



*Dirty*  
**DEAN**

GROVETON COLLEGE  
S.J. RANSOM



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About the Author

Coach's Pet

The Psychos Series

She's A Mad Hatter

Defiant Queen

De Vil

# Content Warning

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[https://www.ransomsbookreviews.com/trigger\\_warnings](https://www.ransomsbookreviews.com/trigger_warnings)

# Prologue



College acceptance letters are coming in by the dozens, and if I weren't sure where I wanted to go, I'd be overwhelmed. But I know exactly where I'm going: Groveton College. They haven't sent me my acceptance letter yet, but I expect it any day now.

When my step-grandfather talked about the college, it was all I could do to contain myself and not laugh with glee at the idea of going there. He told me all about its history and the legacy behind Groveton itself. He mentioned that my step-father, David, was supposed to take over as Dean of Education. However, his son, Christopher, had retired from the Marines early and took his place.



To me, that seemed fair, but grandfather didn't think so. His mood darkened, and he asked me not to speak of him again. This intrigued me, and I asked my mom about him. David had refused to talk about anything to do with Christopher, and my mom had demanded I let things go. She didn't know the whole story, but she told me it would be best if I just forgot about him.

But how could I? He was the head honcho at the college I wanted to attend. There was no way I was going to stop looking into him. What started off as a simple search on Groveton turned into hours of looking at every picture I could possibly find of Christopher.



It took months, but I received my acceptance letter, and it was signed by him. I know it was a stamp because I found his old schoolwork papers in grandfather's attic, and his signature was on one of the papers. Christopher's T and H have a unique squiggle on them.

I've become kind of obsessed about Groveton College and Christopher, but that's how I am when it comes to research. And for me, the unknown man is definitely a worthy topic.

# Chapter One



**A**nxious, jittery feeling rushes through me as I think about the letter I sent off. Will my step-uncle-in-law open the letter? That's not what I really want to know. What I really want to know is why my mom and step-father didn't tell me about him. Or how he was part of the Groveton elite society. Supposedly, it's a big deal for the family line to be accepted into the college. It's not why I want to go there. No, the college has some of the best professors, and I feel like they will challenge me.

"Jazz, come on! You're going to be late for your own graduation," my mom calls out, and I can hear the irritation in her tone. The older I get, the more she seems to be short-tempered with me. Maybe because I'm an adult now, and I definitely shouldn't need her to remind me when to be somewhere.

"Coming," I mumble, knowing she can't hear me, but I don't enjoy yelling. It hurts my throat too much. Taking a deep breath, I look in the mirror and smile. The robe swallows me, covering every inch of my body from neck to ankle. Mom said no one would be looking at that. They would be looking at the valedictorian lapel around my neck. It's been an easy four years for me, but I couldn't leave my best friend Tia. She's my sister—at least for all purposes that matter. Who cares if we aren't blood?

Walking down the stairs, I look at my mom and step-father and I smile. "You know, if you were in such a hurry, you could have just had Tia pick me up. It's not like we couldn't be a little late."

"You are the third in your class to be called up on the stage. You cannot be late, young lady." I blush but put my shoulders back.

"Yeah, yeah. Don't remind me."

"You are going to do great, Jazzy," David says, shaking his head at my mom and hugging me.

"Thanks, David." He's been a huge help to mom as she recovers from her depression. My father isn't around, and honestly, it's a good thing. He's an asshole on the best of days. At the thought of my father, I rub my left wrist and look at the gown, making sure it covers the scar.

"You know you are welcome, Jazzy. I'm in the presence of the smartest young lady I've ever met."

He's a charmer, and I simply smile as we walk out to the car. On the drive over, I think about Christopher Groveton, and I realize my obsession with learning everything about him has made me develop a major crush on him. I've never met the man, but there's a reason the internet was invented.

To spy.

As soon as I see Tia, she comes over and takes me by the shoulders,

throwing out a quick hello to my parents. "So, did you get the scholarship?" She wiggles her eyebrows because she got her letter a week ago. It makes me wonder if I'll receive a full scholarship. I mean, how could I not? I'm in honor classes, already have thirty credits, and I aced the SAT and ACT tests. It's making me a nervous wreck. What if I didn't get into Groveton? It's been my dream since I was five years old.

"Don't know." I sulk as we take our seats. She's right next to me since our last names are in order, and no one has a last name beginning with D or E.

"There's no way I got in and you didn't. Yes, I'm an A student, but you're a genius." I laugh at Tia putting herself down for my benefit. The girl can run circles around me in a lot of things, yet she acts like she isn't smart.

"Let's not worry about it. I mean, we're graduating today. That's enough to be happy about right now."

Tia agrees with me but promises to blow the place up for me if I don't get in. She knows how to make me smile. That's enough. Really. My brain, of course, continues to be a little bitch about things, and I know if I don't get in, I'm going to be disappointed.

After each student is handed their diploma, I give my speech. The principal gets up and announces the special speaker once I'm finished. Everyone thought it was going to be the governor of the state, but no one could have expected it to be Christopher Groveton.

My eyes are glued to him as he walks...no, *walk* isn't the right word. He *saunters* up the steps to the microphone. Tia elbows me, and I don't even acknowledge her as I watch the enigmatic man before me.

"Jazz, you're drooling," Tia's whispered words break my attention, and I look at her. She winks at me, and I chuckle. Yeah, I really am a goner.

"Good evening students, and congratulations on your achievements." As he

continues to talk, I can't help but stare. He's stunning. His suit is impeccable, but the material doesn't do anything to hide how he fills it out. Christopher has chestnut hair that's combed back and to the left. There's no smile on his face, but his eyes are sharp, green as emeralds, and tell a story I wish I knew more about.

"And finally, I'd like to thank the school board for inviting me here to present this year's full academic scholarship to Jasmine Elaine Clarke."

Applause erupts everywhere, but I'm mesmerized by the way he turns and looks right at me. If one person could look into your soul, turn it around, shake it, and then steal it, it would be him. My heart rate picks up to a point that causes me to gasp, and Tia knocks her elbow into me as I blush.

Standing up, I straighten my robe and walk up to the stage for the third time tonight. "Miss Clarke, it's with great pleasure I present this to you." He sounds like he's eating slugs and having a hard time breathing.

"Thank you, Mr. Groveton." At my words, he closes his eyes for a second before reaching out to shake my hand.

The principal gently pushes us out of the way, and I take my hand from Christopher's. I already want to feel his hand again, and I don't understand. I've never reacted like this to anyone. Everyone in my high school called me a dork and a prude because I didn't date. Guys my age most certainly couldn't hold my attention, but Chris only has to look at me, and I feel like a love-struck teenager.

Walking off the stage with the feeling that Christopher is watching me, I try not to trip over my own two feet. When I get to my seat, I sit down and Tia leans in.

"Want to tell me what the fuck that was?"

Looking at her, I shrug. I'm speechless for once. "I don't know." The words

come out in a whisper, and I'm surprised I even formulated anything sensible.

We are released, and we throw our hats in the air. It's been a baffling day for me, and Tia chuckles as we walk toward my parents. My mother looks anxious, and when she pulls me into a hug, she asks, "Did he hurt you?"

I'm confused about what she means as I look at her. "No? Why in the world would he hurt me, Mom?"

"He's intense," Tia adds, and I shrug again.

"After you met him, it looked like you were dazed. It seemed like he may have hurt your hand or something because you weren't paying attention to anything or anyone."

My mom is so oblivious to what I'm thinking. I blush and shake my head. "Mr. Groveton was very nice, and I am excited to be going to college at Groveton."

That's the truth. I don't care if Christopher is mean or not. He has no direct effect on what I do. My mind laughs at me.

"Are y'all having the barbecue?" Tia asks, interrupting my spiraling thoughts, and I sigh gratefully.

"You better believe it, Tee Tee. Drive me home?" I don't want to deal with my parents right now. Mom is staring at me with a wry smile, but my stepfather is glaring, and that's not like him.

"See you at home," I tell my mom and give her one last hug.

She pulls me in and whispers, "Be careful on your way home. We're going to talk about the little blush you had while talking about Christopher. And the letter you sent him."

How the heck does she know I sent a letter? "Oh my god, mom, please." I pull away and grab Tia's arm. There's no way.

"Wow, your step-father looks pissed as hell." Tia pulls her keys out of her pocket and takes her robe off. I leave mine on. It's not that I'm ashamed of my body. I just don't like people staring.

"Yeah, I'm not sure what's going on." Not watching where I am going, I bump into someone and almost fall flat on my butt.

"Holy shit, watch where you're going," a man says as he pulls me into his arms and as I look up, horrified that I just hit Christopher Groveton.

"Hi."

Hi? *Hi?! That's all I can say.* God, please just shoot me now. He cocks one perfectly arched eyebrow at me and snarls. "Don't expect me to catch you every time you fall."

"I..." Tia honks the horn on her car, and we both turn toward her.

"Dude, we got a barbecue to get to." She's always so dang bossy. Sighing, I step out of Christopher's arms, and he growls.

His eyes roam over my body, and when he looks back at me, I finally realize what authors mean when they say the male character is eye fucking the female character. "See you around campus, Jasmine."

As he says my name, I shiver. It's like a dark promise or something. Not wanting to keep Tia waiting any longer, I walk away from the man that makes me feel weird, but somehow still enjoyable. Too bad my entire family seems to be against him. I'm not sure what the problem with him is. He's a highly decorated veteran and has helped Groveton College move into the twenty-first century with new technology upgrades as well class offerings.

The horn beeps again at me, and I laugh. "Alright, alright Tia. Jeez, can't a girl contemplate without you hurrying her?"

Tia laughs as I open the door, moaning about her impatience.

## Chapter Two

Chris

"Fuck me," I mumble as I walk back to my truck. My assistant shouldn't have assigned this task to me. How was I supposed to know that the second I saw my step-niece-in-law, I would become befuddled? And the way she looked at me like I hung the damn moon pissed me off even more. No one should believe I'm a good guy. I have too much vengeance and venom in my veins.

Seeing David, I wanted to punch him into next week. So happy with his makeshift family. His wife looked just like someone who would be arm candy. So damn thin and smiling like he was her everything. Jasmine is the direct opposite. Yes, she was smiling, but she has curves for days. Fuck, Jasmine is delectable. But that's not what the problem is. She's smart and



trusting. Too goddamn trusting. The way she looked at me with those eyes of hers told me she would take my word as gospel.

The letter in my pocket is eating at me. When I received it a few days ago, I didn't open it. Hell, I threw it in the trash, and my assistant picked it out and placed it on my desk. My mission was to give the damn thing back to Jasmine, but when I touched her hand, I knew better. There's something there that I want to exploit. I want to make her beg. Want to hear that sweet voice of hers saying my name and thinking I hung the fucking moon. I want to tarnish that good girl persona and make her my dirty little whore. One look at her and David will know she's used up.

Goddamn, I'm not even supposed to feel anything toward the girl. Yet, here I am, driving home, wondering if her little pouty mouth would fit around my cock. Shit, this has to stop. There is no such thing as wondering about it. I'm her elder, in charge of her education, and I will not fraternize with a damn student. *Yeah right. If she were to show any interest in you other than being your step-niece, you'd be spreading her legs wide and fucking her.*

Putting that thought to rest, I drive home in silence, letting my mind finally come to peace with the fact that my step-brother seemed happy, and his wife looked like her daughter was her everything. So much for ruining the plan of telling Jasmine she would never be a student at Groveton.

Locking the front door, I turn off my porch light and walk into my study. Sitting down after pouring myself a double whiskey, I open the letter.

*Dear Uncle Christopher,*

*(Ok, so step-uncle-in-law, but who says that?)*

Fuck, that's adorable.

Adorable, Chris?

Really?

I can already feel my mind slipping into wanting to know the girl.

*You don't know me, and I understand it's unorthodox to send a letter to the Dean of Education. However, I wanted you to know I don't expect any special handouts. That if I don't receive the scholarship, then I will work hard to pay for my education myself.*

Nothing like David. He took the handout and ran with it. Re-reading the paragraph, I think about how hard she would really work for it. Would she beg like I imagine? Hell, I want to know if she would fuck me in front of him just to show what a naughty little slut she can be for me.

*Although, I have to admit, Groveton has been my dream since I was a little girl. That's not why I'm writing at all. No. I want to invite you to lunch before school starts so I can meet you. My step-father doesn't talk much about you, but I found out from your dad (his step-father) who you are. It would be awkward to come to Groveton and not know I had family around—even if it's stepfamily.*

A lunch with her? Hell if I did that, I'd likely have her in the back of my car, fucking her stupid. No, it's best I don't go there.

*I sound like I'm babbling. Sorry, I'm nervous. This is the first time I've written to anyone asking for a meeting. Also, I wanted to say the paper you wrote on the history of Texas was insightful and helped me understand some things that our teachers in high school weren't willing to explain. Which I found odd. So, thank you.*

I set the letter down and frown. Intelligent. Thoughtful. Wise. Fuck. This is not what I was expecting. Not at all. What most people would think about a teenager is they have a lot of growing up to do. It sounds like Jasmine is well beyond her young years.

But she's my step-niece and a fucking scholarship kid. I'm not sure what's

worse. My thoughts turn to David, and my mood darkens. All thoughts of Jasmine being adorably sexy vanish.



*"Enter." My father's voice is muffled by the solid oak door to his office. It's been four hours since the mail arrived, and I've been anxiously awaiting to find out if they have chosen me to attend Groveton College. It's unbearable to not know, and since I'm not willing to wait any longer, I open the door to see my father holding a piece of paper up to the light.*

*"Thank you for your interest in Groveton College. The Groveton Admissions Committee has completed an evaluation of your scholastic accomplishments, and we are sorry that we cannot offer you a place in the Class of blah blah blah."*

*He throws the paper down and looks at me. "Pathetic. My own fucking blood couldn't get into our family's college. Oh, but David sure did. Full ride. He's not blood, Christopher. How the fuck did my son not get in, but that bastard did?" My father's one good eye glares at me with disgust.*

*"But I had a 4.0 grade point average and did everything to get in." My voice cracks, and my dreams flush themselves down the toilet in my brain. It makes little sense to me. Father is on the committee, and he had to have known this already.*

*"You knew what the terms were, Christopher. Pack your shit. You leave for bootcamp tomorrow." My father turns in his chair, giving me his back, leaving me tumbling emotionally.*

*"Father..." I croak, and he turns back around, slaps his hand across his desk, and stands up.*

*"Don't you even think about begging, boy. You are a Groveton. Show some goddamn dignity and get your ass out of my office."*

*With slumped shoulders, I walk out of the office, feeling dejected and unsure of my path. I'll never make it through bootcamp. Hell, I'm a wimp, and I know it. Books and studying. It's all I've ever known. I don't run or go out to the gym. How in the world am I going to fair in the Marines?*

*I could run away, but I nix that idea immediately. There's no point in trying to get away from my father. He will have his eyes and ears everywhere looking for me, and I refuse to fucking live like that. Hell no. The only option is to succeed in the damn Marines and show my father I'm more than he thinks I am.*

As the memory leaves me, I remember when David told me he didn't even want to go to college but my father came to him and told him that if he went to school in my place, he would make sure it was a full ride. I remember the smug way David told me that my father worked to get me put in the Marines because I was such a fucking disappointment.

I take a deep breath in and wonder how the fuck I'm going to be nice to a student when all I want to do is make her pay for her father taking my spot at Groveton? Maybe I don't have to be nice. I can wrap my plan into a package that Jasmine won't be able to refuse and have her jumping at my every command. I've read her school records and know how eager she is to succeed. The thoughts coming to me make me smile, and my mind rests knowing I will have my revenge. It will take a bit of finagling, but I can make it happen.

Picking up my phone, I email my assistant about the new plan for the work-

study program. If little Miss Sunshine can make it through the gauntlet, maybe I'll even be kind to her and have lunch one day. *Lunch with her on her back and my cock nine inches deep inside of her.*

It's highly doubtful she will make it through my plan, but if she fails, then she will crawl back to her precious mother and stepfather for help. But she won't get that far. Hell no, I'll have her so wrapped around me, she can't think straight. Jasmine will beg me to help her, and when she does, I'll have her exactly where she belongs. Under me, in debt to me, looking at me with tears in her eyes and a moan on her lips. And if the board of directors at where David works gets tapes of his precious step-daughter fucking the Dean of Education to stay in school, well, all the better. Besides, David is all about his reputation. He will lose his job, his wife will divorce him, and he will be nothing without them.

## Chapter Three



A response from Christopher never came. I have to say...it eats at me. He didn't send a rejection letter to me. I laugh at myself as I lug my last suitcase into my dorm room. I understand why he didn't respond. For Christ's sake, I'm a student after all, and it would be bad if someone caught him with a student, even if it were something as harmless as having lunch.

It's awkward being in a dorm room all by myself. Taking in the space, I smile. There's plenty of room to build a library. Picking up my book bag, I slump it onto my shoulder. The fresh air around campus will clear my thoughts, and I can get a better layout of where my classes are.

After thirty minutes of walking around and mind mapping my classes, I realize I'm pretty lucky. Three of them are in the same building, one is in the

computer lab right next to the library, and the other one is across campus. It's not a bad deal, I just hate walking.

"Hey there." A man's voice startles me, and I whip around.

I have to crane my neck to look at the person who is talking to me. It's a football player, or at least I think it is, considering he's wearing a jersey. I smile. Popular people make me nervous, but I've worked hard to overcome my shyness and be talkative. Tia calls me a social butterfly, but I just like making new friends.

"Hello, there. Who are you?" Great. I've probably insulted him by not knowing who he is. In my previous experience with the jocks, if you don't know them, they get offended easily. I shudder to think I've made a bad impression already.

He laughs and if I were into the whole cocky look with a know-it-all personality, I might find him cute. "You are definitely new here. I'm Jaxon. The Kappa House is having a welcome back party. I'd like to invite you to have some fun."

A party? Eh. Tia might enjoy it, though.

"Can I bring a friend?"

"Sure. Here's the invite with all the details. The only thing we ask is that whoever you bring has to be a student."

He touches my shoulder, and I don't like it. His hand is too firm, but I say nothing.

After a beat of silence, I shrug. "Yeah, of course. She's new here too."

"Good. What's your name?" He massages my shoulder, and his eyes deepen in color. I don't feel safe at the moment, and I'm not sure why. Jaxon has been nothing but nice to me. I'm definitely reading into things that I shouldn't be reading into.

"Jazz," I whisper.

He smiles at me and tugs on a piece of my hair that came loose from my bun. "I really hope you come, Jazz."

"Thank you." He walks away, and I laugh at how silly I was being about him touching me.

*Stop it, Jazz, he was only being friendly.*

At least that's what I tell myself.

My phone beeps at me three times back-to-back. Taking it out of my book bag, I look at my messages.

**Mom:** Don't forget to check in with Chris for the work-study program.

**Mom:** And don't get overwhelmed, everything will be alright. I promise.

**Mom:** Oh, I love you. Make sure you call me later.

I shake my head and wonder how long it will take her to call me if I don't answer. Of course, I will not test my independence this way.

**Me:** Mom, I'm good. Got all my stuff into the dorm and mapped out my way around campus. I will check in with Uncle Chris on Monday after my last class.

**Mom:** Ok, good. Make sure you look after Tia.

**Me:** Oh my gosh Mom. You know I will. On my way to orientation. I love you.

Putting my phone back in its place and walking to the quad area, I feel someone is watching. Looking around, I spot her and get excited. Tia is my only friend, even though I was well known back in high school as *Miss Sunshine*. Sure, people knew me and enjoyed my company, but they didn't know me like Tia does.

"Tia!" Waving, I run over to her like the dork that I am.

"Hey, Jazz." When we hug, I'm home. It just feels natural, and I wouldn't



want it any other way.

“Did you see all the extra-curricular things we can do?” The possibilities of networking and getting something out of this college makes me bounce on my tiptoes. Tia laughs, knowing that I'm a ball of energy when I'm happy.

“Come on. You need to sign up for the volleyball sorority and the fundraisers for the athletes. Also, I think we should do something else. You know, maybe some kind of booster thing?”

I prattle on while Tia is quiet. She's usually as talkative as I am when we are together. Is she sinking back into her darker thoughts like she did when we were younger? I try not to say a word about things like that.

She folds her schedule up and puts it into her back pocket. “I'm not sure I need any extra-curricular activities.”

“Oh, Tia, you have to be sociable. If you don't make nice with your teammates, you are likely to end up being kicked off the team. Remember, this isn't high school anymore. Social standing keeps you in a scholarship. It shows you are a team player and a leader.”

“Oh my God, seriously Jazz, just stop. I'll sign up.” I chuckle and place my hand on her arm, pulling her toward the dozen tables.

Before we make it to the table, someone speaks, and I stop dead in my tracks. “Ms. Falcon.”

Tia tenses, and I look over at the woman walking over. I wonder if she's a coach or something because she's dressed like she would be one. Do they know each other already? I'm about to say hello but Tia beats me to it. “Hello, Coach.”

“It seems you ditched practice today.” She cocks an eyebrow at Tia, and I bite my lip. God, I hope Tia doesn't start some shit. She has no filter.

“Today? I was settling into my new apartment, Coach.” Oh man, what if

she really did have practice? I pull out my phone and look at her calendar. We share calendars with each other so we never have to wonder if the other is busy. I don't see practice here.

"Yes, today. You'll need to make up practice this afternoon. Be at the gym by five." She walks away but turns back to Tia. "And Tia, don't be late."

Tia stares after her coach, and I blink. "Holy cow. She is so intense."

"Yeah." Tia sounds out of breath and my nose scrunches up.

"Ok, so we have some time to kill. Let's get this show on the road." I clap my hands together and Tia laughs.



After a full day of orientation, I'm exhausted. All I want to do is get in my room, take a shower, and then hit the bed. My stomach gurgles from not eating, but there's no way I'm going to the cafeteria to get something to eat; it's too far for what little energy I have left.

"Poop." I feel my shoulders slump as I remember I forgot to tell Tia about the party. She's at practice right now, so I'm going to leave her alone. Turning my key into the lock, I push my door open, and the air condition hits me. I sigh in bliss.

"Hello, Jasmine."

Screaming, I jump and fall against the door, pushing it into the room, which makes me lose my footing.

"Damn, you really are clumsy." The person holds me as my breathing skyrockets. That voice. I know exactly who it is, but I don't want to turn around and face him.

"You could have announced yourself," I snap and immediately regret it. That's not who I am.

"Well, I didn't expect you to be outside your dorm. I'd have knocked and you could have opened the door. That way, I wouldn't have scared you."

Getting the courage to look at him, I step out of his embrace and turn around. "You're right, Uncle Chris. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so snappy."

"You have the right to be upset. There's nothing wrong with that."

"So, um, what are you doing here?"

Pulling the keys from the door, I motion for him to come in. As he walks past me, I get a whiff of his cologne. It's fresh smelling and not overpowering. I bite my lip and shut my dorm door.

"I came to see why you didn't respond to the email I sent you."

Looking at him, I move over to my tiny desk. Dang, he makes this space so small. It's like he takes up more than half the square footage with his presence.

"That's really odd. I don't have an email from you." I quickly scroll through my email. It's most definitely not here.

"I guess it hasn't been sent, or my connection at home was lousy. Doesn't matter. I'm here now."

He's assessing me, and I can't help but think I've disappointed him somehow. Chris walks over to me, making me bump into the desk. That doesn't stop him, though. No, he crowds me and growls.

"Tomorrow, you are to start your work-study program. I expect you to be in my office at two p.m. sharp."

My brain short circuits as he puts his right hand on my face. "Y-your office?"

"That's what I said." I nervously lick my lips, and he smirks as he lowers

his head. "And buttercup, I suggest you don't be late. I will not tolerate tardiness."

One minute, he's an inch from my lips. The next, he's out the door, and I don't like that. I want him back in my space, which is baffling because he's scary and dominating. The need to talk to someone about this is driving me crazy. I fall to the desk chair and tremble as I pick up my phone and send a text to Tia.

**Me:** Hey, where are you?

**Tia:** Driving back to the apartment.

**Me:** Why so late?

**Tia:** Coach had me running for hours.

**Me:** That's brutal. You want to go get pizza tomorrow?

I send her an emoji of a big smile and a pizza slice. She can never resist pizza.

**Tia:** I can't. She's put me on an extensive training schedule.

**Me:** Oh no!

This is not good. I want to tell her she should skip it, but I won't. Instead, I send her a bunch of crying emojis.

I know I can't tell her. Not when she already has so much on her plate. Sighing, I take a deep breath and reel in my thoughts. Chris is magnetic, and I want to be within his presence, but I'm not sure I could handle him.

## Chapter Four

Chris

**G**oddamn, I'm going to fucking hell. I shouldn't have touched her. And I sure as hell shouldn't have put cameras in her dorm hallway or her dorm with an ensuite. But I did. And I'm not taking it back. The way she defied—no, the way she *challenged*—me...*fuck*. I straighten my cock in my slacks and bang my hand against the side of the wall.

The only damn reason I want her is because I want to make David pay. I'm an asshole, but it's important that I get this going. To control Jasmine will be the ultimate slap in David's face. She's as innocent as they come, but I don't give a fuck.

Walking along the side of the building, I realize there's no damn light leading to the woods or the parking lot. That is unacceptable. I call the

maintenance department and demand they get this shit fixed immediately. I have a feeling that Jazz will walk in the woods. She seems like she enjoys being a part of nature as much as she can be.

Or she will be when I decide to fuck her out there against the oldest tree on campus and send that video to her mother and David. Taking the path back to the administration building, I find it peaceful right now. Tomorrow will be another story. All the students will be here, and I'll have to deal with the headache of being the Dean of Education.



Two o'clock comes and goes. My patience has boiled over to anger as I see Jasmine running into the building. Her black leggings accent her big hips. The top she has paired with it is too big for her. How the fuck is she wearing long sleeves in this heat?

"You're late," I say as I let her in my office and slam the door.

She simply smiles at me and sits down in front of my desk like it's all fine and dandy. As I walk to sit down, my mind is racing as I take in her appearance. Her long, dark hair is down and braided to one side. She doesn't have even a drop of makeup on. She's beautiful without it.

"Do you have anything to say about your tardiness?" I don't go to my seat. Instead, I walk to the side of the desk she's sitting at and lean up against it.

"Class ran late." Her left shoulder raises in a shrug, and the urge to take her over my knee is strong.

That's a lie. I've got eyes and ears everywhere, but I can't exactly tell Jasmine this. "I see. And you thought being thirty minutes tardy was

appropriate?"

She was talking with another student, setting up a study group, but that doesn't matter. Manners are important. I guess I'm going to have to have to teach her that.

"It's the first day of class, I wanted to set up a study group for those who needed it." Those cute little glasses have fallen halfway down her nose to where I can see her pretty brown eyes. "I didn't mean to run so late."

If I were a nice person, I would accept her word and let her get to work. But I'm far from nice. "You'll have to stay thirty minutes late to make up the time. For now, stand up."

*Don't do it, Chris.* I try to reason with myself, but it's too late. "Get on your hands and knees and crawl over to the bookshelf."

Her button nose scrunches up, and her lips dip into a frown. "I'll walk over there, Uncle..."

"It's Mr. Groveton. I'm not your uncle. Your father is a step-child in the Groveton family, and you are his step-daughter. Address me properly."

As soon as I say it, I know it crushes her. The tiniest sliver of defiance she had slips away and rejection fills her eyes. "Mr. Groveton, I would rather walk than crawl."

She won't meet my eye, and that's a good thing because I'm sure I look like I regret what I said. "I don't recall asking for your opinion. Either get on your knees and do what I said or you can leave, and I'll strip you of your scholarship."

Her head whips upward, and her mouth is open in a shocked round circle. "You... You wouldn't." Jasmine's knees give out and she slips back into the chair, clutching the arms.

"I would." Crossing my arms over my chest, I await her answer. To see her

do as I demand makes me a bastard, but that's not the point of all this.

Jasmine gets on the ground and crawls over to the bookshelf and sits there on her knees. Head down, hands in her lap, goddamn, the perfect submissive pose. I bet she doesn't even have a clue what *submission* is.

"Turn your palms over, they should face upward when you are kneeling on the floor." *She's not your submissive.* My brain tries hard to make me see this shouldn't be happening. I push the thought away.

I want to see skin, and those damn sleeves are covering her arms. "Roll up your sleeves. From now on, you will wear short sleeves when you work in my office."

"Unc...I mean, Mr. Groveton, I'd rather not." She sounds so scared. There's a story there, and I will find out what it is.

Not realizing I moved, I look down at Jasmine and it occurs to me she has me in knots. The need to be close is warring within me. "Palms, upward, now." My voice comes out in a harsh whisper, and she shrinks away from me. Yes, there is definitely a story here.

Her trembling hands move, and I watch her, fascinated by the way she won't flat out tell me no. She's accepting that I'm the one in control, but there's this small part of me that likes it when she questions me. Hell, people don't challenge me, and it irks me. This girl has walked into the lion's den, and she doesn't even know it.

"Good, buttercup. But you haven't finished with what I've instructed. Roll your sleeves up."

Finally, her head pops up and her eyes are assessing me. I have an inkling of a feeling that she wants to tell me no, but also wants to explain herself. Such a clever little girl, but I won't budge.

"Now."



She shakes her head at me.

"It... it's personal, Mr. Groveton." That lower lip of hers trembles, and I want to kiss it. To make her whole body tremble for another reason.

"So, you are refusing to do a task?" I raise an eyebrow at her, wondering why this task is so hard for her.

"I don't want to show you my arms."

Bringing the closest chair toward me, I sit down and take her arms in my hands. "Stay exactly as you were. If you will not do what I want you to do, I'll do it for you."

"No. Please don't." Such a pretty beg from her. The panic in her voice is real, and now I have to know.

"You'll learn to do as I say, when I say, how I say. If you don't, you'll learn I'll get what I want by any means necessary." I snarl at her and shove first her left sleeve up, then her right.

What I see is something I'm not prepared for. "What the fuck?" The words slip out of my lips before I can stop them. Her arms are mangled. What I thought would be perfect skin is marred from elbow to wrist.

"Please, um, please pull the sleeves back down."

Looking at Jasmine, I see the tears and the self-loathing. They aren't silent tears. She's blubbering and yanking on her arms. My hold is tight and relentless. She won't be getting out of it.

"Not until you tell me why the fuck your arms look like this."

She yanks on her arms so ferociously, she slips out of my grip and falls back against the bookcase hard enough to bring books down on her.

I shove my first instinct to make sure she's alright down. No, she's defying me and needs to be taught a damn lesson. Grabbing her by her upper arm, I bring her over my knees.

"Little girl, you'll learn when I tell you to do something, you do it. You'll learn my word is your law, and you'll accept it." As soon as I bring my hand down, I know it's the wrong move.

Her entire body goes rigid and then limp. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." She's in complete panic mode, and I don't understand why.

The inner demon inside of me won't let me stop, though. "Not sorry enough, Jasmine."

Yanking her leggings down I caress her supple ass. She has some extra weight on her but that makes her even more delicious. Every time I slap her butt, it jiggles and reddens a bit more.

By the time I've given each ass cheek ten smacks, her skin has my handprint on it and my possessive thoughts turn deadly with the need to own this little girl. She needs guidance and someone to care for her. She yearns for it. Or at least that's how I see it.

Righting her leggings, I rearrange her so she is straddling my lap. I push her head down onto my shoulder, and I stroke her back as she cries. Fully belly sobs come from her, and the demon in me smiles. Fuck, I'm messed up.

"Are you going to be my good little one and tell me what I want to know?"

A soft hiccup comes from her, and she nods. "Yes, Sir."

The way those words slip from her lips is like a damn caress. I want to feel my cock inside of her as she calls me that. Fuck, now's not the time for this.

## Chapter Five



Snuggling into his neck, I refuse to look at him. I shouldn't be snuggling. Hell, no. He spanked me and exposed my flawed skin. How could I let him do that? And why do I crave being in his arms so much? What I should do is push him away from me. Christopher is a monster. But I need to hide more than I need to get away. I'm ashamed of my past and how my arms always tell the story.

He says he wants to hear the story. I'm sure he's done worse. If after only being late, I get this kind of punishment, I can only imagine what he might do to me if I really defied him. "Tell me, buttercup."

"My real father did it," I say before I close my eyes and lunge back into his neck.

"Look at me when you are talking," Chris demands of me, and while I know he's not my father, it reminds me of him. I shake in his arms, but I force myself to sit up. To face him.

"What did he do, Jasmine?" His eyes are cold as steel, and his lips are in a grim line.

