

Love to Hurt You

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 juggernaut

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Preface

Why do we read stories? And why do we write stories? A tearjerker, an edge-of-the-seat thriller, a rib-tickling comedy or any other 'successful' story, what do they all have in common? They ride our emotions. If stories can't manage that, there is something missing in them.

It took me five years to write this book, along with another one, because my intention was to break away from the template I had been following for my previous books. The idea was to make the reader sink into the minds of the characters, love or hate them for who they are. A simple psychological exploration of them.

I must point out that unlike my earlier books, this one is not suitable for younger readers because of graphic content in terms of sex and violence.

This is an age governed by the principle 'bad is the new good'. The motive of this book is to highlight the reality of the times we are living in.

Writing this book has been an exciting journey for me and I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did.

‘Let us consider an ugly soul, intemperate and unjust
. . . full of a great number of desires and the most
profound anxieties.’

Plotinus, *The Enneads*

Part 1

The pursuit of fulfilment

1

Sasha

The woman who has men wrapped around her fingers

She always wore eight solitaires – one on each finger, each one worth five million. It was her way of showing the world that she had the power and the money to have men wrapped around her fingers.

She was done with her routine now. She was done putting the man through the most excruciating pain he had ever experienced. His balls were swollen red to the size of a hen's eggs. His torso was marked with the fresh, throbbing lashes from the whipping he had just received. The whip had struck remarkably hard at one particular spot – right below his left nipple. It had ripped a good inch of flesh off his chest.

Sasha looks at the man, his limbs tied to the four posts of the bed. She tilts her head and observes him like a cat sizing up its prey. Neither of them has a shred of clothing on. The man lies spreadeagled on the bed, the few things touching his bare skin are the red satin bed sheet under him, the ropes tying his limbs to the bedposts, and the piece of cloth that gags him. Sasha draws closer, swinging her leg over him so that the man is now between her legs. She sits on his belly and looks into his eyes. She sees pain, she sees fear, she sees a desperate urge to get out of her grip and run away. She smiles. She caresses the red wound on the man's chest. Blood is oozing out of it – a bright red drop swelling, shining. She keeps staring at it till the drop grows larger. Failing to hold its round boundary, it slides down leaving a thin red line along the side of the man's chest, soaking into the red satin bed sheet, leaving a dark stain much bigger than its own size. Sasha traces that thin red line with her finger up to the point where the skin had come off and presses on it hard. The man can't scream out in pain because of his gag. His body just shakes and trembles. The tip of her finger is red from his blood. She sticks out her tongue and slowly licks the man's blood off her finger. She smiles again. 'It's funny, isn't it? Everything that comes out of a man's body is salty.'

The man does not reply. He just gapes at Sasha, wide-eyed with panic and fear.

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Putting both her hands on the man's chest, Sasha looks at him again, drawing pleasure from his pain. Her long manicured fingers with long, bright red nails glow like jewels when they dig into his skin as she swings her leg off the man, leaves the bed and walks over to the window to gaze at the cityscape.

In her late forties, Sasha's slender, naked figure deceptively suggests a much younger age. Her skin is smooth and flawless and her breasts round and firm, symmetrically decorated with big, dark nipples. She pulls on a thin chiffon robe which does nothing to hide her form but only outlines her figure like a ghostly mist.

'You were not as brave as you said you would be,' she says looking down at him as she walks towards him, 'when you met me at the bar downstairs. How strong you sounded then.' She shakes her head. "I have made women scream louder than they knew they were capable of," you said. And look at you now.' Untying the rope around one of his ankles, she continues, 'I wish men were smarter.' She frees his other ankle. 'I wish they knew how delicate and fragile they are, how vulnerable, how weak in front of money, how they agree to do anything for it.' She moves on to the ropes around his wrists.

After the man's limbs are free she removes the gag from his mouth. He is panting heavily as he rubs his wrist to sooth the sting of the rope that had held him tight till just a few seconds ago.

‘Would you like to have some water?’ Sasha asks.

The man nods.

She pours him a glass of water. The water sparkles in the dim light of the room like a glass full of diamonds. The man empties the glass in a single gulp.

‘Amazing, isn’t it? We never understand the value of anything until we are deprived of it. Water. We humans are foolish like that, aren’t we? It’s almost evil, some would say, from the viewpoint of the things we are insensitive to.’

The man has lost interest in what Sasha is saying. He just wants to leave. He gets up, his balls still sore. He is not able to stand erect due to the pain. He starts gathering the clothes he had so excitedly taken off earlier and flung all over the room. Little did he know then what awaited him.

His disinterest in her words pisses Sasha off. She goes up to him and holds him by his arm as he is bending to retrieve his pants from the floor. ‘I would pay you twenty thousand more if you would step out into the hallway nude, walk to the stairs and then put these clothes on.’

The man jerks his arm out of her grip.

‘Fifty thousand more.’

The man shoots her a heated glance, clutching harder on to his clothes which he has in his hands now.

‘One lakh more,’ she says.

The man stands there, still glaring at her. She smiles,

turns around and takes out a thick bundle of notes from the locker.

The man drops his clothes to the floor.

Sasha walks to the man and stands in front of him. Then she grabs him by his balls as he lets out a little squeak. ‘You know this money, she is a goddess who grabs all men by their balls. And she can make them do *anything*.’

The man opens the door of the hotel room and walks to the stairs without a single piece of clothing on. All his clothes are rolled up into a messy ball in his hands. He stands on the first step of the staircase and puts on his clothes. He turns around and looks at Sasha who is standing in the doorway of the room, wearing the same thin chiffon robe which is as transparent as the thin morning mist. She smiles at the man and beckons him with one of her diamond-laden fingers. He obeys her like a dog.

‘Take this money—’ She gives him the wad of notes and then grabs the collar of his shirt and looks at him with wild, animal eyes. She pulls him to herself and indulges in a long, passionate kiss and then withdraws – ‘and never show me your face again,’ she says.

She shuts the door and walks to the sofa next to the huge window that runs from the floor to the ceiling. She is in the luxury suite on the eleventh floor of a grand seven-star hotel. She picks up the cigar lying on

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the table next to her and chews on its bud as she looks out of the window at the cityscape again. Streams of light are flowing on the roads as little shining beads of hot gold. The tall buildings dotted with lights look like toys from the distance. All these lights, all these rooms and all the men inside them – she could control them all. She could control any potent man on earth, as long as his hot blood pumped and harden his dick at the sight and touch of her beautiful, enticing body. This gives her immense satisfaction, the feeling of sweet revenge against her husband and every man who has been unfaithful.