



MINE FOR

24

Hella-Hours

INK OUR HEARTS SERIES

KAY JENSEN

Published by Kay Jensen

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Stalk me

Thank you for choosing to read my book!
You have all my social media links in one place:
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Author's note

This is book 1 in the *Ink Our Hearts* series (spicy standalone novellas). Every book in this series follows the love story of different characters from different cities, revolving around tattoo artists and bikers.

Content Warning

Tattooing, food play, praise kink, fingering, cum-swallowing, spanking, blindfold, public play, dirty talking, reckless motorcycle riding, piercings, use of sex toys, oral sex, vaginal sex, anal sex, explicit sexual content and foul language. No cheating. No pregnancy.

**This book is intended for mature audience.
suitable for individuals over the age 18.**

Reader discretion is advised.

Dedication

For my stranger...

Prologue

A month ago

The entire club's power goes out except for the several scattered emergency lights that produce warm, muted luminescence which isn't much, at least the bar and the dance floor have some vision capability.

"Is everything okay?" a guy asks from across the bar and a few people lean in as well to hear my response.

"Yeah, mate." I slide a beer bottle over to him. "Will be resolved soon. On the house in the meantime."

A text flashes on my screen.

Ronnie: I'm on it.

I whisper over to Lisa, the bartender, "The bar is distributing a round of free drinks to ease the commotion." Then, I exit the bar to the hallway to my left. "Coming through."

I stride to the electrical panel with the flashlight of my phone, leading my steps on the black floor—I'm almost passing the restroom when a small, soft body bumps into me with such force I lose my grip on the device and the

thud of it clashing with the floor startles her as she presses her hands to my chest.

“I’m sorry, was that your phone? I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine. No worries.” To calm her panic, I keep my tone light when a small laugh slips out of me. It’s not her fault the club is in darkness mode.

Being trapped inside a void, knowing I can exit yet the need to explore it and find the secrets it hides in the shadows appeals to me.

Since I can’t see shit, the way we collided could’ve hurt her in some way. “You good?” Her sweet scent drifts in waves, *wildflowers*, hitting me with its potency.

“Yeah, all good.” No traces of pain sound in her dulcet, blanketing voice.

“Here by yourself or with friends?” we pull away from each other. I only manage to catch a vague outline of her from the faded emergency lights the bar’s projecting nearby.

“On a date actually.” There’s hesitation in her tone which tells me it’s not a good one.

“How’s that going?”

“Poorly.”

Yup. “Sorry to hear. Anything I can do?”

“Are you the fairy of the dating scene? Can you match me up with someone who isn’t a jerk or self-absorbed? I’ve had my fair share and it’s my first time here. Let’s say, could’ve been better.”

The way her mellow tone turned sassy in the blink of an eye as her mouth uttered those words. Lovely. I’m completely blind yet I feel her smirk searing me.

“That bad, huh?”

She hums in confirmation.

“Well, I’d hate for your first time here to suck, so mingle a little bit, maybe you’ll find someone.” That was really lame of me.

“Yeah, thanks for the advice.” She doesn’t sound satisfied; more like she’s had enough of it all. I can’t blame her. Dating is tough. Since when did it become a chore and lose its complete magic?

“Wait,” I clear my voice, staring at the blackness encompassing us. There is no sound of her amongst the chattering of the clubbers.

“I’m still here.” She responds.

“Save me a dance? I need to take care of something but I’ll be right back.” I haven’t dated in a really long time. My work is time-consuming, on top of being extremely busy planning my new goals. Still, her presence is enticing and it’s been a minute since I’ve had this kind of intrigue with a woman. Frankly, I don’t recall being this excited about anyone before.

“I’d like that, although, we can’t see each other.” The concern is evident, yet, I also hear an interest.

“Overrated right? This is as blind as a blind date gets.”

She giggles and my ears enjoy the tender sound coming from her. “Who said it’s a date?”

Nothing like a back-and-forth flowing conversation. “It might turn out to be one.”

“Confident.” She goes silent again. “I’ll be on the dance floor. Let’s see if you can find me when the lights are on.”

That’s my kind of party. “I like a good challenge.”

“Not unless I find you first.” She comments in a teasing tone. “I think your accent will give you away.” A tiny setback I can work on.

Good thing she can’t see the joker-grin on my face. “I’ll stay mute just for you.”

“Game on, stranger.” Her heels click on the floor as she walks away. “Australian accents are my weakness.” That last note is like an invitation to a man like me who will show her exactly what kind of weaknesses she’ll gain around him.

I manage to scoop my phone back up. The flashlight reveals the ginger strands swaying along her back. The skinny jeans that are hugging her bouncing ass and slim legs. And a hint of a tattoo painting her right hand.

Making my way to where I was initially supposed to go, I shake the previous moment and focus on the task at hand.

Ronnie stands beside the electrical panel with Sam our on-call electrician who lives nearby, “You good here, mate?” I tap on Ronnie’s shoulder to make my appearance known next to him.

“Seems like it was a problem on the entire street but should be good now.” Sam flicks a few buttons, and the sudden return of the lights stings our eyes as we adjust to it again.

“Thanks for coming in on short notice,” Ronnie replies.

We shake hands and I thank him as well. “No problem. Have a great night.”

“Let’s check the club to see how everyone is doing.” By that, I mean the woman I just came across. She left her mark. Impression. Whatever it was—she got my attention.

The lights are back on, and so is the life of the patrons rolling in and partying.

No sign of gingery locks amongst the crowd.

Not even one woman.

She left.

A half-grin decorates my face as I contemplate the chain of events, dragging my thumb across my lips until a chuckle overtakes me.

Entrancing plot twist. Definitely didn't see that one coming.

“Come on, Ronnie. Drinks on me.”

Luka

Present day

As a kid, my imagination always ran wild. My brain came up with sketches that rendered me speechless. It's like I perceived the world through a different lens when it came to drawing.

Darkness lured me. The deeper I let it consume me the deeper my soul painted black. Shadows have some sort of appeal. It's hard to withdraw once you get caught up in their webs.

When my demons crawl out of their pits, I let them. I channel them to a positive route. Not a destructive path. I turn the pain and madness into art.

I feel comfortable. Artistic. Liberated. It's where I release the clutch and off I go.

Sinful thoughts can create a masterpiece. A masterpiece is madness. It's when you let your demons, secrets, and fantasies slip out of their cages and turn to something unforeseen. Climb to the peak of the mountain but don't stop there, fucking jump.

Embrace the unknown. Let lines blur. Cross the limitations everyone else sets to trap you.

The dimly lit studio helps my mind focus on the black-gray piece of art before me which the direct light above us compensates.

It's the final part of the tattoo and today is a quick session with an element I decided to add to the finality of our journey.

Dipping the gun's needle in the red ink cup, I glimpse at the graffiti on the walls.

It was done by a local artist a few years ago; telling the story of a monster of a man falling in love with a woman only to find she's an angel sent to trick and misguide him. The deception crumpled to ashes once she confessed her love for him and ruled hell alongside the devil.

I crave the unexpected.

I feed on it.

Telling a story people don't expect is my weapon against predictability.

Interpretation can be a vivid experience. What one thing means to different individuals is incomprehensible. Intoxicating in a way.

Being able to create something, an art that will remain on a person's flesh till the day they die is absurd. Almost unrealistic except it isn't. It's poetic. Everything dies in the end because nothing lasts forever but for a while, it has a life of its own.

And behind these tattoos, I'm standing. Bringing a story back to life for an unknown amount of time.

An hour and a half in, this ink looks infernal. Satisfied with my work, I shut down the machine.

"We're done!" I clean the tattoo with a wash bottle and dry off everything with a paper towel.

"Thanks, man it looks SICK!" He drags the last word to emphasize his satisfaction, "I'm going to show off this dragon lady." He watches the sleeve

on his left arm through the black-tinted mirrored wall, reflecting the entire shop on the opposite side of the bed.

The adrenaline coursing through his veins right now is the high I live for.

I paid extra attention to her sharp claws, scales armor, vicious teeth, and dragon eyes. Her tail twists around his forearm in a chokehold of beauty. A touch of red and yellow shades decorate various parts, bringing depth to her engaging inferno.

“Sure, glad you like it.” I wrap things up. Handing away a kit with everything he needs to care for his new ink for the days to come. After he leaves, I organize everything back to its rightful place and dispose of all the used materials.

Another day of madness is over.

Shutting off the lights from behind my counter next to the entrance, the street lights seep inside the shop as I make my way to the elevator in the back hallway.

Owning the building is a privilege. The ample space I inherited enabled me to create something of my own. Something that resonates with who I am.

The red-bricked structure is old and plain yet renovating it was an experience I will cherish forever. It wasn't just for me. It was for *them* too. Somehow they knew, even before I figured it out.

My long legs shuffle outside the elevator, next to it is my office—the underground level is where the extravagant nightlife takes place. This area used to be a limited underground parking lot which works wonders as a club.

A vertical line of red neon lights decorates the ceiling of our staff-only hallway that leads to the right side of the bar, I pass the staff and supply doors on each side.

My black combat boots clash with Ronnie's green Converse when he

comes from the opposite side of the hallway like a storm.

“Shit.” He takes a step back. “Sorry man, there’s a girl I’m trying to avoid.”

His desperate tone makes me chuckle, “How’s that working for you?” I let my shit-eating grin form in a knowing expression.

“So far, I managed to dodge the bullet.” His wide grin crosses his baby face. Flipping his fingers through his dark-blond hair, he shoves the other into his jeans pocket.

I’m pretty positive he’s talking about his ex-girlfriend, Gemma. She was a real piece of work especially when she broke his heart and pretended it was his fault. She comes here now and then just to throw it in his face, knowing damn well he manages the entire club and is always here. She did not deserve him.

Being the professional worker he is, I know he never brings his personal life into work. One of the many qualities I admire about him.

It may be my business but technically Ronnie runs it. I write the checks and I’m involved in the creative aspect of it all; parties, special occasions, celebrations, and holidays.

Last week we hosted a notable tattoo artist from California. He spent five days in my tattoo shop upstairs, scattering his remarkable art and attracting a new crowd here.

Thanks to my best mate who supervises and manages the entire club, I get to enjoy the benefits. The beautiful people. The lovely company and the dark atmosphere I inhale deeply into my bones.

“Watch out for hidden weapons, Ronnie.” Patting his shoulder, I move past him and enter the club.

“Easier said than done.” He shouts behind me.

No events tonight other than a normal gathering.

Mixed aromas of sweet and spicy perfume flood my nose as I walk to the VIP section in the far back of the room. My reserved spot amidst the dimmed area.

Nodding to a few patrons on my way, I glide through the voids of revelers. Feeling the pen—I sketched with, earlier—in my jeans front pocket. *I always forget to put them back in place.*

A bottle of whiskey and two glasses sit neatly on the black metal table in front of the burgundy-velvet, C-shaped couch. Propping my ass in the middle, my ringed fingers stretch to grab a tumbler of the fine liquid when a vision of a celestial being appears across from me.

Dylan

Skippping around my apartment in my strapped black heels as I'm getting ready for my date tonight at *Hella Club*.

The misty cold wind travels in waves from my open window, cooling my warm skin.

Gazing outside, the dimness of the night kindles at my heart the more I stare into the changing hues of the trees. The late days of September bring my favorite season with them.

Averting my gaze back to the mirror in my cramped yet cozy bedroom, I apply two layers of blood-red lipstick that make my hazel eyes pop.

"Girl, you look hot, that dress on your body is to die for." Sophie, my best friend, shouts from the doorway. "I would smack that ass."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, want to use your claim now or later." She teases.

Returning a sass of my own, "I'll save it for a rainy day, might get me warm."

"Your mouth will get you in trouble one day." Hopefully in a fun way.

I eye her up and down, “Matt will not be taking you to your favorite restaurant to celebrate your first anniversary when he sees you in *that* red dress.” Slinging lines at each other is our thing, especially when it’s about elevating our confidence and moral support.

“Well that’s the plan, I want him to eat me.” Her wicked smile reaches her baby-blue eyes. Flipping her chocolate-brown hair over her shoulder, she disappears into the living room.

I want someone to eat me too.

Sophie and her husband Matt are the most adorable couple. We’ve all been friends for years ever since high school and they always had a soft spot for each other.

When they finally confessed their feelings for one another, happy tears streamed down my face for my best friend’s love. They’re truly the definition of soulmates.

In hopes of finding a remotely similar experience, I agreed to go on a date with Finn. He stumbled upon my shop during renovations a month ago and he’d been persistent about us getting together.

After Sophie’s nagging; telling me I should give him a chance, which is all I have given to random guys for the past two years, I agreed. All my predictable dates turned into boring nights with a mild sexual attempt.

Needless to say, it wasn’t what I craved. Not the conversation and not the poor execution of seduction.

Saying that men who you read in books don’t exist is such a cliché. But they are a rare breed and finding them is aggravating. I’m not overruling my needs or compromising when I know what I want.

“I’m ready to go. Are you?” I fix the strap of my purse on my shoulder and snatch the keys in my other hand from the countertop.

“Hell yeah! Let’s get this night started.” She rushes to the lobby.
I’m right on her heels, switching the lights off and locking the door.



I parked my car in the parking lot. The adrenaline rush starts to bubble inside me. I’ve heard about *Hella Club* for years and went there a month ago on an unsuccessful date; he left with someone else after we agreed we were not a match.

My collision with an intriguing man in complete darkness felt enticing yet unfulfilled due to my early departure. That was by far the most exciting thing I have ever participated in. I wonder if he is here, somewhere amongst the crowd.

At first, I thought it was a sign Finn suggested we go there. I don’t think that club brings me luck but he insisted which led me to the conclusion; that I just want to have fun. No expectations. I don’t know Finn. And it’s good we’re going to be surrounded by other people.

Strangers, but still.

The wide entrance at the rear of the building is accompanied by two bouncers at the front.

“Miss, I need to check your ID.” Says the bulky one to my right.

I extract my ID and present it to him. Above us hang the rolling steel doors which give me the chills. What if accidentally they’ll fall and chop someone’s head off? My parents always said I have a vivid imagination. Guess they weren’t wrong.

“Have a great night.” He nonchalantly replies with a hint of formality.

“Thank you. You too.” I shove my ID back into my purse as I enter the black void threatening to consume me.

A sharp slope, I’m finding a little hard to walk straight on is guiding me down into the nightclub. Everything is black from floor to ceiling, except the burgundy sitting area at the back and the stools around the black bar at my left.

Rows of red neon lights cover the ceiling in different sections of the space, illuminating the scene. The large red neon sign, *Hella*, hangs proudly to my right above the dance floor.

Enchanting, exactly like I remember it.

It’s still early to be swamped yet, more and more people file in at each minute.

Another matching neon sign, *Sex is Art*, catches my sight over the couches as I scan the area, looking for Finn. An art not many can perform, I guess.

My poor attempts and countless dates are proof of that. Not everyone can satisfy my needs. And finding the one who does is an impossible quest. The more I try the more frustration engulfs me.

Being alone is not a bad thing. I’ve done that my whole twenty-six years on this planet. Well, minus the two exes. They were short relationships with nothing substantial.

Perhaps, I don’t want to be alone.

I want to find that one person who can make me a hot mess with just one look. I want someone to share my days with, my nights with. Have serious conversations and silly ones. Laugh with. Trust and support each other. Build a life together.

That intense magnetic click that you can’t pull from.

Is that too much to ask?

The vibrations of my phone rattle my purse right as a sexy, erotic song paints the scene about a man telling all of the things he will do to his woman.

Sophie: Let me know you're okay later. And don't forget the details too.

Dylan: Will do! Enjoy your night with Matt and we'll talk in the morning.

I close my phone and carry myself to the bar to get a non-alcoholic drink.

Lame me.

I like to keep my wits intact, particularly, when I'm alone with strangers.

The cute bartender keeps his smile in check as he makes my drink. No judgment reflects in his bright blue eyes at my choice for the night.

The club isn't huge but it's big enough to separate different sections and give enough space to accommodate the clubbers.

"There you go, ginger lemonade." He places the tall glass in front of me and moves on to the next customer.

"Thank you."

I take a few gulps of this fruity-flavored juice when my brain directs me to take my butt dancing.

It seems Finn hasn't arrived yet. I guess traffic is a bitch no matter where you live, although it would have been nice if I didn't have to occupy myself. Or maybe this is a cosmic intervention which is exactly what I need.

An array of bodies fill the dance floor, I manage to pave my way over to the couches where it's less crowded. The adrenaline and excitement still course through my veins.

It could be my nerves for all I know.

Goosebumps awaken. It feels like I have attracted someone's attention, I can't pinpoint who, feeling their laser gaze hovering over the length of my

frame. I like it for some reason. Being watched by an unknown source, hiding in the shadows. Maybe it's the mystery man with the melting accent and sharp tongue.

My imagination is sending electric shots to my brain cells again.

A spark ignites within me. The will to let loose guides my spirit to take control and course of action.

Luka

Her hair is an autumn fest, suiting her colorful appearance. Flaming red and orange tones fade into light blond at the edges of her wavy locks. Two thick strands hang freely from her hairline, framing her delicate face.

Her petite frame is snug comfortably in a dark green dress that hangs above her knees while her short legs sway to the upbeat music.

Finding her rhythm, she arches her back and pushes her hips back and forth. The hand covered in flowered ink reaches her hair slowly, playing with her strands and exposing her neck. Eyes clenched shut, she cranes her neck to the ceiling, letting the energy bathe her in its magic.

I'm fixated on the spectacle that is her like a bee to honeydew. Mesmerized by the little vixen.

Her body begs to be touched. Her seductive smile insinuates her intentions for tonight. Her eyes search for reassurance. This woman oozes confidence and sexuality.

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

I nod.

“That makes one of us.” Ronnie’s soft cheerful voice turns miserable by the end of that sentence.

“You can too,” I look over at him, “you deserve it, Ronnie.”

“I know.” He pours himself a drink and leans back, attempting to ease up but the stiffness his body projects suggests otherwise. He busies himself by diverting his attention to me. “Found someone you like?” He looks directly in my line of sight.

Does staring at someone for thirty minutes straight count as stalking?

“You seem pretty occupied by the redhead on the dance floor.” He adds.

Instinctively my tongue swipes across my teeth and my bottom lip. “She’s intriguing.” Free. Confident. Sexy. And that bright smile of hers hypnotizes me.

She seems excited. Alive.

Dangerous, behind those innocent eyes.

She pivots her head to the side. *Waiting for someone?* Though it doesn’t stop her from resuming her teasing dancing.

Her hands rest on her hips, seductively they travel upward to her stomach, the outer sides of her breasts, neck, and untying the knot circling a section of hair in the middle of her head.

Freeing herself from any restraints as she shakes her face from side to side. Red neon lights hit her skin from every angle, sharpening her beauty.

The laughter breaks out of my trembling chest. She calls to me in ways I can’t explain.

Is she speaking my kind of madness? Seeking a true bond and not an occasional setback.

She curves her body in delicious positions and I’m fighting the hardest boner of my life, I don’t care about my cock right now. Yes, I’m attracted to

her but something about her is making me want to discover what can be beyond sexual interactions.

If she needs a good fuck, I'll give her that, but I'm planning to stay afterward.

"Who is she?" Ronnie asks as he takes another swig at his drink.

"I don't know." No idea who this woman is. "But I'm going to find out."

Observing my new fascination, the line curling on my face fades, peeling my upper lip in distaste. The frown settling on my features deepens.

A random guy with an annoying smile on his face approaches her. The hand brushes her shoulder, startling her as she spins on her heels.

I want to pummel his shiny grin off his face and leave my shiner instead—for interrupting her.

Who is this stupid fucker? My nostrils flare.

She was in her element, surrendering to the shadows. Coexisting with the dark embodiment of herself. Committing to the dance. Injecting small doses of passion into her moves as she gets comfortable. Frisky. Coloring my club with her radiant soul.

He ruined her moment.

The better question is why am I getting worked up about this?