"Please, Mr. Groveton, don't make me tell you." Holding his gaze freaks me out, but I know I don't want to disobey him. I'm worried he's worse than my father was.

"Now, Jasmine." He keeps a harsh grip on my upper arms, keeping me from laying back down on him. I really want to hide.

"The first time was when I was seven. He, my father, was drunk and threw a bottle at my mom with me in her arms. She was carrying me to bed. The bottle shattered on my arm and cut me and my mom."

I'm gasping for breath at the memories flooding in my mind.

"Continue."

"I can't." I fist my hands into his crisp white button-down shirt.

Chris shakes me, and I gasp. "Don't hurt me." I whimper and his face morphs from hard to shock and back to hard again.

"Then do as I've asked, dammit." Those words come out in a fulminate tone, making me jump. I can't have someone else be mean to me. I've hidden the feelings, pain, and memories for years. Why is he being so mean to me?

"As I got older, father would beat me instead of mom. She got cancer when I was ten, and he took his frustrations out on me, ok?" My voice has risen into a shrillness that I can't stop. "Why couldn't you just be nice to me? I was looking forward to being around you. Hoping... hoping you'd mentor me. You're nothing more than a bully."

I yank myself out of his grasp, flinging myself from his lap, and run out of

his office. "Jasmine!" he roars after me, and while I normally wouldn't take the stairs, I rush down them. There's no way I'm waiting for the elevator only to have him catch me.

"Get your ass back here." He's behind me, and I know if I don't get out of this building, he will do something bad. Something I'm not sure I could handle. Even my step-father doesn't know the story. Mom refused to tell him anything about our past and made him swear he would never touch me. Of course, David is a different breed. He's kind and gentle. He dotes on me and doesn't even raise his voice at me when I'm being bratty.

Chris is another story. Oh, God. A totally different story. I push my sleeves down and run all the way to my dorm. I'm grateful he didn't follow me. I am so very grateful. Taking a moment to catch my breath once I'm in the building's foyer, I lean against the wall.

How do I change my work-study assignment? How do I not run into Chris again? Why does he hate me so much? I saw it in his eyes. There wasn't any concern for me. Or even remorse over me being damaged. It was like looking into the pits of hell and seeing the devil looking back at me.

I muffle another sob as I enter my room. The night my mother stood up to my father for the first time and defended me plays in my mind. It was the only time she ever took up for me, and I know why. I'm still salty about my mother not doing something sooner, but I know she loves me. That's why she is the way she is now. The helicopter mom that has to know what's going on. Our past has changed us so much, but I thought I was done having to live in its shadow.



Three days go by, and I don't see Christopher anywhere. There was a note on his door the next day to sit with his assistant and to follow her instructions. He threatened me with expulsion if I gave her a hard time. The older woman is so nice and at such a different pace than Chris. It has been great working with her. There are things about an office setting I didn't know, which is always nice to learn about.

As I'm making copies, my phone goes off.

**Tia:** I'm obsessing over my coach.

Shit. This isn't good. Tia can be obsessive about things, and that's never a good thing. I wonder if I can shoot a text over to her before I get caught and get in trouble.

**Me:** Hey Good Morning. Why are you obsessing over her? I thought you hated her.

**Tia:** I don't know. Something about her makes me feel off.

Well, what does that mean? Is her coach doing something bad? Bad like Christopher did to me? The thought of his hand on my bottom isn't as bad as it was in the moment. Still, I shouldn't be thinking about that. This is about Tia right now.

**Me:** Off?

**Tia:** Ok, that's the wrong word. I feel like I can't catch a breath around her. And then there's this new subscriber who reminds me of her. Jazz, I think I'm going crazy. I can smell the coach in my apartment.

I look at my watch and see that my morning work time is almost up.

**Me:** I'll be over in twenty minutes.

**Tia:** You don't have to do that.

**Me:** What kind of friend would I be if I didn't help you?

**Tia:** A bad one!

I send her a smiley face and finish the shift with my thoughts on Tia. It's good to not have to worry about what has transpired between Chris and me.

I smile as I walk in. Tia never locks her shit. It's probably not wise, but I will not tell her she has to do something—that's none of my business. I sit down right next to her and give her a side hug. "Alright, spill the tea, girl."

"There's a new female subscriber on my channel. She goes by *Mommy's Watching*, and I had a phone call with her last night."

I raise an eyebrow at her and nearly choke on my tongue.

Tia sighs and looks at me. "She controlled the phone call the entire time. It made me feel like I was talking to Coach. She even had me begging, Jazz."

Blushing at her words, I can't help but gasp. No one ever has control over Tia. "You... you aren't into females, are you?"

"I don't fucking know, Jazz." She rests her head against my shoulder, and I think about how much Tia has been through.

I can see how she could need a mommy. But now I'm worried. If she's obsessing over her coach and this woman named *Mommy's Watching*, could it be that she needs direction? I'm about to ask her when she jolts upright, and her eyes pop open before she stands, shaking.

"What's wrong, Tia?" I scan her face to understand what's going on. My concern rises as she tells me she will be right back.

She's gone for a good ten minutes before I get up and go to the restroom. "Tia, are you alright?"

"Yeah, I just needed a moment." Her voice is strained, but I don't want to embarrass her if she's having bowel issues.

"Alright. I'm going to raid some food." As I look around, I notice she has nothing. Oh man, she told me she would be okay on her own. I find a piece of

paper and a pen to write what she may need.

I hear her moaning, and at one point she screams out, but it sounds personal, especially the way she is moaning, and I know better than to interrupt. One time I walked in on her while she was live on her site. It's best that I don't ask or try to see what she's doing.

When she comes out of the bathroom, she looks a little relieved but completely flushed. She tells me she has to go to practice, and I look at my phone. I don't argue, knowing she's being controlled by her coach. Tia does nothing she doesn't want to do and if she wants to go, I won't stop.

"You need food, girl!" I laugh and show her the list.

"Do you mind shopping for me?" She goes into her bag, pulling out a hundred dollars. How she has that kind of money all the time is insane, but again, I know better than to ask.

"You know I don't mind at all."



## Chapter Six

Chris

**H**ave I avoided Jasmine the last few days? Yes, I sure have. Like a good man should. It's laughable though because I know I'm not a decent man at all. Hell no. Am I following her around like a goddamn stalker and making sure she's alright? Fuck, yes. I sure am. The girl has no idea that there are predators everywhere that want to eat up her sweet innocence. That's why I'm following her to make sure she doesn't get into any trouble. Or at least that's what I tell myself to make my conscience not feel guilty.

Her friend Tia is a bad influence, but me telling her to stop seeing her would not be a wise thing to do. Especially since I've not talked to her since she ran out of my room in tears. Am I going to apologize for my behavior? A laugh escapes my lips. Not a chance in hell.

Watching her in the supermarket is taxing my nerves. I don't like people staring at her, and the young man following her around is about to meet my fists. As Jasmine turns the corner, I grab the little shit by the scuff of the neck and haul him backward.

He tries to take a swing at me, but I dodge and push him into the aisle, making the damn food cart he's holding topple over. "Hey man, what the fuck?"

He takes one look at me and pales. "Mr. Groveton. I'm..."

"Stalking a young female student around a damn grocery store. What is wrong with you?" I'm a goddamn hypocrite. I'm doing the exact same thing, but that's none of his concern.

He puts his hands up in a way that shows me he doesn't want any drama, but it's too late for that. "I'm sorry. I'll leave. It's just that I have her in my psych class and wanted to ask her if she wanted to be a study partner with me."

He's twitching under my gaze, and I know he's not lying, but he's fishy. I hate when people act dodgy. "Get out of here and don't even think about talking to her."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Groveton." He doesn't walk away. Hell no, he runs. I laugh as he flees. But as soon as I turn around, I no longer see her, and a slight bit of panic fills me. I walk quickly along the outside lane of the aisles, trying to find her.

When I spot her, she's in the ice cream section. To be honest, a girl with a healthy appetite makes me happy, but seeing her looking around and not choosing anything, pisses me off. It makes me want to egg her on.

"Hello, Jasmine."

She jumps. Again. It's so cute that she's so engrossed in her task that I can

scare her. I love to see her breasts bounce.

"Hi, Mr. Groveton." The little brat doesn't turn to me as she opens the door, then lets it close. Why is she hesitating to get ice cream?

"I'm sure you can eat anything in this section. It seems to be your favorite." Fuck. That came out a bit too harsh.

"Yes, well, not all of us can look like Greek gods. If you'll excuse me, I need to get going." She turns to leave, and I growl.

"I don't remember dismissing you." Catching up with her, I put my cart in front of hers and glare down at her.

"Well, we aren't at college, and this is a free country." Oh, my buttercup has some sharp claws. Good girl, it's on the tip of my tongue to call her that, but I reel it in for now. She's going to have to earn my praise.

"Your mother told me to check in on you. You haven't called her in a day or two. While I'm not particularly happy with the fact your mother feels it's alright to call me, I want to know what you are doing. Why are you worrying your mother?"

She looks at me and puts her hands on her hips. "Like you really care, Mr. Groveton." She pushes my cart out of the way, and I chuckle, following her.

"You're right. I don't give a fuck, but it seems like my father is invested in your smart ass, and I have to find out why. What makes you so goddamn worthy of his concern?"

I think my words are more hateful than I want them to feel. She looks at me, sad and with pity. That pisses me off, but I keep my composure. "If you must know, it's because your father, my step-grandfather-in-law, likes me. I read to him in Greek and in Spanish. He finds my ability to make each character have their own unique accent cool. You know your ancestor's language, ones I've heard you have all but abandoned?"

She has my number right now and doesn't even know it. The cruel thing about this is that she speaks the truth and doesn't rub it in my face. There's no superiority in her tone. My only response is one of irritation. "Ah, so you've got a brown nose then. Good to know. Let's see if you can keep that habit with me."

She doesn't engage with me, and I am impressed. I almost feel like a damn teenager at the moment. We stand in line, waiting to check out. I ditch my cart because I don't have a damn thing in it. Jasmine puts items on the belt, and I softly move her. "Let me." She gives me a huff but doesn't argue with me. Yeah, she's going to be a prickly little thing.

I take in what she's wearing today. A pink silky shirt, black cardigan, black slacks, and pink Mary Jane shoes. Adorable. Just fucking adorable and I don't want to do anything to take that away from her. But I'm going to.

"This doesn't look like the food you would eat." I'm not being rude, just making an observation.

"It's not for me. It's for Tia." She hands the cashier the money, and the bagger moves to take the groceries out.

"I've got it." Giving the kid a look that says *you touch anything and I'll pound you*, keeps him from moving. Good decision on his part. I'd hate to have to go to jail over a damn busted nose.

"I don't need your assistance." Oh, little buttercup, you are cruising for a big ass whooping.

"Don't recall asking you for your opinion." Pushing the cart to her car with her protesting the entire way, I laugh. "Look, which car is yours?"

I already know it's a black BMW with pink wheels. The girl is a damn goth-like Barbie but in a much better package.

"This one." She presses a button, and the back end comes up on her SUV.

"Nice car for a spoiled rich girl."

The blush that graces her cheeks was worth the rude comment. Jasmine huffs but doesn't say a word. I'm aware it was a birthday present for getting into college and making straight A's.

"Thank you for helping me to the car. I got it from here." Her hand brushes against my arm, and I close my eyes for a second. Electric sparks run through my system. Damn, I'm going to do something I shouldn't do.

Crowding her into the back of the SUV, I force her to look at me by putting my hand on her face, and she gasps. "What are you doing?"

"Whatever the fuck I want to do." My lips meet hers in a crushing kiss. There's no gentleness in my movements and when she doesn't open her lips for me, I squeeze her chin until she does.

Plunging my tongue into her mouth, I feel like a damn king conquering a foreign land. She's mine to take, and I will make her crave me. She's been driving me crazy since before she got on this campus. It's only fucking fair she feels the same way I do.

Jasmine moans and I feel her hand sliding up my sides, pulling me close. Her kiss is shit, and I wonder if she's inexperienced. That thought makes me want to ravage her, but I will not do it here. Hell no. She's going to beg for every single ounce of pleasure before I give it to her.

When I pull back, she blinks at me. "Why'd you stop?" Her words must surprise her because she clamps her lips shut and looks away with a blush growing on her chubby cheeks.

I don't answer her. Taking the cart back to the trolley holder, I walk away, wondering what the fuck I'm going to do about my growing need for her. She's nowhere prepared to be anything to me. And I'm not here for love. Fuck that.

# Chapter Seven



*"Who's my little one?" Chris's words wash over me as he kisses down my throat. I tremble with each stroke of his cock along my flesh. He hasn't put it inside me yet, but I'm ready. I can't stand how he's teasing me.*

The sound of my alarm beeping brings me out of my dream, and I'm glad. It's the fourth night that Chris has entered my dreams and made me beg. I don't understand my dreams at all. He scares me and is too demeaning to be likable. How can I still have a crush on him?

Grumbling, I look at my phone, cursing that it's Monday and classes start all over today. Brewing a small pot of coffee, I walk into the bathroom to take a shower. I smile, thinking about how Tia is going to react to us getting invited to a party.

Getting out, I wrap my robe around me and come out to a pot of elixir of life. Thank goodness. As I'm looking over my notes, my door opens and I scream. Chris stands there, smirking at me.

"How did you get in?" I wrap the robe tighter and wait for an answer that doesn't come. The lock engages on my door, and he simply walks over to me.

"You think I don't have a key to your dorm room?" His laugh is full of promises I'm not sure I want to know about.

"You shouldn't. It's an invasion of privacy." I put a hand on my hip and tap my foot on the floor. *Really Jazz? You think he gives two shits about your privacy?*

"Well, considering you called in on your last two days of work, I thought I would come over to see how you are doing."

"My mom sent you, didn't she?" I know he doesn't care about me. Hell, he probably didn't even know anything about me before my name came across his desk for a scholarship.

"I don't associate with your family, but as a favor to her, I told her I would make sure you were checking in on a regular basis." He pulls me to him, and I tremble.

"Why have you missed your workdays?" That gravel-filled voice of his does things to me. Things I shouldn't be thinking about if I want to focus on my education.

"Figured you didn't want me around." Why do I sound so sullen about it? *Ugh.*

"You thought wrong, buttercup." His hand snakes around my hair, and he pulls my head back until I'm unable to ignore him. "For being so naughty and calling off work when you clearly aren't sick, I'm going to have to teach you how adults behave."

"Like brutes?" Damn it. I wasn't meaning for that to come out. I guess it's too late now to take the words back.

"Exactly. That's what you need, obviously." He flips me around until I'm on the bed, face down.

Chris yanks my robe off me, and I hiss. "Hey!"

"Who the fuck did this to you?" Crap, I forgot about the scar along my shoulder blades.

"Doesn't matter." I mumble, and he hauls my body up by my hair, forcing me to look at him.

His glare is deadly. I've seen no one look like this before. Chris's nostrils are flared, teeth bared, and his eyes are wild. Animalistic.

"Who did this?" he demands of me, and I want to smart off and tell him it's none of his damn business, but I'm not sure that's a wise thing to do.

"My real father's friend." I've felt small before. Now, I feel as if I am under a microscope because I'm nothing more than a speck of dirt in a petri dish.

"Why?" His growl thunders over me, and my lower lip quivers.

"They were drunk." If only that were the whole truth. "My father passed out, or so I thought, while my mom was at work. Father's friend was over, and I walked in on him stealing from us."

Chris releases my hair and pulls me into his lap as he sits down. "Go on, little buttercup."

The way he says that makes me feel special, but I will not be foolish and believe he could ever think of me as anything but a burden. My mother insisted on having him monitor me. It's not unwarranted. Ever since my father's episode, she has been hypervigilant with me.

"When I tried to confront him, my father got up and tackled me to the ground. He yelled at me about how I shouldn't have come home. That if I had



stayed at work, I wouldn't have to be punished." Those words still haunt me.

"He thought I was mom, and I didn't understand a damn thing he said. Why would mom have to stay away? Who was the guy if it wasn't a friend?" I look at him, hoping he understands what I'm talking about.

I don't like rehashing the next thing that happened, and I whimper, hiding my face into Chris's neck.

"Did they rape you?" His voice is low, like you'd speak to a spooked kitten or puppy, trying to coax them out of their shelter.

Closing my eyes, I count to five and take in a deep breath. *It's all in the past*, I tell myself. Getting the courage to look up from his neck, I tremble. "No. Not exactly. My father held me down as his friend demanded that he get me under control."

Sighing, I play with a button on his shirt. "The man cut my clothes off and something inside my father must have woken up because he told the man no." A sob escapes my throat, and Chris curls me into him.

"It's alright, Jasmine. Tell me what happened. Let it all out." His soft strokes against my back make me calm down enough to continue.

"He said not to touch me. He told the man I wasn't a whore like my mother. His friend got really mad and punched father out. He came after me, but I had the sense to run. I was scared and didn't watch where I was going. I fell against one of the wall tables, which slowed me down because I tried to save mom's favorite vase. The man caught up to me and he stabbed me."

The memory assaults me, making me hiccup. "It wasn't the pain that was the worst thing. It was his body against mine on the wall. He sliced that knife across the entire width of my shoulders. I was lucky he didn't get it deep enough to sever my spine."

"As he took the knife away from my skin, he dropped it, and when

unzipped his pants, I lost it." I'm whispering because I'm ashamed I hurt someone. "Since he was distracted, I pushed him. He took me with him, though. He ended up with a broken neck. I was luckier, but barely. I had a compound fracture in my ankle, a broken wrist, and I was bleeding out on the floor."

A small snuffle leaves me. "Mom came home to find me passed out on the floor next to a dead man, and my father was still in the office."

Chris makes circles along my skin, listening to me. He kisses my forehead and brings my wrist to his mouth. "Go on, little one."

"Mom was frantic, but I was barely there. I had lost too much blood from everything. When mom woke father up, he got pissed, then scared. He was screaming about how I fucked up the biggest thing in the world for his company. Mom went off on him, and they fought. I can still hear the screams and the gunshot, but I don't know what exactly happened."

"Fuck, Jasmine, what a mess." He holds me closer, and I snuffle again. He feels, at least at this moment, like peace.

"I woke up in the hospital about a week later and mom was charged with first degree murder, but David stepped in. He got the full story out of all of us and mom hasn't left his side since. That's been about four years now."

Showing him my tattoo, he chuckles. A real laugh from him and something inside of me bursts. I hug him. "I have not done my wrist yet because I don't know what to get. But the angel wings in flowers make me think of a good day."

I'm met with silence, which makes me feel self-conscious, and I look down.

"Has David ever touched you?"

My head pops up in shock. "No. Never. He's been very kind to me. It took a few years of therapy for me and mom to get where we are today. I got off

easy. Mom still hasn't truly healed from everything."

"I see. Well, thank you for telling me, but that doesn't excuse your absences from work."

Glancing at Chris, I see he's calmed down marginally. There's a rage inside of him I don't quite get, but for once I'm not afraid.

"But you need direction more than punishment at the moment." He heaves a sigh as he pushes a hand through my hair. My mind and body light up at having direction. I follow the rules. It's been eating at me, not going into work, but I'm not sure I can handle being around Chris that much.

"What does that entail?"

He gives me a smile. A genuine smile that isn't filled with evilness. I swear my heart stops, then starts up again. This is dangerous. He needs to go back to his frowning face immediately.

"You will do everything I say. Check in with me and if you have plans to do anything or need something, you will get my permission first."

"Will you..." I pause, and he touches my face softly. It's such a different contrast to what he's previously shown me. "Will you hurt me?"

"Yes." Blunt and to the point, as always. "But you will crave it. In fact, you'll worship the pain by the time I'm done with you."

I do not know what he's talking about, but I nod anyway. Even though I'm not sure, I like the idea of him being done with me. Jesus, Jazz, reel it in. This isn't a good thing. He's taking control. My brain warns me, but his words cut into my inner thoughts.

"Go to your closet and bring me a dress you'd like to wear today."

What an odd request. "Alright." Getting up, I feel his eyes on me. I pick out a pink, white, and black checkered long-sleeve dress.

"No." He doesn't even look for more than a second.

"This is my..." He kisses me harshly, backing me up against the wall.

"No." He licks my lips, and I whimper. Does he understand I have no clue what he's doing to me? Or that I've never experienced any of this?

My breathing comes in gasps as he runs his hands along my hips. "I want to see you in short sleeves with a dress that goes down to your knees."

"The scar," I whisper. It's a sore point for me. My shoulders, I can hide. The tattoo covers a story I will never share with anyone else again. My wrist looks hideous and marred. It's a reminder of how my father let me down, and how I almost got raped. How do I tell him that?

# Chapter Eight



“**B**e good today, and I will see you after your classes.” Chris kisses my lips before he takes my phone and shares my location to his phone. “I want to know where you are. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” I pull at my sleeves and try not to fidget, but not covering my scar is driving me nuts.

“Leave your arms alone,” Chris demands, and I nod. “Good girl. Now I have to get to work but we will discuss punishment more later. You’ll be late to class, and I won’t have you being tardy, buttercup.”

“I understand.” I smile as he leaves, and I wait for a bit until I make my way out so no one puts two and two together.

The room is freezing in my science class. Thank goodness I brought a sweater with me. Putting it on, I sit down and wait for class to start.

The time goes by slowly and seems to drag as the teacher keeps on talking. I know I should have tested out of this class, but I wanted to be taught by the professor. She's an expert in her field, but damn, she's boring.

As the bell goes off, my phone vibrates. I smile at Tia's text.

**Tia:** Jazz, are you still in class?

**Me:** Nope. I'm headed to the psychology building. You too?

**Tia:** Yeah. It's our one class together.

Trying not to think about Chris. I decide to play it safe with a topic that will shock Tia.

**Me:** Have you noticed how hot the guys are here?

It's not like I have either. My mind is wrapped around Chris and how much he scares me. That's not entirely true either. He makes me feel things I don't quite understand but want more of. He's addictive.

**Tia:** Not really. Been busy with volleyball.

**Me:** Are you going to the party tonight?

I am certain Tia's gotten an invitation to the party.

**Tia:** On a Monday night?

*Is she serious right now?* Miss Party Animal should be ready to go. How can I be the sensible one right now?

**Me:** Are you seriously being the square one right now? It's usually me that's telling you no.

**Tia:** Fine. Let's go. Where's the party at?

Excitement for my first party starts to build. I truly want to experience things that were off-limits in high school.

**Me:** The Kappa house.

**Tia:** Alright. I'm going to jump in the shower.

Why would she need a shower? Did something happen? Questions buzz through my brain as I continue to walk and wonder what's going on with Tia. I hope her coach isn't being too strict on her.

**Me:** Why? History doesn't require you getting dirty.

**Tia:** A story for another time. See you in twenty minutes.

**Me:** Be good, girl.

When I get to the psychology building, Chris is standing there. How does he always look like he's a Greek god looking down at me? I swear he must be a direct descendant from them. He's so well put together, even after a few hours of sitting at a desk. There's not a wrinkle in sight.

"Hi." He's frowning at me as I approach him.

"Why are your arms covered up, Jasmine?" His arms cross over his chest, and I gulp. I forgot all about my sweater.

I'm going to be honest because that's in my nature. It's sure to get me in trouble now. "The science room was freezing. I'm used to long sleeves, so I put this on."

"Take it off," he demands, and I square my shoulders.

"No." My heart races at the idea of having to show my arms. Yes, the sweater was used for keeping me warm, but now, I'm back in my comfort zone, and I don't know how to tell him I need my security.

"Jasmine, you need to step out of your bubble. This isn't a punishment for you. It's about letting others see your beauty. Scars and all."

Chris believes that but all it is a constant reminder of something bad in my life that I prefer to forget. Forever. I'm about to say something when I hear Tia.

"Hey, leave her alone." Tia's loud demand startles me.

My eyes pop wide open, and I step back, shaking my head. "Ah, you must be Jasmine's best friend, Tia. I'm Christopher Groveton, the Dean of Education."

Tia crosses her arms over her stomach and raises an eyebrow. Oh God, this could get ugly. "Your point?"

"Tia, please, this is my step-uncle-in-law." I intertwine my arms with Tia's and pull us back. "He was just reminding me of the family dinner this weekend."

I hate lying to her. It isn't in my nature to flat out lie but I don't want Tia to dig too deep into this.

"Cool. Now let's go, Jazz." Chris's lip twitches in amusement at Tia as she pulls me along to the building.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Tia asks me with concern. She's always been more like a sister than a best friend to me. I don't want to worry her.

"Yeah. He's really overbearing, and my mom thinks it's important that I report to him every other day at least. You know my mom. Helicopter parent galore!"

Tia sits down and scrutinizes me as I giggle and open my laptop to take note. "I've been thinking. Maybe I could afford to move in with you. Uncle Chris keeps stopping by my dorm." I tremble and avert my eyes as I think about him coming into my room today. God, I was turned on, but I was scared too. There are too many emotions I don't understand going through me.

Tia takes my hand and I look back at her. "You know I offered to begin with."

Rolling my eyes and whining a little, I know she's right.. "Yes, I know, but mom wanted me to have the whole college experience."



"True, but it's overrated right? If you want to move in with me, there's plenty of space."

"I'll let you know. Right now, I just want to whine about the whole situation." Nervously, I giggle and try to find the picture I'm looking for. This guy is right up Tia's list of likes. When I find it, I show her my phone. "This is Jaxon. He's the head of the basketball team. He invited us to the party tonight."

"What do you mean, he invited us?" The way she reacts is not what I'm expecting. It's as if the roles have been reversed since we started college.

Shrugging, I close out of the school sports page and nod. "Yes, he did. He's kind of nice, you know?"

"Of course. Let's go and see what he's like. If we don't like the vibe, we can leave."

I never went to parties in high school. More excitement runs through me, and I get up. Dancing on the balls of my feet, I do a happy dance. When Tia laughs, I hug her tightly and squeal. "Thank you, Tia. It will be my first party."

"I know."

The professor starts talking so I don't have time to celebrate a small victory. Instead, I sit down and look over my lecture notes as our professor talks about the test coming up.

Once class is over, Tia tells me to meet her at the quad once I'm done with work. I can't wait. Before I go to my next class, I feel as if someone is behind me. Of course, when I turn around there's not a student in sight.

"Ugh!" I shake my head and make a beeline for the last building on campus. As I wait for class to start, my phone goes off.

**Chris:** Make sure that sweater is off, Jasmine.

I don't want to take the sweater off, but why is he making such a big deal about it?

**Chris:** Stop fidgeting with your lip and take the goddamn sweater off.

Wait a minute. How did he know I was biting my lip? I swivel in my desk chair and look to see if he's in my classroom. He's not. My heart races, and I put my phone down on the desk. Get it together, Jazz.

The phone goes off, and I know it's him. Trying to ignore it, I pick out my notebook for this class and a pencil to take notes. I can feel the sweat forming on my forehead because I'm ignoring him. Sighing, I look at my phone.

**Chris:** Do I have to remind you, you promised to be a good girl today?

Typing a reply quickly, I know he's going to get upset with me. My brain fights with me telling me to be good. That it's not ok to provoke him.

**Me:** But I like my sweater.

**Chris:** Then I guess you'll find out what happens when you come to work today.

Putting my phone back down on my desk, I ignore the threat. I know it's a threat, and I should be scared. So, why am I smiling at pushing his buttons to point he becomes this dominating person?

## Chapter Nine

Chris

Well, I'll be damned. She didn't take the fucking sweater off. My dick twitches at her being a little brat. I can't wait to sink all nine inches into her small, wet, quivering pussy. But it's not time for that. As the Dean of Education, I can't put her across my desk and fuck her so everyone knows that she's mine. Nope. Gotta be smart about this.

Dismissing my secretary for lunch, I smile as Jasmine comes into my view and talks to a student before opening my door.

"Hello, Mr. Groveton."

I smirk at her attempt to be so formal when she knows she's in trouble.

"Come here," I request, and her eyes spark with curiosity. It's going to be interesting when I bend her over my damn desk.

Locking the door with the remote button on my laptop, I wait for her to walk toward me.

Jasmine hesitates and I squint my eyes at her. “Now, Jasmine. Don’t make me come get you.”

A soft blush highlights across her cheeks and I know I will fucking watch this tape over and over once I’m by myself. My cock pulsates with the idea of making her suck me down to my balls and seeing that blush on her sweet innocent face.

Her steps are slow, but she does what I’ve demanded. Those large hips of hers sway with each move she makes and damn, I’ve never been more appreciative of a body shape in my life.

Once she gets to me, I grab her and she yelps. Forcing her head down to the wooden desk, I hold her there for a moment. Bending down so that I’m near her ear, I bite the lobe, and she whimpers. Yeah, my buttercup likes it when I’m rough with her. Even if she doesn’t understand it.

“You know, disobeying me gets you a spanking.” I lift her skirt and expose her perfect flesh to me, and I moan. Fuck, there’s no way I’m going to make it through the night without fucking her. Hell, I’ll be lucky if I make it through this afternoon.

“Chris?” Her voice holds so much trust but fear it’s insane. It’s like she wants to please me, but the fear makes her tentative and fearful.

“Mm. You want me to spank you, don’t you, buttercup?” Running my hand along her supple ass, I watch intently as she squirms for me. When she doesn’t answer me, I bring my hand back and slap her left cheek.

Her gasp makes me happy. I wait for her to give me some feminist bullshit about how she can’t believe I would spank her. She surprises me by pushing her ass out and wiggling. Goddamn, she’s begging for me to spank her again.

Black spots float through my eyes as my blood pressure rises, and I realize I'm getting in too deep, too fast.

"That's right, stick that little slutty ass out for me."

Another slap and she moans. "Yes." That tiny voice comes out on a damn squeak as I continue to smack her. I'm going to destroy this girl, and there isn't a fucking person who can stop me.

My handprint is bright on both her cheeks, and I hear her sniffing. I rub a finger along her wet folds and laugh. She's sopping wet, and when I push against her clit, she moves her body against me.

"Your body betrays those little sniffles you are trying so hard not to let me hear, buttercup."

My fingers glide up her back, and when I get to her hair, I undo her hair clip and fling it on my desk. Fisting my hand in her curls, I pull her up and force her to look my way.

"If I wanted to, I could fuck you and you'd take it, wouldn't you?"

Her eyes are glazed over and I know I have her right where I want her. "Y... Yes." She whimpers as I push a finger into her tight slit.

"That's what I thought." Her pussy walls clench around my fingers, and if it weren't for the incessant beeping on my phone, I'd take her virginity right now.

Shit, I forgot I had a damn meeting. Pulling away from her, I lick my finger and walk toward the door.

"Get yourself cleaned up. I have to go." I leave before I run late, or worse, I sink my dick into her.

"What?" Her one word reaches me as the door closes, and the feeling that I'm a cold bastard hits me hard, but I don't have time to process it.



By the time I get back to the office, Jasmine is gone, and I'm pissed she didn't ask for permission to leave. Sighing, I sit down at my desk and wonder how long it will take me to train her to be my good little girl. She's already being such a naughty little brat. Surely she can be my good girl too.

Powering up my laptop, I think about the way she was into her spanking. It's definitely not a good enough punishment for her. As I log into the tracking device, I see Jasmine is at Tia's. Fine. I'll let her be for now. Although, I'm not sure Tia's the best influence for her. They are super close which means I'm going to have to break that.

The good side of my brain urges me to let her have some girl time, but the devilish side wins out. Using my connection to her phone, I send her a text.

**Me:** You need to report back to my office.

Like a goddamn junkie, I watch the three bubbles appear.

**Jasmine:** No. I only work four hours.

I bark out a laugh at her gumption. Cheeky little brat.

**Me:** And what did we discuss this morning?

The bubbles appear then disappear then reappear. Man, she must be typing up a long ass reply.

**Jasmine:** We didn't. You demanded and I'm not sure I want to follow anything you have to say. I think it's best if we remain professional and you don't try to um... well you know what I'm saying.

*What the fuck?*

**Me:** What the hell do you mean, you aren't sure? That sweet ass pussy of yours has been soaked since this morning.

Jasmine doesn't reply for the longest time. When the bubbles disappear for good, I almost chuck my phone across the room, but I control myself. Goddamn, she has me in knots. Getting up, I plan to go get something to eat but my mind has other ideas.

The tracker on my phone beeps as I get closer to Tia's house and to my surprise, I see the volleyball coach in her car, looking pissed. Not wanting to be spotted, I take a left, and drive to the nearest fast food place.

Sending a message to Laura, I try hard to compose myself.

**Me:** Drove by Tia's on my way home and saw you there. Everything ok?

For fuck's sake, it's none of my business. Then I have to remind myself I'm the Dean of Education. Of course, it's my business if a staff member is at a student's house at night.

