**Katie's CNC**

by Krazy\_Organized\_Chaos

**Katie's CNC Pt. 04**

*Katie and Blake comes to an end?*

I could feel the warm dry air as we entered the cabin. The storm was picking up outside and the rain was loud on the roof. The voices of Blake and his friend were fading in and out. I could hear them but was still unable to open my eyes or move my arms and legs.

"Blake this is going to end badly, just like Florida." The friend said.

Florida? I thought.... What happened in Florida?

"Will you shut the fuck up?" Blake replied. I felt him lay me on the bed. I attempted to move my arms, willing my eyelids to open, but they wouldn't. I didn't know what they gave to me, but between that and the taser I couldn't move.

"You saw and heard yourself, she wanted to continue." Blake stated, I felt the familiar shackles get closed around my ankles. "You saw the contract, she signed off on it, my lawyer looked it over and it is ironclad. She has the power to stop any time she wants, and she checked off and initialed each thing she wanted to participate in, she checked that mind altering drugs were ok."

I did check that, I thought to myself. I assumed it was something like weed, I had no idea whatever it was would leave me incapacitated.

"Besides," Blake said, "We don't touch her while she is like this, when she comes to, that is when we can, then she has the ability to say stop."

I heard them walk out of the room and close the door. I continued to lay there unable to move, and everything faded again. At least Blake seemed to have some sort of moral compass and wouldn't touch me while I am like this, I hoped.

I could feel a cold washcloth on my face as my eyes fluttered open. Blake was washing my face, and I was covered by a heavy blanket.

"You tried to run Katie, I warned you about that." He chastised.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" I yelled, "I didn't agree to become incapacitated."

"You agreed to the drugs, I suppose we should have discussed that more." Blake replied.

"Well, I am rescinding that here and now." I stated while turning my head away from him. "Blake, I have to leave today, I am due back at work tonight, unshackle me and let's go home."

"You have been called in sick Katie Cat, I will cover your lost wages." Blake said flatly, "As I have stated before, you are mine to do with as I wish. And currently, you need to be taught a lesson for running and putting yourself in danger by going outside."

"YOU had someone else stalk me, I saw the black Nissan," I replied back, "I made noise when I left to make it fun, and then I saw the Nissan, that's a deal breaker."

"You know what you have to say to break the contract." Blake said smugly as he took the blanket off the bed.

"I'm not saying that and giving you an out, I want to continue. I want you Blake," I said pleadingly, "I want the old Blake, side of the road spanks Blake."

"Katie, you saw what you wanted, I have and always will be the same," Blake replied, "And I warned you."

With his final word Blake. His friend came through the door with a bowl from the kitchen and set it on the dresser. Blake loosened the restraints on my legs and crossed the chains over.

"You will sit up and eat, as you slept the entire day and its now evening, and then you will get on your hands and knees Katie Cat." Blake stated while pulling me up into a sitting position. I crossed my arms in front of me sitting and pouting.

"What the fuck, is it really that late?" I asked.

"Yes, now eat." Blake stated handing me a plate of food.

"Why? Is this laced with something else?" I smirked while taking the plate and looking at it.

"No Katie," Blake sighed, "It is not laced, you revoked consent on mind alterations, therefore that will no longer be used."

I stared at the plate cautiously, and then back at Blake. I was too hungry to turn it down and began digging into the chicken and pasta. Blake really did know how to cook. As I finished the food, I felt reenergized and better than I had when I first woke up.

"Since you've finished," Blake stated as he took the plate from me, "Now is time for punishments. You will go back to only speaking when spoken to. Do you understand?"

"Yes SIR," I said smugly, and smirking as I stared at Blake.

"You're really sure you want to get an attitude now after last night Katie Cat?" Blake stated staring back at me.

I sat staring and just laughed at Blake, egging him on.

"So be it," Blake stated, "You want to push buttons, I can do the same. Hands and knees, NOW."

I flipped over and raised myself to my hands and knees. My muscles aching from the day before and for sleeping for so long. I lowered my head to my hands, waiving my ass in the air, hoping that Blake would get the hint and start spanking.

"Oh Katie Cat," Blake laughed, "You think you have any say still. I haven't done a good enough job breaking you down. You will get spanks, but not as you desire."

Blake's friend grabbed the bowl from the dresser, grabbed something from one of the drawers, and came over to the bed. They set the bowl down and it was filled with ice, and something metal that was shaped weird. Then they laid down a paddle, that was wooden, with raised metal bumps on it.

