

Tempt Me
Tease Me

a naughty tale

TREAT ME

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

K.L.D  N.N

TREAT ME
A NAUGHTY TALE

KL DONN

Treat Me
Naughty Tales
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FOREWORD



Trick or treat! We have something sweet for you to devour this Halloween! These sexy heroes are about to put you under their spell...

But watch out for twists and turns, these new books will have you lusting for more!

TEN brand new stories full of...eye-candy! This holiday collection is just the right treat to get you in the mood for a sinful Hollow's Eve.

BLURB



Her eyes Tempt Me.
She looks like sin.
She dances like an angel.
His hands Tease Me.
He watches with a dark stare.
He touches as if he owns me.
She was my student.
He was my principal.
She won't let me go.
He can't walk away.
Trick or Treat
It's time to
TREAT ME

DEDICATION



For everyone who likes it a little bit naughty ;)

CHAPTER ONE

JACK



“Come on man, just one dance. A little fun. You gotta let loose!” I stare at Ethan Underwood—the history teacher at my high school and a good friend—as he begs me to accept his offer. He’s getting married in three weeks and I’m his best man. Friends since grad school, I only came out of obligation and duty.

“This isn’t my scene Eth.” I mutter as I down another glass of Single Malt and he glares at me. He knows I’m going to do it, but I’m going to be a pain in his ass about it. “Fine.” I mutter and stand up, following him and one of the waitresses working in The Secret Garden—a fancy gentleman’s club downtown—as I wonder how quickly I can get this over with.

Even though I’m the best man, Ethan’s brother Max is the one who set up the bachelor party for him when I expressed no interest in doing it. I don’t even know why he wants me to be his best man and not his brother.

“You’re lucky, tonight you get our very own Eden.” The waitress grins like the name should do something for me. Other than being a great play on words, I couldn’t care less.

“Thanks.” I mutter as she leaves with Ethan following behind like a lost puppy as I sit in the lone chair in the room.

I’m shocked at its comfort and size. At over six feet tall and still fit for my thirty-nine years old, it’s not easy to find furniture this nice to sit in.

“Welcome to the Secret Garden and enjoy your time with Eden.” A sexy voice whispers over a speaker hidden somewhere in the room.

As music begins to play a slow beat, a woman comes through a curtain from the side. She’s in black thigh high stockings, white heels, and has a silk wrap covering her body. My cock jumps as I eye fuck her body.

I’m old, not dead.

That doesn’t mean I’m not shocked by my response to the woman. Hell, I haven’t had any interest since my last breakup—four years ago. There’s only been one woman since then I’ve been interested in and she’s off limits.

Not that I’ll ever see her again. She had big dreams.

Eden sways closer, spinning in slow sensual circles around my seat in the middle of the room. She has a masquerade mask covering the upper half of her face and her dark locks fall in curled ribbons down her back. The woman knows how to move and entice a man.

I’m lost in the sexy fog of her presence and I don’t realize the slow song has switched to a faster one until she’s straddling my lap.

“No touching.” Her husky voice breaths in my ear.

“No promises.” I growl as I dig my fingers into the chair arms.

I can feel the heat of her cunt just centimeters above my throbbing dick as she sways back and forth. Teasing the beast, I’m desperately trying to rein in.

“You sound like a monster.” Her purred words only intensify the growling in the back of my throat. “I bet your wife loves it.”

“No wife.” I bite out through a clenched jaw. I’d like to rip the black negligee she’s wearing off with my teeth.

“Girlfriend then. A big bad boy like you can’t possibly be single.” She stands and turns, sits right in my fucking lap and

grinds her voluptuous ass into my cock while leaning against my chest and staring up at me through the fucking mask.

“Single.” I bite out the single word, trying to concentrate on not picking her up, slamming her back against the wall and driving my dick into her tight little pussy.

“Really?” There’s genuine shock in her tone. “There’s a Halloween party next week, you should come. First dance is on the house.” Breaking eye contact, I allow my gaze to roam down her body, missing her chocolate coloured eyes already.

My mouth waters as I see her perky nipples poking through the lace material of her gown. “Fuck that’s a beautiful sight.” I groan.

“Thank you.” Her breath catches and it’s not until then that I realize I’ve reached over with one hand to grip her hip, holding her in place.

“Shit. Sorry.” I mutter, not wanting her to call out for the bouncer and end this dance. I need more from her. So much fucking more.

She tenses when I let her go and when she begins to stand up, I open my mouth to protest until she turns to straddle my lap again. Only this time she sits all the way down. Nestling my rigid cock between her thighs and rubbing up and down slowly.

“Here,” she grips my wrists and pries them off the chair arms. I remain silent and still as she places one hand on her ass and allows the other to cup her breast. “Nice and easy.” Her breathing quickens as I sit up straighter and lean forward, breathing in her scent at the crook of her neck.

It’s unique, something I barely remember smelling before. A mix of baby’s breath and raspberries. “Eden.” I moan as her actions pickup speed and I can feel my balls drawing up to my body, ready to release at such little contact.

Fuck, maybe I am getting old.

Eden leans down and I can feel her breath on my lips, just before we make contact a loud banging pounds on the door I came through followed by, “Five minutes!”

She jumps in my arms, but I don't let her go. I act on pure instinct as I pull her closer and control the motions of her body against me while stealing her lips for a deep plundering kiss.

I suck her tongue into my mouth and grip her hips with both hands now, pushing her up and down on my length. Her body shivers and a low moan escapes her throat.

Just as I feel her tense the music stops, and someone yells, "Eden! Times up."

We both freeze and she jumps back like I've shocked her. Our eyes meet and I swear I know them. I feel a soul deep connection I've only ever felt with one other person but it's impossible.

My Eden Glass left for the coast four months ago, after she graduated high school in June. She can't be here at a club aptly named for her.

"Thanks for the dance." I call as she vanishes as quickly as she appeared.

I walk out into the club, hard cock, pounding heart, confused about how similar she was to my Eden. My own forbidden fruit.

CHAPTER TWO

EDEN



“Hey, Eady. Got a problem.” My little brother Oliver says as I walk out of the bathroom after a hot shower. Last night there was a bachelor party at the club and after that third dance I was shaken. I wasn’t sure it was Mr. Daily until I got closer to him and then my body went crazy.

“What is it?” I wait for him to speak as I pull the brush through my hair to untangle my damn curls. Everyone is so envious of my natural curl, but they don’t understand what a pain in the ass the upkeep is.

“I need you to come to school today.” I stop all movement. Oli is in his first year of high school and for some reason he thinks he has to prove himself to the kids at John T. Maple High School. The same school I went to for my final year.

The one where I fell in love with my principal and made a fool of myself at every turn. I thought his interest piqued after there was a big bust with a student and teacher about drugs, but I was wrong. He seemed to ignore me even more after that.

