she said.

She slowly popped the bow off and ran it seductively between her lips. She removed the lid and pulled out a bomb with a digital timer on it.

“There is a three-digit code to stop this bomb from killing you. I will give you the code when you do exactly what I say.”

“Are you crazy?!” Johnathan yelled.

Johnathan started to shake himself and the chair in an intense rage. He attempted to force his way out of the chair, but to no avail.

“I’m going to make you suffer for breaking my heart. I’m going to cut you for every ten minutes you make me wait.”

“Wait for what?” Johnathan asked.

“I am going to lay on this bed and wait for you to make love to me.”

Samantha set the timer on the bomb.

“You have three hours.”

“You bitch!” Johnathan yelled.

“Oh! I love it when you call me dirty pet names,” she replied.

Samantha gently laid on the bed. She pulled out a cigarette and a lighter. She drew from the cigarette and blew a cloud of minty smoke in his face.

“I found out she likes menthols to.”

Samantha walked to the dresser drawer and pulled out a photograph. She began to smile wide while gazing at it. Samantha walked over to Johnathan and held the picture in his face.

“Recognize him?” Samantha asked.

“No.”

“This is Amber’s husband, Chris. ‘When I found out who you were screwing, I found him on social media and let him know about it.’ We hit it off ever since.”

“So, you have been sleeping with him?” Johnathan asked.

“Oh, I have been sleeping with them both. Surprisingly, he didn’t care that you were sleeping with her, only if he could have me and Amber together. You think I am going to walk around knowing that you’re messing around with a pretty girl and not play with her to?”

“I see what you saw in her,” she said.

“So, she has been playing me to I see,” said Jonathan.

“She liked that you thought you were getting away with cheating on me, it got her off. It was kind of like our own pleasure game,” she said.

“Then why did you let her continue to sleep with me?” Johnathan asked.

“She kept doing it under my order. ‘I said she can play with you until I was ready to cut the ties with you.’ Now, I am here to end the game.”

Samantha picked up the knife from the dresser and placed the cold blade against his sweaty left thigh leg. She dug into his flesh and took a swipe with the knife. She smiled as she watched the thick blood pour from the cut. Samantha drew from her cigarette and pressed it against the wound. The smell of burning hair made her gag a little.

“Oh, my God!” Johnathan yelled.

“Stop!”

“I didn’t feel a thing,” said Samantha.

Johnathan bit his lower lip in agony. One hour passed and Samantha has now cut Johnathan six times. He sat in the chair with his head down riving in pain. There was a puddle of sticky blood on the floor in front of him. Samantha was laying on the bed staring at the photo of Chris. As every minute passed, Johnathan became weaker from the blood loss. Samantha continued to stare at the photo as she laid on her back with her legs stretched straight up in the air.

“Just kill me,” said Johnathan.

“Giving up already?” Samantha asked.

Samantha walked over to Johnathan and raked her fingernails across his eyes.

“I think you have felt my pain enough now,” she said.

She slid the knife between Johnathan’s wrist and the zip ties snapping them off. She pressed her heel into his chest and kicked him over. Jonathan fell to the floor in severe pain. He looked over at the bomb to see there was 10 minutes left and counting. Johnathan used what strength he had left to roll over on his right side.

“W-What is the code?” Johnathan asked.

Samantha danced while standing over Johnathan. She kicked him as hard as she could in the stomach and pressed one of her heels into his chest with all her body weight.

“You knew the code the whole time,” said Samantha.

Her cell phone started ringing.

“Hello? Yes, be right down baby,” she said.

“Well, Chris is here to please me since you aren’t man enough to do it.”

Samantha skipped to the bedroom door. She looked at Johnathan on the floor riving in pain.

“I can’t believe we got married on Satan’s special day,” she said.

As Johnathan heard the click of the bedroom door closing, he saw there was one-minute left on the timer. Johnathan crawled through the sticky puddle of blood to make his way towards the bomb. He was very weak from the blood loss. He made it to the bomb and touched the keypad with his wet bloody hands. There were ten seconds left on the timer. Johnathan typed in 666. The timer on the bomb stopped with 3 seconds left.

“Oh, thank Satan,” said Johnathan.

Johnathan pulled himself up to his feet using the bed for assistance. He was bleeding out and needed to get medical attention. He ripped his shirt and tied the ripped pieces over his wounds to stop the bleeding. He grabbed the bomb and slowly stepped out of his bedroom. He walked down the hallway holding the bomb in one hand while holding himself up against the wall with the other hand.

“Where are you?” Johnathan said.

There was a trail of his bloody handprints as he made his way down the hallway. He heard soft moaning as he made his way closer to Samantha. The air reeked of coitus. He peaked around the corner of his living room to see Chris thrusting his body on top of Samantha. Samantha’s legs were spread wide into the air underneath Chris.

“Oh! Yes! Yes!” Samantha screamed.

The two didn’t notice Johnathan. He set the bomb down by the front door and typed in 666 to start the bomb. He set the timer for one-minute.

“Goodbye, Samantha,” he whispered to himself.

Johnathan stumbled out of the house and fell onto the front lawn in pain. Seconds later, a loud explosion shook the neighborhood. Pieces of burning debris flew all over the neighborhood. Neighbors that heard the explosion ran from their homes and flocked to the Johnathan’s property.

“Are you ok man?” A neighbor asked.

“This man needs help! Call an ambulance!” Another neighbor yelled.

Moments later, a nearby firetruck arrived on the scene; and then an ambulance. Amber steps down from the passenger side of the ambulance and hurries over to Johnathan.

“You’ll be ok,” said Amber.

Amber kissed his forehead gently.

“My wife, she tried to kill me.”

Amber and her partner, Bryan; helped Johnathan onto the stretcher and loaded him into the ambulance.

“I want to be alone with him in the back,” said Amber.

“That’s fine,” Bryan replied.

Bryan made his way to the cab of the ambulance to make the drive to the hospital. The loud sirens echoed as the ambulance made its way out of the neighborhood. In the back of the ambulance Johnathan held Amber’s hand.

“Chris is dead,” said Jonathan.

“What?” Amber replied.

“He was in the house screwing my wife when the house exploded,” said Jonathan.

Amber stared at the floor in shock as she sat next to him.

“Do you want to tell me those secrets yet?” Johnathan asked.

The glass window between the cab and the back of the ambulance prevented Bryan from hearing them talk. Amber stood beside Johnathan. She slowly unbuttoned her shirt.

“What are you doing?” Jonathan asked.

She took her shirt off revealing a black bra that had the numbers 666 printed on the right cup. She squeezed her breasts together and looked into Johnathan’s eyes.

“I want this to be the last thing you see,” she said.

Amber pulled out a knife and pressed the blade to his throat. She dug into his flesh, and then with one violent tug of the knife ripped his throat open. Jonathan gasped for air and reached for Amber.

“That is for my husband!” Amber yelled.

Amber held the knife high with her left hand and drove it into Johnathan’s chest.

“And that was for Samantha.”

Johnathan gasped for air one last time before he stopped moving. She slammed her hands against the window to get Bryan’s attention. Bryan pulled the ambulance to the side of the road. He opened the back doors to see Johnathan lying dead on the stretcher and Samantha holding the bloody knife.

“Where do you want to bury this one?” Bryan asked.

The End

