



PUNISHED

By My

BOYFRIEND'S DAD

A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW
S.C. ADAMS

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A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE

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S.C. ADAMS

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

My boyfriend's even more devious than I thought. He SOLD me to his father, who's a gorgeous, brutal, scary crime lord who wants to punish me for my sins.

Taylor: I was fired by Club Z after stealing silver candlesticks from the club. It's wrong, I know, especially since I made off with the candlesticks by inserting them into my two secret spaces. (*Oooh, that felt good!*) But now, the Club's going to banish me to some godforsaken gulag in the middle of nowhere, and I'm not going. Absolutely not. As a result, my boyfriend says I can hide-out in his dad's mansion to stay low for a while ... *but little did I know that candlesticks can also be used as punishment!*

Roman: My son's girlfriend thinks I'm letting her live with me out of the goodness of my heart. Guess again, sweetheart. Instead, my sniveling, weak-ass son SOLD the curvy girl to me, for a pretty penny too. So yeah, the candlesticks are coming out to play because I want to see what my new houseguest can do ... *as Taylor bounces those pretty curves up and down until she's pregnant with my baby!*

This is a follow-up to Six Months with My Uncle. In this story, Taylor commits the ultimate sin, but the problem is that she secretly (or not so secretly) enjoys being bad. Lucky for her, there's a man ready and able to make sure she gets it exactly the way she likes best, and soon, Taylor and Roman are ensnared in a sensuous dance that ends with an unexpected twist. Get ready for faraway lands, a charming (yet sinister) billionaire, and of course, a bouncing baby at

the end. No cheating no cliffhangers, and always a HEA for my readers.

Taylor

I tiptoe through the halls of Club Z, an exclusive gentlemen's club in New York City. The pile carpeting is soft under my heels, making it difficult to walk, but there's no way I'd be caught wearing flats in a place like this. It's not that I hate sneakers, ballet slippers, or even Crocs. It's just that at Club Z, pretty girls are here for a reason, and you don't want to be caught looking dull and un-sexy by a billionaire.

As I wobble down the hall, I take in my surroundings because everything about Club Z is luxurious, from the carpet, to the antique furniture, to the Old Master paintings on the walls. Some of this stuff looks like it could be from a castle in Europe, and unable to resist, I test out one of the ottomans in a small seating area. Oooh, bouncy. It's a deep red circle with gold fringe that sways as I bump up and down, and I giggle. This would be amazing for some dirty times with the right man, and they should seriously consider stocking these in the main lounge.

Then again, Club Z is a no-holds-barred place, so maybe this ottoman has already been used, right here in this spot. Surreptitiously, I check the fabric for come stains or some other filthy indication of use, but of course, there are none. The red velvet is pristine because Club Z has a meticulous cleaning staff, and would never let something like that happen to the expensive furniture. Ah well.

Still bouncing up and down, I happen to glance over at a circular wooden table with a vase of flowers on top. Goodness. The flowers are some exotic species that reach six feet in the air, their lilac petals stretching to the ceiling. A sweet scent fills the air, and I'm sure these flowers were imported from Holland, Colombia, or some other far-flung location. Even crazier, Club Z constantly gets deliveries of fresh flowers, and I stare at the bouquet ruefully. Shit, this arrangement probably costs more than my weekly paycheck. After all, I make good money at the club, but most of it is from client tips. The men are more than generous, and that's what pays my bills.

I know it's scandalous working as a hostess, but it's better than what I was doing before. As an urchin from the streets, I don't have much of an education. As a result, I was a cashier at a Mickey D's before I landed this gig, and no, it wasn't fun working for the Golden Arches. I'd wear the headset and take orders from the drive through, but you wouldn't believe how many people are cranky if we ran out of Oreo McFlurries. Seriously, I was genuinely afraid of violent confrontations when I had to tell customers that we were out. There were days when I wondered if I should have on a bullet-proof vest beneath my uniform because Oreo McFlurries were *that* popular.

But now, I no longer smell of grease and fries 24/7. Instead, Club Z has provided me with a comfortable lifestyle, and I like doing what I do, actually. The men are gorgeous, handsome, and very generous. Plus, the club protects us by screening potential clients rigorously, and always provides a safe space and security as we work.

Sighing, I run my hands over the soft fabric of the ottoman. I should be grateful for my new lifestyle, and I am. But old habits die hard, and I can literally feel my fingers twitch as they caress the velvet material.

After all, my past is checkered. When you grow up poor, you do what you need to in order to survive, and as a child constantly shuttled between different foster homes, I was never above eating thrown-out leftovers or shopping at Goodwill. It gets worse though. By the time I was a teenager, I

was parked in a group home, and for protection more than anything else, I got in with a posse of street-wise girls. You can guess what happened. We were all from neglectful families, and some of the girls had been fending for themselves almost from the moment they were born. As a result, we were a guild, so to say – a guild of innocent, sweet-faced thieves, to be exact.

The girls were clever and experienced. They taught me everything they knew about our craft, including how to recognize a prime target; how to distinguish between a money clip and a wallet; how to distract the victim and of course, how to “release” the victim from his possessions. Once the deed was done, we’d return to the home and share our spoils, marveling at how easy the con was. Okay, it wasn’t exactly a con; we were engaged in crime, and generally deserved to go to jail even as sixteen year olds.

But I left that behind after leaving the group home. I wanted to start anew, thus the job at McDonald’s as part of my attempt to “get straight.” Then came Club Z, and I can say truthfully that I haven’t pickpocketed a man in ages now. Years, even. But still, my fingers twitch when I spot expensive items, and right now is no exception.

Don’t do it, Taylor, the voice in my head whispers. You’re past that point in your life.

Still, when my eyes land on a pair of silver candlesticks on a nearby table, my blood begins to scream in my veins.