It was a relief to leave.

It was also heartbreaking saying goodbye to a man who barely knew I was alive.

“What did you do?” I stare at him, trying to be the parent our parents should be. They’re off on another vacation. An Alaskan cruise, I think. They’re good parents, they’re just

wandering souls. Staying still for long periods of time has never been easy for them. My older brother, Carson and I, were able to convince them to put down roots in Edmonton, Alberta, allow Oli to complete high school in one place and we'd take care of him while they were gone. Carson however was granted a huge military contract over the summer and now he's flying back and forth from Ottawa and Vancouver as often as I need, which I try not to. He needs to focus on his career. I'm still figuring my life out so Oli can come on that ride with me.

"Nothing too bad." He looks away, which tells me, it was pretty bad.

"Spill Oli." I drop a hand on my hip in the hopes he confesses.

He rolls his eyes at my use of his nickname. "There were these kids, they're real jerks." Oli is small for his age. Probably thirty pounds less than his peers and a few inches shorter so he always feels like he has to make up for it.

"I'm waiting." My foot taps on the floor.

"I filled their lockers with inflatable boats so that when they opened them, it would explode open and they'd be knocked back." I've got the picture in my head and I know I should be giving him trouble but all I see is Grown Ups 2, when Kevin James nails his buddies with one and I want to laugh.

I turn and walk down the stairs needing to get myself together before I burst out laughing. "Was anybody hurt?"

"No."

"Property damage?" Wouldn't be the first time.

"No." This is good.

"But...?" I know there's something. There is always something with Oli.

"I also put shaving cream in their mouth guards last week." I can hear the defeat in his tone.

Christ. “You really pulled out all the stops huh?” I never really thought I’d be walking back into JTM after leaving. I should have known better. “Get your crap together, we’ll leave in five.”

I suppose this will be the test of whether or not Mr. Daily knew it was me last night or not. In some ways, I hope he does. I wanted his excitement to be for me, Eden Glass, and not for Eden of The Secret Garden.

I enjoy working at the club. The owners are great and care about their dancers, and the bouncers don’t try and grope us. We get paid amazingly and stage fees don’t cost a fortune. Until last night I’d never been tempted to play with a customer. I couldn’t seem to help myself with Mr. Daily though, I even invited him to the Halloween party next week. I’m such a fool. A glutton for punishment it seems.

“You’re the best Eady!” He calls as he runs back up to his room to grab his stuff.

“We’ll see about that after I decide whether I tell mom and dad or not.” I mutter to myself.

Oli is a good kid, he doesn’t typically do anything to intentionally hurt others. But he’s at that age now where size matters and kids are assholes. With our parents and Carson not around much, a lot of things fall to me, and I truly don’t mind, but teenage boys are a species I am not prepared for.

Once we’re in the car and a block away from my old high school, I can feel my brother staring at me. “What?” I finally ask, turning my head to look at him as I park across the street.

Instead of answering me, he jumps out of the car and stands on the sidewalk until I exit and slam my door shut. “Oli, what is the look for?”

“You probably should have changed first.” He tries to hold in a laugh as I look down at myself and what I forgot I was wearing.

Short cotton shorts—like, short, short. As in my ass cheeks are now feeling the slight morning breeze short—and a navy-blue tank top. Without a bra.

“Why didn’t you say anything at home?” I snap at him as we begin to cross the street. I should have noticed but I was so shocked by his need for me to come, that I forgot. It’s not that the clothes can’t be worn in public, more that I don’t usually like to. They’re my comfy stay at home because I’ve been dancing all night long clothes.

“I didn’t know you cared?” He smirks. The shit.

“Well,” I draw the word out as I look around and see all the horny high school boys staring, some might even recognize me from my senior year, “Maybe you’ll get street cred for having a hot sister?” I try to play it off, but really, I just want a damn sweater.

Even though it’s October, the weather is unseasonably warm, or I would have noticed before I left the house. Now I’m stuck.

Christ.

I shake my head as I hear whistling behind us as we walk through the front door of the school, heading straight to the office where of course the secretary from last year recognizes me. “Eady!” She calls, she was always a nice woman. “How nice to see you again!” I’m so glad there’s no judgment from her about what I’m wearing. I might have left if there was.

“Mrs. Archer, you look wonderful.” She has a beautiful tan making her glow.

“Why thank you, we had a wonderful late summer vacation in Hawaii and the tan seems to have stuck.” Grasping my arm, she draws me further into the office and it’s then I see him.

Mr. Daily.

Tall, dark, handsome.

The man of my dreams.

The one I fell in love with and now sends butterflies through my whole body.

“Mr. Glass, I’m glad you brought someone in today. Mr. Daily has been waiting for you.” As if he knows his name was

mentioned he looks up, his dark eyes capturing mine in an intense hold I can't handle, and I'm forced to look away.

I can't tell from the stare if he recognized me from last night or not and I'm not sure I want to know. I can only pray I come out of this in one piece and without looking like a fool in love.

"If he's busy, I can come back." I try to work my way out of it.

"Mr. Glass!" Jack's deep voice booms throughout the room, making my little brother stand up straighter.

"Yes, sir?"

"Get to class." Oli scurries out of the office faster than I can try and say have a good day.

"Miss Glass, in my office." My body lights up at his command and my feet move without thought. Strolling past his bulking frame, he slams the door shut behind him and the closed blinds clatter against the windows of his office.

I'm turning around when I feel the warmth of his large hand gripping my bicep and spinning me to face him. Without a second he thought, his full lips slam over mine and I'm pushed into the door with his bulk holding me in place.

Too confused and stunned to do anything other than allow him to plunder my mouth, I place my hands on his chest and hope I survive.

CHAPTER THREE

JACK



I watched her walk in the school. I saw her pause as she stared down at her clothes. I growled as I heard the pissant boys under my command cat calling her.

I damn near came in my slacks when our gazes collided, and I realized that she was my girl from last night.

She is Eden.

Not just Eden Glass, my former student.

But The Secret Garden's sensual dancer Eden.

Both are the same to me and I don't care how she came to be in my office, I'm just fucking glad she is. She's mine now. I've watched this girl for over a year as she struggled to hide the crush she had on me from the world.

Now I plan to capture every sigh, each moan. And finally get my hands on every succulent inch of her delicious body.

With her under my control now, I can devour her as I please.

"I fucking knew it was you." I breathe into her mouth as we come up for air.

Her eyes are closed, her breathing is labored, and her round tits shake with every pounding beat of her heart.

“Mr. Daily.” I feel her leg rub up against my thigh and I grip the thick flesh in my hand, holding her to me.

“Eden.” I groan against her neck, sucking the surface until she pushes me back.

“What are you doing?”

“Taking what’s mine.” I growl as I taste her sweet lips again.