**Laura:** Yes. Tia has been breaking curfew. Wanting to make sure she stays inside.

Thank God that's all it is.

**Me:** Good enough.

For the next hour, I try not to think about Jasmine. I fail and get pissed at myself. This is supposed to be me fucking around with her to get my revenge on David.

Banging my hand on the steering wheel, I forcefully tell myself I'm done. I will not get feelings for this girl. Even if she does need me to direct her. As soon as I get her under my thumb and get my revenge, I'll be done with her.

Something inside of me says otherwise. There's not going to be a moment when I'm not done with her. For some reason, I feel as if I'm going down a rabbit hole that I may not be able to come back from. God dammit, I can't be

this foolish. It's ridiculous I'm sitting here having a damn debate on what I'm going to do with Jasmine when I already know.

I turn up the music and drive home. It's the best place to get my shit together and forget about Jasmine for the night. Besides, I have a gut feeling I should be worried about my volleyball coach.



# Chapter Ten



When Chris left, embarrassment flooded me, and I knew I had to get out of there as fast I could. Still, I had a job to do, and when my hours were up, I hightailed it like the devil was after me.

Meeting Tia like I promised, she comes running up and hugs me. "Ok, so we

need to wear something fun and sexy at the same time."

I don't like dressing up. It freaks me out to think about the way I might look in something. Besides, Tia won't understand the scars if she sees them. "You mean we have to dress up?"

Tia kisses my forehead. "Yes, you goofball. We gotta make that basketball player wish he had you in his arms all night long."

Oh, God. I don't know if I can do this. I had meant to distract Tia with the party but now my gut is swirling with anxiety. "I'm not sure. What if... what if he was just being nice?"

"No way. You're gorgeous. Anyone that asks you out should be honored." She always knows what to say and when to say it. Sometimes I think she's psychic with how good she can read me and know what I need to hear.

"Thanks, Tia." I hope she's telling me the truth because I don't feel like anyone would like me. Even if I wasn't plus-sized, I'm a full blown nerd.



When we get to the party, it's loud, and people are dancing everywhere. Is this

really what a party is like? I don't think I should be here. It's not my scene, and Tia must realize that.

Taking me by the arm, she pulls me close so I can hear her over the music. "Relax, you got this. I'll be with you the entire time."

I smile at her and nod. "Thanks, Tia."

Jaxon comes up and slings his arm around my shoulder. "You came. So fucking glad you did, cause this party was pretty damn lame without you."

A blush rises up my neck and Tia smiles at me. Alright, so maybe Tia is right. Jaxon may like me and that thought should make me happy. Right?

"Who let the cow in?" someone says, and a few others laugh as another person makes mooing sounds.

Jaxon winks at me. "Ignore them, let's go dance."

For a few minutes everything is fine. Tia and I dance with Jaxon and one of his friends, but then a bigger crowd comes in and people start making fun of me and taking bets on how long it will take for Jaxon to bag me.

Tia gets pissed and to distract everyone, she takes a shot that one of the guys tried to give me. Jaxon gets me one and tells me he'll be right back. Tia looks at me and nods for me to move over to the corner.

"No matter what happens, you are to stay right here. Do not drink what Jaxon gave you."

I hand her the drink and she dumps it into the plant nearest me. "Please, Jazz, don't move. Everything will be alright."

I want to believe he's a good guy, but what if he isn't? Time seems to elapse and the room kind of spins around but I keep my eyes on Tia. If she's here, I'm alright.

"What's going on, Jazz?"

I jump, frightened as I look at Tia's coach. She laughs. "Don't worry, I'm not here to get you in trouble."

I watch her for a moment, trying to decide if she's really here to help Tia. Deciding that she is, I sigh. "The guys were making fun of me since I actually came, so Tia, she um, she distracted them."

"Why were they making fun of you?"

My lower lip trembles. I'm not jealous of Tia. God no. She's amazing and she loves me as I love her. But everyone knows I'm overshadowed by her because of her beauty. "Well um, I'm not exactly a Tia now am I?"

I didn't expect Coach to pull me into her arms and hug me, but she does. "It's alright, one day you are going to look back at this and flip all these bastards off. No one here deserves you."

"Where the fuck is she?" The voice booms over the music and everyone

freezes. I tense up, knowing that voice belongs to one angry man. Coach turns us and shields me. Why would she do that? She steps back and I notice her raise her eyebrow.

"My step-uncle-in-law," I whisper.

"Jasmine!"

Tia turns toward us, almost falling from the table as she hears Chris bellow and gets down from and walks toward us.

She comes up and while she's kind of out of it, she stands there, looking ready to go to blows with Chris. It makes me happy to know she cares so much.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" He looks like an animal. His nostrils are flared, eyes blazing with anger, and he's looking directly at me.

Blanching, I step behind Tia. I'm not normally a coward, but right now, I'm too scared of Chris and how he's going to punish me.

"Dean, I think the best course of action would be to get these two out of here and then you can yell at them."

"Coach Landrey, why are..." He stops speaking and looks over her shoulder at Tia. "Ah, one of your players is here. Got it. Yes, let's get the hell out of this place."

"Yup, let's get these girls out of here."

The basketball team literally screams at us. "Hey, we were being entertained."

Chris looks like he's about to explode, and Coach stands in front of all of us. "I think we have had enough fun for one night. I don't think I need to go tell your coach what you might have been doing, now do I?"

The guys look at each other and hold their hands up, backing away. "You got it, Coach."

Coach nods toward the guys and speaks in this weird tone of voice. I wonder if Tia is going to be in trouble too now. "Excellent. Have a good night, boys."

"I cannot believe you went to a party, Jasmine." I shrivel under his glare. His hand encircles my arm and I gulp. Yeah, I'm in a lot of trouble.

"Dean, do you have Jasmine? I'm going to take Tia home."

He turns to Coach, and I'm grateful for it. His stare is intense. Too intense for me right now. "Yes. Good night, Coach Landrey."

"Good night."

We leave them at a fast pace, and I cry out as I stumble. Chris doesn't even stop as he turns around, picks me up into his arms and forces his way out of the Kappa house. His hand that's on my face pushes me until I'm laying my head down on his shoulder.

"Of all the irresponsible shitty ass places for you to go, you go to a frat party. For fuck's sake, Jasmine, you could have been raped tonight. I can see I'm not going to be able to leave you alone."

He marches us all the way to the dorm room and my head starts to feel a bit funny. It has to be the angle in which he has me over his shoulder. "Are you going to tell my mom?"

"No. I'm going to make you understand the dangers and tonight, you are going to pack an overnight bag. In the morning, we will come back for the rest of your shit."

"I don't want to leave the dorm." Something tells me I'm not ready to be within his presence twenty-four-seven. My heart beats wildly as he takes the stairs two at a time, bouncing me in his grasp.

"Really don't care what you want little girl. I'm going to do what's right for you, whether you like it or not."

As we get to my room, he sets me down on my feet, and I wobble. “Did you drink tonight?”

“No.” I refuse to tell any more lies. The truth is the best way to go. Besides, I have a feeling he’d find out anyway. “I have vertigo and you upended me.”

“Fair enough. Where’s your keys?” He pats my body down in my dress. It’s a stupid dress that shows off my body, but I feel exposed in it. “And what the fuck are you wearing?”

“A dress,” I mumble as I reach into the skirt’s pocket and pull out my dorm room key. Sliding the key into the lock, I open the door and try to rush into my room and shut the door.

“You aren’t getting rid of me that easily, Jasmine. Now go pack.”

The room spins and I tremble as I grab onto the wall. It’s the first thing I come to. “I don’t like being over your shoulder, please don’t do that again.” My words sound muffled and I look up as Chris comes toward me.

“Buttercup, come on, let’s get you on the bed.”

I don’t argue. Bed sounds nice. So nice. He takes off my high heels that are too high for me. I’m surprised I didn’t break my ankles walking in them tonight. With swimming eyes, I smile at him.

“Just rest, sweet one. I’ll watch over you.” That’s the last thing I remember him saying as I close my eyes. If only I felt like he was watching over me because he truly cared.

# Chapter Eleven

Chris

Jasmine sleeps soundly as I pace back and forth in her room, watching her. She could have been hurt badly. I shouldn't fucking care, but I do. If something happened to her before I could get my revenge, I'd blow a gasket.

I'm going to have to teach her a valuable lesson when she wakes up. Most likely, she won't remember tonight and if she does, it will be a good thing for her to know parties aren't the place for her. It's definitely inappropriate for such a good girl to be drinking.

Hours go by as I sit in the desk chair, thinking about what I want to do to the little shits at the Kappa house. Before I can expel any of them, I'll need proof. Some of them are on scholarship and that alone will kick their asses

out of here. It's against school policy to have alcohol on campus. It's usually a write up the first time, but these bastards targeted Tia and Jasmine.

As the sun starts to rise, I take my tie off and move over to Jasmine's bed and take her hands one at a time to tie them to the bedpost. She doesn't even stir. I want her naked and at my mercy. I hope she didn't like the dress she was wearing. Pulling the scissors from the organizer on her desk, I cut the fabric off her into strips. It's perfect to tie her legs spread apart.

Looking at her bra and matching bikini bottoms, I smile. Innocent white with little smiley faces all over the set. A laugh leaves me but I quickly stop myself. Once I've secured Jasmine, I go back to her desk and see the perfect nipple clamp alternative. Paper clips. Fuck, my little buttercup has no idea what I'm about to do to her.

Bending the paper clip into a U shape, I walk back over to her and rub a finger along one nipple and repeat along the other. Her body is sensitive to my touch. Placing the paper clips onto her nipples, I squeeze them until she whines. Perfect.

Sitting back down, I run my open palm along her stomach all the way down to her clit. As I touch her, she trembles and a soft whine comes from her mouth. She's wet. So fucking wet.

Taking my phone out, I push a finger into her pussy and take a picture. Fuck me. I take another picture as she moans and arches her back. Her eyes remain closed, and guilt runs through me. Jasmine probably thinks she's having a naughty dream.

My finger moves back and forth in her body. It's so damn tight, I can barely move, but I finger fuck her as she writhes against the bed, begging for more. I'm a son of a bitch for turning on the video. This wasn't the plan just yet. But hell, this timeline works for me just as well.



“Chris,” she whispers, and I still. Looking at her, her eyes are closed and she’s slightly snoring.

Goddamn, she’s dreaming about me. Maybe I won’t give David this video yet. If she’s a good girl, I won’t do it. But one bad move on her part and it will be over with. Pulling my finger out of her, I push two back into her and her eyes pop open as her body gives way to her pleasure.

I catch everything on video as she screams out. “Oh!” Jasmine’s eyes are unfocused as I move my fingers, scissoring them in her.

“Hello, buttercup.” My words break the spell the orgasm had on her and she tries to scramble away from me, but she’s not going anywhere.

“Moving isn’t an option for you right now. You see, you were a naughty girl thinking I’d let you go to a party on a school night. Hell, you shouldn’t be at a party at all.”

Her gaze goes to her hands as she moves her head to look at the bond that keeps her from getting loose. “Why would you tie me up?”

That little quiver in her voice doesn’t sway me from my mission. “It’s called a punishment, little one. You should have known you were going to be in trouble.”

Removing my fingers from her sweet cunt, I stand up and push them through her lips. “Taste your orgasm on my fingers. You loved everything I did to you.”

Jasmine moves her mouth up and down, cleaning me, but it’s not nearly enough. “You could have been raped by some boy last night. It would have hurt like hell, and you’d be in the hospital. Instead, I came to your rescue and brought you back to your dorm room. I would think you’d be a little more grateful, Jasmine.”

There’s that blush I love so much. She closes her eyes at my words but I

pinch the clips on her nipples and she squeals.

“That’s right. You are at my mercy, and you’ll do what I tell you, when I tell you. Do you understand, Jasmine?”

“Yes.” She tries to speak around my fingers and I laugh. I take them away from her and unzip my pants.

“As repayment for your petulance, you will suck me off.” Her eyes go wide but I don’t give a fuck. She’s going to learn I’m in charge here, and she will do as I tell her.

Straddling her body, I run my cock between her breasts and she tenses. “I’m... I’m not...”

I grip her chin and force her mouth open, keeping her from talking. Fuck, I want to harm her and love on her at the same fucking time. I don’t understand my mixed emotions at the moment, and I’m not ready to dive into them, so I push them down and shove my cock into her mouth.

“If you bite me, I’ll make you regret it. Nod if you understand me.” I watch her eyes widen even more and wonder if this is going to cause her trauma. Then I remember I don’t give a fuck and start fucking her mouth.

There’s a slight nod as I bottom out in her throat. “Goddamn, buttercup, that feels good. Swallow for me.”

She’s gagging, but I’m not stopping. I feel her throat constrict and pull back a little only to thrust right back. The choking sound and the restriction of her throat throbs around my cock, and I take her head fully into my hands and face fuck her like she’s a two-bit whore from the streets.

“You’ll never go to another fucking party. Ever.” I’ve lost my grip on my control as I pinch her nose and hold her face all the way down on me. She’s jerking against the bed, but it doesn’t matter. Jasmine is mine to do with as I like, and frankly, she’ll get used to it.

Or at least that's what I tell myself to assuage my fucking guilt that's trying to rise. "Such a good little girl, taking my cock and not trying to bite me." Honestly, she is being good, and I should back off, but I won't.

Looking down at her, she closes her eyes as her cheeks flush and her lips stretch wide over my cock. Her button nose is stuffed into my skin, and I push her deeper. I hear the whimper from her, but all that does is make me want her more. Taking one long pull out, I shove right back in and come.

"Swallow it down." My sweet buttercup does exactly as she's told. I'm proud of her, but this isn't about pride. It's about learning a goddamn lesson.

Slowly, I remove my cock from her hot little mouth. "You were born to suck a cock, Jasmine. Damn, that was one of the best fucking blow jobs I've ever had. But your punishment isn't over."

My stomach burns as she tries to shy away from me. Her entire body is shaking as I remove myself from the bed and zip my pants up.

"Are... are you going to..." She can't even finish her questions.

"No. I'm not going to fuck you. Not in this dorm room at least."

Her visible relief makes me feel like a goddamn villain. Before I can talk, my phone goes off with a tone that's only for campus security.

"Well, it seems like Coach Landrey has taken care of the boys for me." I chuckle as I get text after text about what's going on.

"Looks like you've been saved by the bell. Literally, buttercup." I untie her and know I should do some aftercare for her. She's new to all of this and I'm not exactly a soft man. Unfortunately, I don't have time for it.

"Do not leave this room unless I give you permission. You have no classes today, that means your ass needs to be in here doing homework." I kiss her forehead as she pulls the clips off her nipples and moans in pain.

"Be grateful they weren't the real clamps, Jasmine. They are much worse,

and I would have kept them on you a hell of a lot longer.”

Once she has the covers over her body, I walk out the door and send a message to Laura.

**Me:** Meet me in my office at four. We need to discuss what happened at the Kappa house.

**Laura:** You know what happened.

**Me:** Four.

I don't feel like I need to further explain myself. She's either there at four or I will

suspend her ass.

## Chapter Twelve



**A**s the door clicks shut, I burst into tears. I can't believe he had me tied down—or that I was dreaming he would make love to me while I wasn't able to touch him. Everything hits me at once, and I can't handle it.

Getting up, I walk into the bathroom and look at my bruised nipples. I didn't realize this area is so sensitive. Or that I would like Chris pinching my nipples so much.

I turn the shower on and step into the cold water. Shivering, I wonder how I can be at war with myself. On one hand, I want Chris to be the monster. On the other hand, I need him to be nicer. To cherish me so I'm not second guessing myself every time I look at him.

Shaking my head, I step out of the shower after washing my still overheated body. Once I get dressed, I look for my phone. There's an email from my mom and a text from Tia asking me if I'm alright. I don't want to face anyone right now.

Placing my phone on the charger, I grab my keys and purse. Driving always calms me down. It doesn't take long for the music to start soothing me and the wind from the windows being rolled down to make me smile. When I see a Whataburger, I smile. The number five sounds fantastic right now. There's nothing like a bacon cheeseburger, hot crispy French fries, and a sweet tea.

Pulling in, I'm looking forward to diving in and not having to worry about anything but stuffing my face. The best part of this is, no one knows where I'm at. Peace. Just me and the swinging fifties music to fill the air. Plus, I have my Kindle with me. Maybe I'll finish that book about some beast taking the beauty from the ball.



The story was amazing, but I lost track of time and should have already been back at my dorm. I can't neglect my studies. Even if I don't want to deal with Chris, I need to read the email from my mom and let Tia know I'm alright.

“Hello, Jasmine.”

I look up to see Chris there, seething. Dang it. I forgot he shared my location with himself. The longer I look, the more agitated he seems to get. Words slip my mind as his eyes stare holes in me.

“Once again, you've disobeyed me.” He sits down in the booth blocking my way out. “And this time, you scared not only me, but your mother and

Tia.”

How does he know that? He hands me my cell phone. “Call your mother, right now.” He has a look on his face that makes me wilt back from him.

Reading mom’s email, I make the call. “Jazzie, honey, where have you been?” The sound of concern in her voice makes me feel awful.

“I’m sorry mom. It didn’t occur to me to check my email. I’ve been busy studying for an exam.” It’s a lie and I hate myself for it. A tear runs down my face as I realize that lying makes me feel like shit. Chris sits there glaring at me, sizing me up to be the liar that I am at this moment.

“That’s what Chris told me, but I needed to hear your voice. Are you coming home for Thanksgiving?”

Well, that question is from out of nowhere, but Tia and I had decided long ago that our first Thanksgiving after high school would be together. Thank goodness Tia has a place for us to celebrate. “I think Tia and I are going to have Thanksgiving here, but I am going to come home for Christmas.”

“Oh perfect, Jazzie. David wanted to go to Alaska and spend time with his family there. I know you hate the cold, but I also don’t want to leave you out of the plans.”

I chuckle, because mom is right. I detest the cold weather. “No thanks, Mom. Y’all enjoy your time in Alaska. I’ll call you in a few days.”

“Ok, baby. I’ll talk to you later.”

Hanging up after telling my mom I love her, I text Tia.

**Me:** Sorry I didn’t text you back. I’m good. I hope you are too. See you in class tomorrow.

I look at Chris, wondering why he hasn't said anything yet.. “What?”

“Nothing. Come along.” He scoots out of the booth and waits for me to follow.

I pick up my drink and Chris takes it from me. He takes a sip and growls.

“Sweet tea, really?” He sets the drink down and takes my hand, pulling me away from the table.

“What’s wrong with sweet tea?” I mean we live in the South for goodness sake. Almost everyone drinks sweet tea.

“It’s too sweet for you. You won’t be drinking it anymore.”

I pick up the drink and take a sip. “Who do you think you are? I can drink whatever I like, whenever I like.”

“Set the drink down, Jasmine.” He takes my arm in a brutal grip. We stand there for a moment, glaring at each other. Rolling my eyes, I take another sip and put the drink down.

“Gah!” I yank arm from his grip and walk out the door. He chuckles and follows me toward my car.

He jiggles my keys so I can hear them. “You aren’t going to get very far without these.” I turn toward him and make a grab for them. He simply smirks at me. “Since I took an Uber here, I’ll drive.”

“Chris, I don’t think...” He pulls me into him and growls in my ear.

“I’m taking you to my house and if you know what’s good for you, you’ll fucking get into the car and shut that bratty mouth of yours.”

He unlocks the door and leaves me standing on the sidewalk, baffled and uncertain. I look at my phone and wonder if I can call Tia to come get me.

“Move your ass, Jasmine.” My feet move on their own as I fiddle with my purse strap and wonder how I tell him I want to go back to my dorm room.

I move to the passenger side and slide in. “Seatbelt.” He grounds out and I slam my door. Chris places his hand on my thigh and squeezes.

“If you obey, it will be easier for you.”

Taking a moment to gather my emotions, I don’t respond right away. Once



I'm able to breathe, I take his pointer finger and bend it backward.

"I may be sweet and innocent, but I'm not a doormat."

How I got the courage to do this, I'll never know.

Chris curses and grabs my neck, pinning me to the seat. "I'm trying very hard not to hurt you, buttercup, but if you continue to defy me, I won't be able to control the animal inside."

His hand crushes my airway, and I release his finger. "Good choice, buttercup." He lets me go, and I put the seat belt on. "That's my good girl."

I don't want my body to react to him calling me a good girl, but it does. He knows it, too, because he smirks and pulls away from the restaurant.

"I know you're upset that I'm not letting you have your way, but you'll notice, I'm not unfair. You'll find that you can be happy if you just follow my lead."

I stare at him as he blows through a yellow light. He's clenching his fist around the steering wheel and breathing harshly. "I'm trying to make sure you're safe. The things that could have happened at the party could have been devastating for you."

He's not wrong. If Tia hadn't been there, I would have been in major trouble. "I know." I whisper. "Tia... She took care of it, though."

He chuckles sinisterly. "You call taking the drink for you and nearly stripping taking care of it?"

"Hey!" I shout without thinking. "She did what she had to do. The guys weren't going to let it go. She downed the drink, put me in the corner, and told me not to move. That she would handle it. I didn't want her to take the drink. But she knew we weren't getting out of there until someone did."

I nearly slap him when he laughs again. "Tia is my best friend, and I don't care what you think." *Another lie.* Man, I'm definitely going for broke today

with the lies.

My throat hurts from yelling, and I know I'll regret it tomorrow. Every time I yell, my throat is sore the next day and I sound like a frog.

Chris looks at me for a moment and then shakes his head. "I think you are a naive little girl and need to be taught a lesson."

"Yeah, well, whatever." Wow, what a response, Jazz. I turn on the radio and look out the window feeling, defeated and childish.

I'm scared of him, but I'm more scared of my feelings and how he seems to make them flitter from wanting his approval to fear he's going to beat me.

# Chapter Thirteen

Chris

Anger boils inside of me as I drive us to my estate. Jasmine has no idea what I'm about to show her. Or the world I'm going to introduce her into. I have no qualms about me being the bad guy, and I know my intentions aren't saintly. By the end of tonight, I'll have her under my control and the plan to destroy David will start.

"Chin up, buttercup. We are here. I'm pretty sure being in a five thousand square foot home won't be too much trouble."

She takes in the sprawling trees, and I smirk. If she had any thoughts of running, she won't get far. There's fifteen acres of wooded land before you end up in the Groveton Forest. She can run and hide, but I'll find her.

"You live here?" I try for a moment to see it through her eyes but fail.

“It's just a house.”

She gives me a chuckle and my heart twitches. Fuck. “No, this is a miniature castle. Do you have maids and staff to do your bidding?”

Shaking my head, I almost feel bad for how sweet she is. I'm going to wreck her and the evilness inside of me swirls to life. “No. Now, get out of the car.”

“You're so grumpy,” she whispers to herself, and I pretend not to hear it. I'm going to have to teach her how to be quiet.

As we walk into the house, it's cool, silent, and sterile. I know that the only pop of color in my life is my bratty buttercup. Dropping her bag of clothing, I turn to lock the door.

“Since I've locked this door, you'll need to understand you can't get out. If you try, my alarm system will go off. It's voice activated and will only shut off at my command.

Stalking toward her, I watch as Jasmine fidgets and stares wide-eyed at me.

“Alright.”

“Strip.” I'm not going to mince any time with pretenses. She should always be naked in my home.

That beautiful glow is back on her cheeks, and she hesitates.

“Are you going to obey or do I have to rip your clothes off?”

Her bottom lip slowly quivers, and for a moment, that terrible feeling comes back, but we've already established I don't give a damn.

“Chris, I'm... I'm not...” Instead of letting her finish her plea for me to be nice and not make her get naked, I rip her shirt down the middle.

“I fucking gave you an order, and when you don't comply, it pisses me off. By the end of the night you'll either submit to me like you so clearly crave, or I'll make you submit. Your choice, buttercup.”

She tries to step away from me with her shirt dangling around her arms, but I'm faster. Taking her by the arm, I guide her to the nearest table and bend her over it. It's easy to pull her skirt off as she wiggles in my grip.

Her baby blue bra and bikini bottoms are a stark contrast to her lily white skin. It's a gorgeous sight. The urge to lick every inch of her derails my anger for a moment.

As Jasmine struggles to get up, I lay on top of her, crushing her against the glass tabletop. Moving her hair away from her neck, I bend down and touch her heated skin with my lips.

"I'm going to make you pay for making me hunt you down little one. It's not wise to test me and you've done so for far too long."

"Get off me." It's adorable that she grits out her words, trying to sound feral. Her breath is too breathy and needy to be animalistic. Besides, I can feel the warmth coming from her pussy. She's wet and wants this as much as I do.

"Not a chance in hell."

"Please, you're confusing me." Her sweet little ass wiggles, and I can hear the need in her.

"Daddy will make it better, buttercup, but first you have a lesson to learn."

Did I call myself *Daddy*? Fuck, the sound of that is nice. Using her shirt, I tie her arms behind her back.

"You'll learn that if you're a good girl, you won't feel pain. If you're a bad girl, I'm going to hurt you in ways you can only imagine in your nightmares."

I take a moment to let my words sink in. I'm sure she's uncertain of what I mean. She's too fucking innocent for me to be doing this, but she's mine. At least until I'm done with her.

Running a hand along her covered pussy, I confirm she's soaked through the material and I smirk to myself. "So fucking wet for me, little buttercup."

Picking her up from the table by her arms, I lead her to my playroom. I shouldn't put her in the bondage room but she makes me too angry to keep my sanity about me. It doesn't fucking matter she hasn't even taken a dick yet. She's about to understand that Daddy means business, and her running away will always be punished.

"I can walk on my own." Still so fucking bratty.

Moving my hand from her arms to her neck, I grip her until she stops trying to get away. Marching her down the hallway to the double doors, I growl. "Disobedience will not be tolerated from here on out. If I catch you running again, what I do tonight will be child's play." I spit at the back of her head as I push her through the doors.

She's going to freak out because she's never seen half the shit that's behind this door. But she will know most of them by the time I'm done with my lesson. As the lights come on she gasps and stops dead in her tracks. I nearly run her over, but I steady us.

"Keep walking."

"No... No way. What is..." I squeeze her neck and bend down so I can make sure she hears every goddamn word.

"Daddy is upset you ran. He told you to stay in your dorm. You were under orders to stay put because you went to the party and almost ended up in a bad situation. Instead, what does my buttercup do?"

I just claimed her verbally and when I do, she relaxes in my arms for a second before her sharp gaze scans the room.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left the dorm. Please, I don't know what... I.. what is all this stuff?" She realizes what she says and tries to look back at me

but I keep my grip firm to the point she can't turn her face. "I'll be good. I promise. Please."

Jasmine is frantic, but it doesn't faze me. She will learn that unless I want her to do something, she won't do it. Moving us further into the room, I feel her trembling. Taking her to the bed on the back wall, I decide to start easy. It's not what the animal inside of me is demanding, but I'm also not cruel enough to put her on something more advanced. Yet.

Bringing the chain on the right post down to her arm, I untie the shirt keeping her arms behind her.

"Give me your right arm, Jasmine."

It's a simple enough demand. I watch her lookup, fear clear as day in her eyes. Her arm moves and I smile. "Good girl."

Placing the leather cuff on her wrist, I let the chain snap, pulling her toward the right side of the bed. "Give me the left one now."

Her entire body shakes, but she complies. Once I'm done with her wrists, I know she will try to wiggle too much. "Spread your legs as wide as you can."

We are at the foot of the bed, Her front facing the covers and her ass is to me. It's the perfect position for now. Jasmine moves her left leg for me.

"Wider." I run a hand along her right butt cheek and then the left. "Good girl."

I place a leather cuff on each ankle and stand back for a moment. Sometimes, anticipation can be stronger than actions. Walking away from her, I grab some items to play with. We will see how well she does with these starters.

"Head forward. You don't have permission to turn around."

Her snuffle is loud, but I keep gathering my items, peeking at her, waiting for her to move back into place. "For every second your head isn't in the

right position, I'm going to spank you.”

That warning gets her moving and I count the seconds. “That was seven seconds too long, buttercup.”

Coming back to her, I place the items on the bed in front of her. “Don’t speak, Jasmine.”

I want her to succeed in being good, hence the warning. It's also a test to see if she follows the simplest of commands.

When I’m met with silence, I smile. Instead of grabbing the ball gag, I pick up the riding crop and run it along her arm.

“You’ll count each hit out loud and ask for another one.” I give her the instructions and continue to move the crop along her body as I come back behind her.

“Your beg should sound like this: One, Daddy. Can I have another one?”

“What...” I smack her left side along her rib cage. It’s a gentle tap but she still gasps.

“No other words but what I’ve told you. Now, count.”



## Chapter Fourteen

The word "daddy" is written in a black, cursive, handwritten style. The first letter 'd' is significantly larger and more prominent than the others. A small green highlight is visible on the lower curve of the first 'd'. The rest of the word "addy" is written in a similar cursive script.

I clench my eyes together because I'm overwhelmed. The room is spinning, and I'm out of control. Chris took it from me. He holds it with an iron fist as he waits for me to count his smacks against my body. It's hard to understand why I'm doing something other than I told you so. I need clarification and understanding.

"One. May I have another?" I whisper and choke on the words. This is all too much for me. Coughing as he smacks my other side, I feel the tears coming down my face.

"Two. May I have another?" My voice wobbles, and he huffs.

"It's two, Daddy." He smacks me four times in a row on the top of my left hip. I don't know if I'm supposed to count to that or what.

“Da... Daddy,” I whimper out as he peppers my back up and down until I yank on the chains holding me in place. “Stop. Please.”

“I see you aren’t going to obey. What a pity, buttercup.” He throws the thing he was hitting me with down on the bed and walks around until I can see him. His hands rummage through the things strewn about. “Ah, perfect.”

The thing he picks up is a ball thing with straps on it. Does that go in me? Oh God. “No. I’ll be good. I’m trying Daddy.” I plead with him but he shoves the thing right into my mouth. If I weren’t so scared right now, I’d realize I called him Daddy and want to dissect why that part makes me giddy inside. There’s too much going on right now.

The ball thing knocks my teeth around a little bit, but it’s not hard. I was afraid the thing would be much worse than what it is. He comes back around and buckles the straps together behind my head. “I told you, no talking, Jasmine. It seems you can’t even follow basic instructions.”

Chris runs his hands along my ribs as he crowds into my back. I can’t breathe and know it’s from the panic rising inside of me.

“When I tell you to do something, you will do it without questioning me.” He growls into my ear and moves his hands upward, cupping my breasts. My nipples turn into pebbles behind my bra, making me whimper as he runs his thumbs over them.

As he pinches them, I scream behind the ball in my mouth. “That’s right. Feel the pain and enjoy it, buttercup.”

He releases them and steps away. My panic is gone but now I feel weird. The ache inside of me is intense, but my mind won’t stop thinking about what Chris might do to me.

“Bend your body toward the bed, Jasmine.” His command trickles through me and the urge to ask why is insane. I know why. He said so. It doesn't

make it easier. My brain doesn't work that way. Command sent, compliance required is how Chris works. Will he ever let me explain I have to know why? Will he always be this way? So many questions, it's driving me insane.

Shutting off my mind isn't easy. Still, I bend down and my arms move behind me. The stretch in my shoulders is something I wasn't planning on. I whimper and stop moving.

"All the way down until your face touches the covers. Once there, don't move any farther."

He doesn't say anything else as I move myself down to the covers. My arms tremble and I can hear the chains holding my arms back make noise. Tears keep coming down my face, and I lay my head down on the quilt.

Closing my eyes, I think of how I can get away from him. How do I keep going to school after this? Why is he being this way to me? I mean, I did disobey and I've never been punished before, but this feels like something completely different. There's no doubt in my mind that this is more than a punishment. That this is claiming his place over me.

A hand slides over my ass and I feel his heat back on me. His clothes are gone, and that makes my eyes pop back open. I turn my head and he's as undressed as I am. No. I can't lose my virginity like this.

Moving frantically, I try to get back up, but Chris lays down on me. "Stop it." He slaps the hell out of my thigh and forces me to calm down.

"I'm not going to fuck you. Not yet." He grits out in my ear. Wait, what? Then why is he naked? His cock throbs against my ass as he moves his hands under me, squeezing my breasts again.

"Calm down, buttercup. We have things we need to discuss." His hands don't stop kneading my body and I whimper, feeling my body react to him.

"You'll nod your head for yes and shake it for no. Do you understand me?"

Chris pulls my panties down, and I nod my head.

“That’s my good girl.” I don’t want to feel pride in myself right now, yet I do. His words blossom inside of me and do crazy things to my mind.