She greets him with a hug and a small hopeful curl decorates her face. It seems like she knows him.

A small part of me is urging me to protect this mysterious woman for unknown reasons. That alone excites me. For now, I'll continue to keep an eye on her.

"You analyze her movements like a restless dog waiting for his snack." Ronnie chuckles to himself.

People come and go to my club every day of the week and seeing the

beautiful women around is no news to me, it's an everyday occurrence. I've never been interested in any of them, until now.

The bartender lines a tall glass filled with a content I recognize due to my supervision earlier today, ginger lemonade. Fitting.

Fidgeting on her heels in frustration. She sips her drink for the hundredth time while the man she's with can't seem to get the message. Her mouth stays mute for the entire time his lips babble on and on while hers twitch on one side. Probably contemplating her mistake of agreeing to go on a date with this fucking idiot.

He's boring her to death.

What a waste.

"Are you stalking your prey?" Ronnie crosses his arms, amusement on his tongue. "You creep."

"Nah, I'm the trained, protective one who's waiting for his owner's permission." I retort his earlier comment.

"Is that so?" He checks me out of his peripheral vision. "You dawg."

I smack his head playfully like we did when we were kids while we laugh at our stupidity. I'm relieved to see him out of his head for the time being.

"Jokes aside, I've been meaning to talk to you about something." I clear my voice, smoothing the lapels of my black leather jacket.

"Sounds serious," he acknowledges the shift in my tone.

I lean to his side of the couch, propping my booted foot on my knee, granting him my full attention. "Look, Ronnie, we've been friends forever, and you've been handling the club and me for the past five years."

"Yeah," he responds cautiously yet I can see his wheels turning, trying to decipher where I'm going with this.

"I want you to be my partner. You deserve to own this place too. Hell,

you've owned it since the first time your feet touched the gray parking lot back in the day."

The gap between his lips grows and amplifies his surprise at my words. He ponders for a few minutes until a wide candid-smile crosses his lips.

"Of course, I want to be your partner." He leans forward, "I'm good where I am, don't get me wrong. This place is my home and I cherish it like it's my baby."

"It's yours too. You deserve to have your name alongside mine," I grin. "I'm planning on making more appearances at the shop and attracting more artists who are looking for places to get recognition. I thought it could benefit new artists and veteran ones who want to take opportunities like this. Maybe even teaching some as well." I've been keeping these thoughts to myself for a while now. It feels good saying them out loud.

"Sounds awesome, I'm all for it."

"Yeah, so I'm not sure I'll be here all the time. I'll come when I can and help whenever I'm needed."

"Hey Luka," he taps on my shoulder in a comforting way, "I've got this. Go feed your demons and let mine thrive here."

I'll make sure we'll sign the papers next week.

"You're always welcome and when you need a break I'll be here with Nanna's famous grilled chicken-wings." He adds and I laugh at that.

His Nanna is a banshee in the kitchen. A loud tutor but a nurturing one who will patiently explain and teach the culinary arts.

My parents loved her cooking and they used to say she serves the best dishes with a skilled hand.

That's when I knew I wanted to be just like that at something of my choosing. Like my parents as real-estate investors when it came to intuition

and seeing beyond what something represents.

They were all role models to me growing up. A significant part of who I am today.

“Thanks, mate.” I appreciate his sentiment.

“You got it. Besides, we’re booked for the rest of the year. People going nuts over renting this place for events. I have a ton of work but our trained staff are the best and it takes some of the weight off my shoulders.”

The success of the club, the great work environment we created, and the idea of hosting musical acts now and then to attract new people in. It’s all thanks to Ronnie.

“Thanks to your ravishing social skills,” I taunt him. “And looks.”

“Fuck off.” He cackles.

His phone beeps. Lisa updates him on an emergency regarding the bar.

“I’ll catch up with you later.” He lunges in that direction, ready to eliminate any sort of disruption.

The moment I turn to glance at my vibrant girl, she’s gone.

My legs have a mind of their own when they haul me to my six-foot-two advantage point. Scanning the entire room, I catch a glimpse of a ginger beauty walking out the hatch.

Surfing through the tight crowd, I exit the door leading to the parking lot behind the building.

My head tilts all over the place.

Fuck, she’s fast.

The sound of an engine roaring back to life travels to my ears and then her taillights are flipping me the bird as the car swiftly exits the lot.

What the hell?

It’s not even ten.

What the fuck happened in the several minutes I veered my gaze off of her?
I'm not letting her go.

I straddle my bike that sits in my reserved spot where the bouncers keep an eye out for me. “Thanks, mate.” I secure the helmet quickly.

“No problem, boss. Safe ride.”

We'll see how safe she'll make it.

“Cheers to that.”

My bike growls as it speeds to the open road.

I have a fierce beauty to catch.

Taking a turn left to the next stop light, I glimpse at her white vehicle getting away.

I'm coming for you.

Two cars block my way. *I see how it is.* I steer the bike behind them. Waiting for an opening and when it finally appears, I do a lane split before the beast catches up with my runaway girl.

Dylan

I almost kissed the floor on my way out of there.
That slope is heels-unfriendly.

And I left my coat in the car which is pretty stupid considering I live in New York.

Although it's still early if I'm being honest, my date was as disappointing as I thought it would be. This was a waste of a perfectly sexy dress on a sexually wired woman.

And he was over thirty minutes late which is fine. A simple text would have been nice, though. I'm wallowing over something that is out of my hands. I tried, that's all that matters, right? I gave dating a shot and maybe I should take a break. Recalculate my route prior to a new year of dating.

I wonder if I've set my standards so high that most guys don't reach the barrier let alone cross it. Do they even try? Am I too quick to judge?

I stop at the red light, extract my phone quickly, and send Finn a text. Because I would feel bad if I didn't. He's nice, just not the guy for me. I kind of knew that based on our interactions when he came to my shop several

times. He didn't make my body alight. It was more like a friendly chat rather than a spark.

Something else happened at the club though. My libido climbed its way to the Olympus of lust. I'll probably use my toys tonight. They always give me what I need.

Almost.

I grab my black faux leather jacket from the passenger seat and shove my hands through the sleeves before the light turns green. I drive down the emptying roads. Windows closed, and light music fills the cabin of my car with classic rock.

I'm in my zone on these drives. I can lap around the city just to get those moments of peace. Whenever I need to reflect on the past and figure out my next move—I go for a ride.

Checking my rearview mirror, a guy on a black motorcycle is on my tail, signaling something with his hand. I don't know what it is about so I brush it off.

Repeatedly, he gets closer and taps on my trunk a couple of times then points to the side of the road.

What the fuck is he trying to do?

I switch off the music.

The muscle car in front of me is speeding away, stranding me with the wild rider at my rear.

He revs to me loudly and points to the side of the road.

I'm not paying for any damages to his expensive bike which will probably result in ordering special parts. It's his fault he's riding my ass.

Looking out my window, he looks at me every few seconds, signaling me to pull aside. No way! He's being ridiculous.

My foot pushes the gas farther as I glide on the straight route, glimpsing at the mirror, he's still there.

My gears are turning—the possibility I forgot to turn my headlights on hangs in the air. I check and cross it off the list.

Why the fuck is he after me like a bat out of hell?

Bystanders still roam the streets. The loud noises of his bike encase me and break my accustomed silence.

I hope it's not the guy I ditched. We came in separately so I never saw his transportation and I practically left when he went to the restroom after maundering on and on about his work, his ex, and the weather. I suggested dancing but he immediately shut me down. I told him I didn't think it was going to work and he replied, "*We're just getting acquainted.*"

I'm too tired to deal with the boring, stagnant moments I waste on men who fail to see me. They're dating *me*, not their exes. I know it was wrong of me to bail on him like that but it was too much for me to handle. I just wanted an exit.

Please don't make him a psycho who avenges his rejections.

He slides by my car, glancing at my window once, and revs. This time, he blocks my path and tries to force me to a stop.

What the fuck?

Since this guy won't back down I'm putting a stop to him.

Pushing the brakes, I park by the side of the street near an industrial parking lot.

"What's your problem?" I dash out of my car. "We could've crashed into each other. Or worse, I could've killed you pulling shit like that."

I pause by the hood of my car, maintaining a distance between us.

Engaging the bike's kickstand, he kills the ignition and links his leg next to

the other as he gets off.

He strides toward me with a confident gait and doesn't stop until I'm barricaded between his firm towering frame and the hood of my car. Tossing his head back and exposing the black-winged grim reaper on his neck, he peels the helmet off and sets it on the hood behind me.

The most breathtaking man I've ever seen is staring back at me with his magnetic, murky eyes.

"Nothing wrong with an ounce of danger." Traces of an Australian accent coloring his husky, deep voice—familiar in a way that raises a tingle of awareness within me. Every word is like a poem, sending shivers down my spine.

I don't let it translate to my face. At least, I hope it doesn't.

Staring down at me, the thick, jet-black pile of hair atop his head falls like curtains to his forehead and the sides of his face.

"I could've crashed into you, asshole." My rage still bubbles in my core.

I pretend not to be phased by this man's steady gaze and the curiosity that dances between his eyes.

"You got quite a mouth on you." Sheer amusement laces his tone as a delicious smirk crawls across his mouth. "I wouldn't have put you in danger. You were driving at the speed limit."

I'm one of those lucky ones who gets turned on by the deep timbre of a man's voice. "Will you tell me what was so important you nearly crushed your Kawasaki or are we entering into another staring contest?"

What is wrong with this guy?

His tongue traces over his bottom lip before his teeth bite down softly.

Seductively.

"You're fun." Nodding his head like he's deciding it as we speak, "And you

know your way around a bike.” The way he drags his bottom lip between his teeth is not at all distracting.

I tend to impress people with my knowledge of bikes which I gained from my dad and cousin. Both of whom are huge fans of the industry.

Planting his leg between mine, he nudges me to spread them wider. Somehow he stirs a deep-buried need within my soul.

Fuck me, I obey a stranger.

What is wrong with *me*?

It’s exhilarating.

His warm minty breath on my face is sending a tingling sensation down my spine straight to my wet center.

His dark gaze is piercing. Sucking in a breath, I stare back at him with bewilderment.

“I saw you in the club, and thought of inviting you to go back there.” A challenge settles on his countenance.

This strange man followed me from the club. Should I spray him with my mace? I have it locked and loaded ready to strike. Good thing I exited the car with my purse on in case of an emergency.

“Look, I don’t know you.” My voice comes out strained and I want to slap my motherfucking face for betraying me.

“Here’s your chance to.” We are in a trance, gazing at each other like we are in our own world until I wiggle uncomfortably and he takes the cue to step back. Allowing me space to breathe.

“Why?” This time the words come out strong and questioning.

He sighs, looking around us until he locks his eyes with mine. “I saw you putting yourself out there, signaling your boredom with sheer grace I might

add. The poor idiot was too blind to catch it. What do you want?” A smirk flashes across his face. “Really desire?” Maybe it’s his signature feature.

“I want someone who will satisfy me. Swarm me with pleasure and make my fantasies come alive.” The words escape my mouth before I have a chance to stop them.

Why am I telling this to a stranger? I can’t stop. I’m curious and his presence is intoxicating, leaving me wanting more.

The euphoric sensation of his erotic woodsy scent hits my nose, giving me a pleasantly lightheaded feeling. I fight the urge to moan like an idiot to an absolute stranger.

“Sounds good,” his deep voice reverberates through nearly vacant streets. “You were bored out of your fucking mind in there. You came out looking divine for one thing and one thing only which we both know.”

Sex.

Yeah, I planned to get fucked into oblivion. And if done right, maybe, see where we went from there. I’m tired of the regular dates. The normal routine that traps me in a bubble I’m dying to puncture. I need someone who can satisfy me sexually as well as carry a conversation. Someone who isn’t afraid to explore our desires.

The thing is by the time we get to the deal breakers—which is a conversation two people should have before they move forward—it’s over. Usually, we both know by then that it’s not what we’re looking for. I know it is not.

His eyebrows lift in suggestion. It’s like he can see through my crafted façade.

“Women want the kind of men they read about in books. Men like that are hard to come by is what most tell themselves. It’s all but a fantasy.” He

closes the gap between us. “Well let me tell you,” his tone is gentle, almost caressing. “They come when you least expect them. They’ll dominate you and make all your fucking fantasies come to life. On top of your body. Underneath. Behind.” He coaxes a side-grin at me.

I feel exposed. Naked whilst being fully dressed.

“You’d forget how to breathe while your pussy is being devoured and when your breath builds too long for your body to contain, a scream so loud will burst from your chest and it will stay in your memory forever.”

Oh fuck.

A pool of desire stains my panties.

That’s how heroines feel in books and why they always end up with dangerous-looking strangers. “Into screamers,” I state.

“I like my woman like I like my bikes, loud.”

My brain screams fuck yes.

My cheeks flush and I feel the burn decorating them. The pulse in my neck throbs rampantly. Along with the one between my thighs.

He reaches behind him, taking out his wallet from the pocket of his black jeans and handing me his license.

“Take a picture and send it to your best friend, your mum, your dad. Whoever you trust.” My curious eyes browse over his details.

“Luka Birmingham.”

“Yes.”

“Twenty-eight.”

“And a half for accuracy purposes,” he adds with a tiny curve at the corner of his lip that matches mine.

“You own Hella Club,” I state. Matter of fact.

“Yes, I do.”

“You’re also a tattoo artist.”

“I am.” He nods once, “So you heard of me?”

“A little about your work.”

He mulls my answers in his head. The silver ring piercing his straight-nose glints under the streetlamp behind us.

“I’ll make you a deal.” He finally says.

“What kind of a deal?”

“One where you might get the upper hand.”

I try to read his face for any source of deception but for once in my life—I can’t find any. He intrigues me. My high pulse hasn’t slowed yet. And a part of me gravitates toward him.

“Go on.”

The curl playing at his mouth tugs up higher as each minute slips by. “Have you seen my work?”

I nod in confirmation.

“What do you think?”

“You’re a talented artist.” Where is he going with this interrogation?

“Thank you. Let me tattoo you with a design of my choosing.” Fishing in his front pants pocket, he pulls out a marker, grabs me by the wrist gently, and writes on my palm, *yours for 24 hours*.

I try to clear my throat silently all while basking in the feel of his warm hands. “Do you always carry a pen in case you offer a deal to a stranger?” That note makes his rich laugh fill the air.

“I drew a sketch today and I forgot to put it back. Happens often.”

Losing my words is something I’m not accustomed to. I’m always sharp and ready to fire back.

“I’ll be yours for twenty-four hours to do as you please.”

“Whatever I want,” the smile on my face rises to every feral beat of my heart while listening to the sound of the most thrilling idea.

Luka is a well-known artist. One of the best around here. His work speaks for itself. He’s a god when it comes to inking human canvas. Or the devil depending on which way you look at it.

I know it will look beautiful; whatever he may draw. And maybe a part of me wants him to rail me up and ravage my pussy. If he’s good like he says he is.

The thickness of his eyelashes fan over his flaming dark eyes. The heave of his chest. The feather movement of the muscle in his jaw tells me all I need to know.

He wants me to say yes. He wants me. And maybe I want him too.

What’s the harm, right?

“How do I know it’s not a fake one?” I raise the hand holding his license. I ask mostly to tease him yet I wonder what his next answer is going to be.

A faint sound comes from deep in his throat almost like a choked laugh. He bites his lip and brushes his fingers through his hair, making a few locks fall over his forehead.

“Guess you’re going to have to trust me on this one.” He gives me a soft smile and a challenging gaze that pleads for me to accept his offer. And it might be a bad idea. The worst in forever but I don’t care. I feel the need to do something crazy for a change and this is my chance.

I snap a picture through my message app because I’m not stupid. I won’t die tonight without taking the fucker down with me from the grave. I hit send and immediately receive a reply.

Sophie: Who is that? He’s hot!

I don’t answer her back because the info is right there and I don’t know

much more either. What I do know is the wrath of one person who will rain hell on anyone who hurts me is Sophie.

I snap a shot of him as well with my flash on, he notices and smiles widely at the camera, and then I hit send again.

“Covering all bases. I dig that.” The apparent amusement in his voice does nothing to my confident stance. He seems to like it which piques my curiosity.

Why is this man following a stranger and offering her a deal that doesn't pay him much? Unless he wants something else. Unless this transaction feeds a kind of hunger he relishes.

I brush the thought away because I'm here to have fun. Or to salvage this wasted night.

“Let's go, bad boy.”

He grins widely, offering his hand to me and I take it. Ignoring the electricity we create in the simple contact.

“Just so we're clear.” He ushers me to my car and right as I am about to slide inside he pulls me flush against his rock-solid chest. “I'm not a bad boy.” He pauses. The vehemence he holds in his starry-eyes is vacuuming all the air from my lungs. “I may be a wild ride. And I don't need to cheat my way to the top when I'm already there.” His gorgeous face is an inch away. Lips almost grazing mine. So close it's maddening.

Did I just skip to my next life?

The jump at his jaw has me on the precipice of sealing my lips to his and fuck the consequences.

I get inside the car and he tells me to meet him back at his shop above the club.

“Oh, wildflower.” He turns back, gazing at me through the window of my

car. “What’s your name?”

I giggle mostly to myself but he can hear me too. “Dylan.”

“You owe me a dance.”

Confused about what he refers to, “what?”

All he does is arch a brow and a deadly dose of adrenaline strikes my system, “You are the guy I bumped into a month ago?!” a question. An answer. Not sure. *I knew that deep, husky voice and his accent sounded familiar.* My eyes widen, and my mouth forms an O-shape.

“Yeah, the one you ditched.” He doesn’t seem offended by it.

“My best friend’s sister was rushed to the hospital to deliver her baby. I’m sorry, I completely forgot when I got the call.”

“It’s all good. I think I won our little game from the other day. Seems to me like I found you with the lights on after all. I’ll see you in my shop, Dylan.” His sexy figure climbs back on his bike, kicking the engine back to life and speeding his way back to our destination.

Damn. What are the odds?

Dylan

Coming up to the entrance of Luka's tattoo shop, *Vicious Ink*, my heels click on the walnut parquet-flooring.

To the right sit two large, black tattoo chairs parallel to each other. The equipment and tattoo paraphernalia are organized on the shelves and underneath it are a few rolling carts.

Luka passes the tattoo chairs to make his way over to the sketching table where he has a tablet and random stuff tossed on the wooden surface. A piece of paper with a sketch of a man's fingers inside a woman's dripping pussy is taped on the fridge by the corner of the room behind him.

I take a deep breath.

"Take a seat." He gestures with his hand. I climb onto the chilly leather chair that is covered in transparent plastic wrap.

I already have some art on my body and it's always exciting to get a new ink. It's a different feeling of satisfaction.

The remarkable graffiti on the smooth black wall behind me is illuminated by the red neon *Tattoo* sign above it and has my heart squeezing in delight. I

take a moment to appreciate the artwork depicting an angel who fell for the devil and ruled alongside him. There's nothing like monsters changing their stories and getting a well-deserved ending.

He turned professional the moment we stepped in his shop which goes to show how much he loves what he does and the seriousness he radiates. He preps his workspace efficiently, already knowing what he's going to tattoo and getting the required inks ready.

"Your thigh looks like a good spot for my tattoo, agreed?" Taking the red ball cap from the table, he wears it backward, leaving some strands on each side of his face that unintentionally accentuate his sharp jaw.

Sexy.

"Agreed."

"I'm putting a blindfold on you, is that okay?" He asks as he stares into my eyes and if he was an ocean I would have dove in the depths of his currents just to see how far it gets.

"Why?" I ask skeptically.

Arching a brow at me, "I want it to be a surprise, and I want to see the look on your face when you see it for the first time painting your skin."

"Okay." I can't argue with this nor do I want to. "No dicks on my thigh though."

"I would never. Not my style." He cackles, exposing that big, bright, captivating smile of his.

