

A. N. STAUBER



THE
Dealer
SUNSETS CLUB BOOK ONE

The Dealer

Sunsets Club Book One

A.N. Stauber

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To the good girls, may you find the best boy to treat you like a princess.

Author's Note

Hello!

Please enjoy this BDSM novella. Be warned, the heat is here, with a mild plot and lots of orgasms. ;)

This is not my typical trigger warning, as there are not many triggers like in my other books. This book is mostly just kinky

Prologue

Email from: *Sunsets Matchmaking Agency.*

Subject Line: *New Match*

Nora,

Attached is some information on your new match, as well as some photos and an email address if you wish to seek further communication.

Dominant - Becker King, Age 44

Birthday: June 19th

Never married, no children.

Club member status: Executive

Occupation: Real Estate Investor, owner of B. King Hospitality Industries

STI/STD Status: NEG 14 DAYS AGO

Birth Control: Vasectomy

Georgina Grant, Analytics Team



Email from: *Sunsets Matchmaking Agency.*

Subject Line: *New Match*

Becker,

Attached is some information on your new match as well as some photos. Your email address has been passed along as well. The match will respond if interested.

Submissive - Nora Williams, Age 25

Birthday: November 12th

Never married, no children.

Club member status: Bronze.

Occupation: Phlebotomist

STD/STI: NEGATIVE ONE MONTH AGO

Birth control: IUD

Georgina Grant, Analytics Team



Email from: *Nora Williams*

Subject: *We've Matched*

Mr. King,

Hello. My name is Nora. It seems as though we have recently matched. I'll be honest, I'm not much of an emailer. Could we move this over to texts or phone calls? My number is 555-7032. I look forward to hearing from you.

Nora

Chapter One

Nora

THE MUSIC FROM THE club floor trickles into the bar area downstairs. It's pretty loud for my sensory processing disorder, so I sag my shoulders and huddle into myself as I try to drown out the noise. I cross my legs on the stool and sip at my second cocktail of the evening. Sunsets has a two-drink maximum on the lower levels, for good reasoning. They don't want the patrons in the sex club area to be intoxicated during consensual play.

Pressing the straw to my lips, I suck my gin and cranberry down. I'm fucking nervous. I'm meeting a potential new dominant. The great thing about this high-end club is that it values its patron's privacy. The dating matchups are an awesome perk, too. Members of the club can opt-in for a type of dating service. They'll help match dominants and submissives that may work well together. You can decide what you're looking for whether it's a weekly meeting at the club only, or something more permanent and outside of the club.

The dating service is a bonus that I can't afford usually. Hell, I can't even afford a regular membership to the sex club part. But a few years ago I came into some money. Money that I dumped into my mental health, instead of investing like I probably should have. When my therapist and I were discussing what to do with my new fortune, he mentioned Sunsets. The club is high-end, luxurious, and expensive. There's a two-year waiting list. But in those two years, I've spent a lot of time learning to be a submissive. Now, here I am. I've been a member here for one year, and I'm finally trying the dating service out.

Online dating isn't for me, and honestly, it's hard to find someone who understands my quirkiness. Who gets that loud noises make me anxious, that touch can make me extremely uncomfortable if not done properly. That my body is always on high alert, and sometimes I just need to shut it off.

I glance at the watch on my wrist. I was twenty minutes early so that I could relax before he got here. Now, he's five minutes late. The nervous shits are almost in full force. My stomach is cramping. I'm about to stand and hightail it out of there when a man sounds behind me.

"I hope you're not thinking of leaving?" His voice is deep and soothing.

Instantly, my body relaxes. Holy shit, I don't think a man's voice has ever been so calming to me so quickly. I turn, eyeing a tall blonde with some five-o'clock shadow. His eyes are a sparkling brown, and he's wearing an expensive suit. I glance

down at my Macy's cocktail dress I caught on clearance, then back at him. I'm so out of place here. The people who can afford these memberships are in a completely different tax bracket than I am. It's why I never tried the dating perks.

But, I'm getting lonely, and I need some structure in my life. Though, now it feels like a mistake. Like I'm just a gold digger looking for money, and not here for a D/s relationship, like I don't want the companionship.

I tug at the hem of my dress, trying to hide myself.

"No," I say, my voice scratchy. "I was just about to use the restroom." I lie.

He tilts his head to get a good look at me, pausing to take in my facial features. A dark chuckle escapes, then he pulls out the stool beside me and sits. "You're a terrible liar."

My mouth drops, my breath shaky. "I'm not a liar."

"You are, Nora." He sniffs. "I can smell the fear on you."

Fuck. Why is that sentence so hot? My mouth is so very dry. Becker King. A real estate broker, invested in multiple other businesses and way out of my league. Both in looks, scholar, and social status. I'm a college dropout turned phlebotomist making just a little over minimum wage. I live in an apartment with two other girls, buy clearance dresses, grocery shop at Walmart and can't afford cable. What does he see in me? Besides a willing participant in adult play. He said he was looking for a serious relationship outside of the club, just like

me, but surely he can find someone more eligible to be dangled on his arm.

“Why...” I gulp, my grip tightening on the glass in front of me. “Sorry. I’m just trying to understand.”

Becker orders a whiskey neat. “What are you trying to understand, doll?”

“Why we matched.”

His elbows rest against the bar top, and he pinches the bridge of his nose. “I am too.” It’s so quiet, I don’t think it’s meant for me, but I hear it anyway. After a beat of silence, he looks up to me again.

Holy fuck, the noise of the music hasn’t bothered me since he sat down. And that’s when I glance down and notice his one hand has been firmly resting on my lap the entire time. Just the right amount of pressure that I need to remain calm. Too light and my skin crawls. Too tight and I feel like I’m trapped in a box, buried six feet under.

His fingertips brush my bare knee. “We matched because of what we are both looking for. You want someone to tell you what to do. I want someone who will listen. You’re also what I’ve requested for physical appearance.”

I gulp. Physical appearance? I left that part blank. I’m not picky. Most of the men at Sunsets are in great shape, and hair and eye color were never something I cared about. I glance down at my chest. My tits are far from small, and I’ve got a curvy ass to match. “You like thick girls? Sometimes it’s hard

to tell that I'm bigger in pictures. And then men seem to realize I'm not their type."

I force myself to make eye contact with him.

The hand on my knee moves to my waist and he squeezes my love handle firmly. "This is the sexiest part of a woman. I can't wait to have my fingerprints marked on you after I've fucked you hard and good."

Jesus. My pussy is throbbing now. I cross my legs, rubbing my thighs together to ease the ache. I'm going to have to throw away these panties. That's if they haven't disintegrated into smoke by the time I get home.

"What do you like in your men?" Becker asks. He pulls away and grabs his drink again.

"I don't really have a type. But I guess being able to be carried would be a plus."

"I see." He nods, taking a sip of his drink. "What do you like to do with your free time?"

I shrug, accepting a glass of water from the bartender, then turn to Becker. "I like to paint whenever I can. But lately, it's been less than I'd like. We've been short-staffed, so I'm covering a lot of shifts at the lab."

His brows scrunch. "How many hours do you work?"

"A lot," I say. "Can't complain about the overtime though. I need it."

"Nora," he says in almost a growl. "How many hours?"

I bite my lip and squeeze my eyes shut. We've talked on the phone a few times and texted a bit over the past few days. I never got this stern vibe from him before. "Sometimes only forty. Sometimes sixty or even seventy-five."

Becker's jaw clenches. "That's a lot."

"I'm sure you work that often, too? Being a business owner."

He drops his head in a slight nod. "But I earn the appropriate amount of money for my work. You make minimum wage, right?"

"I make what the state deems to be a livable wage, yes."

There's a vein in his forehead that looks like it's about to blow. Crap, I need to get this conversation back on track. We're here to see if we're attracted to each other, decide what we like, and work on a contract. The last thing I need is for him to have a stroke before I've gotten to see what his dick looks like.

I place my hand on his wrist and squeeze it lightly, in what I think is a comforting touch. I wouldn't know because I don't like it, but I've seen it done plenty of times in movies, or read it in books.

His head stays forward, but he glances at me from the side. After a few heavy breaths, he turns so that his body is completely facing me. I do the same, and again, he touches me. Both hands rest firmly on my upper thigh, above my knee. "Is this okay? Your profile said you don't like soft touch."

“It’s...” a small laugh escapes me. “It’s a perfect pressure.” I drop my head and he does the same so that our foreheads are touching. I resist the urge to cover his large hands with mine. “No one’s ever gotten it right,” I murmur.

“How does it feel?”

I close my eyes, inhaling a sharp breath, and I concentrate on his hands. They’re hot. In fact, the heat spreads through my spine. If he moves his hands, I think I may grow cold. “Warm,” I whisper.

“Warm,” he says.

Chapter Two

Becker

“SO,” SHE SAYS, A nervous laugh brushing her lips. “What happens next?”

“Are you ready for a scene? Or would you like to take it slow?”

I did my research on her. Asked around the club for other Doms who have been with her. She likes to take things slow. Nora always meets a few times and chats before committing to a scene. It makes sense if she’s got a sensory disorder. She wants to make sure they can accommodate her needs.

Her cheeks flush with a beautiful pink hue, and she pulls away to look up at me. “I don’t want to go slow.”

I grind my teeth, not because I’m frustrated. But because I’m trying to contain the hard rod between us. I didn’t come here expecting an evening with Nora to proceed past talking. But now that she’s being forward, it’s all I’ll be able to think about. Her soft hands wrapped around my shaft while she

takes in the tip, swirling her tongue around the slit of my erection.

I nod, grabbing her hand. “Let’s go up into one of the empty rooms,” I say.

Nora nods. She finishes the rest of her drink, then stands to follow me. I take her hand in mine as we head for the executive rooms.



Nora stands beside me as I use my keycard to open up the room I’ve booked for us. The flashing light turns from green to red, showing that it’s in use. I open the door and grab her hand, pulling her inside with me.

All of the executive rooms in Sunsets are designed the same. Green light means clean and ready to use. Red means in use.

The overhead lights are dimmed and red, illuminating the room. A large bed in the middle with black satin sheets. The comforters are soft and gray. At the foot of the bed is a chest filled with extra bedding and sheets. This establishment has a bring your own toys policy, but Nora and I won’t need those tonight. Tonight is about getting comfortable with each other.

On one side of the room is a leather couch, and the other has a room off to the side with a toilet and shower. Nora swallows, standing beside me. I glance at her, taking in her tight dress.

It's black and a size too small, so her tits are begging to pop out.

“Should we start with what I should call you?” She asks, dropping her gaze to her feet. She folds her hands behind her back. The Doms I've spoken with said she was a compliant submissive, and I can see that now.

“We're just talking, for now, Nora. You can look at me.”