His cock slides up and down my pussy lips and the fear I had dissipates. In its place is lust and apprehension. Am I ready for him to take me? Yes. I want him. There’s no denying that. But I also don’t want my first time to be tied up either.

“Do you enjoy the feel of my cock between your legs?” His hands move from my breast to slide up my back, massaging me.

I nod again for him. There’s no point lying. He can feel the wetness for himself. He already knows the answer.

“Such a good little one for being honest with me.” He reaches for another ball shape but it’s connected to more tiny balls. I don’t know what that is, but he said he wouldn’t fuck me. Not like this. Can I trust that?

“These are anal beads, and yes, you are going to take them tonight. Just like you are going to take my cock.” He takes a small jar of something and places the jar on my back.

“Are you going to relax for me?” Chris moves his cock along my clit, and I whimper. It’s not fair that what he’s doing is turning me on.

Shaking my head, I fight against the restraints. Anal is not something I ever thought of myself doing. Shoot, I’ve never thought of having sex much either.

“What a shame, buttercup. You were doing so well.” The jar is moved from my back, and before I know it, Chris is slapping me with that leather crop again.

The slaps aren’t hard but they are ten times worse. He’s making me wiggle, showing me softness, and I feel like there’s a build up to something horrible

coming. My heart rate rises with each slap that makes me dance for him.

Slobber runs down my chin as he throws the crop down and pushes the first ball into my ass. I scream, not expecting it.

“Relax. It’s so tiny, it can’t possibly hurt you.” It doesn’t hurt. Not even in the slightest but I’m not exactly ready to be violated in my butt either. Still, I yank on the chains, further putting pressure on my arms.

Another ball goes inside of me. This time there’s a small stretch, and I stop moving. “There now. Calm down and enjoy the way it stretches around you. It’s going to be alright.”

I don’t know how I find it in me to calm down enough, but I do. At least, enough to understand that if I fight him, he’s going to make it worse on me. Chris is being gentle at the moment. That’s something. Right?

“You’ve got two beads in you, little one. You’re doing so good.” His praise does funny things to me. I want him to keep being nice, but I’m scared to death. If he would have just explained everything. Maybe that’s the point of all of this. To show me he doesn’t have to explain. That he simply wants me to feel everything happening, and that I have to trust him.

My heart wants to believe that, but my brain isn’t quite there yet. I need to understand his motives and why I am enjoying this so much. Sometimes I wish my brain would just shut off.

# Chapter Fifteen

Chris

**M**y plans changed. I meant to be cruel to her. To force her hand into accepting anal without a thought as to if she liked it or not. But her anxiety clawed at me. Goddamn feelings all over the place...and that makes me angry.

I find myself not wanting to hurt her. Not until she understands that pain is good. That it can be used to heighten the pleasure.

Fuck. Rubbing her back, I push the third anal bead into her ass. She squeals but I watch her ass jiggle and she pushes back into me. Yes, Jasmine is into this even if she doesn't understand why.

“That’s my little one. Let Daddy have your ass, buttercup.” Every time I say *Daddy*, she seems to melt, and I know how I’m going to play her along.

It's easier if she isn't resisting me.

Pulling one bead back out, I see her ass pulsing for me. "There we go. Look at that sexy ass of yours. It's begging to be fucked. Isn't it?"

My buttercup doesn't even hesitate to nod her head yes. A chuckle leaves me at her eagerness now. Taking the ball gag out of her mouth, I need to hear her words. To see what she says when I ask my next question.

"Do you like beads in your ass?"

"Yes, Daddy." Her words are wobbly spoken, but I hear it clear as day. She called me Daddy on her own and my heart skips a beat.

"Good little buttercup. So good of you to be honest with me. I'm going to take your ass one day, but for now, enjoy the feel of the beads in you."

Without thinking, I push the entire rest of the beads in her ass. The largest one is only an inch, so I know it's not going to hurt her too much. Jasmine screams in pleasure as her pussy squirts her release. I'll be honest, I've never seen a woman squirt as much as Jasmine just did.

"Daddy!" She whimpers as I move the last bead out of her ass then push it back in.

"Look at you, coming from anal alone. Such a filthy little girl for needing such debauchery," I admonish in a teasing tone, because it's easier to hide behind that than face the fact that I'm fucking relieved she found her orgasm.

Keeping the beads in her ass, I take off the restraints and pick her up. My little docile buttercup curls into me as she comes down from her high. "I'm going to take you to my bed and fuck you. You're ready for that, aren't you, Jasmine?"

"Yes, please." That's exactly what I wanted to hear. In the back of my mind, I know the cameras are rolling. I know for a fact that this footage is

being uploaded into a cloud right now and when I'm ready I can send it to David.

Why does that thought piss me off? Shaking my head, I ignore the gut wrenching feeling and walk toward the bedroom.

“Daddy?”

A chill of excitement runs through my spine at her sweet voice calling my name. “Yes, little one?”

“My butt feels weird.”

A genuine chuckle leaves me at her innocent statement. “Of course it does. It has something inside of it that doesn't belong there. But don't worry. You'll forget all about it once my cock is deep inside of your pussy.”

“Are you going to hurt me?”

I should tell her I'm going to rip her heart out soon enough. Instead, I look down to see her looking at me. Finally, there's trust in her eyes. Fuck me.

“Yes. The first time I penetrate those virgin walls of yours, it's going to hurt for a bit. You will get accustomed to it, and when you do, that's when you'll see how much pleasure I can bring you.”

“Alright,” she whispers, and I smile down at her.

“I promised you I wouldn't fuck you while you were tied up. If you don't follow the rules though, you will be back in chains. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Walking over to the bed, I lie her down and look at my buttercup. “Get in the middle of the bed.”

Jasmine follows my command and moves into the middle. Thank God she obeyed. I'm holding my darkness in by a fucking thread. The little minx spreads her legs for me, and I have to hold myself back.

Stroking my cock, I admire her beauty. How she doesn't see her worth



because of her scars is ridiculous. If she was anyone different, I'd cherish her. Easily give her my heart, but she's not. All of this, even if I can't hurt her the way I intended, is for a purpose.

To keep my mind off the revenge, I kiss her as I crawl in between her legs. I'm about to take something precious from her and that will be a crowning moment for me. Not that I deserve it, but she's giving it to me.

Nestling my cock between her pussy lips, I leave it there and decide to build my girl up. To show her so much pleasure she doesn't know the pain is going to happen anymore. Kissing down her neck, I move my hips to hers and hear her gasp.

"That's my girl. Just let things happen, buttercup. It's going to be so good between us." Licking her collar bone, I bite down, and she squeals as I feel her wetness increase.

Confirmation that Jasmine enjoys a bit of pain received. Kissing down her chest, I latch on to her nipple as I reach between us and pull on the beads in her ass. The last ball pops out, and she arches back into me.

"D-Daddy!" she stutters as I shove it back in and bite down on her nipple.

She jerks so harshly, the tip of my cock slides into her slit. "Fuck, buttercup." I moan into her breast as I thrust a little into her. Just enough for her to feel the girth.

"Show me your eyes, Jasmine."

Her eyelids flutter open and I smile at her. There's a gleam in her eyes that tells me all I need to know. She's ready.

"Once my dick is in you, you're mine, Jasmine." That's the only warning I'll give her. She either accepts that she will be mine and do everything I fucking tell her to do, or she tells me to stop.

"Yes, Daddy. Yours." This is the moment I should pull away. I can hear the

worship in her tone. Fuck, that shouldn't make my dick harden even more—to the point of pain. Yet, it does. To know she wants me to claim her is enough to drive me batshit crazy.

Plunging all the way into her in one full thrust, I kiss her, to swallow the yell of agony that comes from her. Peppering tiny whispers of kisses along her skin, I wait for her to adjust to me.

“That’s the only time my dick will cause you pain down there, buttercup.” A vow that will be broken with toys and other means. But my dick will never cause that pain again.

It seems like an eternity because she runs her hand along my face, pulling me from her nipples. “Can... Can you move?” She’s so fucking shy about this, it’s adorable.

“Yes, buttercup. I wanted to make sure you were ready. That’s all.”

This earns me a smile from her and my world shifts a smidgen. Moving my hips, I inch my way out of her and see the smear of blood. I feel like a damn rooster, ready to crow at the top of my lungs.

Jasmine wraps her legs around my waist and I smirk. She has no idea how delectable she is. “Wrap your arms around my neck, Jasmine.”

As she does, I pick her up and sit her down on my cock. “Oh. It... it’s deeper.” She looks at me with bright, trusting, lustful eyes as I bounce her up and down on my body.

“Wait until we try doggy.” I wink at her, and she fucking blushes. That goddamn blush is going to be the death of me.

She presses her lips against mine, instigating a passionate filled kiss as she starts to move on her own, getting a rhythm that’s fast and deep.

Running my hands along her back, I cup her ass and pound into her. “Fuck, you better come for me, little one. I can’t hold out much longer.”

Her pussy twitches along my cock, and I reach between us and pinch her clit. This sets her off like a rocket. I nibble on her neck, wanting her to feel the pleasure for as long as she can.

“Daddy,” she mumbles over and over as my cock seizes and spurts. The orgasm takes me by surprise.

“Fuck, buttercup.” I lower her back to the bed, but don’t release her. Her legs tremble as they fall from my waist, but her arms are locked tightly along my neck.

We come down together, and eventually, her arms release their grip on me. My cock is still pulsing inside of her, but I pull back. “Such a good little girl.”

The smile she gives me is blinding as she lies there, looking up at me. “I bet you’ll be my good girl now.”

Jasmine’s shoulders scrunch upward as she giggles. “Maybe.”

I bark out a laugh and get off the bed. Walking to the bathroom, I clean the mess on my cock up. The idea of wiping her virgin blood off me pains me, but I needed a moment away from her. Looking in the mirror, I remind myself not to fall for this precious girl.

Going back into the bedroom, I notice she’s already fast asleep. Cleaning her pussy makes me realize I want to take care of her. No matter how this all goes down, I want her to feel beautiful and well taken care of. Goddammit.

Throwing the washcloth into the hamper, I shut off the lights and crawl into bed with her. With gentleness, I didn’t know I was capable of, I pull her to me, and drift off to sleep.

## Chapter Sixteen



Waking up, I stretch and whimper. My body is sore from the four times Chris took me last night. It seems every time we moved, he was on me. Blinking the sleep away, I sit up and look at the clock beside the bed. It's only six in the morning. Still, I've got to go into work today since it's a no class day.

Lying back for a moment, I think about how each time we did it, it was different. The first time was the hardest, but by the fourth time, I was instigating sex. My hand had found its way to his hard cock and was stroking him. He growled in my ear that naughty little girls get fucked. I giggled and told him that's why I was being naughty. It took him by surprise but it didn't take long for him to recover.

Slow, ever so slowly, I move out of the bed and look around for my clothing. A blush heats up my face as I remember that Chris tore them off me. Turning on the light, I see a short sleeve pink and black dress, knee highs, and tennis shoes on the bed.

There's a pink satin bra and thong with the dress and a note.

*Buttercup,*

*You are to wear this today when you are ready come to my office. Your keys are on the dining room table along with your breakfast. Be sure to eat it all. When your plate is empty, send me a picture of you sitting at the table with the empty plate.*

*Daddy*

*Daddy.* He called himself that yesterday, and it did things to my insides I didn't know were possible. It makes me feel giddy knowing he cares, but I feel like I'm being ignorant or maybe it's more naive to believe he will continue to be so caring. He's already proven he has a mean streak in him.

The dress is really adorable. It's something I would wear but not in public. I don't like showing my arms and he knows it. Yet, it's short sleeves. Going to the bathroom, I go through the routine of taking a shower, blow drying my hair, and once I have my clothes on, I walk downstairs.

Sure enough, at the dining room table my keys are there with another note.

*Buttercup,*

*The folder your keys are laying on is to be brought with you to the office. Do not read it until you are sitting across from me at my desk. We will discuss everything in detail. Now eat your breakfast and get to campus.*

*Daddy*

He's so dang bossy. Putting the note down, I eat my breakfast. It's funny he gave me cereal, a banana, and a Starbucks cold brew coffee. He made fun of my sweet tea choice, but Starbucks is appropriate? I giggle to myself and wonder if this is a way to butter me up for what's in that folder.

After eating, I send a quick picture message to Chris. He told me to do so, and I'm going to obey. It seems I get more rewards when I'm good. I also send him a quick text message, too.

**Me:** Thank you for the coffee. It's so sweet that it makes my sweet tea look like a healthy drink.

Why did I send that? It seems I can't stop poking the bear, even when he's been nice.

Putting my dishes in the sink, I take my drink, the folder, my keys and leave. Thinking about not going to campus and heading over to Tia's crosses my mind, but I don't want to be late for work. Also, I'm not this irresponsible. I signed up for the work study program, so I should commit to it like I do everything else.

I don't even make it into the parking lot before Chris is there waiting for me.

"Good to see you came straight to work, Jasmine." He has a hint of a smile on his face and I feel my barrier coming down.

"Well, I do take my school and work seriously."

He crowds me as I shut my door. "You look amazing in that dress. I'm proud of you for not putting on a long sleeve item with it. Such a good girl." Quickly, he kisses my forehead and steps back.

Maybe last night meant more to him and he will treat me a bit differently. The hope is crazy high right now.

"Thank you." My heart swells and yeah, I officially can say I love how his

praises make me feel. I try hand him the folder but he shakes his head no.

“Keep it. This is your copy anyway. Come on.”

We walk together to Groveton Hall and as we get into his office, he slams the door and pushes me up against the wall.

“Goddamn, I’m trying to be professional, but you look so fucking good in that dress. You test me just by standing here.” He doesn’t give me time to respond as he devours my lips.

The kiss is rough, frenzied, and I respond as such. I thought I could play it like a professional this morning but he turns me on just by standing there.

Everything in my hands drops to the floor as I wrap my legs and arms around him. A phone in the distant rings and a buzzing sound makes me jump.

Looking at me, Chris peppers kisses along my nose. “Fuck, little one. It’s been too long. But we can’t do this right now.”

He turns and walks to his desk, helping me sit down in the chair directly in front of him. “We will continue this later. That’s a promise.”

Chris straightens himself and walks over to the stuff I dropped, picking it up, and bringing it back to me.

Sitting down, he presses the phone on his desk, “Yes?” he says rather roughly.

“Mr. Groveton, there’s a student here to see you about their probation.”

I watch as Chris turns from my Daddy to Mr. Groveton, the Dean of Education right before my eyes. “Go to the bathroom, take off your thong, and I want you to finger yourself. But be quiet. If you make a sound, you will get a spanking.”

My mouth drops open and he looks at me, daring me to disobey him. “Yes, Daddy.” I giggle and move into the bathroom to the right side of his desk.

He growls as I close the door and lock it. Oh my goodness. Slipping out of my thong, I take a picture of them on the ground and send them to him. I can't believe I do it. Flirting like this is not something I normally would do.

Who am I kidding, everything is new and kind of scary to be honest. I run my hand along my right thigh, wondering how to finger myself. I haven't exactly masturbated before.

My breath hitches as I slide my hand toward my folds and find that spot that Chris has sucked on last night. I bite my lip to keep from whimpering out as pleasure builds.

Closing my eyes, I imagine Chris...no, not Chris. Daddy.

I imagine *Daddy* touching me. His hands on my thighs, spreading me wide as his tongue touches my folds and makes me scream for him.

It doesn't take long for me to have an orgasm. Especially when I think of how his cock fits inside of me. Last night after the first time, he was starved for me the second time, but that third time he took it slow and easy.

I remember what he said to me and how it made me feel wanted. "My sweet little one takes my cock so good. Feel how you open for me and your walls suck on me. Such a good girl taking me like a grown up. But we both know you're my little buttercup, don't we?"

He wouldn't move until I agreed that I was his. That he owned me. I'm pretty sure I don't understand everything that entails. It doesn't matter because it makes me feel wanted and safe.

My body continues to burst into waves of pleasure as I rub my body. Eventually the orgasm subsides and I lay against the door, exhausted.

My body doesn't want to move but I receive a text message and look at it. Sleep. I want to sleep.

**Chris:** Put your thong back on and come sit down.



Sighing, I set my phone down and pull my thong back on. Picking up my phone, I walk out of the bathroom and walk lazily toward Chris.

“I see your stamina is going to need to be tested. Look at you. You’re like a little kitten needing a nap.”

He doesn’t let me make it to the chair in front of his desk before he pulls me into his lap. “We will discuss everything in a bit. Rest for now, buttercup.”

The thought that I’m being too trusting rushes through me, but I’m already fading into sleep by the time my head touches his shoulder.

# Chapter Seventeen

Chris

Jasmine sleeps on my couch, lightly snoring. I wish I could say I'm not looking over footage of her masturbating in my office, editing it to be sent to David. It's all part of the plan. Patience has never been my strong suit so we will see how long it takes me to destroy them all.

Looking at the folder on my desk, I know I should throw away what's inside and give her the blackmail letter, but I don't. The need to have Jasmine completely under my control is too great, and it will set her up to be expelled by Christmas.

Putting away my dirty work, I walk over to Jasmine after she's been napping for over an hour and wake her up.

"Hey, buttercup." I bend down and push a piece of hair out of her face.

She smiles up at me, and that guilty feeling is back. “Hi, Daddy,” she says without any prompting, and it makes my heart rate quicken. I want her but now isn’t the time or place for that.

Jasmine stands up and hugs me. Fuck me. If I want this to work, I have to accept that she’s going to be sweet and cuddly. Wrapping my hands around her body, I crush her to me. Stroking her hair, I bend down, kiss her forehead, and enjoy the moment.

“Let’s discuss what’s in the folder, little one.”

“Ok.” She rubs her face into my stomach, and I want to tell her she shouldn't be so trusting.

Once we are seated, I slide the folder over to her and wait for her to open it. As Jasmine reads over it, I look at the computer version.

### **Daddy and Little Girl Contract**

#### **General information:**

**This agreement is intended to define the relationship between two people, hereafter called “Little one” and “Daddy.” This particular contract applies to a monogamous relationship only, and is entered into consensually, with both parties agreeing to the conditions herein.**

**Should either party for any reason wish to exit, cancel, or terminate this agreement, then either party may do so by written or verbal notification to the other, in keeping with the consensual nature of the agreement. This contract shall start when both parties have signed this contract.**

“Why do we need a contract?” Jasmine interrupts my reading, and I look away from the computer.

She made it longer than I expected her to. I saw her reading aptly and taking in every word. Hell, I thought she would ask the question the second

she read the header. “Because you obviously need clear rules and direction. I am inclined to give that to you, but within set terms.”

Her brow furrows, and I can see the confusion playing out on her face. This isn’t something she was expecting.

“Can we not have a relationship without this?”

Her words hold so much in them. She wants to be with me, but I hear the hesitation. The uncertainty and I’m proud of her for questioning me. Jasmine is approaching this intelligently. But also emotionally. I expected that, but I didn’t know my reaction to the question would be so swift.

“No.” I get up and move to sit down in the chair next to her. “This is for your protection, buttercup. When you sign this, I’m held liable to take care of your wellbeing and to guide you in a manner that fits our dynamic.”

*And to destroy you.*

I don’t add that part. I’m going to wreck her, mold her into everything I want, then when the time’s right, I’m going to pounce.

I place my hand on her thigh closest to me. It’s not a hard grab, but enough pressure to reassure her. “I do like calling you Daddy.” Her cheeks turn red, and I rub my hand along her quivering skin.

“And I like when you do. Let’s read the contract together, and you can ask questions along the way, okay?”

She stares at me with a look of worship in her eyes, and guilt runs through me. Fuck, I didn’t want to feel anything but satisfaction that she’s about to be mine. “I’d like that.”

Taking the paper from her, I read the next section.

“Section two. This section is to go over who the Daddy and little one are and what is expected of them.”

**Daddy promises the following duties and to take ownership of the**

**following roles:**

- 1. Daddy agrees to discipline only to better the little one, and never to punish out of anger again.**
- 2. Daddy commits to treating the little one well, to train, discipline, and love the little one, and use the little one as he sees fit.**
- 3. Daddy will mold the little one responsibly to grow in confidence, helping them to become a better person.**
- 4. Daddy will not purposefully ignore the little one unless within a punishment that the little one understands.**
- 5. Daddy will perform after care and assuage any trauma due to servitude.**
- 6. Daddy will be honest with the little one and remain open to the needs of the little one.**
  - a. Including: thoughts, concerns or stresses.**
  - b. Encouragement for the little one to express their feelings without backlash if done in a respectful manner.**
- 7. Daddy will not engage in any activity when not in a healthy frame of mind to administer it.**
- 8. Daddy will not isolate the little one from their family, friends, or schooling. A healthy relationship with outsiders will be**

**discussed in a later section.**

Looking at Jasmine, she's staring at me and not the paperwork. Her breathing is heavy, and she's biting her lip. This contract is going in place for her, but if she only knew that the wording is super vague on my needs and how I see fit. There will not be any safe words. This is a total power exchange written in fluffy words.

"You mean you won't do what you did last night again?" Her demeanor is one of curiosity, and I enjoy knowing she's wanting to know more.

"Within reason, yes. If you anger me, disobey, or harm yourself, then punishment will happen. It may simply be me asking you to wait in another room while I calm down. As far as being hit again in anger it will not happen."

"I like that." She gives me a shy smile and I already know I'm going to make her filthy. After last night, she's still shy and so damn innocent. "Alright, let's keep going."

A laugh nearly slips my lips at how eager she is. I knew she needed a Daddy. And the way she's acting, I was right.

**Little one promises the following duties and taking ownership of the following role:**

**1. Little one will move in with Daddy.**

**a. Little one will keep her dorm room here for punishment. See punishment section.**

2. **Little one agrees to serve, obey, & please Daddy, in any way Daddy sees fit.**
3. **Little one agrees to grow beyond her comfort zone to fulfill Daddy's wishes within reason.**
4. **Little one will be honest, faithful, and loyal to Daddy.**
5. **Little one will behave respectfully at all times.**
6. **Little one will take proper care of their body in a manner in which Daddy will guide them to ensure little one is healthy.**
7. **Little one may be instructed to make adjustments to their lifestyle.**
8. **Little one will maintain contact with Daddy. There are no exceptions.**
9. **Little one has every right to inform Daddy of their wants and needs. Daddy however, is the ultimate judge on how these needs shall be satisfied.**

“Any questions?” I decide to let her have a moment. This is a lot to take in all at once. Besides, these are generic guidelines. There’s a whole page of rules she will follow at home.

Home. My mind tells me to remember that this is temporary. That this contract is to get her under my thumb and to use her for my revenge.

“No questions, yet. But I’d like to know the real rules. These seem like guidelines.” Jasmine smiles at me, and it’s at that moment that I come to the conclusion, she’s too smart for own damn good.

A knock on the door interrupts us. “Go to your desk and do some homework. I have a feeling I’m about to be pulled from the office for a while.”

As she stands up, the executive assistant comes in and informs me of my next meeting. Fuck. If we don’t get through this contract, I’ll never get her to sign it. There’s something in the back of my mind telling me I should walk away from her. I should let her live her life. Unfortunately, that’s not going to happen.



# Chapter Eighteen



Chris doesn't come back for hours. By the time he walks through the door, the sun is setting and he looks pissed. I'm freaking out because I found the list of limits and there's too much on there. The limits are like ten pages long, and I didn't even make it past the A's.

He takes one look at me, and I know he can tell I'm freaking out. "Let me guess, buttercup, you didn't go do your homework. You took a look at the list that wasn't supposed to be looked at yet?"

"I..." He advances toward my desk, and all I want to do is run. There's no way I can do any of those things.

"Yeah, you looked." He pulls me from the chair and hugs me. A sigh leaves his lips as he holds me in his arms. I wish it was calming me down.

“You... you want to do all those things?”

“Of course I do.” He gruffly pulls me tighter into him as I try to withdraw myself from his grasp.

“But... there are things on there—”

He kisses me to silence me but it doesn't work. Not this time. I yank away from him, and his eyes move into slits.

“You want to auction me for charity?” I'm wounded in ways I'm not sure I have any right to be.

The audacity this man has as he laughs at me is unparalleled. “Of course. You know that as a full ride scholarship student, you are required to do charity. What better way than to auction you off to help the elderly?”

“No.” My head is shaking and I'm frantically trying to figure out how to get past him. “I'll go read to them in the nursing home or ... or...”

My words leave me as he crowds me into the bookshelf. A book falls a few feet away from us and he snarls.

“Calm down, right now, Jasmine. There's no need to get uptight over things that you don't understand. I'm not going to force you to do anything, but you are being ridiculous.”

I don't think I am. “How would you like to be auctioned off?” The words sound petulant even to my own ears.

“Oh, for God's sake. It's not a sex auction, Jasmine. It's a service where you go read to the poor or underprivileged. Or you help an elderly person with chores for the week. My God, I don't run a damn sex trade.”

Chris pushes his hands through my hair, and he looks at me. “It will turn me on to see you do things like that. Besides, there are far more worse things on the damn list. Since you freaked the fuck out, let's go get something to eat. I don't want to be in the office any longer.”

Grabbing the list, I glare at him. “Well, maybe you shouldn’t leave stuff like this laying around.”

I’m being bratty again, and I know it. Walking away from him, he growls at me. “I didn’t say you could have clothes on.” Picking up my school bag, laptop bag, and phone, I look at him. He’s smirking. “Enjoying the show?” Why am I poking him?

“Immensely. I wonder what your mother would think of you acting like this.”

My hand stops midway to the doorknob. “What do you mean?”

“As you know, I have a direct line to her. I absolutely hate talking to my brother or your mother, but since your mother seems invested way more than you are in your education, I’m sure she would love to hear about your irascibility and how you are failing in your work study program.”

“What?” My eyes bulge and my back hits the door. “You can’t be serious. I only have to show her this paper and she will have your head.”

Chris is on me faster than I expect him to be. He grabs me by the throat and looks at me with disdain. I haven’t seen him look at me like that ever, and I don’t like it. “Little girl, you are playing a game with a master at it. I suggest you remember your place, and if you want to continue to be here at Groveton, you’ll do as I say. Even if I wanted to auction you off to the highest fucking bidder for the night, you’ll accept it because remember, once you sign that paper, you are mine to do with. However, I fucking please.”

Where I find the gall to say it, I don’t know, but I do. Looking at him in his angry eyes, I smile sweetly. “I haven’t signed yet.”

His chuckle is humorless, but he kisses me hard. His teeth mash against mine and I tremble as he holds my neck to the door. It turns me on, and it shouldn’t. If I’m being honest, I like some of the roughness.

“You will.” He steps away from me, pulls me from the door and opens it. “Now, go get in your car, drive to the house, and be on your knees in the garage at the door. I’ll be there shortly.”

“Fine.” I refuse to stomp away or act like a little girl. I’m a grown woman, and I will act as such. Head held high, shoulders back, and my eyes on the stairs. If he thinks I’m going to be a push around kind of person, he’s wrong.

Driving home, I stop at the gas station and fill up. And yes, I did get a Butterfinger candy bar to eat on the way. Once I make it to the house, I go inside, put my things up, and stand by the door. It doesn’t make sense to be on my knees until he gets home. What does it even mean to be on my knees? So many dang questions, and he won’t answer them.

The contract and list of limits is driving me nuts. When I hear the garage door open, I slide to my knees a few feet away from the door so I won’t get hit by it. My heart is racing and I can’t seem to catch my breath. There’s going to be a punishment, I already know it. I was too bold this afternoon and I can admit when I’m wrong. And I most certainly was.

As the door opens, I lift my face, and Chris looks down at me. “What a fucking sight you are.” His cock is making an impression in his slacks. “If only you had been a good girl and followed my rules.”

“I came straight home and I’m on my knees like you demanded.” My voice holds no rudeness.

“Did you not stop at the gas station?” He walks around me, and I hear his belt buckle coming loose.

“Yes, I needed gas. The tank was almost empty.”

“Did you call to get permission to stop?” He has the belt in his hands now and my breath hitches.

“No.” I tremble as he places the belt around my neck. He doesn’t tighten it

yet, but I look at him, wondering how much he's going to hurt me.

"Eyes forward, head straight, and don't move, Jasmine." Chris's voice holds no anger in it. He promised he wouldn't punish me in anger anymore.

Is it wrong of me to not like how calm he is? My entire body trembles as I turn my face away from him as he stands behind me. Keeping my eyes forward and head straight, I try to settle into not moving.

"Every move you make is because I want you to make it, little one. Your freedom is forfeited now that I have you. And if your body is an indicator of how much you like that idea, I know I'm not wrong." Chris buckles the belt around my neck now. It's not tight, but I get the gist of what he's saying.

"When you need to do something, you'll come to me either in person or by phone and ask for permission."

The zipper of his pants comes down, and the urge to close my eyes is almost too much for me to fight keeping my eyes open.

"Do you understand?" His hand grabs my hair and brings my face to where I can see him. That large cock of his is out and he looks at me, daring me to be bad.

"Yes, Daddy."

This earns me a wink before he pushes himself into my mouth. "That's music to my ears, little girl." Daddy leaves his cock in my mouth at just the tip. "We are going to go over all the rules, and if you are a good girl, you'll get to suck my cock."

The idea of sucking his cock does turn me on, but I'm pretty sure I'm going to break the rules. Often. Especially if this is how he's going to punish me. I can handle being on my knees and his cock in my mouth.

# Chapter Nineteen

Chris

**M**y innocent little one looks at me, lips stretched around me, and for a moment, I let the idea of her being with me for real work its way through me. Foolish and dangerous thoughts try to run amuck in my brain, but I push them aside.

“We’ll start with something easy.” I run a hand down her face and she smiles around my head. “After I give you each task, you’ll nod your head yes that you understand.”

She instantly nods, and I smile. When Jasmine is being good, she’s vulnerable. It’s written all over her.

“Housework is required. You’ll be tasked with making the bed and changing the sheets every Friday.”

I don't have to wait for a yes from her, and I slip my cock deeper into her mouth. "Good girl. The next chore you will complete weekly will be laundry on Saturdays. This includes pressing my shirts and pants."

It's unlikely she knows how to iron, but we shall see how she does this weekend. Holding her for just a moment, I think about the remaining rules and punishments if she decides to disobey me.

"Homework is to be completed before anything else. You should know I have your class schedule and this includes the syllabus for each class. Before dinner, you will show me the homework you have left to complete."

My little buttercup slides her head down on my cock before I can confirm that she's said yes. "I'll take your eagerness to mean yes."

How the hell am I able to think when all I want to do is fuck her bratty little mouth?

"Because you are being good and wanting my cock, I'm not going to punish you for sliding down on my dick before I gave you permission." My words come out deep and growled. Fuck, I want her so damn bad.

"A shower and brushing your teeth twice a day is mandatory. Clothing will be at my discretion. When you are in the house, I want you naked. If you are on your period, you simply have to tell me. Daddy will let you wear something comfy."

Her beautiful face smiles at me and she nods. "Such a good girl. No sweets, caffeine, or alcohol. This includes no drugs, smoking, or parties."

Her eyes squint at me, and I pull out. "This one you have an issue with?"

Such a beautiful blush creeps along her throat and cheeks. "I like sweets, Daddy. I can say no to everything else."

"Bring your mouth back over to my cock and kiss the tip." I'm throbbing so fucking much; it's a goddamn miracle I haven't busted my nut. Her tongue

comes out, and she licks me first, taking pre-cum into her mouth. A tingle down my spine makes me shiver, and I realize I've never been this damn turned on before.

Once she kisses my cock, her greedy mouth is back on me, and I groan. "I will agree that you may have some sweets, but you will ask before you buy them or get them out of the pantry. They are a reward, not a requirement to live."

Jasmine's eyes meet mine, and I can tell she's in agreement. If I were younger, I would have demanded she lose weight. But the older I get, the more I enjoy a rounded body. A woman with curves—and my buttercup has the best curves.

"It is a must that you eat three times a day. You and I will cook breakfast and lunch each morning for the day. I expect you to send me pictures of your food being eaten. There will be no skipping meals."

Again, she nods, and I slip another inch into her. I'm back to how deep I was before pulling out so she could answer my question.

"Anything you want to do outside of school, you'll need permission. There's no going anywhere without me knowing. It's not to control you, it's to make sure you are safe." The fuck it isn't about controlling her little ass. But she doesn't need to know that.

Buttercup doesn't argue on this one, and I slide my cock almost to where her nose is hitting my skin. She's not choking, so we are good. Then again, if she chokes, I'll be happy to extend her gag reflex.

