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**Keep quiet - Purple Guy x Reader LEMON**

by [RedBaronessChannel](http://archiveofourown.org/users/RedBaronessChannel)

**Summary**

When you accepted a job as a night guard, you thought it would have been an easy job. A little boring, maybe, but nothing more. Little you knew you were about to receive an unexpected visitor... That night you'll find out that hell's colour isn't red, but purple.

**Notes**

WARNING: please, be aware this is a non-con Lemon. It contains explicit sex scenes, foul language, violence, humiliation, knife play and blood fetishism.

Five Nights at Freddy's and all the relative characters belong to Scott Cawthon©

This Purple Guy version was created by Dfox999©
"Pretty baby, little child,
Come with me, I saw you smiled,

Give me your little hand,
We'll fly to the Wonderland,

I'll show you Candy Castle,
World without envy and hassles,

Just believe me, I can't lie!

You're much smarter than your peers,
Smarter than girls of your years,

I'm afraid you know too much, my dear,
I have to force you to keep quiet."

-from "Lament", song by MiatriSs

"Kids, no eating or drinking in the ball pit, please." your voice was heard among joyful shouting and laughter.

It was another normal day at the family restaurant. Since early in the morning, the place had already been enlightened with people, noises and the animatronics' merry ditties- and now that lunchtime approached, the atmosphere was expected to get even more chaotic. Nothing too surprising, knowing the huge fame of the place. Through the large windows of the pizzeria, a colorful succession of cars could be seen stopping right in front of the main glass doors, momentarily halting on the sidewalk to allow new children to get down before leaving again, disappearing into the city traffic. Everywhere you turned, you could see hungry people sitting at the tables, waiters walking back and forth with trays of steaming pizzas, and kids hand-in-hand with their parents, pulling excitedly toward an undefined place with big, bright smiles on their faces.

It had been almost six months since the day you crossed the Freddy Fazbear's Pizza's entrance with your resume tightly held in your hands. Your initial nervousness had soon turned into surprise for the speed with which the boss of the place had hired you, not even giving you the time to properly introduce yourself. They were really in need for new staff, apparently. Despite his strange behavior, at that time you didn't spend so much time in thinking about it due to the major fact you really needed a job. Moreover, this place happened to occupy a very special spot in your memories since in turn you used to be a guest during your childhood. After all these years, the place surely had undergone several changes, starting with the animatronics, now more numerous and modern compared to the originals. Conversely, your thoughts didn't change at all. This restaurant never failed to put you into a good mood and you knew it never would.

And now here you were again, almost twenty years later, this time in a light blue, Freddy Fazbear's guard uniform, standing up like a soldier near the playroom's main door and watching over the young guests with a warm smile on your lips; your eyes wandering from a child to another as you looked at them playing thoughtlessly. As a supervisory guard, your job was to look after children during the absence of parents, thus preventing them from getting hurt or leave the mentioned room. Useless to say the whole situation was particularly chaotic and noisy in there, causing most of adults to get out no longer than ten minutes later with a pounding headache. As for you, you actually didn't
mind very much. The first days had been hard, sure, but you could say your ears had by now grew used to it and, most importantly, you had finally found the unlimited time job you had sought for long. An active, social job in a friendly place surrounded by happy kids. How could you have asked for more?

"Busy day, huh, love?"

You turned as someone called you from the threshold, interrupting your thoughts. "Oh, hi, Vincent!" you greeted your fellow worker, spotting him leaning against the door frame.

A perfectly white grin crossed the tall man's sharp-featured face. He wore a Freddy Fazbear's Night Watch uniform with a golden badge on the right side on his chest, similar to yours except for being completely... purple. Literally, every single piece of fabric that covered his body, from his trousers to his policeman-like peaked cap was of a dark purple color, making exception for a black necktie and a same color belt. No wonder that people of the restaurant often referred to him with the nickname of Purple Guy. Although it may sound strange, you found instead that they matched pretty well with the man's tanned skin and athletic physique, giving him an ominous yet attractive look. He had long, slightly ruffled hair tied into a fluffy ponytail, with bangs covering his forehead and stubble on his chin. Purple, obviously. Despite his whole eccentric appearance, a certain element of him had particularly surprised you since the very first day you met: his eyes. His irises were of a singular pale grey color- platinum, almost, with sharp, black pupils, feature you had never seen in any other person.

Along with Scott, Vincent was the longest employee the restaurant had ever hired, the 'veteran' of the pizzeria's security team. Since some time, you couldn't deny yourself anymore that you had started to develop a sort of crush on him. At first you thought it was anything serious, until he suddenly took the habit of acting all flirty in your presence. Was perhaps due to the fact you were the only girl in the guard team? Had he a crush on you too? You couldn't know it precisely, knowing how unpredictable Vincent was most of the time. From what the other guards had told you, he used to act strange around the majority of women, eventually ending up with freaking them out. Seeing you blushing in response to his attentions, they looked at you with a frown on their faces, wondering how could that grin of him not creep the fuck out of you. If someone asked you something, you always answered you found him funny, instead. You never liked when someone judged a person by his appearance and, sincerely, you really couldn't understand how could someone so nice be scary.

"How's going?" you asked, smiling up at him.

"Oh, wonderfully," he chuckled, "Except for Fritz losing his glasses, children throwing pizza at Chica, and that kid who managed to get stuck inside the toilet seat, everything is going great."

You giggled softly, bringing a hand to your mouth. "All in the norm, then."

"By the way, I wanted to congratulate with you," Vincent changed topic, "I heard you have been promoted as a night watch guard."

"Yes," your eyes lowered as you silently brushed a strand of (h/c) hair behind your ear, starting then to play with the end, "Night surveillance provides a higher pay, that's why I decided to accept it. The only thing I regret is not being able to see these little faces anymore. I think I will miss this part of my job."

The Purple Guy's mouth twitched into a slight grimace at your words. "I really don't understand what you can find of so great in supervising a bunch of squealing brats drooling tomato sauce..."

"They're cute, and keep you busy throughout the day. This way you can't get bored~"
He lightly shook his head, unable to see your point of view. "Well, if it's action that you want, you'll soon find out by yourself that during the night shift you can't indulge to distract yourself even for a second."

Thud!

Like the screech of an eagle among the alps, an ear splitting cry suddenly echoed in the room, causing you and your colleague to jolt and turn around. A little girl with blond hair and pigtails laid on her stomach, crying and shaking her chubby little fists against the floor while big tears rolled down her rosy cheeks.

"Yaaaay..." Vincent grumbled, putting fingers into his ears.

Your lips curled into a gentle smile, letting out a soft sigh as you calmly walked toward the weeping child, kneeling beside her. "It's okay, honey. You just slipped." You helped the little girl getting up on her feet, being too focused on soothing her to notice a sudden, strange light inside Vincent's colorless irises.

His dark circled eyes stared right at you, narrowing in a somewhat dangerous manner as the friendly smile of few seconds ago dropped like a wax mask near a flame. Shit, words would have never been enough to describe how much he hated that place. Still, until now it had revealed good to cover his tracks.

He perfectly remembered all of them, those murders of his. Each. Of. Them. And he loved them all. The mere thought was enough to make his body get hot with excitement. The chocked pleads and cries of agony; the sweet smell of fear and tears in the air; the pressure on the handle of a knife slowly entering the flesh, cutting through skin, fat and muscle; and, above all, the ferrous, pungent fragrance of fresh blood gushing from open wounds.

Those few, immoral moments of gory madness were the only thing that motivated him to carry on, giving him the strength to face another of the countless fucking days with whom his life was made of. At least, until now. From the first time he saw you in that uniform, he had suddenly felt another need taking him, a tingling desire that had soon turned into an irrepressible urge. You. The more he looked at your smiling face, the more the crave of pressing his lips against yours grew. The more his eyes casually fell on that supple body of yours, the more he couldn't help but imagine his hands roaming and squeezing such warm, deliciously soft flesh. The more he spoke to you, the more he felt the chains of his self-control become as brittle as paper. God, how many things he would have done to you if he only had had the chance to get his hands on those curves.

As these thoughts crossed the man's mind, pressure started to build up in his crotch, causing him to realize it only when the fabric had already started to stretch around the impressive bulge.

Fuck.

With a hint panic in his eyes and a gasp, the Purple Guy turned into the opposite direction, fearing you could have seen him in such state. He turned his head, taking a glimpse of you pulling out a band aid with the face of Freddy Fazbear on it from your pocket and gently sticking it on the girl's injured knee. You didn't see anything, luckily for him.

A relieved sigh left his lips; he had almost ruined everything. Geez, if he had it his way, he would have already dragged you into his office, ripped your uniform into pieces and fucked you so hard the entire pizzeria would have been in risk to collapse. No. He just had to bring an itty-bitty more patience. It wouldn't be long anyway for that moment to arrive. And when it would, you would have become his. You, your body, your everything.
"Wait and see, love," A devilish grin stretched on Vincent's face, his tongue darting out to lick his lips. "In a way or another, in the end I always get what I want."

"V...V-Vincent? A... are y-you alright?"

The Purple Guy rose his head. In the corridor, a trembling Fritz stood at few feet from him; his face bright red, panicking wide eyes looking through the thick lenses of his glasses, nervously switching from his crotch to his face.

Fuck my life.
A week later, the first night of your new employment finally arrived. Properly dressed in your new uniform, you hurried to reach the back of the restaurant where the service door was, taking some minutes to rustle with the keys until you finally found the right one; the set they provided you was nothing less heavy, making you wonder how many rooms of which you weren't aware there actually were. Once inside, you carefully locked the door behind you and set off for the surveillance room, walking down the dark hall. Your footsteps echoed among the deserted surroundings, eliciting in you a tiny bit of uneasiness; you had never seen this place so quiet and empty, with not a single person around. You were so used to the noisy diurnal atmosphere that all this silence almost appeared surreal. Oh well, you guessed you would have soon grown accustomed to it.