"Do you know what this is Katie?" Blake stated, taking the metal item out of the bowl of ice.

"No Sir." I replied grinning at the thought of spanks.

"This Katie is a butt plug." Blake replied and my grin dropped. "It is a smaller one as we have not used these yet, but due to your attitude, you need to chill out, hopefully this will do the trick."

Blake smirked as he took a tube of lube from the bowl as well and squirted some on my ass as well as the plug. My ass puckered at the sensation, and before I had time to adjust, Blake had the plug at my opening. He pulled my hair so that my head was facing up and pushed the plug into my tight ass. Once in, I shuddered at the cold feeling, and it felt like my goosebumps had goosebumps.

Blake ran his cold hand down my back and under me pulling at my nipples. My breasts were still bruised from the day before and stung as he pulled them. My body began to respond to him, wanting him to touch me more.

"I do believe Katie Cat is enjoying this feeling." Blake stated.

As the last word fell out of Blake's mouth, his friend brought a swift strike to my ass with the paddle. The sensation sending a jolt through my body, between Blake's fingers on my nipple, and the paddle jostling the plug in my ass.

They continued this for 25 spanks. And I could feel my ass was on fire by 25. I began to moan after each spank and could feel my pussy dripping down my thigh. Blake's fingers never left my nipples, pulling and tugging at them, when all I wanted was his hands to move lower to my clit.

"Please Sir, fuck my or touch me." I pleaded looking at Blake.

"I don't believe you were spoken to Katie Cat." Blake laughed as he pulled his hands away. "For saying that, 25 more spanks, and don't hold back." He said motioning to his friend.

By the end of another 25 hits of the paddle, my ass was raw and had several cuts on it from the raised areas of the paddle. Blake came over and again rubbed some cream on my ass, which cooled it off some and felt good. Afterwards Blake reached down and unshackled my feet. I turned and went to sit on my ass, it already felt as if it was bruising.

"Windows are locked now Katie Cat," Blake stated, "So no more running. But I didn't say you could sit. Turn sideways on the bed and remain on your hands and knees."

I turned as instructed but wanting to just sit and rest. If Blake wasn't going to touch or fuck me, then what the hell did he want? I thought to myself. I looked up to see the friend dropping his pants in front of my face and could hear Blake unzipping his own pants. Fuck.

"You will suck off my friend Katie." Blake stated, as he walked behind me, and pulled my hair so that I was facing his friend's erect cock. "And I will be behind you, fucking you and pushing you onto his cock."

Blake kept a firm grip on my hair, and I moaned as he slammed into me. I was so worked up from the spanking and nipple stimulation that I could feel I was already close to orgasm.

"Open your mouth Katie Cat," Blake said as he pushed his cock into me and stayed still, I could feel it pulsing. "Be a good whore that you are for me."

I opened my mouth and took the friends cock halfway into my mouth. I began to pull away as Blake, cock still buried inside me, pushed his hips into my ass and pushed my mouth onto the friend's cock, pushing it deep in my throat. I gagged as it hit the back of my throat, and attempted to pull away, but couldn't move. I was pinned between Blake and his friend, all my holes filled with cock and the butt plug.

We stayed in the same position for what seemed like several minutes, unmoving. I attempted to move my hips against Blake, grinding into him, to at least get some relief from my body wanting to orgasm. I went to work on the friends' cock with my tongue, sucking and swallowing his cock into my throat, making me gag.

As I began getting more into the blow job, Blake began moving his cock in and out of me again, easing his grip on my hair. Within minutes I was close to orgasm and my body began to tense up. I could feel that both Blake and his friend was close as well.

Blake's friend began to cum in hot spurts in my mouth, so much that it dripped down my chin even though I swallowed a lot of it. As he withdrew his now soft cock from my mouth, Blake began pounding my pussy harder, and I could feel the bruising on my ass with each thrust. Just as my body tensed as I was close to cumming, Blake pulled out the butt plug, and began fucking my ass as he reached around and stroked my clit. I gasped, and within seconds I was cumming hard and I could feel his cock cumming in my ass.

I collapsed on the bed, Blake on top of me, half soft cock still in my ass. I was trying to catch my breath, when Blake pulled off of me, and I gasped again at the feeling. Blake bent over and kissed me on the back of the head simply stating "Good girl" before they both left the room.

I laid there, still in shock at what just happened. My body still coming down from all of the sensations, and the fact that Blake just fucked my ass, and I was with two people at once.