Her gaze flickers to me, and I reward her with a smile. I brush some hair from her face. “When we are in a scene, I'll expect you to be completely naked and kneeling at the foot of the bed before I enter.”

She makes a soft noise and nods. Her chest heaves rapidly, and I trail my finger from her cheek down her jaw and trace the outline of her collarbone. “How does this feel?”

Nora clears her throat. “Like all the cells inside my skin are about to explode.”

I apply more pressure to her clavicle.

“That's better.”

I lean in, dipping my nose to inhale her lemon scent. “Does it feel good, though?”

Her eyelids flutter, and she wets her lips with her tongue. “Yes.”

I groan at the sound of that breathy word coming from her lips. My cock's been hard for too long, and it's aching to be set free—to be buried inside of her.

“I want to touch you, Nora. You’re so fucking soft. But if it’s too much, I need to know. I want to bring you pleasure, I don’t want to do something that’s hurting you.” I pause, letting out a husky chuckle. “Unless you’ve been bad. Then I’d love to punish you.”

I don’t miss the way she shivers under my warning. “How can I be good?”

My grip moves to the base of her throat. Nora’s eyes widen as she looks at me, her pupils blown. “I’m going to kiss you now.”

She whimpers, and it’s like a straight shot of adrenaline through my heart. “Please.”

Our mouths collide. She doesn’t fight me for dominance. My tongue slides into her mouth. My heart rate picks up, a bridge of energy being transferred from me to her. Electricity soaring through me. I’ve never kissed someone like this.

She tastes so fucking good, too. Like cinnamon. Her arms wrap around my back while mine grab at her waist. I’m careful to make sure I’m firm with my touch. Nora’s hands press against my chest, clutching onto my shirt. Her tongue teases mine, running along my teeth.

“Fuck,” Nora groans, pulling away. Her head drops against my neck.

Together, we gasp for air. She gazes up at me through hooded eyes. I know we shouldn’t. Not until we’ve established our ground rules. The hard and soft limits and a safe word. But

the need to be buried deep inside her while she comes around my cock is too much.

Nora's hand slides to the waistband of my pants. She plays with my leather belt but doesn't remove it. "I want to taste you," she breathes.

I tilt my head to the ceiling, groaning. Tugging at my tie, I drop my gaze to make eye contact. "Get undressed and get on the bed, kitten."

She doesn't hesitate, turning around and moving her hair to the side so I can unzip her dress. She flinches when my knuckle strokes her back unintentionally. I lean forward and press a firm kiss in the same spot to ease the fire she says burns through her at the gentle touches.

"Mmm. That's nice," she says through a hitched breath. Sliding out of her dress, I get a pleasant view of her plump ass. Fuck me, she's not wearing a bra or underwear.

I shove my fist to my mouth, biting my knuckles, eyes trained on her sweet ass. This is the sexiest woman I've ever had, and by far the best experience I've had at the club. And we haven't even *fucked* yet.

Nora is confident and sexy, but she's quiet, too. She's not throwing herself at me, and she's polite as hell. After performing my own background check on her and learning her salary, I'd been expecting a woman looking for a payday.

Someone pretending to be whatever they thought I wanted in a woman. But that isn't Nora. Nora wants to please, sure.

But she's not pretending to be anything other than herself.

Nora climbs onto the bed, kneeling at the edge just as I said she'll need to in the future. Her eyes are closed as she folds her hands behind her. I approach the edge of the bed. With one hand, I trace the outline of one of her supple breasts. She tenses.

"Too light?" I ask.

"No." Her head bows. "It's weirdly okay during sex."

"Because your mind is only on the pleasure." I take her hardened nipple between my fingers, rolling it.

A moan escapes her sweet mouth. "Yes. I like that."

I unzip myself with my free hand, still playing with her tits, switching between massaging and squeezing hard. Digging out my hard-on from my fly, I pull it out and stroke myself. I drag my hand from her chest to cup her jaw. Nora looks up with blown pupils, a pleading look in her eyes. Her lips part and she sits patiently, waiting for permission to suck me off.

I smirk. "You want to suck my cock, kitten?"

She nods, licking her lips hungrily.

I release her jaw and brush back a few strands of hair from her face. "Beg me."

A smile tugs at the corner of her mouth and she squirms, trying to bring her mouth closer. "*Please*, Becker. I want to feel you in my mouth. I want to make you come. Can I please,

make you come, Becker?" Her hands reach forward, bracing herself on either side of my hips.

Fuck, the way she says my name is like she's already worshipping me, and my balls tighten with anticipation. I'm still clothed, and it just adds to the level of horniness, to the entire scene. Nora's completely naked, begging for me to fuck her hot mouth, and I've barely got my dick out. There's something so raw and empowering about having her begging me like this.

"You should see how sexy you look right now. Begging to please me."

Her cheek strokes the length of my shaft, but she doesn't take me inside her mouth. She's waiting for permission. *She's too fucking perfect.*

"Let's see how much of this dick you can take at once, Nora." I grip the shaft and press the tip to her lips. "Show me how eager you are to taste me."

She takes the tip into her mouth, her tongue swirling the vein on the underside and we both groan at the same time. I fist her hair, gripping the back of her head to hold her still, and she slowly takes more and more of me. A few bobs of her mouth and then she's taking the rest of me in, making a sweet gagging sound, and her eyes watering as she stares up at me.

Nora's nails dig into the back of my thighs to brace herself, and she continues to fuck my cock without any guidance from me. "Fuck, Nora. I'm going to blow already."

Her eyes twinkle with a satisfied smile, and she cups my balls, massaging them just enough that it takes me over the edge. I grab a fistful of her hair again, and with a hard thrust once, twice, I'm shooting my hot seed into her mouth.

Chapter Three

Nora

BECKER'S GASPING FOR AIR, his entire body tense as he shoots hot streams of come into the back of my throat. I swallow it all, then drag my tongue along the base of his silky cock. It's a thing of beauty. Thick and long, and veiny. Smooth, too.

"Did I do a good job?" I ask, leaning back on my heels. I glance up at him, meeting his gaze. Wiping my mouth of excess drool with the back of my hand, I wait for his response.

"You did an amazing job." He tucks his member back into his pants. He catches his breath and takes off the tie that's dangling around his neck. "Lie on your back."

I oblige because I don't enjoy being a brat. I learned quickly, being a submissive, that I'm not here for the punishments. I'm here for my rewards. Sure, I like a few spankings and a little bit of pain, but not as a punishment. I like it if my Dom likes it. Just because.

Becker keeps his gaze on me as he heads to the fridge and grabs two bottles of water. He returns, handing one to me, and we sit in a comfortable silence as we both guzzle down our bottles. He sits at the edge of the bed, his eyes trailing over my naked body. The smile on his face tells me everything I need to know.

I don't need to feel self-conscious around him, because he enjoys looking at me. So I don't hide my body. Instead, I spread my legs to give him a better view. He swallows, a heated look in his eyes. "I think it's safe to say you're not a brat."

I nod. "Is that what you normally like?"

He shrugs. "I don't really have time to tame a sub. Brats are too much work. If I wanted to house train something, I'd get a dog."

I laugh at that. "I'm definitely not a dog."

"No. You're not." Becker clears his throat. "You seem independent. You know what you want. Why were you looking for something more than just playing scenes out in the club?"

"I want companionship. And it's hard to find that in this lifestyle. The guys that seem to be interested in dating me..." I trail off. "Well, I don't seem to have any luck in finding someone I'm interested in dating who also can ground me this way."

He tilts his head. "In what way?"

“The sensory thing. It hinders me a lot in my everyday life. And letting myself go like this helps. I need the escape from reality. My therapist agrees he’s seen a major difference in my progress, too. So I think it’s time to merge the two. Find someone that I can be with inside and outside the lifestyle.”

He nods. “That makes sense. Is the sensory processing disorder something you’ve always had?”

I tear my gaze from him for a moment to gain my composure. I definitely am not ready to go down that road with him yet, even if he did just bruise the back of my throat. Speaking of—I swallow, wincing at the pain, and clear my throat.

Time to change the subject. “Why did you decide to start dating in this scene?” I ask, sipping my water. “Maybe it’s a bit judgey of me, but I always just imagined a rich man like you would date someone in your social circle, and come here on weekends to blow off steam.”

He draws a brow at me. “Yes, that is a bit prejudiced of you.”

“Sorry,” I say nervously. I offer a timid smile.

He shrugs a shoulder. “It’s not wrong, though. That is what I did. I’m older now. It would be easier to tie the two together, don’t you think? Date someone that knows my kinks. That can be there at a moment’s notice, without having to wait until the weekends to blow off steam.”

“True.”

Becker leans forward, resting on his elbow between my spread legs. He presses a finger to my center and strokes me lazily. I drop my head against the pillow and look up at the ceiling. I gasp when he spreads me open, running the pad of his finger from my entrance and up to my clit so slowly, that I squirm.

He presses his arm against my hip to hold me still. I'm so slick that the sound of my arousal surrounds us when he picks up the pace of his teasingly long strides. Becker swirls some of that arousal around my ass, then inserts his thumb inside of my center. "Fuck, you're drenched."

I moan, trying to lift my hips to get him deeper. "Becker," I whimper when he doesn't let me.

"I love hearing you beg." He removes his thumb and replaces it with two fingers. "Tell me what you want, and if you ask nicely, maybe I'll let you have it."

And I love to beg. I love showing how much I'm enjoying myself, and how much I want to give into my pleasure. "I want to come."

He chuckles. "That didn't sound like a nice way to ask for what you want, Nora."

I groan when he pulls away. "Becker. Please, may I come? I'm so wet, and my clit is throbbing. I feel like I'm about to explode." Biting my lower lip, I reach between my legs and pull at his hair.

He shoots me a teasing smirk but returns to lazily touching me. “Hmm. I don’t think you’ve earned it yet.”

His lips press against the inside of my thigh in a firm kiss, then he sinks his teeth into my flesh. I cry out at the sudden jolt of pain, but he’s back to kissing and licking the spot, soothing the ache.

When I relax again, he does the same thing to my other thigh, but this time he presses his fingers inside of me, curling them against that sweet spot. “Do you want to come?” He says in a taunting voice.

“Yes, please.”

He’s picking up the speed of his hand, fucking me hard and fast. “Ask me.” And then his mouth is on my clit, sucking.

I arch into his touch, grinding against him for more friction. “I’m so needy. Give me what I need.”

He rewards me with a growl against my pussy, the vibration tilting me over the edge.

“I can’t live without it. Please, please.”

Another kiss, then he says, “come for me, Nora. Come all over my hand and mouth.”

I pull at his hair hard as I grind into his face, chasing my release. I cry out his name, holding onto him until I’m so sensitive that I have to push his mouth off me.

