

Baby, It's Cold Outside

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Baby, It's Cold Outside

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Summary

Somebody breaks into your dorm apartment. That intruder happens to be Billy boy. You get handled against your will.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

A dark figure broke through your window, smashing glass everywhere. All you heard besides the shattering was heavy breathing and whiny short breaths.

“HHhhhhhh you stupid cunt, y-you stupid bitch pig! You weren’t supposed to tell them what we did, Agnes!” he huffed in hysteria, lunging towards you without enough time for you to dodge or sidestep. He choked you with both hands, pinning you up against a wall, you kicking his body to loosen his grip.

“Let me go, fucker!” you grunted, using your hands to grab onto his and try to pry them off.

“I’m gonna, gonna rip out your tongue, you w-whore! And then I’m gonna shove it down your pink piggy cunt. Piggy cunt..” he snorted like a pig to emphasize. “Pretty piggy cunt... Pretty piggy.” he looked you over, no shame radiating off of him. He looked you in the eyes, and threw you down on your uncomfortable bed.

You still couldn’t see this bastard, thanks to lack of light in the room. He jumped on top of you on the bed, pinning your arms with one of his hands, wrestling your top off with the other.

“No, don’t fucking touch me you crazy bitch!” you roared, taking the chance while he was leaning in to ram your head with vigor into his like a pissed off goat. He groaned and pulled back in recoil, quickly pulling himself together to deliver a harsh slap to your cheek in anger. “Stupid bitch, you’re gonna get it now.” his voice didn’t sound hysterical anymore, and that honestly creeped you out even more. Your fight-or-flight instincts took over, looking for anything to stop him from having his way with you.

You looked over to your nightstand, and saw your glass of water you always had by your bedside.

Bingo.

You let him get distracted by complying with pulling your shirt off, letting him think he won dominance. Stupid bitch indeed, he is. As soon as your shirt went over your head, you hurriedly grabbed your glass of water and splashed it in his face, watching him squeeze his eyes shut reflexively, and took the chance to smash the glass against his head. Your hands hurt like hell and were probably bleeding from the broken glass, but you still had a pretty good sizable chunk of glass left to stab him.

As you roared in fury to raise your arms to stab this fucker, he tackled you to the floor by your bed, making you lose focus and grow dizzy in pain from the impact. Your hand let go of the broken glass shard, eyes blindly rapidly and groaning sluggishly. He leaned over you, and you got the feeling he was grinning or some shit. Fucking asshole. Great, now you’re gonna get violated and murdered.

He reached down to stroke your cheek intimately while you were still vulnerable. “Pretty piggy...Pretty bitch pig...I’m going to kill you. Soon.” he whispered, reaching down to give one of your exposed breasts a tug.

You felt disgusted that you were erect, but then again the window was open, and the blinds covering it did nothing. Where the fuck were your roommates? Shouldn't have they heard the window breaking, or the struggles going on in your room? You felt your eyes get wet as fear washed over you, and realized that you were absolutely fucked. No one else was going to save you, and you tried to save yourself, only to fail.

You felt dizzy, weak, and tired. Tired of fighting, tired of trying to do anything in your meaningless life. Your body went limp as your intruder continued to tug on your mammary flesh, now interested in your perked nipples. You didn't have much sensation in your nipples, and you just didn't care anymore. He sensed this, and stopped for a moment.

"My piggy's not squealing for me anymore." he sounded disappointed, without the fire of fight, it didn't seem so fun to assault and harass someone who didn't repel back. He looked around for a bit, then grabbed the bloody piece of glass you had dropped earlier.

"Maybe I can make you squeal, pretty pink piggy." he chuckled, bringing the shard to your lower arms, pressing in deep to break the skin, dragging it down your arm to your wrist. The burning sensation pulled you out of your stupor, and you hissed in pain. Your hips bucked up in attempt to push him off of you, but he didn't budge. His eyes seemed to twinkle in response to your hissing.

"Pussy cat...Hissy fit pussy cat." he giggled, stretching his legs to sit on your hands to prevent you from moving them. He moved to your other arm, doing the same as before.

The burning sting changed into a...pleasing sensation, which made you shiver. You stopped hissing, and instead your breath hitched in a small gasp. Your intruder stopped slicing your skin and cocked his head up to look at you.

You still couldn't see much in the dark, how the hell did you hit him earlier? Oh yeah, he WAS on top of you, so that explains your lucky hit.

You felt him looking at your face, and you prompted to look away in discomfort. "Just do it already. I don't give a damn anymore." he didn't respond verbally, but he reached out to stroke your face intimately again. Jeez, what's up with him and touching? Your jaw tightened and his grip strengthened just a little bit.

He leaned his head in close and pulled your head up to steal a kiss from you. Your face grew hot and you tried to pull away, but his grip on your chin wouldn't let you. You were confused, scared, angry, and kind of aroused. You felt shameful for feeling the slightest bit aroused at the skin-to-skin contact, but apparently the other person didn't.

He pulled away, inspecting your face, running his fingers all over your features. "...You're not Agnes." he realized, hands dropping to his sides and head tilted at the ceiling to ponder.

You should've moved, this was your chance to escape! But alas, like a deer in the headlights you watched him unmoving. A sick thought ran through your mind, part of you wanted to be touched again. Even though he broke in and tried to assault you, your loins heated up in anticipation. Damn, maybe you were a bitch pig after all.

End Notes

This is my second work in this website, thank you for taking the time to read this! I'm not sure if I'll continue this one, maybe if I'm feeling motivated enough. (I still haven't laid verdict on my other work, rip) Kudos and comments are appreciated! It'd be great if you could leave feedback or criticism on how to improve my writing style, thank you!

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