I got up and went to the bathroom to clean myself up. I was bruised all over, my boobs, my ass, my wrists and ankles, and my cheek was also a light purple, likely from falling in the rain. I enjoyed bruising, but this was a bit much. I peed, got cleaned up, and went back to the room. I curled up on the bed and my emotions came over me.

I could hear Blake and his friend downstairs talking and laughing like what they just did was nothing. I began to cry and thinking that maybe I had Blake pegged all wrong. I thought he cared about me the first couple of times we met up, but maybe he didn't, and this was just a transaction to him. As I pulled the blanket over me, I could feel it slide over my bruised ass and I began to cry more at the sensation. I wanted nothing more than for Blake to come and cuddle me, tell me it was ok, but he had never really done that, I thought to myself as I fell asleep.

I was awoken by Blake, tying my wrists together intricately with some rope. I attempted to pull my wrists away, still wanting to sleep. It felt like I had only been sleeping for a couple hours. In all reality, I had lost track of time, and the gloomy clouds outside didn't help in telling what time of day it was.

"Don't struggle Katie Cat," Blake stated, "On second thought, do struggle, more fun for me." Blake laughed as he stated the last line.

I looked up and the rope was connected to a hook on the ceiling. Blake pulled on the rope, and it pulled my wrists above my head, forcing me to sit up on the bed. Blake's friend came over and laid on the bed beside me.

"Blake, I don't want to do anything else with him." I said pleadingly, "Let me go please, I have work, and I need some rest."

"You know how to stop this, Katie Cat." Blake said with a flat tone. "You safeword, and it stops."

"But I want you still." I stated.

"You will want what I say you want," Blake replied, "and right now, you want to straddle my friend. Don't worry, he won't fuck you.... Yet."

I lifted my leg over and straddled the friend's hips. His soft cock was resting between his legs, but I could feel it slightly twitch when I sat my ass on it. My hands were stretched about my head, and I had just enough room to sit on him comfortably, but if I lifted myself up my legs ached and were tired, and if I lowered myself my arms pulled hard against the rope.

Blake handed his friend a wand vibrator. And then Blake went and sat in a chair at the head of the bed. Blake's friend turned on the vibrator and set it on his stomach close to my thighs. He reached up and began caressing my sore and bruised boobs. It hurt but felt good to have the touch at the same time.

"Are you enjoying his touch Katie Cat?" Blake asked, "Tsk Tsk, remember you cum for no one but me. You won't like me if you do."

What the fuck did that mean? I thought in my head as I stifled back a moan, wishing the vibrator would move closer to my clit. I rocked my hips slightly trying to get closer to the vibrator, as Blake's friend began twisting and rubbing my nipples.

"Oh, you want this do you?" Blake's friend gave a creepy grin while looking down at the vibrator, "You should have said something, though you aren't going to like this."

As he finished his sentence, he placed the vibrator directly under my pussy, where it was hitting my clit just right. I began to see why exactly my wrists were tied above my head. No matter how I moved, something on my body ached, and if I lowered myself too far onto the vibrator, I could feel myself close to orgasm.

"Please Sir," I stated while looking at Blake, "Can I cum, please?" I pleaded.

"You will not cum until I touch you, Katie Cat." Blake replied, grinning like a kid in a candy shop.

It wasn't long until I felt like I could no longer hold back. My pussy was so wet, it was dripping down myself and onto Blake's friends' cock, which was now rock-hard poking my ass. I couldn't raise my legs too much off the vibrator, or I knew that his cock would spring up and I would have to sit on it, burying it in my pussy.

Both Blake and his friend were grinning from ear to ear looking at me. I could no longer hold back, and I lowered myself onto the vibrator and began to orgasm over and over.

"Pl...lease." I begged between ragged breaths, "Pleaseee. Take. It. Away."

"Oh no Katie Cat," Blake smirked, "You chose to cum without my touch, it will stay there."

I continued to orgasm over and over, grinding onto the hips of Blake's friend. I looked Blake dead in the eyes, lifted myself up, and sunk my pussy down onto his friend's hard cock. Between the vibrator and his cock, I could feel myself on the brink of squirting again and continued to stare Blake down as I rode his friend, and orgasmed once more, flooding the bed.

Blake walked over to the bed, slapping me in the face.

"That wasn't very nice of you Katie, you forget who you belong to." Blake stated.

Blake walked behind me, as I sunk back down on his friends' cock, grinning that I was pushing at least some of Blake's buttons. I heard Blake drop his pants, and all I could think was how he planned on fucking me with his friend there. I began to try to pull myself off, when I felt Blake's hands on my shoulders, pushing me back down onto his friend.