"The phone and laptop will be used minimally when we are together. As I said, schoolwork should already be done by the time I get home and the phone will be put on the charger before dinner. If Tia calls, you can talk to her. As well as your mother."



Thinking about anyone else right now is not deterring my hard dick from throbbing and needing to be taken care of.

Jasmine looks at me and I can't help but laugh. Pulling out of her mouth, I raise an eyebrow.

“Can I have my phone for reading?” There's no sassiness from her and she's moved her eyes back down to my dick and fuck if I don't want to give her everything she wants.

“Did you think I forgot about your Kindle?” The little brat giggles and shrugs.

“It was worth a shot.”

“Unreal, little one. But you weren't sassy about it. But due to you being a brat, you'll have no phone time today. Which leads us to punishments.”

“Can we skip that?”

She gets another laugh out of me and I pull her up from her knees. Picking her all the way up and carrying her bridal style, I move us to the living room.

“No. Now, we are going to use a simple system so you understand that if you disobey, you will be punished.”

Setting her down on her feet, I look at her, loving the way she's looking at me like she's intrigued. I believe she's a true submissive, and I'm most likely abusing the knowledge. Oh well, too bad.

“I want you to get naked for me.” Taking my shoes off, I let my pants slip down and pull off my shirt and tie. Her eyes roam over me and the lust is visible in her features. She's a greedy little girl, just like I want her to be. I'm going to extort that lust for my gain.

Watching her intently, I move my hand up and down my cock. When Jasmine bends over, I move my free hand down her ass and feel her wetness. “So fucking wet for me. I knew you'd be into this, little buttercup.”

She looks at me over her shoulder and smiles. "I'm not sure I want a punishment, but following your rules makes me excited."

Fuck, she's so damn special. I don't deserve her, but I'm going to keep claiming her. Once she's undressed, I put her on her knees on the couch, facing away from me. "Put your arms on the back of the couch and push your ass out for me."

Her body moves and I moan at the wiggle in her ass. As she gets on the couch, Jasmine bends over and spreads her legs. I lose my train of thought and stand behind her, pulling her down on my cock.

"Daddy!" Her scream permeates the room, and I close my eyes letting the feeling of her tight pussy clenching on my cock wash over me. Fuck me.

"Did my little one come from me entering her?" Her body is pulsing around me too much for this to be a normal reaction.

"Ye... yes, Daddy. Oh, my goodness." She sounds as if she's in awe of the pleasure she's experiencing.

Not wanting to pull out, I simply stand here, hands on her hips, letting her walls milk me. "Your first offense will be to write lines."

Pulling out, I instantly miss her heat and plunge back inside of her. She yelps but meets my thrust, and I chuckle. "Fuck me, you greedy little brat."

I wasn't expecting her to, but she starts bouncing on me, and I realize I'm going to have to be literal with her. "Good little one. Such a good little girl bouncing on me, don't stop now."

The more I praise her, the wetter she becomes. Damn, her praise kink is directly related to her pleasure. "The second infraction, you will be put in a time out where you will have no phone, television, computer, or anything."

A whimper leaves her as I take control of her wild hips and fuck her long and hard. "Daddy." She's practically chanting my name.

“That’s right buttercup, say my name. It’s the only name you ever need to speak again.”

I pound into her, unable to stop myself. “If we get to a third infraction, you’ll go to your dorm room to sleep until I want to see you again. You’ll be grounded to school, work, and that’s it.”

Her body tenses and I know this is something she doesn’t want for certain. “You... you mean no interaction with you?” Her words are barely above a whisper and come out in between moans as I fuck her hard.

Our movements make the couch skirt across the wood floors, and I moan as my balls tighten and I spill inside of her.

# Chapter Twenty

The word "daddy" is written in a black, cursive script. The letter 'd' is the largest and most prominent, with a small green pen nib at its base. The rest of the word is written in a fluid, connected cursive style.

I t's been an amazing week with Chris. I mean Daddy. God it's so easy to call him that now. It means a lot to me that he allows us to have time to talk as Chris and Jazz. But I want him to be Daddy all the time, and once we got over my initial freak out about the stuff Chris wanted from me, we got into this routine that makes it so much easier.

My brattiness has changed to willingness and Chris hasn't pushed any other things in that room on me. He told me eventually we would go back in, but on good terms and he would explain everything to me.

I think cooking is my favorite thing aside from cuddles. Daddy wouldn't let me go to the away game for Tia, but he promised the next one he would take

us. I can handle that considering I'm home and enjoying watching one of my favorite movies.

Looking at the clock, it has to be time for Tia to be done. Picking up my phone, I send her a message.

**Me:** Did you win?

Twenty minutes go by and the message isn't read. Uh oh.

**Me:** Hello???

Another hour goes by and I'm getting worried. Tia never ignores me. Even if I have done so in the past. She is an instant messenger.

**Me:** Ok, this isn't funny. Are you alright?

Nibbling on my lip, I try to focus on the show and it's not working. I get up and start moving through the house. Daddy said I could have a look anywhere I wanted except the office with the lock on it. He left it unlocked today so I am thinking it's alright to go in.

Slowly pushing the door open, the light instantly turns on and my phone doesn't go off.

**Me:** Tee, answer me. What's wrong?

When she doesn't respond, I decide to send a funny message. Maybe that will get her attention.

**Me:** Who am I killing?

The bubble for Tia pops up, and I smile. Victory. I chuckle at myself.

**Tia:** I'm ok. We aren't killing anyone. We won two. Lost two.

**Me:** Want to get ice cream when you get back? **Tia:** Yeah and you can come stay with me.

**Me:** Duh!

I wonder how I might get Daddy to agree to that. I'm sure he will understand I have to have a girls night every once in a while. Right?

Not wanting to bother him, I send him a quick text. .

**Me:** Daddy, Tia seems really upset. She hasn't told me what's wrong, but can I spend the night with her? I really think she's hurting right now.

His response takes a minute, but I sit at his desk, rummaging through his drawers.

**Daddy:** Yes you can, buttercup. But remember the rules are still the same. Bedtime is still eleven. Brush your teeth and don't eat a lot of junk.

He made me change his name in my phone to Daddy, and I smile every time I see it. I love when *Daddy* pops up.

**Me:** Thank you so much, Daddy. I promise to send you a message if we do anything crazy. Oh, by the way, when Tia is upset, she wants ice cream. May I have a small cup?

I find a box that says *Lily* on it, and I wonder who that is. Putting the old shoe box on the desk, I contemplate opening it. It's not my business, but something inside of me demands I look.

**Daddy:** Yes, but not too much. Also, no caffeine. Make sure you have something really good for breakfast.

**Me:** Of course, Daddy. I know the rules, and even though I'm not home with you, I know better than to be bad.

Once I have the lid off the box, I see a current picture of a woman who is near Chris's age. She's gorgeous and I wonder how I could ever compete. My heart rate goes up a notch as I pull the first envelope out.

Don't look. It's not important. It's in the past. I mean the date is years ago on the stamp. Still, I have to know.

*Dear Chris,*

*Your last letter made my heart ache. I can't imagine the things you see over there, but I know you are strong. The feeling that I made a bad decision in*

*letting you go, eats at me. However, I am with Cian, and you are too honorable to let me slip. Even though I remember the way you made me feel.*

*When you get to Groveton, let things go. You are past that, and you've grown so much in the last ten years. Hell, you have a master's degree in education and secured the rightful spot as the dean. You are better than any grudge.*

*By the way, I'm pregnant. I'm so excited, and Cian wants to have traditional Irish names but you know the names of the girls we discussed when we were together. If I have boys, one will be named after you. That way there will always be a Chris in my life.*

*Please don't be angry. You deserve happiness.*

*Love always,*

*Your Lily Bug*

I stare at the letter in shock. Who in their right mind would choose someone over Chris? It's a good thing; it means I get to have him. Still, how could she? The realization that I'm angry over the fact he was dumped by a letter and not the fact he used to have someone else is startling. Is that why he is always so cold? Maybe he's afraid to get close. My throat hurts from tears that need to be shed. Taking a deep breath, I decide not to look at any of the other letters. Folding the paper up, I place it back in the box and look at the phone number, wondering if I should call it.

"No," I whisper to myself. With one last look at the woman, I put the lid back on the box, place it in the drawer and look at the time. If I want to make it in time to be there for Tia, I better get an Uber.

Packing my bag for the night, I look at my phone, and I only have two minutes before my ride is here. Holy crap, that was fast. The drive over, I think about if I should dig more into Lily Bug, but I don't think I should. It

just isn't worth bringing up the past or showing that I was in the office when I shouldn't have been.

If it becomes an issue in the future, then I will. Chris hasn't mentioned a single person in his past nor does he have any indication that another person has ever lived here.

By the time Tia is getting off the bus, I'm pacing back and forth by her car. She doesn't need to worry about my supposed drama. Tonight is about her.

"Tee Tee." I open my arms and Tia steps into them. Wrapping her tightly in my arms, she lays her head down on my shoulder and I feel the tension in her.

"What happened?" I ask, but she shakes her head. That's her way of saying she's not ready to talk about things. I can accept that.

"I'm not ready to discuss it. But we need to get home so I can withdraw from school."

She sounds absolutely frantic and I'm floored. "Whoa, slow down. The hell you are quitting school. Talk to me."

Tia looks at me for the longest time before her shoulders drop. "Get in the car. We can talk on the ride to get ice cream."

I kiss her cheek and give her a warm smile. I will always be here for her. It's odd she's dodging the subject because she normally tells me everything. "Tee, no matter what, I got you."

"Thank you," she whispers as we put our bags in the back of her car.

Putting my seatbelt on, I wait and last about five seconds. "This isn't about volleyball. You've had bad games before. So, what happened?" I look at her and wait as patiently as I can. Everyone knows patience isn't my biggest trait.

"Coach and I got caught kissing by Braxton and she took a pic of us together. Then the bitch screamed out about us in the hallway of the hotel.



Some of her friends came out, and she made it so much worse than it needed to be.”

Tia starts the car and I process what she just told me. Shoot, this isn’t good. Not at all. The snuffle coming from Tia worries me. This isn’t like her at all.

“Did something else happen? Because your reaction to some girl’s remarks seems severe.”

We come to a stop sign and she turns, sizing me up. I’m doing the same thing to her.

“Yeah, Coach broke it off with me.” Her hands start to shake as we make the turn into the ice cream shop. “I have to leave. That’s the only option.”

“You’re dating her?”

Tia whimpers and nods her head. “But not anymore, Jazz. She... She...” She rests her head against my shoulder and I feel her shaking.

Shaking my head, I grab her hands. “No. That’s the extreme option. Besides, I’m pretty sure Chris will have your back. Seriously, there’s no reason for you to leave. Switch your classes? Sure. We can do that. Then volleyball is the only time you have to deal with your coach.”

I already know what I will do to make sure Tia is staying in this college. I won’t be here without her. She would do anything for me, and I would for her, too. Tia finally looks at me and she sighs.

“My scholarship. I’m going to be under investigation because I was in a sexual relationship with my coach. It’s going to look terrible and like I used sex to get into the school.”

I frown and shrug. “Oh.” There’s no way anyone would believe that.

“Yeah, let’s go get the ice cream.”

Smiling, I get out of the car and grab her hand. “Lots of it.”

“Look girls, it’s the slut of the team.”

I turn around and Tia is tense as heck. This must be Braxton. “Well, better to be a slut than a bitch. Go pick on someone who gives a damn.”

Tia is staring at me, and I realized I cussed, out loud, and told someone off. Doesn’t matter. No one picks on Tia. No one.

“Whatever,” Braxton says, and Tia smiles at me.

“Just remember, Braxton, I have your sim card. I’m pretty sure that your daddy doesn’t know you cheated on your test to get into college. Should I send it to him?”

Oh, man. Tia isn’t playing around. The hate between them is immense and suffocating. The other girls with Braxton look uneasy and I don’t blame them.

“Come on. We have a movie marathon to finish.” Tia says as she wiggles her eyebrows at me and I know she’s talking about Supernatural. Dean is so dang hot!

My mind rebels at that thought. *Not as sexy as Daddy.*

As I am thinking about Daddy, Tia is getting into with someone else but I don’t respond because she grabs my hand and we walk out.

“That was probably stupid,” she mutters, but I don’t want her down about anything.

“They got what they deserved and we are going home and enjoying our evening. Don’t think about them or anything else.”

As we drive home, I think about what I can do to make things right. It’s silly of me. I already know what I’m going to do. Once we get home, I shoot a text to Daddy.

**Me:** Daddy, Tia ... well I’m going to be honest. She’s in a relationship with her coach. But her coach broke it off with her, and she’s trying to withdraw from school. We can’t let that happen. Please!

# Chapter Twenty-One

Chris

When I got the call about Tia and Laura, I had already expected that was going to happen. And of course, it had to be the fucking Braxton's. They are worse than my goddamn family on how stuck up they are.

I hated leaving Jasmine home, but she doesn't need to know what's going on yet. Tia should be the first one to tell her. So, here I am at the away game by myself.

Making it in time to see Laura come off the court, I look at her, ready to ask her what the hell is going on, but she shakes her head. Hmm.

"I already know."

“Good.” I nod my head at her and move into Coach’s office. “I’d be a hypocrite if I told you that you shouldn’t be in a relationship with a student. It is not against college policy, but they frown upon it.”

Standing there, I size up my head volleyball coach and know she’s not going to fight for herself. “I’m not worried about myself.”

I sigh. “Yes, unfortunately, there’s going to be an investigation into Tia and how she got the scholarship. They could say you bribed her with the scholarship if she entered into relations with you.”

“I would never fucking do that, Chris.”

“I know. But you know how this looks. I think it’s best if you two cooled it just until the investigation is over.”

Watching her, I realize she’s gutted by this whole situation. It makes me want to rethink things with Jasmine, but I won’t.

“I’ll figure it out.”

“Good, I’ll be waiting in the parking lot for you. And no, that wasn’t a request for you to join me on the ride back home.”

The drive home is in silence and I’m glad because if I told Laura that I am in the same boat as she is, she wouldn’t believe me.

Looking at the text from my buttercup, I know I should tell her everything is going to be alright. That I’ll take care of everything, but the bastard in me sees the opportunity here. Jasmine will come to me to help get her best friend off and I will do it. One, because Laura doesn’t deserve to be hurt, but also because it’s my little one’s best friend. This is the perfect opportunity to manipulate the situation into my favor to get Jasmine to do whatever I want to her.

We pull up in front of Tia’s house, and we have a perfect view of the living room window.

“My little girl is in there with yours and we could bust in there right now. Take them and blow this town,” I say. There’s no reason to mince words. I growl and hold onto the steering wheel. The thought of leaving and giving up all the bullshit, makes my heart beat with purpose. It’s unfortunate that I’m not going to take my own damn advice.

“I broke it off with her.” Laura sounds miserable.

Shooting a quick text to Jasmine, I smile.

**Me:** Don’t worry, we will.

Leaving it at that, I turn to Laura. “I know. Jasmine sent me a message while Tia was in the bathroom. It was a smart move, but a dumb thing for you to do. Do you love her?”

“It’s done.” She says as she turns her head out the window to look at the house.

“You know I would have defended both of you, right?” I put my phone down, and I notice the tears welling her eyes.

“Yes, but she will never be accepted on the team properly if we are in a relationship.”

“Do you want her?” Shit, the idea of not having Jasmine makes me want to scream.

“You know I do.”

Well there’s only one fucking way to get this shit done. “Then let’s get this over with.”

This finally gets her attention and she looks at me. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, we are going to the school board tomorrow and we will tell them everything about your relationship with Tia. You will admit fault and that you fell in love with her after she became a student here.”

My phone goes off and I pick it up.

**Little one:** Daddy, I can't talk her off the ledge. She wants to quit but I've confiscated her computer and cell phone.

**Me:** I'll take care of it. Let her know she will not have to quit. Just to be patient.

**Little one:** Thank you.

She sends me a heart emoji and I stare at it for a moment. Fuck my lips want to smile, but this is too serious to smile right now.

Putting my phone down, I continue what I was saying. "Then, you are going to take your two weeks paid leave so we can say you were punished. During those two weeks, what you do with yourself is up to you. Once it's done, get your ass back here and take our team to victory on the courts."

Waiting for a response, I look at my phone again and there's a picture of the two of them eating ice cream. I decide not to tell her to stop eating. She's there with her friend, being a good person, and I don't want to upset her.

"I can't. Tia is under investigation."

"You leave that to me. Jasmine has already said she can't talk Tia off the ledge of quitting. If I can show you are taking the blame, I might keep this girl in school. I mean, she's a scholarship kid and you know I hate them, but this will be for Jazz."

Laura's demeanor changes from sad to pissed in a matter of seconds. "She wants to withdraw?"

"Yes. Jasmine has said she doesn't want to be your student or your player. It would be best for both of you if she transferred out of your class."

Now I'm goading her. This will get me my hardass coach back. "Fuck that!" She roars and I laugh.

"That's what I thought, Laura. Take the fucking two weeks and make it right with your girl. When this is over, we may end up with everything we

want.”

Well, she will. I won't. I'm going to end up with a black heart and my revenge. I ignore the feelings for now and point at the window.

“Look out your window.” Tia is standing in front of her second-story bedroom window, wiping her eyes.

“Yeah, I'm going to have to get this fixed.”

I chuckle again and shake my head. “Should have trusted me, Laura.”



The next day, I pick up Jasmine from Tia's and she hugs me tightly. “It's a huge mess, Daddy.”

“Don't worry, buttercup. We can fix it,” I tell her as I explain the way Laura has already gone to the school board.

“Thank you for helping,” she tells me as we get out of the car.

*Do the right thing, Chris.* My heart whispers to me, and I shake it off. Once I lock the door behind us, I place the keys on the counter and look at Jasmine.

“It doesn't come for free, Jasmine.” Keeping my voice as calm as I can, I bring out the contract that she has still not signed. I've made changes to it but I show her the only page that matters. The signatures.

“Agree to be mine, and I'll do everything in my power to make sure both Tia and Laura end up together.”

She has no idea she's about to sign that all rights that she thinks she has, is over with. Or that she's going to be signing that if she fails me in any way, I can kick her out of school.

My little one gets on her tiptoes and kisses me. “You know I was going to sign it.” She smiles and takes the pen, clicking it open.

*Tell her the truth.* My brain begs me, but I refuse to do so. The feeling in my heart is killing me, but she signs her name. So fucking trusting. She should have known better.

“Perfect. Now that that's out of the way, let's have dinner.” I take the paper and put it back in the folder.

“Alright. Do you want me to cook?” God, she's precious. Only an animal would fucking do what I'm about to do.

“Yes, but I want you to strip and cook naked for me. Remember, the contract stated you had to be naked in the house.”

A soft blush rises on her cheeks, and I kiss each one. “Yes, I remember. Can I have an apron so that if anything splashes on me, it won't burn me too much?”

I chuckle. “Here, you can have my shirt. It looks better on you anyway.” Taking my button-down shirt off, I put it on her once she's completely naked.

“So fucking sexy in my clothes, little one. I might have to amend the contract to read: *Only allowed in Daddy's shirts.*”

Jasmine wraps her arms around me and pulls my head down to hers, kissing me. It's cute how she pushes her tongue into my mouth, seeking a French kiss. Still so damn inexperienced, but I love that I'm the one that gets to teach her everything.

Our tongues dance back and forth with one another for a long time before she pulls back. “I think the pot's ready now.” Buttercup chuckles and turns around toward the stove.

Wrapping my arms around her stomach, I kiss her neck. “I'll be back shortly. Cook us something good.”



Taking the folder, I go to my office and open my safe. Looking at the picture of David and my father together, reminds me what I'm doing. Placing the folder inside the safe, I look at the last letter my father sent me and how he was cutting me out of everything and giving it to David. I shouldn't take this out on Jasmine, but she's in good standing with my father. If he finds out what a little slut she is, the good name that David's family has made for itself will go down the drain. And there will be one less scholarship student in my school.

My heart hurts as I shut the door to my office and lock it, shutting my heart in there with everything else that's in my past.

Walking back into the dining room, I smile at what Jasmine has done. "Spaghetti huh?"

She smiles as she places a plate of Parmesan cheese on the table. "Yes. It's quick, easy, and honestly, I just want to cuddle with you."

Fuck. No sweeter words have been uttered, but my mind won't let things go. "And who said you earned cuddles?"

The way her shoulders drop, I instantly feel like a jerk. "I... well." Jasmine sits down and looks at me. Hurt written all over her. "It's what we normally do after dinner."

"Not tonight." I sit down next to my little one and it's obvious she's not understanding what is happening. When she gets confused, questions come flying out of her mouth.

"Tonight, after dinner, we will do dishes, take a shower, brush our teeth, then you will go into the bedroom and wait for me."

"Alright," she says softly as she swirls her food around her fork.

"Alright, what?" I growl and her head pops up.

"Sorry." She looks sheepish. "Alright, Daddy."

“Much better. Now, no more sadness.” I’m the one causing the sadness but I can demand she be happy. And she better fucking show me she’s happy if she wants to be in my good graces.

## Chapter Twenty-Two



Something is off with Daddy, but I don't say anything. We eat and don't talk much. It's not the same as it was before yesterday. Sighing, I do the dishes as he takes his shower, and I wonder what's going on with him. I decide not to say a word about it because he could be upset with the whole Tia and her coach thing.

After the dishes, I go into the bathroom and take a shower. Chris comes in and pulls the shower curtain back.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I giggle and he smiles at me. He sits down on the toilet in a towel, just watching.

"I'm going to watch you shower, little one. I want to make sure you clean yourself."

His eyes track every movement I make. First, I wash my hair and then I shave my legs and underarms.

“Are you going to shave your greedy little pussy, little one?”

His words make me blush, my heart ratchets up, and breathing becomes hard as he stares at me with lust filled eyes.

“I wasn’t going to, tonight.” My words are barely a whisper as he stands up and comes toward me.

“Your pussy doesn’t have a lot of hair on it, but I want it gone. Lift your leg up on my thigh.”

Chris pats his right thigh as he lifts it and places his foot on the side of the tub. “Hand me the razor, buttercup.”

I’m shaking as I do what he demands. “Now, keep your back against the wall and watch me take care of you. Let Daddy shave you clean, little buttercup.”

Every time he calls me a nickname, my heart bursts into flames, and all I want to do is be his good little girl.

“Goddamn you are soaked for me.” He looks at me as he picks the soap from my other hand and lathers my pussy with it.

Whimpering, I lay my head back against the tiles and try to keep myself upright. “Daddy.”

“That’s my good little one.” It’s almost like he’s talking to himself as he glides the razor along my body, taking the hair off my most private area. “I’m going to shave your ass as well. It’s not very hairy, but we don’t want any hair anywhere near those succulent little holes.”

My body is going nuts and my brain won’t let the image of him sucking on my clit go. Daddy is concentrating on the curve of my lips as he takes my hair away.

“You are doing so well. I’m so proud of you.”

The way he praises me makes me teary and horny at the same time. I yearn for his words but it’s deeper than that.

“Daddy, please,” I beg him. Need courses through me as he runs the blade along my bottom.

“I’m almost done, buttercup. Then I’m going to turn off this water and you are going to get dry before you go into the bedroom. Remember how I told you to be when you get in there?”

A giggle escapes me. “Yes, Daddy. When you tell me to go to the bedroom, I’m to get on the bed, facing away from the door, on my knees and head on the covers.”

“My little one is being extra nice today, isn’t she?” He winks at me and my pussy clenches. I need his attention so badly, I almost feel like a druggie in need of another shot.

“I’m trying, Daddy.” He puts the razor down and turns my body into the water, moving his hand along my now shaven bottom. Chris uses the water to clean my body, and he smiles at me.

“You are doing great. Now finish washing up, and I will be waiting for you in the bedroom.”

When he leaves, I feel the coolness hit me. When he isn’t around, I’m lonely. Needy for his hands back on me. Not wanting to keep him waiting, I finish my shower and dry my body with a towel. I also blow dry my hair because Daddy says I’m not allowed to go to bed with a wet head.

Walking into the bedroom, I notice Daddy in the corner chair but there’s also a cage on the floor and I wonder if we are getting a pet. Smiling at him, even if I’m nervous, is what keeps me grounded as I climb onto the bed. I

turn around, giving him a view of my butt. That's what he wants from me, so that's what I give him.

"Good, buttercup. Head down now." He growls and my walls inside clench. God, that growl does crazy things to me. Lowering my head down, I can't wait to feel him thrust into me.

"Spread your legs wider." When I do, I hear him get up from the chair. "Goddamn, little one, your pussy is beautiful bare."

"Thank you, Daddy." I'm trembling by the time he touches my left thigh.

"I know you saw the cage on the floor at the foot of the bed. Do you want to know what it's for?"

"Yes, Daddy, please."

"Oh, buttercup, you beg so pretty." His hand moves along my hip, and I moan.

I stick my bottom upward for him, and he slaps me. "Don't move." His demand isn't harsh, but I know he means business. My head swims with his dominance and warmth, pushing me to obey. Yet, I want him inside of me, and usually if I push he'll take me.

"That cage is for you." He growls into my ear as he bends over me, grabbing my hair and yanking me off the bed.

Shock has me frozen as he forces me down onto all fours on the ground. "Crawl." His tone has changed. I don't understand it and he already knows I'm going to ask what is going on.

"Don't worry about what is going on and move your pretty little ass to the cage. No questions, Jasmine."

I bite my lip, trying to understand why all of a sudden things don't seem sensual. Why am I going into a cage?

Crawling with shaking arms is hard, but I make it to the cage and try not

balk at how resolute it seems.

Chris shuts the door and locks it with a padlock. “You want me to get your friend off for having inappropriate relations with her coach?”

Looking at him, I realize this isn't Daddy. No, this is the dean of education I'm speaking to. His eyes are laser focused and peering down at me. “Yes, please.”

“Then you are going to stay in the cage and do exactly as I say. Not only with you signing the contract, but this will be your payment for my hard work.”

Now that I understand, I'm not freaking out. Do I like the cage? No. But there's a pillow, a bottle of water, and a blanket for me. At least there's that. “I can do that, Daddy.”

I'm trying to bring back Daddy. He's nicer. Softer. “Good girl. Get on your back, keep your face facing away from the bed.”

As I lie down and face away from the bed just like he said, I can see him getting on his knees in front of me. “Turn your head toward me and open your mouth.”

The cold steel of the cage chills me, but I turn my face to him and he pushes his cock deep inside my mouth.

“Raise your hands above your head and hold onto the top of the cage,” Chris demands of me as he shoves his cock deeper in my throat. It's the deepest he's ever been and I choke.

“Swallow.” He cuffs my right wrist to the cage and then the left. I do as he says and feel awkward with my hands and arms stretched upward from my body.

At least the choking sensation is gone. I can handle a blow job. It's something I have come to realize I enjoy doing for Daddy. It's that I'm

nervous and uncertain of what's going to happen next.

Chris pulls away from me and I whine. He chuckles and strokes my face through the bars. "Such a good girl, wanting Daddy's cock. But that's not what's going to happen tonight."

He stands up and I track him with my eyes. "Raise your legs up to your arms."

"What?" I understood him, but why is he asking me to do that? I can't possibly sleep like this, can I?

"Put your legs up now, Jasmine. Don't make me tell you again." Taking a deep breath, I hold the bars with my hands and lift my legs.

I blink, not expecting the pressure this would put on my back. By the time Chris has my legs tied, I'm shaking.

"Normally, I would put a dildo machine in you and make you fuck it all night long. But tonight, as your payment to me and a reward for being such a good girl, I'm going to be putting a double dildo machine in you. One for your mouth and one for your sweet little pussy."



## Chapter Twenty-Three

Chris

**W***hat the fuck are you doing, man?* The question is on repeat as I pull the machines out from under my bed. I watch as Jasmine's eyes get wide as I bring out the dildos.

“Don't speak, Jasmine. You're doing so good right now. It's not as scary as you might think. Count to ten.”

Trying to reassure her that this isn't a big deal is laughable. This sweet girl was a virgin a few weeks ago and here I am bringing out things even experienced people in the BDSM world don't even touch.

Placing the first one at her mouth, the dildo is small, but it's going to be moving at a slow pace tonight. Just something for her to know that her mouth is to be used and not heard.

“Open.” I tell her and the trembling in her lips isn’t unnoticed. She’s scared and I should feel worse about this, but I don’t. Sliding the dildo into her mouth, I turn the machine on. “Don’t try to push it out, Jasmine.”

She struggles with the width at first but the machine is moving at a slow and steady pace where she seems to be adjusting to it. Once I’m comfortable with the way the machine is keeping her mouth open, I move on to the other one.

Bending down, I check her wetness level and she’s quivering. Her pleasure is an indication that she’s alright. Jasmine tries her hardest to see what I’m doing, but I pop her thigh, and she yelps out around the dildo.

“If you don’t get to sucking on that dildo, I’m going to make it fuck your throat hard and fast all night.”

My little one tenses but quickly gets to work and I smile. Pushing two fingers into her pussy, she moans and I feel the way she sucks my fingers deeper into her folds. Yeah, she may not understand what is going on, but she wants it.

Removing my fingers from her irritates me, but this isn’t about getting her off or what I need. This is about showing her she’s going to do whatever the fuck I want her to do. The dildo is wider than my dick by about a half an inch. It’s going to be a tight fit, but she will take it like a champ. My girl can’t stand to fail at her tasks.

It takes a moment, but the dildo is almost fully inside of her now. She trembles and whimpers around the dildo in her mouth. “Relax your body, buttercup. You are doing so good. Let it all the way in, sweet little one.”

Petting her thigh trying to calm her is not working, and she’s choking on the dildo. Sighing, I slap her thigh and her whole body jolts. “Jasmine,” I warn her, and she looks at me as I stand there, looking down at her.

“Relax your body, now.” She visibly melts into the cage and her throat lets the dildo in. Her pussy has the entire dildo in it as well. “That’s my good girl.”

I should keep the lights on and watch her for a while, but I need to rest. Tomorrow’s going to be a very taxing day for both of us. Shutting the lights off, I listen to her moans and the whir of the machines. Either Jasmine will be completely complacent tomorrow or she will demand we no longer see each other.

Too bad the contract she signed says she can’t do that any longer. As I drift off to sleep, I am graced with her first orgasm of the night.



When I wake up, I hear the sound of Jasmine crying. My heart wrenches, and I close my eyes, trying to stop the pressure in my head from building. Getting out of the bed, I walk around to where she’s lying down in her cage. There’s a puddle of wetness near her pussy, and she’s barely awake herself. She looks utterly exhausted.

“Buttercup.” As I speak, she jumps and then cries out as the machine in her pussy goes faster. Ah, she found out that the more she moves the faster it goes. Smiling, I turn it off and pull it away from her body. Her pussy squirts her orgasm, and I laugh.

“Horny little thing, aren’t you?” Her eyes flutter, and I know she’s not going to be able to visit Tia before Tia’s hearing.

Untying her arms then her legs, I open the door to the cage and pull her to me. Picking her up, I walk us to the bathroom where I start a bubble bath for

her after I sit her down on the toilet.

“Daddy.” She whimpers. Once I test the water, I find the bubbles and pour some in. Going over to her, I put my hands on her face and she’s a mess.

“Shh, little one. I got you. I’m so fucking proud of you for making it all night long. Such a good little buttercup.”

I’m graced with a smile and that’s worth everything to me. “We have about an hour before we have to go be with Tia. I need to go to the inquiry meeting for Laura, but I don’t want to leave you alone.”

She wraps her arms around me and my natural response is to tense up, but I don’t. Not when she’s being such a good girl. “Don’t leave me.”

“Alright, buttercup.” I stroke her hair and then help her clean her sore pussy after she finishes peeing. Slowly, we walk to the tub and I help her in. “There now, let the warm water soak through those sore muscles.”

Jasmine has no idea that every day she endears herself to me a little more, but I’m too cold to let it come out too much. Sure, I can help her now, and show her some kindness. She’ll eat it up and tomorrow I’ll feel like a bastard for hurting her again. Because last night wasn’t the only way she will be paying me back for saving her friend’s ass.

“Here’s your phone sweetheart. I’m going to have to go, but when I send you a text, I want you to come to the office.”

“Ok, Daddy.”

I have to get out of here before I make a fool of myself and show my guilt to her. Making my way to the office they are holding the meeting, I walk in and listen to them question Laura. She handles it like a champ and when they tell her she’s on administrative leave for two weeks, I nod my head. The board listens to me, whether they like it or not.

Just one more notch against me in my father’s eyes. I took over this school

and voted his old ass out and ousted David from having any fucking control.