Once reached the designated office, you blindly touched the wall to search for the light switch since it was so dark, eventually managing to find it. The room was... small. Very small. A black desk occupied almost all the available space, leaving room only for an office chair on wheels. On the desk's dusty surface there was a telephone, a running fan and piles of old screens messily arranged one on top of the other, making you wonder for which reason they were actually there since you had a much modern laptop provided to watch the cameras. To increase the mess, someone had left an empty paper cup and crumpled sheets all around the place; geez, when was the last time this place had been cleaned? Whichever wall your eyes turned to, you could see partially yellowed posters and childish drawings portraying kids having fun along with the pizzeria's mascots.

Not really the place where someone would dream of spending in, to say at least. But who cared- in the end, we were talking only about six hours per night. It's not like you had to spend your entire life in there.

Adjusting the security guard cap on your head, you took seat into the cramped room and placed the laptop on your lap, switching it on. You glanced at the clock on the screen: it was 11:55 pm.

The first two hours went smoothly. Nothing out of order had happened until now- not a soul could be seen around; the Pirate Cove was silent as well; the animatronics were in place on the show stage. Well, not that you expected something in particular to happen. You boringly tapped on the virtual drawing of the map, shifting from a view to another without paying particular attention. The clock said 02:15 AM; three hours and 45 minutes more to go. You leaned back on the chair, letting out a sigh as you momentarily rose your eyes from the tablet; watching at the camera's grayish views was starting to give you headache. You weren't expecting night watch to be exciting, but neither so boring, still. Would you really have been able to stay awake until 06:00 am?

Not even 20 minutes later, your thighs pressed together as you started to feel the need to go to the toilet. Great. If you remembered right, the restrooms were located in the East side of the building, directly attached to the main Dining Area.

Leaning sideways from your chair, you peeked out from the office's door, giving a glance to the East
Hall. Everything quiet, obviously. Useless to say that the thought of crossing alone those dark, party-furnished rooms made you a little anxious. Moreover, other guards had specifically advised you to absolutely not leave the office for any reason until the clock would have marked not a minute less than 06:00 o'clock. They hadn't however specified why, particular that had made you a little skeptical. You knew that the boss was fussy about employees respecting the work schedules, but wasn't he exaggerating a bit? What could he expect, that you pissed yourself?

You frowned, nervously tapping a nail on the plastic-coated side of the laptop until you finally decided to stand up, momentarily placing it on the desk in front of you. Thinking it would have taken no more than five minutes, you crossed the prohibited threshold and headed briskly toward the toilets, wanting to get back as soon as possible.

Little you knew you were forgetting right about the most important thing a night guard was required to do at the beginning of the work shift: listen to the phone message Scott had left for you. Despite his various recommendations, either for emotion or simple forgetfulness, you apparently failed to notice the red light that unceasingly flashed on the side of the phone, thus missing a peculiar, fundamental information regarding the animatronics' nocturnal behaviour...

After having taken care of that little inconvenient, you walked out from the restroom zone and started to cross the Dining Area, intending to return to the security room. You blinked in the very dim light, paying attention to not to bump into one of the many tables and respective chairs that constituted the large room. Despite having worked in this place for months, you realized it wasn't really easy to orientate when daylight was missing.

The street lamps' light filtered soundlessly through the pizzeria's large windows, causing garlands and party hats to glow with metallized shines. Under the night's silvery light, even the animatronics seemed to emanate a different aura, as if endowed with own life and will. You stopped for a moment, looking at the Show Stage were the restaurant's main attractions used to perform every day. The robotic animals stood there motionless, arms limp and heads bent forward like giant, wireless puppets. Freddy Fazbear the Bear, Chica the Chicken and...

Wait. Something was wrong. Where was Bonnie?!

You once again stared at the Show Stage, mouth agape with incredulity as you realized one of the animatronic was missing. You panicked for a moment, moving your head from side to side in the attempt to spot it in the darkness. Despite the surreal situation, you weren't actually scared since you remembered Scott alluding to the fact that these particular robots used to get operative and move around all the time even after the closure. What worried you more was the idea to lose sight of it, thus allowing a machine to move around without control; if an animatronic would ever got broken or damaged, the boss would have surely gone on a rampage.

Shoot, that wasn't good at all. Where could it have been? The answer came soon as your elbow suddenly hit something—definitely not a table, producing a dull, metallic thud. With a gasp escaping your lips, you turned to face what you had bumped on, finding yourself staring at what seemed to be a purplish, squared muzzle.

The 7ft tall rabbit stood motionless in front of you, his round, magenta eyes blankly fixed on you, glowing in the dark like a pair of light bulbs. His tongue-less jaw sagged like a corpse's, allowing you to catch a glimpse of the round teeth and red fabric that adorned the animatronic's mouth.

Your throat contracted in a nervous gulp. "T-there you are..." You slowly took a step back, looking into those plastic bulbs that seemed to stare deep into your soul. "You startled me..."
"He-he-hello, everybody! It's me, your best f-f-friend Bonnie B-Bunny~" You slightly jolted as a cheerful, interfered voice suddenly came out from Bonnie's depths, resonating within the tinny suit. "Are you all having a g-g-g-good time? Because I sure know t-that I am~"

"My gosh, your voice-box sounds rather run-down," you said with a small smile, slowly recovering from the previous scare, "I should ask Fritz to give it a look."

You looked at the mechanical rabbit in front of you, shifting from the red bow tie to its long, articulated ears with a little of fascination. You had never got so close to one of those until now. You heard animatronics used to be let free to move around and serve cake to children before that tragic incident occurred in 1987. Now you could see them exclusively on stage and no one except for the technical staff was allowed to touch or get too close.

You always thought Bonnie was the cutest of the group with that lavender tint of his and cool guitar always in hand, but now that you closely looked at it, you had to admit it could get kinda freaky when lights were off and the restaurant was swallowed by silence. That static face and big, feral-like mouth were almost intimidating. And above all, what was that... liquid dripping from it?

...Wait, what? At first widening in confusion, your eyes narrowed as you reached a hand toward the bunny's prominent chin, wiping a finger over the dripping substance. Not being able to recognize it in the dark, you instinctively brought it under your nose and-

"Urgh! My... God...!" Your stomach turned inside out, your nostrils twitched at the rancid, ferrous smell, causing you to immediately shake the nauseating thing off your hand. "W-what the...?! What the hell is that?" You fumbled with your belt, trying to find the attached flashlight until your fingers finally closed around the cylindrical handle. Switching it on with trembling hands, you then turned it toward Bonnie, spotlighting its mouth: a small rivulet could be seen coming from deep the animatronic's jaws, sliding between the teeth and trickling down like slurry, reddish saliva. "Is... that..."

"No. No way." The rational part of your mind tried to chase away that thought. Robots don't bleed. There was no way that could have been blood. For something like that to happen, there should have been something alive inside and, as far as you knew, animatronics were purely made of gears and wires... right?

But then... if that was only your imagination, then why you had the distinct feeling that something was horribly wrong there? Why that tiny voice in your head screamed the imminent danger?

Your heart had started pounding really hard by now, causing you to feel even more scared. Despite that, you had to know what was really going on in that place. With that mixture of curiosity and fear that characterizes human beings when faced with something unknown, you took a deep breath and carefully lowered the bunny's jaw a little more, having to get on tip-toe to further look inside. A fetid stench whiffed in your face, making you cough and grimace as you held your breath, trying your best to illuminate past the animatronic's throat. With a bit of effort, you managed to direct the flashlight downwards, right where the suit's head and chest attached.

Then, your face contorted in utter terror.

A small, boyish head stuck out lifelessly from inside Bonnie's chest. Still attached to the semi-exposed scalp, brown strands of hair could be seen, matted with wires and clotted blood.

"Let's eat some more-more-more-{HELP ME}more pizza~"

"AAAAAAAAH!" Your mouth burst into a scream as you slipped backwards, falling hard on your
back; the flashlight rolling away, leaving you in complete darkness once more. Your hands and feet
slipped against the black and white tiled floor as you desperately tried to get away from Bonnie,
looking in horror as its head suddenly bent sideways with a disturbing crack.

"He-hey, everybody! It's time to sta-ta-tart the shooow[LET ME OUT]~" Freddy's deep laugh
echoed from the Show Stage, causing you to watch with terror as the other two animatronics seemed
to come to life, suddenly jerking their heads up.

"N-no! S-stay away from me!" you cried, still crawling back on the ground while Freddy and Chica
walked down the stage with arrhythmic, unnatural movements, starting to advance toward you like
zombies of gears and synthetic fur.

"That's against the rules-that's against the rules, buddy~"

"B-be-be good, or we're going to have to-[FIX YOU]have to tell your parents."

"Ha ha-h a -HA- a H a [RUN]!"

With a sudden charge of adrenaline, you managed to turn and get up on your feet, letting out a
terrified scream as you started to run with all the strength you had. This was not true; it couldn't be!
Was that a body you saw inside Bonnie?! But why?! How?! Questions panickingly swirled inside
your head as you toppled chairs behind you, trying to slow your pursuers down. Fritz your ass! This
place needed a friggin' exorcist!

"The office! I have to lock myself into the office!" You swiftly ran past the arcade machines, almost
slipping on the smooth floor as you made a sharp turn toward the East Hall's door. You could
already see the office's door from there; the light coming out made it seems so close, yet painfully far
as a tall figure suddenly overshadowed it, blocking you the path.

"N-n-no r-r-r-running in the Pirate Cove, lads!"

You braked abruptly, avoiding just in time of ending with your face into that nails-bristled trap which
was Foxy's maw. Gasping, you threw yourself backwards, moving away before a sharp hook came
down on you. Instead of stabbing through your skull, your move caused the deadly tool to merely
graze your cheek, missing the target for the skin of your teeth.