“Mr. Daily...” She whines and my cock throbs, wanting out, demanding I free us both of our clothes and take her.

Right here.

Right now.

“Jack. Call me Jack, Eden.” My hands roam her body until I get to her hips and I drag her closer, allowing her to feel the rigid length of my cock and what she does to me. “You made a mistake today Eden.”

I see her eyes flutter as she tries to concentrate on what I’m saying. “How?”

“This fucking outfit. When I saw you, all I wanted to do was rip it off. You better still be wearing it when I pick you up tonight.” I groan, wanting to take her now.

“Tonight?” Her eyebrows furrow with her confusion.

“Tonight.” I confirm.

“I’m working tonight.” Her words only piss me off. All those horny bastards watching her.

“What time?”

She licks her lips as she tries to think. “I have three sets tonight, the first is at ten, but I have to be there for nine.”

“Fine, I’ll be at your house at eight.” My words grow harsher the more I think about her dancing for other men.

“What about Oli?”

“He’s a big boy, I’m sure he knows how to keep his trap shut.” He’d fucking better.

“I don’t know...”

“Baby, the only way you’re going in to work tonight instead of being strapped to my bed until morning is if my cum is dripping down your silky thighs while you’re dancing for other men. They need to know you’re taken and mine.” I bite the words out, forcing myself to get under control before I fuck her senseless here and now.

“Mr. Daily...”

“Jack.” I snap.

Eden’s clear green eyes stare up at me. Swirling with a mix of confusion and desire. “Jack,” she licks her lips and her hips move slightly forward, “That’s not a good idea.”

“Why the fuck not?” I see nothing wrong with it.

“Because I’m not on the pill.”

“So?” I don’t even have to think about. I’m thirty-nine fucking years old, I’m not getting any younger, and this woman is mine for life. I’ve waited a long fucking time for her. I won’t let a little thing like kids change my mind.

She rolls her eyes now and I pinch her ass cheek. “Ouch.”

“Don’t be a brat.”

“I’m not. I’m being sensible.”

“Sensible is my dick buried balls deep in your tight pussy right fucking now, but I know you won’t be up for that yet. Soon, but not yet.”

“You can’t say those things.” She smiles shyly and I know she enjoys it.

“Why the hell not?”

“Because we’re in a school. Where you’re the principal.” Her words are hushed, scandalized even and it’s cute.

“Baby, I’ll do whatever I please, whenever and wherever I please. And I’ll damn well be doing it with you.” It’s not just a promise but a damn vow. This woman is mine.

Stepping back so she can breathe, I clasp her hand in mine and drag her over to my desk. Sitting in the chair, I place her on the surface in front of me. She watches me but doesn't say anything.

“Now, let's talk about that brother of yours.” I spread her legs to see just how revealing these tiny fucking shorts are and I'm pleasantly surprised to discover she's not wearing anything underneath. “Jesus that's a nice fucking surprise.”

Rubbing my hands up her thighs, I pull the shorts to the side and see she's nice and bare, allowing me to see every inch of her dripping wet cunt.

“Do I make you this juicy, Eden?” I brush a thumb across her folds, and she shivers. Her head drops back on her shoulders and she lets out a little moan.

“When's the last time you've been touched by a real man?” As soon as the words are out of my mouth, I regret them. I don't want the fucking answer. I may kill someone. “Don't,” I snap when she opens her mouth to reply, “fucking answer that.”

Her lips quirk up to the side as I lean forward to breathe in her scent. Fuck, she's as ripe as a fresh raspberry and my mouth waters. I feel her hands grasp my hair and it's only a second later that she pushes me further into her opening, my lips against her.

Without thought my tongue comes out to play and I lick up her folds, pressing as close to her core as I can. “Right now.” I feel Eden breathe close to my ear.

Son of a bitch.

“And the time before that?” I pull away to look at her.

My sexy little woman gets brazen and leans back, lifting her shirt to show her round tits. Nipples perked up and ready for a nibble. A blush creeping up her chest. Eden places her heels on the edge of my desk as she spreads her thighs further apart.

“Last night.” She purrs and stares at my crotch where my dick is throbbing in pain.

“Before that?” Fuck I must love being tortured.

She licks her lips, closes her eyes and tilts her head. “There was a time when I just turned eighteen that this man,” her eyes open and snare me in their hypnotic stare, “knocked into me in the hallway. As he was helping me steady myself, his hand brushed across my nipples and for more than a month, I would use that feeling of complete rapture to make myself come.”

“Fuck.” I remember that. I berated myself for weeks after and tried to avoid her like crazy. Eden has always been my forbidden fruit. My own sweet hell.

“I would picture his mouth sucking on me until I came. His cock taking over my body in every way he could.” Her words are so quiet, it’s hard to hear, but my body sure as hell understands her intent.

“Christ, woman. You looking to get fucked right her and now?”

“Maybe.”

Standing, I unbutton my slacks and pull out my cock. Pulling her hips closer to the edge of the desk, I run it through her folds, allowing her to understand just how far I’m willing to go.

“You ready to be fucked senseless or should we talk?” An animalistic growl vibrates through me when she lifts her hips into my touch. Daring me to make good on my threat. “Just remember, this was your choice.” I snap as I push her to lay flat on the desk, line my cock up with her opening and slam right into her pussy.

I slap a hand over her mouth as I feel the barrier to her virginity break and her body freeze and tense at my intrusion. “What the fuck, Eden.” I bark at her quietly.

I’m not shocked that she’s a virgin, she was always quiet and never had a boyfriend from what I witnessed, but I didn’t expect her to allow me entrance to her body in my damn office.

Not a sound comes from her as I begin to move my hips slowly in and out. Her eyes watch me with every thrust though

and her body melts under my command.

“Mr. Daily...” she sighs when I remove my hand. Her frame completely relaxes when I grab a fistful of her hair, tugging hard enough she should be cringing. Begging me to let her loose. She doesn’t though, in fact she begs for more. “Harder, Mr. Daily.” I lean down to lay over top of her and she murmurs against my cheek, “Make it hurt Jack.”

Fuck. I never imagined she would be such a vixen.

Picking her up, I slowly mover her to the floor, not wanting to risk my desk making noise or objects falling. Letting Eden go, I flip her over so she’s on her knees and pull her hips back into my groin.

Putting a hand over her mouth, I hold her tight as I slam into her tight heat once more.

Fucking virgin tight. She might kill me yet.

CHAPTER FOUR



EDEN

I throb from my toes to the roots of my dark curly hair. My entire body hums with arousal and awareness of what Jack did to my body on the floor in his office.

He fucked me hard and so thoroughly my thighs still ache. He made me promise to wear something skimpier than what I wore to his office tonight because he's going to fuck me good and hard in his car so that his seed drips down my thighs all night long.

I shiver every time I think about his filthy words and the effect, they had on me.