"Oh no Katie Cat, you wanted to ride him?" Blake stated rhetorically, "Then you fucking ride him while I ride you."

Blake handed his friend a pair of what looked like chip bag clips attached to a chain. He reached up and clipped one to each of my nipples, the cold chain falling to my belly. The sensation stung as my nipples were already overly sensitive, and I wanted to take them off, but had no way to.

I felt Blake come up behind me, and the familiar squirt of lube on my ass. Oh fuck, I thought to myself, that's what he means by ride me.

"Blake, I don't want you both in me at once like that." I said, trying to pull at the rope but it was tight, and I had nowhere to go.

"You have no choice Katie Cat, safeword or we proceed." Blake stated, "Now, lean forward some so I can get a good angle."

I sat still, wishing I had use of my arms and hands. Refusing to move. Blake's friend grabbed the chain, yanking it so that it pulled on my nipples until I moved my chest forward. The clamps bit into my nipples hard the more he pulled on them. As I slid forward slightly, I could feel Blake's hard cock on my ass and pushing into it.

"Blake please," I pleaded, even though part of me wanted to see how it would feel, "No, this is not something I wanted to agree to. Just stop."

"Safeword Katie Cat." Blake stated as he began to get into a rhythm of fucking my ass.

As Blake picked up speed, his friend also began to move his hips below me, both of their cocks moving in unison in and out of me. The vibrator was tossed to the floor, and Blake's friend kept his grip on the nipple clamp chain. With is other hand he reached out next to him and pulled out the large kitchen knife. I began to breathe quicker, panicking at the thought of what he was going to do with it.

Blake held my hair out and with one slice, took off a good 3 inches from one side. He trailed the knife down my face, resting it on one of my boobs just above the nipple. Just as Blake thrust into my ass once more, it pushed me forward onto the knife just enough to make a cut, but it wasn't deep. Blake's friend laughed at my panicking and licked my blood from the knife before stabbing it into the bed next to my leg.

As they began to pick up speed I began to panic more, unable to breathe, thinking of how my hands were tied up and I was unable to move in any direction or even get away. Blake's friend began to pull on the chain, so my nipples and tits were pulled straight out from my body, I couldn't move, pulled between my arms above my head and my nipples feeling like they were being pulled from my body. I began to cry at the sensation, it was no longer feeling good, and I was regretting my decision to fuck Blake's friend in front of him, pushing my luck with his response.

Blake and his friend began laughing at my reaction, their cocks still moving in and out of me, picking up the pace. I could feel they were getting close to orgasm, but I couldn't hold out.

Between deep breaths, trying to calm my panic, all I could get out was "Monkey".

"Fuck." Blake stated as he pulled out of my ass. I grimaced as he did so, my ass throbbing, and tears beginning to stream down my face as I continued to hyperventilate.

Blake's friend dropped the nipple clamp chain, removed the nipple clamps, and pulled out of my pussy himself before scooting out from underneath me. I was still unable to move, my arms still strung up above my head. At least they stopped, I thought to myself.

"I told you this was a bad idea, Blake." His friend stated in an angry tone as he dressed himself.

"Quit being an asshole and help me get her down." Blake replied, glaring at his friend.

They cut the rope that was stringing me up, and I collapsed on the bed, unable to hold myself up. I continued to cry, unable to catch my breath. They slowly unwrapped the rope from my wrists and began putting their items in their bag. Blake came over and sat on the bed next to me, holding a bottle of Gatorade.

"Shhh Katie Cat," Blake said in a low voice while kissing my forehead, "Come lay close to me and drink this, hydration will help."

I did as I was told and drank the entire bottle, I was definitely thirsty. I curled up on Blake's lap nuzzling his neck as he put his arms around me. He felt like my Blake again, the one in the parking lot and dinner. The one sending me cute notes and food at work.

"Just rest Katie," Blake, "Everything will be ok when you wake up."

I began to drift to sleep but fighting it because I didn't want to know what Blake would do to me next. Between my exhaustion and the warmth from Blake's chest, within minutes I was unable to keep my eyes open and fell asleep with his arms around me.

I squinted at the light shining through my window, my head pounded as it got used to the bright light and I pulled the flannel sheet over my head. The sun was bright and all the clouds from the previous days were gone. I suddenly realized that the cabin was quiet. Eerily quiet.

"Blake?!?" I called out while sitting up in bed. My head spinning as I sat up. How long was I sleeping? I wondered...