"NOOOO!" With terror by now grasping your throat, your feet started to move again, running along
the only free path that still remained you, the one at your right. If you had turned at that moment, you
could have seen the tattered pirate fox looking in your direction with its only yellow eye, sending
glows on its exposed machinery.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! I have to get out of here!" Heavy pants came out from your
aching chest as you rushed at breakneck speed across the Dining Area, taking advantage of the
arcade machines and large tables to elude Freddy and the rest of the band, drawing a semicircle all
the way past the Pirate Cove and the kitchen until finally finding yourself at few feet from the spare
parts room.

Why run into a dead end, are you asking? Well, in the panic of the moment you had miraculously
remembered the presence of an emergency exit situated in the deepest part of the scraps room, and, at
the moment, that looked like the only way that would have made the difference between life and
death.

You threw yourself against the door, ignoring the pain on your shoulder as you stumbled inside,
quickly closing it behind you. Luckily that door could be opened in both directions... but it was weak
and lacked of lock, and you knew it was only a matter of seconds before the seemingly possessed animatronics would have been on you.

Taking deep breaths from your dry throat, you immediately started looking around, trying to find the exit. With your great regret, you realized very soon that the lights were switched off as throughout the rest of the building, which surely didn't make it easy at all to move though that messy space. Your breaths echoed in the obscurity, followed by the clanging of metal parts as you blindly advanced, inadvertently kicking some scraps scattered on the ground which almost made you stumble. Luckily for you, the room happened to be not very spacious, allowing you to reach the other side in a short time. As soon as your hands came in contact with the cold, rough surface of the wall, you immediately started to touch it all over, searching for the emergency exit.

"Come on, come on, come on, ...!" You begged under your breath while desperately running your hands back and forth, being able to rely only on your touch. And if by chance you were wrong? What if no emergency exit was ever been in that room? Your stomach turned as heavy as lead as that terrible thought crossed your mind, causing your breathing to become more and more panicked. "Come on, oh please, com-"

Your heart leaped as your fingers suddenly brushed against something smooth and partially cylindrical, right what seemed to be a plasticized vertical rod. Your heart seemed to flutter with happiness at that feeling, which at that moment appeared like the most beautiful one you had ever felt in your life. "The door... I found it!" A hopeful smile curled your lips up. You knew it! Already feeling the reassuring aura of salvation, you firmly pushed forward...

A moment of silence followed; the one you usually hear a second after the bullet has left the gun barrel, that moment of tension which implies and follow something horrible. Your hands started to tremble. The door... was locked.

"No... No. No, no, no, no, no!" you cried, delusion and despair evident in your trembling voice, "Please no!" The hope that until now had gave you strength collapsed like the shards of a mirror. Your squeezed your eyes shut, pushing again with all your might, and this time you actually heard a creaking noise... except it came from behind you.

"You know what I-I- I do for fun -what I do for fun? I like to eat p-p-p-I like to eat people-e-e pizza[YOU'RE NEXT]."

Your muscles seemed to turn into ice. Your head slowly turned, enough for you to catch a glimpse of Freddy standing right on the threshold. From the dark frame of its silhouette, round eyes shone intermittently as the childish song you remembered coming from the everyday show started to play, vibrating through your skull and bones.

"Please... please no!" You frantically started to push against the door, banging the thick layers of iron which just slightly rattled in reply, as if mocking you. You were about to get slaughtered by a bunch of scrap metalsinging clusters, you just couldn't believe it. Tears formed in your eyes as the animatronic's paw-like feet started to move, clanging louder and louder at each step.

"Open up! Please, I don't want to die like this! Oh God, please!" Your whole body pressed against the door, hysteria quickly taking control. "Help! P-Please!"

A large, four-fingered hand began to reach toward you; that putrid smell surrounding you like a suffocating fog. "He-hehey buddy, you're-you're-you're going to die like me-you're not fo-fo-following the ruuuuules~"

"LET ME IN! PLEAAAAAASE!"
Devoid of any support, your body fell forward. The next thing you felt was the world turning upside-down, and then the floor, hard and cold, suddenly coming up. A whiff was squeezed out from your lungs as you dropped chest-down on the ground, finding yourself beyond of the emergency door. You gasped, not having even the time to ask yourself how that had happened that your head turned, seeing the mechanical bear on the other side of the threshold, shrieking and about to pounce.

With a liberating cry, not even waiting a second to enjoy Freddy's defeated face, you bent your leg and lashed the door a powerful kick. The heavy door slammed hard against the bear's nose, earning a high-pitched honk before closing with a loud clang, definitively shutting it out.

You crawled away from the door, causing your back to eventually hit the wall. You frightfully pressed yourself against it, holding your breath as banging sounds were heard, caused by the animatronic trying to break down the obstacle. The door vibrated disturbingly under the violent blows, revealing however too sturdy for being forced open that way. After a moment that to you appeared endless, those terrifying poundings started to slow down, becoming less and less strong until finally quieting completely.

Your chest moved up and down with heavy pants, eyes kept staring at the by now silent door, unable to look away while your body still trembled, fearing to see that sturdy slab of iron being suddenly torn into pieces.

You really couldn't believe it; was everything you saw happened for real? You slowly closed your eyes and leaned your head back, waiting for your crazed heart to calm down. Your lips parted into an exhausted sigh as you let your tense muscles relax, feeling like having finally woken up from an endless nightmare... Or at least you thought for a second. In fact, your eyes snapped open as you realized problems were not over yet.

That rotten body inside Bonnie... maybe wasn't the only one? You remembered Freddy smelling the same stench; were also the other animatronics hiding something inside them? If what you saw was not a figment of your imagination, then you had to immediately call someone. The pattern of the floor and posters suggested you that you were still inside the restaurant. Perhaps you'd be able to find a telephone somewhere?

Taking a deep breath, you forced your legs to get up, having to lean a hand against the wall since they felt as soft and wobbly as jelly.

"Looking for something, love?"

Your heart felt like exploding. "AAAAAAH!" a startled scream left your mouth, followed by a dull thud as your legs went numb, causing you to fall on your rear. You panickingly looked around, as if expecting one of those robots to pounce on you from the darkness.

"... V-Vincent?" your voice weakly came out, too surprised to properly formulate a more complete sentence.
"What's the matter?" the Purple Guy chuckled softly at your expression, his finger still on the light-switch, "You look like you've seen a ghost."

The beating muscle inside your chest started to palpitate like crazy, leaping from both disbelief and happiness as you realized Vincent was actually here for real and not for a mere illusion created by despair.

"Vincent!" A beautiful smile crossed your face as you got up on your feet and ran toward him, throwing yourself in his chest. "Oh my God, Vincent!" You squeezed your eyes shut, your fingers tightening on his shirt as tears started to run down your cheeks, wetting the purple cloth. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God,..."

"Love, love, what happened? You're shaking like a leaf." Vincent asked in a seemingly worried tone, his long arms surrounding your trembling body.

"I... I don't know!" you sobbed, pressing yourself against him as all the accumulated stress released at once, making you look like a little girl who just woke up from a nightmare, "The animatronics... Freddy and the others, suddenly started to act weird! I swear, I'm not crazy! Their voices were completely warped and said strange things! They tried to catch me! I was so scared! I... I..."

"Husssh, it's okay." Vincent's slender fingers gently stroked your hair as he whispered soothingly, "You're safe now, no one can hurt you here. Now, now." You took some deep breaths, allowing your head to rest on the Purple Guy's strong chest as you tried to calm yourself, letting the gentle tone of his voice lull you. With your face so close, you could clearly smell the fresh fragrance of aftershave, which you found very pleasant. His body felt so warm, his heartbeat so reassuring; you didn't know a man's hug could make you feel so protected. In a short time, your tremors subsided, leaving instead place to a soft shade of pink on your cheeks as knowing you weren't alone anymore made you feel better.

Despite you internally wished for this moment to last forever, you knew deep inside that what you saw could not be ignored. Someone had to be notified immediately, and it had to be done tonight. "V-Vincent... there's something you have to know." you said nervously, looking up at him.

"What is it, (y/n)?" the night guard asked in a calm voice, his pale eyes blinking.

"I know what I'm about to say may sound absurd, but..." You bit your lower lip, thinking of the best way to put it despite you knew there wasn't. "I discovered... something horrible inside the animatronics."

As those words left your lips, Vincent's comforting face suddenly seemed to freeze. The smile you used to love dropped and, instead of the concern you expected, in his eyes you only saw two pieces of ice. "...What did you just say?"

"I-I know I shouldn't have left my place! I'm so sorry! But I smelled something terrible coming from Bonnie and decided to look inside..." You gulped as the image of that rotting body materialized inside your mind, causing your hands to start trembling again. "Vincent, the animatronics..." your voice came out in a tiny, choked whisper, "They're stuffed... with corpses!"

At this point, you expected him to show at least a little of reaction, like a shocked frown or, in the worst case, an amused laugh which would have meant "I don't believe you"; you would have accepted even something like that. But no. His face didn't flinch at all, remaining emotionless and stiff as marble. Only his eyes showed a minimal change, narrowing dangerously under the shadow of the visor.
"Is that so..." the Purple Guy murmured coldly, almost if directing these words more to himself than you.

The way his voice had suddenly turned dark sent a shiver down your spine. You had never seen him behave this way before; it was like if a completely different person had suddenly took control on him, making you feel increasingly intimidated. You slowly took a step back, starting to feel rather nervous by his unusual attitude. "We... we can't just sit here with our arms folded, do you understand it?" you broke the silent, as if trying to make him come back to his old self, "We have to report the police as soon as possible!"

This time, your words seemed having just a tiny bit of effect as a small smirk appeared on the man's lips, much to your disbelief. "Sure, the law would impose us to do so," he said nonchalantly, taking a step toward you, "But the question is, why should we?"

"... What?" You looked at him, eyes wide and lips slightly parted, thinking of having misheard. "W-what do you mean?"

"Within the past years police has already sifted this place from top to bottom, wandering around without ever managing to conclude anything. Even if you showed them the bodies, what makes you think that they would be able to ferret out the culprit this time?" a slight grimace itched on Vincent's face as he pronounced those words, underlining the contempt, "This place would be shut down and we would all lose our job. Or in the worst case, they would end up deducing you're the most suitable suspect and blame you, and from heroine you were you would end up your days in some filthy slammer or directly executed. Just like your predecessor."