Never in a million years would I have thought of myself as someone who enjoys rough sex, but when he slammed into my body, made pain vibrate through every fiber of my being, it only hurt for a quick second. Pleasure rolled through me after. I nearly came apart from the pain of his grip in my hair. I felt a few strands rip out and I've never been more turned on in my life.

Standing in the middle of my room in nothing but a towel after my hot shower, I stare at my closet. Wondering just what Jack would like to see me in most. My hair is already dry, and my makeup done, I just need the damn clothes. Normally I'd only throw on a pair of sweats and a sweater, but not tonight.

Tonight is all about Mr. Daily.

My high school principal.

I still can't believe I'm not dreaming. I've been in love with him for so long that it's all so surreal.

I don't get much more time to dwell on what's happening or what to wear because I hear the doorbell ring and Oli yell, "I got it!"

"Oh shit."

Grabbing my Halloween costume from last year, a plaid skirt and crop top, I throw them on. Not at all missing the irony of the outfit. Gripping my sexy black Kate Spade stiletto's, I pray neither of them are arguing.

Oli got off lucky in his punishment for his actions. He only has to clean up the mess and any graffiti around the school. He was relieved when I told him that after school.

"So this is why the easy punishment, huh?" I hear my brother's voice as I make my way downstairs.

"Not really." Jack says and I can picture his relaxed frame on the sofa in my mind. "Those punk ass shits needed a lesson in manners." He laughs.

"What's the deal with Eady then?" Oli asks in his best protective brother tone. Carson always told him when I started bringing boys around it'd be up to him to make sure they were good enough for me. I bet neither figured the man I finally brought home would be twenty years my senior.

Holy shit. I hadn't thought about that before. What if I'm some sort of mid-life crisis for him? I don't know if I could handle that.

"She's mine." I can hear the shrug in his tone but also the possessive note.

"Yours?" Oli speculates as I listen from behind the wall.

"That's what I said. Mine." I want to sigh at his words, but I bite my tongue to stay quiet, interested in this odd conversation.

"She's flighty you know."

Flighty? I'm not flighty. My head is firmly on my shoulders.

"How do you figure?" Jack asks, curiosity in his tone now.

It takes a second for my jerk brother to answer. "She has big dreams."

"Nothing wrong with that."

"She enjoys dancing at the club. It keeps her grounded."

It does?

"Where are you getting all this insight kid?" Lord I love his deep voice.

"My parents. They said Eady is just like them. That they wouldn't be surprised if she wound up travelling the world one day." When did they say this? And what the heck gave them that impression?

"Oh yeah. Means we'll be having a lot of around the world ___"

"Dude! No. Gross. I don't want to hear that. Just don't break her heart. Eady is the best person I know."

"That she is kid. That she is."

"Um, hi." I finally poke around the wall to see Jack sitting just how I pictured him and Oli standing in front of the window. "I'm ready to go."

Oli's face scrunches in disgust as he sees what I'm wearing.

Jack's eyes darken and his sweats tighten as he stands to get a complete picture.

"Get the fuck outta here kid." He tells Oli without looking away.

"You're a principal, can you talk like that?" Oli laughs a little as leaves the room.

"We ain't in school, I'll do as I please." He mutters. "Or who I please." Those words were only loud enough for me to hear. "Fuck are you sexy."

Swaying towards him, I place my hands on his wide shoulders, rubbing softly as I purr in his ear, “Thank you Mr. Daily.”

He drags me closer to his body. “Hey kid!” I stop moving as I hear my brother coming back. “Here’s a hundred bucks, get the fuck gone.” My eyes widen as he tosses some bills to my brother.

“Sweet!” The front door slams a moment later and suddenly we’re alone.

“What happened to your car?” I giggle as he slides a hand under my skirt.

“No fucking panties. Sweet Jesus baby.” He groans as he drops back onto the couch. “The car can wait, I need that pussy now.” His hand wraps around the back of my thigh and pulls me forward so I collapse onto his lap.

“Oh!” I gasp as he positions me just how he wants.

Legs spread wide open for him, my bare pussy is rubbing along his hardness as he lifts my top to reveal my naked breasts. “Fuck me. Do you ever wear underwear woman?”

“No.” I shrug a shoulder and he growls as he attacks my nipple, sucking it sharply into his mouth. “Mmm.” I breathe out as I grip a fistful of his hair this time.

I grab his free hand and place it between my legs. So many times, I’ve imagined his huge hands down there, petting me like his kitten and now that I’ve finally got him, I need it.

Like the pulsing beat in my veins, I crave everything Jack can do for me. For us.

“I don’t want to hear a single fucking sound from you, got it.” His snarl is harsh.

I only nod my head. Thoroughly enjoying this more demanding side of him.

Watching as he moves his hand lower to his pants, Jack lets his cock free and my mouth waters for a taste. “Soon.” He smirks, reading my look.

His fingers delve into my channel and massages me, rubbing along all the delicious little buttons of pleasure my body possesses. All too soon he's pulling his hands away from me and peeling off his shirt. Dropping it beside him, he places his arms across the back of the couch and issues me a command.

“Ride me, Eden, and make it fucking good.”

Challenge, accepted.

Rising up on my knees, I center myself over his length. The heat of his cock makes me shiver as I slowly lower myself down to his body again.

He's a tight fit because he's so large and I'm so new at this but I'm determined to make him eat his words.

Closing my eyes, I imagine the beat of a song in my head and begin to roll my hips to the melody. Up and down, back and forth, slide and grind.

I keep all the moans and sighs trying to break free to myself like he demanded. When I open my eyes slightly, I see Jack with his head leaning back on the sofa, appearing relaxed but as I gaze further down his arms and to his hands, I see them fisting the material in white knuckle grips. Telling me more than anything else that he's enjoying what I'm doing.

My sensual moves have him wanting more but he's waiting on me. Letting me have the control this time. Rolling my hips in the same way I would if I were giving him another lap dance, it doesn't take long for his hands to grasp my thighs and gradually begin to take his control back.

“This Halloween party at the club, tell me more about it.” His voice is hoarse.

“You have to buy tickets to reserve a dancer.” I breathe as he begins thrusting up into me.

“Oh yeah. So you'd be mine all night long?” His grin is wolfish, predatory.

“Well,” I slowly draw out, “I'm already reserved.”

“The fuck you are.” He snarls. “By who?”

“I have no,” I gasp as he slams me down onto him, “idea.”

“I would have to watch you dance for some other son of a bitch all fucking night?” His control snaps and he picks me up, carrying me over to the wall where he grips both of my wrists and slams them over my head.

“I would be giving him three lap dances and his own strip tease on stage for all to see.” I know exactly what this information will do to his control, but I taunt him anyways.

“Fuck. No.” His hips are thrusting wildly as he slams in and out of my body. The pain nearly unbearable as I feel my body shake with my desire.