I put my legs over the side of the bed. I was wearing a tank top and pajama shorts; I couldn't remember putting them on. The last thing I remembered was my head on Blake's chest.

I looked around the room, getting my bearings. My head still pounded, and every muscle in my body ached. My wrists were still sore and raw from the restraints and rope, and were already a purplish-blue color, they would likely be more bruised over the next day.

I looked around and everything was gone. The bed was moved back by the window, Blake's bags were gone. There was no sign of him or the friend. I stood up and tore the sheet off the bed. The cut in the mattress was there from the knife.

I walked over to the door cautiously and listened. There was no sound coming from downstairs and I slowly opened my door and made my way down the stairs. Everything appeared to be in its place. And no sign of Blake or his friend. My cell phone sitting on the table began to buzz and I picked it up. 30 missed calls and over a hundred texts, what the fuck.

Most were from my roommate or work, asking where I was and why I was a no call no show.... Fuck.... Blake said he called me off. I tried to call my roommate but anytime the call connected, it immediately dropped. Crappy middle of nowhere service, ugh.

I grabbed my keys and shoes and went towards the door. I paused at the door, where the lock had been the day before. Running my fingers over the smooth door trim. There was no trace of a lock ever being there. My heart started racing not knowing what was going on exactly.

I stopped on the porch remembering my flat tires. As I walked over to my car, I walked around and all four tires were fine, inflated, and perfectly drivable. I chose to ignore it and got in my car and began driving home.

When I finally had good service, I pulled over at the gas station, and began texting Blake....

Katie: Blake where the fuck are you?

Katie: Why did you leave?

Katie: What is going on? Fucking answer me!!!

I got out and got some gas, waiting several minutes for a reply. But nothing.

"Umm, are you ok Miss?" The lady at the pump next to me asked.

"Yes, no, I don't know." I got out as I burst into tears.

"Do you need the police? Did something happen to you?" She quizzed me more.

"No, nothing, I'm fine, I just need to get home." I sputtered out before jumping in my car and driving again before she had a chance to call the police.

I began calling Blake's cell. It just kept going to voicemail. He probably turned off his phone and went to work, I told myself... yeah that's it. I continued to drive and called my roommate next.

"Katie??? What that fuck? Where are you?" Jess yelled in my ear.

"I'm on my way home Jess. I was with Blake. He disappeared; I don't know where he went. I told him to stop, and he stopped but he won't answer my call." I replied sobbing into the phone.

"What? Who is Blake? Is that the guy you went out with like once? Told him to stop what? Katie we were 2 hours away from making a missing person's report." Jess continued to yell, "We didn't know where your parent's cabin was, work said you didn't show for a second day in a row, we have all been worried as fuck!"

"I was so stupid Jess, I thought he liked me." I began to cry harder, as I pulled over the car.

"Katie where are you?" Jess said in a calmer tone.

"Driving, on my way back, I'm about 30 minutes away still, I pulled over." I said sniffling.

"Ok here is what you are going to do, put your phone up, and just get home safe. Talking like this is going to do no good and you need to concentrate on driving." Jess replied.

"Ok, I will see you soon." I said as I hung up, still crying.

I drove over the speed limit most of the way home. Just wanting to get there, and see Jess, and sleep in my own bed. I kept going over the previous few days in my head. Blake made the cabin to look like he was never there, but he was. He said he called me off work, but he didn't. And now he isn't answering my calls or texts. I remembered the emails we had back and forth and would have to try to email him when I got home.

I pulled onto my road and found a place to park. As I saw several neighbors walking down the sidewalk, I suddenly became very aware of how I looked. Pajamas with no undies, my hair hadn't been brushed in days, and I had very clear bruises on several parts of my body. I looked around my car and found a hoodie, throwing it on despite it being almost 80 degrees outside.

I pulled the hood over my head and made my way to the front of my building, hoping no one would notice or stop me, and that I could just make it to my apartment in peace. I had just hit my floor button in the elevator when my neighbors across the hall walked into the lobby. I quickly hit the "doors close" button, I hated doing it, but I couldn't do the small talk or questions.

I walked into my apartment and threw my keys on the table as normal. Jess jumped up from the couch and ran over to me, embracing me in a big hug, squeezing me tight. I winced and moaned at her hug, every bruise on me hurting from the embrace.

"What? Why did you do that?" Jess stated as she pulled away, "Are you hurt? Is that why you've been MIA?"