The Purple Guy slowly closed the gap between you two while you just looked at him, not being able to do anything but listen in shock as those insane words echoed in your skull.

"But we can avoid all this," His hand slowly rose up to your cheek, softly grazing it with the back of his fingers; his lips curling into the most beautiful of smiles. "This small discovery you made tonight will be a little secret between the two of us, and no one is gonna get hurt."

You took a step back, shying away from his touch. He frowned at your reaction, keeping his hand up stationary before calmly lower it. You slowly shook your head, putting some distance from the man while looking at him with eyes wide with disappointed incredulity. "...I can't believe what I'm hearing." you whimpered softly. You were shocked, disappointed and scared. And angry. The man you fell in love with, was really the same person who right now was standing at few feet from you? Who was he in reality? "How... how can you even think of something like that?! Have you gone completely mad?!" you yelled, your voice sounding so hurt and broken, "No way I'm going to stay silent! I could never lie like that, no matter what the consequences may be!"

A brief moment of silence followed after these words echoed through the dimly lit room. For few seconds, the Purple Guy showed no particular reaction. His head tilted down just slightly, hiding his eyes under the polish visor. "So, that's your answer..." he murmured, his tone low and cold, "I guess there's really no way to keep you quiet."

"A-as if I could!" you replied, showing yourself firm with the cause. Incidentally, your eyes eventually fell on a messy desk not very far from you, spotting a telephone on it. You hadn't a precise idea of what the hell was actually going on with Vincent, but his words made it clear that you wouldn't have been able to convince him to collaborate. Knowing you couldn't count on him, you suddenly decided the moment to act had come. "You know what? Do like you want!" you gave up, starting to walk toward the desk, "If you're not going to call the cops, then I will!" With decisive gesture, you reached out for the receiver.
What followed next was... rather startling, to say at least. Indeed, it happened so fast that even you wouldn't know how to precisely tell it. It could be described as a very brief and quick whiffle, a tiny breath of wind that almost imperceptibly caressed your fingers, and then a blade, flashing right between you and the telephone. There was a dull stabbing sound, followed by cold steel touching your fingers.

"I don't think so, love."

Your mouth parted, but not a whimper came out. Instead, your eyes slowly lowered to the desk, widening in terror: shining dangerously, with the tip firmly sunk into the desk's thick surface, a butcher knife was now planted in front of your hand, right in that tiny space that separated your middle from your ring finger. A hand connected to a purple sleeve tightening shut around the handle. With breath stuck in the back of your throat, you quickly withdrew your hand, holding it with the other one against your chest. You parted your lips to speak, but the thought of what just happened was just too much for you to formulate a sentence; God, that knife had almost cut your fucking fingers off. "A-ah..." Your feet slowly moved backwards while your eyes looked back at Vincent, silently begging for it to be only a bad dream.

On his part, the Purple Guy simply looked as you fearfully recoiled from him, sending your tearful gaze a smirk. That expression of him literally made your heart stop in your chest and, you swore, the temperature of the room seemed of having suddenly dropped of several degrees.

"V... V-Vincent... w-what..."

"I know that at the moment you may feel rather confused," he interrupted your stuttering, sounding so calm and at ease, almost if that kind of scenario was nothing new to him, "I'm sure you have many questions, and I promise I'll answer them all in time." A creaking sound was heard as the knife was firmly yanked up, causing your eyes to instinctively shift to the menacing item. "Having you snooping inside the animatronics wasn't actually part of the plan..." he tsk'ed, his gaze lowering in turn as he turned the sharp object between his fingers, fiddling with it absentmindedly. Then all of a sudden, a sick grin crossed the man's face as his pale irises rose back to you, making your blood freeze in your veins. "But at least now I have you right where I wanted you to be."

You then saw the Purple Guy calmly walk toward you and immediately reacted by taking some more steps back. "V-Vincent... p-put that knife down. Please, you're scaring me..."

"It's just a mere precaution, my dear. In order to prevent you from doing more stupid things." he replied, his index gently pressing against the tip of the knife, "It's up to you to decide how much make me use it."

In the back of your mind, you still hoped for it to be part of some kind of joke appositely made to scare newbies, expecting Vincent to burst at any moment into a loud laugh and Mike and the others to suddenly pop out from their hideouts, laughing at your terrified face. But nothing. No matter how many times you mentally counted to three, the man in purple kept moving toward you, madness in his eyes and knife in his hand. Speaking about, despite how much you tried, you just couldn't divert your eyes from his own. There was something in them, something magnetic and alluringly sick that prevented you from thinking clearly. Like a lamb staring into the bloodthirsty orbs of a wolf just that short instant before the fatal moment. You simply couldn't fight back, not even when the cold wall pressed against your back. And when you finally realized he was being serious, it was already too late.

In few strides, Vincent had soon retrieved the distance between the two of you. He brought his knife up and leaned the edge against your neck, gently indenting the skin. "Now, try to not move so to make things easier for both, would you?" he chuckled, adding just a little more pressure to be sure
you had got the message.

You squeezed your eyes shut, letting out a soft whine by feeling the weapon pressing dangerously against your throat. You didn't like it at all, that feeling. The cold made you shiver; the sharpness itched, menacing to break the skin at the slightest movement, making you afraid even to breathe. You knew very well what was about to happen, you had seen too many thriller movies for not knowing it: a swift movement, and the blade would have slashed your neck open, cutting through the thin skin and muscles like the belly of a fish. Your trachea would have been severed, causing you to painfully suffocate in your own blood. Always if the massive blood loss wouldn't have killed your brain first. It was such a sad irony that you managed to escape from being dismembered by those monsters only to be stabbed to death by the man you once would have gave your heart to. Perhaps the first choice would have been less painful. Emotionally, at least.

With these thoughts in mind, you took a sharp breath, stiffening as you mentally prepared yourself for Vincent to kill you. To your big surprise, the knife didn't move as you thought it would, staying instead stationary were it was. Even weirder, your right ear suddenly started to tickle, teased by something you would have described as light, warm breath. Confused, you opened an eye, getting a glance of what seemed to be the crook of Vincent's neck. "W-what the...?!

The Purple Guy was bent over you, a hand on the wall to support himself, his eyes closed as he dreamily inhaled your scent; the tip of his nose softly grazing your ear, causing your hair to stand at the end. "Have I ever told you how attractive you look in that uniform?" he breathed between his smiling lips, enjoying that tiny shiver you made in response.

"W-what... what are you doing?" your voice came out as a whimper, a scared, pathetic little whimper you immediately regretted of having done.

"Well, isn't that obvious?" he sneered, pausing to momentarily give your lobe a little nibble, "I'm smelling you."

You squeezed your eyes shut, biting your tongue from making any more sounds as the combination of his teeth pulling at your lobe and the husky tone of his voice made concentrating even harder than the knife itself. "I-I can see that!" you squeaked, feeling your cheeks softly flush with heat as a natural reaction to Vincent's actions, "I mean why are you doing that?! It... it's so creepy!"

"Hmm?" the Purple Guy smiled, not really paying so much attention to your words as he slowly traveled downwards, nuzzling the side of your neck. His lips felt as light as a butterfly's wings, touching and tickling your skin just barely but enough to make your body quiver in anticipation. "My my, you sure have a sensitive neck." he chuckled, the very definition of glee. "And to think I've not even yet started."

"Ngh!" you grimaced, turning your head on the opposite side as much as the knife allowed you. You didn't like at all the way Vincent was playing with you. How he was making you feel helpless like a little girl. You gulped, feeling tears starting to form under your eyelids as you tried one last time. "Vincent, please, I thought we were friends..."

"Oh? But we are." the Purple Guy stopped what was doing and calmly pulled himself up, sounding almost surprised by your words. "If it wasn't, by now you would already keeping company to those rotten bodies."

The way he pronounced these artificially sweetened words made a cold shiver run up your spine. He was acting far too calm and confident for someone who was currently pointing a knife at someone else's throat. Even now, looking directly into the eyes of his victim, his coolness didn't falter a bit. Does this meant Vincent could have possibly killed someone in the past? From what you knew,
maybe you weren't the first woman who got pinned to the wall and touched like that by him. And if...

Your heart felt like clenched by an iron hand as something seemed to emerge from your memories. Those dead children, the bodies which had never been found... Everything matched perfectly, soon becoming clear to you.

"Now, be a good girl, and I prom-

"You killed them."

This time, your words seemed to have some kind of effect on Vincent, who's smile dropped almost instantly. You had apparently found the correct question to be asked. "...What?" he asked, his voice much darker now. His steely, grey eyes piercing your soul.

"The pizzeria's unsolved murders... It was you, doesn't it?" You glared at him through half-lidded eyes, feeling them fill with tears while you struggled to refrain from sobbing. "All those missing children... It was your doing! You killed them!"

A moment of silence followed as your voice echoed through the poorly lighted room. For few long seconds, Vincent's face remained emotionless as an ice mask, gazing at you from the height of his taller stature. He gave a deep sigh, rising his hand to your chin as he gently took it between his fingers, bending on you so to bring your faces closer. Your heart leaped as your lips almost touched, and you swore, his breath seemed to change when the sides of his mouth suddenly curled into a grin. "Yes, I did."

Those three, simple words left his mouth like a gunshot, tearing your heart in two. You stared at him in shock, feeling like if the time had suddenly stopped. You didn't know what to say, do or think. The only thing you wanted to do now was cry. Cry out of disappointment, horror, and disgust. Your eyes squeezed shut, and this time a single tear rolled down your cheek. "...Why?" was all you managed to say.

"Because it's fun~" he breathed excitingly, his smile widening to a disturbing point. "To hear their cries of agony," he licked his lips, "Crunching bones and tearing flesh."