“They allow touching too.” He bites my neck roughly and I know I’ll be bruised. I don’t stop though. “Hips, thighs, arms, only.”

“I’ll fucking rip his arms off his body and beat him to death with them.” His threat, serious as it is, turns me on further.

“I heard some girls allow more though, you could get one of them.” I supply helpfully.

“I fucking want you. Not some other random chick. You’re mine, not them.” I’m pleased that he doesn’t ask what more some girls allow. “This sweet little pussy is mine and no one else better fucking touch it or I’ll kill them.”

He continues to slam into me, my thighs shake with the aching pain and my heartbeat is out of control. “Oh Jack. Oh God. Ohhhhhh.” I moan my pleasure as I feel him release into me.

Every heated splash coats my insides and I can only hope this feeling stays with me all night long.

CHAPTER FIVE

JACK



This is complete fucking bullshit.

I sit behind my desk at nearly noon waiting to hear from Eden. She worked later than anticipated because one of the other girls was in an accident on the way to work and was sent to the hospital. By three I had to get home to sleep and grudgingly left her there.

She swore the bouncers always walked the girls to their cars and since I gave her a ride to work, she'd just hitch one with one of the other girls. She texted me when she got home at six and I was pissed.

How the fuck can they expect her to work such long hours? Especially after she'd been up almost all damn day.

"Mr. Daily?" Mrs. Archer pokes her head into my office.

"What?" I snap, my shitty mood being taken out on everyone else.

"Mr. Glass is here to see you." I didn't call for the kid.

"Send him in." I tell her as I continue to stare at my computer screen, the words are blurred as my anger continues to rise.

Seeing a shadow in the doorway, I stand up. "Oliver, what can I—" My words halt as I see it's not Eden's younger brother but an older version. "How can I help you?"

“You’re Jack Daily?” The young man asks. I nod. “The one who gave my little brother a hundred bucks so you could fuck my sister?” And now I know where this is going.

“Shut the door.” I bark, grateful the office is empty. He slams it shut and storms towards me. I meet him halfway. “Who are you exactly?”

“Carson, Eady’s older brother.” Ahh, now it makes more sense.

“I see.” Rubbing a hand along my stubbled jaw, I was too aggravated to shave this morning. Plus, I wanted to see what Eden’s flesh would look like nice and red.

“Well, are you the one fucking my sister?” Wrong fucking choice of words.

“First and foremost, show her the fucking respect she deserves.” I bark. I’m older, I’m bigger, I’ll whoop his ass for disrespecting her with his callous words.

He snorts. “Respect? You’re the one paying my little brother off so you can screw around with her.”

Hard to deny. “Yeah, I gave him money to get lost. I’ll fucking do it a hundred times over too. Eden is mine. Much as I’d like to fuck her anywhere anytime, I won’t do it with the kid around. I’m also certain he didn’t phrase it that way, you simply took it that way because you feel guilty for not being around.” Eden had explained a bit about their situation and while it angered me, I also have great respect for the sacrifice she’s making so that Oliver can finish school in one place instead of four like she had.

“Excuse me? I could go to the school board and tell them you’re fucking a student.” He threatens.

“You could. Except she’s not my student. Not here or anywhere else. So that’d be a big fucking mistake on your part.” I know that he’s just posturing, feeling me out to find out my commitment to his sister, doesn’t mean I’ll put up with his shit.

“Why?”

“Because it’d hurt Eden, dipshit.”

“You’re too old for her.”

“The fuck I am.”

“She has her whole life ahead of her.” He tries another argument.

“And she’ll have my support the entire time.”

Before Carson can try and argue another point, the door opens and in walks Oliver. “Hey, Jack, Eady asked me to— Carson? What are you doing here?” Oliver looked happy to see his older brother for a split second before he realized why he was likely here.

“You’re phone call last night.” The older of the two says.

“Phone call? Because he gave me a hundred bucks?” He appears confused.

Carson turns towards him fully now. “You said he was paying you to sleep with our sister.”

Oliver pales before his shocked stare meets mine. I lift a brow in question. “I didn’t mean it like that!” His protest is hysterical. “I swear Mr. Daily, I didn’t mean it to sound like she was a hooker. Just because she strips, doesn’t mean—”

“Strips!” Carson shouts, obviously not knowing how Eden kept them afloat.

“Shit.” Oliver mutters, looking at his feet.

“Language.” I scold him. “As fun as this is, and it’s been a fucking blast, Oliver get your ass back to class. Carson, sit before you fall because I am not picking you up off the floor.”

“Sure.” Oliver mumbles and hands me what he came in for before rushing out and closing the door behind him.

“Well I’ll be fucking damned.” The little vixen played me. Hard. In my hands is my reservation for The Secret Garden on Halloween, my stripper for the evening is Eden and we’re reserved in the Apple Tree room for the whole night.

“She really strips?” Carson says. I nearly forgot he was here.

“She loves it.” I tell him.

He stares up at me. “How the hell can you be okay with that?” Oh, now he wants me to be the protective boyfriend. Christ.

“Because it makes her happy. And I know it’s the best club in the city. The owners give a shit about the dancers and the bouncers actually do their job.”

“How can you be alright with it though? She dances for other men.”

I see I’m going to have to repeat myself a lot with him. “I’m her man, she can dance and entice anyone she wants but at the end of the day, she’s mine. Eden hasn’t got eyes for anyone but me.”

We’ve mostly just fucked when we’re together, but I see in her eyes exactly what I feel for her. I have no doubt that she’s as much in love with me as I am with her.

“I strongly suggest that when you go home, you mention nothing of this outburst of yours, nor the accusations you were throwing around. No need to hurt her over something so foolish.” He nods. “Besides I’d hate to have to kick your ass for making her cry.” I may be joking with him, but I’d do it. I won’t have anyone making her upset over something so ridiculous.

“Yeah, thanks. I’ll go surprise her. Tell Oli to keep his trap shut, will you?” I nod my agreement and Carson leaves.

I stare at the ticket in my hand and wonder just how naughty we’re going to be allowed to be at the club on Halloween. Does our room have locks? Will she allow me more than simple touches?

The better question is, will I be able to control myself and hold back?

CHAPTER SIX

EDEN



Halloween – One week later.

“Hey Marcy?” I poke my head in The Secret Garden owner’s office and see her sitting behind her desk.

“What’s up Eden?” She waves me in. It’s one of the many things I love about working here, Marcy and her husband aren’t just the boss, they give a damn.

“I’d like to do the last show tonight.” I don’t normally request it, because I like being home at a decent hour for Oli, but this time, Carson is still here. He can be the parent for a couple days.

“Sure. Any particular reason?” She meets my gaze with a knowing look. I’ve been gushy all week since Jack has stacked his claim. Almost everyone is on a first name basis with him now. Marcy included. She likes that he doesn’t interfere when one of the customers gets too handsy, he lets the bouncers do their jobs.