Becker climbs on top of me, peppering kisses along my chest and neck. He’s hard again, and it presses against my

stomach, causing me to let out a needy moan. “So fucking beautiful. Loved watching you unravel for me.”

I grin, smiling up at him. Sliding my hand between us, I fist his erection. Instantly, it heats my hand. “I can tell.”

“Are you giving me lip? After I just complimented you for not being a brat?” His voice is stern like he’s being serious, but his eyes hold a teasing look.

“I’ll beg you for orgasms and get on my knees for you whenever you want. But my smartass comments are hard to contain,” I admit. I move my hand up and down the silky flesh, and he doesn’t stop me.

“That’s fine. I’ll just fill your mouth to get you to shut up.”

I snort. “My mouth could use some filling now.”

“I’d rather fill your pussy now.”

Laughter bubbles in my throat. “I meant with food. I’m starving.”

“Oh.” He sits up and runs a hand through his now messy blond hair. “That’s the one thing about this place. The rooms are like five-star hotel rooms. But they don’t sell food here.”

Standing from the bed, he heads to the door where my dress lay huddled on the floor. He grabs it and comes back to me. “Get dressed. I’ll get you fed.”

Chapter Four

Nora

MY PHONE DINGS AT the exact time the first crack of thunder sounds through the apartment. I jump, spilling the hot tea I'm carrying down my shirt. "Fuck!" I gasp. I set the mug on the nightstand. Ripping my shirt off, I bunch it up to use it to wipe my chest.

Another crack of thunder sends a shrill screen through my body. My teeth grind. I grab my noise-canceling headphones to pop them in so that I can crawl under my blanket and burrow into myself until the storm is over. I grab my phone and let out a groan when the telltale sound of my dead earbuds sounds.

"No," I groan. I forgot to charge them after I used them to fall asleep last night.

My phone dings again. I check it, seeing I have a new email and a message from Becker. I read the email first.

Nora,

Here's the form for you to fill out and a loose contract. Look over everything, and we can discuss more when we meet for coffee tomorrow. If you have questions, you can email me or text me. I'll be home around eight this evening if you want to call me then.

Becker.

I close out without checking the attachments. Without my headphones, I won't be able to concentrate, anyway. I read his text next.

Becker: Just sent over the contract. Nothing is set in stone. We can tweak it. Let me know when you've read it over.

Nora: I opened it. I'll read it tomorrow before we meet.

Becker: Not this evening? It's a lot to read through before tomorrow morning, kitten.

Nora: I can't concentrate with this storm going on right now. I just spilled my hot tea. Down my chest.

Becker: Oh no. Do you have your headphones in?

Nora: No juice. I forgot to charge them this morning.

Becker: *angry emoji* You need a backup pair.

Nora: I had some, but they kicked the bucket a couple of months ago. It's no big deal.

Becker: Try to get some sleep.

Nora: Thanks.

Another sound of thunder. I grab my pillow and squeeze it to my chest. Burying myself under the comforter, I close my

eyes and try to drown out the sounds.



Becker: That's me knocking. Can you let me in?

Nora: Sure.

I climb out of bed, twenty minutes after our initial conversation. I never put a shirt on, so I grab the robe hanging by my bedroom door. Heading down the hall, I kick a pair of sneakers left out by one of my roommates so that I don't trip on them on the way back.

I'm not about to complain that Becker stopped by unannounced, but it's the first time I've seen him since our night at the club on Thursday. It's Monday now, and though we've texted or spoken on the phone every evening since, I'm not exactly comfortable with him showing up unannounced when I'm half-naked with no makeup on. A meetup, or hook-up, and some text chains doesn't mean I know the man.

I open the door to Becker standing in the hallway. He's across the hall, leaning against the wall. One leg crossed over the other, glancing at his cellphone. It's all relaxed and easy. Like he's not even trying to be sexy, it just comes naturally to him.

He's wearing a gray slim-fit suit with a white dress shirt and gray tie. Becker looks up from his phone and flashes me a panty-melting smile. "Hey," he says. He pushes off the wall

and strides over to me. His head dips down and his lips are on my forehead in a sweet kiss.

“Hey yourself.” I step aside, letting him into my apartment. When he’s inside, I shut and lock the door.

His eyes take in the apartment. The living room is small, the kitchen even smaller, with just enough space for appliances. The dining table is situated in a small area and covered in mail and other items from Lyla and Amanda.

“It’s a little messy. My roommates don’t really get that we share the living room.”

Becker nods, turning to me. “Want to show me your room?”

“Sure.”

He follows me down the hall to my room. Once we’re inside, he shuts the door behind us. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine, now. Just decompressing.”

He stuffs his hand in his pocket and pulls out a small box. “You need to keep these charged.”

I grab the box, my eyes widening when I realize they’re a new pair of headphones. Ultimate Ears. “Becker...” I say, handing him the box. “You shouldn’t have done that.”

“It’s nothing. You need them to sleep tonight.”

“Yes, but the other ones are charging now. I can’t take these.”

“Why not? They’re a gift, Nora.”

“They’re UEs. You spent at least a grand on these. That’s not a gift. That’s my rent for the month, Becker.”

“I make a thousand dollars every thirty minutes. You can take the headphones and enjoy it.” He opens the box and pulls out the headphones. “Now, we can get you some custom ones too, apparently. I just got these, so you’d have a pair tonight. I’ll take you this weekend to get some custom ones.”

Becker swipes my phone from the nightstand and sets up the Bluetooth.

“How did you unlock my phone?” I ask.

He glances up and smirks at me. “I watched you type it in the other night.” Once they’re hooked up, he places the earbuds in my ears. “Sit on your bed and try them out.”

His arms squeeze my shoulders, and he guides me to the bed, handing me my phone. After a minute of messing with the settings, I get them onto the noise canceling option and play some white noise. “Say something,” I say, and I’m sure I’m screaming.

Becker’s mouth moves but I’m not sure what he says.

“I can’t hear you,” I say.

His nose crinkles in an adorable way, and he takes my phone from me. He switches the setting to transparency. Pushing me onto my back he says. “I can’t wait to fuck you with these in.”

I swallow, opening my legs in response to his words. He climbs on top of me.

“After we get the contract signed, that is. No scene play until then.” His lips are on my neck. “Have you used them during sex?”

“No,” I rasp. My hands wrap around his neck. “If I can’t hear you, how will I know that I’m allowed to come?”

“I’m sure we can come up with a way.” He kisses me on the lips. “You like asking for permission.”

I nod. “I like saying thanks, too.” I lift my knee and place it at his groin. “Let me say thank you for my gift properly.”

“Don’t distract me.” His hand rests on my knee and he pushes my leg away from his growing hard-on. “I came here to give you the headphones and off to read the contract over for you.”

“We should probably get that over with before we wind up having sex without any boundaries,” I say.

He laughs, placing a sloppy kiss on my shoulder.

“I reviewed your checklist already. The one that came in the email when we matched. Did you review mine?” I ask. I’m surprisingly calm. Having him lay on me is like having a weighted blanket that comes heated. It’s everything I didn’t know I needed to keep my headspace clear.

He nods. “Yeah. I put our safe words and everything in there.”

“I’ll bet it was easy, considering we had the same.” We’d both agreed that using the color system was the easiest. Green is good, yellow means approaching a stop, and red means stop.

When you're in a heated moment, it's easy to remember. I'd know since I had to use the color red with a Dom before.

“One of your soft limits was anal,” he says. “Have you tried it before?”

And one of his absolutely loves was anal. I blush, a bit sad at the possibility of upsetting him with that realization. “Once. I didn't like it. But I'd be willing to try again later in our relationship once we've established more trust with each other.”

“Okay. We'll talk more about it later.”

“One question I had, and maybe it's written in already?” I ask, sitting up. “How will we decide the lines of when we're just Becker and Nora dating versus Dom and sub in a scene?”

“We can schedule our scenes. I want to get to know you, too. The point of this isn't to always be in a scene.”

“I think when we're having sex though, even if it isn't a scheduled scene, there's some aspect of the dynamic I'd expect. Like the other night. We weren't technically in a scene.”

“But I still wanted you to beg, and you still wanted to plead,” he says. “I think that's just us playing out our kinks. And totally okay to do outside of scheduled play time.”

“I think I'm on the same page as you with that, then.” I mindlessly play with his hair and it has him sighing against my neck. His breath is warm, and the sensation sent my pussy throbbing.

“You like to be called Mr. King,” I say.

“And you like Sir. You can use both. But, when you’re coming, I’d prefer Mr. King.” Becker’s hands cup either side of my face as he props himself up on his elbows.

“How often do you want to do scenes?” I ask.

“Contract says every Friday. I want you to spend the evenings with me on Wednesdays. I’d pick you up after work and bring you home Thursday morning. Same for the weekends. Friday through Sunday morning.”

“I work on Saturdays. I don’t know how we’d make that work.”

Becker dips his head and sucks a breast into his mouth. I’d forgotten I’m only in a robe, so it’s easy access. “We’ll talk about it tomorrow. As long as we’re both saying we want to make it work right now, that’s all that matters.” His mouth is on me again, sucking and biting while his hand trails below my waist.

“Say it if you want me to stop, Nora. Say your word.”

I grip his hair in my hand and push him closer to my chest. “Green, Mr. King.”

“I want to fuck you now. So tomorrow after you come over, we can play. I want to feel you now, be with you now. Want to be inside you and you’re just mine. Then tomorrow you can be my dirty girl.” His hand slips into my pajama shorts.

I gasp, two of his fingers slipping inside me. The heel of his palm digs against my clit. I grind my hips against him, trying

to chase the pressure to ease my swollen clit. Becker's fingers play with me, pumping so slowly that all it's doing is teasing me. He's waiting for me to ask for it, to beg him to be inside of me.

I arch my back trying to get closer to him, but all it does is make him move inside of me slower. "Please, Mr. King."

"Please, what, kitten?" He croons.

"I need your cock. Can you fill me, please?"

"Hmm," he says as if he's got to think about it. As if he isn't hard as a rock on top of me. "I don't know."

"I'll do whatever you want, Mr. King. Please? Your kitten's been a good girl, hasn't she?"

"Have you come at all today, kitten?"

"Not today," I say. "I touched myself last night."

He picks up the speed of his thrusts. "Did you think of me fucking your tight cunt?"

"I thought about how your mouth felt on me, Sir. Of how badly I needed you the other night. I loved taking you in my mouth."

"Fuck, Nora." He groans, pressing kisses along my stomach.

"I was thinking about what you might have been doing. Maybe you were jerking off to me at the same time."

His tongue darts out, gliding along my skin, and it turns into angry hot open-mouthed kisses. Like he can't get enough of

me, and I can't get enough of him, either. "I've jerked off to you so many times."