More blades stabbed your heart. Another tear slipped past your defenses as you felt like the world had just collapsed on top of you, wanting to cover your ears for what Vincent had just said. Unable to resist anymore, you finally started to sob, causing your body to give a slight jolt every time a louder hiccup formed in your chest.

"Aww, don't give me such tearful look," he cooed, "You almost make me feel like a monster~" As he spoke, his thumb softly ran across your cheek, wiping a tear off. You knew these soothing actions of him were completely fake, and didn't anything but increase your disgust. "Now, where were we?"

Before you could even realize it, Vincent's lips leaned on yours.

Your watery eyes widened and body froze at the Purple Guy's unexpected act, causing a muffled whine to form in your throat. You heard him chuckle as he gently clenched your lower lip between his teeth, nibbling it teasingly before run his tongue over it. With eyes glowing like two small, silver moons, Vincent captured your lips into a kiss, taking advantage of your current surprise to slip his tongue past your teeth. The slimy muscle started to move lively inside your mouth, earning more muffled protests and shivers as it eagerly explored your wet cavern, making sure to not leave a single spot untouched.
You grimaced, resisting the urge to bite down on that gross thing that twitched dominant on top of your very own. You tried to push it out, only to have the tongue sucked in turn inside his mouth. "Mhmhmhp!" You felt you were about to suffocate, his lips pressed so hard to hurt and... my God, you were being french kissed by Vincent.

After a moment that for you seemed endless, the Purple Guy finally decided to break the kiss, in need for air just as you. He slowly parted from you, causing a thin wire to momentarily hung between your open mouths before breaking the moment you coughed, gasping for sweet oxygen. He licked his lips, lust glimmering in his pale eyes as he breathed, warming your wet lips. "Christ, if only you could know how long I've waited for this moment." He pecked your lips again, asking for more.

"P-please... stop!" you cried, pressing yourself against the wall in the vain attempt to put some distance between you and him. "W-why are you doing this to me?!

"I have already answered that question, yes?" He pressed himself harder against you, using his free hand to grab your wrist and pin it to the wall. "Because I want to have fun with you~" His hips grinded against yours, earning a gasp as his crotch started to press right between your legs. "And I'm not that kind of person that leaves someone he likes go away with a simple 'no'. Therefore," He placed the knife under your chin, forcing you to look up. "Tonight I'm going to give you a very special scar that will make sure to mark this moment forever."

"What d..." It seemed to take a few seconds for the words to settle in and register into your mind. You stared at him in wide-eyed shock, your jaw slightly dropped as you finally realized what he had planned from the start. "...Y-you can't be serious."  

"I'm never been more serious." he purred, his voice oozing with lust, "Now, just relax, and I promise that you're going to feel so good that you'll not be able to think to anything else for the rest of your life." Grinning like a starving beast, the Purple Guy started to teasingly nibble your jaw, exceptionally giving some small suck here and there as he moved his way downwards, choosing your neck to be the first stopover of his journey to (y/n)-land.

On your part, the idea didn't particularly exhilarate you as well. Sure, you had hoped for Vincent to ask you out one of these days, but this wasn't actually how you would expected it to be. You bit your lower lip, clenching your fists hard by feeling him kiss all the way down along your jugular, eventually finding a very tender area near the crook of your neck. His lips sucked hard on that special spot, teasing the bundle of nerves underneath before starting to pull at the skin, menacing to leave a noticeable hickey. You struggled to find the strength to react; hell, you would have gladly kicked him in the nuts if it wasn't for the blade that threatened to slice you open. You wanted to scream so bad, call in the hope someone would have hear you, but you didn't know how Vincent could have reacted if you were to raise your voice.

"Mike... Scott... Jeremy... Help me..." you weakly whined through your sobbing, tears streaming down your (s/c) cheeks.

"Go on. Cry all you want, love," Vincent chuckled against your skin, "It's only the two of us."
Part 2

Chapter Summary

WARNING: be careful, you're about to enter the Lemon zone. But I guess if you made it this far, that's exactly what you're looking for, don't you?

Finding your collar was in the way, he trailed the knife down, smiling by seeing you shiver in response. He slipped the tip in the knot of your necktie and skillfully loosened it, getting rid of the garment. The blade then moved further down, making you jolt as it nicked off the top button of your shirt. The tiny disk hit the floor with a quiet tick.

"He-hey," you tried to protest, "T-this shirt is..." You didn't finish the sentence, seeing Vincent wasn't paying you the slightest attention. Well, not to your face, at least. Indeed, he seemed much more intrigued by what was currently hiding under your shirt. You took a sharp breath, cheeks flushing by feeling the uniform slowly open as the hand holding the knife continued to cut off buttons, hearing them softly clatter onto the ground, one after the other.

Slowly but surely, the placket loosened on your chest, revealing the round flesh peeking out from a lacy, (f/c) bra. The Purple Guy licked his lips, eyes practically harassing those soft-looking breasts. "Would you look at that~ Who would have thought that a security guard would wear such cute lingerie."

Your face turned of a bright red colour at his remark, causing you to instinctively look away while the remaining button was lastly cut off, going to join the others somewhere on the floor. You bit your lip by feeling Vincent's long fingers play over the exposed skin, slowly and lightly tracing imaginary drawings all over your sensitive chest.

"Eek!" A tiny, stifled yelp escaped your mouth as the hand suddenly closed, grasping your right breast. He gave it a testing squeeze, curious to see the level of your sensitivity. An amused chuckle formed in his throat by seeing struggle on your face; indeed, you were trying hard to keep from doing any kind of sound that could have been related to enjoyment. With Vincent acting like that, it was hard.

"You have a really cute voice, you know?" he purred seductively, slowly kneading the warm flesh in his hand, "It fits that sensitive body of yours so well~" His thumb slowly circled where he knew your nipple was, feeling it becoming hard underneath the thin fabric.

"D-don't speak like th-uhng!" Your teeth gritted as the Purple Guy lowered his head to lick that precise spot, teasing the excited nipple through the bra. His tongue circled the tiny bump, flicking at it teasingly before adding some pressure, causing it to indent.

Chuckling, he trailed his knife down to your collarbone, using his other hand to gently push the loosened shirt above your shoulder. Smooth fabric brushed along your arm as gravity made it slip down, revealing more and more of your shivering skin before ending at your feet with a soft rustle. Licking his lips deviously at the delicious flesh that presented to him, Vincent didn't lose time and swiftly cut the strap off, wanting to remove that inconvenient bra that, as cute as it may have been, prevented him from feeling you correctly.
Feeling it getting loose, you gasped and instinctively brought your hands to your breasts, holding the precious undergarment up. Your submissive behaviour only managed to please the man, who chuckled amusedly as the knife moved toward the remaining strap. "Vincent, don-!"

Your mouth opened into a yelp as a sharp, shock-like pain stung your shoulder. "Ah!" You jolted and turned your head toward that aching spot, noticing a thin, linear cut crossing your skin, right over the end of your collarbone. A soft whine formed in your throat.

"Tsk! Told you to stay still," Vincent sighed in a reproaching tone, sounding pretty much like a dog trainer speaking to his undisciplined pet, "Now, don't-"

He suddenly stopped talking, falling completely silent for a moment. His face frowned and eyes widened slightly by looking at the tiny slit as it quickly filled with blood; the excess forming a little scarlet drop on top, adorning it like a jewel.

At first startled, your expression soon turned puzzled, not knowing how to interpret his reaction while he just looked back at you, eyes glued to your wound. His breath seemed somehow gotten heavier and, you swore, was he... blushing?

"You're... you're bleeding..." he murmured in a low, husky tone, sounding as if his body heat had suddenly and inexplicably raised.

"I... I didn't mean to... I was just..." You pressed yourself harder against the wall, fearfully hugging your shoulders. Was he going to punish you for disobeying him? "I-I'm sorry. Please, don't-" Your pleas were cut off as the Purple Guy's long index gently placed on your lips, sealing them shut.

"Poor little thing. I bet that must hurt, doesn't it?" he cooed, his lips curling back into a soft smile, "It's alright. I'm going to take care of that too." With those far from reassuring words, the tall man bent on you, causing his shirt to barely brush against your chest as his face lowered closer to the cut. Your skin tingled under his warm breath, somehow making the wound sting even more. "Now, let me clean that... up."

"V-Vincent, what ar-" Before you could understand what the hell was wrong with him, your mouth parted into a painful yelp as the hot, slimy surface of his tongue came in contact with your wounded skin, giving it a slow lick. You squeezed your eyes shut, whining in pain as the Purple Guy licked the blood from your shoulder, bright red contrasting with the flesh pink of his tongue.

"We don't want your pretty shoulder to get infected, don't we?" He pulled his tongue back, taking a moment to savour that scarlet liquid inside his mouth before flicking it out again, eager for more. Such a sweet taste you had, and what a soft skin; an ecstatic bliss for all his five senses. "Now, let me... kiss it for you." The satinated muscle quickly moved back and forth along the cut, pausing just the moment for it to fill with new blood before sweep again, wetting your skin.

Lost in your smell and taste, Vincent could fell his own blood rush south while his mind started to fantasize, filling with pictures of your naked body laying down on his bed, covered in cuts and dripping in that lovely colour. Such an exquisite view. Sadly, he was well aware that this couldn't be done, because you would have most probably died for exsanguination within a few hours, maybe less. Loosing you so quickly after having hunted you for such long time would have been... disappointing. He wasn't in the mood to break his new toy so soon, and such a precious one, furthermore. On the positive side, he could have enjoyed these private sweet moments with you over and over.

He kissed the wound, moaning and licking his lips greedily before starting to suck on it passionately. Conversely, you didn't seem to particularly enjoy these kind of attentions. The cut wasn't actually
hurting that bad anymore, it was more his actions that creeped you out. How could someone, if that's even possible, being turned on by blood?! By the moment he had started to lick you, his breath had become heavier and hotter, like if the mere view of your cut had aroused him even more. Even the hand on your breast had resumed to massage it, only rougher, faster, and in circular motion, causing some of your flesh to slightly spill out from the tight fabric.