"I.... I don't even know where to start..." I broke down in sobs again.

Jess directed me over to the couch and I sat next to her, again wincing as I sat. My bruises painfully beginning to make themselves known. I slowly began to pull the hoodie over my head and threw it on the couch. Sitting there still sobbing.

"Oh my fucking god Katie," Jess gasped at seeing me, while taking my hand and examining my wrist, "Who did this to you? Were you kidnapped? You need to go to the hospital!"

"It... it was..." I struggled to find the words to even explain.

"Who Katie?" Jess asked again, "Come on let's go to the hospital."

"No!" I yelled, tears streaming down my face again. All I could think in my head was if I did that, Blake would definitely not talk to me again.

"Katie, you need to get checked out, you are SO bruised up!" Jess stated firmly, then her voice getting softer "Uh Katie... were you raped? If so, you need checked out, the sooner the better."

"No Jess... this was... it was all my idea." I said softly, "I reached out to him. I signed the contract. I told him I would."

"Katie, what are you talking about?" Jess stared at me like I was crazy, "What contract? I don't understand. You asked this guy to beat you?"

"Umm... no... not exactly..." I replied, "Hold on, I can show you."

I went to my room to grab my laptop. Weird... it was on my bed, but I know I left it on my desk when I left. But after the last week who knows where I left it. I sat back on the couch and booted it up. I pulled up my email and began scrolling.

"Fuck..." I yelled.

"What?" Jess asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's not here..." I began crying again, and hyperventilating, unable to catch my breath, "The email.... Not here... it was here, his emails.... None of them... the contract...."

"What are you talking about Katie?" Jess said again being pushy, "Take a deep breath and try to calm down."

I continued to hyperventilate unable to catch my breath. I began to take deeper breaths in an attempt to talk to her again... "My emails," I said, "Each one from him... they're all gone."

"Katie's that's it, this is weird," Jess replied, "Come on, we are going to the hospital, getting you checked out and calling the police."

I sat there motionless, staring at my computer screen. I began rapidly clicking all my folders. My inbox, saved folder, sent folder... even my autocomplete in the email address bar... all wiped clean of any trace of Blake. I clicked over to my downloads and where I had saved the contract on my computer, and those too were gone.

Jess kept talking, though I couldn't make out what she was saying. I just stared at the screen, not comprehending what was going on. Last thing I remembered was Jess running over to me before everything went black.

"Do you know what happened to her?" I heard a man say in between random high-pitched beeps. What the fuck was that sound? That's annoying.

"I don't know," Jess replied to him, "She went missing for almost 2 days, your asshole friend at the station said we couldn't make a report yet, and then she showed up today looking like that, going on about some contract and a guy she went out with one time."

"Any details on this guy? Name, address, phone number?" The man asked.

Fuck, shut up Jess, was all I could think to myself. I pushed to open my eyes against the bright lights. Double fuck, she took me to the hospital.

"No, nothing..." Jess replied, standing in the doorway, talking to the police officer, "Katie! About fucking time. Doctor!"

A woman, maybe in her 40's, walked into the room and began examining me.

"Katie, do you know where you are?" The doctor asked.

"Umm, yes, the hospital I think." I replied, "Is all this really necessary? I am fine, really. Just shook up."

"Katie, do you know what happened to you? All this bruising on your body?" The doctor questioned while checking over my vitals and bandages on my wrists.

"Yes, it's nothing, I'm fine." I stated firmly, "Jess is just overreacting, I was upset and it's ok."

"The fuck I am!" Jess yelled, "Katie you were missing and fucking look at you!"

"No need for yelling," the doctor stated, staring intently at Jess, "Katie we need to know who did this to you, these are some pretty bad bruises. When you came in you were unconscious, and you had Xanax and trace amounts of Morphine in your blood work, have you been taking anything?"

"What? No, I don't take any meds," I replied, "I'm fine, it was all consensual, I signed up for it. Please just stop."

"Katie, you said he isn't answering you now, and your emails are gone," Jess stated looking at me pleadingly, "Please tell them, this isn't ok."

"Look, it was a contract, I signed it, for some bdsm play," I replied beginning to cry, "Blake cares about me, or he wouldn't have .... stopped."

"Well Katie, the police are involved now, so we need your cooperation," The officer stated bringing his notebook back out, "Give us the name, phone number, and info on this Blake, if it checks out and you are not pursuing charges, then that is fine. But considering you were potentially drugged and assaulted, we need to at least verify your story."