"Did you like my mouth, too, Sir?"

"Fuck, yes I did. You took me down your throat so well."

He pulls his fingers out of me and I whimper at the loss until I hear the zipping of his pants. I prop myself up on my elbows to get a good look at him. Like the other night, he only pulls his cock out and leaves the rest of his clothes on. I moan, sliding my hand between my legs as I watch him stroke himself.

"Tell me, Nora. When I come, where do you want it?"

"Inside my pussy." I lick my lips, sitting up completely. "But wait, Becker."

"Yes?"

My hand rests on his chest. His heart is pounding against my palm as fast as mine. "I'm really excited to do a ton of things with you. One of them is sitting on the floor at your feet completely naked while you're fully dressed. I can't wait to worship you. It'll be so hot to cry and beg to take your huge cock in my mouth and struggle with how big you are. But tonight I want to feel you. All of you." I tug at the buttons on his shirt. "Can you take this off?"

Becker drops his head against my chest and lets out a strangled noise. "How the fuck are you so good at talking so slutty?"

I squirm, his words sending a zap of electricity straight to my core. “I took a course.”

“You did?” He laughs, looking up at me.

I smirk. “Not really. But I read a lot of books. I’m basically a pro. I think I know about a thousand ways to ask you to eat me out.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah, but right now I want to feel your chest against my nipples while you pound me into the mattress.”

Becker grabs at the knot in his tie, undoing it aggressively. When it’s free, he starts on the buttons of his shirt. I help, tugging at the collar to pull it down. The material is softer than I anticipated.

“Fuck, that feels good.” I run the fabric between my fingers.

“I’ll get you some.”

“Some men’s dress shirts?” I kiss his neck, my hands finding the hardened length between his legs, while he continues to undress.

“They make women’s clothes.” Becker shuts me up with a kiss to my mouth. He slides his tongue in, playing with mine. He demands control, and I give into him.

I melt against him, pliable in his hands. The heat of his bare chest presses to mine, my nipples pebbling at the contact. “Becker.” My voice cracks.

He's panting when he pulls his mouth away from mine and runs his teeth along my neck. "I know." In an instant, he's shoving me onto my back and settling on his knees between my spread thighs.

I tug desperately at his pants until they're low enough that I can dig my nails into his ass.

One hand resting on my stomach, he lines the tip to my entrance, and with one hard thrust, he slides into me. Becker tilts his head toward the ceiling. "*Fuuucckk.*"

"Yes," I moan, loving the way it feels. His heated skin against mine comforts me along with the weight of his chest when he falls on top of me.

I swivel my hips, desperate for him to move. He thrusts in once, twice, and my muscles clench around him. A growl sounds from deep in his throat, and he grabs my ankles, forcing my legs up on his shoulders.

He's so deep this way, filling me in a way I didn't think was possible. And with only a few more pumps, we're both unraveling at the seams.

This time when I come undone, Becker doesn't make me beg.

Chapter Five

Becker

NORA CLIMBS INTO THE passenger seat of my Porsche. She's wearing black yoga pants and an Aerosmith tee. Her hair is pulled back in a messy bun and she's carrying an overnight bag with her.

“Hey, kitten,” I say, leaning over the console to plant a kiss on her lips. After spending three hours at Nora's yesterday discussing our checklist, our coffee date has changed into dinner at my place. I asked if she'd want to stay over and she agreed. We know our likes and dislikes. Now it's time to talk about the relationship aspect of our dynamic. How often we'll do a scene, and does she expect me to top her outside of the bedroom? Which we already established she does. And I'm not complaining. Fucking her yesterday while she thanked me for letting her come was better than eating ice cream on a hot summer day.

“Hey. How was work?” Nora tosses the bag into the back seat.

I snort, putting the car into drive and back out of the parking space. “Fucking stressful, like always. How was work for you?”

“Good. Just tired now.”

“How long was your shift?”

“Ten hours.”

Nora fills me in on a new job she found teaching art on Thursday evenings at a retirement home. She tells me about her plans to have them create self-portraits and even other crafts like painting pottery.

The car ride is fast with her in the seat beside me to keep me company. We make it to my condo. It’s in the heart of the city with underground parking. I live on the top floor of a skyscraper with amazing views of the entire city. With a private elevator, we step out into a small hallway and I unlock the door. Her eyes widen, taking in the open floor plan with ceiling-to-floor windows.

“Nice pad,” she says.

I wrap my arm around her, bringing her close to me. A smile tugs at the corner of her lips, hands resting on my chest. Nora closes her eyes, reaching up to kiss me. I grip the back of her neck, holding her close to me, and deepen the kiss.

Pulling away, I take her hand and guide her to the couch, where Claudia left a bottle of wine and some wine glasses before she left for the day. “You said your major was financing in school, right?” I ask.

We sit on the couch together, and she graciously takes a glass of wine from me after I've poured it.

"Yeah, I took a few art classes as my electives. And I'm on YouTube a lot to learn new techniques."

"Why didn't you choose an art major?"

"My parents convinced me I needed something more practical. Turns out they were wrong. Math is definitely not my strong suit."

Our knees touch. She tenses but doesn't say anything. "Sorry," I offer.

"It's okay," she says. "I've been better lately. It's mostly just loud noises."

I raise a brow. She hasn't mentioned feeling better in our texts or calls. "Is it because of our night at the club?"

"Partly. But also, I've been making strides with my therapist." Nora picks at her nails. "It's trauma-related. I put in a lot of work to recover from things."

"Trauma-related," I repeat. "Is it something you want to share with me?"

She sips her wine, then nods. Avoiding my gaze, she says, "I do. But not now, okay?"

"Okay."

She notices the folder on the coffee table and reaches for it. "So you want me to stay here overnight on Wednesdays,

Fridays, and Saturdays? What if I have work? Do you expect me to be here all day?"

"I was hoping I could pick you up Wednesday evening for dinner and you'd stay until work Thursday morning. Then Fridays would be the same. You'd stay until Sunday morning. I'd want those to be days you don't work."

"I can request the days off. They're just not guaranteed."

"Which brings me to the next thing, Nora. You should not be working more than forty hours a week. Especially if you're going to be teaching on Thursday evenings now."

"I agree," she says. "But I can't lose my job either."

"I can help you with any bills."

She glances at me in disbelief. "I don't want this to be an arrangement with money, Becker. I want to do this because we like each other. Money makes things complicated."

"Not when I have as much as I do. It isn't a big deal, Nora."

"And this contract is for six months. After that, I'll have to find a new job if we decide this doesn't work out."

"The contract is for the Dom/sub aspect of our relationship. It's not about dating. It's to protect you during a scene, Nora. Things won't just randomly change in six months. In fact, you can spend that time figuring out what you want to do in your life. I fail to see how this is a negative thing."

She huffs, tearing her gaze from me. "I don't want to be reliant on you. I've..."

“You’ve what?”

Nora sets down her wineglass, then turns back to me. “I’ve relied on a man financially in the past. It was the worst mistake I’ve ever made. I can’t go through that again.”

“What does that mean?”

She stands and walks back and forth in front of me. She’s nervous about something and I have a feeling I won’t like whatever she says.

“Nora, look at me.”

She responds to the order, stopping in her tracks. Her eyes meet mine, and she sighs a breath of relief when I grab her hand. “Tell me whatever’s bothering you so we can work through it together.”

“His name was David. I moved in with him a few years after my parents died. I was nineteen, jobless, and relied on him to keep me clothed and fed. At first, things were fine.”

Nora grabs her wine and guzzles the rest down. She’s nervous to tell me whatever it is she needs to, and all I know is I want to find this David and beat the fuck out of him.

She bites her lip before she speaks again. “Then my school load got really intense and I couldn’t keep up with the housework. I started ordering dinner more often. And our relationship tanked.

“I was so exhausted. I was pulling all nighters because I just didn’t get the coursework. So I’d stay up studying, go to

school and come home and crash. I got a tutor, who was a male.”

Her shoulders sag, and she leans into me. I press my lips to the top of her head and rub her back. I’d do anything to comfort her, to take away the anxiety this memory is clearly causing her.

After a beat of silence, she continues. “He was jealous. He gave me an ultimatum. School or him. Which really meant being homeless or living in his home. So I dropped out. I didn’t want to be intimate with him anymore. Things just got bad, Becker. Until I got the courage to leave. And I can’t do it again.”

“I’m not asking you to rely on me, Nora. What I’m asking is that you make our relationship a priority for the next six months so that we can learn more about each other. I’m not going to give you ultimatums. You’re always in control and this ends if you want it to, not because I’m forcing you to make decisions. I can afford to help you financially so that you’re not overworking yourself. I want you to be healthy and happy. That starts with making sure you aren’t stressed because of a minimum wage paying job.”

She chews on her lip, processing my words. “I see that. Thank you for explaining. I think I can do what you’re asking.”

“Good. Let’s get this signed.”

She nods as I refill her wine.

Chapter Six

Nora

BECKER: Where are you?

Nora: Grocery shopping.

Becker: I want you to go to the bathroom and touch yourself for two minutes.

Becker: Think about my hands on you.

Becker: You may not come. When the time is up, clean your fingers off with your mouth.

Nora: Yes, Sir.

Four minutes later

Nora: My nipples are so tight in my bra now.

Nora: The fabric hurts.

Becker: Take it off and put it in your purse.

Becker: Then send me a picture of how hard your nipples are through your shirt.

Nora: **Image sent**

Becker: Can't wait to have them in my mouth. When you get home, I want you to touch yourself for one minute every hour on the hour. Text me after every time. No orgasms, kitten. They're for your Sir to give you Friday.

Nora: *sad face emoji*

Becker: Do it, or you'll be punished, baby girl.

Nora: It might be worth it. What's my punishment?

Becker: Your reward will be extra snuggles and orgasms.

Becker: Punishment-You'll be used as my fuck toy. I'll come on you. Your tits, face, pussy, and won't let you shower until Saturday morning, and you won't be allowed to come until the next time we're together. So, Wednesday evening.

Nora: *Voice Message* "Why is the punishment so hot, though? I think my Sir wants me to fail. What if I'm a good girl and you come all over me, anyway? But then you let me come, too? *Please*, Mr. King? I can be your good little kitten and your dirty slut all at once."

Becker: If you enjoy your punishments, then we clearly need to reevaluate the list we've made.

Nora: It's the orgasm denial that's mean. I want the other part. *angel face emoji*

Becker: If you don't come like the good little slut you are, I'll come on you. If you tease yourself to orgasm without my permission, you won't come on Friday. Or Saturday. I'll tie you up and tease you for hours until you're a writhing mess. Then, I'll leave you that way.

Nora: I'll be good, Sir. I promise.

Becker: Good.