Ignoring your begs to be gentler, Vincent kept ravaging your body, sucking hard on your skin until, grown bored, he finally parted his mouth from you. His tongue swept between his lips, gladly licking away the glimmering wire that hung from your violated shoulder.

"See? It's not bleeding anymore." he chuckled in a smug tone, giving your neck a brief nuzzle before tracing a long, slow lick all the way up your jaw, feeling you tremble under the slimy and ticklish feeling. At the same time, his hand silently crawled behind your back, playing with the bra clasp for a moment before skilfully unhook it. Strapless, the garment fell on the ground without a sound.

"Ah!" Heat flushed to your face by feeling the bra slip away, exposing your skin at the cold air. Your hands moved up, trying to cover your bare chest from the man's hungry eyes. An embarrassed whine escaping your lips. "Vincent... please, don't do this..."

"Husssh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh..." Strong fingers cupped your jaw, tilting your face up as he playfully hushed you. "Save your delicious voice, love." he breathed at one inch from your lips, smiling cruelly while gently brushing your cheek with his thumb. "Now, shall we give a look to what is hiding under there?" The blade of his knife slowly slipped under one of your hands, this time being careful to not cut you as he placed it between the palm and the craved flesh underneath.

You shivered at the cold metal, not trying to resist him as he used his knife to gently accompany your hand aside. You had by now understood perfectly that any attempt of yours to fight back would have served nothing but fuel his sadism, and you had no intention to push your luck too far. With a nervous gulp, you slowly lowered the remaining hand by yourself, thus revealing your breasts to him. Your eyes squeezing shut out of embarrassment and defeat.

The Purple Guy grinned triumphantly, pleased by your obedience. "That's my girl." As he was about to reach up, he suddenly stopped, looking instead at the sharp weapon in his hand, probably realizing that two hands were required to give a proper grope.

With a swift movement, you saw the knife briefly spin in his hand before the blade disappeared into the sheath attached to his belt.

"Just try to reach for it, and I'll cut your pretty thumbs off." With venom dripping from his artificially sweetened voice, he pushed his body against yours. Your lips met for the second time, rewarding you with another kiss.

You whined softly against his open mouth, cringing at the ferrous taste of your own blood.

Cold fingertips crawled their way up, cupping the tender mounds on your chest and giving it a nice little squeeze; his crotch tingling with excitement at the muffled moan you gave in response. Purring into his prey's mouth, Vincent hungrily kneaded your breasts, pushing the round flesh around. God, the feeling was even better than he had imagined. Your tits fitted perfectly in his hands, as if they were meant to be squeezed. Such soft, smooth texture, ideal to bite and dig your nails into. His thumb and index closed together, pinching one of your erected nipples before tweaking it none too gently. The consequence of his action revealed in the form of a cute, little yelp you miserably failed to stifle.

"Look at this," he chuckled at one inch from your nose, playfully rolling the tiny rock of flesh
between his fingertips, "Do you perhaps enjoy receiving these kind of attentions?"

"N-no!" you gabbled through gritted teeth, squirming against the wall you were pinned to, "I-it's... It's just because you're -urgh!- you're t-touching them too hard!"

"I see..." the man in purple purred, pressing his thumbs down on your nipples before starting to simultaneously rub them in circle. "As expected from a virgin. You don't play with your body very often, do you?" His lips curled up cruelly at the tearful glare you gave him, looking at your face grimace in arousal and shame as the same thumbs flicked up, nudging your sensitive buds. "Well then, I wonder what would happen if I were to do this." Lowering his head while speaking, Vincent brought his face at your chest's level, briefly nuzzling the line between your breasts before starting to kiss them slowly, exceptionally alternating the softness of his lips with the hard, slightly wet feeling of his teeth. Feeling you quiver under his touch, the Purple Guy moved his mouth closer to your left nipple, flicking his tongue out as it slowly traced it, more like a caress than a lick.

"Uhnnnnnnnn~!" The moans you had somehow managed to hold in until now broke out into a loud mewl as his lips closed around the chosen bud, overloading your ability to keep quiet. You could literally feel them all, the movements his tongue made as it viciously licked, pushed or rolled all around your trapped nipple.

Your fists clenched tighter, causing nails to painfully dig in your palms as you struggled with all your strengths to repress that primal urge that cried to give up to pleasure. God, now more than ever you wished to have something to cling onto, something that could have lessened at least a bit that growing need to grab a hold on these solid shoulders in front of you.

Your hips snapped forward, meeting his very own as your abused nipple was clenched hard between his teeth and pulled, causing invisible tiny shocks to run all over your skin. Your groin felt unusually hot and tingly, as if something was gradually pooling down there. Maybe it was just your imagination, or perhaps the sucking friction caused by Vincent's lips had finally stimulated the right nerve, telling your body that your first sexual intercourse was about to take place. And it was preparing accordingly.

As much as you felt as if your very soul could get on fire, you weren't actually the only one who at the moment was struggling against his own temperature. Indeed, Vincent in turn found the room was getting hotter by every second, as if someone had suddenly turned the restaurant's thermostat to the maximum. The tie around his neck felt like a hangman's noose, the shirt of his uniform clung to his sweating back, feeling so suffocating. The Purple Guy momentarily moved a hand away from you to tug at his collar- he was steaming pretty badly in there. He could have removed his clothes as well. You two had by now become rather intimate anyway, didn't you? With this thought in mind, he slowly pulled away from you, allowing you to briefly catch your breath.

You panted hard, feeling uncomfortably cold as Vincent's warm hands let go of your chest. You should have been relieved, and you were. Partially. For a reason that even you wouldn't have been able to explain, you felt... lonely. Ironically, that room was so chilly without his body giving you warmth, making you unconsciously miss his touch. Your head spun so hard to hurt: was that thought a mere outcome of your excited body? Was it really as he said- were you ending to enjoy the situation? You didn't know anymore.

As these thoughts tormented you, something else caught your attention as your eyes focused back on Vincent, spotting him removing his necktie. Giving you a mischievous wink, he then proceeded to unbutton his shirt as well. His long fingers nimbly danced along the placket, slipping button after button, soon revealing a smooth expanse of tanned chest. You swallowed heavily, finding yourself unable to look away from those fingers that seemed to tease you as more fabric got loose, showing
more and more toned flesh. The Purple Guy stood still for a moment, his right hand on the upper hem of the shirt, holding it open for you to see his naked front. You bit your lip; God, who would have thought that under that uniform hid such six-pack? Chuckling narcissistically at your blushing cheeks, he eventually slid the cloth off his shoulders, letting it fall on the ground.

The butterflies in your stomach fluttered around like crazy, causing your teeth to dig harder into your lip. He really looked like a stripper from some kind of women-only night club, bare-chested, with his uniform's trousers still on and that policeman-like cap tilted on his eyes. For just a second, the image of him sensually dancing on a pole flashed before your eyes. You immediately chased it away, forcing yourself to come back to reality.

"My, my," he sneered huskily, almost if able to read your mind, "Eager, aren't we?"

You glared at him, instinctively turning your head to the other side as he gently pressed his body against yours. Your soft breasts squished against the warm plain of his chest, causing a stifled whine to slip past your lips. He rubbed softly against you, his strong hands gently sizing your hips; thumbs drawing circles over them. His pelvis slowly grinded against your own, and you couldn't do anything to prevent that persistent shiver from slipping down your spine as something came in contact with your groin. Something warm, vaguely twitching... and hard. If blood could have drained out of your head any faster without making you faint, it probably would have.

The Purple Guy licked his lips with a quiet smack, enjoying the pressure which was making his lower regions stir with anticipation. He didn't really know how he had made it so far, what gave him enough self-control to prevent himself from fucking you senseless the moment he had cut your bra off. Despite this surprised even himself, he could feel the chains restraining him beginning to break, making harder and harder to control himself. He knew by now he should had headed toward the main reason why he brought you here in the first place. Unless he wanted to kill his dick.

Whispering something obscene in your ear, Vincent slowly knelt down, leaving a warm trail of kisses all the way down your naked belly. He momentarily paused to nip at your navel, teeth pulling at the vulnerable skin while his fingers worked at the clasp of your trousers, easily popping it open. Clenching the slider between his teeth, he then dragged it down, fluidly unfastening the zipper. The fabric went loose around your waist, allowing him to easily pull the bothersome piece of clothing down your thighs, exposing your bra-matching panties. A wet spot could be seen right between your legs, staining the silky fabric of a darker shade.

Vincent's pale irises filled with lustful glee. "I expected you to be wet at this point, but to think you were such a bitch to soak yourself that much..." He tutted, meeting your gaze as if to be witness of your dishonour. "You really are a bad little night guard."

You weren't completely sure about Vincent's response time, nor if you would have been able to actually hit him if you were to bring your knee up into that mocking smirk. You previously had a demonstration about how amazing his reflexes were, and you had no intention of making an attempt of doubtful success when the side effects would have been finding yourself with a knife deep-planted into your heart. For these obvious reasons, you opted for the alternative B, limiting yourself at a disgusted glare as a low *fuck you* hissed from between your lips. He simply replied with a grin, sliding your trousers further down.

Having get rid of the last obstacle, the Purple Guy pushed your thighs further apart, wanting to give a better look at the results of his work.

His soft breath tickled your wet regions, making you instinctively try to close your legs but the hands digging firmly into your flesh prevented you. You groaned uncomfortably, grimacing in shame by having his face so close to your most private spot. So close his lips could have given it a kiss, if he
would have wanted to.

Patiently waiting for the right amount of tension to build up in your body, he then leaned his tongue out and gently pressed the tip against the moist fabric.

Your mouth opened with a suffocated gasp, eyes staring wide at the dirty ceiling. Your hips quivered at the new sensation, not having the time to even get used to it as the hot muscle moved upward, licking that precise spot. You balled your hands into fists, sucking air between clenched teeth as your middle suddenly grew hotter, whether was for your main erogenous zone being touched or the mere thought of having your pussy licked through your panties.