He pulls a silky bandana from a drawer by his side and strides over to me. His fingers brush my neck gently as he removes my hair backward, tucking it behind my ears. The soft way he touches me tickles them in the process of tying the blindfold.

He finds little subtle ways to touch me like he craves my contact.

Silence permeates the space as goosebumps trail over my body. The hairs on the back of my neck stand at attention and I feel as though I am waiting for the hammer to drop.

I jump slightly at the first touch of his gloved hand. He cleans my flesh with disinfectant alcohol and rubs a thin layer of what I assume to be Vaseline to protect the skin.

The machine roars to life. I'm waiting to feel the first pinch of pain when his tender voice envelops me instead. "If you need a break or if it hurts too much tell me to stop and I will immediately."

"I will," I reply, nodding my head as I clench my fists at my sides.

The strokes of the machine are penetrating a few layers of my epidermis. Making art. Writing a story. His soft yet firm hold on me is fucking delicious I almost moan at the friction. Euphoria diluted with pain building to a stimulating experience.

An hour has gone by according to Luka who keeps filling me in. Curses silently fly over my head as I wince to the pain without moving my thigh and only balling my fist until my nails dig into the skin. And then, I slightly ease up.

Rock music plays softly through his phone, unlike the deafening volumes at which I would usually listen to it. This is part of the reason I'm able to keep myself calm.

His hands stretch the skin at the inner part of my thigh. Every graze and brush of his fingers on my flesh makes me want to combust. Painful as it is, *his touch is healing.*

"You okay?" His soft tone calms my racing heart.

"Yeah." I take a deep breath, balling my fists for the hundredth time.

"You're doing great!" The way he praises me sends shivers down my spine

and heat between my thighs.

“Can I ask you—“

He cuts me off, “Ask me anything.”

“In the club, there’s a neon sign that says ‘sex is art’ Why the sign?”

“A reminder. Sex is something that many people use for different reasons, like breeding, survival, or even addiction. All true. But it should never be a chore on a list.” He pauses, squeezing my knee gently, “It’s more than that when done right.”

Enthralled by that little gesture, “What do you mean?” I swallow hard.

“I don’t think enough people realize sex can be art.” Drawing another line on my burning skin, he adds, “It involves trust, communication, connection, and touch. And I don’t believe everyone makes it satisfactory for their partner.”

I get what he is saying and I felt like that for a long period. I thought that when you find someone with whom you connect and their desires are mirroring yours, they would understand the craving to bring you both to the sweet edge of release.

“Look, I’m a dark soul when it comes to the world inside my head that translates to my art but not everything I touch is black.”

A tickling sensation makes my toes curl.

“The shades of desire, emotion, lust, love, pain, and pleasure are colorful and so is sex. When you see it as one shade you’re bound to be disappointed, yet when you stroke colors to it, it becomes art.”

There’s something about Luka that pulls you in. Captivates you. Fascinates you. His mysterious appearance casts you under his spell. Who the devil is underneath that rough exterior? Behind all his art. Behind his monsters.

“A quick water break.” He announces before I hear the soles of his boots

echo as he goes.

Realizing I didn't ask how long is our session, "How much longer?"

"A few more hours at least. I'm paying attention to each detail." His hand is guiding my wrist toward the bottle. "It's a water bottle. Drink some."

"Thanks. But if I drink a lot I'd have to pee a lot. And I prefer a smooth session with no breaks." A few drops fill my mouth—all I need to keep myself going for the hours ahead of us.

"I would still advise you to sip a few gulps now and then." He takes the bottle away. "Yet I admire your persuasion skills."

Three more hours are behind us and my yawns take me hostage. I crane my neck, a few cracking sounds permeate the air as I rotate it. The struggle of sitting still for hours is wearing on me. It becomes insufferable. My ass is numb.

He stops the machine for a minute. "I'm almost done."

The water he gently pours on my bruised skin eases some of the pain. Next, he puts a paper towel on my thigh and soaks it with water as well before he wipes it over my ink.

I sigh at the feel of his touch.

My heart starts to pick up the pace and my clit pounds for him too.

The nerves and excitement churn in my stomach.

"It looks fucking stunning on you." Ever so often, his gloved fingers graze my inner thigh to stretch my skin and keep me in place. But I swear he uses the method to calm me down and reassure me that I'm doing well.

His way of touching me again in a respectful manner.

The machine comes back to life, collecting ink and rendering my sensitive flesh with a final touch-up to finish his work. Painful strikes morph into pleasure.

An hour later, Luka softly whispers, “You did so well. Are you alright?”

His praise does something to me. I can’t explain it but I know I will seek it now. “Yes. Can I see?”

“In a minute you will,” his tone remains soft while I hear the snapping of a picture on his phone. “I always take photos of my work. I hope that’s okay?”

“Yeah, sure.” I hear him shuffling things around. Rearranging the equipment back in place and pulling something that sounds like a plastic wrapper.

“Tattoo aftercare is important,” he says while placing something next to him on the table by our side. “Make sure to apply a thin layer of antibiotic ointment a few times a day and at the first couple of days continue to wrap it. I made you a kit with everything you need and you can take it when you leave.” I love the fact he still explains it to me, knowing it’s not my first time.

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” The satisfaction in his tone is evident even with my eyes shut. “Before I do that myself I’ll let you see your tattoo first.”

My pulse increases to the nerve-wracking sensation, and the sound of his boots crossing the short distance behind me to lift my blindfold.

“Don’t look at it yet.”

My eyes adjust to the soft lights surrounding us after hours of darkness. He sits back in his seat, gazing into my eyes with insatiable hunger I have never seen in a man before.

“Tell me what you think.”

I slowly dart my eyes from him to my thigh and am struck by a lightning ball of heat traveling throughout my body, tingling everywhere and curling my toes.

“OMG,” I mumble. “This—“ I can’t stop staring at the way he captured this

arousing scene, living and breathing on my skin.

A monster in a delicious position with a woman who looks like me. Sitting in front of him with his body between her legs, his long tail is wrapped around her neck as she tosses her head back. Curved horns at the sides of his head and a wicked smirk on the monster's face. Beautiful face, almost human.

The devilish black-gray wings shield the indirect side of her while the other rests behind him. His hand caressing her cheek and the other holding her waist firmly.

I can feel the sexual tension between them resonating all over my body.

It's so me.

No words can describe the thoughts crossing my mind. He is wickedly good at what he does.

"This is phenomenal!"

He chuckles, "Glad you like it."

"I love it." I grin widely and can't help my smile from stretching across my cheeks the more I observe the image he imprinted on me for a lifetime while he wraps my thigh.

"Let's go upstairs." He says, gesturing towards the hallway.

"What's upstairs?" I ask whilst trying to stifle a yawn.

That smirk again.

"My place."

I catch a final glimpse of my new tattoo through the mirrored wall we pass before we enter the hallway. I'm giddy by the thought it is mine forever.

My reminder.

Luka

The elevator doors close behind us as we enter my apartment.

The green scenery of my plants pops from every corner. I continue to walk left to my open kitchen.

I fill a glass of cold water and place it on the wooden surface of the island for Dylan. She inspects my place loosely based on her half-mast eyelids.

“Drink up,” I command her. She must be dehydrated after all those hours. In no good conscience, I’m able to ignore that.

She accepts the water and takes a seat on the stool opposite me. She’s so beautiful it hurts my vision. Marking her with my art feeds a craving inside me.

Call me a fucker but I love seeing it being presented on her flesh for my eyes to feast.

She takes small gulps, eyes fully closed. Staining my glass with her red lipstick as the bob of her throat works fast to keep up with her increasing thirst.

“You’re tired.” I make my observations vocally.

She looks at me slowly. “Hmm?”

“You need to rest.”

“It must be the adrenaline wearing off.” She attempts to gather her bearings, “and so is my conscious state.” She murmurs to herself, thinking I can’t hear her.

She drifts off again, squeezing her eyelashes against her cheeks and fluttering them open simultaneously then wincing in what I presume to be the tattoo pain.

“Yeah no, how stupid of me pointing it out to someone who’s yawning and closing her eyes every two minutes?”

“Fine!” she exclaims, “you made your point.”

All I want to do is take her on my kitchen counter but not in the state she’s in. I want her to acknowledge every dirty thing I will do to her.

“Good. I’m not letting you drive either. It’s late, so go to sleep in my room. Use the stairs, I think you can manage that.” It’s an extension I added to serve as a bedroom, overlapping a third of the apartment. An open concept like the rest. “Unless you want my help.”

“You promised me twenty-four hours.” There’s a hint of grogginess to her biting tone.

So adorable. It adds to her irresistible presence.

“I’ll keep my promise.” If she thinks I intend to withdraw from my agreement she’d better think again. “We’ll start them in a few days after the pain and the swelling subside.” I’m not done with her. Not by a long shot. She left me wondering the first time around.

There are others out there, but none of them are me. It’d be my touch she’ll crave, my voice in her head, my lips she’d want around hers and my cock buried deep inside her.

“Fine.” She crinkles her nose, pouting her puffy, seductive lips and narrowing her glossy hazel orbs at me. She’s cute when she gets angry.

“Are you in pain? Do you need something?”

“No, it’s manageable. Thank you though.” She drinks the last drop of water.

“Resilient,” I note.

“I know the qualities I possess.” Sleepy and she’s still sharp like a gun’s needle. “I can sleep on the couch.”

“Go upstairs, Dylan.” The dead-serious look on my face encounters her and she gets the message. The stool creaks under her legs as she makes her way up to *my bed*.

“Sweet dreams, wildflower.” I can’t scrape the joker smile off my face. “Tell me all about your dirty dreams of me in the morning.”

“You wish,” she chants with a dreamy smile.

I didn’t hear a denial. I chant to myself.

She kept her part of the deal now it’s my turn. It’s the first time in my life I have a feeling she’s more than I bargained for. And I’m not sure twenty-four hours are enough.

Never have I ever been this ensnared, dazzled by a woman previously. It’s alarming and so fucking tempting.

So what if we’re doing it backward? That’s the best part. Unpredictable right?

I check her sleepy form one last time before I hop on my Kawasaki Ninja H2 and twist the key in the ignition. The streets are void of people. The loud rev of the bike is the only thing breaking the dead silence as my skilled hands control the speed I’m at until everything blurs.

Ronnie revs right behind me as he glides the street on his bike. Still a slow

fucker. Maybe I need to slow down a bit and let him win this round before I beat his ass again. Swerving my bike sideways, I take it down a notch.

We both wish to have someone with the truest of intentions behind us so we can go on these rides together. Fuck, it would've been hotter if *her* hands wrapped me from the back and *her* thighs hugged me to her warmth.

I knew it from the second it dawned on me that she was the same woman from a month ago. The same fire that ignited in me and stayed torched in my core. Patiently waiting to be spellbound by her. The chance of meeting her again was exhilarating and uncertain.

A game I most certainly played with myself. Until she came back and played her part.

Building my businesses only cost me one thing. Finding someone to share it with. And I want that. I want that kind of love my parents had. The kind I grew up surrounded by. I'm finally ready to say it out loud. Deep down I knew it was there. I just postponed it long enough to realize, I don't want to do that anymore.

People tend to think that because I own two businesses, I'm known as a tattoo artist, I ride a bike, etcetera—plenty of women are jumping on my bed regularly.

That's not the case.

I'm picky and aware of flags I don't want to occupy. Freedom trapped me under its wing, yet I want someone to spend it with me. It can be shared. Become even bigger, and more meaningful with the right one. Loyalty can be accomplished alongside freedom as long as you wear your heart on your sleeve and communicate with your significant other.

Ronnie veers his gaze toward me, opening his helmet's visor. "Did you slow down on purpose?" his voice is loud and clear in the new intercom

system we installed.

“No, I got distracted.” I stare at the stoplight, leaning forward on the fuel tank.

“You’re such a bad liar.” He says in a whimsical way.

Lost in my thoughts, I answer, “You know me best, mate, had to give you a head start before I beat your ass.”

He laughs in his helmet but turns quiet and serious pretty fast, and I know there’s something on his mind.

“A woman is lying in your bed right now and you’re out here, thinking about her.” He says.

“She’s sleeping,” I clarify in a steady tone, “and I need to run and buy some groceries.”

He corks an eyebrow at me, humming.

“What, Ronnie? Spill it out?”

“You like her.” The tone of his voice shifts tenderly.

There’s a pull like a magnet between us that I can’t shake. I want to touch her. Listen to her smart mouth. Feel her. Kiss her. Make her fucking come on my cock. And take care of her afterward. “I don’t know her yet.”

“Doesn’t change the fact that you recognize there’s something about her worth exploring and *that* has a hold on you.” The pearls of wisdom Ronnie utters aren’t false.

This entire situation is making me rethink my next move. If anyone would see that it’s him. He knows me well. Seen me going through every stage of my life.

“Yeah.”

“What you gonna do about it?” He kicks the bike’s side-stand upward, preparing to take off.

I aim to watch her walk inside my door and never leave once she's in. Give in to me completely but each stage will be under her approval.

A deep breath puffs my chest, "I'll make me unforgettable."

Dylan

The silky king-sized bed swallows me like a cloud of fluff. The smell of his woody fragrance covers his sheets, calm and peaceful. And maybe a tiny bit of my hibiscus shampoo as well.

Then the wafting scent of pancakes reaches my nostrils and water my mouth. My eyes dart open as my bare feet drag me to the metal railing.

Skating on the balls of his feet—all cheerful, making breakfast. His tatted hand flips the rounded pancake batter with ease.

I can't lie to myself, he's so cute like this; doing a mundane act that gets my soul on fire and my heart to swell.

The black t-shirt hugs his muscled biceps tightly, leading to a vast chest and broad shoulders. The gray sweatpants leave nothing to the imagination as he sways from side to side—a tiny curve sneaks up my mouth. In the natural light filtering from several windows, his natural golden complexion is prominent, creating some type of aura around him.

I go downstairs, letting the sweet aroma marinate my skin.

“Good morning! Sleepyhead.” Luka’s welcoming husky tone teases my eardrums.

“Good morning, deal-breaker,” I answer sheepishly. Last night is a tad hazy. I don’t recall making a fool out of myself. But I might’ve thought out loud. I tend to do that when I’m super exhausted. And I get feisty at times.

I sift through my purse that is sitting on the counter from last night. My phone flashes on my home screen.

Eleven twenty-seven in the morning.

“Shit! It’s past eleven already.”

“Don’t worry, I texted Sophie.” My eyes snap in Luka’s direction with a wave of building anger that climbs to my chest.

He stares at me innocently like he didn’t dig through my personal belongings. Not an ounce of apologetic gesture on his face.

“You left your phone unlocked.”

In mere seconds, I open my messages app, preparing myself for the damage I might have to fix.

Dylan: Hi Sophie, it’s Luka!

Dylan is crashing on my bed after I inked her for over five hours. Everything is fine and you’ll talk to her in the morning. PS. Nothing happened, I’m sleeping on the couch *angel emoji*

Sophie: You better! Get comfy mister. And make sure she eats breakfast in the morning.

Dylan: Already made plans! Don’t worry she’s in good hands *strong emoji*

Sophie: We’ll see about that... *skull emoji*

I open my mouth but the words don’t seem to reach my brain.

It was nice of him to update Sophie on last night’s occurrence. I still don’t

like the idea, he went through my phone without my permission but I'm willing to look past it.

"Thank you for telling my friend I'm okay," I say in a steady tone while he settles the divine plate of pancakes in front of me alongside a glass filled with pineapple juice.

Dammit, if he only knew that is the way to my heart.

Desserts.

"You're welcome." He clears his voice, "I didn't mean to do it without your consent. You fell asleep so fast that when I got there it was too late and I didn't want to wake you." He looks down at me, infusing reassurance into the monstrous void in my brain.

"Thanks for telling me."

The fork slices through the fluffy pancakes, spilling maple syrup down like a waterfall of goodness. The first bite is flooding my system with contentment and joy. "That's really good."

Another mouthful makes its way down my throat, the taste explodes in my mouth and I moan.

"Special someone taught me how to make it." He chortles to himself, latching his eyes with mine. "I wanted you last night and I still want you now."

I swallow the remnants of food, the syrup leaks from the corner of my mouth, and the intensity in his gaze renders me immobile.

"Thought you should know." He takes the seat next to mine, a silent question in his eyes. I nod in acceptance. "I want to scrape every patch of your skin, lick and kiss it anew."

My heart thrums in my chest, cheeks blushing as heat climbs up my body.

He cleans the slippery drop and sucks his thumb to his mouth. Then,

caressing my cheek with a callous finger.

His dark eyes zero in on my lips, brushing them with his roaming digit. His pupil's caper on an invisible string between my mouth and my eyes. "Want to play, wildflower?"

That smirk dances along the twitch in his chiseled jaw. His eyebrow curving up and that damn tongue licking his bottom lip.

Triple treat.

A palpable sense of longing whips at us in this exceptional awakening. The desire reflects in his piercing darkness. The same one that towed me into action last night.

"Yes." I gasp. Looking for my resolve which apparently I ditched the minute I stepped into this building.

"Me too." He leans back, ceasing the sweet torturous touch of his. "This Friday night, when you come back."

A flash of disappointment meets my face.

On second thought, it's a good thing. I need to freshen up. Change clothes. Call Sophie. Regain my composure.

I guess this alternative is for the best. "Yeah you're right, Fri-yay." I shake my wrists and my head sideways, managing to make him laugh again.

I finish my food, gather my things, and head to the elevator. It's kind of weird he has an elevator but I guess it adds to the wonder that is Luka.

"Come back on Friday and we'll start your adventurous twenty-four hours. Don't forget to treat your ink." He wags his finger to my thigh.

"Thanks, I won't. Not my first rodeo."

"Yeah?" He chuckles as he washes the dishes he insisted on cleaning. "We'll see."

What dirty deal did I make?

I scroll through my phone, reading articles about Luka and his tattoo shop. A deal with no other than The Devil AKA Luka Birmingham.

Everyone wants to be underneath his needle. Devilishly handsome inked artist. Who's brave enough to get a piece from the devil blindly? No questions asked. No turning back. One tattoo of his choice. Letting the master do what he knows best and in return, he's yours for twenty-four hours.

I swear my mind is a black hole at times. Thankfully, that's not what the article said. Only my delusional brain.

My pulsing thigh interferes with my ongoing thoughts. Instead, the pain blurs everything all at once as I lean against the wall for support.

“It hurts.” He states. Not asking. “Let me give you painkillers and I'll drive you home in your car.”

Despite the agonizing pain, I don't want to bother him. “How will you come back?”

He helps me to reach the stool, I sit down while he presses his hand—not directly on my new ink but close enough. And the heat his hand projects is more healing than any type of pill.

“I'll figure it out. Ask a friend to give me a ride.”

“I would like that very much. Thank you.” I take a deep breath and exhale it out of my mouth.



We arrive at my not-so-state-of-the-art apartment building. Old, lifeless, and plain from the outside. Inside, I managed to design and turn it into the beautiful little home it is.

My home.

My gaze travels to the ludicrous portrait of his large form filling the majority of the space in my tiny car. Kind of hot I won't lie. Having him next to me in this urgent proximity after all the things he said to me earlier.

He can topple me to the ground with a short-take of inhale and a delicate blow. I would become a puddle at his feet.

"You good from here?" he asks.

"Yeah. Thanks." My cheeks start to burn. "Sooo... Friday night."

He licks his lips as if to taunt me but not quite, "Yes."

"That is if I show up."

"You will," he replies with no hesitation.

I lift one eyebrow. "How are you so sure?"

"First, that's part of the deal," he leans to my side, his hand moves from the steering wheel toward my thigh, and my breathing quickens. "Second," he almost touches me but instead clicks the open button of my safety belt, "that's where I show you what your body was made for." He smirks and then bites his lip. "Third," it's a hundred degrees in here. "I'm yours to collect and if you ditch me again—I'll come here, lift your ass so high the resounding spanks will echo through the whole building and I won't stop till you beg me for more."

A breath gets caught up in my throat while my heart skips a bit. Or a few. Yet the relentless pounding between my legs has no remorse as it gets frustrating and equally arousing.