Becker: I'm going to be working late at the office. I'll send a car for you. When you get to my place, you have an hour to eat dinner, relax, and do whatever else you need. Sir wants you in the playroom by seven. Naked and waiting.

Nora: Yes, Mr. King.



My knees sting. I'm not sure how long I've been kneeling, waiting for him. He said earlier he was going to be working late, but he never said how late. And now I'm starting to wonder if he'll ever come. I left my phone on the kitchen counter, and there's no clock in this room.

I'm not a girl who works out. So sitting in one position for too long is grueling. Both physically and mentally. *Fuck, where is he?*

Maybe I should just sit in the bed until I hear him coming. But, I think I may fall asleep if I lay down. I'm exhausted, which means it has to be at least nine. Have I really been here for two hours? I'm going to have to pee soon.

I fight the urge to get up and leave. Becker wouldn't leave me here, he has to just be running late. He'll be here soon.

The handle of the door clicks, and slowly, it opens. I release a breath, my shoulders sagging with relief. In only a few strides he is standing directly in front of me. He's changed from his suit, barefoot now in a pair of gray sweatpants. I resist the urge to look up and see if he's wearing a shirt.

"I ran late. I'm sorry, kitten." His voice is raspy like he's been yelling all day.

I don't respond with words, only a small nod of my head, still looking at his feet. My hair falls in front of my face, and he leans down to push it away. His fingers brush my cheek, the warmth flooding my body. That's when I realize how cold I am.

Becker's fingers dig into my jaw and he forces me to look up at him. "Stand and go lay in the bed on your stomach. I'll give you a massage. Your muscles must be sore."

"Just my knees, Sir."

Becker grabs my hands and helps me up. He guides me to the bed, and once I'm settled, presses soft kisses all over my back. A warm hand touches the back of my thigh, and he digs into the tight flesh. I moan, forcing myself to relax my neck.

"I want you to bring your phone in here from now on. That way if I'll be late you'll know and can rest." His lips are on my ass.

"Okay," I say through heavy breaths.

"Fuck, I can't believe I left you here like that. I tried to get to you as soon as I could. I'm so sorry."

“It’s okay. You’re here now.”

“It’s not okay, Nora. You’re my top priority when we’re in a scene. The moment I texted you and told you to come here, I shouldn’t have let work come first. It won’t happen again.”

His fingers dig into my cheeks hard. Harder than he normally would, and I tense. I push up from the bed, glancing at him. “Beck? If you’re too wound up for this, we can reschedule.” I know I’m breaking from the scene by calling him by his first name, but I need to make sure he’s in the right headspace. His mental health is just as important to me as mine is.

His head shakes. “No. No. This is exactly what I need. Turn on your back so I can kiss your knees.”

I oblige, and he settles between my thighs. My favorite spot for him to be. I smile, eyes trained on him as he presses tiny kisses on my knees. Taking a few kisses to one, then switching to the other, over and over.

Becker’s hands massage the joints in question. “I’m giving these a rest for a while. No more kneeling for you this weekend.”

I stick my bottom lip out and pout. “How will I worship your cock?”

“On your back, like this.” His hands move from my bent knees, up to my chest and he squeezes each breast in his hands. “Later. Right now, I’m going to edge you two more times. Then, I’m going to come on these perfect tits.” He

pushes his head between my thighs, kissing me. “And edge you again. Then I’ll fuck you properly and allow you to come. And I’ll pull out and put my come on your thighs.”

“Please, Mr. King,” I say between heavy breaths, his tongue already working my sensitive nerves.

Yesterday was torture, not being able to come the entire day, but touching myself every hour. I’m going to be a hot mess by the end of this. Especially if he continues to tease me with these slow, agonizing strokes of his tongue. From my ass up to my clit and down again. Over and over giving me just a tiny taste of what an orgasm could feel like.

It’s torture, and I definitely don’t think I want to do it again. But that’s a lie because Becker loves this, and I love to please him.

He slides two fingers inside me, and I clench around him, instantly feeling the need to come. I force myself to hold out though because I’m not ready for him to stop. I need him inside of me desperately.

I move my hips, moaning at the pressure the fullness brings me. “Please, don’t stop, Sir.”

“How does it feel, kitten?”

“Like my needy pussy is dying to be filled by you. I don’t know if I can make it much longer, Mr. King.” I grind into him, trying to get his fingers deeper. “Fuck, your fingers aren’t long enough. I need to be filled. Please, Sir? I’ll do anything.”

“I know you will, kitten. Because you’re my filthy girl. You know the rules. You can have my cock once you’ve edged twice.” He pulls his fingers from me and replaces them with a hard slap to my pussy.

I let out a scream, my back arching. Becker’s thumb presses against my clit and he works furious circles. “Oh, please? Please, may I come?” I’m crying, holding onto his wrist between my legs. My nails dig into his arm. “Please, Sir. Mr. King, please? I need to come, now.”

“No.” His voice is stern, and it cracks my heart at how mean he sounds. I’ve been good, I’m begging him just the way we both like. But I know it’s just a game.

He pulls his hand from me, and my whole body sinks into the mattress. “So perfect, baby girl. You did so well. Once more and then I’m going to jerk off over your chest, okay?” His mouth is on mine. “You’re so beautiful. So good. So perfect.”

I focus on my breathing, trying to come down. I groan. “Yellow.”

He settles beside me, pulling my back into his chest. “Talk to me.”

“I’m...” I try to put what I’m feeling into words, but I’m struggling. “I need to come so badly. But I want to please you, too.”

“I know,” he whispers, brushing away the sweaty locks of hair stuck to my face. “You are, kitten. Should I skip the last

two edgings?”

“I don’t know,” I say honestly. Because I really want to do this. I like when he pushes me and the rewards I get when I satisfy him. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, Nora.” His hand slides between my legs. “You’re doing what you’re supposed to. You’re being open and honest. And I’m proud of you. So fucking proud.”

I nod. “Maybe only one more time? And then you come on me like we agreed. And instead of another time, we can skip to the end?”

“We can do that.”

I nod. “Like this. Hold me like this. Please?”

He squeezes me tighter to his chest, one arm wrapped around my stomach to hold me in place. I open my legs for him, the hand between my thighs working me into another bundle of mess.

I can do this.

“There’s my good girl,” he croons in my ear. “One more time. You can do it.” He’s not as tortious with the strokes, bringing me toppling over quickly instead of the slow and agonizing way it was the first time. He knows he’s pushing me too far, and I’m grateful when it’s almost over already.

My legs shake as I cry out again. “Please? Please may I come, Sir?”

“No,” he says, pulling his hand away. He pushes me onto my back and climbs on top of me, pressing kisses all over my face. “So beautiful. You’re such the perfect little kitten. You handled that so well.”

“Th-th-thank you, Sir.”

His hands rub along my sides in that firm way that keeps me grounded. “You beg so beautifully,” he says. “And I love having control over your pleasure. Take what I have to give you and then you’ll get what you want.”

“Yes, Mr. King.”

Becker kneels over me, stroking his erection. “Spit on it. Give me some lube.”

I sit up, dropping a good amount of spit onto the top of his long shaft. He pats my cheek in an approving way.

It isn’t long before he’s covering me, rubbing the creamy liquid into the skin on my chest. “Thank you, Mr. King. Thank you for your come.”

“You’re welcome, kitten.” Becker moves between me and spreads my legs open wide. He lines his cock up to me. “You’re my best girl. I’m going to fill you up and we’re going to sit like this. So you’ll know who you belong to.”

Becker’s hands are on my hips as he pushes himself inside me. “Thank you,” I say, wrapping my arms around his waist. “Thank you, thank you.” I’m desperate and clingy, but I don’t care. He wants to see me unravel. Here I am. *Needy* for him.

Becker doesn't thrust or move, and I already feel him softening inside me. But he leans down to kiss my chin.

I clench around him, and he moans as he collapses on top of me. My hands run along his back. My favorite weighted blanket, and even though I used one of our safe words, I'm happy with how this is turning out. Becker's mouth is on mine, his tongue parting my lips. I bite at his bottom lip, then pull away for air.

"Almost time for your reward, kitten." He dips his head into the crook of my neck and wraps my legs around his hips. With one swift movement, he flips us so that he's on his back and I'm on top of him. "Clench those tight muscles. Milk me until I'm hard again. Then I'll fuck you until you're screaming while you come."

I groan, pressing my face into his shoulder.

"Tell me why this was so intense for you, baby. Was it all the teasing I made you do yesterday?"

I shake my head. "No... I..." I sigh. "I enjoyed that yesterday. Maybe because we weren't together, it made it okay." I press a kiss to his shoulder. "I think when I'm asking if I can come, I don't like to be told no. Not when I'm all wound up and we're in a scene that heated. It made me feel like I didn't deserve it. I think that was on me. I shouldn't have begged like that if I wasn't prepared for you to deny me."

"Hmm." He rubs my back. "Okay. I can see that. I think orgasm denial isn't for you."

“But you enjoy it.”

“I do,” he says.

I clench around him, and he stiffens under me. I giggle, and he continues. “It’s a power thing. Denying you, or permitting you to give in to your pleasure. But if it’s something that upsets you, we won’t do it.”

I look up at him, my head still resting on his shoulder. “What do you like about the power? About controlling me?”

His head tilts to the ceiling. “I like knowing that I have you under my finger. You’re the sexiest woman I’ve ever met, Nora. Not just your amazing body or beautiful face. You know what you want. In and out of the bedroom. You submit to me, but only because you trust I’ll bring you the pleasure. You ask me for what you want, and when I give it to you... well fuck, it’s the hottest turn-on for me.”

His knuckle drags along my back, sending a shiver down my spine. “And when I take that pleasure. When I *control* it, it’s like a flood of pride opening up inside me.”

“Pride?” I ask, feeling him hardening inside of me again.

I push off his chest, straddling him. Becker nods, reaching up to brush the hair from my face. “I’m proud of you every time you enter this room and give in to me. Because even if you’re doing it for yourself, you trust me to be a part of the experience. I’m proud of you every time you push your limits. Every time you try something new. And I’m so grateful you’ve chosen me to experience it with you.”

“Even when I call ‘yellow’ and cut a scene?” I feel my cheeks warm with embarrassment.

His knuckles brush my cheek. I lean into the touch, my hands resting on his stomach. “Especially, then. When you’re admitting how vulnerable you are, how hard it is, and that you need my help.”

“Thank you.”

“Shh.” His fingers are pressing against my lips. “Don’t thank me until you’re coming so hard, you’re squeezing the life out of my cock.” He thrusts his hips into me.

I laugh. “Permission to ride you?”

He shoots me a smirk. “Permission granted.”