“Jack has my ticket tonight. I’d like to bring him up on stage for a dance.”

“Really?” I nod. “He brings out quite the siren in you, doesn’t he? Two is last dance tonight, the stage is yours.” Her grin is wide as I thank her and walk back out.

Two is perfect because Jack won't be here until the party starts at eleven. I have just over three hours to get on stage twice and work the room a couple times. Tips are my saving grace in this business. They pay more than three quarters of my salary, so I'm always certain to walk the room at least three times a night.

"Eady!" Raine, one of the other dancers closest to my age calls as I walk past the dressing room. "Help me with this?"

"Sure thing." I wander in to see she's got on a button up corset with pearl buttons in the back and she can't reach the last few at the top. "Is Drake your ticket tonight?" Her boyfriend has never been here before and she'd talked about giving it to him previously.

"He is. I can't wait! We've got the Ivy room booked and I promised him a complete strip tease." The Ivy room is filled with all kinds of flowers to draw men in and I'm not shocked it's the one she chose.

"Have fun!" I slap her ass as I walk out to make my first rounds for the night. Anticipation strums through me as I watch the clock a little too often.

After my first dance is done as group of young guys around my age enters and I grab a handful of half masks before walking over to them. "Good evening gentlemen, my name is Eden and for one hour only, I'm all yours." The last word is barely out of my mouth as one of the men turns and I recognize him from my senior class.

Thankfully the strobe lights are low and continuously flashing so I can get my mask in place before he recognizes me.

"Eden huh, from Adam and Eve. Does this mean we get to eat your apples?" His friends howl with laughter at his corny joke. I roll my eyes and fight the urge to not smack him.

"Sorry boys," I lean forward to hand them each a mask, "No touching." They groan their displeasure and I'm able to sidestep one guys hand from grabbing my ass as I walk around the table. I learnt really quick that movement is my friend.

These guys drink a lot and get drunk faster than I can run around the table so they're only going to fall on their faces. From the looks of it they might be three sheets to the wind already.

"It's a strip club though, isn't flesh mandatory?" The guy I know, asks. I think his name is Sheldon, but I don't remember.

"We're a gentleman's club and no, the flesh showing is at my discretion, not yours." Our rules here are clear. Consent is required. Choices are ours. Assholes get kicked out. "That guy, right over there," I point to Manny, our biggest bouncer at nearly seven feet tall and close to three hundred pounds. He salutes as our eyes meet. "Will be watching me all night long. He's trained to know when I'm uncomfortable and you're out of hand. Don't make Manny mad guys, he eats boys like you for lunch. Now what are you having to drink?" I cock my hip and drop my hand on it as they all boo before giving me their order.

As I walk over to the bar, I stop and speak to Manny. "Watch them tonight please, they've already been drinking, and I know the tall blonde from school. He doesn't like taking no for an answer."

His snarl deepens as he watches the boys. "Tell Jo they have a three-drink max and take their keys if you can with their names." Manny may be primarily a bouncer, but he also decides when it's been enough for one night for a lot of excited men. "Bring them a plate of wings on the house too."

"Whatever you say boss."

"Watch it girl." I giggle as he warns me.

After giving Jo their drink order, I wait as he places everything on my tray and sway my hips to some Pussycat Dolls song playing while Raine dances on stage. Drake is front and center and his eyes are glued to the girl. I can see him tensing as some of her regular's cat call and beg for more. Manny signals Alex, one of the other bouncers to keep an eye out and move closer.

Business seems to have picked up in the few minutes I was at the bar, because we are almost packed to the max now. Lots of men have come in, in regular clothes but I see a few costumes anywhere from Thor to Bruce Springsteen and everywhere in between. Some guys are ripped and look sexy as hell, others are normal looking guys searching for entertainment.

All the girls are dressed up as one of three things tonight. A sexy maid, the playboy bunny or like me they're wearing booty shorts and a tube top so small it only covers our breasts, plus a mask of some sort.

The allure is what's popular and makes us the most money, so we do what needs to be done. I don't mind showing so much flesh because I like my body. I'm comfortable in it and I've always believed that you should show what you love, no matter what body type you are. I'm by no means considered thin. I have thick thighs, wide hips, and my ass is as big as my C-cup boobs. I've worked hard to enjoy who I am and for now, I'll show what I like. But only on my terms.

Picking up my drink tray, I get the balance I need before walking back to my table of six and see I have three more tables filled. It's going to be a long night.

For a while I don't get to check the time, so when I feel the air crackle and my body ripple with the effect of just being in the same room as Jack, I turn and search until I find him.

I'm standing in front of the table of my old classmates, I noticed after a bit they all went to school with me, which means Jack is going to know them too. I search until our eyes collide and the breath is nearly knocked from my lungs.

He's Tarzan.

Dressed in nothing but a toga loin cloth and runners, he grins as my eyes roam his body. His chest is on display, showing every deliciously muscled inch of him as well as the little bit of chest hair he has.

"Hey gorgeous." He greets as his hands circle my body and pull me closer. Our lips touch and I moan. I missed him all

day long. I've been craving his touch since the minute he left for school this morning.

"Wait a minute, why does he get to touch you like that, and we don't?" Sheldon complains, his words slur, and I hear his chair scrape across the floor as he stands.

"Cause I'm her fucking man." Jack snarls as he stands to his full height and faces the boys.

"Mr. Daily?" His confusion nearly makes him lose his balance.

"Jesus Christ." Jack mutters under his breath. "Maybe you should go on home now Sheldon." His suggestion is met by outrage.

"No way, Eden is ours for the night!" They protest.

"Actually, I stopped being yours twenty minutes ago," I tell them cheerfully. "You're Manny's now." I wave my hand and the large man comes over with Alex. I got everyone's car keys earlier and they're locked up in the safe in Marcy's office with photocopies of their licenses so they can pick them up tomorrow. The Secret Garden even pays for their cab rides home.

"Wait, we like you Eden, we want more of you." Sheldon whines as he grabs for my arm.

"Yeah, we want between them fat thighs of yours." Another says, reaching for me.

Jack pushes me behind his back just as Manny and Alex reach us. Intercepting any problems that may have arose.

"Jack?" I tap his shoulder until he turns around. "I have a surprise for you tonight." Grabbing his hand, I pull him behind me to the Apple Tree room.

"Oh yeah?" I can hear the excitement in his tone.

"Yup, but you don't get it for a few hours yet." I close the door behind us and lock it, directing him to sit in a large chair in the middle of the room.

“So what do we do until then?” His wolfish grin tells me exactly what he wants to do.

Placing my hands on his shoulders, I walk around to his back and whisper in his ear, “Whatever you want Mr. Daily.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

JACK



Whatever I want?

Oh, I fucking want it all.