Crossing my hands and my legs, "You're insatiable."

"You have no idea." He grins, letting a small laugh permeate the air of the cabin space, "I'll see you soon, wildflower."

Dylan

I pace through Luka's apartment after five days of treatment at home. I couldn't sleep much, thinking about the way he looked at me. The feel of his touch. The caressing sound of his voice. And I did use my toys, needing to finish that night on a high note.

The wide apartment has the coziest vibe I have ever witnessed. The warm wooden furniture complements every corner alongside the scattered plants. Cozy rugs with beige wool and blankets covering pieces of the floor.

I up my gaze to the spiral staircase from my sleepover. The best sleep I've had in a long time.

"You spent hours cursing in your head when I inked you." He halts, causing me to bump straight into the firm wall of muscles that he is. "At some point, it got really loud, I was on the verge of pleasuring you just to ease the pain."

I almost choke on the water bottle he gave me, managing to wipe my mouth gracefully. But fuck! This man says things that open the faucet between my legs in mere seconds.

"How would you know?"

“Not my first rodeo.” He chaffs.

His thumb wipes a slippery drop on my jaw while his other hand rests on my hip, stabilizing my crumbling façade. “Does the ink still hurt?” Nothing but genuine concern emanates from him.

“The inconvenient burn is over. It only aches for a few minutes occasionally. I wrapped it and applied the ointment you gave me every day.”

I get lost in his infinite darkness that captures his profound brilliance. Every time I look at my tattoo—I think about Luka and the way he made me feel. Then, my heart starts to pound faster.

Somehow he made me feel *seen*.

“Good.” The proximity he irradiates is contagious. “You had days to think what it is that you want from me, did you?” His calm presence yet attentive stare build the raging, fervent libido I encountered that night at the club.

“Can I use the restroom?” I need a moment to catch my breath because I’m slightly panicking.

“To your left,” he whispers gently in my ear as he takes the bottle from my hand and strides past me to the kitchen.

I make a beeline to the bathroom. What do I want out of this? Out of him.

I spent hours upon hours at home replaying every minute since the moment we met. Craving to see the mysterious man who chased me. If I’m being honest all I want is a night I won’t be able to forget. He promised twenty-four hours and it’s plenty of time to make it a memorable day.

I’m already starting to lose hope of finding my person. Dating is excruciating. The more I participate in it the farther away *he* gets. An outstanding night of sex sounds like the cure to forget about my unfortunate trials.

It’s just twenty-four hours right?

What's the big deal?

We will part ways once we're satisfied with ourselves. No harm no foul.

Come on, Dylan. Be courageous. You know how to do it. A pep talk might do it to some, yet, I still feel the nerves condemning my system.

It's not about what we're doing. It's *him*. What if I won't live up to *his* expectations?

I wash my hands and check myself in the mirror. My lustful hazel eyes stare back at me. There's no doubt. I came here to have the best sex of my life and one can only hope to be pleased into a vortex of blissfulness.

Luka watches me closely as I make my way back to him. "Don't look at me like that."

I eye him back. "Like what?"

"Like you're waiting for me to make the first move." His dark eyes study my reaction, "You know what you want—so come and get it."

The mask doesn't work on him. My heart reads my calm expression backward.

He observes every movement as I pace toward him—it feels like he's ripping my clothes off with one look—taking my hand in his, he squeezes gently. "Don't fight yourself, let go." His warm breath is fanning my face.

My fingers latch around his neck, pulling him toward my lips. His hands travel along my back, squeezing my waist lightly before he lifts me to wrap his hips.

"Kiss me," is all it takes for him to divulge into me.

His mouth clashes with mine and blasting fireworks explode in my ears. His tongue penetrates erotically, diving deep and flicking against mine. Taking his time with each stroke. Slowly. Getting to know my taste. Exploring my mouth.

Electricity is coursing through my veins until my toes tingle with this elicit sensation.

His tongue invites mine to an electric dance of dominance which he wins.

His palms squeeze my ass hard, shoving me against his stomach, roaming over my waist and back to give another firm squeeze while our lips stay glued.

I moan to his mouth. Not once. Multiple times. High by the effect.

The repetition is causing my pussy to clench as it brushes on his clothed abdomen. The feeling is divine. Awakening. Making a sopping mess between my legs on top of the dripping mess I already was.

I tuck my legs around him, needing him closer. I hold his jaw between my hands. The smooth feel of his skin tickling my fingers overheats my core.

He pauses to nuzzle my nose and look into my eyes, “You’re driving me fucking crazy.” Backing me against the wall, he takes my hands and pins them above my head, exploring my mouth for what feels like hours.

Our fingers graze.

We seek this connection for some unfathomable reason.

With another swipe of his tongue along mine, he pulls back to cage my swollen lip between his teeth like a feral animal, adding a slight pressure to his bite while his palm finds my throat and clings to me.

I swallow hard and the friction of the bob against his palm causes him to smirk.

He plants wet kisses on my jaw until his teeth graze my earlobe back and forth, and suck them hard.

His hands descend my body and the pinch on my taut nipples comes in a surprising yelp. He tilts his gaze back up to meet my hazel eyes, slowly putting me down.

The look on his face is sheer pleasure, appreciating his work of art.

The mess he made of me in minutes only intensifies the craving for him. The dampness gathers between my thighs. The pulsing in my chest beats frantically to every dirty thing this man can do to me. And I'll let him.

Because why not?

He spent hours granting me a free tattoo. For what?

For me to come back again and take another thing from him.

Yes, of course he benefits from this too. Yet, I don't think he offers ladies free tattoos in exchange for sex. That's not Luka. That's not the man who slowly reveals to me who he is.

He chased me down because he is interested in me. He shows me his caring side every step of the way. He made me breakfast when he could've sent me home and texted my best friend to let her know I was okay.

It doesn't mean he wants more than one day with me either.

It's my choice whether I enjoy this or not. And I can certainly appreciate this gift.

Dylan

“Can I take your clothes off?” He shoots me a mischievous glance before he drops his gaze downward to check my soft curves. The tight fishnets on my flesh occupy his crafty brain. His nostrils flare and the familiar tick in his jaw makes an appearance. I bet he wants to tear through them.

“You may.” With no hesitation from either party, I stretch my hands above my head and he peels my red crop top and frees my bra afterward. He places them both on the stool where I laid my coat.

My jean shorts find their way to the pile of clothes he made, leaving me in my black heels and my rhombus-patterned stockings.

Stealing another kiss from my lips with a quick suction and a graze on my bottom lip. He lifts me, rounding the island and gently placing me on top.

I grind on him, needing... friction.

“Did I give you permission to do that?” His features darken yet the glimmer of amusement plays overtime in his eyes.

“I... I took permission.” I reply innocently with a mile-long determination in the underlying meaning.

“Did you, now?” Eyeing me, “I’ll punish you for it later.” The lewd smirk he sends my way lifts the stupid smile on my face. “You like oranges?”

The random thought pulls me out of my trance, though, nothing about Luka is random. At least, I don’t think so.

What does he conjure in that dirty head of his?

“Hmm, yeah.”

His hands work fast, splitting an orange in half on the cutting board next to the sink under the dim lights.

I sit still on the island, waiting for him.

The silence is tickling my ear canals.

“Are you up to experiment with food?”

I’ve never done that before but I’m willing to try. “Yes,” I reply in a delighted tone.

Stacking the oranges in a bowl, he adds several strawberries, frozen grapes, and pomegranate seeds to the mix.

The bowl rests next to me as he flashes a devious grin. Planting himself between my legs, his breath in my ear, “You’re going to enjoy this, wildflower.”

The pulse between my legs increases, ticking like a time bomb.

“What’s your safeword?”

“Kawasaki,” I respond quicker than lightning.

A half-choked laugh erupts from his chest. “Alright. Are you allergic to any of this?” He nods to the bowl and I decline. “I like smoothies, I have every imaginable fruit you’d like in my freezer.”

“This looks great,” my reassurance coaxes a grin and an appreciative nod.

Gripping the orange in the palm of his large hand, he starts fingering the sliced fruit.

The veins in my cheeks boil, painting my skin ruby.

“You want me to do this to your pussy,” he demonstrates what he’s about to do to me. Rubbing the gap in the middle and inserting two fingers inside.

Goddammit.

The potent scent of the orange is coating the air with a fresh erotic scene. The dripping liquid slightly relieves the high degrees my body creates when I’m near this man. He hasn’t even touched me and I’m on edge.

Slick wetness gathers between my thighs. The erotic sensation of the orange droplets prickling my breast and stomach is coming from the squeezed fruit in his hand.

His murky eyes dart from my body and lock with my eyes as he devours me with them. Swiping his tongue across his bottom lip, he bites the edge.

The sweet juice cascades down the valley of my breasts and over my navel. His dark eyes catch the movement the second his other hand stops it and smears the fluids away.

“I’ll do the tasting down there.” His hand reaches for my breast but instead of meeting his warm touch, I’m under the mercy of the frozen grape he presses to my pebbled nipple.

The frosty ache sends pleasurable waves to my clit. Soft moans grace us as he continues the sweet assault on my other nipple with a second grape after ditching the orange.

It feels so fucking good.

I’m sensitive and awakened. The overthinking and the anxiety are long gone. I’m flooded with pleasure.

“You like being at my mercy without knowing what’s to come?”

“Y—yes.” Another moan slips past my lips as he trails the frozen fruits down my abdomen. My body writhes underneath him. He’s not touching me and I’m barely hanging on, ready to beg for whatever he would be willing to give.

The chill is only eliciting my desire the lower he drags it down my body. Luka takes his time. Getting to know my reactions; Getting to know the vessel before him.

The cool grapes vanish and that’s when my eyelids unlock.

Luka peers at me through hooded eyes of his own. I’m not the only one affected by this.

“With your permission, I’m going to tear these stockings.” The authoritative manner he maintains altogether with respect toward me and my belongings is an energy I want to seal in a bottle for later use.

“Do it.”

Tenderly, he stretches the thin fabric over my unwounded thigh, and a hole rips apart. He does it again. And again. The lovely curling line on his face appreciates his dirty deeds as he continues tearing through my stockings. “This is just the beginning.”

My ankles are next in line for attention. He kisses each, removing my heels carefully along with the remains of the torn fabric. “Are you wet enough for me?” A knowing expression contours his face. In a swift motion, my panties are plucked from my body.

“Much better,” his gaze hovers all over my curvy, petite frame. “I prefer you naked.” Eyes meeting mine, he adds, “Your beauty emanates in all its forms, Dylan.”

No one ever said nice things to me. Sweet words to melt my insides. Let alone mean it.

Luka does.

He wouldn't do anything he doesn't want to. The truth is in his eyes.

“Thank you.”

“Don't thank me yet.” With that, he flattens his tongue on the center of my belly and collects every trace of the orange up to my breasts.

Then biting my areolas and sucking my nipples hard like he tries to extract honeydew.

The frozen grape is being pressed above my clit, I squirm at the contact, loving the teasing way he uses it to manipulate my body.

Exuding arousal from the depth of my core.

Gently, the grape caresses my vertical lips one at a time. My hips roll to the erotic sensation I can't seem to get enough of.

I'm trying to fuck a grape, wanting it to press my oversensitive parts and make me come.

“How badly do you need to come?”

“B-bad.” The moans linger.

“Too bad. I want you to be on the verge of passing out and maybe then I'll grant you your wish.” I am on that very edge of a cliff.

He extracts a blindfold from his pocket. The same one from the other day at his shop. “What do you say?” the bandana dangles back and forth.

“Yes.”

With a tiny grin, he covers my eyes and ties the fabric behind my head.

“I'm going to touch you and change your position, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Such a good girl for me.” He murmurs in my ear.

In a blink of an eye, he pins my back to the counter, grabs my palm, and puts four seeds in my hand. “Let's play a game, everywhere you place a

pomegranate seed my lips will press to that patch of skin.”

My chest and face flush with heat. It’s dangerously hot in here. “What’s the catch?”

“No catch,” his entire presence is intoxicating. Add a blindfold and it’s even more exhilarating. “You just never know what to expect.”

The first one, I place on my belly. Arching my brow as I wait to feel his next move.

His teeth graze that spot, awakening goosebumps down my spine. He bites down lightly and sucks the seed into his mouth.

My pussy tingles in excitement.

The second, I put between my breasts. Feeling his hair tickling my heated skin as he makes his way up, licking the length of my middle.

“That’s not where I put the s-seed.” My nipple is along for the ride of its life, being sucked and teased perfectly.

“Pit stop.” He notes.

“I thought you were only going to touch that specific patch of skin.” Teasing him is so much fun when he always knows what to say back.

“I’m not always good at following the rules, wildflower.” My other nipple gets the same treatment before his mouth snatches the seed between my breasts. He licks it upwards, dragging it along my chest and throat. His confined cock rubs against my drenched pussy.

Luka continues to lick my throat until he reaches the third seed on my lips—he stops for a long minute that electrifies the space between us before he collides with my mouth and we fight over it—our tongues play back and forth.

I moan for him and he groans for me.

The warmth of his mouth, the glide of our muscles against each other is

fucking *art* on its own.

Why have I never done that before, I don't know but this is exactly where I want to be right now.

I make a split-second decision to place the fourth seed on my pubic bone above my clit and pull away from our kiss.

“Down,” my index finger directs him closer to the final seed. I'm waiting to be licked down there.

Luka's fingers brush over my thighs, “Very demanding.” He shoves them hard to the sides, locking me in place.

In seconds, he glides his tongue across my mound. Slowly. Teasingly. Rows of his saliva mark my flesh till he stops just above my clit—for a minute that feels like forever—then crushes the seed with his lips, sucking it hard into his mouth for another lifetime. Stopping. Sucking the same spot that makes my pussy ache. Stopping once more. His tongue rolls in a circular motion over that speck of skin.

My whimper-moan breaks the silence encompassing us.

“I'm not going to give you what you want so easily.” His husky voice envelops me as I squirm underneath his tormenting touch. “Not until you give me what I want.”

“What do you want, Luka?” I pant out.

“Your screams.”

My delicate moans make an appearance as he resumes to suck that spot again. I gasp at the pressure it sends to my clit but he stays up there and not reaching my pussy quite yet.

He flips me like I'm a feather under his hands, and rubs my ass delicately, squeezing my flesh under his large palm before the thunderous smack echoes in my ears.

SMACK.

Another one lands on my other cheek.

“Ahh.”

Something cool touches my spine, and another one and another one. Total six.

“What is that?” I ask.

“Strawberries.”

I feel them along my spine, then Luka’s tongue presses against my ass and he licks a line to collect the first strawberry.

“Mmm,” I moan.

“So fucking beautiful. A feast.” He separates my legs wider and starts to work on my clit. Rubbing it in circles, pulling away, squeezing my ass, licking another spot on my spine, and collecting.

The sweet torture is never-ending as he drags it to a limit I know nothing about. “Ohh, Luka.”

“You’re so wet,” he rubs my clit faster and faster, squeezing my ass with his other palm before he licks his way to the last one. “So good.” He flips me back to face him.

He tosses the blindfold off onto the counter somewhere behind me. “This, I want you to see.”

Pulling me gently by the throat and my wrist to sit. He grabs a strawberry, dips it in my opening to gather my arousal, and shoves it inside my parted lips along with the tip of his thumb. “Show me how well you can use that sassy tongue of yours.”

I comply.

Slowly, I let my tongue circle the sweet smooth fruit and his fruity-flavored thumb. Sucking on them both.

He groans and rolls his eyes to the back of his head in pleasure.

I'm able to bring this rock-solid wall of a man this kind of satisfaction. It's empowering. Holding onto something precious like this.

When I glance down for a long minute the outline of his cock is visible through his grey-sweats. "You have no idea how fucking hard I am for you." He groans again. "Don't stop." He commands.

I whirl my tongue again and again, massage and suck them both in my mouth.

His finger skims over my slit, gathering my arousal. He licks it clean and a guttural groan rumbles from his chest.

I hum to the anticipated touch.

We both moan from the comfort we find in each other.

He presses his thumb over my throbbing clit and starts massaging. My chest rises and falls heavily; his alike.

I'm panting, gasping for air. Drool slips down my chin. The knot in my belly is a tight coil.

"Come for me, wildflower." He pulls his thumb from my mouth, taking the strawberry with him.

"Luka." I explode into a million shards of rippling sensational currents. Gliding wave upon wave of ecstasy as he plunges two fingers inside me, pumping them hard and fast and curling them deep inside me while his other hand circles my throat in a firm harmless grip.

He coaxes another earth-shuddering orgasm from the depth of my being and I scream until my voice is hoarse.

His fingers rub the spot that can send me into another orgasm with just a simple touch. "I found your sweet spot." He grins, looking contented with

himself. “If I’ll press it one more time...” he’s not just saying it but acting on it as well. “Give me one more.”

I can’t hold it in, his hands are correlated to tap my inner walls and rub my oversensitive clit to bring me to a third orgasm in a minute.

“Exactly how I like it.” He drops down at eye-level with my cum-spilling pussy. The tip of his tongue drags over my skin, licking my inner thigh with care and precision. “Sticky, sweet, and juicy.”

He glides the strawberry I played with along my slit and tosses it into his mouth like a dessert. A reward for making our fantasies unfold before us.

Pushing my legs farther apart, the intoxicating pressure of his tongue on my clit makes my hips buck upward which he firmly plants back to the counter and closes his mouth on my clit.

He drinks my juices and fills the space with my unrelenting, tender gasps.

“Mmm, L-Luka, please.” Three more licks and I find him looming over me.

Although I’m in this vulnerable position I don’t mind begging for sex. I need it. My body begs for it. “I want you.”

“Think you can handle my cock when you barely control yourself around my fingers.” Nodding sideways he continues, “Not yet, baby.” He wipes the spots of drool from my mouth, “Did you bring some toys in your duffel bag?”

“Hey, don’t make fun of me,” I shove at his shoulder playfully. “It’s a big backpack, yes, but only because I assumed I’m going to spend the night so I brought a few things of my own.”

“If you’re planning to stay here for a week you could’ve said so. I would’ve taken a vacation to spend it with you.” He tucks my hair behind my ear, brushing the pad of his thumb on my temple—everything he does makes me weak. “What’s in there?”

“Clothes, toothbrush, makeup, hair brush.” I list the items.

“Which I own.” He retorts.

“Makeup?” the bite slips away.

The corner of his mouth tugs up, “Keep at it and your next orgasm will take forever to come.”

Pun-intended.

This is a deal. A consensual transaction between adults. I hate feeling like I force myself on other people. Dependent on their emotions. That’s why I had to come prepared. “I didn’t want to impose.”

“What else?”

“Deodorant, my hair soaps, and—my toys.”

He lifts the bag from the floor on the counter for me to dig through until I find my suction toy, lipstick, and wand. I line them up on the surface for him to choose from.

“Nice collection.” Luka checks each function the toys have and the intensity.

I don’t cut corners when it comes to my sexual wellness. I deserve to have different toys to play with. Spoiling myself on the matter is essential—every woman deserves to have fun with herself.

“They’re my favorites.”

“Oh yeah?”

I nod, wiggling my eyebrows suggestively.

“Let’s see which one is your favorite.” The suction around my sensitive clit comes with a sharp inhale and a resonating moan as Luka presses it so delectably.

“Definitely a strong contender.” The observation is laced with amusement.

I shake my head and lean it back.

The subtle suction convert to rougher assaults. My swollen clit aches so

fucking good. I'm so close to coming again.

"The wand is a mighty touch."

I can barely form a coherent line. It becomes unbearable to keep the ocean waiting to flow within me. "Mmm."

"Don't come." He commands.

Through squishy eyes, I catch the seriousness in his gaze. "I... I won't." I manage to answer, grinding my teeth in the process.

He doesn't waver from his torture as he continues switching between the two to make it utterly painful.

He slows the intensity for a minute to let me catch my breath before he picks it back up again.