"Charges?!? Jess seriously what the fuck, he will never call me back now," I began crying harder, while checking my phone, and still no contact from Blake. I open my texts and notice the error message next to each one I had sent, "Failed to send".

"Just to verify Katie, the charges' part may be up to you, pending your story and this 'contract' checks out," the officer stated in a lower voice this time.

"Fine. His name is Blake Skinowitz, he works at the Harvey Corporation as OSHA inspector, and this is his number and email," I stated as I showed the officer the screen.

"And you haven't heard from this Blake since you left the cabin?" The officer asked.

"No, I safeworded," I replied, it suddenly hitting me, and I lowered my voice, "I safeworded and he said he would leave if I did...."

Fuck, I thought he was kidding. The contract did state all play would end should I utilize a safe word, but I thought that meant just at the time. I didn't think he was serious or that it was all together. What if I never saw him again? I curled up in a ball in the bed, pulling the blanket around me.

"I am going to go run this info, and contact this company, my sister-in-law works in HR, so it shouldn't take long to track him down." The office stated as he left the room.

"Well Katie, your injuries are mostly just surface bruises and abrasions, and you are dehydrated some." The doctor stated, though I was barely listening, thinking over the contract in my head, "You can go home this afternoon after some fluids, but you will be hurting for a good week or so from the bruising and may feel groggy from those medications."

I continued to lay there, saying nothing. Still processing whether Blake was really gone or not... There's no way he didn't care for me, after all we did, the dinner, the emails and food he sent. He had to care about me.

"I already took off so I can take care of her for a couple days." Jess replied to the doctor.

The doctor left the room and Jess went over and sat in the chair next to my bed. We sat in silence for what felt like forever. My body aching from all the bruises and days of being physical. I just wanted to go to sleep again but my mind wouldn't let me. A nurse came in once to change out my fluids bag and asked something. I just ignored her and shook my head no to whatever it was.

"Katie, you know I love you, and I may not understand everything you are saying," Jess finally said, breaking the silence, "But I am here for you if you want to talk about it."

"There's nothing to say right now Jess," I replied softly, "I'm just processing."

"Well, when you do want to talk," Jess replied, "I am here, and we will binge on ice cream and pizza in that order. But I won't push you on it if you don't want to talk about it yet."

We continued to sit in silence for some time longer, when I could see the officer stop at the nurse's station. He began talking to the nurse and doctor, while they all looked in the direction of my room. Something told me that he didn't have good news.

They all made their way to my room, and I sat up in the bed.

"So?" I questioned, "Did Blake verify everything, and can everyone drop this?"

"Katie..." The officer's voice trailed off, "I don't know exactly how to say this, but there is no trace of a Blake Skinowitz."

"No, you did something wrong." I stated and pulled out my phone, "See I will call him, and he will answer, you'll see."

The officer looked at the doctor and Jess, shrugging. I hit Blake's number and put it on speaker. It rang once and then...

"The number you have dialed is no longer in service, if you feel you have reached this message in error, please hang up and try your call again." came from the speaker.

"No no no no, this is his number, I know it is." I said trying the number a second and third time only to get the same message.

"Katie, Blake doesn't exist, at least this person you thought was Blake." The officer stated, "My sister-in-law said no one by that name works at Harvey, and their OSHA rep in the company is a woman in her 50's. The number you gave is a burner number as well, and untraceable."

"What... what does this mean?" I replied, staring at my phone.

"Well, this man deceived you Katie, he gave you false information. I need you to give me his description, any other info you think you know about him so we can try to track him down. Now this is considered an assault case." The office replied.

"He was taller, maybe 6-foot, short sandy blond hair, medium build like not super muscular but not a lot of fat on him. Oh!" I yelled, "I have a picture! And his profile from Fetlife where we met."

I pulled out my phone, scrolling my texts. His texts were gone, not even in my trash. I pulled up my pictures, and the same, no trace of the picture I saved of him. What the fuck? How did he get through my phone as well? I questioned in my head. I pulled up my Fetlife profile going through my messages and my heart sank.

"Do you have more to show Katie?" The officer asked.

"Well, no..." I began crying again, "I had pictures, and our messages are all gone, and I don't understand, it was all here!"

"It's ok Katie, we will start with this, and if you think of anything else over the next few days, here is my card, please call and let me know." The officer stated. I took the card in my hand and just sat there staring at my phone and the missing messages. Even in the group Blake posted in, the profile he had.... All gone.

The officer motioned for Jess and the doctor to go outside. They closed the door most of the way but failed to ensure it latched, so it cracked open a bit.