I send Jasmine a message to come to the Groveton Hall and wait for her to get here. When I see her, I smile. She dressed in a very nice dress that makes her look professional. It's adorable.

"Let's go, buttercup. Tia went in about ten minutes ago."

She smiles up at me and places her hand on my arm. "Thank you, Daddy." Fuck, those words do something to me. Things that they shouldn't.

We walk through the door and Tia looks back at us. Jasmine nods to her, showing her solidarity with Tia.

"Mr. Groveton, why is there another student here?"

I walk up with Jasmine right beside me. "Because these two are best friends and they both received scholarships not only for academic talent, but for some other reason. Jazz here is an artist, so she received an art scholarship. Tia here is an athlete, so she received an athletic scholarship. Now, are we done here?"

"Mr. Groveton, this is highly..."

I cut the woman off with a slash of my hand.

"Enough. You have gotten your answers from my staff, and you now have grilled this young lady for over thirty-five minutes. Let's make the decision right now." I point at Tia and stare at the board. "She will remain a student for however long she deems it necessary to graduate with whatever degree she wants. There will be no talking about this, no rumors spread, and you would be wise to remember who gave you jobs in the first place."

"Very well. Ms. Falcon, you are reinstated as a full time student. Be aware of the fact you are here on the school's dime. Do not waste this opportunity."

"Alright, are we done here?" Tia asks.

"Yes, you are free to go."

Tia stands from her chair and walks toward the door. Jasmine walks besides her. "It's all going to be alright. We won."

That's what Jasmine thinks. She's lost in everything but doesn't know it yet. "Thank you, Jazz." Tia hugs her and looks down for a moment. "I'm going to go home now and rest."

"If you need me, call me, ok?" I can see the concern in Jasmine's eyes and know she's probably the best person in the world to have as a friend.

"You bet. Same to you."

Tia leaves, and I walk toward Jasmine. Bending down, I whisper in her ear. "Go to my office and wait for me. I need to finish some things with the board." She nods and I kiss her ear. "Take you a nap, sweet buttercup."

Her eyes twinkle up at me. "Thank you, Daddy."

Once she walks out, I turn to the board and give them a loathing look. "That should have never had to happen. Who the fuck put you up to instigating the investigation against Coach Landrey? I know you had to look into Ms. Falcon because of her scholarship, but we don't normally have an investigation after I've come to you and let you know I've handled the situation."

They squirm and I slap my hand against the desk. "Tell me!"

"Your brother, Mr. Groveton. He is in business with the Braxton's and he wanted to get to the bottom of this."

"I see. Let me remind you, you are working for me and that anyone outside of this school who has no say in our business, doesn't get to dictate what you do. Or how you do it. Are we clear?"

It took only a threat of me terminating their employment for them to agree.

Once I walked out of the room, I knew they were on my side of things. Opening the app on my phone, I check on Jasmine and she's on the couch in the office.

“Good girl,” I whisper to myself. She did what I asked of her. Making a quick stop at the library, I check on a few students in the mentor program while I wait for the carrier to pick up the package that will be hand delivered to David on Thanksgiving.

As the man comes up and looks at me, I smile. It’s David’s boss. “Hello, Mr. Groveton.”

“Hello. Here is everything you need.” He looks at me for a moment, and the smile on my face turns vicious.

“There’s no backing out of this now. You signed the deal to hand me the keys of your business on the first of the new year.”

He’s antsy but nods his head. “I’ll have this to him on the date you set.” He walks away and I wait for the guilt to eat me alive. The only thing that hits me is how badly this will hurt Jasmine.

My heart urges me to stop the man and go get the package back. I ignore it and make my way to the office. Buttercup is in need of some pampering. After last night, she deserves to be held.

Entering the office, I lock the door and look at how peaceful my little one is. When she finds out what I’ve done, she’ll never forgive me. Then again, ruining David is what will complete me, so I have to remember that.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

The word "daddy" is written in a black, cursive script. The letter 'd' is the first letter and has a small green highlight on its stem. The rest of the word is written in a fluid, connected cursive style.

“Daddy!” I moan out in pleasure. A chuckle wakes me, and I bolt upright.

“Hello, little one. Enjoying your dreams?” Turning to look at him, I blush. “It’s alright. Tell me, what was Daddy doing to you?”

Every time he calls himself Daddy, it makes me ache for him. The need is insane, but I crawl into his lap. Laying my head down on his chest, I sigh, content.

“You were holding me down on the bed at your house, licking me, making me count the times you made me orgasm. If I forgot, you’d start all over. It...” I trail off as I peek up at him.



“Such a naughty, needy girl. But that sounds like fun. Should that be how you repay me today for what I’ve done for you?”

At the reminder that I’m having to do things for him, I feel a rigidity creeping inside of me. I had hoped that what I already did was enough. Last night was brutal on me. My body is sore and I’m not sure I could handle another night in the cage.

“Does that mean I won’t be in the cage tonight?” Maybe I can negotiate.

Daddy strokes my hair. “Sweet little one, that’s your permanent place from here on out. I won’t put the machines on you if you are my good girl.”

“But…”

He puts his finger on my lips and shushes me. “Don’t argue. We will fix up your cage to be comfortable. You’ll have to earn the right by repaying me for helping Tia out. Once I feel your debt is cleared, I will let you sleep back in the bed with me.”

I’m not sure why he considers me asking him for something to be a debt. Tia and I always ask for each other’s help and we never owe one another. Biting my lip, I nod to him. I think it’s better if I just go along with what he wants.

“Good, buttercup. Let’s get you home.”

I wrap my arms around him tightly for a moment. The need to be close to him runs rampant throughout my body. “I don’t like being separated from you.” My words are whispered, and if he hears them, he ignores them. It’s alright, at least I said them.



Daddy and I have fallen into a circle of events. Get up, cook breakfast, go to school or work, come home, make dinner, watch television or do schoolwork, then bed. The cage isn't so bad now. He doesn't put me in there until I'm passed out from his lovemaking. It's rough sometimes. Other times it's kinky and wild.

I cherish these tiny moments when we are in his office and he's looking at me from over his computer screen, just staring. When I feel his eyes on me, I'll blush, it's something I can't seem to stop doing when I know he's watching me. While we have to be careful out in public, behind closed doors, we can't get enough of each other.

Like this morning when he came to my psychology class and pulled me out since he already knew I had taken my test. That I was only there because Tia was there doing her final exam before Thanksgiving break. He took me to the janitor's closet and spanked my ass.

"You are a fucking temptation." I whimper at remembering those words. I giggle to myself as I cook dinner for Daddy, waiting for him to get off work.

Tonight, he told me I had to have dinner ready, be naked to the right of the door, holding the plate for him. I have no problems with this.

Once dinner is done, I plate it, look at what time it is and I smile. Three minutes until he walks through that door. God, I miss him. Going into the bathroom, I freshen up, put on the high heels he wanted me to wear and come out, ready to see Daddy.

Picking up the plate, I move into position, excited to serve him. My heart beats wildly at the keypad beeping sounds off. He changed the lock code to my birthday, and it made me ecstatic to know I'm part of his life even if it's as silly as a keypad code combination.

The door opens, closes, and locks. He takes off his jacket, ignoring me, and

this is where my test begins. I hate being ignored, especially by Daddy. His tie comes off, and so do his shoes. He places the tie on the coat hanger and then his belt is loosened. My pussy clenches at the idea of him getting naked, too.

He doesn't though. He places the belt on the belt loop and picks his tie back up. Turning around to see me standing there, I smile for him. "Goddamn, you look amazing, little one. Get on your knees."

There's no hesitation anymore when he demands something of me. If I ask questions, I get in trouble. He called it learning to trust him and I'm doing that. I trust him explicitly to take care of me. To be everything I need. So, I get on my knees and wait for his next command.

"Put the food on the floor in front of you and bend over it. Once you do, put your hands behind your back."

Bending down, at a ninety-degree angle, I close my eyes as the smell of the chicken and broccoli hit my nose. Trembling, I put my hands behind my back and wait to see what his next command will be.

"Very good, buttercup." He walks over to me, and his leg slides across my side as he moves to stand behind me.

He gets on his knees behind me and runs the silk tie along my butt. "You look fantastic in heels, little one. I'm going to want you to wear them more often."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl."

Every time he says it, a chill runs up my spine. I thrive on and live to be his good girl. He enjoys saying it too because it usually earns me his cock. The silk is slid around my wrists and I tremble.

"I want you to take a broccoli floret and eat it." He says as he ties my wrists

together.

Moving my mouth closer to the food, I do as he says, and he slaps my right butt cheek. His hand moves along my flushed skin, rubbing the sting out of his smack. “Keep eating.”

My heart rate is skipping a beat every two beats as I hear his zipper coming down. Wetness pools inside of me. As Daddy rubs his cock along my wet folds, I can’t wait to feel him fill me.

“Such a good little buttercup. Don’t stop eating.”

If he wants me to eat, I’m going to eat. All the broccoli on the plate is my target. He didn’t say eat the chicken yet. I’m so distracted by completing my task, Daddy pushes himself inside of my ass.

Gasping as he pushes all nine inches inside, I’m frozen right above the last floret. “Continue eating, Jasmine.”

His voice is a guttural growl as he sits deep inside of me. We haven’t done anal yet and I am not sure I’m prepared for it. It stings badly, but Daddy isn’t moving or trying to fuck me yet. No, he’s giving me time to adjust and I’m thankful for it.

“You are doing so well, little one. Keep relaxing and let me in, buttercup.” He grabs a hold of my wrists and yanks me backward. I whimper as this seems to push him deeper inside of me.

“Who do you belong to?”

“You, Daddy. I belong to you.” I cry out as he pulls back and thrusts forward.

His hand moves from my wrists to my neck, and he brings me flush against him. “Your Daddy’s little slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes!” I moan out as the stinging turns into pleasure. His chuckle vibrates through me and my clit throbs, needing attention.

“That’s what I thought.” He bites my earlobe and suckles it into his mouth. I want him so much, I don’t even care if he’s in my ass. It’s just another way to seal us together. To solidify our bond.

“Daddy.” I cry out his name as pounds into me, owning my body. He owns so much more than that. He owns everything.

“Goddamn, little one. Your ass is so fucking tight and greedy for my cock. I feel you clenching around me, wanting my seed.”

His dirty talk turns me on even more. “I…” The biggest orgasm takes my words away as I sob out, unable to get a coherent word out.

Daddy bends us over and slides the plate of food out of the way so my face doesn’t end up in it as he pushes me to the ground. His hands are on my shoulders as he fucks me so hard, I can hear the slapping of our bodies.

I’m lost in the pleasure of the way he feels inside of me as my body undulates around him. There’s still a deep ache inside of me, but Daddy knows it because he moves one of his hands down to my clit and rubs it.

“You are going to come again for me, little one. I know you have another one in you.”

## Chapter Twenty-Five

Chris

**T**hat second orgasm makes Jasmine faint on me. I smile to myself as I lay her flat on the floor, untie her wrists and then fuck her until I get ready to cum. Pulling out of her, I spray her with my seed and watch it dry as I take the food and finish eating it. It would be horrible to let it go to waste.

Once I've cleaned up the kitchen, I take a quick shower before I take my little one to the bedroom. I've let her fill the cage with pillows and blankets. She got so happy when she was able to put a night light in there with her. My sweet one is truly a little girl when it comes to her cage. I didn't think she would ever come to terms with being in there, but now she likes to study inside of it.

Tonight, I'm giving her a stuffy. It's a panda with a heart on its stomach. I lie her down and pull the favorite blanket over her, laying the toy next to her. Locking the cage, I get in bed and think about what I've done. Regret laces itself around my heart, but I fall asleep so I don't have to focus on it.

As the sun peeks through the window blinds, I hear a squeal and I know Jasmine found her toy.

"Thank you, Daddy! I love it. I'm going to call it Handa. Because it's a panda with a heart."

Her glee is contagious, and I get out of bed. My girl has earned a treat. Hell, she's repaid her debt many times over, but I don't want her to get too goddamn attached because I'm likely going to be the devil in her eyes soon enough.

"Hi, little one." I look down at her through the cage and she is practically glowing.

"I want a hug, Daddy. Please."

"Well, I can't deny you when you ask so sweetly. Such a good girl." She loves her praises, and I'll make sure she keeps enjoying it. For now.

Letting her out, she jumps on me, and I laugh. "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you." She presses kisses all over my face, and I stroke her back.

"You're welcome, sweet buttercup."

"Daddy, can we visit Tia today?"

She's looking at me so sweetly. How do I tell her no? "Yes, buttercup. We sure can. Laura said we can come to her house any time and you are welcome to spend the week with her."

"Really?" Jasmine bounces up and down, dancing with her panda.

"Yeah, really."

"Daddy, are you staying with me or just me?" She stops dancing for a

moment, and her head tilts to the right, like she's pondering something.

“Just you.”

Her smile falls. “No. I would rather stay with you, Daddy. I want to visit and have Thanksgiving with them with you.”

“Well, then I will take you over there to spend the day, and y'all can decide what to eat. I still have some work I have to finish. Remember, my job doesn't stop during the break.”

“Oh. Well, do you want me to go with you, so I can help you get it done faster?”

She knows full well she is a damn distraction. Shaking my head, I pull her to me. “No little one. You know that you and I would be at each other all day if you were in the same room as me.”

“Alright, that's true, Daddy. Fine. I'll go be with Tia, but I'll miss you.”



The week has been amazing, but I'm dreading today. Everything is about to change, and this week has been amazing with Jasmine. Hell, she's shown me her little self more each hour of the day. And her having time with Tia has been good for her. Then again, Laura has told me it's been good for both of them.

We are sitting at the dinner table, eating lunch as Laura feeds Tia, and I feed Jasmine. Both Laura and I agreed we would show them it's alright if they are in little space with both of us around. Laura would kill for both girls and I'm pissed at myself, but so would I.



“The girls have agreed that they would both go home to Jazz’s parents’ house for Christmas,” Laura says, and I look at Jasmine.

“Is that so?”

She nods her head enthusiastically. “Yes. If we don’t, Mom will be down here helicopter parenting, and no one wants that.”

Tia laughs and rolls her eyes. “Um, we have helicopter *partners*, Jazz.”

“Tee Tee, I’m aware; we don’t need a third person doing it.”

“Alright, that’s fine. But, you know the rules, buttercup.” I stroke her hair as she finishes the last piece of pumpkin pie.

My phone rings, and Jasmine picks it up from the table. She knows that I don’t answer when she’s in my lap. I should have known better.

Lillian’s name is on it and I feel my whole body heat. “Little one, get up, please.”

“Are you going to answer it, Daddy?”

“Jasmine, yes, I have to.” I help her get up, take the phone and walk toward the living room and look back.

My little girl has her head down and I wonder if she knows something I haven’t told her. It would be a shot in the dark, but what if she did know. Fuck. My heart is beating fast as I answer the phone and walk out the front door.

“Lily, are you ok?”

“I need your help. God, please, Chris.” Her voice is panicked, and I know this has to do with Cian. Fuck, I warned her not to get involved with him.

Keeping a calm voice, I close my eyes before I answer. “Lily, you know I will assist, what do you need?”

“A place to hide. Cian’s gone mad and... and I need to get out of here.”

“Are you headed to Groveton now?”

“Yes, I have to take the back roads, and I’m dumping my old car about five states away from you. A friend of mine who is headed to Mexico can get me down there.”

“Should I come get you instead? I don’t like the idea of you being out in the open, if it’s that bad, Lily.”

The front door opens and without turning around, I know it’s my sweet girl. “No, Chris, I just need your help. I’ll be there in a few days.”

“Fine. Come to the college when you get here and we will discuss what we can do.”

“Thank you.”

I hang up and pocket my phone. Jasmine is standing on the front porch, hands behind her back and looking at me. Walking over to her, I crowd her against the front door. “Everything ok, Daddy?”

There’s no jealousy in her eyes or tone, but I hear the question inside of the one she just asked. “Yes, just an old friend that needs help.”

“And you’re going to help her?”

“I sure am. We don’t let people we love down.” Fuck, I didn’t mean to say it that way. Jasmine shrinks back from me and gasps.

“You... Do you love her?”

Vulnerability is written all over her. Her lower lip trembles and she bites it to keep from crying. I can tell by the way she’s blinking I’ve hurt her. “Little one, Lillian is a very old friend of mine, and she’s in a lot of trouble with her husband. I have to help her.”

“So you two never... It doesn’t matter. If she needs help, I guess I can’t be selfish and say you can’t help her.”

Too goddamn sweet. Every time I expect her to show some kind of cruelty in her, she shows me kindness.

“I promise, you don’t have to worry about her, alright?” I push a hand through her hair and lift her face up to meet my gaze. “It’s important that we help our friends, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Daddy. Just like you helped Tia and Laura. I’m sorry if I sounded jealous.” God, she shouldn’t be apologizing to me. Especially considering David will be calling soon.

“Why don’t we go home, watch your favorite movie and enjoy a cuddling night?”

“I’d love that Daddy.” She snuggles into my chest and I know for now, she’s my little girl and I don’t have to worry about too much. She will come around to knowing Lillian. Besides, Lillian is my past, not my future.

“Good. Let’s go tell our friend’s good night. I’m sure they are itching to be together too.”

Jasmine giggles and nods. “Yeah, Laura wouldn’t let Tia out of her lap.”

I laugh, knowing the feeling, but I don’t say anything. Maybe I should call the whole damn thing off and enjoy my time with Jasmine. As my little girl hugs Tia, I look at the time. Two more hours. Yeah, it’s too late to go back now. I’ll have to accept the consequences once they come to pass.

## Chapter Twenty-Six



When we get home, I kiss Daddy, and he chuckles. “Let’s get the popcorn popped, little one.”

“Alright, fine.” I pretend to pout, and he growls at me. Running off to the kitchen, I giggle. My phone goes off in the bedroom and I look at Daddy. “Is it alright if I go see who’s calling?”

“Of course.” He kisses my forehead and reaches into the cupboard to get the bowl down. I pick up my panda from the counter where I left it earlier this morning and go to grab my phone. It’s my mom.

“Hi, Mom. How did you get service up there?”

“What the hell is going on, Jasmine?” My mom never cusses at me, and I pull the phone from my ear and look at the phone dumbfounded.

“What do you mean?”

“What do I mean?” She mimics me. “How could you do such vile things?”

“Vile things?” I’m so lost right now. “I don’t know what you mean, Mom. You are scaring me.”

My brain is swimming with what in the world she could mean. I haven’t done anything. “Check your phone. This was sent to David today. I sure as hell hope this is a joke.”

“Mom, I didn’t send anything. I swear, I haven’t done vile things. I promise.” My head hurts by the time I hear the *bing* in my ear.

The message downloads, and I nearly drop my cell phone. There’s a large manilla envelope with my name on it addressed to David. It’s not in my handwriting though. “I didn’t send that.”

“Oh, well, it doesn’t matter who the hell sent it, Jasmine. Look at the other pictures that were sent to David.”

Putting my phone on speaker, I look at my phone wondering what in the world is going on. A picture of me bent over Christopher’s desk and him behind me pulling my hair stares back at me.

Beneath the picture, I see the words. Plain as day. “David, it seems you helped raise a naughty little slut. I’m glad I gave her the scholarship.”

My vision blurs with tears, and my heart is beating so fast, I can’t focus. There’s a ringing in my ears and blackness tries to take me under. “Mom.” That’s all I can get out before she interrupts me.

“Do you have any idea what this means? David’s boss hand delivered it to him and fired him. Said that if he could have such a step-daughter in his house, he couldn’t trust that he wouldn’t do the same thing as a way to climb up the ladder at his job.”

“Mom, I ...I...” The words slip from me as my legs give out as another

picture comes through. This time I'm in the cage and the machines are fucking me.

"You need to pack your bags and go to the house and wait for us."

"What? Why?" I wipe the tears from my cheeks but more just keep coming.

"Oh, that's the best part Jasmine!" Her voice is shrill, and another picture comes through my phone. I don't want to look at it. "Look at it. Just look at what all of this has cost you."

Picture after picture comes in of me in various states of undress and plenty of compromising positions with Chris. But finally, the part mom must be talking about comes in. It's a letter from the College.

In big bold letters, **Scholarship Termination**. No. How... How could Chris do this?

My silence must jolt my mother because when she talks to me again, it's quiet and calm. "Jazzy, I'm not mad at you, it was the shock that had me screaming. I'm sorry I cussed at you, but you need to come home. We have to figure out how to fix this.

There is no fixing this. My heart's ripped in two, my step-father has been fired, and my reputation is up in flames.

"I have to go, mom," I whisper and hang up. Wishing I was numb and that God would strike me dead right here so I don't have to face this shit, would be a miracle.

Getting up from the bed, I look at the panda on the floor and I nearly fall to the floor and crawl into my cage. It would be easier to ignore everything once I'm in my security blankets. That's not the case is it though?

Leaving the panda on the floor, I walk into the living room. I see the man I'm in love with, looking at the movies he had bought for us tonight, trying to decide what to watch. My heart breaks as he turns around.

“You...” How do I even formulate words right now when I can’t comprehend what he’s done?

He looks so concerned. “Are you alright, little one?”

A panicked laugh comes out of me. “Clearly, I’m not.” My breaths come out in gasping rushes. “How could you?” Everything has been a lie.

“Ah, so David received my package. Perfect. I can stop pretending to be the loving Daddy to your stupid ass.” His demeanor changes right in front of me. “I’ve waited years to tear my step-brother down. You were the perfect puzzle piece.”

I sway on my feet and grab onto the back of the chair I’m standing behind. “I trusted you.”

Chris starts laughing. “I’m aware. That’s the whole point. You had to trust me. To believe you were something important.”

“Something...” My words trail off, and I tremble. “You made me fall in love with you,” I whisper and he laughs even harder.

“Love?” He shakes his head. “You are a naive little girl who needed to be taught that you shouldn’t trust people. Taking you and molding you to be a submissive little whore was just for the fun of it. Hell, your pussy and ass are so good, I almost didn’t go through with my plan. But, in the end, my revenge and tearing your family apart won out.”

He shrugs like he didn’t just dismantle my whole world. Grabbing onto the back of the chair harder so I can stand upright, I count to ten, hoping I can calm down. “And your revenge meant I got no education, right?”

“Oh yes, I don’t want your filth in my school. You know where the door is, feel free to leave at any time.”

Looking at him, he’s staring at me with cold dead eyes and his hands behind his back. “Understood.” That’s all I can get out as I walk over to the

table where my purse is. The schoolbooks and backpack with my school supplies are left as I turn around and place the keys on the table next to the door.

Not looking back at him, I close the door, walk down the four steps, and rummage through my purse for my keys to my car. Getting in the car, I hold it together until I drive off. Not that I was holding it all that well to begin with. As I roll to a stop at the first parking lot I come to, I lose my shit.

I have to open the door and throw up because my stomach is in a total knot. If I go home, David will blame me. I wouldn't be able to tell him how sorry I am because before this moment, I wasn't sorry. And going to Tia, how... How do I tell her I need to get away?

**Me:** Hey, I know you're busy with Laura, but I need you.

God, wasn't Tia in this situation just a few weeks ago? I never saw this coming.

**Tia:** What's wrong, Jazz?

**Me:** I don't know how to explain it over text.

Her response is instant.

**Tia:** Come get me. I'll tell Mommy that you need me.

**Me:** I'm sorry for being a bother.

**Tia:** Shut up and come get me.

**Me:** Give me a few minutes. Need to calm down before I try driving any farther.

My phone rings, and I give a teary smile as Tia's name comes up. "Hey."

"Don't drive if you are that upset, alright? I know it hurts. Hell, you've been there for me when all this shit went down with me."

"That's what friends do, Tee Tee." I hiccup, and she laughs.

"When you can, come get me. Or I can come to you."



I contemplate for a moment and sniffle. “Yeah, come get me. I’m going to drive to the dorm. It’s three minutes from the gas station I’m at. Meet me there. It’s better to get rid of my car anyway. I’m pretty sure there’s a tracker on it.”

“I’ll be there, Jazz. Just drive really carefully alright?”

“You know I will.” We hang up, and I feel a little better, but I know I can’t stay at the dorm.

Driving slowly, I try not to think too much about anything. It’s all just way too much for me. I could be dramatic and say my life is ruined. Then again, this chapter in my life is over. Getting into another school without divulging too much as to what has happened here at Groveton will be hard. Thinking about having to leave here causes panic to run through me.

Thank God the parking lot is right in front of me because I’m not sure how much longer I could have driven. Getting out of the car, I gasp and close my eyes. My entire body is shaking, and I can’t think. Everything is on repeat to the point I want to shout out for it to stop, but I don’t. I lock my car door and look at the flier floating on the ground.

Reading it, it says there’s a mixer at Timberland Docks. I don’t know where Timberland is, but maybe Tia will.

## Chapter Twenty-Seven

Chris

As the door shuts behind her, I turn back to the fireplace and down the whiskey I had been holding. The words coming out of my mouth were absolute nonsense. My little girl loves me, and I called her filth. My vision swims with black floaters, and it's unsurprising. I deserve the high blood pressure I have at the moment. Fuck, I deserve much worse than that.

Taking a seat in my chair, I stare at the television screen paused on the opening credits of Jasmine's favorite show. Closing my eyes doesn't help the situation. All I can do is see the hurt and betrayal in her stare. The devastation I caused. How she's breaking down, probably right at this very moment.

The worst part was I could see the little girl side of her retreating, frightened, and shutting down. An hour goes by and the satisfied feeling

never comes. Hell no, it doesn't. I'm sitting here feeling miserable and full of regret. The worst regret I've ever felt in my life. I trashed the only relationship that has meant the most in my life, and I threw my little girl away.

As I wallow in my second glass of whiskey, my phone rings and I take a look at it. Powers. What the fuck does he want?

"What?" I answer and realize it's not professional, but I don't give a damn.

Xavier "Hypnos" Powers is on the line, laughing at me. "Well, your fucking demeanor hasn't changed since I was in college. Good to know, Dean Groveton. But I have a few of your students down here that decided to throw a Thanksgiving party on my docks."

"For fuck's sake. How many?" My head is swimming, and now this shit?

"Eh, they all ran away except two. Two girls to be exact. One's tall, has long black hair, and looks very athletic. The other is a short little thing. Curly hair and curves for days."

I immediately know who the girls are. How could I not?

"You touch them and I'll fucking kill you, Xavier." I growl and stand up, already putting my suit jacket on.

He chuckles. "Don't worry, Mr. Groveton. My brothers are being careful because Charlotte didn't want them hurt. They are in my house in the woods. You know where it's at."

"Xavier..." I grab my keys and slam the front door on my way out.

"Seriously, we are harmless. It's Charlotte you have to worry about. She holds our balls now. Also, I have a proposition for you."

"I'm listening." Starting the car, I back out of the driveway and head toward Timberland. Fuck, how could those two end up there?

*You, you idiot. You drove her away.*

“I have children now.”

Oh hell, I know where this is going. “Alright, and?”

“I’ll keep your girl, which I’m guessing is the short, curvy girl, safe...but for a price. We haven’t killed anyone in a long time, and well, I know Ayres is itching to throw down with a baseball bat.”

“Xa—”

“Oh stop, Mr. Groveton, I already told you, Charlotte won’t let us hurt her new little playmates. Hell, she took them inside to have some food and drink. They are safe. Now listen to me. My children are going to grow up, and I want them to go to Groveton College.”

The floaters in my eyes dissipate, and my heartbeat slows. “Is that all?”

I’d do anything to keep my girl from these psychos. Xavier saying they are safe is like saying a goddamn bear isn’t going to eat you.

“Yes, that is all. But, for now, just know that if your girl isn’t picked up in two hours, I’m going to enjoy...”

“Fucking touch her and I don’t care how psychotic you three are. I will rip you to pieces.”

“Exactly what I wanted to hear from you, Mr. Groveton. That’s how I know you love her. Now come get her. I guess you can have her bratty friend too.”

“You touch her and my volleyball coach will torch your entire house down with you in it. Don’t harm her.”

The last thing I hear is his laughter as he hangs up. *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.* Before I can call Laura, she calls me.

“What the ever-loving-fuck, Chris?” Oh yeah, she’s pissed.

“I know.” What else can I say?

“You idiot.” That’s all she says as I hear her truck start up. “If my Tia dies, I will gut you.”

“They aren’t going to kill them.”

“You don’t fucking know that, Chris. If anything happens to either one of them, it will crush the other one. They are like sisters, and you crushed Tia’s favorite person. Do you realize that Tia is likely to castrate you if I can’t control her reaction to knowing what happened between you and Jazz?”

“Laura, go get Tia. I’m on my way to get Jasmine.”

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea. Tia told me you terminated her scholarship.”

Well, word travels fast around here. “Yes, I did. But I can also reinstate it. That’s not important right now.”

“Fine. But when this is all over, you and I are going to have a talk.” She hangs up on me, and I pull forward to the red light.

**Me:** Put Jasmine in the dungeon. Blindfold her.

**Xavier:** With pleasure.

**Me:** Nothing sexual.

**Xavier:** I don’t cheat on my family. You have no worries there.



Laura is walking Tia out, and when she sees me, they make a beeline toward me as I get out of the car.

“What were you thinking?” Laura asks Tia, and she looks at her, brat mode activated. Oh yeah, there’s going to be a punishment later for her, I’m sure.

“These people could have hurt you, Tia.”

Tia shrugs. “I will go anywhere Jazz goes, Mommy. And you already knew this. I don’t know why it comes as a surprise that I would go to hell for her.”

I sigh, and Laura looks at me. “You better make this shit right. Tia has already told me she will quit school the second you release Jasmine if she’s not reinstated.”

Looking at Tia, I smile. “You are a good friend, but this is between Jasmine and I now. You need to go home and be with your Mommy.”

“I would love that, but you are an asshole and totally ruined my friend. She never drinks. Never. She did tonight, and you’re the fucking reason.”

Laura pulls Tia to the car and locks her inside. “Don’t get out of this card, goddamn it.”

She turns back to me, and I know what she’s going to say. I’ve been saying it to myself since I met Jasmine. “How the fuck, could you do this Chris?”

“Does it matter?”

As she shakes her head, I can read her disappointment. “You were so there for me and Tia. And now that you have your own little girl, you fuck it up for some kind of game?”

“You don’t know what you are talking about.” I clutch my keys tightly to the point the teeth bite into my skin.

“You know, I thought I knew you better than this. I guess I was wrong. Just don’t hurt her any more than you already have.”

When she walks away from me, I walk to the house and I see Xavier standing there. He doesn’t look haunted any longer and is holding a little boy in his arms. The two men that come out, holding a baby in each arm must be their other babies.

“Wow, you all three actually are in a relationship together, huh?”

I had seen an announcement in the alumni paper about Xavier. It didn’t surprise me, there was some crazy connection between the three boys.

“Yeah, we did and you’ll be a fucking gentleman in front of our wife.”

“Not a problem. Just point me toward the dungeon, and I will be out of your hair.”

They move away from the door but I feel their eyes on me as I cross their threshold and smell sugar cookies.

“Hi.” I look at the young woman who has a baby bump and then look back at the guys. Holy hell. A fourth one? I don’t dare ask. “You must be Mr. Groveton. I’m Charlotte.”

The guys put the babies down in the playpen, walking over to her and holding her in some form. My heart aches at the thought of never holding Jasmine again. It’s for the best. I’m not good enough for her, and that’s obvious since I destroyed her enough to go get drunk in a psycho’s territory.

Xavier takes me to the dungeon and when he opens the door, he leans in and whispers in my ear. “Feel free to use the toys here. We won’t mind at all. Besides, there’s no better way to claim your girl than to carve your name into her.”

I’m not sure if he was trying to make me gasp, jump, or downright scared as hell, but he did none of those things. My cock pulses at the idea of my name in Jasmine, but I won’t do that to her. She has too many scars as it is.

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

Chris

This was not what I was envisioning as Tia, and I got to the party. I had one drink, and it made me drunk. Tia helped my stumbling butt to a wooded area and called Laura. There's no way I blame her. Although, the guys that took us in were scary as hell. Their eyes were shady, alert, and completely demented.

Charlotte was really sweet though and her sugar cookies are amazing. I'm not sure I'm happy being down here in this weird basement. They blindfolded me and told me it was for my best since I needed to rest. Yeah, I probably should try to get up, but sleep calls me and yeah, sleeping is better right now. I can run away in my dreams from the hurt in my heart.



Even in my dreams, Chris is everywhere. I want him so much, that my dream consists of him holding me, telling me he was just joking. That he is sorry. My dream ends with him about to enter me. Waking up, it's dark and I've forgotten about the blindfold. I panic.