Every last one of her moans.

Each erotic scream.

I want to devour her flesh and make her beg for more.

And she's going to give me everything.

“Anything I want, huh?” Fuck is she sexy as she waltzes around the room in her too tight clothes, the way too high killer heels and a look of pure sex in her eyes.

“Mmhmm.” She moans as she reaches behind her.

The strap of material that was on her chest falls to the ground and bares one of my favorite parts of her anatomy to me. Her breasts are perfectly round with the light pink nipples begging for me to nibble on them.

“Come here.” I crook my finger at her and relax further into my chair. I'm fairly certain the club didn't mean for this room to be used for sex, but they had to know or at least guess what would happen between their dancers and their spouses for nights like tonight.

Eden steps between my thighs and waits for my next order. I spread my thighs further and tell her, “On your knees.” I

need her lips wrapped around my cock in the worst fucking way.

My sexy siren does as I ask and then pulls out a tube of ruby red lip gloss from her shorts and applies it to her pouty lips.

She's out to fucking kill me.

Lightly smacking her lips together, Eden grabs the ends of my loin cloth and lifts the edges up, searching for my aching cock. Like she does so often to me, I went commando in anticipation of this very moment.

"It shouldn't be so beautiful." She murmurs as my dick springs free, waving in front of her face. Her cool hand wraps around the base and she wastes no time doing what she wants.

Licking from base to tip, she wraps her mouth around the head and the heat alone nearly makes me cum prematurely as she sucks me to the back of her throat like a fucking lollipop.

"Christ almighty, Eden." I groan.

I close my eyes and try reciting baseball statistics, so I don't lose my load too quickly but she's too fucking wicked and I lose my concentration.

"Eden." I growl as I feel a telltale tingle in my spine. She moans and deep throats me again. The second she swallows around the head I lose control.

Cumming down her throat, I moan my release and grip her hair, holding her to me. I feel her nails dig into my thighs as she swallows. Pulling up, her tongue glides along the underside making me shiver until my dick is free of the confines of her mouth and my body turns to Jell-O.

"That was fun." She licks her lips and stares at me. I don't know what she expects but I'm in fucking heaven.

"Virgin my ass." I finally mutter and she throws her head back, laughing at my satiation. "Come on up here and sit." I pat my thigh. She shakes her head no. "Excuse me?" I snarl as she backs up. I sit up straighter as she turns and unlocks the door, those glorious tits still hanging out.

“We have fifteen minutes until my surprise for you.” Eden tells me as she cracks the door open. “Alex, knock when it’s time.” She tells someone outside before shutting and locking the door again.

“Get your fine ass over here now.” I demand.

Sliding her shorts down her legs, she bends over with her ass facing me and I get a full view of her ass and pussy, my mouth waters. “Don’t move.” I snap, nearly out of breath at the erotic picture she portrays.

Hands on her ankles, she waits as I stand and walk over. Stroking my cock, I don’t hesitate to take her from behind. “Hold them ankles baby and don’t let go.” I groan as I slide my dick through her warm folds. Enjoying her sweet juices as she coats my cock, making my entrance to her forever tight cunt slightly easier.

Sliding in, I rock her back and forth on my length making her pant and moan for more. I love when she fucking begs me.

One hand gripping her hip in a tight hold, I reach down her body and grasp a fistful of her. Leveraged now, my movements pick up pace and I pound into her from behind.

Her slick heat holds me firmly in her body as I take everything I want from her and so much fucking more.

“Jack.” She whines out. “Jack.” Her voice cracks as she continues to say my name over and over. Her entire body flushes a bright apple red and the irony of our room is not lost on me, even if I’m lost in her.

“Come for me baby.” I demand and pull her hair harder. I know she likes the pinch of pain. “That a girl.” I moan as I feels her walls tighten around me. Making it more difficult to continue my thrusting.

“Fuck.” I hiss, feeling my balls draw up again. “Fuck, Eden.” Licking my palm, rub it along her ass cheek before letting it fly with a harsh slap. The sound reverberates around the room.

“Jack!” She screams so loud, I’d be shocked if someone didn’t hear her.

Her body slumps and if not for my hold, she'd have fallen on the floor. Pumping my hips rougher and faster, Eden braces her hands on the wall in front of her as I release deep inside her body.

“Fuck, Eden.” I moan into her neck. “I love you, baby.”

A loud knock sounds on the door and the next thing I know Eden is dressed and dragging me to the front stage.

CHAPTER EIGHT

EDEN



Damn Alex. He always ruins a good moment.
Not really, but I can blame him for not being able to repeat Jack's words back to him.

I do love him. With everything I am. Guess I'll just have to show him how much now. Candy is on stage now getting my props in place as some remix plays in the background.

As I'm announced to the huge crowd, I hear people going wild as I strap on the small whip, I borrowed from Raine. Since Jack discovered my love of a little pain with my pleasure, he's always looking for ways to give it to me. I'm hoping this gives him more incentives.

My favorite song, Dirty by Christina Aguilera, begins to play and after buttoning my trench coat, I slowly make my way out of the shadows and to center stage. Jack is sitting right where I left him.

I move and sway, getting the crowd to go wild as I drag the chair closer to where Jack is at, before I ride one of the poles on either side. Climbing, I swing my head around and drop back, so I can slowly slide back down to the ground.

Jack's eyes never leave me and as I make my way towards him with heavy steps, he stands and leans closer. Bending down so I'm eye level with him, I lick up the side of his neck and nibble on his ear before whispering, "Come join me, Mr. Daily."

He doesn't need to be told twice. Jumping on stage he stands in front of me, waiting for my next move. Untying his toga, I drop it to the ground, so he's only wearing the small loin cloth, and drag him to the chair. Pushing him into the seat, I use him to dance around and get the crowd going again.

They've quieted down and I can tell they're fascinated with what I'm doing and curious about where it's going. Unbuttoning my coat, I turn my back to the crowd and my front faces Jack. Dancing just for him, his jaw drops when he sees what I'm wearing.

Or rather not wearing.

A one piece, completely see through suit covers me from the top of my breasts to the tops of my thighs. It's more like an extremely racy swimsuit. It's darker in the areas that cover my nipples and sex but leaves nothing to the imagination.

Dropping my coat to the floor, a loud roar goes up from the crowd and Jack struggles not to reach for me. I've never been on display so thoroughly before and I think he knows it. Rolling my hips as I raise my hands above my head I spin in slow circles and when my back is facing him, I slowly bend over so he sees the small piece of string holding my outfit together.

Lost in the music, I continue my dance from one song to the next until suddenly I'm in the air and being carried off stage over Jack's shoulder. I can see the crowd tossing bills on the stage and getting rowdy but I don't care, because I know exactly what's about to happen.

Jack has lost it.

The beast in him has taken over and he's about to claim me.