I lean back on my heels and rest my hands on his knees for better leverage. Becker’s hands grip my hips holding me in place as he guides me. We’re slow and calculated at first.

“You can come as much as you’d like. You don’t need to ask.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Becker presses the pad of his thumb to my sensitive bud while I pick up the speed of my hips. His other hand reaches to grab a nipple and he tweaks it between his fingers. My body responds, tightening around his cock. “Fuck, you love it when I play with your nipples.”

“Yes,” I breathe. “More. Please.”

“Always so polite.” He chuckles darkly and before I can respond, I’m flipped over again. “I’d fuck you from behind, but your knees need some reprieve. So this will have to do.”

“My knees are okay.”

He glares at me, a hint of a growl rumbling through his chest. “Who’s in charge here?”

“You are.”

He picks up his pace, pounding into me ruthlessly. My body jerks back with each thrust. It isn’t long before he has me close to the edge. I reach between us and work my clit while he thrusts, and soon my body is tumbling over, into the waves of pleasure. I explode, taking him with me. My back arches and I scream out his name. “Becker! Fuck, *fuck*.” I dig my nails into his chest, continuing to thrash while he fucks me through my orgasm. “Thank you, Mr. King,” I manage to blurt when I calm down.

His cock twitches in me, his breathing getting heavier. Picking up the pace, he thrusts once, twice, then pulls out and shoots his come on my center.

“You called me Becker,” he laughs after he catches his breath.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s okay.” His lips are on me, covering me with affectionate kisses, and I melt into the bed. “Come on, sweet girl. Let’s get you those cuddles.”

Becker wraps my arms around his neck and carries me from the room. He helps me to the bathroom, and then into his bed where he wraps me in his muscular arms. At some point, I happily doze off into a somber sleep, Becker still holding me tightly to him.

This is the best part of being a good girl.

Chapter Seven

Becker

NORA IS ALREADY ON the plane when I step inside. She's wearing a silky green dress. The straps are thin, and the material clings around her chest. I can tell it's short, the way it's riding up her mid-thigh. Her dark hair is pulled out of her face in a loose bun.

She glances up from her phone, smiling brightly when she realizes it's me. Placing the phone on the table beside her, she stands to greet me. "Hello, Mr. King," she rasps. Her hands rest on my chest and she kisses my cheek. "How was work?"

"Torture, knowing you were getting ready in my penthouse all morning." I wrap my hands around her, squeezing her ass and pulling her into me. "You're a fucking sight." I push my hardening dick against her to show her just what she does to me.

"You are, too. I've never seen such a finer specimen inside of a tuxedo. Can you wear this to the club? I want to watch all the subs drool over you, and then their hearts break when they realize that you're my Dom and they can't have you."

“You really know how to stroke my ego.”

Her eyes twinkle as she looks up at me. “I’m good at stroking.” Her hands grip my dick.

I cup her face in my hands, planting a kiss to her mouth. “You are.” My cock twitches in her hand.

She smirks, continuing to tease me.

“How many hours did you work this week?” I grab her hand and move it away. She follows me to the two seats in the back corner. After I sit down, she sits across from me. The flight attendant has already opened the wine and poured us each a glass. Resting on the table between us is a meal of chicken and broccoli.

She still hasn’t answered as she digs into her plate. I furrow my brows. “How many hours, kitten?”

She chews the inside of her lip. “There was a call out and I had to stay for a second shift. The supervisor cornered me and said if I didn’t, I’d be written up.”

I pick an invisible piece of lint off my pants, my lips pinched. Composing my frustration, I move to adjust the cuff links. “How many hours, Nora?”

Out of my peripheral, she drops her head. “Forty-eight.”

“So that’s fifty-two if we count your art class.”

“Yes.” She sighs softly.

My stomach ties itself in knots. One of Nora’s punishments is edging. We’d tried it before it was a punishment and she

used a safe word when it was too intense. Now I'm worried anything I choose from the list will result the same way. I really don't want to do this.

Unable to take the silence, she rushes out of her seat and drops to her knees in front of me. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I tried to get out of it, Becker."

"I'm not Becker right now."

"I'm sorry, Mr. King." Her head nestles against my leg.

I glance down, spreading my legs apart so she can scoot between them. Her hands fall on my knees, nails digging into the material of my suit. "You should have left, Nora. Fuck a write-up. That means nothing. Your health is more important than that place."

"I-I know. I'm sorry."

"Take off your panties," I say.

She nods, standing up. Lifting her dress up, she tugs on the black lace thong, down her knees and they drop to the floor.

"You're going without them to the event tonight. And in such a tiny dress, kitten. If you bend the wrong way, someone might see what's mine."

"Yes, Sir." She sniffles.

I tap my knee. "Come sit on my leg."

Nora steps out of her underwear, then climbs onto my lap. When she straddles my thigh, her dress rides up, exposing herself to the cool air.

“Grab my phone from my pocket.” When it’s in my hand, I unlock it, opening up my emails.

“Nora?”

“Yes, Mr. King?”

“You’re being punished because we agreed you’re not to work over forty hours. Forty-four if you count art class on Thursday. You’ve worked fifty-two.” My hand rears back and meets with her bare ass. She moans, arching to get away from my touch.

“I know. I’m so sorry, Mr. King.”

“You have five minutes to make yourself come. You may not use your hands. You may only use my thigh.”

A whimper leaves her mouth, her bottom lip shaking. Nora sighs but composes herself and nods. “I deserve it, Mr. King.”

“I want my pants soaked with your orgasm, Nora. I want to smell like you this evening, even if I have to walk away from you for business. You’ll still be with me. However, this punishment is about you. I’m not giving you the pleasure you want from me. And you’re not going to beg me to take it from you either. Only my good kitten gets my attention.” I scroll through my phone, pretending to be uninterested in her. “You may not speak to me for the next five minutes, Nora.”

“Okay,” she whispers.

Her hips grind against my leg, and I pretend to be uninterested, though I’m anything but. Nora’s hands fall on my shoulders, her head dropping as she tries to pleasure herself.

Her movements are slow, teasing, but the moment she starts to become more aroused her lips part. She breathes heavier, and her nails dig into my suit.

I force myself not to look away from my phone, despite the scent of her lemon lotion penetrating my senses, weakening my walls. Her pussy is dripping, leaving a wet spot on my pants just like I wanted, and though this is a punishment for her, it feels like I'm being punished, too. Because all I want to do is grab her by the ass and push her against the window of the plane.

I'm dying to fuck her against the wall with her ass bare to anyone on the tarmac who looks in, and fuck her until she can't take anymore. But I can't do any of that when she's in trouble. So yeah, this punishment is mine, too.

I chew the inside of my cheek, my fingers mindlessly scrolling the screen. Fuck, this is the longest five minutes of my life. Nora lets out a whimper, her body tensing, and I know she's so close. Her hips move more furiously until she lets out a squeak, and slows her pace. Her grip on me loosens, and she falls forward, cuddling into my chest.

I refrain from wrapping my arms around her and praising her. Sliding my phone into my pocket, I don't look at her when I say, "Sit down and get buckled."

She stands slowly, then walks back to her seat. When she's settled, I reach for the phone behind me that acts as an intercom to the cockpit.

"Yes, Mr. King," a female voice chirps.

“We’re ready to take off.”

“I’ll tell the pilot. Thank you, sir.”

Nora’s biting her bottom lip, glancing out the window when I finally look at her.

“Eat,” I say, extending an olive branch. “We’ll be there in less than two hours, and I have a meeting right away.”

She turns her head toward me. “Where will I be when you’re in the meeting?”

I grab a wine glass as the plane moves down the tarmac. Taking a sip, I shoot her a smirk. “Under my desk, keeping my cock warm with those plump lips.”

She shifts in her seat. A small smile tugs at the corner of her mouth, and she tries to hide it, covering her mouth with her hand. “What about when you have to stand to shake hands?”

“It’s with employees. They’re usually too worried about if I’m going to be angry with reports to shake hands.”

“Sounds like you’re a mean boss,” she says in a teasing tone.

“I’m a good boss. I just have high expectations. Eat, kitten.” Taking another drink from my wine, I keep my gaze on her.

Her hands reach for the food in front of her, and she chews quietly. She’s not being discreet when she spreads her legs and tugs at her dress so I have a perfect view of her pussy glistening with the orgasm I didn’t get to take from her.

Chapter Eight

Nora

BECKER DOESN'T WASTE ANY time. He has me use the bathroom on the plane before we land, and the second we're inside the casino, he leads me right to his office on the eighth floor.

I don't get a tour of the hotel or the casino. There aren't introductions to anyone, even as people greet him in the hall.

The second he shuts the door to his office, his mouth is on mine, assaulting me with bites and kisses. The plane ride was spent sitting across from each other with little small talk. He'd been disappointed with me. But now it seems he's anything but.

Becker fists my hair with one hand, pulling my head back, and he presses his mouth to my throat. He bites hard, then kisses the same spot. Over and over until I'm squirming against his broad chest.

"I've been dying to get inside of you since the second I stepped on the jet and saw you in this dress."

“Yes,” I breathe.

“I’m still upset, Nora.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I don’t like confrontation. I tried to say no, but then when the yelling starts, I just give in to get it to stop. To shut up the noise.”

Becker freezes, his grip on my hair tightening. “He yelled at you?”

“Yes.”

“What the fuck? What kind of employer yells at his employees?” He lets go of me, his chest puffing. Becker’s cheeks flush red.

“It was a supervisor, not an owner, Becker. It’s fine.”

“You’re not going back there.”

“No?” I ask, crossing my arms. “I have rent to pay, Becker.”

He growls under his breath. His fists clenched at his side. “Move in with me.”

“What?” I laugh in disbelief.

“Think about it, Nora. You’re paying to live with two other women, struggling to save any money you make. Move in with me. You can quit your job and focus on your paintings. And I’ll come home to you every night. No more of this three nights a week bullshit.”

He kisses my shoulder. “I could even work from home more.”

“I don’t know. It just doesn’t feel right letting you support me.”

“We’ve been dating for months. Our contract is about to be up. I don’t want to stop seeing you. This is just taking the next step in our relationship, Nora.”

“Triggered by the fact my boss yelled at me and you want me to quit my job.”

“No. I want you to focus on your art career. That’s me supporting my partner. Don’t read into our wage differences. Our jobs don’t make us who we are.”

“I feel like a gold digger, okay?” I plop onto the leather couch beside me. “You help me with my bills and buy me presents. And now you’re asking me to quit my job to move in with you. And what do I provide for you, Becker? You have a personal chef and a personal cleaner. How am I supposed to be an equal in this relationship if I contribute nothing?”

“You think you don’t contribute anything, Nora?” Becker drops to his knees, scooting between my legs. “I wake up with your face in my mind. When I’m stressed at work, you’re the one I text. You make me laugh over dinner, make me forget about all the tough decisions I’ve had to make during the day.”