Carefully, he glides my lipstick toy into me and turns it on. The vibrating tormentor is flattering my walls. Pumping with no remorse while resuming treating my nub with suction.

For a long minute, I'm hyperventilating. He heightens the intensity, denies me the freefall and I think I'm going to die.

"What baby, your pussy needs to come?" His eyes zing with danger.

I nod through hooded eyes. I'm so worked up. My body is trying to detonate itself and the string of need within me is insufferable.

"Not yet, you can wait a little longer for me." He says.

I seriously want to cry, my tears are waiting at bay.

The intensity of the device inside me increases. I've never tried it this high before. Couldn't do it. It hurts and at the same time, it feels so wonderful that my head explodes.

"I-It's too m-much."

"You can take it, wildflower. Do you want me to stop?"

The moans cage us both and turn into loud groans. My body's in distress as

the device takes control and fogs my brain with this intense feeling.

A moan turns into a plea, “Luka, please.”

“Please what, Dylan?” on the verge of dying, I love the way he says my name with his sexy accent.

“Allow me to c-come.”

He tsks. And tsks again.

“Come.”

Fireworks are going rampant; sending shock currents of electricity to my clit, core, navel, and my breasts. I feel as though an exorcism is being formed on my body. I’m pulsing with fervent craving.

Slowly, I descend and open my eyes to welcome the man responsible for my undoing.

His heated stare is enough to send me into another turmoil.

“You’re incredible,” he rubs my cheek with his thumb.

A praise that warms my heart.

“Let’s take you to shower.” He tucks me to his front and gently puts me down onto my feet, holding my hand to steady my wobbly knees.

“But we h—“

Placing his fingers around mine, he nudges me to follow him. “Shhh, come.”

I hone in on the sharp strokes of the two dragons weaving at his back and hugging his shoulder blades. All the fabric that was attached to his frame is in a pile on the floor, showcasing his delicious ass.

Every rigid curve of his muscular body is a work of art. Covered in tattoos. His abs are sculpted to perfection, glitching to a deep V.

My pulse is spiking up.

I’m salivating, licking my lips back and forth to the sight of his fully,

erected cock and the curved barbell piercing the tip.

The showerhead above us sprays our naked bodies. Leisurely, damping my hair. He lets the stream flow from him to me tenderly like he shields me from it.

His palms brush through his scalp, rub his eyes with the water skidding down his tattooed column.

I'm enthralled by his marvelous beauty.

"Are you on the pill?" light-pink hue powder his cheeks as he gets closer to me, lingering from above.

"Yes, I'm clean too." I want to feel him. Every piece of him and his warmth.

I've never allowed any man to have me without a condom before. Not that there were many participants. But the piercing might tear the condom even if I demanded it. I'm trying to wrap my head around the cravings I have for Luka. It may be wrong, yet, this night is meant for experiencing something different. I may not get this chance again.

"I'm clean too." He confirms the silent question.

My red lips demand, "Fuck me, Luka."

His mouth presses to mine, conquering my breath and making it his like I'm his oxygen, and without it, he won't be able to function.

Nimble fingers mold into my hips as he spins me to push my front against the glass doors of the shower, stamping our handprints on the steamy transparent glass.

The cool metal of the piercing invades my opening, and in one merciless thrust, his thick cock is inside me. "I'm going to fuck you so hard." He whispers in my ear.

The force of his thrusts in and out of my tight hole is a delicious invasion.

The piercing is reaching a spot I never knew existed before. Tingling my insides and arousing every sensation in my body.

“When I shower again, and steam is rolling around, your handprints will be a reminder of when I buried my cock so deep inside you, my name was a scream escaping your lips.”

He plays with my clit masterfully. My moans become louder on the verge of a scream, while I’m being stuffed to my core.

Gripping my jaw, he tilts my head backward—biting my lips roughly and ravaging my mouth with his tongue, matching the strokes to the rhythm of the cock pummeling within my clamping walls.

He withdraws his delicious pierced cock for a long second, I arch my back as he thrusts himself back in with a rattling force. The piercing elicits an erotic sensation within my depth that’s rubbing the right spot, while his teeth scrape at my neck, sucking to the point he is going to leave a bruise.

He pulls out again, spinning me to face him, and lifts me to straddle his waist while his veiny, thick cock is digging between us. “Fuck wildflower, I want you.”

Droplets of water cascade down his black hair onto my face.

He owns every breath I take and release.

Pinning my back to the wall, the cold tiles shock my system but only raise my blazing wanting. Eyes fixated on each other, he rubs his cock along my wet folds, tickling my clit with the collision of the metal. A delicate sound exits my chest as he lines the head at my opening and inch by delicious inch, he pushes his length back inside me.

“You feel so goddamn good, mmm.” He groans.

Cadence moans wash the scene.

The man is everywhere, writing his vicious thoughts on my neck and

collarbone, nipping at every available spot of flesh he scouts. Feeling more comfortable in our position, he drills inside me.

I'm swimming into each pump of his cock as he's going in and out in rapid motions that are causing me to inhale big chunks of oxygen otherwise all air will flee my body.

"Luka." Each syllable of his name is paradise.

I trail my hands across his solid chest feeling a hard object under my touch. A silver bar piercing his nipple, I tug at it, playing with it between my fingers.

"You have no idea what that does to me." He grunts the words out.

I think I have some kind of an idea.

I love the feel of his flawless body around me. The tightness. The scent of his woodsy masculinity. I'm drowning in it as he thrusts in me again and again.

"Do you like it rough?" he asks between labored breaths.

I didn't know, not until now, and not rough like this. I like it with him. He knows how to maneuver me around to his liking and for my gain. Shaping and forming his blank canvas into the art he sees reflecting underneath.

"I do. Don't stop."

"Wildflower, I won't even if my life depended on it." His thrusts then become merciless.

"Have you been taken like this before? Against the bathroom walls, hell seeps in from the cracks, striking some sense into that pretty mind."

No. I wanted to. Asked. Begged. But I've been shut down so many times for my kinks that I hated asking again.

One time, I've been called a deviant whore, and not in a fun way, in a way meant to offend me. Needless to say, the fucker was out the door before the

night even began.

Some people will try to knock you down for liking what you like.

Fuck them.

Not Luka, though. He sees right through me. He peels my layers from the inside out, if possible. This man is a well of wonder. And all I want to do is dive into the depths of him.

Gripping my thighs, carefully on my tatted one, he angles his cock in just the right spot that draws the scream out of me.

“That’s it, scream for me.” He slides me up and down his length repeatedly until my vision blurs and resuming to thrust rapidly within the deep unreachable button, he reaches it with flying colors.

Fuck, he likes it rough. It feels like he punctures my lungs. A good kind of pain though.

My pussy clamps around his swelling cock, bathing in his warmth, grasping his manhood like a lifeline.

I can feel my upcoming orgasm coming like a wrecking ball. He jerks inside me and I know he’s close too.

He rolls his hips perfectly, rounding laps that ignite my tailbone to push and meet him.

“Take a deep breath.” He slides himself deeper, every inch of him is buried in the depth of me. The friction of the piercing and the hellbent will to pleasure me is prime material. He knows how to roll his hips at the right angle to vanquish my pussy.

Tears well in my eyes, the feeling of this intense pleasure that breaks the walls I built around myself. The chemistry we share is insane. Nothing like I have ever experienced before. Not in this lifetime.

Another deep thrust rattles my core.

He kisses my face, and my lips, caging my swollen lower lip between his teeth and scratches lightly. The act is sending signals to my clit.

We moan and groan together with every push and pull.

Hell, he is the fucking devil.

His hand cups my breast, squeezing hard, “You feel so smooth and perfect.”

My fingernails dig into his tatted shoulder blades, splitting the flesh with bloody crescent marks.

“Fuck,” he cusses.

He takes my nipple, sucking it hard into his mouth, and closing his teeth around to make me lose my goddamn mind. He licks and kisses to ease the pain he caused. And following the same treatment to my other nipple.

Neither of us wants this to end.

“My ink will never compare to the need of marking you with my teeth.”

I whimper in pure ecstasy.

His thrusts conquer the depths of my soul and the knot in my belly crumples to ashes as my release wants to be set free.

He nips at the length of my neck, leaving another mark, and soothes it with a wet kiss.

“Luka, choke me.”

Searching between my pupils, he contemplates my request and never slows down.

“Light pressure,” I add.

“Are you sure? You trust me?” He hurries to register with genuine concern.

“Yes. I trust you.” It’s not ideal to ask someone to do it in the first encounter but I’ll take the chance with him. He shows me the ropes of

experimental sex. And the fact he makes sure I'm alright only fortifies he truly seeks my consent at each step we take.

"If it's too much, twist my nipples. Slap my face. Clamp my nose. Whatever it takes."

His silly suggestions are making me even more ready. It's a warming feeling when your safety comes first.

"You're into all of that?" I tease.

He pushes his cock deeper as if to focus me, "I'm serious."

"Please, Luka." Fuck, the pressure is so intense than I've ever felt. I feel like I'm going insane. "I'm going to c-come."

The sound of skin slapping skin echoes in the steamy bathroom along with the poems we make with our vocal cords.

Luka presses one thumb to my clit, "Come on my fucking cock." He squeezes my throat in short circuits that make my eyes roll backward and the most powerful orgasm overtakes me like a Tsunami.

My walls constrict around him, memorizing the feel of his thickness, clinging to every moment we're together. I feel like my body ascends, floating amongst the clouds as his cock soaks all my juices out of me.

A few more thrusts and he unloads his cum inside me, groaning in my ear.

We're both panting heavily. Completely dazed by the experience we just shared.

"Fuck, that was—" swallowing his frantic breaths, mouth agape. His features straighten like he can't collect his thoughts.

This moment is sending us both into a frenzied euphoria.

I palm his face and pull him into a brutal kiss that will say the words we're lacking. We moan into each other's mouths. Lost in our bubble.

We finish showering after he scrubs my entire body anew.

He demands I wear his oversized black t-shirt with the caption, *THE DEVIL*, and I oblige in a heartbeat.

Dylan

The high my mind, soul, and body are at starts to decrease while Luka provides me proper aftercare.

I slouch into the yellow, L-couch in the living room space. He hands me a mug of hot cocoa with floating marshmallows on top and sinks next to me. Grabs my legs, props them on his lap, and starts massaging my feet.

“Oh yeah.” Feet massage is the best massage. My sore feet know it from being on them most hours of the day. Every day.

“Feels good, right?” He grins widely, playing with the corner of his lip between his teeth. His damp hair slicked backward and a few wisps drop elegantly to his forehead.

“Definitely.”

“How are you feeling?” I hear the concern in his voice. Creases are forming at the edges of his eyes from squinting at me.

“Amazing! Thanks for asking.” The satisfied sigh he exhales comes in a straight whip to my heart. “This place is a stark difference from the lower levels,” I comment on the apartment, distracting myself from other subjects.

“I wanted it to have the energy my parents’ house had. The home I grew up in.” His face drops at the mention of his parents but he quickly wipes it away.

“What—“

“They—“

We speak at the same time and stop ourselves, giggling in unison.

“You go first,” I suggest, sipping the warm sweet cocoa and sliding a melting marshmallow onto my tongue—white fluff of marvel.

“My parents saved this place from being tarnished. I was born in Melbourne, Australia. Left when I was seven and grew up in New York City with the brick buildings, the fire escapes, and the crazy old lady from the neighboring building. Needless to say, she inspired some pieces of my work.” His gorgeous laughter emits from his throat.

I love the fact he shares this with me and I don’t want to intrude. “What happened? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“Not at all. I love talking about them. It makes me feel intact, closer to them.” He assures with a small smile.

“They went on vacation, never came back. Ski accident.” He clears his voice, applying more pressure to his working hands as he soothes my feet.

This cavernous urge within me tells me he needs this right now. Maybe I’m wrong. Yet he doesn’t stop me either. “What were they like?”

“Loving, supportive, visionary.” He contemplates to himself, “More than anything... simple.”

“Sounds like a great place to grow up,” I comment.

I feel the need to hold him but I don’t want to ruin the moment so I stay quiet. Listening to his stories.

“They would just wake me one morning and tell me to get up, we’re going on a trip. I would normally get confused. We didn’t have a plan or anything.”

He recalls. “My mum often said, *you don’t always need a plan, just choose a direction and see where it leads ya’.*”

That’s the best advice any parent can give. Instead of shackling their kids with fear of the unknown. You’re opening them up to the possibilities of an outside world. The world will never be perfect but we only get to be in it once and if you don’t live in it, aren’t you just existing?

“I love that,” I respond in a whisper, letting the smile on my face say the rest.

“I traveled for a year and a half after graduation. Went back home to Australia to visit my grannie.” He breaks eye contact with me for a split second. “They died eight years ago when I was on my trip.”

I see the longing in his eyes even when he smiles as he reminisces about their shared memories and it squeezes at my heart. He loved them. Still does. The void is still there but he doesn’t let it bring him down, he lets it wash him anew.

I wish I had his strength and resilience. Losing both parents at the same time only at the age of twenty when your life is just starting out. Figuring out everything without their guidance. Love. Or support.

I’m sure they’re proud of the man he became wherever they may be. Luka manifested himself to be the man he is. A business owner. An artist. A dominant persona in and out of his daily life. He’s a man to look up to. Rely on. Grow with. Anyone will be blind not to see it.

“Anyway, they bought this building when I was fourteen and told me that one day it would become something truly marvelous and unexpected. Guess they were right.” The pride on his features is contagious much like his laughter.

“Hell yes, they were right on the money. Bet they were great gamblers too.”

I joke and I hope he doesn't find it offensive.

His captivating laughter bubbles to the surface so fast causing his impressive frame to shake with mirth and I'm relieved whilst exhaling a breath.

"The best!" The excitement emits his entire posture, "These two went to Vegas often, for fun. They always hit the jackpot."

We continue to talk until we find ourselves playing Twenty-questions.

"What's your favorite show growing up?" I ask.

"Addams family. The animation." He clarifies. "A kid in the late nineties," he shrugs, "perks. Besides, Gomez and Morticia are *the* couple."

A snorted-cackle escapes me at his mention. "True to both. Does that make Halloween your favorite holiday?" It's my favorite.

"Is that another question?" he says playfully, the corner of his mouth pushes against his cheek while I remain still, mirroring his expression. "Yes, the costumes, and the vibe, are all matching my energy." He finishes with a wink. "Since you've earned a question, I'll collect later."

A shy smile settles on my features and it quickly turns into a full awe-grin that says I can't get enough of him.

Next, he asks, "least favorite drink?"

"Coconut juice. I don't know how people drink it. It's hideous. I almost suffocated to death while trying it once."

"Noted."

I feel like this question needs to be asked. "What made you pierce your dick?"

He exhales a breath of satisfaction. "I was waiting for that question," he chuckles sweetly.

"I was an eager kid who just lost his parents and wanted to do something

crazy. It hurt like a motherfucker but kind of worth it. It does intensify the sex experience for both participants, I guess.”

“It sure does. I’ve never felt anyone reaching and caressing the places you touched.” The clarification puts that smirk back on his face. It’s not just the piercing. It’s the gifted man behind it who truly wants to pleasure his sex partner.

Sex is art.

A few more questions and my eyes start to close in on their own, my body is a drowsy noodle—totally limp with exhaustion.

“Come on, I’ll carry you to bed.”

He does. Tucking me into the soft sheets, pulling the fluffy creamy blanket over me.

“I want to sleep naked,” I demand. Eyes closed, I feel his fingers dragging down the waistband of my underwear and next, peeling away the t-shirt he got me.

“Hands up, wildflower.”

I raise my arms and feel the breezy air restored in the space of his apartment feathering my warm skin.

The other side of the mattress sinks under his weight. He pulls me to his chest, nestling me in his arms and rubbing my back feather-lightly until my breathing shallows as I descend into my sleepy state.



“Wildflower, wake up.” A gruff, accented voice whispers in my ear. “I want to eat my breakfast. I need to spoil your pussy. Treat her tenderly and then

fuck her hard again.”

I grunt. My limbs are a puddle at my sides.

“Permission to eat your sweet pussy?”

Wishes do come true.

“Granted.” Eyes still shut, I feel my legs widen with Luka’s delicate touch. Next thing, I feel the wet, warm, skillful tongue of his land on my clit.

“Yes...”

Moan after moan drifts through the air.

In blissful circular laps, he devours me.

Feasting on my bundle of nerves.

Licking my pussy lips one at a time and concentrating on my clit again.

The way he makes me soaking wet is unimaginable.

His callus fingers grab my thighs roughly and spread them wider, keeping them tucked in place as I start quivering underneath his merciless tongue.

So much better than my toys.

I rake my fingers through his hair and tug a handful at the root.

He groans and the divine vibration is pure ecstasy. “Who needs breakfast when you get this?” Gliding along my slit, he separates my folds, plunges my entrance, and pumps inside while his nose stimulates my clit, and I’m a goner.

“Have you been eaten like this before?”

I tighten my grip on his hair. “No.”

“Good. I’ll raise the bar high enough that you will never want anything less than my lips around you.” He resumes to scrape and graze his teeth over my inner thigh, sticking them in my sensitive flesh, biting until I can feel a mark forming, and back to lap his tongue on my clit.

A few more rounds of this combo before his teeth clamp on my

oversensitive clit while he inserts two fingers inside me and starts pumping slowly, then altering between rapid pumps and a delicious circular motion with a tight curl.

He stimulates every fraction of my spirit and sends me into a fierce orgasm.

White spots cloud my vision as he milks my juices to the last drop. “Fuck, Luka!”

He grinds against my body, slowly making his way to my mouth.

Traces of my cum paint his nose and lips, glistening in the morning lights. He presses our lips together, pushing his tongue past mine, and delves into my mouth.

I taste myself in every stroke of his tongue. I feel worshiped through every minute I spend with him.

His palm finds my jaw, and he holds onto it firmly as the kiss deepens. I feel like I’m on cloud nine. Butterflies flutter my stomach. The tingling sensation between my legs is everlasting. And when it reaches my toes, I crave him again.

“More,” I purr between ravenous kisses.

His stiff cockhead nudges my entrance as he slides himself inside my walls. The sweet dive erupts a whisper-moan from my mouth. Especially when the friction of the cold metal hits every nerve.

My mind is mush.

His lips travel from my neck, leaving wet kisses on their trail until he wrecks my mouth again into a consuming kiss.

His thrusts and kisses are rhythmic and sensual, “Your body was made for me.” He puts my leg over his shoulder, pumping deeper.

“M-hmm.”

His fingers playing with my clit. The pacing of his thrusts increases as his

hips ram into me with sheer force—I'm afraid, he will break me in half.

He stills his movements abruptly, gazing at me from above. We are one, his chest molds onto my breasts, and his cock is fully inside me while we look into each other's eyes.

I buck my hips up seeking our friction.

“Beg for my cock.” His warm breath tickles my stimulated skin, licking my neck, he delicately scraps the goosebumps he awakens. His pelvis grinds into me, rubbing all of his deliciousness against my walls.

Rising back to a seated position, he pulls away, flips my front to the mattress, and shoves my knees toward my elbows. He uses his tongue to drag a line from my slit, along my spine, and my body quivers.

The juices are coating my inner walls as they clench around the emptiness he left me with.

I need him inside.

This is madness I can't get enough of.

“Please, make me scream.”

His cock resumes to thrust into my pussy again and again. “You love being taken like this. Full of my cock. Filled with my cum.” My ass rings to the force of the spanking he provides.

One. Two. Three. Four.

He grips my throat and applies pressure as he tilts my head backward, “Squeeze my cock harder.”

I feel the knot breaking, the tickling in my sex is overpowering.

Luka withdraws for the third time, spins me to face him again, and thrusts to the depth of my soaked hole.

“I want my sheets stained with traces of you and me.” His commanding tone engulfs me.

One phrase and I detonate on the spot.

He finds his climax as well, pulsating and warming my insides.

I arch my back, and my pussy convulses around his cock, squeezing every ridge of him.