His tongue shifted again, torturing your groin as it mercilessly rubbed against your clit, adding more pressure. The stain on your panties expanded, getting darker with juices and saliva until he decided to move it aside, wedging it in the crook of your crotch.

Your genitals shivered as they were suddenly exposed to cold air, making you realize there was now nothing left to protect you from Vincent's scrutiny. You groaned in pure shame, turning your way-beyond red face away.

Flames of lust glittered into the Purple Guy's eyes as he teasingly grazed an index along your shivering folds, feeling you stiffen under the gentle torture. His tongue swept between his lips, eager to violate that untouched flower.

You clenched your stomach, desperately trying to stay strong despite knowing your fate had been decided from the very moment you had entered that room. Thinking about it, would have things turned out differently if you had decided to refuse that promotion? Would you have ended in such situation anyway? Most probably. As far as you knew, Vincent had been planning this for long time and, as you were experiencing at the very moment, he was not a type to be scrupulous when it came to get what he craved for. He even managed to get away with those murders, and he surely would have got away with you as well. The last whit of sanity trickled down your cheeks as the newspaper pictures of the missing children flashed before your eyes, their happy smiles cutting through your heart like sharp daggers. You were about to have sex with their assassin, right on the crime scene... and you would have loved it.

"Please... forgive me-"

Breath caught in your throat as something wet and slightly textured circled your thick lips. It wriggled teasingly, briefly prodding at your entrance before slipping inside with a slick sound.

A throaty groan made its way out of your lungs, your teeth clenching as the mischievous tongue pushed your soft flesh apart. Being careful to not break your hymen yet, the tip slowly started to rotate, gently caressing inner walls with circular movements. "A-aaah~ V-Vinc..." you breathed, feeling as if your very core was about to melt under the Purple Guy's skilled tongue. It wriggled and pushed inside you, causing you to see flashing lights every time a nerve was touched. As a reaction, your already wet cavern leaked with fluids, contracting as if trying to greedily suck the oh-so-pleasant intruder further inside.

You pathetically panted his name, unable to restrain your needs anymore. You wanted to feel more of him. You had to, or you knew you would have gone crazy. Your hands slowly lifted up, causing his cap to fall off as they snaked into his hair. Your fingers slowly buried into that purple forest, so warm and silky against your fingertips.

The corners of his lips twitched against your flesh, happy to see you had finally caved to desire. He purred in appreciation under your touch, the vibrations tickling your sensitive labia. He grabbed your
left thigh and effortlessly lifted it up, demanding better access. The mischievous tongue slid deeper, starting a quicker waving motion while his free hand joined the fun, going to gently rub your erected clitoris with two fingers.

Your head tilted up and lips parted, allowing another groan to slip past them, louder than the previous. Another followed immediately after, mixing with the breathy pants that by now had took complete control of your lungs. A thin, sticky stream dripped down your inner thigh, resulting in a lewd tickle that made your skin shiver with excitement. Your fists tightened on the Purple Guy's thick hair as the need of feeling him devouring your inside became unsustainable, wanting nothing more than finding fulfillment on his tongue.

Just as you felt it getting close (oh, so painfully close!), the appendage of your pleasure suddenly moved away. The unexpected deprivation left you with a feeling of incompleteness, a deep disappointment that manifested itself into low, unsatisfied whine. Your hands tried to pull his head closer, begging him to lick you just a little more, a tiny second, enough for the knot in your middle to finally melt into the ultimate pleasure your body ached for.

He carelessly slapped your hands away, a cruel act that only made a sob rack through your body. He calmly got up, licking the remains of your female essence from his lips as he took a moment to revel into the sight of your beautifully broken face- a mess of hair, sweat and tears. Just how many christsodammed times had he fapped while thinking of it? Yet, it would have been a shame to make you come that way. Let's keep in mind that he wasn't doing it for you, but for himself. Fucking you didn't obligatorily translate into pleasing you. No, for that climacteric moment he had planned something else. Something better, something thicker.

With his patience now having reached a way farther limit than he had ever thought to be possible, Vincent roughly ripped you from the wall and dragged toward the desk. Objects went flying as he used his forearm to sweep all that office crap off from the table before unceremoniously slamming you on it.

Your back hitting the surface got coupled with a chocked cry from your lips, both from the impact and cold. The next thing you remember were your legs being spread open, a stinging feeling between your butt cheeks and the snapping sound of elastic breaking as your panties were torn off. You wanted to cry, curl up into a ball for how ashamed and disgusted you were, but as much as you tried to find the strength to react, the more you realized you had none left.

You heard him unbuckle his belt, then the rapid, scratching sound of a zipper. The Purple Guy couldn't suppress a sigh of relief as his manhood was freed from the hot, constricting confines of his trousers, finally able to stretch in its full length.

Your whole body quivered at the view of such intimidating piece of flesh, proud and erected, jutting up between Vincent's legs. A strange throbbing started to permeate your pussy, as if anticipating its thickness. Your whole body went rigid as you felt Vincent thrust lightly against you, causing the hard shaft to slide smoothly along your opening.

"Tell me," his hands gently settled on your hips, pelvis rocking back slightly before thrusting again, slowly, giving you a chance to contemplate the instrument which would have shortly took your innocence, "How do you think it would feel, if I were to put it all inside you?"

You sucked in- a quick, shallow breath that only made your head spin faster as both the thought of having that thing being forced through you and the hard erection rubbing against your pussy caused your body to twitch. You squeezed your eyes shut as another moan made its way up your throat, only to open them half-lid, being greeted by the sight of Vincent's cock, now appearing, now disappearing behind the valley of your crotch, slicking itself in your juices.
The Purple Guy kept lubricating himself, the warmth radiating from your leaking flesh almost driving him crazy as the anticipation to spread that tight little slit of yours open made his nails dig into your soft sides. Licking his lips, he aligned himself with your entrance; the tip of his shaft nudging dangerously at the pink glistening flesh, threatening to slip in at the slightest push.

"Look at you. Your body's so greedy," he remarked, groaning under his breath by feeling your slick muscles shiver, as if trying to suck him in. "Are you really craving for my dick that much? Is this, perchance, what you were thinking about every time you silently looked at me? Hm?" he smiled down upon you, a wide, starving smile that would have made you curl up in fear, if only you could have moved freely, "Were you just dying to know it- what my fingers, what my tongue... what my *cock* would have felt like?"

Air left your lungs in a rush as the head of his dick pressed firmly against your hole, causing thousands of electric shocks to pool in your middle. Your teeth sank deep into your lip, mixed emotions overwhelming you like a tsunami as your back arched, more out of anticipation and need than in the last, desperate attempt of making things harder for him.

"Well, be happy then... 'cause big daddy Vincent is about to let you have it."

You felt him pressing harder against your pussy, his engorged glans pushing the soft flesh apart until your mouth opened in a chocked cry, realizing with equal horror and delight he had actually begun to slowly sink inside you. Twitches violently rack through your body as you were almost certain your lower regions could rip apart at any moment, feeling your walls stretch painfully as they were forced to accept the intrusion. Your nails scratched against the desk, unable to hold onto something while the Purple Guy forced his way into you; a relentless, excruciating push that didn't stop until you felt the tip of his dick kiss your cervix.

"A-ah... Aah..." Two large rivulets slipped down your cheeks, back arching in utter pain as your slick muscles throbbed around the cock inside you; each tiny contraction resulting in a stinging bliss all the way up your belly. Your vision turned white for a second, eyes rolling back and mouth opening into a loud mewl as all the tension accumulated in your middle suddenly exploded, sending you over the edge.

You heard Vincent grunt above you, his strong fingers sinking enough to leave bruises as your hole clenched hard on him, almost if trying to milk him of the sweet manly essence your womb craved so much for. "*Fuck*, woman..." He had expected you to be small, but now... right now you were practically *strangling* his dick to death.

He let out some raspy breaths, taking a moment to regain his composure- shit, that was close. A tiny bit more, and he would have released before having even started to move; that would have been *fucking* embarrassing. His hips gave a slight quiver, a result of having his whole length deeply buried into the hot confines of a woman's pussy. A woman he had craved to have underneath him since the very moment he met.

These thoughts crossed his mind like cinematic records, your tightness dizzying him to the point to notice only few seconds later the considerable amount of fluids that were now trickling out from your stretched opening, sticky and red in your virginity blood.

He blinked, frowning just slightly as he watched the results of your ejaculation. "Did you just..." His grin stretched from ear to ear, almost not finding the words to express his amusement right now. "Did you just came by merely having my dick tucked inside?!"

His laughs felt like daggers through your chest. They were so cruel and humiliating, only managing to further hurt your already broken spirit. Vincent had just taken everything away from you, yet still
succeeded in making you feel like a piece of trash, seemingly taking so much enjoyment from it.

"You might actually -ungh!- be much more of a slut than I had thought." He slowly pulled his hips backward, relishing the feeling of your slick walls rubbing and squeezing his cock before thrusting back forward, allowing a deep groan to escape his throat.

You grimaced, making a low, incoherent sound of pleasure as much as of agony as your vagina was forcefully violated once more, feeling it expanding and contracting in rhythm with the overpowering intruder. He had already started his own pace, not even worrying about letting you get used to such new, invasive sensation but only caring about satisfying his own urges, like if you were nothing more than a sex toy. And for a reason you couldn't force yourself to understand, it excited you.

"A-aah~!" A string of saliva adorned your gaping mouth as you couldn't refrain from moaning anymore. At this point, it would have been useless to deny it anyway: Vincent felt amazing. His hard dick filled you like a glove, rubbing all the right spots every time it moved and rewarding you with sharp jolts of bliss. As much as you tried to relax, you just couldn't prevent your body from wriggling in pleasure under his firm thrusts, trying to get even the smallest bit of stimulation you could. There wasn't a single shred of love or care in his actions, but right now, you couldn't care less. "A-ah~! Aaah~!" You panted, groaning half-formed pleas and whimpering as your legs locked themselves around the Purple Guy's hips, as if begging him to go deeper. "V-Vin...c-cent~!"