He rests his hands on my knees. “When I’m not with you, I’m thinking of you. And when I’m with you, I’m dying to never have to leave you. You contribute to my happiness and my mental health. Don’t downplay that just because you feel that you need to contribute more. You contribute everything I need to make me a better man.”

“What if it’s not enough? What if one day you wake up and you think I’m not doing enough?”

“I really don’t think that would ever happen, but I think our communication skills can handle that conversation, sweetheart.”

I place my hands on top of Becker’s. “I just need some time to think about it.”

“Okay,” he says. Standing, he grabs my hands and pulls me up with him. His gaze meets the watch on his wrist and then he makes eye contact with me. “We’ve got about ten minutes. I want you on my desk before you’re under it.”

Cupping the back of my neck, he drags my body to his. Our mouths crash in a heated kiss as he holds me so tightly like he’s scared I’ll run from him. When he pulls away, he flashes me a wink. “Go on. Get your ass over there.”

I shoot him a timid smile but make my way across the room. His desk is a large oak covered in papers, with a laptop and some containers with pens. “On top of the papers, Sir?”

“Yes.”

He’s behind me already, his hand at the back of my neck, and with a firm grip, he pushes me so I’m bent over the edge of the desk. “Spread those legs out wide. Open your ass to me.”

My cheek pushes against a pile of papers, I reach back with both hands and spread my ass cheeks apart.

“I have a surprise for you, kitten.”

“You do?”

“Yes. I’m going to fuck this sweet pussy while you’re bent over.” He sucks a finger into his mouth, and then I feel him invading my tight hole. “Then, I’m going to use my come as lube and stuff you with a plug here.”

I gasp, the intrusion burning, but he eases any pain that comes by rubbing his large hand on my pussy. “Oh,” I sigh, the pain turning into a feeling of being full. “Yes.” I push back into his hand and he chuckles.

“That’s it, my greedy whore. You’ll take anything I have to give, won’t you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

His cock is at the entrance of my pussy, and he teases me, rubbing before he slides in. “Play with your clit, kitten.” He thrusts inside of me, pushing himself until he’s buried as deep as he can be.

I listen, sliding a hand to where we’re joined. Becker slips a second finger into my ass and I tense, the pain back again. “Fuck!”

Still playing with myself, his other hand grips the back of my head. Pulling my hair, he forces me up so that I have to use my hands to hold me upright. Then, he’s shoving three fingers into my mouth like a fishhook. And I lose it. I buck my hips into him, trying to bury him even further inside me, and I thrash against him.

“How does it feel having your Sir fill up all your holes?”

He shoves the digits in my mouth a little deeper until I gag, then releases me.

“So good.” I choke, trying to catch my breath. Full, I feel like I could fucking die and be in Heaven, but still, nothing would feel as good as this does right now. Having him inside my cunt while his fingers are in my ass makes it feel like I’m about to explode. Like his cock is bigger.

“OhmiGod. Please! *Please!* I need to come!”

“That’s not how good girls ask, Nora. Are you being a naughty little kitten?” He’s taunting me, but I know the way his voice cracks that he’s toppling over the edge too.

“Mr. King, please? Please may I come? Your cock feels so good. I’ll do anything. Please! Oh fu-”

With a final thrust, and without permission, I collapse onto the desk, and my traitorous pussy clenches around Becker’s dick. “Yes. Come. Fuck, Nora. Fuck. You’re so wet and tight.”

I gasp, trying to collect as much air into my lungs as I can when he pulls out and squirts hot cum on my lower back. “Thank you, Mr. King. Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome, baby girl.”

Becker presses a kiss to my back, then walks around his desk. He opens a drawer and pulls out a tiny metal—oh, shit. “That’s a butt plug.”

He laughs at my shocked reaction. “It is.” Walking around the desk, he returns to my back, and runs the cool metal along

the top of my ass, coating it in his semen, no doubt. “Play with yourself while I get it in.”

I fall back onto the desk, doing as I’m told. Soon, the cool sensation is at my hole and he’s pushing it in. I groan, squeezing my eyes shut through the pain, but it goes in much easier than I expected.

“You have two minutes to get used to it and get under the desk before the hotel and casino managers arrive.”

“Yes, Sir.” I scramble, trying to compose myself. I adjust my dress, though it doesn’t matter because it’s just going to ride up again when I climb under his desk.

“Don’t make me come, Nora. You just suck it until I’m hard again and you stop. Any time I’m getting soft again, you can suck.”

“Okay,” I nod. He hands me a bottle of water and then there’s a knock at the door.

Becker presses a quick kiss to my mouth and heads for the door and I climb under his desk.

I hear the crack of the door opening, then Becker’s voice greeting someone. “Ms. Sanchez, Mr. Jenson. Come in.”

“Good evening, Mr. King,” Jenson says.

“Hello, Becker. How was your flight?” The woman’s voice is soft. She seems comfortable with Becker.

“Long,” Becker says. “Have a seat.” There’s rustling, and some footsteps, then Becker is sitting at his desk, shiny black

dress shoes in my face.

I squirm on the floor, trying to get comfortable as he scoots his chair in. I press my head against his leg, resting for a moment until he talks again, and then my only focus is on him as he drags his cock out of the already unzipped pants.

I kiss the tip, and he moves his hands to the top of the desk. Whatever they're talking about isn't processed. Not as I slowly open my mouth and suck him in, my tongue swirling along his veins until he's hard inside of my mouth.

He said to stop whenever he gets hard, but I can't help myself. I keep sucking and stifle a moan when he twitches. After a moment, his hand reaches down and he tugs at my hair in a quiet warning to stop.

If I could, I would pout, but I release him from my mouth. We do this for at least an hour when finally Becker's voice rumbles a dismissal. When the door closes, he's scooting his chair back and helping me up.

"How are you feeling?" he asks.

"Like I have a metal rod stuck up my ass."

He chuckles. "Come on. We'll go up to the room and clean up."

"You had me wear this skanky cocktail dress and you're not even going to let me play the slots?"

"Tomorrow, baby. Tonight, I'm going to teach you how to play strip poker."

Becker's lips are peppering my neck and face with kisses while I look past him to the painting above his desk. A King of Hearts, with a dagger bleeding through the red heart.

A lump forms in my throat because that's exactly how I feel around him. Like he's holding my bleeding heart. "I... I love you, Beck."

"I love you too, Nora."

Epilogue

Seven months later

“NORA?” I CALL, WALKING around my empty penthouse. She’s nowhere to be found. Which means she’s probably on the balcony painting. Not wanting to mess my suit up, I head for the closet first to change into sweats.

When I’m done, I step out onto the balcony barefoot. Nora’s sitting on the outdoor couch, her feet propped up on the coffee table, a book in hand.

“Hey, kitten,” I say, stuffing my hands in my pockets.

She closes her book and looks up, smiling. “Hey yourself, Mr. King. Did you have a horrible day at work, knowing I was home today?”

“You know it.”

Nora’s been teaching pottery for the last two months to children with special needs. She loves it and has finally found a job that appreciates her. But she spends all of her free time in the studio, which means I don’t see her much. She deemed today a rest day, and it seems she took that literally.

Her eyes dart to the right, and I turn my gaze. “It’s finished,” she says. She stands and wraps her arms around my waist as I take in the painting on the easel. It’s covered with a sheet.

“Does that mean I can finally see?”

“Go ahead.”

I step forward, grab the top of the sheet, and pull. The painting behind the sheet is the most beautiful painting I’ve ever seen.

I take in the fine details of... “Wow,” I say, staring at a painting that’s *my office* at the casino. The couch, the desk, the painting behind my desk. Even a cart of alcohol. Except, instead of the diamond chandelier in the middle, hangs a woman with dark hair. A *naked* woman, holding onto a piece of black fabric. She’s wrapped up and hanging from the ceiling. Her head is tilted down, toward the corner of the room, a fully suited man holding a crop in one hand. A lit cigar dangling from his mouth, and with the other hand, he’s shuffling a deck of cards so that they’ve been sent flying through the air.

“That’s us,” I say, stepping closer. “Fuck, Nora. This is beautiful.”

She presses a kiss to the center of my shoulder blades. “I thought we could hang it above our bed.”

The words *we* and *our* bounce in my head, and stick me straight through the heart. Together, we’re together. And I

wouldn't want to be anywhere fucking else.

Acknowledgments

Thank you to my amazing alphas and betas. To Jenn for naming Nora. I wrote this book without a clue who these characters could be. And in less than 20,000 words, Becker and Nora made me fall in love with them.

I also need to thank my lovely husband. Thank you for believing in me and supporting me in everyway that you can.

About Author

A.N. is a wife and mother to three children. She enjoys writing dark romance novels with strong female leads, always with a HEA. When she isn't reading and writing, she spends her days with her family. Other passions include: crafting, horseback riding, and procrastinating.

Also By A.N. Stauber

Start With [Cracked Open](#), a second chance romance

[Her Vengeful King](#), Book 1 in the Black Hearts Series : A dark mafia romance

Coming Soon: I have many works in progress. to stay up to date with me please follow me on [Facebook](#) and or [Instagram](#):

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Start Cracked Open Here

My stomach turns, inhaling the scent of something black and sticky inside the fridge. It's so disgusting, even the bleach doesn't help cover the smell of the tarnished shelving. It's gotta be mold. On my hands and knees, I scrub the bottom shelf, gagging as I stand to toss away the rubber gloves I'm wearing.

Fuck this.

The department provided me this shit hole apartment to help maintain a believable cover. It's fucking atrocious. From the living room, with its chipped walls, to the shitty bathroom with cracked green tiles. There are coatings of different colors of paint peeling from the walls. Layers of white cover blue and yellow. I don't even want to know how many times an animal has pissed on this nasty blue carpeting. They definitely haven't replaced it in at least a decade. It's a flashback to my college days, only worse.

I need a drink to relax because I'm so fucking close to calling my commanding officer. He can fuck right the hell off

if he thinks this is a suitable living condition. Grabbing my jacket, I leave my apartment to head for my bike. I remember seeing a bar a few blocks from here that intrigued me. Mac's would be the perfect spot outside of the biker gang territory, where I won't have to stress about someone I know running into me and blowing my cover.

The ride to Mac's is quick. Being so late, there isn't much traffic. When I enter the bar, there is a group of men sitting at the far end near the restrooms. To the right there are tall tables with chairs, and to the left, dining tables.

I head for an opening at the end of the bar, away from the larger group, and catch the bartender's attention. I smile at her across the way. Her dark brown hair flows behind her back as she gives me a smile and waves. Wiping her hands on her black jeans, she heads my way.

"Hey there." Her voice is bubbly as her golden brown eyes flash a warm sparkle.