"Buttercup," Chris says softly, and I have to be dreaming still. Taking a deep breath, I try to remain calm. It's not working that well.

"Buttercup!" This time his voice is right by my ear and I turn my head toward him. "Calm down."

"What... what are you doing here?" His smell descends upon me, and I want to wallow in him. To relish the fact he's come to get me.

He takes the blindfold off, and the light makes me flinch. "Well, it seems you were irresponsible and decided to mosey into territory that you shouldn't have." His words only broker anger and I shrink away from him on the bed. "I didn't know we couldn't be here. Besides, there was a party. It wasn't like I came here on my own. I'm not irresponsible."

"I'd say you are..."

"Please don't. I get it. I'm just some filthy nuisance for you. Can we go home... I mean can you take me back to Groveton now?"

The tears are going to come. I can feel them wanting to flow freely. "No. We cannot."

"Why?" I yank on the dress I'm wearing, to lower it over my thigh. It must have ridden upwards as I was sleeping.

"Because I fucking said so, Jasmine."

He stares daggers at me, and I can't seem to help what I'm about to say. "I want Daddy back. At least he was kind."

"You are still under the notion that I cared at all, huh?"

My lower lip trembles, and I scoot off the bed. At least I'm not tied down.

The man named Ayres said he was supposed to blindfold me. He didn't know how I was supposed to be tied up so he left me on the bed. I'm grateful for that now. I'm shaking from head to toe as I back away from Chris.

"I thought you did," I whisper, and my back hits a wall. Closing my eyes for a moment, I imagine the moments where he was such a caring Daddy to me. I really am an idiot.

"Well, you thought wrong. Now strip."

I jerk my head upward to find him right in front of me. "No. I refuse to be some kind of pawn in your game anymore. You either want me and will show me that, or you don't and you'll let me go. As you said, I'm nothing but a naive girl. You've made it very clear."

Chris stands there, his arms encompassing me against the wall. His leg is between mine and I have to arch my neck to see him. "Do as I say and undress."

"If I don't?"

Jutting my chin outwardly, I raise an eyebrow. I'm so tired and want to cuddle with him, but he doesn't want me. He wants control over my body. Chris grabs my chin harshly and forces my head back until I cry out.

"Do not test me, little one. You don't want to see me truly angry."

Laughter bubbles out of me. I can't help it. "You... you don't want me. It was never about love for you. You wanted full control over my body and to use me as a pawn. I get it. There are no hard feelings alright? You got what you wanted. Let me go."

No hard feelings. No hard feelings at all. *Liar!* My brain yells at me as my heart breaks into more pieces as he squeezes my chin. "You're absolutely right, Jasmine. I got what I wanted. To ruin of my step-brother. It was the

easiest set up in the world. Of course, you made it so easy. So fucking eager to win my affection.”

The more he talks, the worse I feel. I fell right into his trap. “Please stop,” I choke out and know that if he wasn’t holding me up, I’d be on my knees, crying my eyes out.

“Such a slutty, clingy, little girl who needed a Daddy, and I was all too excited for it. I admit, I did enjoy having you in my home. But, we both know your use is over now. However, I’m going to get one last dip inside of you before we are through.”

With a power I didn’t know I possessed, I place both of my hands against his chest and shove as hard as I can. He falls backward and I run. If he wants sex, he’ll have to find it somewhere else.

“Did you really love me?”

His words make me stop and if the tears running down my face don’t say it, I don’t know what will. “Yes. You were my everything.”

I slip out of the room and run upstairs. Without knowing where the heck I’m going, I run smack into one of the guys in the house. It’s really kind of neat that they all love Charlotte. She told Tia and all about her men. Jealousy courses through me as he looks down at me and sighs.

“I’m guessing you two aren’t working things out.”

Shaking my head, I move around him. “Sorry for trespassing on your property Sir. I’m... I’m going to leave.”

“Like hell you are,” Chris says behind me and I scream.

“Just let me leave. You don’t want me. I get it.”

“Should I bring you some rope?” the man asks, and I look at him. I think I remember seeing his picture somewhere, but I don’t say anything.

“No. We don’t need that. I’m just leaving,” I sass and the man chuckles.

“You remind me of my little warrior.” He places a hand on my face, and I try my hardest not to flinch away. “You can’t even stand the touch of anyone else, can you?”

“Not at all.” He smiles and looks over my head at Chris. “You need to come to terms with whatever this shit is you are denying and claim your little girl before someone else swoops in and takes your place.”

He releases my face and walks away. I feel a chill deep in my bones and have no idea why. Maybe it’s because the idea of anyone else touching me or claiming leaves me utterly pissed off and scared.

“Jasmine.”

Lower lip trembling, I turn around. “Did his touch turn you on?”

Rolling my eyes, I huff. “No. I’m irritated he touched me and it wasn’t you. But even a complete stranger is nicer to me than you are. And I don’t understand that at all.”

“You’re right. It doesn’t make sense. Get your ass out of here, and don’t come back to Timberland. This place isn’t for the likes of you.”

He steps out of my way and releases me. The feeling of loneliness sweeps through me and I can’t catch a breath for a moment. “Yes, Mr. Groveton.” I walk around him and leave. As I close the door, I feel like I’m closing the door on the one person I thought would love me forever.

It’s true. I’m nothing but a filthy slut, and he made me that way. My car is back at the college so I slide into Tia’s. She always leaves a spare key under the seat. I shoot her a quick text to let her know I’m headed back to Groveton, and I’ll be careful with her car.

Mom wants me to go back home, but I don’t want to. It would be admitting failure, and I have to find a way to get into another college. Even if it’s an

online college, it's better than nothing. Besides, Tia already told me her home is open and that Laura wouldn't mind me staying for a bit.

I already know I won't take that option. There's one thing I refuse to be and that's a burden. Maybe it's best if I just end it all.

## Chapter Twenty-Nine

Chris

“So you let her go, then?” Xavier walks out of the shadows as I’m about to get in my car.

“It’s best if I do. No one needs my shit.”

He laughs and shakes his head. “You have no fucking clue what you let slip through your fingers.”

Xavier claps a hand on my shoulder and looks me dead in the eyes. God, looking at him is like looking at death.

“Your girl dropped this. We didn’t look at it because it’s none of our business. But I would probably get my head out of my ass and go get her. “

With that, he leaves me to contemplate on whether I should read it now or later. Stuffing the piece of paper into my pocket, I get in the car, start it, and

put my seatbelt on. Closing my eyes, I send a message to Laura.

**Me:** When you left Tia, you were a mess. Inside, did you feel like you died and someone brought you back just so you could feel your own hate?

I want Jasmine. There's no denying that. The idea of anyone else having her makes me murderous. Just the idea alone tells me I love the little brat.

**Laura:** Yes. Let me guess, you didn't fucking apologize.

**Me:** You nailed it on the head. I was a total ass and made her leave.

**Laura:** So what are you going to do about it?

**Me:** I'm going to go home and wallow in my self-pity.

What else is there to do? I made my damn decision to let her go. It's best for her. I would just drag her down to my level and she's so damn far above me, it's not even funny.

**Laura:** You can't be that dumb.

A laugh leaves me, and I shake my head.

**Me:** Unlike you, I don't think my girl is going to forgive me. I went too far on the list of things you can forgive.

**Laura:** Never. If you love her, show her that.

I don't respond back to Laura. Instead, I pull out and make it back to my house before I open the letter.

*Dear Daddy,*

*Today is the fifth week we've been living together, and it's been amazing. I get to see you every morning when I wake up, and that's the most joyful feeling in the world. There's just one thing I wish we could change. You never responded to my letter when we were just Jasmine and Chris. But now that we are together, maybe I can have that lunch date with you. It would mean the world to me, to be out in the public eye with you.*

*You told me to choose whether I'd wear the collar or not. It's sitting next to*

*Handa, and I can't stop looking at it. My answer is yes. I'm yours. From now until the end of time. I love you so much. Please don't freak out. I know we have a huge age gap, and you are kind of salty about love, but you're my everything. I'd do anything for you.*

*The reason I'm writing this down is because I want you to be able to look at it in the future and see how much your little buttercup loves you when I'm not around to let you know.*

*Hugs and Kisses,*

*Little one*

*P.S. I know Lillian was more than a friend. It's okay, Daddy. I love you and will accept that she's an old lover and friend. My hope is that you'll be comfortable enough to one day tell me about her.*

*P.S.S. Handa is lonely. I think we need another stuffy. Maybe a little lion or cheetah, Daddy. Ok, now I'm done talking. I think!*

“Fuck!” I scream out into the empty house.

Walking into my private office, I turn on the light and see the pictures of Jasmine everywhere. This room would upset her. It calms me down. Turning on the monitors, I look for her. She's either at Tia's old apartment, Laura's house, or in her dorm room. A room she shouldn't be in as she's no longer a student at Groveton.

The thought of not seeing her every day has me wanting to trash this room in a fit of rage. I don't do that, of course. Instead, I sit down and look at the first monitor. It takes me twenty minutes to spot her. She's at the library.

Why the hell is she at the library at this hour? Zooming in, I notice she's sitting at the table with her books in front of her. Is she studying? Pride wells inside of me. Even if she's been expelled, she carries on like it didn't happen.

The glint off the camera catches my eye, and I see the knife. Is that a



fucking bottle of pills? What the fuck?

Zooming all the way in, I look at the piece of paper on the table and the pen next to it. The picture is grainy, but as it pixelates, I see the words: death is easier.

Hell no. Getting up, I rush to get the panda that she loves so much and grab my keys. Dialing her number, her phone goes straight to voicemail. *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.*

**Me:** Little one, pick up.

No dots on the phone show, and I start the car. If she kills herself, I'll never forgive myself.

She never answers me, and I break every traffic law there is to get back to the college. When I get to the library, I nearly break the damn door down because my access key doesn't work the first two times. The door finally beeps, and I run into the building, freaking out.

Jasmine is not where I saw her last.

"You came." Her whisper soaks through me like a balm. One I don't fucking deserve.

I turn around and she stands there, hands behind her back. "I knew you'd be watching. A student, well ex-student on campus, of course, you'd come."

As she brings her arms around to the front, I notice her right hand is bloody and I trace the trail of blood upward. She's made a knick on her arm but it's not deep. She won't be bleeding out.

"What have you done, buttercup?" I take a step closer to her. Fear is making me shake, but I temper it down. She needs me right now.

She gives me a sad smile. "The start of something you have wanted the entire time. You wanted revenge on your step-brother. By God, you got it. But you thought so small-minded, Daddy."

The giggle she gives me is sick and twisted. It's not her. "You should have killed me, Daddy. My mother would have killed him for you. Anything that happens to her baby girl, and she will go into ballistic mode when she finds out it was for something in your past. That David had a hand in killing her baby girl."

She lifts the knife and hands it toward me. "Go ahead, Daddy. I went back and read the contract. I have no rights. You made changes to it. The contract isn't null until you end it completely or one of us dies. I took my signature very seriously. It's a lifelong signature. So, go right ahead Daddy, kill me. That way you have nothing left to hold over your father and brother. Or me. It's all just fine."

My little one's hand trembles and her eyes are full of sorrow. "Buttercup, this is a bit extreme don't you think?"

Jasmine sways, and the knife drops to the floor. "Coward's way out then." Goddamn it, she produces the pill bottle. "They are for depression. But enough of them will put me into a coma, and I won't have to face anyone else. Ever."

I jump into action and slap the bottle out of her hand, and she looks up at me. "You are not killing yourself, and I'm not going to murder you. Pull yourself together." I shake her and know my words were the wrong thing to say.

"Like you, cold and calculating. Using people and ripping their heart out? Got it, Daddy. I'll be better next time." As I release her she slips and falls, but I pick her up bridal style and take her to the nearest table.

Laying her down, I pick up the knife and the bottle of medicine. Stashing them away in her book bag, I come back to her with her sweater. Tying it around her arm, I look at her gently. She's so lost.

*It's your fault, asshole.* "Jasmine, open your eyes."

She turns away from me, and I see red. Reeling my anger in, I turn her back toward me as gently as I can.

"Little one, open your eyes." I use my coaxing voice. It usually gets a giggle out of her when she's trying to be a naughty little girl. The games we played were adorable. My heart wrenches in my chest, and I realize my mistake is a grave one.

"No. I'll have to look into your eyes and know I'm nothing to you."

Damn, for all my wits and wisdom, I never thought my words would be such a blow toward my own psyche.

"Jasmine, you will open your eyes right now," I demand, and this gets her fire going. She glares at me.

"What? Haven't you done enough?"

"Not even close." I growl at her and she shrinks back from me. "You are going to get your ass up right now, get your school items, and you are going to come home with me."

"No."

My right eyebrow cocks upward. "No?"

"No. I... I can't go back home with you. You don't want me."

"As you mentioned, your life is mine. Remember, you even just mentioned that the contract isn't null. Now get it."

This is not how I saw this going. I was going to sweet talk her, promise that she could come back to school, and win her over with the panda. But seeing her wanting to kill herself has angered me and I'm not even sure who the hell I am right now with the thought of her dying.

I help her sit up and she looks at me. Pulling out Handa for her, I smile. "I brought you your stuffy."

Her eyes tear up, and she snatches her panda from me. Holding her animal close to her chest, she gets off the table. Her walking is a little unsteady, but she goes over to the other table and picks up her items. Not once does she let go of her panda. Bless her heart.

# Chapter Thirty



**H**eadache galore. My eyes hurt from crying, and my arm is stinging, but I didn't cut it deep enough to do any damage. Not that it would matter. The scars are already there. Taking a deep breath, I hold my panda to me and look out the window of Chris's car. He wouldn't let me drive home.

Pulling my feet up into the seat, I wrap my arms around myself and lay my head down on my panda. At least Handa would never hurt me. When I went to the library, I had made a point of studying. To show I was still dedicated to learning, but I brought the knife and medicine with me because I had every intention of killing myself.

Facing David and mom would be too much. I'm not a weak person, but I don't think I could look them in the eyes after they've seen me naked. Seen... seen me do things with Chris that should have always been private.

"We are going to talk about what you were going to do in the library, Jasmine."

Chris says as we drive up to the house. He opens the garage door with a press of a button and parks us inside.

"There's nothing to say. The only reason you have me back at this house is because of the contract. You came out of obligation to get me off campus now that I'm no longer a student."

He sighs and it hurts to know I was right. Chris didn't come to save me. He came to lord his power over me. "Get out of the vehicle, buttercup."

"No thanks. I'll sleep out here." I inform him as he gets out on his side. He has the keys so I can't lock myself in, but if I'm holding my body around the seatbelt, he can't exactly extract me from the seat.

I can feel him staring at me through the window, and I smile. For the moment, I've won. Not like that means a damn thing though. He takes my bag from the backseat and slams the door. The door to the house opens. Closes. Chris comes back out, opens the door and with a knife he cuts the seatbelt off me.

"If I have to carry your ass inside, it won't end well for you." He growls in my ear as he throws the destroyed seatbelt onto the garage floor.

"Like any of this ends well for me." I smart off and stare daggers at him. I'm angry that he thinks he's the one in the right here.

"Well, there you are. You finally decided to talk." He smirks at me and I roll my eyes as I step out of my seat.

"There, I'm out of your precious car." I walk into the house and

immediately go to the guest bedroom.

“Where the fuck do you think you are going?” His grip on my shoulder halts me from moving, and I huff.

“To the guest bedroom.”

“Oh, little one.” He laughs and wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me into him. He feels so good. I wish things were different, and we were back to a few hours ago. At least then I could pretend he loved me.

“Don’t oh, little one, me. I’m nothing to you. You simply brought me here to save face, I’m sure.” His hands run up and down my upper arms and I want is to sink into him, but it would be foolish of me.

“I need to fix your arm since you were so drastically acting out.”

Yanking myself from him, I turn around to see him looking at me. “Acting out.” I can barely breathe at the audacity of this man.

“Clearly, Jasmine. You decide to do the most drastic thing in the world and not think about the consequences. Of course, you are acting out. Naive...”

I slap him. My palm stings as it makes contact. “I’m not naive. Far from it.” The anger in me is bubbling. Setting my panda on the kitchen counter, I stand there, trying to catch my breath. “You are... are... the most...” Words fail me as he stands there, calm and collected.

“What, buttercup? I’m the most, what?”

He steps closer to me and I back up. My back ends up against the counter and the feeling of being trapped overwhelms. “No. You stay over there. Stop trying to intimidate me. You used me.”

Chris pushes a piece of hair out of my face and forces my face upward to stare at him. “There’s no denying that. I did all those things.”

“You told me to get out of your house. You didn’t want my filth around you. Well, why did you bring me back?”

Building a wall around my heart isn't easy when he's my everything. But, the next words out of his mouth could crush me. Hell, all he has to do is push me away again, and I'd crumble.

Kissing my forehead, he releases me. "Follow me," he says softly, and I grab my panda. It's my comfort right now.

Instead of arguing, I follow him into his office. The one I found the notes from Lillian in. Ugh, to think about her right now just makes things worse. I know she's an old friend and jealousy wouldn't have been a factor but it is now.

He opens a safe and produces a stack of papers. I already know it's the contract. Of course, it's the stupid contract. My lower lip trembles as he turns the pages one at a time and stares at me.

The words I'm dreading leave his lips. "I, Jasmine Clarke, the slave, declare that my life choices are the sole responsibility of Christopher Groveton, the master, has full rights to strip me of all decisions and will defer to him for all of life's needs."

Chris looks at me and sighs. "I, Jasmine Clarke, the slave, declare that in the event that I wish to end our contract, I'm not allowed to do so without the expressed consent of Christopher Groveton, the master. In the event that Christopher Groveton wishes to end the contract, he will give written notice to you within twenty-four hours that you are to leave the premises."

"You can stop," I whisper. "I told you, I read the contract. I understand what you did. You changed the wording and..."

He talks over me. "I, Jasmine Clarke, the slave, declare these are my duties as a twenty-four seven slave, and I will do everything and anything that Christopher Groveton, the master, demands."

As he continues, I sink deeper into myself. "It's always about the contract!"



I scream at him. “This”—I move my hand in a sweeping motion between us —“isn’t about a contract, Christopher.”

Tears run down my face, and if the wall wasn’t holding me up, I’d have been on the ground minutes ago. “It’s... It’s about my well-being. You are the cause of my bad health. I’m wrecked. You got what you wanted, and now you are throwing shit in my face. You don’t want me except to control me. If you... If you wanted me at all in even the slightest of ways, you’d see that you are killing me.”

A hiccup leaves my mouth, and my legs give out. I slide down the wall and end up on my butt. My head falls forward, my hair covering me. The sobs won’t stop coming, and I don’t argue when he picks me up and carries me to the couch.

“You’re mine, little one,” he whispers and lets me cry. I’m too tired to fight him. It hurts too much to keep my eyes open, so I close them and lay my head down on his chest. No point, I repeat to myself. There’s no point in arguing. He’ll win no matter what.



Yawning, I stretch and feel aches where I shouldn’t. Blinking my eyes open, I look at my surroundings, and I immediately know I’m in the cage. My warm blankets are around me, and there’s my pink and black Stanley cup sitting in its spot. Handa is next to me but I see a little lion on the floor looking into the cage.

My arm is bandaged but my other arm is cuffed to the cage. The familiarity of this situation makes me cry. I would have given anything to be in this cage

a few days ago. Now, I'm here under duress. Sure it was my choice to go with Chris, but did he really give me one?

Trying to reach for the lion, I whimper as my arm burns with pain.

"I wouldn't move if I was you." His voice sends shivers through me and turn my head toward him. "Good morning, buttercup."

"Good morning." I mumble, trying not to let my heartbeat run away on me.

"We are going to have a serious conversation today and I won't accept any argument about how it's about the contract. Are we clear?"

"Yes."

He's in his chair, left leg crossed over his right and his hands are steepled in front of him. "Yes, what?"

"Yes, Mr. Groveton."

I know what he wants but I refuse to call him Daddy right now. He is going to have to earn it.

Chris laughs and un-crosses his legs. "I believe the word you are looking for is Daddy."

"Oh, I didn't know I was talking to a Daddy." Oh God. I've never blatantly been rude to him before. I gulp and instantly feel regret. Looking down at my arm though reminds me he doesn't deserve to be called anything but his name.

# Chapter Thirty-One

Chris

**M**y little one's claws are out. I love it. Chuckling, I get up and walk over to the cage. Unlocking her wrist, I move to the door of the cage and open it. "Get out." I'm not going to entertain her today. We are going to hash everything out, including me apologizing. Somehow, someday, my little one is going to forgive me.

Jasmine crawls out and immediately grabs the lion. She loves her stuffies and doesn't deserve the meanness that I've put her through. I didn't sleep a fucking wink last night.

Holding open a button-down shirt for her to cover herself up with, I wait patiently as she sets the two toys down and walks over to me. Her eyes are

cast downward, but she slides her arms through the sleeves and turns around and looks at me. “Thank you.”

Her appreciation isn’t needed, but I still eat it up like its candy. She looks at me, ready for me to open my mouth and be rude. I’ve decided I can’t continue to be cruel to her. It’s not what I want, and my heart begged me last night to open myself to her love. It’s going to be a damn battle to get her to trust me again. I’m fully aware of this.

“Go to the restroom and you can come out when you are ready. I’ve got your favorites ready. Blueberry pancakes, maple syrup, scrambled eggs, and bacon.”

Her eyes finally meet mine, and I can tell she’s trying to figure out what my game is. This time I’m playing for her. I will win her over, somehow.

It doesn’t take Jasmine long to come into the dining room. She sits down and looks at me. Placing her food in front of her, I smile down and push a hand through her hair.

“We are going to talk while you eat.”

She takes the fork and cuts her pancake. “What do you want to talk about? I think we’ve already established what is going on here.”

Sitting down next to her, I produce a box. It’s the collar she was talking about in her letter. “I believe you said you’d wear this.”

She takes a deep breath in and her lower lip trembles. “So, I was right. You aren’t going to set me free.”

“Why in the world would I do that, Jasmine?” Her hands shake as she pushes away from the table.

“You said a serious conversation. The only serious one I want is where you shred the contract into pieces.”

“That’s not going to happen. Stay in your seat and eat your food.”

I get up and kiss her forehead. Taking her hair, I place it around her right shoulder, exposing the left side of her neck. Bending down, I kiss her from the bottom of her ear to her shoulder.

“Buttercup, pick up the fork and eat.” I lick her earlobe, wanting her to enjoy the sensations while I place the collar around her neck.

As she eats, I smile, happy to know I’m not going to have to spank her for being a bad girl. Each bite gets her another kiss or lick.

“Very good. Now, eat your eggs, little one. You are doing so well” She loves when I praise her. It’s always been that way and today isn’t any different. Her moan slips through her lips, and she wiggles in her seat.

Running the collar around her neck, it’s perfect. A platinum eternity collar around her neck. The Celtic knot pendant settles right along her collarbone and I close my eyes for a moment. She’s beautiful but with my mark permanently about to be around her neck, it makes her magnificent.

Locking it into place, I kiss her cheek and lick her ear. “You’re mine now. Let’s not forget it.”

Her eyes meet mine and I see the tears in them. This was supposed to be a special moment for us, but it seems I’ve ruined it. Her eyes hold ghostly shadows in them and she wets her lips.

“You’ve made that clear, Chris.”

She uses my name, and it pisses me off, but I keep my cool. I know better than to lash out in anger.

“I’m going to let your insolence go because of what’s happened and we will need to get back into a groove of things, but rudeness is not tolerated, little one.”

“Then maybe you should earn my respect instead of taking it.” Her hand goes to the collar and looks at her stuffies sitting on the table. She grabs them

and gets up from the table.

“Your food needs to be eaten.”

“And I need my freedom, but it looks like we both aren’t getting what we want.” She turns away from me and walks to her guest bedroom. I follow her because this is not how things are going to go.

“Look, what I did was wrong. It was not right in any way, but I did it. You’ll have to find it in you to get over it but know that the contract and you are firmly in my grasp.”

Shit, that’s not what I meant to say. Why the fuck can I not just be good to her? Say nice things and see that smile grace her face?

“Noted, but that doesn’t change the fact that you betrayed me. Took my education away and ruined my family. I’m pretty sure my mom and David are coming back to Texas now. When they get here, it’s going to be horrible to face them. You tarnished me.”

Jasmine rummages through her drawers, and I growl. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“Getting dressed. I’m going to have to go and face the truth. You used me and you aren’t even apologizing for it. So, I have to save face with David. Somehow.”

I see red. “You want to save face with David?” Slamming her bedroom door causes her to jump and turn around to face me. “There is no leaving this goddamn house until you get it through your head. I own you and that means I’m going to do whatever the fuck I want with you. Including locking your ass up, until you are obedient.”

Her hand makes contact with my cheek, and it’s with such force, I stumble backwards. She clasps her hands over her mouth in shock and her eyes blink at me. “I... I didn’t mean to do that.”

Jasmine shakes from head to toe as I crowd her against the wall. “You want it rough, buttercup?”

Her curls bounce as she shakes her head no. “I’m... I’m sorry. That... I don’t know where that came from. I... I detest violence.”

My sweet girl is finally standing up for herself, and even now, sweetness. Not an ounce of meanness in her body. Hell, even when she’s bratty, she’s nice about it. I should apologize, take her home, and explain to David what the hell I did. Explain to my father that I was jealous that he chose a non-blood relative to be his successor. Knowing that Jasmine was in good favor with him was too much.

“Go to your cage.” I step back and rub my jaw. She clocked me good. If I wasn’t so pissed about the entire situation, I’d be proud of her for standing her ground.

“No. That’s for sleeping. I...” Cutting her off, I place my hand on her mouth and push in against her.

“Enough, Jasmine. Fucking enough. You’ve earned yourself a punishment and for now, that punishment is your goddamn cage. Now, either fucking get in willingly or I will make you go in. What do you want to do?”

“Please,” she whispers, but I’ve met my tipping point.

“Now.” I move back enough for her to move and she does. Thank God. Being even more cruel to her, would tear my heart out. But she’s testing me to the point, I’m going to fucking explode.

As she marches to our room, I think about making her fuck the machines again, but I know that’s not what she needs. Laying down, she holds her stuffies close to her and I feel like a monster, but I reach in to take both of them away from her.

“Hey!” She tries to get out of the cage, but I lock it and she wraps her hands

around the bars. “Let me have my stuffies.”

The tremble in her voice nearly does me in. “Not until you behave. Once you can mind your manners and be a good little girl, you can have them back.”

“Please, don’t leave me alone here.” The words are wobbly and barely coherent but I hear them. Walking out of the room is the hardest thing I’ve done emotionally. All I want to do is hold her and be with her, but I have to set this boundary. To show her bad behavior doesn’t get rewarded.

My mind reminds me I’m the evil one in this equation, but I ignore it. “Daddy!” Her sob almost does me in, but I go to my office to watch her in her cage.



## Chapter Thirty-Two



**M**aking myself sick wasn't my plan today. I sob so hard, my body is rocking with shock. I didn't expect Chris to be this way. It gave me hope when he gave me his shirt this morning to wear and made me breakfast.

Why couldn't he see I needed him to be Daddy? To be gentle and loving. It would have been amazing if he would have just given me a real choice. To choose and forgive him. He demanded, and I felt myself shutting down. How did I end up the bad one today?

Pulling the covers over me, I cry myself to sleep. There's no reason to stay awake and there's most certainly no way I could face him. Not right now. I'm too broken.

Waking up, my head pounds and I search for my stuffies. When I remember why they aren't with me, I curl into myself.

"Jasmine."

It's childish but I hide under the covers and refuse to look out. I'm scared he's going to hurt me. Well, to hurt me even more.

"Jasmine."

There's a warning in his tone that I know he's going to punish me if I keep ignoring him. But he took my stuffies and has not apologized to me. I shouldn't expect an apology. It would just be nice to have one.

Shaking, I hold onto the cover, not wanting to face him. "I'm going to give you a choice, buttercup. If you want to stay in this cage, it will be with the machines fucking every single hole you have. Even that ass of yours. Or you can come out of the cage and be my little girl. Respectful and sweet."

"How is that a choice, Chris? It's literally what you want and has nothing to do with what I want." I don't remove my head from under the covers.

"Because it's the only fucking choice you are going to get. Now, what is it going to be?"

"Can I have my stuffies back?" If I can have them, it will be a security blanket. It's something I need right now. It's silly, but I feel like I'm drowning in myself and the situation.

"No. You'll have to earn those back."

My bottom lip trembles, but I push the covers back and glare at him. "Fine. I'll get out of the cage. Getting... getting used by the machines doesn't sound good."

"Very wise choice, little one." He unlocks the door and I crawl out.

"Stay on your knees and crawl behind me." Chris demands and I want to tell him I'm not some damn animal. Still, I keep my head down and stay on

all fours.

As we move out of the bedroom, I think about tripping him. Before I can stop myself, I reach out with my hand and grab his ankle.

“Fuck!” he screams as he goes down. I’m up and running for my life. The front door is right there. I don’t care if the alarm squeals out into the air, I’m going to get away.

The door opens easily and I slam it close, running for my car. There’s an extra key in the console.

“Jasmine!” Chris is out the front door faster than I thought he would be. “You get in that car, and I’m going to spank you.”

“Better to get away than to be your puppet,” I yell at him as I open my car door. *He really should have locked it.*

Getting in, I lock the door and Chris smacks the window, making me jump. “If you leave, I will track you down. If you make me hunt you, I will find you and when I get my hands on you, *you will* regret it.”

“*Like I don’t already regret ever meeting you?*” I spit at him and it’s not true. My heart is aching as I utter those words. The way I want him to feel every ounce of the brutal reality he has inflicted on me, rips me apart.

“Jasmine, do not go down this road.”

His warning makes me shiver with fear, but I turn the key smirking at Chris. “Bye, Daddy,” I whisper.

The glass from the window shatters and Chris grabs for my neck. Dodging him, I put the car into gear. “Do not move this car, little one.”

“Stop it, Chris.” I plead with him, but his eyes are unfocused, and he looks ready to strangle me. Trembling, I step on the gas, lurching us both backward.

“Goddamn it Jasmine. Stop.”

I don't. I floor the gas, and I watch as his body flings along the dirt. Oh God, please don't let him be hurt. Pushing the gear into drive, I don't look back.



The first place he's going to look is the dorm and then Laura's house. I don't go to either place. I make it to Tia's apartment and am grateful that she kept it until the end of the semester. It's only a matter of time before he finds me.

Looking at the collar in the bathroom mirror, I touch the metal and can't get over the beauty of it. To me, it's a chain that was placed upon my neck simply to control me. A tear runs down my cheek as I think about how I wanted to freely give myself to him and be his forever. That's what I thought this would symbolize. It's been ruined though. It's nothing now to me and that's devastating.

Taking a deep breath, I feel along the entire thing to find that there's no clasp. There's a lock on the back and it requires a key. One I already know that Chris will have to use to unlock me. I think about how much I wanted to be his little girl and to have such a trusting relationship with him.

How could he betray me? To hurt me so knowingly and for what? To hold a grudge for years that I'm pretty sure means nothing to David and his father now? Lowering my eyes, I hold onto the sink, trying not to faint. I'm hungry, stressed, and feel as if I'm going to pass out.

I sent Tia a message that I was turning my phone off because I needed some solitude and she told me it was fine. That she understood completely. I wish I

did. There's too much going on that I don't understand a damn thing anymore.

My head swims, and my vision blurs. God, I don't know what's wrong with me, but I steel myself, trying to relax and focus. Walking into the kitchen, I find some canned green beans and crackers. Both are still good to eat as their fresh date hasn't passed and will have to do.

After finishing the crackers, I use my fingers to eat the green beans. Yeah, cold green beans are not the greatest, but at least I'm not hungry anymore. Sitting on the couch, I contemplate calling my mom, but she will tell me to come home. Going home isn't going to fix anything.

I walk into Tia's old bedroom and lay down on the bed. I'm not tired in the least, but I'm emotionally drained. There's not much I can do except accept the fact I'm going to have to learn how to live on my own. To fend for myself and look for a way to get my education.

The front door bangs open, and I know it's Christopher.

"Jasmine!" His bellow makes me tremble with fear but want as well. How could he have such control over me? I want to run to him and ask him to forgive me for flinging him in the dirt, but I hold my ground. Well, holding myself still in the bed, sheet up to my neck and looking at the door.

I should have locked the bedroom door. Hell, I should have closed it. Instead, Chris walks into the room like he owns it. My heart skips a beat as I see the dried blood down the left side of his face. His hair is disheveled and matted, and his clothes are filthy.