The man above took the look of a starving predator as he licked his lips; a raspy groan punctuating his every move as rammed your core. Having you moaning his name like an insatiable whore filled his cold heart with glee. "You're wriggling like crazy in there," he stated, slamming all the way in to the hilt, "Have I found that spot, did I?"

With your pussy slowly adjusting to his size, moving had by now become easier for him, who could now reward your patience with a series of faster, well targeted thrusts. Slick sounds echoed in the dark room, blending with your pleasured cries every time the hot shaft ran through that wet cavern which was your cunt, ramming hard as if trying to make its way through your womb. Your muscles reacted as the sensitive nerve was struck, wriggling and contracting happily around their own rapist.

"Tell me," the Purple Guy breathed, his grunts sounding so incredibly erotic to your ears, "How does -hunf!- my dick feel like? Does it feel good?"

"I-it's... ah! S-so big~!" you whined, tongue hanging like a panting bitch in heat. "A-a-amazing~!" Unable to hold to anything else, your hands went up to your own chest, starting to fondle yourself in an erotic frenzy. Your fingers clumsily squeezed the soft and sweaty flesh; the nipples peeking from between them, swollen and hard like pearls, begging for attention.

You were gorgeous. To the point Vincent almost couldn't believe all this was actually happening for real. I mean, he was expecting you to break at some point, but the euphoria which was lately taking control of your actions actually surpassed even his imagination. Not that he complained about it.

"Are you finally showing your true nature?" he sneered, deep satisfaction soaking his raspy voice. Your whimpers sounding like the sweetest music, boosting his already bumptious ego. God, if only you could have known the thrill he was experiencing just by looking at your libidinous face. Your wet body shamelessly writhing underneath him and begging for more, like a fallen princess.

More. He needed more.

He pulled himself out, making your unsatisfied body jolt as the sudden emptiness felt almost painful; that glorious, stretching heat being replaced by cruel, cold air. Before your throat could formulate a disappointed whine, you felt yourself being forcefully pulled up from the table. Your legs were weak
and unstable, managing to keep you standing only thanks to Vincent's firm grip on your arms.

He swiftly changed positions, leaning himself against the edge of the desk before pulling you in front of him, allowing your back to rest against his chest so that you were facing the room. He then slipped a hand under your left knee and quickly pulled your leg up, causing your tights to spread open for him once more.

"...Ah!" You gasped sharply, head spinning as a result of the sudden shifting as the tip of his cock prodded at your entrance once again, eager for more. "V-Vin...?" you whimpered, not familiar with the position.

"Hussrh. Just relax," hot breath washed your ear, the whisper of a devil, "You're going to love this." His free hand moved to your hip, pushing you down as he leaded you on the awaiting shaft underneath.

This time, it went in smoothly. Your lubricated walls accommodating him with a slick sound while a deep groan was forced out from your lungs. Your back arched at the long appendage getting inside you for a second time, almost if trying to ease the penetration.

Exhaling pleasurably, he didn't waste time as he resumed to move, pistoning you from behind. From this angle, he could push himself deeper with less effort, reaching your sweet spot with more precision and force.

You leaned back against Vincent's solid chest, by now no more but a puppet in his hands. Your body bounced up and down at each thrust, wanting nothing more than feeling Vincent's delicious dick break you even harder. "S-so good!" you cried lewdly, so loud the whole pizzeria could have actually heard you if people would have still been inside.

"(y/n)," he groaned your name, placing his free hand under your other leg before pulling it up as well, using the desk behind him to support himself. He lifted you up and let the gravity bring you down again, starting to jostle you around with the sole strength of his arms. "Fuck..." he moaned under his heavy breathing, warming the sweaty back of your neck. "Fucking... good..." Bodily fluids squirted in drops from where your organs connected, doing nothing but increase the picture's obscenity. If that would have been even possible.

It wasn't long before Vincent started to feel another sensation pervading him. That tingling, familiar feeling building up with prickly pressure at the base of his cock. He was almost at his limit, and he knew by experience it wouldn't have been long by now. Well, he might as well let you know- he was a gentleman, after all. "I don't... know you, but I'm not-ungh!- gonna be able... to hold it in for much longer."

Wait... what?

No way... He was actually planning to...?

Your fogged mind suddenly filled with panic. "A-ah! V-Vincent! D-don't!" you begged him, your voice reduced to a pitiful cry, barely able to speak under the onslaught, "P-please, anything but this! I beg you -ah!-, d-do it outside!"

"I don't think... you're in the position to order me around, woman," he replied sadistically, enjoying every bit of the terror filling your trembling voice, "Moreover, your body seems wanting it so much. It would be... evil deprive it of such craving desire, don't you think?"

As if answering approvingly, you felt your womb tighten with a pleasurable heat, preparing to
receive what your reproductive instinct predicted would have happened very soon. "N-no..." You weakly tried to wriggle your hips away, but it was useless: there was no escape from Vincent's iron grip.

His dick clenched so hard, but this time not by the muscles around it. The stiffness came more by the organ itself, so engorged it had become almost painful. The Purple Guy held back, wanting to savour this moment before finally giving in. He must recognize it- it was hard. The skin around his cock felt so tight, begging him for release.

"Prepare yourself," he panted through his grinning teeth, "It's gonna be a thick load!" His words could have sound mocking, but his tone was tense and unsteady. A few more strong shoves, and he realized he couldn't hold back any longer, not matter how hard he tried. "Graaah!" With a liberating groan, he came hard.

Thick ribbons of white semen flooded your insides, the feeling making you throw your head back. "Aaaaah!" You screamed loudly, your face contorting into a grimace of horror and ecstasy as your womb got filled with warm liquid, sending you over the edge a second time. You pulsed tightly around the releasing dick, giving it some few, last, fleeting squeezes while your whole form was racked with quivers.

"Ah... ah..." You lay slump, body hanging from Vincent's grip as his essence kept coming out, filling you to the brim with its hot sliminess. Soupy excess trickled from your hole, dripping along the Purple Guy's member and onto the floor at his feet.

Behind you, a standing man held you up, trembling. His pelvis still connected to yours, his body unmoving except for the irregular shudders that worked all their way through you. His dick was still pulsing with aftershocks, a consequence of the overwhelming orgasm. He let out a throaty sigh, expression of his relief as he waited for his release to stop flowing, wanting to make sure not a single drop went wasted.

Silence had returned to reign supreme over the restaurant. In an office past the scraps room, a lone body lay lax, motionless and limp against the cold floor; seemingly dead if not for the heaving breathing and faint, almost imperceptible tremors that still shook the sad form.

The air was frigid, biting at your dirty skin. Filthy liquids trickled out from your violated hole, by now getting cold as they slowly slid down your tights, pooling where the floor and your flesh touched. Disgusting. Every part of you felt slimy and disgusting. If only you had tears left to cry. Unfortunately, your eyes had by now grown dry, being able to merely stare in the dark and nothing more.

A quiet rustle came from another corner of the room as the Purple Guy neatly tucked himself back in his pants, shimming them up into the right place. "If someone were to find out that you left your station and seduced a mentor colleague, you would immediately get fired." He picked his shirt up from the ground, brushing away some eventual dirt before sliding his arms into its sleeves. "Not to mention how your reputation would be tarnished as well," words rolled nonchalantly out his tongue, his fingers calmly buttoning his uniform up, "Voices tends to travel fast around here and, trust me, no one is interested in hiring a lecherous absentee."

Those cruel words felt like kicks in the stomach, making you want to puke. How could he say something like that with such calm demeanour? You hugged yourself tighter, fingers digging into your arms as if in a vain attempt to find comfort, to protect yourself from the dark future which awaited you.
"Here's what we're going to do: I'll tell the others that you suddenly felt sick and I gave you my permission to go back home," he briefly looked around for his necktie and hat, finding them eventually, "You're going to get out of here, get straight home and do one, simple thing..."

He bent over you, eyes relishing the results of his hard work. "Keep. Quiet."

You didn't look up at Vincent; you couldn't find it in yourself to meet those eyes. "You're... not going... to get away with this..."

"Oh, love," a wicked yet gleeful grin curling his lips, "I already have."

Your whole form jolted as a box of tissues was thrown to you. "I suggest you to clean yourself and get dressed," he warned, "This place will open in one hour. Try to run away, and I swear, I'll find you." He turned away, stopping to pick up something from the ground before looking back at you one last time. "Don't care if I keep these, do you?" he smiled, holding up your ripped panties in one hand, "It's not that you can wear them anyway."

With that, the man you once fell in love with started to walk away, playfully swirling your underwear while whistling the show's peculiar song, soon vanishing in the darkness just like he had appeared.

As silence engulfed you, many conflicting emotions suddenly bombarded you. You had by now given up in trying to get courage. Broken, filthy, used. Your heart laying in shatters as much as your human's pride. This was the reality. And you were just being told to go home?

You cried quietly, alone as you curled up on the cold floor, sore and in pain. You ached all over, and still felt slightly full since Vincent's cum was yet inside you. You shivered as the mere thought was almost enough to make you throw up. A person you would have trusted on without any doubt until a few hours ago, not only was a murderer, but had also just deprived you of your most prudish and precious dignity. Those words seemed too fictionary to use, but you knew it was true. But... God, why it had to be him?

What were you were supposed to do now? Just leave? Vincent's last words resounded in your mind. No matter how you looked at it, there was nothing you could do at the moment, and you knew it. You were too aching and tired to think about a solution anyway. At least, you would have had time to reflect, reflect about how from now your life would have never been like before.

No matter how unreal it may have sounded. You were, as the expression goes, a sex captive.

You weakly reached out a hand to grab a tissue, not wanting to spend a single second more in that fucking place. As pitiful as it sounded, as that terrifying night came to an end, you found no other solution other than just get dressed, go home and crawl in bed, even if it was far from brave.

The End (?)

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