“Are you still coming?” He stares.

The calmness surrounds me, I softly answer, “Yes.”

“I can feel your tiny spasms. Ride your pleasure, wildflower. Take what you need from me.”

I have never experienced aftershocks. Ever. And I’m liking this new me.

He flips us to allow me the liberty of riding him, and I do enjoy the angle of our connection.

“Try to talk dirty to me,” he encourages.

My eyes roll back. I feel him growing inside me, stretching my walls again.

“I’ll bounce on your cock until we’re ruined.”

“Ruin me.” He comments. My thighs roll under his kneading fingers and he dips his thumbs closer to my sex. “Keep it up. Roll those gorgeous hips around my cock until we come.”

“I want to suck your cock and taste you.” Our exchange turns him on. I can feel it. And it turns me on too.

I dip down to lick across his pierced nipple, letting my lips push the ends of the bar between them from each side, and suck hard just to increase the volume of his groans.

It does.

I straighten back up. “Your sexy sounds will make me come.”

Whimpering, he fists my breasts and twists my aching nipples twice.

“Good, you deserve it.”

Not able to open my eyes, I lose myself in the sound of our juices breaking

the early morning silence and painting the room with its erotic fragrance.

Our combined scents.

Our beautiful contrast.

I can't stop. A hungry beast resides within me. I can't pull away, wanting to strangle his cock under me.

I bounce harder, "yes". Increasing my pace, "You feel like freedom and wild dreams." The clash of the piercing never fails me as it presses right where it should.

"You are the embodiment of desire and addiction perfectly orchestrated to bring me to my knees." He says in a rough tone.

How does he come up with these words?

Panting heavily, "Please."

"You're the one dictating everything. What do you want?" he groans.

"Touch me with your words."

A moment of silence passes as I continue to bounce on him.

"I'll fuck you hard against a wall repeatedly and make you scream." He says.

Fuck, that's hot.

I moan loudly, my pussy convulses around him.

He takes a shaky breath, grunting. "Go on."

"I want to come all over your cock," I reply.

He moans. "Then come all over my cock and don't stop till you finish me."

My resonating cry of pleasure ruptures my lungs as that itch gets the scratch it's been waiting for. I can't get enough of him. Of this. Of us. It has a hold on me unlike any other.

I spasm around his cock as release hits me, making my eyes snap open, I stare at him as I drag my orgasm to the edge of insanity. Yet, I'm sane. We

both are. Immersed in each other's orgasmic sounds.

After the aftershocks subside, Luka reenters the room, a warm washcloth in hand. "Can I clean you?"

In a dreamy voice, I answer, "Yes, thank you."

Gently, he separates my folds and taps the washcloth on my center. The genuine smile casting his features signals his delight in the act of nurturing me.

He revives the numbness that resides within me. For a long time, I believed I was the problem. I was the broken one who couldn't enjoy and be satisfied.

No, I wasn't.

I just needed more. I needed chemistry. Trust. Connection. Care. Intentions. I pleaded for someone who would see more in me. Someone who will be willing to coerce my body into submission which I was willing to give.

I love control at times but more than anything I like giving it away and seeing what comes my way. I'm a sucker for anticipation. I prefer jumping into the unknown rather than predicting every move. It's boring and what's the fun in it? I always treated sex as an unpredictable experience. In all the best of ways.

My mind goes in a million different directions daily. My overthinking mind calculates every aspect, angle, and result of every situation I'm in. And for once, I put it to rest.

With Luka, it fills with peaceful silence. Effervescence. And crude awakening.

Maybe I can enjoy all worlds. I can have a job I love and am passionate about, companionship with someone I truly desire, and erotic sex that leads to more sex.

The number of orgasms I had with Luka is unconventional. He made me

feel like myself. Like my fantasies aren't odd. Or misconducted.

Our desires align in ways we can't explain except the fact we seek the other.

I want to feel alive. I'm going through the notion and I'm tired of it. I'm over bad dates. I can only blossom when someone ignites the spark within me like he does. Accept my adventurous side and walk with me through the halls of exploration.

Yet, he never said vocally he wanted more from me; another day; more time.

Fuck, I don't want this to end. Is that make me crazy?

Perhaps, he's not looking for anything more than this. It's a possibility. I shouldn't ruin this perfect day with unnecessary questions because of an itch that plays with my brain cells when it's not over yet.

If this is all I get, I'll be thankful to have experienced it with him. I'll ask questions when the time comes.

For now, I have him for a day.

Luka made us breakfast and we watched *Runaway Bride*. He likes that movie because he used to watch it with his mom.

"I got you a pineapple, no coconut juice. Don't want you to suffocate," he jokes, placing the glass on the table and taking a seat on the couch.

"Thanks, you remembered." Back to our movie conversation I announce, "Julia Roberts can never make a bad movie."

"Everyone can make a bad movie." He retorts, slanting his gaze at me. "You win some, you lose some." One eyebrow hikes up.

"Nope!" My nose faces the ceiling, "You can't spoil Julia Roberts for me." I cross my arms and straighten my spine against the couch's backrest.

He pulls me to sit on his lap. "No..." face to face, I play with his lips.

Pushing his cheeks together to make them puffier and then, dragging his lower one.

“You having fun abusing my lips?” His eyes map my features. Tracing every spot.

Heat climbs up my body. “Possibly.”

“What do you say about getting some fresh air outside?”

I pretend to mull his idea in my head, “Sounds like a plan.”

“Not really, just a suggestion. We’ll see where the road takes us.” Again with his mysterious self. Bringing an idea to the surface only to make it another riddle that I have to solve.

I kiss his soft lips. “Deal.” And jump off of him to change my clothes.

“Ready to go?” he asks from the kitchen.

“Yup.” I finish dressing up, head down the stairs, and straight to the elevator.

“How about you making me come in here, elevator rendezvous,” my mouth blurts.

“Say less.” He pushes the stop button, preventing the elevator from going down.

He pulls me to his front, the erection tenting his jeans firmly planted on my back. He drags my lacy underwear to the side under the black skirt I wear. “You have exactly three minutes to come.” He notifies with no ounce of humor. “And you’re going to look at yourself in the mirror the whole time like a good girl. If you don’t, I stop. Understood?” His brows curve upward.

I lock eyes with him through the mirror. “Yes.” A wide smile is all it takes to fuel him into action.

His index finger draws circles on my clit while his middle finger does the same underneath and his other hand wraps around my throat firmly. “You’re

so beautiful like this. At my mercy to do as I please.”

I coo.

“Mmm,” the vibrations of his deep tone in my ear. “Yeah baby, you want to come?” He slows the pace and instinctively, I grab his palm and guide him down to apply pressure where I need him most.

“Yes, touch me.”

He grows thicker at my rear. Pressing his thumb onto my pelvic bone, he glides down, eliciting erotic sounds from my throat.

He never stops looking at me. Not once. All he sees is me at this moment. “Greedy pussy, greedy girl.”

He licks along my neck, sucking my earlobe into his practiced mouth. The black-loop earring piercing his earlobe is caressing my cheek in the process.

“Yes, please.”

He switches gears. Thumb stroking my clit and three digits slide inside me, pumping meticulously. Round upon round of his fingers tapping my walls.

“I’m...” I moan it slowly. “Going...” The titillation is so intense. “To come.”

He adds a fourth finger and pumps them all inside me, “Do it now.”

I climax with a coarse scream on my lips as the sensation washes all over me. Succumbing to the high I can’t get enough of.

“Taste yourself.” He shoves the fingers that were just inside me into my mouth, “suck.” The sweet flavor spreads through my mouth when I swallow and Luka takes the rest to his mouth.

The woman staring at me is a contented, satisfied, sexual wonder.

“I want you to look at yourself like that every day, wildflower. See the enchanting beauty you are. Especially that lively desire that resides within you. You deserve everything you wish for and more.”

My insides are burning. The ache in my core is unlike anything I experienced before. Being around Luka is making me feel... free. "Thank you."

He spins me around, peppering kisses on my cheeks, jaw, and one long delicious kiss on my lips. "Let's go. More hours are ahead of us and I plan to be inside you again and then some."

He redirects the elevator to go upstairs. "I need you to change your skirt, we're going for a ride." He gives my ass a playful spank to get me going.

Luka

She has no idea how fun, exciting, and hot it is to have her riding with me. Her hands hold me tight until we stop at a red light and then they roam, caress, and squeeze my chest.

A big ass smile covers my face underneath my helmet.

I think she likes it.

We went over a few things she should know while she's riding with me to make it a smooth ride. The girl is a fast learner.

I will never do anything stupid to put her in danger or risk the chance of us crashing. Her safety is my priority. I'll let her taste some of the power of this machine. The force of nature it is. Just a tiny bit.

"This is fun," she shouts.

I chuckle, "Yeah, you enjoy it?"

"Yes! This is amazing."

Get used to it. We'll do it often.

I shift gears, speeding away to give her the boost of adrenaline these rides hold along with the energy it creates.

We pass through the city streets but I don't care about anything other than her and the road. Anything else ceases to exist through the tinted visor.

“WHOOOO!” Her full-of-joy giggles expand my chest as she keeps making her contentment sounds.

She spreads fist-bumps to strangers at red lights, signaling random people to rev their bikes which they all oblige. She even tapped her helmet to warn me of cops.

A massive truck pulls by our side, and the little lady prompts him to honk for her when she's pulling her fist down twice.

Who can say no to this irresistible, alluring woman? Such a goofball my wildflower.

It feels fucking intoxicating. Dylan overdose is my kind of poison, I'd lap around for hours just to witness her acting like that.

Her body—like a koala—clings to my back, warming every muscle she encounters.

“Luka,” her soft voice registers, her little hand is rubbing the leather jacket above my chest.

“What, baby?” As I reach my left hand back to caress her leg, I hear her sniffing.

“Thank you for taking me on this ride.”

Afraid that it might have been too much for her. We did have a lot of action and it can emotionally impact anyone. “Dylan, are you okay?”

“I really needed it. I'm not sad, I promise. I just,” she pauses, “finally feel free.”

And you will feel like this every fucking day. I will make sure of it.

“My pleasure.” I double-tap the side of her thigh to let her know I'm about to go fast. She fastens her arms around me, knowing what to do in this

situation. It's like a tango, we dance together on the bike, learning to move in sync. "You're doing great, next time, I'm going to lean, and I need you to lean with me to the same side."

"Okay. Got it." Her pumped voice echoes in my helmet.

"Tell me if you don't feel comfortable at any point." What we're doing here is building her trust in me on a dangerous machine. She's willing and I'm capable of keeping her safe and treasured for it. Maybe in the future, she'd want her own bike. I sure hope so. I have a feeling she'll be an amazing biker and a partner on the road.

Long Island City rises at our backs while the East River marvelously orchestrates the view of the Manhattan skyline.

We spend the late hours of the morning at Gantry Plaza State Park.

I trap her between the dock railings and my frame, loving the curves of her lush body against mine.

Her flaming locks fan her creamy skin as a breeze sweeps in. I breathe her hibiscus shampoo and the musky cream she applied to her skin. And I engrave this picturesque memory.

Ever since I lost my parents my one and ultimate goal was to find my path. My passion. And I love every aspect of my life. Yet, pleasuring Dylan became my new passion.

I'm addicted to the sounds coming out of those pillowy lips. The adherence she exhibits when she's at my mercy. Letting me introduce her to my deviant thoughts. And fuck, I have many.

I don't want to freak her out on the first day. *I want more.* I can't stop thinking about her. My whole body is thinking about her.

There's a limit to what a person can endure in the course of twenty-four hours. I'm trying to give her what she wants because that was the deal. I'm

not planning on stopping until she utters those words. Yet, I'm still holding back.

Watching a woman come undone is the most beautiful thing. Giving her pleasure, showing her what her body is capable of, and serving her needs until she's a sleepy mess. I would do it time and again just to witness the twinkle of desire in her eyes and the writhe of her body underneath my touch.

It's easy to talk to her. Our conversations are ongoing. And we both enjoy the silence at times just appreciating our surroundings.

For some inexplicable reason that makes complete sense, I tell her my plans for the remainder of the year and my hopes for next year. Then, about Ronnie and his Nanna.

When she talks about her friend Sophie and her husband Matt, she lights up like Christmas morning.

"We all have a shared tattoo of three swords crossing each other that represents each one of us. Kind of like; all for one and one for all. Always there for each other, always will be."

"Mates like that are rare. When you're lucky enough to meet them, keep them."

"Yeah, they are, and we're the lucky ones." She gazes up at me. Those big hazel eyes mirror the craving that's been trapped inside her for so long.

My breath on her skin, my lips brush her cute nose. "What about the flowers on your forearm?"

"Indian paintbrush is an endangered flower in some areas and one of the most beautiful ones. I read about it when I was a kid because I was fascinated by flowers in general so I got the tattoo. I thought it could use a friend, one is boring." Finishing her explanation, her lips press to mine, stealing my breath away.

Before we know it, rays of sunshine creep out. The weather is acting weird today.

I look at my phone. It's almost two o'clock in the afternoon.

We still have plenty of time.

"No one ever took me from behind," she blurts again.

"Fuck." I cuss under my breath. I sense it's kind of her thing. She's not afraid to say what's on her mind.

Yeah, say shit like that and expect me to not live up to it.

It will happen, though.

Especially for the first time. It's not as easy as people make it appear.

"As much as I want to and I really want to. It needs to happen gradually with trust, practice, and care. And some toys. And I would provide that."

"But it can't be done today." She finishes in a weak voice knowing where this is going.

"No. I don't want to hurt you." The twitch in the corner of her mouth lasts for seconds before she nods in understanding.

"What do you want to do next?" I ask, diverting the conversation and entwining our hands. "Sex in public? I always wanted public indecency on my record. You will be my first." I give her my humorous face.

She laughs and the sound coming from her lips is the perfect melody I've ever heard. Except her moans. They're fucking sexy.

"You're gonna help me do grocery shopping." Is that a devilish smirk on her lips?

Who's the devil now?

Her mouth moves again, "Whatever I want, remember?" wiggling her brows once.

"How can I forget?"



The grand supermarket has endless aisles of brands and choices. Every shape, color, and taste crosses my unfocused lens. Everything blurs but her.

“My groceries are in the aisle to the right.” She turns to walk in that direction.

“I want to check something, so go ahead, I’ll come find you in a bit.” I want to cook her dinner which is why I need to come up with an idea.

“Great.” She waltzes away with a bright grin. The calmness suits her, it wraps her with serendipity that’s hard to miss. I think she needed that break. Routine could be a bitch sometimes.

My boots squeak on the white-gray polished floor as I pass rows and rows of fresh goods.

Enormous stacks of pasta brands fill every shelf around me. It can leave any person disoriented. Sometimes I get lost in all the endless possibilities but not today.

Yesterday, while we played twenty-questions Dylan said her favorite meal is Fettuccine Alfredo.

I like the package that comes in three colors. *Catches the eye like her.*

I don’t know what flavors ignite her taste buds. Yet. I know what *she* tastes like. Getting the chance to indulge in her likes and dislikes would be a privilege if she’ll let me.

I fetch a few options. Grab a box of heavy cream, cheese, and some other fresh ingredients.

Where is my girl?

Stepping at the entrance of the aisle, my eyes land on her discomforted form as she listens to some guy. Plastering a fake smile which I recognize in a second due to the fact I track her every move since the first time I laid my eyes on her.

My molars grit.

Oh hell no!

Who's that fucker talking to my wildflower? Or why? Is the right question.

He goes to touch her shoulder and all bets are off. He could be her best friend, her brother for all I care and it still won't change the fact she withered around him.

I interrupt without a care in the world because he doesn't exist. "Hey, wildflower." I focus my attention on Dylan. All that matters is her. And I can't shake the glimpse of panic in her eyes.

She wants *me* gone or *him* gone?

I'll go for the latter.

I gently place my arm around her shoulder and whisper in her ear. "If you want him gone, squeeze my hand." I remove my arm swiftly to hold hers.

She does.

If it was up to me, he'd be fishing my boot out of his ass for whatever he'd done to her but in reality, it's not the time nor the place.

I pull her softly and move past him, "We have business to attend to. Nice to meet you." It really isn't but I'm a civilized guy. Minus the introduction part—I couldn't care less. I definitely don't spare him a second glance either. I shuffle us to another aisle away from this party pooper.

I spill the content in my hand to the floor and capture her face in my palms. "Are you okay?"

The flakes of yellow in her hazel eyes twinkle with lust. Want. Need.

“Yeah.”

“What did he say to you?”

“If I’m still playing hard to get and some other shit,” she shakes her head, “I dated him once. It was over before it began. He wanted another shot.” Her shoulders sag. “Too bad I have none to spare.”

Damn right, you don’t. *Fucking-idiot.*

I hope he didn’t hurt her in some way. “What did he do?”

“It wasn’t just him. He was a number in a parade of emotionally unavailable guys who treated me like an irrelevant part of the equation. And stomped on my emotions time and time again. It was about them more than us together. And when I met truly nice guys, they lost interest so fast it was crushing. And at some point, I became the one losing interest.”

“Look around you, baby.” There’s no judgment in my tone. “You’re free to roam wherever you’d like. Why didn’t you walk away from him?”

“I tried, but my legs wouldn’t budge. He needed to say his peace to move on. Sometimes getting something off your chest right or wrong is the way to really let go of something. I needed to hear him being the same guy I thought he was, to remind myself; that it wasn’t me who put up walls around herself and set invincible standards but guys who didn’t have any and lacked emotional intimacy. I’m entitled to hold on to them despite my frustrations.”

“You’re exactly who you need to be. Don’t let these idiots convince you otherwise. You’re not the problem, they are. You’re entitled to have someone who will break the rules with you and push your standards even higher so that no other man will compare to your relationship because it will be you and him exploring it together.”

He should thank her for blessing him with her presence not harassing her.

“I’m not Luka,” she registers softly.

“I didn’t like the way he touched you. You hated it. I could see it in your body language and your eyes. Wildflower, as long as you’re with me, I won’t let anyone hurt you. Even if it’s only for a day, you’re mine to protect.”

“I’m fine. I didn’t like seeing him but I’m past guys like him. They don’t deserve my attention or my time.”

That’s my girl. I crack a smile.

She grabs my hand for reassurance. “Come on, let’s pay for the groceries and then I want to show you something.”

I like the sound of that.

“Deal.” I collect the mess of ingredients at my feet and follow her lead.

Hoping on the bike once again, she instructs me where to go next.

Luka

We pull next to a small shop on the corner of a quiet street.
Rhodes & Stark.

“Is this place yours?” I point at the sign.

“Mine and Sophie’s,” she answers, shuffling her keys in the lock. “Rhodes is my last name.”

“Okay, Dylan Rhodes, what do we have on the menu today?”

She opens the door. “You mean other than orgasm me to Avalon.”

Damn, that mouth.

“Touché.”

We pass through covered furniture. The pungent smell of fresh paint hangs in the air.

“This area is still under construction. It will be finished in a week.” She informs me. “The kitchen space is ready, though.”

“So you own a bakery.” I lean against the doorframe of the small space. “I’ve been cursed with a sweet tooth. This is dangerous.”

“Nothing wrong with an ounce of danger,” she quotes me from our first interaction, propelling the corner of my mouth to rise higher. “Besides,” she shoots me a mischievous smile. “I’m cursed too.”

Who is this woman?

Erupting like a volcano. Scorching my being with her magma touch. Every moment feels like I’ve known her for a thousand years like our souls speak to each other in a secret language only we know. Fuck, it feels so intimate. So raw and real.

“The grand opening will be in a week and a half.” She fills me in on the details. “Sophie and I wanted to have a business of our own. We’ve worked hard to get here. To fund our bakery and I’m proud of us.”

I step by her side, leaning my back against the island in the middle of the room.