He stares at me, and I right back at him. It makes me wonder if he's going to pounce on me or if he's going to tie me up. His saunter toward me, makes me feel as if he is stalking me. I quiver and hold the sheet tighter against me.

"You made me hunt you, little one." His words are growled, low and

deadly. “That was a big no-no on your part.”

Anger rises up inside of me. “You hurt me, *Daddy*.” I use his name like a curse word, and he looks at me.

“Yes I did.” He stops at the side of the bed I’m backing away from. “Stop moving, Jasmine.”

“And if I don’t?” I’m feeling feisty and don’t care if he likes it or not. Chris can’t possibly believe I’ll just let him do whatever he wants.

“Then you will make me chase you more. You already have one spanking coming. Do you want to make it a second?”

Getting off the bed right in front of him, I bump him with my boobs. “I’m right here. You are a... a bastard!” I hate cussing. It’s not in my nature to call someone names. It’s rude. A blush overtakes me as he looks down at me.

“I have never said I wasn’t.” His breathing is ragged and so is mine.

“I’m not a puppet for you anymore. All this revenge stuff has to be put to bed. Also, the cameras...” God, I forgot about them until just now. “They have to go as well.”

He pushes his hands through my hair to tilt my face upward. “Done.”

The word is simple enough, but it holds a deep meaning. One that is reflected in his stare. My lips move as if I am going to say something to him, but nothing comes out. “You’re no longer the boss.”

His hand tightens in my hair, but I push on his stomach. “No. This is how it’s going to be. You are no longer going to be the one to call the shots for us. We are going to work together and if we are going to be together, the trust has to be earned.”

Chris’s fingers loosen their grip on my hair, and he steps back. I’m feeling vindicated for the moment, but I’m sure this is really just me trying to act tough.

“You’re right, buttercup. You need to be a part of the decisions, and I shouldn’t assume anything. Not after what I did.”

“Thank you. Now, strip.”

His head rears back and I smile. Maliciously. “I didn’t stutter, Christopher.”

I’ve never called him his full name before and he looks at me with wide eyes. Standing there, hands on my hips and my hair falling around my shoulders, he steps back.

“I may have earned a spanking, but you’ve earned so much more and you will submit to it.”

## Chapter Thirty-Three

Chris

If this is what Jasmine needs to reconcile with what I have done, then so be it. Taking a moment, I step back far enough for her to see each move I make. My little one's hands are on her hips, and her eyes are lit up with a savagery I've never seen before. It's beautiful and tantalizing.

Untying the knot in my tie, I kick off my shoes. Buttercup watches me intently as I drop the tie and she comes up next to me. Picking up the tie and holding it in her hand. Fuck, my cock is hard as a goddamn rock as I take my time with each button on my shirt.

"Faster," she demands as she walks around me, acting as if she is assessing my body like I'm a piece of meat.



Yanking the shirt off, I move my hands down to my pants button, and I watch as Jasmine steps right in front of me. She licks her lips, and I almost laugh at how excited my little one looks. I'm not going to manipulate her with sex. If she wants to be in charge, I will let her be.

Stepping out of the pants, I stand there, in my boxers, waiting for her to do whatever she decides.

"You aren't fully naked, Christopher." My pre-cum slips down cock head, and I moan for her. The way she's using my entire name and the sultry tone of voice is enough to do me in.

Sliding my hands into my boxers, I look at her as I jerk my cock. "Why don't you come over here and pull them down.\*"

Her hand slaps my ass, and I go wide-eyed. It wasn't the reaction I was expecting.

"I don't think so. Stop touching your cock. You don't have permission."

"Well, look at you taking charge," I fire back at her. Hell, I want another slap, and I want her to dominate me so she can feel empowered. This is something I do owe her.

"If I want you to talk, I'll let you know. Now, get on the bed, sit down, and spread your legs."

Once I do as she asks, little one comes up to me and with the tie, she pushes it between my lips.

"You made me fall in love with you." She whispers and ties a knot that's tight and keeps my mouth open. I'm so fucking proud of her.

Jasmine yanks on my head and I look at her. She's crying and I feel like a totally fucking bastard.

There's no amount of apologizing that I can do to make it better. I know this. God, I know I'm in love with her. The doubt that she will let me have a

second chance eats at me, but for now I'm going to let her do anything she wants to me.

Slowly, she runs her hands along my chest, touching my nipples, pinching and pulling them.

"Fuck!" I yell behind the tie in my mouth. She giggles and lets my nipples go.

My breathing is getting harsh as her hands roam down my stomach. Her sharp nails scratch my skin, leaving a trail of blood.

Moving my hands to touch her, she steps away from me, and I scowl at her. "You are not in charge right now. You are my submissive until I feel you've learned your lesson."

I can tell by the way she rolls her eyes, she's not sure she believes that at all. But, I won't try to touch her again. "Put your hands behind your back."

When she walks away from me, my cock weeps more precum down itself and I moan as she bends down and takes the belt out of my pants. She's learned a thing or two from me, and I can't help but smirk behind my gag.

Her body easily distracts me, and I forget to move my hands. She brings the belt down on my thigh and I jump.

"I told you to put your hands behind your back, Christopher." She's trying so hard to be stern, but it's like a little kitten trying to meow ferociously. So cute and adorable. Innocent and sweet. Fuck me.

Ever so slowly, I move my hands behind me and she bends over, reaching around me to secure them. "I should take pictures of you tied up like this and send them to your father. To the school board and everyone you know. Especially your friend Lily. I wonder what they would all think of you being this cool, collected, and arrogant man, being taken down by a freshman."

Jasmine bites my ear and buckles the belt securely around my wrists. She

pushes me back onto the bed and forces my legs up to where I'm lying on my back. My dick sticks straight up, throbbing as she stares at me.

"You can enjoy being here by yourself for a while. The lights are off, no one is coming in here to help you. If you move, I'll tie you to the bed with whatever I can find then whip your cock."

I look at her in a bit of shock. Struggling to set up, Jasmine comes over to me and shoves me back down. "Don't test me."

She means business, but I can see deep within her beautiful eyes she doesn't want to be mean. Is this what she really wants? To tease me and make me beg her? I'll do it. Lying back down, I huff and she laughs.

"Get used to it." She walks out of the room and shuts the door. Holy fuck, she left me alone. My heart races at the fact that I can't even wiggle out of the belt. How the hell did she learn to crisscross it before tying it?

Is this meant to make me think about what I've done? Hell, it's working. I wonder if Jasmine would put me in the cage. Thinking about that turns me on even more knowing I'm being punished by her. Moaning, I thrust my hips upward and my cock flops about, needing her warm heat.

Goddamn, I'm in pain needing her. The door opens and Jasmine walks in the room, looking at me. "Keep moving." She glares at me and then looks at my cock. Her mouth pops open wide, and her eyes are glued to me.

My eyes never stray from her as I move my hips up and down for her pleasure. Her hair is down and she's holding her hair tie in her hand. As she walks toward me, I think she's going to take off her clothes, but she doesn't.

When she gets to the bed, she sits down and grabs my cock. It jerks instantly in her grip as she moves up and down along the length.

"I didn't give you permission to stop moving, Christopher." Her snotty tone almost does me in, but I reel it in and force my hips down. Fuck, she's a

naughty girl. She will be lucky when I get out of these binds if I don't attack her, take her to the ground, and force her to take my dick.

The need to tell her she's doing so well and turning me on so much is strong, but I'm stuck with this damn gag in my mouth. Closing my eyes, I count to twenty to try and calm down.

As Jasmine brings the tie around my hardness, I moan. Fuck me, I wasn't expecting cock and ball torture. The entire time she's tying up my poor dick, she's stroking me and moves the rubber tie down further. Wrapping it around my heavy ball sack causes my body to jerk in her hand.

I'm going to orgasm if she isn't careful. Oh hell, she's twisting it around a second time and my hips come up from the bed.

"Jasmine." I moan but it's garbled. There's no way she can hear my tortured plea for her to continue. Her hand slaps my achy, throbbing balls, and I bellow as my begs for a release.

"Such a bad boy, Christopher. This is the start of your agony."

The cock tease gets up and leaves the room. Oh, she's going to pay for this. The smug way her smile lifts on her lips as she turns around to see me whining. She winks at me and shuts the door. The more I struggle, the more she seems to enjoy it.

I don't know how long I'm left here, thrashing about with the need to cum. It has to be at least an hour before she comes back in. I understand a different level of blue balls now. It hurts to breathe, much less thinking about what she's doing to me. God, this must have been what it was like for her the first time I put her in the cage.

"You know, your car drives so smoothly. I had to be careful not to speed." She giggles as she lugs stuff into the room. "I'm really surprised you didn't try to get off the bed and get loose."

She flicks the head of my cock and kisses the hole. “Such a good little boy.” I can hear the mocking tone in her words. Jasmine sets up a camera, and I instantly feel exposed.

My little one is methodical about the way she’s setting up each piece. There’s three cameras all pointing my way. Goddamn it’s hard to get to my side, and every time I try, I end up in pain because of the way she’s torturing my cock and balls.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Damn! I was hoping she was still turned away but she caught me quickly. I watch her walk over to me and when her little nose scrunches at the sight of my very red and purple dick, I can see the guilt.

Jasmine takes the tie out of my mouth and I beg her. I’ve never begged anyone for anything. Not after my father.

“Buttercup, please. I’m in pain. You’ve got to get this hair tie off me.”

Her hand strokes my face so gently until she gets to my chin and grabs it. “Beg me some more.” Her grip tightens, and I let out a yelp. No one’s ever had me in this position before. It’s eye opening.

“Jasmine. Sweet girl. Let me go. Please, I don't think my cock and balls can handle much more. Please, little one.”

With her free hand, she runs a fingernail along my sensitive skin and I cower back from her. It’s too painful with the way my cock is throbbing.

“Under one condition.”

At this point, I’m ready to give her whatever she may want. “Anything, buttercup. Anything,” I cry out and thrust toward her.

“You’re being so good for me.” She bends down and kisses the tip of my cock, and I moan. Jasmine suckles on me, and as I’m about to come, she backs away. I howl in agony.

## Chapter Thirty-Four

The word "daddy" is written in a black, cursive, handwritten style. The letter 'd' is the largest and has a small green highlight on its stem. The rest of the word is written in a fluid, connected script.

**B**eing in charge is liberating, but it isn't something I want forever. I need my Daddy. Right now though, I need him to know I'm serious about things changing.

Getting up from the bed, I lick my lips and stifle a groan. His taste makes me crave him. To feel his cock deep inside of me, owning me. Keeping my head up and my shoulders back, I glare at him panting.

“You are going to tell the cameras what you did. Every bit of it. Then you are going to reinstate me back to college.”

His cock throbs and precum leaks out of the head. He's lying on his arms but I can tell he's trying to wiggle free.

“Or, I can whip you until you decide to let me back in college.”

“You don’t have it in you.” He whispers and I chuckle. Bending down, I pick up a whip that I found at his house when I got the video equipment.

“Then I guess you are in for a big surprise.” Without thinking, I bring the whip down and considering I’ve never done it before, I’m shocked I hit him. The first hit is on his right nipple and he curses.

“Little one, you aren’t trained with that thing. Stop it.”

He has tears pooling in his eyes, but I refuse to let this go. He will do what I want or he will pay for it. “Christopher, you have no power at the moment. You will do as demanded or you will be punished. That’s how you treated me. Remember?”

My anger is back, and I bring the whip down again and this time it hits his stomach. The sharp hiss leaving his mouth makes me feel bad, but I won’t stop. No. He has earned this.

When he doesn’t say anything, I bring the whip down quickly three times and when I see him trying to roll away, I bring out the rope.

“I see you thought you could get away, again. Too bad you won’t acquiesce to being my good boy.” I bring the whip down on his backside and grab him, pulling him back toward me. “You aren’t free to go anywhere, Christopher.”

The whip swooshes through the air until he doesn’t move again. I hate the way this makes me feel, and I stop after ten more smacks.

“Are you going to do what I’ve demanded?”

For a moment, I think he’s going to say no, but he looks at me, tears now flowing down his face and red welts all over his body. What kind of monster am I that I want to lick those welts? Pushing the thought out of my mind, I sit down on the bed.

“Yes,” he says softly, and I rub my hand along his chest. My fingers graze his welt on his collarbone.

“Thank you.” I bend down and kiss his lips. A simple press of my lips on his. Something inside of me wants me to push my tongue into his mouth and enjoy getting lost in him. I reel it in and pull back.

“I, Christopher Groveton, reinstate Jasmine Clarke back to a full-time student with all bills paid.” He winces as I move my hand to his stomach where I opened a small bit of skin. My heart races at the idea of how I’ve caused him pain.

Getting up, I make sure the cameras each got what he said and I turn them off. All except the middle one. Sighing, I look at him looking at me. “Why did that have to be so difficult?”

“Because, buttercup, I’m not a submissive, and I’m hard-headed.” He’s being honest, at least.

Letting the whip go, I sit down next to him. “When I untie you, I want you to rip up the contract.”

“I can’t.”

Hurt washes through me, but I keep my composure and look at him. “Why not?”

“Because it’s in my safe in my office.”

My heart feels so much hope right now, I feel crazy good. “Is that the only reason?”

Chris searches my eyes and smiles at me. “No. I think you need a Daddy.”

He’s not wrong, but that’s not what this is about. “You’re right, but I want to be with you on terms where there’s no contract that holds my entire life in your hands.”

My lower lip starts to tremble and I get up. Turning away from him, I go into the restroom to compose myself. I cannot get too emotional or he will use it against me. I know what I want from him. The biggest thing I want is



for him to say he loves me. This should be something I steel myself against that may not ever happen.

Going back into the bedroom, I look at his cock, and it's still throbbing. Chris has to be in pain. "Little one, please let my dick go free. I'm in so much pain."

He begs me so sweetly. I want to believe that if I do let him go, he will be good and do what we both need. Unfortunately, I'm doubtful he will. "Why should I do that, Christopher? You aren't agreeing on what is important for both of us."

"I want you. Forever." He stares at me, and I want to believe that means more than just owning me.

"As your slave?" I question him, my hands fisting at my sides.

"No. As my little girl. As my wanton, slutty, little buttercup. My Jasmine. In all aspects of who she is."

How can I be upset with that? Taking another step toward him, I sigh. "But you tricked me into giving you all of that. None of it was real."

Bending down into the last bag, I bring out the smallest machine I could find. "Jasmine, what is that for?"

"To ensure your compliance," I tell him as I sit the thing on the end of the bed and attach the largest plug I could find. What's embarrassing is that I had to do a web search to figure out what I was looking for.

"Don't even think about it." He roars at me, and I giggle as I lock it onto the pole.

"Oh, I dare very much so. If it's good for me, it has to be good for you, right? I mean you wouldn't use toys on me that could be harmful."

I'm overstepping and I know it. However, the idea of seeing his ass being spread apart by the plug makes me weak with need. God, I want him so badly

to understand what I've gone through. Yet, I want him to find pleasure in my torture as well. It's confusing to say the least.

Taking the lube, I squeeze it onto the plug, and I watch Chris become agitated. "I'm telling you not to do this."

*"And I'm telling you, that I want my freedom to choose you, Daddy,"* I yell at him and instantly feel bad. But he has to know that I'm in charge right now. He's not getting away with what he's done.

"There will be no us if you continue this."

My heart breaks and I line the plug with his ass. "You already broke us, so this doesn't really do much in the way of us, anyway."

Putting the tie back into his mouth, I kiss his forehead and hit the start button. Kissing down his face toward his ear, I whisper. "Remember how I asked you to stop the first night I was in a cage?"

He screams behind the gag, and it's loud. This doesn't stop me as I press the button for the machine to move into him. "Or how you ripped my heart out when you sent the very private things we did to my family?"

Another button press and the machine must push the plug all the way into his tight butt because Chris doesn't stop screaming. I pause the button so it doesn't move. Yes, I want him to suffer. Yes, I want him to know how it feels to have my heart ripped out by the person you trust. No, I'm not cruel enough to keep the machine going.

"I love you, Daddy, you... you became my everything, and I wanted so much for us to grow into something amazing. But, your words were very clear. You were tired of pretending. The worst part about this, is that I still love you. I want to choose you, but you are clearly never going to choose me."

He looks at me, crying, and I look at the machine, to make sure I haven't

caused him to bleed. I'm grateful to see no blood and I take a deep breath in. It would kill me if I hurt him that way. Keeping the machine in him, I turn back around to face him. Now I'm crying. The pain is almost unbearable.

"I want you to think about what you've done and tomorrow. Once we've both have slept it off, I'll ask you again what you want to do."

Pushing a finger under the hair tie, I grab it and yank it off. His cock jets out cum and he screams louder than when the machine was breaching his tight hole.

At least he got some pleasure out of the day. I have to tell myself that so I don't think I'm a monster for what I've done.

## Chapter Thirty-Five

Chris

A deep denial tries to set into my bones as the door shuts, and I'm left here, trying to reconcile the fact that I just came so hard, I can't see. My heart rate slows down as my cock finally stops spurting cum. Goddamn, I've never had such an orgasm like this in my life, and knowing my little buttercup is the one that elicited it out of me, makes it all the better.

However, the damn machine is still fucking my ass. I'm not sure if I'm upset with the idea that I'm being fucked in the ass, that it's being filmed, or that my little one is in charge. Either way, I want to get free from these binds and hold her.

Closing my eyes, my brain wanders about how I'm going to proceed. Jasmine stated I had to tear up the contract, or she wouldn't be with me. If I

lose her, I'm likely to go insane. That's not an option. But she could choose not to be with me, and that's not happening. Fuck, what am I supposed to do?

The machine goes up in speed and my hips buck upward, my cock coming to life and I pant. Shit, I didn't realize I enjoyed anal but if this is going to make a turned on horny dog, then I'm going to have to add it to something I might be willing to let Jasmine do freely with me.

Looking directly into the camera, I wonder if she's watching. Is she a voyeur like me? Does she get off knowing I'm helpless and at her whim? My cock is throbbing, and the machine picks up speed.

Five strokes into my ass and I'm having another orgasm. My sperm is everywhere by the third orgasm. It's itching my skin as the machine is now fucking me so hard, it's pushing me up the bed.

Hell, I deserve this. It's a hard pill to swallow, knowing I did this to my sweet little one. She was innocent before me. So gentle and kind. Always so damn cheerful and full of life. Seeing her in tears tonight, looking haunted, makes me ache. I can't focus because the machine is ramming to the point of exhaustion. As the orgasm hits me, my cock weeps cum all over the place, Keeping my eyes open is hard to do as oblivion washes through me.



The bed dips next to me as I wake up. Thank God the plug is out of my ass. Refusing to open my eyes for a moment, I take in how my body feels. Used. I fucking feel used, and I know this must be how my little one feels.

If I'm honest with myself, I did more than used her. I destroyed Jasmine. "I'm sorry," I whisper through the gag and wonder if she can hear me. My

arms are no longer underneath me.

Turning my head, I see Jasmine looking at me as she reaches around me to take the tie out of my mouth. Quickly looking to see if the cameras are gone, I pounce on her. A squeal leaves her mouth and she takes in a quick breath.

“You left me alone all night.”

I watch her gulp, but her eyes are determined. “Yes. You deserved it, and you made it through just fine.”

“I ought to tear your ass up for what you did.” Growling the words seem to have the opposite effect than I had intended. Jasmine pushes at me and because I’m so damn sore, I fall off her. She lands on top of me and pins me down.

“So, you’ve learned nothing from last night?” Her stare penetrates mine, and I want nothing more than to love on her. My pride won’t let me. It’s wounded.

“I told you, if you continued on this path, there would be no us.”

Watching the fight leave her, makes me sick to my stomach. “I was right,” she whispers. “You’ll never love me.”

Jasmine gets up, and I hate the way I feel. The loss of her warmth is numbing. Sitting up, I look at her standing there. She gulps multiple times and blinks like she’s trying to stop tears from coming down.

“If you want me to feel used, I do,” I tell her. “I should have never done what I did to you.”

Still, she refuses to look at me. My little one is ringing her hands together. A sign she’s fighting with herself.

It’s best if I let her go. There’s no way in hell I deserve her. Standing up, I walk around her and my heart begs me to make things right. To tell her I love

her and will cherish her forever. Although I don't deserve Jasmine, I want her. I tell my head and heart too bad. I have to atone for what I've done.

"I'm sorry, Jasmine. You are free. The contract is no longer in effect as of today."

She nods her pretty head in understanding. "I'll be transferring your work study to the tutoring department."

Her entire body is shaking as she stands there, head down. "There's fresh clothing in the bathroom." Her voice is devoid of any emotion as she strips the bed and carries the soiled sheets out.

"I'm an idiot," I whisper to myself.

As I'm about to get into the shower, I hear a loud crash and someone scream. The voice is too deep to be Jasmine's. Wrapping a towel around my waist, I walk into the living room.

Jaxon, the student Laura had arrested, stands there, gun in hand. Jasmine is in the doorway between the living and laundry room.

"Where's the bitch that lives here?" Jaxon spits out and my little one huffs.

"She no longer lives here," I state calmly, trying to get his attention placed on me.

The grin on the bastard's face is full of mischief. "Well, this turned out a lot better. Instead of finding the whore, I find the Dean of Education with a student. I bet she sucks your cock really well doesn't she? The nerdy ones always do."

Anger shoots through me, and I take a step toward him. He takes the safety off the gun and cocks it. "Nuh huh, now. Be a good little bitch and get closer to the Dean girly."

Jasmine and I move at the same time. When I get close to her, I grab her shoulders, putting myself in front of the danger, calms me marginally.

Her hands touch my back and I know the minute I take care of this prick, I'm going to make things right with my little buttercup.

"Alright. We are closer. Disarm the gun." Jasmine trembles against me, and my pride slips away. Everything I've ever wanted, no fuck wanted. Everything I've *needed* is right behind me.

"No," Jaxon says as he waves the damn weapon at us. "You're going to call the school board and get my record expunged so I can get back into school." He's twitching nervously, and the amount of sweat coming down on his forehead is a sign he's high as a fucking kite.

"That's not going to happen. You drugged a female student and who knows how many others you've done it to in the past."

He glowers at me and points the gun straight at my chest. "What makes you any better than me? I bet you're sleeping with that cow behind you, and who knows how many other girls you've fucked."

I clench my hands into fists as Jasmine kisses my back. Fuck. She knows how to calm me down. Her very essence makes me fulfilled. How the hell was I going to live without her? It doesn't matter anymore if I should exile myself from her. She's mine, Goddamn it.

"Watch your mouth." I warn him. Jasmine smiles against my back and even though I don't get to see her lips, I can feel them.

"I'm the one with the gun. Lose the towel and as for you." He points around me to my little one. "Strip."

"No!" We both speak at the same time. Jaxon laughs hysterically at us. "You two don't have a fucking choice. Either do what I say or die. Either way, this ends messily for you both."

"Ok, but put the gun down," Buttercup says as she comes from behind, and I yank her back to me.



Jasmine puts her hand on mine and smiles back at me. “It’s alright, Chris. If we do what he wants, he won’t shoot us.”

How she knows that, I’m unsure, but I release my hold on her. She smiles and I see how me giving her trust affects her.

“Jaxon, you were so nice to me the first day we met. I was hoping we could be friends.”

Why the hell is she being nice to him? Even now, she can find a way to be compassionate. It drives me wild, but the gun still being pointed at me keeps me from getting a boner.

## Chapter Thirty-Six



“It was a bet. Surely you aren’t that stupid.” Jaxon shrugs his shoulders at us, and I nod.

“I know. It’s alright. I’m pretty sure I would have been worth lots of points in your game, but you see, I wasn’t meant to be with you.” I walk a little closer to him and he scrunches his eyes at me.

“Stop moving toward me, cow.”

Raising my hands to show him, I mean no harm, I stop moving. “Alright. I’m sorry. I won’t move forward, but look at me, Jaxon. Committing murder isn’t for you. You’re above that.”

“My life is ruined,” he bellows at me, and I nod.

“Yes, it is. You did something you shouldn’t have, but that doesn’t mean you have to be in jail for the rest of your life. You can still move on. Just not right now.”

Jaxon lowers the gun, and I breathe a little easier.

“I’m sorry.” Suddenly, he brings the gun up to his mouth and pulls the trigger.

“No!” I scream and try to take a step toward him as his brains splatter behind him. “No. No. No.”

Chris grabs me and turns me away from the scene. “We could have worked it out,” I cry into his chest and he rubs my back.

“It’s alright, little one. Just let it out. It’s going to be alright.” He picks me up, and I don’t fight him about it. I’m too stunned to say anything else.

Chris lays me down on the bed and pulls the covers over us. “He killed himself. He... he took...”

My words are interrupted when Chris kisses me. His tongue pushes into my mouth, and I moan.

“Don’t think about it. I’m going to take care of everything. Please, little one, stay in this bed and don’t ask questions.”

“Ok, but only one, alright?” I look up at him and beguile him with my eyes. He smiles down at me and nods. “Yes, but only one. What is it?”

“Will... will you hold me for just a bit?” I know he doesn’t want me, but I need him. I need him to hold me and keep me safe. Later, I can be upset with him. For now, he’s the only thing keeping me from losing my shit.

“Of course.” He curls me into him and holds me close, rocking me softly.



“Daddy!” I scream as the dream wakes me up. My heart is beating out of my chest, and when I get my eyes to focus, Chris is nowhere to be found. Taking a deep breath, I rush to get out of the bed. Did he leave already?

Walking into the living room, I see the man from Timberland there along with his brothers.

“Thank you for taking care of this,” Chris says as he shakes their hands.

“Ah, there she is,” the one with the piercing green eyes says, nodding toward me. I think his name is Kronos. But that could be wrong.

As they turn toward me, Chris comes and gets me. “Don’t be scared. The Powers brothers have come to help us. As you can see, everything is cleaned now.”

He puts his arm around my shoulders and guides me over to them. “Thank you,” I say, meaning it. “I...”

They laugh. “We know it’s not something most people are used to seeing, but blood and dead bodies are kind of our thing.”

I gasp, and Chris kisses the top of my head. “We need to do a thorough bleaching but we can’t have y’all here.”

“That’s our queue buttercup. Ayres wants us to leave.”

“Oh, um, right. Yes, let me get my shoes.”

“Kronos has them for you,” the man says, and the one with green eyes comes over to me and helps me put them on.

“Um, thank you.” A blush heats up my cheeks as he winks at me.

“My little rabbit would have my ass if I didn’t treat you right. She has taken a liking to you and your friend. You must come visit us again.”

A giggle leaves me, and I feel a little lighter. “I’d love that. Her cookies are fantastic.”

“That they are. I’m sure Chris wants to get you home,” the man that’s laying a tarp down on the floor says, and I remember his name is Hypnos.

“Yes, I do. Come on,” Chris says, and I nod.

My heart is in my throat as I watch Chris open the car door for me. Getting in, I whisper a thank you to him and he shuts the door. Buckling my seatbelt, I try not to quiver as the empty feeling I have.

He puts the car in gear as he buckles himself in. “Chris...”

“Don’t. I’m not going to drop you off at Laura’s. You are going to come home with me. Understood?”

Looking at him, he’s staring at me as we sit there, idling in the driveway. “Only if you want me there. I don’t want to intrude.”

“There’s no other place I want you to be.”

Biting my lip, I try to keep myself from smiling. Maybe there is hope for us after all. I’m not sure if I should be so happy at the moment. He could be taking me back to his house to get back at me for what I did.

We drive in silence for about a mile and he pulls over to the side of the road. “Is everything alright?”

“Far from it, little one.” As he says it, he reaches out to me and strokes my hair. “I’ve been a dumbass. A big one.”

It’s probably better if I don’t agree with him. Leaning my head into his hand, I kiss his palm. “I am going to make things right, Jasmine. You will see just how much I want you.”

The glimmer of happiness dies. “Want?”

He forces my head up with his hand on my neck. “Yes. Want. You don’t understand that I need you or want you. It’s not about sex. Hell, I don’t think it’s ever been about that.”

“But, *want* means sex, doesn’t it?” At least it always has with him.

“I’m so sorry, Jasmine. I’ve hurt you in ways I didn’t know...in ways I can’t even fathom.”

He pulls me into a hug and rubs my back. “No. Want means I *want* you in my life. *Need* you in my life always. Please, come home with me and let me make it right for us.”

“You... you begged.” I hug him tightly to me and kiss his ear. “There’s things we need to talk about.”

“Tons, but for now, let’s get home so we can start repairing what I’ve fucked up.”

He runs his hand along my back and into my hair. Chris pulls my hair, so I look at him and I tremble.

“Please, little buttercup.”

“Alright, Daddy.”

The end...for now.

# About the Author

S.J. Ransom was born in Texas where she currently lives in a small town that is an inspiration for her book worlds. She is obsessed with romance novels. She loves writing, reading, crocheting, and cooking unique foods. Follow S.J. in her journey of bringing out emotionally gritty and dark taboo romances to the world.

# Coach's Pet

Get it Here

Tia- Life hasn't always been easy, but I've found who I am and I own it. College is supposed to be a fresh start, but there's one person standing in my way. My volleyball coach Laura Landrey. She makes me feel things I'm sure aren't real. It doesn't matter though because now that I want her, I'm going for it.

Laura- Coaching Volleyball at Groveton College has always been my dream. With eight championships under my belt, I run a tight ship. However, the second my eyes land on Tia Falcon, my world takes a turn. She brings things out in me that I'm not sure are right, but the second I taste her, all bets are off.

Please note this book is a full-length novel and is part of the Groveton College Series. It is a stand-a-lone dark FF romance.



# The Psychos Series

Series Page

**Charlotte**

I shouldn't have witnessed the murders.

But I did.

And now I can't escape the men who want nothing more than to make me pay  
for being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Kronos, Hypnos, and Ayres hold my life in their hands. And they just so  
happen to live by the motto of *Leave No Witnesses*.

They are psychos who love nothing more than death and destruction, but for  
some reason I've intrigued them enough to be kept as their pet.

They want my submission but I'll do anything to get my freedom.

**Kronos**

I'm under her spell as she struggles to break free. Her eyes haunt me in ways  
I've never experienced. But she's the sole witness to our crime and she has to  
die.

Eventually.

Right now all I can think about is sinking my cock inside of her, claiming her  
for all of eternity.

Am I crazy?

Fuck yes, I am.

Especially when it comes to her.

**Hypnos**

I instantly fell for her but no one needs to know that.

She's smart - too smart for her own good.

The moment she tried to fight us, my heart woke up from its dull existence.

There was no satiating my desire for her once I took her virginity with my  
tongue.

### **Ayres**

I shouldn't have called her Kitten.

I most certainly shouldn't have wanted her to call me Daddy.

But those sorrowful eyes nagged at me in unexplainable ways.

My own demise from keeping my distance from her dissipated the moment  
she gave herself to me.

Unwillingly?

Yes, but she liked it.

# She's A Mad Hatter

Get it Here

**Maddie:**

I'm not a psycho.

I have a rhyme and reason for what I do.

Maybe it's against the law. I don't care.

Besides, I'm the judge and executioner here in Wonderland, Texas.

That is, until my brother's best friend takes up for me. Loves me.

Now I'm not sure I can continue my mission.

**Drew:**

I'm a detective of the Wonderland Police Department.

The Mad hatter is on the loose.

My attention isn't on the case.

No, it's on my best friend's little sister.

She's trouble.

Trouble, I want to get lost in.

But can I keep her safe and love her at the same time?

# Defiant Queen

Get it Here

## **Ellie**

I'm in a pickle. Someone wants me dead, and all I want to do is make it to my high school reunion with my fake fiance. I'm a successful businesswoman, and my security guard is the bane of my existence.

## **Jameson**

One contract. Just one more contract, and then I can retire with my brother in a land of freedom. But I didn't expect to enjoy making Ellie's world dependent upon me.

*Secrets. Lies. Murder. Mayhem. All ensue in this crazy suspense-filled romance. Will Ellie and Jameson end up together, or does greed win?*

# De Vil

Get it Here

*When lies break a family apart, only something drastic can bring them back together.*

Crucinda: The black sheep is supposed to have the fun in the family. For me, it was the direct opposite. Doesn't matter because I've paved my own way even after everything I've been through. Or at least I thought I'd been through it all. Until Jason Pongonado-McKessonville bombs into my life. I'm not sure I'm ready to learn his secrets or let him in on mine.

Jason: Lies surround me. More and more lies seem to circle, Crucinda De Vil. What I don't get is how much I want her. How can she be something I yearn for when she is the enemy? I guess I'll find out since I've decided to make her pay for all her crimes.