Flipping me off his shoulder as a door slams shut, I'm met with the wall of muscle that is his chest.

I don't get a second to catch my breath because he's ripping my outfit off and picking me up, slamming me into the wall. I've barely adjusted my eyesight and he's thrusting into me.

“Jack!” I cry into the dark room as he takes me. I can hear him groaning and grunting as he takes me like a wild man. “Mr. Daily.” I breath into his neck as he grabs my hands lifting them above my head. I feel the leather of the whip wrapping around my wrists and my heart rate picks up.

My body tingles from head to toe and I know I’m about to come for him. He always makes it so easy and thrilling to let go.

“I need the fucking words back Eden.” His cock slams into me painfully. “Fucking say them.” He bites my neck and my womb contracts.

“Say what?” I play coy.

Big mistake.

“Don’t fuck with me, Eden. Not now. Not when I’m on the fucking edge.” He doesn’t move, no matter how much I squirm.

Dropping my head against the wall, I stare at him.

His desperation is clear in every tense line of his body. He’s in as much pain as I am.

“Mr. Daily,” I lick along his jaw. “Jack. My man, my lover.” I kiss right below his ear. “I love you.” In a surprising move, he drops me, so I land on my feet, then slides to his knees.

Draping both of my legs over his shoulders, his face dives between my legs. He’s a starving man and I’m his next meal.


Licking, sucking, biting. Jack devours me from the inside out. He leaves no part of me untouched as he sucks my clit in his mouth making my body explode into a thousand pieces of completely rapture.

Without warning he’s picking me up again and thrusting into my core as I’m still pulsing from my life-altering orgasm.

“Keep coming for me Eden. Show me how much you love me.” I don’t know what he does but my body lights up for him. Everything he demands I give him.

I thought tonight was about me treating him, turns out he's here to treat me.

EPILOGUE



JACK

Three years later.

*T*emptation is my wife.

All these years later and she lives to drive me fucking wild.

She stopped dancing the day we found out she was pregnant six months ago. How it took so long I'll never know given how many times I unloaded my seed into her body. I don't regret it either. Our affair started quickly and intensely. Having a couple years to grow as a couple, find out everything there was to know about each other, worked in our favor.

As soon as her parents found out she was in a serious relationship, they shocked us both, by asking when she was moving in with me. It was for a very selfish reason but one neither of us cared about.

It was only a month later that Eden and Oliver were living with me and her parents sold their house so they could continue to travel. Neither sibling seemed shocked by it. Carson on the other hand was pissed and still isn't talking to their parents.

"Jack," My wife's sultry voice calls from the kitchen. Walking into the room from the den, I see her crouched down in front of the fridge. "I need a hand." She reaches one back for me and I slowly help her to her feet again.

“Why didn’t you just ask for help before?” I chuckle as she places the container of chicken she made last night on the counter.

“You were busy.” She shrugs, completely ignoring me and going for her food.

Standing behind her, I wrap my arms around her heavy belly. “Never too busy for either of you.”

“Mmm, that feels wonderful.” She whispers. “And I know you’re not, but I was impatient.” The woman has no patience at all. How she’s surviving this pregnancy is beyond me.

“How about I feed you something else.” I kiss along her neck as my cock digs into her lower back.

“Oh God, yes please.” Food forgotten, Eden lifts up the loose dress she’s wearing so it sits around her waist as she leans on the counter. She’s in constant need of dick and I’m only too happy to supply her with whatever she wants.

Unbuckling my pants, I spread her ass cheeks and rest my dick there, slowly moving back and forth as Eden moans, popping her ass further out, telling me without words where she wants it.

“You sure?” I ask her.

“Very.” Her eyes meet mine and she’s desperate.

Slipping my cock down to her heat, I allow her juices to coat my length before moving back to her ass. She loves anal. Fucking addicted to it. Can’t say I complain too much either.


Pressing the head of my dick to her tight hole, I slowly work my way into her body while she sighs breathily as she watches me.

“I love you, Jack.”

“Love you more Mrs. Daily.”

Our bodies move in a smooth sensuous rhythm as we take our time enjoying each other. Being with Eden, every time is like the first and always a treat.

EPILOGUE



EDEN

Four years later.

I watch as Jack helps our youngest, Melanie, blow out the candles on her second birthday cake, while our oldest, Shane, keeps all the boys away from her. Older and younger, the only boys allowed around his baby sister are his dad, uncles, and grandpa. He's so much like his father.

I lucked out when I finally gave into my feelings for Jack and truly went for what we both wanted. Jack knew from the moment I walked into his office. I harbored doubts for days. In the end, we've both gotten exactly what we deserve.

"Don't!" I hear Shane yell as one of his own friends goes to hug Melly and he stands in the way.

"Shane, sweetie, it's alright." I try to soothe. My son glares at me as my husband glares at the four-year-old.

"No momma, they can't have her." Shane pouts and Jack pats his back before walking over to me.

"What did you do to my sweet boy?" I ask my husband as he picks me up to sit in his lap.

Jack shrugs. "Taught him that his mom and sister are the most precious things in the world and no men should touch them." I can't very well get mad at that.

"Fine." I murmur as I feel Jack's lips along my shoulder.

“Thank you.” He whispers in my ear.

Turning my head to look at him, I ask, “For what?”

“You gave me the best things a man can ask for. Love, family, you. I thought I was getting too old for it. I had no idea I was in for such a treat when you walked in my office that day.” Oliver still takes credit for our relationship.

“I think we might have been tricked by Oli.” I giggle as his hands tickle my bare thighs.

“Oh, I know we were.” Jack confesses.

“What!”

“I asked him about you once. I think he suspected then, cause he started acting out a lot after that.”

“Well. I can’t even be mad, can I?” Jack shakes his head no with a huge grin on his face.

Whether it was a trick or treat, we got everything we ever wanted with each other.

The End!

Thank you for reading *Treat Me*. If you enjoyed this book, you might also be interested in *DIRTY*. You can find a complete list of my books, along with series lists and reading orders on my [website](#).

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TRICK OR TREAT COLLABORATION



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ABOUT KL DONN



Hey, I'm Krystal. I write as International Bestselling Author KL Donn. I'm stoked you've grabbed one of my books and I really hope you enjoyed the story!

A little about me:

Perpetual romantic.

Coffee addict.

I speak sarcasm more often than not.

Gimme an action flick over a romance. But a romance book over action. I'm weird like that.

Did I mention coffee addict?

Closet shopaholic.

Beach lover.

Coffee addict, it bears repeating. Again.

Husband obsessed. Mine that is, you can keep yours.

Mom of 6, well 7 if you count the husband. Oh and 2 of those are a cat & dog.

I love to connect with my readers so feel free to find me on any and all social media platforms you use! I can't promise to be sane, or not swear a lot, but I'll be extra happy to hear from you!

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