“I always wanted to be my own boss without the clutches and at the mercy of someone else who doesn’t give a damn about their employees. I worked for a well-known bakery and it was horrendous. Their treatment toward us was shameful and on top of it all, we worked crazy hours with minimum rest and minimum wage. They didn’t care and they made sure we knew it at every turn. This place won’t be like that. It will be respectful, communicative, and hopefully a community for those who need it.”

“Count me as a regular from now on.” I will come to buy the desserts she makes but mostly, I will come to see the pretty lady behind them.

She grins, putting her coat on a nearby stool.

I’m right on her heels.

“You like food play, and chocolate cake would be fun to play with and it’d be a heck of a dessert.”

“I can’t say I don’t like your train of thought.” I can’t grasp the fact she

thought about me and what I like. Putting my needs on display. Fixing a dish for us both.

“I’ll guide you through.” Dylan starts pulling bowls and measuring cups as she instructs me on what to do at each step.

“Don’t spread my secret ingredient but I love putting rum extract in my cakes. It adds to the flavor.” Watching the passion mirrored in her body language and the glimmer in her eyes tugs at my heart.

I know that feeling. Having something tangible you’re proud of. Something under your craft that makes you want to wake up every day not because you have to, but because you want to.

The world is busy throwing rules at us. Expectations are setbacks. Making everyone believe that there’s something they need to aspire to and achieve in order to live the life they want.

My parents didn’t let society dictate any aspect of their lives. Or mine. Instead of living for tomorrow, I live in the here and now. Everything could crumble in a second and I would be happy I was present. Not doing what people expect of me but the opposite. And blow my mind in the process because, in the end, it’s about us. Individuals.

Dylan is a solo act. She may have a partner but her vision is hers and hers alone. I’m lucky to witness her living her dream.

“My love for baking came from my mom. More than anything she loves baking and she is extraordinary at it.” In her element, she tells me to pour the brown mixture into a baking pan. The slippery liquid fills the pan smoothly. I push it into the oven and set the timer as she directs me.

“We’ve got about thirty minutes to kill so—“

I don’t let her finish that sentence. I already know what we both want.

My lips press to hers, and fireworks explode in the background. I push my

tongue out, she does the same and we collide into another mouth-fucking session.

The pungent odor of her arousal sends my blood straight to my cock. Her gorgeous exotic hair falls past her shoulders, I take a handful of it and tug her head back, loving the whimper that follows.

Her exposed neck amplifies my appetite for her. I plant kisses across every available spot, nip, and suck the soft skin where her neck connects to her shoulder.

My free hand roams over her body until it finds her thigh, her lush skin molds underneath my palm like clay.

She's so responsive to my touch it's magnetizing, I want to touch her again and discover every nuance my touch on her body creates.

Her fingers skim over her panties, making my need for her quadruple.

I can let her do that. I can also punish her for taking *my* pleasure in pleasuring her.

I lightly swat her hand away. Not to harm but to warn of my intentions.

"I'm the one to make you moan." I put my thumb over her panties and press her clit, starting to apply doses of pressure as I continue. "Come." I press harder. "Shudder."

Her expression is dazed, eyes glowing.

I stare into her eyes, letting my fingers roam under the waistband of her underwear, making tiny circles that I know for sure will make her clit pound in anticipation. "You don't take my pleasure away from me or else..." I swiftly peel away her jeans along with her tiny, red-lace underwear, bend down to grab it as I wait for her legs to step out of the hoops, and toss them on the stool.

SMACK.

She whimpers. “Oh shit,” her lips utter through a gasp.

SMACK.

She moans.

I don't waste my time. Or hers. Two beautiful, pink swells form on her wiggling plumped-ass for me.

“You're going to take my cock in your mouth and keep quiet.”

She nods in agreement.

“Words Dylan, do you want my cock. In. Your. Mouth?” I ask again.

“Yes.” She pulls down my jeans' zipper, kneels on the marble tiles, opens her mouth, and sticks her tongue out.

“Good girl,” my fingers caress her cheek. “Kneeling to pleasure me with your sweet mouth.” I fist her hair and tug once. “Open wide.”

I free my cock but the need to watch her beg for a taste shoots a dose of thrill down my body.

I grab her by the throat, take my cock in my other hand, and drag myself across her cheek. “After I took you home the other day,” my hard cock slides on her flesh, “I shot my cum in the shower to the nearest wall and pretended it was your soft face painted in it.”

Her soft moan washes all over my being. I continue to rub my cock across her jaw, smearing my pre-cum on her skin.

Stroking myself a few times, “How bad do you want to suck my cock?”

She watches my hand carefully, sliding up and down my length. *Yeah, you want it.* Licking her lips, she tilts her gaze until she meets mine.

The lust in her eyes is dictating my moves and I know what she'd like so I apply a slight pressure around her throat.

Observing her reactions to me is a major turn-on.

My chest heaves uncontrollably.

I keep replaying the images of her coming for me on and on. Tossing her head back, parting her lips, eyes closed. Giving in to a moment of pleasure so intense, and riding it for as long as she can.

“Put your cock inside my mouth or I’m going to jump you. I may be short but my level of determination is high.”

Her voice snaps me out of my thoughts. Well, that was unexpected.

“Please, let me taste you.” She adds.

I lay my cockhead head on her warm tongue and push inside. Her lips stretch, adjusting my size. She coats my cock with a layer of her saliva, bobbing up and down.

“Fuck, yes. Take all of me in that dirty little mouth.” I groan.

The swirling of her tongue over my piercing is an undertaking and when she fucking mewls, my ears perk to her arousing sound and I can come just by listening to her.

Applying the right amount of pressure with her hands, she rubs my length from the base. Her lips seal around my head, performing little suction that drive me to hell and back again.

Such a tease.

“Oh, fuck.”

Her tongue swipes across the ridge under the head where the piercing ends and it’s absolute pure pleasure. My eyes roll in place. “Yes baby, keep doing that. Taste me.”

She hums and more blood than I think is possible rushes to my cock.

Her hand repeatedly strokes my length back and forth while she hollows her cheeks and sucks hard.

“Yes do that,” she takes my cock in her throat, deep as she can. “W-Wildflower.” I groan.

Every roll of her tongue on my cock is an undertaking of my goddamn being and I whimper for her.

I start pumping inside her throat and I opt my pace, she's salivating around me, gagging a bit from my size but relaxes her throat the best she can to allow me the pleasure I crave.

"You're doing so well, just a little bit more." I push my cock farther.

She moans and her vibrations around my cock send me closer to the edge. Her sounds belong to me. To my fucking dark fantasies of us exploring our bodies. Our limitations.

I'll praise her more if it means she'll do that. "I'll come deep within your throat if you keep moaning." My thumb traces the softness of her wet lips.

Her hoarse sounds become louder. Muted crescendos for my ears only.

Right on time, I catch her tiny hand reaching to rub her clit, but just like that, she takes it away, preventing herself from experiencing the pleasure.

"Your sweet tiny clit needs attention?"

She tilts her head up to meet my eyes, blinking once to confirm in her adorable puppy face.

How can I say no to her? When my cock is stuffed in her mouth and all I want to do is fucking eat her. "Are you wet for me?"

She wipes her finger along her slit and shows me the evidence of her arousal.

"Touch yourself." Our eyes lock.

She starts rubbing her clit, matching the rhythm of my thrusts.

"That's it, make yourself come." I twist her hair around my palm, angle myself, and drive in her slim throat. "Smear your crimson lipstick around my cock."

It's all a mess of drool, red stains, and one beautiful woman.

A warm sensation hits my free hand when she laces our fingers. She's completely unaware of the fact she's doing it—drawing soothing circles around my padded side.

I feel it deep in my chest. The warm aching feeling of being around someone who is making you feel. Everything she does makes me want to bust, except, I want to come inside her pussy.

“Look at me when you come, wildflower, I want to see those eyes shudder underneath me to the pleasure I instill in them.” I pull myself away from her, and my cock makes a pop sound.

Confusion crosses her face.

“Don't stop, push two fingers inside your taut pussy and pump harder.”

She obliges. And I love every melody that slips her mouth. Her bottom lip is caged under her teeth, “Mmm,” she moans in a croaky voice.

It's fucking torture witnessing her pleasuring herself and not being inside her right now. “Pinch your clit for me and come.”

Her climax lasts for a long minute with my name on her lips before I haul her onto the counter. The yelps and loud noises she exhibits for me are breathtaking. They are all mine. Dedicated to me.

Separating her by the knees and exposing her sopping pussy to me, I shove my achingly, stiff cock into her pussy in one thrust.

She kisses me, taking me by surprise—it's so powerful and enchanting it drifts me away, clearing my lungs from air. Just like that, she does something that throws me off completely—she rests her forehead against mine and closes her eyes.

This moment is peaceful and all I want to do is to get lost within it. Within her.

I'm fully inside her and her wetness swallows me in. I don't want it to end.

I want to close up shop, lock the doors, throw away the keys, and stay here forever.

Dylan

I'm a loose cannon of my sexuality.

I want more. I need more. And I'm ready to find more than the mediocrity I stumbled upon all these years. This is what sex should feel like. Full of passion.

Luka shows me there's room for a wild sexual approach from both sides. But more than that—he showed me it can come with a genuine interest. Thinking about what he can do to me amplifies my sex drive.

The oven pings.

In unison, we dart our gaze toward it.

“I'll get it out.” He pulls out of me and his absence is unbearable. Every fiber of my being is screaming at me to get him back in.

Putting the pair of gloves on his hands, he places the pan on the counter next to me.

“What's the next step?” He asks with a grin.

“Pour the glazing we made on top to make it soft and wet.” I guide him, wishing he would hurry up.

“Is that a code?” He side-eyes me in question, “Are you talking dirty to me?”

I shove at his shoulder playfully, “No!” Maybe... “Your mind is in the gutter all hours of the day?”

“Just when I’m with you,” he recalls.

I grin at that and my lady-bits buzz.

He wipes some chocolate syrup with his finger, sucking it between his lips. “Sweets are my weakness, wildflower.” He winks at me, “You should know.”

The boil in my cheeks starts instantly.

He inches closer, establishing my embarrassment.

In seconds he’s back inside me, his cock fills me to the brim. “I love to see the effect of my words on you.”

I gulp my saliva hard.

“Your heart beats faster when I’m near you.” He grips my throat. “I set the pace of your breathing.”

Yes, he does.

Our lips almost caressing.

“Your knees are weak and your pussy is fucking dripping.” He applies pressure around my throat, “I’ll leave some of the glaze to paint your skin.”

My face is stuck on his and I feel like I’m about to faint from all the rush that is flooding my system.

“Do you need incentives?” he wets his lips.

I try to infiltrate those murky wonders staring back at me. “What do you mean?”

“To function. To bake. To come undone.”

A gasp bursts out of my lips.

Instinctively, my palm rests on his chest and my eyes search his. “Yes,

please.”

“Mmm.” A guttural rumble erupts from his chest. “Fuck, I love to hear those words.” His nose nuzzles mine. “I guess, I’ll be eating two sweets today. But you, you are my favorite.” He winks.

His praise and his blanketing words fill something deep inside me that longs for this type of reciprocation.

He removes any unnecessary fabric, “I prefer those full breasts on display.” My hard peaks poke at him.

I lean back on my forearms for support, fully naked under his roving gaze.

He grabs the spoon we used to mix the ingredients, plunges it into the cake, and lines it against my lips. “Open your mouth, and eat it like a good girl while I fuck you.”

It’s like he turned the switch up to burning hot degrees of dirty talk.

I love it when he dominates me like that. It unlocks the deep desire within me, begging to be wrecked. Craved.

Gently, he spreads my legs wider and stares into my eyes.

I take the warm bite coated with chocolate syrup into my mouth. Once the bob of my swallowing throat passes, a moan gracefully flits the air to the force of his thrust.

Grinding his pelvis on my bundle of nerves. Another deep thrust and a slow withdrawal follow the previous.

Best of both worlds happens right here in my shop’s kitchen. This is absurd. Yet nothing with Luka is. He makes everything appear *simple*.

“I want to see us.”

He helps me position my upper body upfront, latching my hands around his neck as he makes tiny movements inside me.

Our joined sexes slap against each other, and a buzzing sensation brews in

my body, traveling through my veins and tickling my hands, feet, and pussy.

The sloppy sounds reverberate around us.

“Look at how your pussy accepts me so well.” He whispers in my ear, sliding in and out.

Our connection is alluring. It’s our own special clutch, much like riding his bike; if you know how to use it right, you’re bound for a hell of a ride.

He licks the drops of chocolate covering the corners of my mouth.

Smearing syrup on my jaw and breast, he flattens his tongue, collecting the stains on my skin and leaving the spots clean. “It tastes better on you.”

He gathers more on the spoon and paints my face with it to his liking. A small stream trickles down my jaw and onto my chest. His tongue swipes a straight line from there up to my jaw and deep dives into my mouth.

I taste the sweetness in every stroke he inflicts in my mouth.

Both hands around my neck, he pulls away from our kiss to lick the syrup from my cheeks and nose.

His pumps become remorseless. Slamming into my hole with a mind-blowing eagerness. Every pump is stretching me and filling me deeper.

“L-Luka.” I moan his name loudly. The feeling of the cool metal of the spoon on my clit and the metal attached to his cockhead send electricity throughout my spine.

“I’m coming.” He groans to my ear and I feel his cock jerk in the depth of me.

I let go of everything I am into this peaceful dimension as we both come together.

His warm release mixes with mine, spilling down my convulsing pussy onto the counter.

He rubs his jaw on my cheek, sniffing my damped lava tendrils and tickling

my ear when he exhales a breath. “I’d whisk you away.”

Was that a suggestion? A crack of insinuation that might lead to another day? Perhaps, a part of the exchange we shared earlier today?

I shake the thought away. It could be the heat of the moment. This sexual day speaking instead of a man who offered a onetime deal.

Assumptions are the devil in disguise.

I can’t stand it.

I prefer transparency. We should communicate our intentions in the end.

“We have work to do,” I say.

He raises an eyebrow at me. “Like what?”

“Clean the new mess we’ve made.” A small grin settles on my countenance.

“We will,” his fingers lace at the small of my back as he leans to hug me.

“Take a deep breath, wildflower. I’m here now.”

The soothing words lift the weights threatening to collapse.

I relish in his comforting essence. I have never known a man like Luka. He is free, funny, patient, and passionate about life despite the turmoil it may bring.

He lives to give, it doesn’t take away from who he is because he equally gains.

Dylan

Back in Luka's apartment.

Music plays in full volume from a speaker he connected to his phone. He surprised me by saying he wanted to cook us dinner. Initially, he wanted me to rest but I wanted to watch him cook. Hence why, I'm cleaning the dirty dishes he gathered while he makes our food.

A pot half filled with water is resting on the gas cooktop. The Alfredo for the Fettuccine is done and so are the fresh leafy greens he added as extras. Every cut is precise. He's extremely artsy even when he cooks, and the aromas are divine.

I truly feel at peace.

Dancing in the Kitchen by LANY starts playing and Luka immediately grabs my hand and starts swaying me around to the notes enfolding us.

We slow dance at the beginning until he bumps his butt into mine and I repay him with a bump of my own, sending him flying a few inches away.

He catches me between his arms, looking at me, chest heaving, and his tongue licks and bites his lower lip. *He always does that.*

That smirk flashes in an instant. “You still owe me a dance.”

“Count it as me paying my debt.”

He spins me around, twirling me to the beat, and dips me to the side as the song progresses. We’re sliding on the floor, generating the silliest, bizarre dance moves we can muster.

Possessed by this moment in time, I pant from exertion but I can’t stop my laughter as it escapes my mouth for these long minutes.

“There’s the woman who danced at my club without a care in the world. I couldn’t look away from her.” He says before his lips captivate mine into a passionate kiss. It deepens and consumes us with its intensity.

This entire perfect day, *I am* lucky to spend with Luka.

Getting to know people you have a connection with may seem impossible at times. Finding someone who you share a bond with. An ultimate magnetism toward one another that overpowers any other relationships you had.

Whom you feel free with. Silly. Desired. Adored. It’s not a one-way street but two. And it’s harder to find when you start to lose hope and feed your insecurities the worst kind of meal—doubt.

Luka is empowering. He communicates his intentions and feelings out loud. He accepts the person in front of him with no crumb of judgment. He shows admiration through his touch. And he makes a woman’s inner sexual goddess wake up and orgasm like a nuclear bomb.

It wasn’t just the sex and the orgasms. It was how he made me feel before, during, and after. Accepted. Safe. Worshiped.

He didn’t pressure me to do anything I didn’t want to. He asked for my consent at all times and he was putting my emotions and needs on top of everything else.

This is a memory I will cherish regardless of what happens after.

The bed beneath me cradles my relaxed form, Luka demanded I get some rest. After dinner, we showered the Alfredo *he* smeared over my thighs and licked to the rhythm of another song. *Fettuccini ain't got nothing on you*. I laugh at the memory.

“Dylan, I got to run to the shop below for a moment. I’ll be back in a bit.” He informs me, making his way out.

“Okay, I’ll be here.” On your bed. Wishing this day would never be over.

Sophie: Girl, how’s it going?

Sophie’s text flashes on the top of my screen.

Dylan: Honestly, the best time I’ve ever had.

Sophie: Wow, THAT good?!

Dylan: Remarkable!

I call and tell her a little bit about our rendezvous over the course of one day.

“Shit girl, he sounds like a dream.” The shock in her tone echoes through the other end of the line.

I gaze at the ceiling. “Yeah, one I will wake up from very soon.”

“Don’t be like that. Maybe he will ask you out. And if not, ask him. You always go after what you want.” I do and every time I go after a man it blows up in my face.

I show my interest and suddenly I’m the desperate one because I am confident enough to go after what I want.

They’re sweet in the beginning until they turn hostile, manipulative, or simply lose interest. At least from my experience. I know I’m projecting. Not everyone is like that. I just don’t like the pain associated with it. The

disappointment churns in my stomach and messes with my mind. I want my piece of mind intact.

I don't want to give up on Luka either, but he didn't express any verbal sign that suggests he wants more. And soon I'll be walking out that door and I might not come back.

Unknown: Get your sweet ass on the roof, wildflower. The door next to the elevator will lead you there. Hurry up!

The rush in my bloodstream spikes up. Sneaky-Luka. He must have taken my number the day he texted Sophie from my phone.

“Soph, I got to go. I'll call you later. Love Ya'!” My decibels travel all over the place as excitement bubbles to the surface.

“Go get him,” Sophie shouts before I toss the phone on the mattress, run to the door, and climb upstairs.

Covered by the darkness of the night, the moonlight beams softly on our faces.

Luka is sitting on a wide couch-chair, completely naked.

A string of fairy lights is wrapped around the chair's legs, adding a faint light from underneath.

Craft supply spills over the table next to it.

“Strip and come straddle my lap.” He commands without breaking eye contact.

I hook two thumbs in the waistband of my sweats, taking them along with my underwear down until they pool at my bare feet. My body shivers under the shift of the cool weather.

I get rid of my shirt too, his eyes sweep down my body, taking every inch of me in.

I'm growing accustomed to being comfortably naked around him.

“Come here.” He taps on his lap.

I comply, climbing on top, needing the warmth of his body to soothe me.

The woodsy cologne rinsing his skin transmitting arousal down my center.

He flexes a hand to the table behind me and wraps a burgundy fluffy blanket around my back. “Better?”

“Yes, thank you.” I like this side of him, the caring, nurturing and attuned to my needs.

“Lift your hips and slide down my cock.”

His cockhead is poking my entrance and I missed the feel of him in the depth of my walls.

I find a comfortable position, his palms rest to either side of my hip. I take his hard length and guide it to my opening yet keeping him outside.

“Do it.” He grunts to my squeeze and I use my thumb to brush the piercing. “Fuck.” His hands dig into my thighs. “Put me inside you.”

I love seeing what a simple thing can do to him. A basic touch by my hand that pushes his need and makes the waiting unbearable. “Beg.” My red lips claim against his mouth.

His heavy breathing brushes my skin. “Please, wildflower. Let me in.”