"Jess, does she have any history of mental illness?" The officer asked.

"What? No!" Jess replied, "We've been roommates for a few years and friends for a few years before that, Katie has always been a fun and happy person."

"Any family history maybe?" The officer asked.

"No, her parents are great." Jess replied.

"Well either this guy is great at disappearing," the officer said, "Or she has made up some kind of story in her head to cover/protect herself from what really happened to her, we see if frequently in assault and rape cases. If she tells you anything else, please give us a call. Doctor, please try to do a rape kit if she is willing to."

Jess walked back in room and sat down, not saying anything. I wasn't sure if she still believed me about Blake. A good 10 minutes later the doctor came in with a nurse and a social worker.

"Katie, you are ready to be released but I do need to ask if you would like us to perform a rape kit? Given that there is no record of who you thought you were with." The doctor asked.

"No, I know who it was, it wasn't rape. Can I just go home?" I questioned.

"That is fine, Susan here is a social worker with the hospital. She will go over your discharge information, and give you info on support groups for women who have been assaulted and potentially raped..." the doctor stated.

"I WAS NOT RAPED! I wanted him to!" I yelled back at them, cutting the doctor off.

"Ok ok, we understand. But should you change your mind, the info is here." Susan stated handing me a packet of paperwork.

"Just leave, I'm getting dressed and going home." I replied.

Jess drove the car in silence the entire ride home. I began texting my boss explaining the situation and hoping I still had a job. She said I could take a week off to feel better, but nothing except hearing from Blake would make me feel better. I told her I could work the following afternoon instead. Might as well get back into things. I began thinking of Nikki's bubbly personality and remembered she had seen Blake when he dropped things off! She could at least also give a description and verify that Blake exists.

When we arrived back at the apartment, Jess made me eat despite my stomach being completely in knots. I then crawled into bed and scrolled through my phone again. All the pictures, texts, even calls were gone. Even my trash cans were all empty in my phone. I fell asleep at some point, only to have nothing but nightmares about the whole thing.

The next day I woke up and showered. It wasn't until I was in front of our full-length bathroom mirror that I could really take in all the bruising that I had. No wonder Jess freaked out, I thought to myself. Most of my body from my tits to my ankles was bruised in some way or another, from light greenish to still dark purple bruising. I had several hand and finger bruises on my arms and legs that I hadn't noticed, they had to have grabbed me at some point that I don't remember.

I grabbed some long jeans, a t-shirt, and a long cardigan. It was going to be hot as fuck, but at least I can cover most of it, so I don't get questions. I grabbed my stuff and headed to leave. I still had a few hours before work but wanted to do some driving and thinking.

I pulled into work with a good plan in my head. Get Nikki to confirm what she saw, and to also corroborate my info on Blake. I walked in and began getting caught up on the notes log from the past few days when my boss walked in.

"Katie, you know you really can take more time off." Danielle stated, looking concerned.

"I'm really fine, I need to work. I'm sorry I went MIA, it's a long story." I replied, "But right now I just want to get stocking and get on with my shift. When will Nikki be getting here? She's usually early."

"Nikki won't be in tonight," Danielle replied, "It will be me and you kiddo."

"What?!" I yelled, "Why isn't she coming in? I need to call her."

"Umm, Nikki quit yesterday," Danielle stated, "She just texted, said she was moving, that she quit, no notice. Weird right?" She asked, though I know she didn't want a response.

"I really need to talk to her Danielle; can I have a few minutes to call her?" I asked.

"It's no use, she said she was getting a new number," Danielle replied, "And she was right, I tried calling her today to reconsider, her number is disconnected."

I went through the remainder of the shift in a trance, just trying to get the time to move quicker. I knew Blake was real, but I had no proof, and nothing to find him with. I left at the end of the night and as I climbed into my car, I noticed an envelope on my windshield.

Fuck, I thought, just what I needed a fucking ticket for something. I got out and grabbed the envelope, about to crumple it up and toss it in the passenger seat when the writing on the front caught my eye.

The front simply said: "Katie Cat"

Enclosed was $500 cash and a note that stated: "You did well, good girl. Hopefully this is enough to cover your missing work. You are no longer mine."

I glanced around the parking lot several times, but it was already empty aside from my boss a few rows over. Blake had been here and was still watching me. I couldn't decide if I was happy about that or not and could feel a panic attack coming on. I pulled out of the parking lot, hoping that was the last time I heard from him ever again. But part of me hoped he would reach out again.