"Hey." A smile tugs at the corner of my lips. In a normal situation, I would tell her she has a great smile, or ask for her name. I'm not selfish enough to drag her into my illegal drama, no matter how much I want to flirt with this beautiful bartender. My gaze stays with her as she places a coaster in front of me and fills an empty glass of water.

"Do you know what you'd like?" She asks, a bit too eagerly. She dances on the balls of her feet.

I can't help but to return a grin. She's wearing a black t-shirt, clingy in the chest, loose around her stomach, and dark

jeans, squeezing her curves in all the right places. I can tell she is tall, too. I prefer tall, so I'm not breaking my back for a kiss.

“Coors is fine.” I pull from my thoughts and place my order.

Groaning, her smile disappears. “Oh, come on!”

I stifle a chuckle at her disappointment. Her lips form into a perfect little pout. My shit mood has already been lifted in just a few moments. This will be my spot every night for the next year, if it means I get to have this little bit of sunshine on my darkest days.

“Sorry?” My eyebrow arches.

“Oh, no.” She shakes her head, waving her hand to dismiss herself. “I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say that out loud. That was very rude.” She laughs at herself and turns around, pulling a bottle of beer from the fridge, and popping the top off. “Sorry. It's my first week. I was hopeful when my brother got me the job that I would, I don't know, be mixing drinks. Not a single person has ordered anything other than beer or vodka and club soda.”

The way she rambles is extremely cute. She isn't talking too much, just trying to dig herself out of a customer service hole. I should probably put her out of her misery, but her smooth voice draws me in like a damn bug to fire. I take my beer, pressing it to my lips and sip the cool liquid.

I want to keep her here, talking to me, and not let her return to any of the other customers. So, I entice her with an offer I

know she will happily accept. “Okay. I’ll take a mixed drink. Go ahead. Surprise me.”

The sparkle in her brown eyes returns as she smiles brightly at her victory, and my heart flutters, knowing that I’m the reason for her beautiful smile. “Oh my God! Thank you. You won’t be disappointed.” She hurries down the bar, grabbing the items she needs, then runs back.

“Okay.” She smiles, placing a bowl of peanuts in front of me. “Dinner and a show?”

I stifle a smirk, watching her eagerly pour various liquids into the shaker, twirling her arms and dancing as she does. It’s obvious that she is putting on a spectacle for me, and I don’t mind it one bit. She finishes, pouring the contents into a tall, curvy glass and adding lemon and blueberry garnishes to the rim and she sets it in front of me.

She stands patiently, eyes wide and arms crossed as I take a sip. Smacking my lips, I finally nod. “Wow. That’s really great. What is it?”

“Nothing fancy. It’s a hurricane. Sweet with a sassy name.” She wiggles her eyebrows, then holds her hand out for me to shake. “I’m Andrea. Thank you for being my first actual customer.”

“Colby.” *The name slips out so easily.* I take Andrea’s hand and we shake. Her skin is warm and soft, and I don’t want to let go.

“Nice to meet you, Colby.” Andrea side steps as another bartender brushes behind her, brooding as he walks past. “Oh, Mac, look! My first mixed drink, isn’t she beautiful?”

The bartender looks up from the ice bin and glances at the drink. He turns to glance at me. “So she suckered you into a drink, huh? Sorry to hear that,” he grumbles, turning back to the ice bin, and dumping another bucket into it.

“He likes it. Don’t be an ass,” Andrea says, rolling her eyes at Mac. “So are you new in town?” She turns back to me.

“Yeah.” I nod, sipping my beer. “New job starts tomorrow.”

“Andrea. Leave the guy alone. Let him drink in peace.” The grumpy bartender warns as he walks by again. He towers over her, the top of her head just barely coming to his chin. He brushes past her, his hand grazing her elbow, which tells me they are close.

“Not everyone is in a shit mood, like you!” Andrea calls after him. She grabs a rag, wiping the counter in front of me.

I watch her for a moment, still not ready for her to tend to the others at the bar. She’s too interesting and I want her entertainment for the evening, so I try to keep her attention to myself. “So only a week on the job? How are you liking it?” I ask, trying to keep the conversation alive with this intriguing woman.

“Yeah. I just turned twenty-one last week. I love it. The tips are awesome, and it helps I’m a huge people person. Mac hasn’t let me work the weekend yet. Once I get some

Saturdays, I'll be making bank." Being eight years younger than me, I now see why she is bursting with so much energy. She greets another customer, and then comes right back to me when she notices my drink almost empty.

"Need another one?"

"Please," I say as she takes the empty glass, making a fresh drink. "Thanks."

She smiles, then tosses the rag she's holding. "Mac. Taking a smoke break." She rounds the corner from behind the bar and slips out the front door.

I've never smoked a cigarette a day in my life, but something makes me head to the exit so that I can join her. It might be the way her voice lures me in with just a few words, or the way her tight ass shakes in her dark jeans as she walks away. It definitely helps motivate me.

Outside, she leans against the wall, her phone against her ear, as she chats with someone. When she spots me, she waves. "Gotta go, I'll call you later."

"Hey." Andrea slides her phone into the back pocket of her jeans, resting one foot against the wall. Her hair falls over her shoulder, the light from above hits it just right, making her brown locks shine.

"Can I bum one?" I ask.

Pulling out her Lucky Strikes, she hands me the pack. After taking one out, I hand it back and slide the cigarette between my lips. She brings her hands towards my mouth, lighting my

cancer stick for me. When she pulls away, her fingertip brushes against my bottom lip. I close my eyes, willing my cock not to harden from the gentle touch.

“You a biker, Colby?” Andrea asks, inhaling her smoke.

“How’d you guess?” I raise an eyebrow, giving her a smirk to imply my bad boy side.

“The bike.” She nods her head at the bike sitting in the front lot of the bar. “I’ve never been on one.”

I turn, glancing at my bike. I don’t answer, so she elaborates. “Your leather jacket and riding boots might have given it away, too.”

“I can take you for a ride sometime.” I shouldn’t, I should leave this bar and never, ever return. Relationships don’t go well with me in general, let alone when I’m trying to infiltrate an organized crime ring.

“Okay.” She puts her cigarette out and drops it in the ashtray. “Let’s go.”

“What? Now? You’re working. And I gotta close my tab.” I offer an attempt to give her an out.

“You can close it with me later.” Her grin is mischievous and her eyes sparkle as she skips off the sidewalk, towards my bike.

I follow her without putting up much of a fight. My conscience wants me to stop, to make an excuse and get the fuck out of there. But I don’t. Instead, I hand her my helmet and sink onto my ride. Her eyes hold mine as she fastens the

chin strap, then grabs my bicep to help her swing her leg over. Her arms snake around my waist as she hugs me from behind, a warmth radiating from my spine and into my neck.

“Look at that. We’re a perfect fit.” The hairs on the back of my neck stand upright as she whispers in my ear. The heat of her breath leaves a dampness on my skin. “Take me for a ride, Colby.”

I swallow hard at the sound of my new name. Revving the engine, I kick up the stand and back the bike out of the parking lot. Andrea squeezes me tightly as we drive away.

Once I hit the open road outside of the city limits, I don’t stop, and she doesn’t seem to mind. Her hands squeeze me tightly around my waist, a reminder of her presence. She doesn’t complain once. I’m grateful that she rides in silence, because I don’t think I could handle the sound of her soft voice teasing me, or the contact of her lips against my ear.

Not that the silence matters when I feel her fingers digging into my waist, and her tits squished tightly against my back as I make a turn. Her hair flows freely, untied, so on the open road, the wind shuffles it around, and some of it gets in my mouth.

I’m not used to having anyone on my bike, but it feels good to have her squeezing me, holding onto me for dear life. She trusts me and she doesn’t even know me.

An hour and a half later, we return to the bar.

I'm not sure what the fuck is wrong with me, or why I am struggling to maintain something normal with this girl. I do know, if I let her kiss me, it will be game over. She shouldn't be pulled into this life with me. This is all temporary. One year and I will be a ghost, and Andrea's heart will be broken. And it will leave her mourning someone who never truly existed.

Andrea places her hands on my shoulders and swings her leg around to climb off the bike, then gives me a playful punch to my arm. The sound of feet stomping toward us causes our heads to turn towards the bar. The bartender from earlier is making his way over. His shoulders are broad and his eyebrows pinched in anger. He is definitely taller than me, and even bigger in the chest. I am toned and have muscular arms, but his chest is made of brick, and for a moment, I consider how to get out of this without fists flying.

I don't have to think long because Andrea steps in front of me as he approaches, placing her hand on his chest as she looks up at him. The touch seems to cause the tension in his jaw to loosen.

“And where the fuck have you been?” His voice booms, as his chest rises rapidly with his breathing. “You think it's smart to get on a bike with a stranger in a bar? That's how you get sliced, Andrea. You're lucky this guy didn't hurt you.”

I have to agree with him, even though I personally wouldn't ever do anything to hurt her. Anyone could walk into that bar and pretend to be someone they weren't.

Like me, when I gave her my undercover name.

Now I'm angry with her myself.

“Oh, calm down.” She removes her hand from him and crosses her arms. “I'm in one piece, aren't I?”

“You can't run off without telling me. I had no idea if you'd been hurt.”

“Okay. Well, I drove my car. I'll see you later.” She dismisses him with a wave, eyebrows raised dramatically, other hand on her hip.

He tosses her a shocked look, but nods and heads for his car. Brown eyes stare at me as she pulls her keys from her pocket and nods towards a small red sedan in the corner of the lot.

“Boyfriend seems mad,” I say, as I glance in his direction. “Guess I'd be too, if my girl was as pretty as you and riding off with strangers.”

“Mac's my brother.” She rolls her eyes, crossing her arms over her chest. Her tits push up, and I shift on my feet, forcing myself not to stare. “He thinks he's my father though.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. Oh.”

“I'll walk you over.” I climb off my bike and she loops her arm through mine and her body leans into me as we walk. Our skin isn't even touching, since I'm wearing a leather jacket, but she still ignites a flame in my stomach.

I hate that I can't separate Colby from the real me. I'm walking her to her car and I haven't kissed her like a true

gentleman. Someone like Colby, a criminal in a biker gang, would have already fucked her the second she climbed onto the back of his bike.

We reach her car and she unlocks it, but doesn't open the door. Instead, she faces me, looking up with her beautiful brown eyes twinkling as she stares. I'm really in for it.

As I groan, I return the smile, and she wraps her fingers in mine. When I lean in, her back falls against the frame of the car. I press my lips against her ear. "I'll see you around, Andi." The nickname slips out too easily, as if I've known her forever. I reach behind her and open her door, then turn to walk away.

"I guess so, since you know where to find me," she calls behind me.