I grin in delight to myself on the inside.

The pierced crown of his cock slips through my slicked heat.

Eyes locked on each other, I sink with a mind-blowing pressure, causing us both to gasp and moan.

The sweet stretch is diluted with a sting of pain as he passes the ring of nerves.

Through a groan, he says, “Ride my cock like your life is dependent on it.”

I slide up and down his length, finding my rhythm, I roll my hips in circles and toss my head back.

He nibbles my neck, lightly dragging my skin with his teeth and sucking it in his mouth, then rolling his tongue on my flesh. He repeats this process a few times and picks another spot to torture.

“Feel your juices slide down your pussy from the pit of your stomach, dampening your walls and pushing through your center. Enjoy this.”

A moan filters through.

He knows how to stir me crazy with his words, deep husky voice, and the hot accent he wields like a weapon.

The combination of my wildest dreams.

His palms squeeze my breasts, pinch my taut peaks before he takes them in his mouth and pretends to suckle on them.

“Mmm, Luka.” A shuddered-moan flies into the air.

His palm molds into my thigh, traveling upward to my waist and pushing me down on him.

“It feels so deep.” The knot within me wishes to break.

“I’d spank your tight ass until your cheeks change color to match the ones on your face,” he breathes heavily. “Then, I’d take your untouched asshole and make it mine to savagely rummage.”

I lean forward to capture his lips with mine, tasting the minty flavor of his filthy mouth as we’re lapping our tongues around each other.

I comb my fingers through his black hair, kiss his clean-shaven jaw, and lick along his thick tattooed neck.

Digging my nails into the masterpiece covering his shoulder blades, I leave my own marks on his flesh.

My hips bounce on his lap faster and harder, liking the sounds I elicit from the deep in his throat.

His finger caresses the gap between my breasts and trails down to the place

we're connected. "Your swollen clit needs my touch?"

"Yes," I moan. "Please, t-touch me."

He presses down my clit, the sensation intensifies and it becomes impossible to think.

Feathering his other hand down my spine and squeezing my ass hard. Luka tosses his head back for a split second and I stick my tongue to his Adam's apple—needing to eat him. Lick him. Do anything I can to him.

The mounted peak under my tongue bobs as his swallows grow thicker and more rapid.

"I'll put my cock inside you a thousand more times just to see your endless beauty coming undone by my touch." Luka's voice is a far whisper as his fingers lock around my throat.

"Ahh, Luka."

"Come for me, wildflower." He commands.

The orgasm blossoms when he chokes me lightly, and it takes over my body. I spasm around his pulsating cock while his spurts of cum jolt inside me.

I lean on his chest, he holds me and thrusts until his strokes become lazy and languid. Spreading his warmth through every fiber of my being.

My organs are buzzing, yet, the dread of the hour twists my stomach.

I'm happy and grateful for him. I say it from the bottom of my heart. My being. But I can't shake the daunting feeling of this coming to an end.

We just started exploring. Scratching the surface of this inconceivable compatibility we have. And it's over in the blink of an eye.

Am I acting like a teenage girl over him? Spending a day with someone shouldn't make me feel so hollow but it does. Just knowing that I might not see him again unnerves me.

He is one of a kind even though I don't know him. Not really. But I did witness him for over a day and he was nothing short of a gentleman with devil's horns. The kind I like.

"What's wrong?" His smooth chest expands under my touch. Underneath the grim reaper, a garden of big, detailed daffodils covers his chest, accompanied by the word, *Family*.

"I don't want this to end." I like our energy together.

His thumb and forefinger nudge my chin up. "It doesn't have to be over. Not if you don't want to. I don't want to." He is honest to a fault and that's the first thing I liked about him. No bullshit. A straight shooter with a brilliant aim.

I nod in acceptance of his words.

He reaches for something on the table behind us while still staring at me. The familiar pen comes to view, he glances at me one last time before my hand has his full attention.

Branding me with his marks again. His eyes are searching between mine for a reaction.

Date me?

My heart hammers in my throat. Flowers bloom in my core at the thought. What if he is my person? And I have met him in the most unimaginable way.

Twirling his black strand between my fingers, "Will you stop marking me with your pen?"

"No promises. I think it's my new hobby."

I smirk. "Good, I like it."

He mirrors my expression.

"Yes," I reply.

"Yes, what?" He studies me.

Am I getting addicted to our exchange?

“I would like to go on a date with you.”

“Yeah,” that wicked smirk again; concocting another plan, “imma need to see your license first.”

I can’t shake the laughter it evokes in me while I rest my forehead on his shoulder.

“I want to see your beautiful face when you wake up again.” He breathes me in. “I don’t want to fuck you for a weekend. A day. An hour. I want to explore your mind and body. Be consumed by your thoughts, emotions, and your heart. I want to get to know you. Your many shades. Your essence. Your energy. Your love.” He rains kisses on my hair and every available spot he scours.

My heart is melting in my chest.

“Was that a trap? The deal.” My fingertips skim over his neck and throat, tracing every part of him.

“Maybe,” his eyes infiltrate mine. “I had to make you come back somehow. It’s always fun when an unexpected element is involved.”

The genuine stare we share gets punctured when that damn curve at the edge of his mouth rises. “I’d like to think I’m not a jerk or self-absorbed but the better question is—am I the fairy of the dating scene?”

The temperatures increase throughout my body. “You’re a different breed, Luka Birmingham.”

“I’ve been compared to a dog before by Ronnie.” That gorgeous laugh of his lifts a smile on my face.

“How so?” I question.

“I’m the protective one who’s waiting for his owner’s permission.”

“Are you?”

“Maybe,” he draws a line along the gap between my breasts, “as long as she lets me have fun sometimes and do things my way.”

“Deal.”

He pulls me by the nape of my neck into a long, deep, feverish kiss.

My fingers flick the bar piercing his nipple from side to side.

He gasps. “Wildflower.”

I’m high on the effect it has on him as he grows thicker inside me again. I grasp the marker that is lying on the edge of the table and write on the inner side of his palm, *Yours for 24 hella-hours.*

Epilogue

One year later

“**W**here are you,” he chants to himself what he is typing on his phone, waiting for my sweet ass to arrive. “Wildflower.”

The sexy image of my man on his bike in the parking lot of his building is alive before my eyes.

“I’m here!” I chant back. “Had to wear my new jacket and gloves.”

“And you look hella-sexy in it.” He checks me out from head to toe and that beautiful grin I can’t get enough of forms on his face.

I spin to show him all angles of what he loves so much. Me.

“Is my backpack ready for the ride of her life?” His feet dangle in the air while he sits backward—totally intentional—like the cutest thing in the whole wide world but a devil underneath his biker’s dark, sexy jacket.

“Hell yes,” I giggle as he climbs off, bends down so I can jump on his back to settle us both on the bike. Then he pulls me closer by my thighs and a wide grin crosses my face.

“You sure? It’s going to be fast with no remorse.” He would never do something to hurt me even when he makes those kinds of promises. My

safety always comes first to him.

“Let’s go, stranger-danger.”

Off we ride to the next adventure. Always a different route in our rearview mirror. Even though it could take a few hours or a day, we love those rides together. When the streets are almost clean and our sex-capades are never-ending. *I totally made up a word to describe our sex adventures.*

Our little shenanigans are one of our favorite things to bond over.

We share a mutual love for the dark, unknown, wild side. It’s a part of who we are, a piece we tried to match with another one in the past but never did until we found each other.

I already started to take bike lessons and am looking at bikes that will match my overall needs. I’m pretty settled on adding a baby Kawasaki to the family. I can see the pride in Luka’s eyes toward me for stepping into a new lifestyle. His lifestyle. And now *ours*.

“I can’t wait to ride with you next to me.”

“Me neither.”

My arms wide open, fingers strumming the wind as I arch my back and crane my neck to the dark skies, getting lost in this freeing feeling with my most treasured person.

The highway at night has an enchanting feel to it. The perfect dose of adrenaline and sex drive is filling my system as we fly across the almost empty road. Dirt and grass decorate the margins, and occasionally, houses too.

My grip tightens around him, an intense hug that is filled with joy as the strands of my hair fly underneath the helmet.

“You having fun, baby?” Luka’s excitement transfers to his voice.

We interlace our gloved fingers and he slows the pace to allow me to

balance my heart rate so I won't get dizzy.

“Yes, I love it.” I grab his confined-cock and squeeze lightly while my fingers scratch his clothed chest.

He reaches his hand to me, kneading my thigh and rubbing softly.

I'm so fucking horny right now.

“Already looking for some action?” His genuine laugh echoes in the helmet speaker while his fingers roam over my clothes and rub my clit.

I giggle. “You know me.”

“That first day we spent together, the urge to watch you suck strawberries with my cum all over them was unbearable.”

My audible whimper echoes inside my caged head. Those little comments he makes about our first day always get me flustered with need.

Abruptly, the bike pulls by the side of a darkened road. Luka turns his body around, removing his helmet in the process and then his gloves and mine.

“But I wanted to take it slow and it was mostly about your pleasure. I enjoy watching you squirm under my touch.” He pulls our bodies closer, fastening our hands together.

Damn him and his flawless body for making me a hot mess.

“I wish I had the perfect words to tell you how you make me feel. But words will only diminish us.” The visor of my helmet does nothing to eliminate Luka's reflected longing. “To have you riding my cock while I'm riding my bike is fucking madness, and I will make your screams top the motor's roar, wildflower.”

Exposing his erect cock to me, he removes my comfy sweats and pushes my underwear to the side to check my arousal.

The side-curve on his mouth tells me he's satisfied with my wetness situation. “I'll take that,” he grabs the light backpack—we carry with us on

our rides, shoves my sweats and our gear inside, and tightens the straps on his shoulders.

Taking my hand in his, he uses us to stroke his cock a few times, up and down with some pressure.

“Your safeword?”

“Kawasaki.”

He lifts me in the air easily like he’d done a thousand times with minimum effort. “I love how riding makes you so. Fucking. Wet.”

Changing our positions by putting me on the front seat, I gasp as our sexes are joined together. The immense pressure we instill in each other is sensational. Diabolical.

The moment I drop on his cock, arching my back on the fuel tank. The exhaust is revving with torturous vibrations, my bare ass can feel just fine; it adds to the pleasure of feeling him inside me on the open route.

“You’re such a good girl.” The heated expression in his eyes is like a storm raging on the horizon waiting to wreck what’s in front of it. His teeth graze my collar, biting my flesh softly and licking upward my neck. “Are you ready for your live performance?” he tucks his helmet back on.

My legs are wrapped around his waist while my hands grab onto them firmly, “Hold on tight.” We take off before I have a chance to reply.

It’s fucking wild and sexy and unbelievably insane. Not comfortable, yet, hot. We’re already known for taunting the devil. Mine especially.

“Start moving.” He pumps the gas higher but still slowly, “Pleasure yourself on my cock.”

And fuck I do.

In circles, my pussy swallows him in and grips his cock tight.

My body yearns for him every hour of every day like a sex-crazed maniac.

“This is the best feeling ever.” He declares.

I moan. “M-hmm, yes.”

He drives significantly slow than he would on other occasions—playing with all the instruments at once—pushing the brakes every few seconds that causes him to get balls deep inside me. He thrusts me back, lifting my ass a little, and drives in me like the wild heart he is.

We’re exchanging pleasure and conveying it to something so powerful and beautiful.

Nothing seems tangible at this moment except the grip I have on Luka’s waist as he thrusts deep in the spot where his piercing kisses the depth of me again and again—the one belonging only to him—sending me spiraling out of control.

A scream rumbles from my chest, deafening the silence surrounding us as he pulls over to a gravel off the road.

Before he commands me another order I take the opportunity and shove him backward. I bounce on his cock, losing myself in our connection.

Intertwining our fingers, I place his palms on my hips.

I can’t see his eyes but I can feel him staring at me through the visor, enchanted by our new shared memory.

“I love the feel of your thick cock inside me, penetrating my walls as you’re getting deeper and deeper, stretching my tight pussy and opening me up just for you.” I share with him.

“Fuck,” Luka gasps.

We moan and whimper loudly as I continue to ride him for long minutes, watching our spirits bind together, pouring our energies into each other.

“Turn around and straddle me.” He straightens back up a little, waiting for me.

I comply, gluing my back with his front, and once again filled to the brim by him.

He pushes me against the bike's fuel tank and slams deeper within me repeatedly, as fast as he can go.

We're fucking like two animals on the side of the road.

His fingers dig into the apex of my thigh until they drag a straight line to my clit and rub me gently, opposite to the force of his thrusts. His other hand stabilizes me by the waist, balancing him as well. "I knew we were going to break so many laws together."

His large hand cups my breast while pumping mercilessly inside me. Every thrust is deeper than the previous.

"You want me to break you?" he withdraws and shoves his cock hard inside me, ones. "Put you back together around my cock." Finally, my throat gets some of his attention as the squeeze tightens.

"Break me." Lifting my hand on top of his, I urge him to squeeze my heavy breast. He does, pinching my nipple in the process.

The peak is so near I'm about to burst.

He withdraws again.

Our helmets are still on, clanking against each other. Being out like this, visible to the public eye is so freaking hot even when no one is around to watch—as far as I can see.

He's propping my thighs on his forearms, I lean against his chest and his palms hold the underside of my knees.

Lifting me up and down his cock in a rhythmic sensation that titillates and itches all the delicious parts inside me. A few rounds until he shoves me back forward and slams his stiff cock within me.

"You'll take everything I give you while I shove my cock deep inside your

sweet pussy.”

SMACK.

His palm lands on my ass cheek, oh-so deliciously, leaving his handprint, slamming the other side, and resuming to toy with my clit.

Arousal drips down my thigh.

Sweating in our helmets, we moan over and over. I love the way he groans for me knowing it turns me on even more.

Our sounds are getting louder and louder.

“Mm Luka.”

“I know,” he gasps. “You’re so good at being my good girl. I’m going to release my cum deep inside you.”

I bite down my lip. My body is a fire hose. My brain is foggy. My lungs barely collect air. I’m completely immersed in this moment. Whimpering uncontrollably.

“I want to be fucked up by you, wildflower, because there is no one else. Never will be.” He’s thrusting deep inside, non-stop, until stars fly around this haven we created together.

It doesn’t take long for us to shudder like two lunatics who are coming for each other for the world to see.



I stare at the identical tail-ring tattoo with horns circling my finger.

The one Luka and I share.

The note he left on my hand this morning is still marking my skin.

I love you, wildflower.

He once told me that inside the word wildflower, there's the word wife and he intends to make me his for eternity.

Ever since the first day I met him our affinity for each other grew at each step and turn. It wasn't just once in a lifetime. Every day I spend with Luka is better. Filled with adventures like we both love.

I'm the one who started underground and made it to his Olympus, the best focal point.

He inspires me every day to try new things and raise the stakes higher.

Rhodes & Stark has been doing well ever since the opening. We signed a contract with a few local firms to supply them with delicious treats for their employees. Even private businesses joined in on the trend and are now part of our weekly shipping.

Luka pushes my business to every client that rents *Hella Club* for an event if they need some desserts for the occasion.

The way he glows when he explains the craft behind different ink techniques to his apprentice is priceless.

"I'll be upstairs, Bradley. If you need me, call me." Luka informs him.

"Will do, boss."

The moment we're back in our apartment, I run to the bathroom and he is quick to gallop behind me.

I open the tap and water cascades down his clothed physique. After last night, we decided to stay indoors for the rest of the night.

Moving to his apartment four months ago was a wild adventure. Ever since, it's even more thrilling, sexy, and dangerous. We love to explore our kinks and try new ones.

"Those were new clothes." Unimpressed by my act, he shakes his head sideways.

“Now they’re soaked clothes,” I retort, the goofiness pours out of me.

“Fuck, you’re such a brat sometimes.” The corner of his mouth tugs up, “who earned herself a spanking session.”

My entire body lights up to those words and I tease him by undressing myself.

He takes his clothes off and reenters the shower with me. His lips find their way to mine, pushing past them with eagerness.

Gently, he extracts the butt plug he instilled in me this morning. “Are you alright?”

“Peachy,” I taunt.

Without any warning, he shoves my front to the wall, plunges three fingers inside my pussy while filling my back hole with his thick cock, grabs my throat, and seals the soft texture of the mouth I want all over me.

“Mmm.”

“I know what my future wife needs.”

The sensation is overwhelming. That butt plug he constantly uses on me is a miracle worker.

My body is already shaking, “Luka.”

“You’re so beautiful taking me in and out of your ass like a good girl.” He hisses in my ear, pumping in a divine rhythm, back and forth, my taut hole is dripping endlessly for him. “As long as you laugh or scream I’ll be whatever you need me to be.”

SMACK.

SMACK.

Each butt cheek gets its own thundering slap, causing my inner walls to clench tightly around his cock.

Squeezing my throat once, “Now give me your orgasms.”

I shudder to a million, little, blissful particles. He follows right behind me, pouring his cum within me.

After our breaths slow down our bodies relax. A wicked grin forms on his lips. “Good, now we’ll both watch me fuck your holes till our cum leaks out of you.”

A soft-moan leaves my throat. “I have an idea...”

“What kind of an idea?” he questions.

“Wait here.”

My feet skip their way to the kitchen to grab an orange, and a knife then run back to the shower, leaving droplets of water on the floor.

Cutting a hole in the middle to match Luka’s width, I slide it on him and rub it along the hard cock I love to swallow so much.

The pierced head invades my lips and the suction I perform pulling the guttural groans to the steamy bathroom where his handprint decorates the glass doors next to my message. *Fuck me, Luka.*

“Does it feel like being inside me?”

He caresses my cheek—so much love reflects in our eyes.

“Nothing compares to being inside you, wildflower.” He bites down his lower lip as I continue to suck him and rub the fruit along his length. “It feels—fuck.” He grunts.

My tongue plays with the piercing, flicking it from side to side. Up and down. Teasing the ridge of the head the more I twirl my hungry muscle around his thick cock. Making sure to play with the other end of the barbell underneath the bottom gland to amplify his pleasure.

I gaze up at him, *I’m the luckiest woman who is going to marry this man.*

We’re going to Australia in a week to get married in his grandma’s backyard where he carries so many memories. Good and bad. All dear to

him.

She's the only relative he's got and I wanted her to be a part of it. Luka didn't reject my proposal so I told my parents and my best friends to get ready for an adventure.

They immediately buckled up, including Ronnie and Amber, his new girlfriend. All are joining our celebration.

I'm going to marry the man of my dreams. The one I read about in books. The one who lives in my fantasies. Only this time—he is real.

And he is all mine.

I moan around his cock, knowing the vibrations will make him roll his eyes and spread his come all over my face.

My hands rub the orange faster and my lips closing in on his head, sucking him hard as I hollow my cheeks.

The taste of the fruit mixes with his cum as he shoots his load in my mouth and sprays my cheeks with the last spurts.

"I'm going to love you and fuck you all night," Luka stares at me.

I lick the remnants from his crown and my lips while he takes the fruit away and settles himself on the floor between my legs.

His fingers skim over my tatted thigh.

His ink.

His permanent mark.

"Be gentle, I'm already sensitive."

"I'm gentle where I need to be and the devil you love where it counts." The kiss he injects me evacuates every thought in my mind.

The only person to exist in the universe is Luka. *Fuck, I love this man.*

If you choose to ignore someone or walk away from them you can miss the love of your life because you didn't give them a chance and you didn't give

yourself one either.

It's crazy to think we could've missed each other. We did once without realizing it. But sometimes an unexpected day can change your entire life and turn the game into a reality.

“I love you, stranger.”

The end

But technically it's just the beginning...

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About the Author

Spicy. Kinky. Romance & Dark Romance Author

Writing different tropes and sexy characters with tattoos 100% of the time.

I'm a chaotic writer in all my glory. I love to explore different tropes and weave my way through them. I'm a sucker for love stories with all kinds of lust, desire, passion, heartbreak & heartache, darkness & healing.

I plan to write many more books soon so stay tuned...