Don’t do it, the voice hisses in my ear again. You’re not a petty criminal anymore.

But it’s drowned out by another voice that whispers, *What’s the harm? Club Z has so much already. They’ll never even notice it’s gone.*

Oh shit. The urge is so strong, and like a woman in a trance, I get up from the ottoman and approach the gleaming candlesticks. I’m just looking. It’s not a crime to look, right?

Slowly, my fingers trail over the pewter columns. These must be worth a fortune because they look to be made of pure silver.

Each candlestick is about ten inches high and two inches in diameter. There are no protrusions or nubs, so they're merely elegant columns, slick and shiny.

But how would I get them out of here? If I bump into someone, it'll look weird to have a candlestick in each hand. I suppose I could say that I'm taking them to be cleaned, but that reason sounds lame, even to my ears.

Suddenly, inspiration strikes, and with one last look around to make absolutely certain I'm alone, I giggle before lifting up my skimpy skirt and squatting a bit. OMG, this is so wrong and I can't believe I'm doing this. But I am, and quickly, I pull my thong to one side, strapping it over one big butt cheek. Then, I pick up one of the silver candlesticks, running my fingers over the cold metal. Oooh, this is going to be a little chilly, but here goes.

Quickly, I notch the head of the candlestick at my pussy opening and begin pushing. Unph! It feels good actually, and my head drops back with a breathless gasp as the smooth silver begins sliding into my vaginal passage. Goodness, this is quite the turn on, and I gyrate my hips a bit, enjoying the glide of the cylinder.

Within moments, the candlestick's buried in my pussy. It feels full and slick, and I jiggle up and down a little as a test. Fortunately, the candlestick stays lodged, and I can only hope that this thing doesn't slide right out while I'm walking. Mission accomplished.

But as I turn away, something makes me look back, and sure enough, it's the second candlestick beckoning to me. The gleaming implement practically cries out, begging me to take him too. OMG, should I? But how?

Yet I know exactly how because I've done this before. Quickly, I lift my skirt again, and spread my legs in a v-stance before picking up the candlestick. But instead of positioning the head against my pussy opening, instead, I reach around back and notch it against my ass. Yes, the rectum can be a secure means of transportation, just ask any inmate in an

American prison. I've never been behind bars, but I know how it's done.

Taking a deep breath, I close my eyes and then push out with my bottom, pretending that I'm going to the bathroom. My pucker opens a bit, and quickly, I increase the pressure with my hand. The head of the candlestick pops in as my sphincter relaxes, and within moments, I'm sliding the huge candlestick into my butt.

Yes, this is wrong. Yes, this is insane. Yes, this is dirty. But am I going to regret it? I think not. Instead, the enormous implement is now buried fully within my rectum, and I can feel the two silver cylinders jostling against each other through my thin vaginal wall. Goodness, I'm stuffed so full right now. Who would have guessed?

Then, with a secretive smile, I begin strolling down the hall like nothing's wrong. The two cylinders rub against one another internally, but it makes for a delicious tingle that runs through my cunt and ass, even as my eyes sparkle and I walk funny

How can stealing feel so good?

A giggle escapes my lips as my cheeks flush. Of course, I've taken bigger in both of my secret spaces, but there's an element of the forbidden here that makes my nipples hard even as I stroll nonchalantly down the hall. Then, I turn a corner and the door to the women's lounge appears before me. Perfect. I'll just get these to my locker, where they'll be safe and sound, before looking up a reputable pawn shop. There must be a fence somewhere who will take these off my hands right? And all for a pretty penny ... or so I hope.

Taylor

I'm whistling when I show up to work the next day because I still can't believe what I did. It was unbelievable to pull the candlesticks out of my sweetest spots in the women's lounge before stashing them in my locker. Then, I had every intention of going home once my shift was done to find a reputable pawn shop, but I didn't get around to it. Instead, I ended up having more fun with the candlesticks in the privacy of my bedroom. Yes, that's right. I couldn't resist and spread my legs wide, my toes pointing at opposite corners of the room while pounding myself in both holes with the two silver implements. It's so wrong, but if I clean them off good, I'm sure no one will know.

But now, it's afternoon and I need to get to work. My short skirt gets me a lot of attention with its flouncy hem, as well as the sweet crop top riding up just above it. But even more, I know it's the bounce in my step and the sparkle to my eye that's drawing appreciative looks. It was wonderful with those two candlesticks last night, and seriously, I'm thinking of keeping them for long-term use because they were so good.

Finally, I arrive at the Club Z compound. It's a huge granite building, stately and imposing. It doesn't appear to be a den of sin because they don't want to advertise what they do. Instead, it looks like any other building in Manhattan, with a small gated courtyard and a uniformed doorman out front.

“Good afternoon, Miss Hass,” the doorman says while swinging open the double doors.

“Hi Miller,” I say in a cheery voice. I’m just about to move on, when he stops me.

“Miss Hass, Nicole requested to see you first thing upstairs after your arrival.”

I pause, spinning on my toes with a confused look.

“Did she say what about?”

Miller merely inclines his head.

“No ma’am. But she asked me to let you know.”

My stomach sinks because Nicole is my manager at Club Z and getting called to her office is either very good, or very bad. What does she want to talk about? I know I had to find a sub last week for one of my shifts, but it worked. Estee filled in for me, so no harm, no foul.

Still, my palms sweat as I walk to the elevator. “This is going to be a good visit,” I tell myself under my breath. “You have nothing to be worried about.” Another young woman happening by shoots me an odd look for talking to myself, but I ignore her and clench my fists.

The elevator ride up to Nicole’s office feels like it takes twenty-five years, even though it’s really only a few seconds. When I step out, it’s into another plush hallway, with sconces on the walls and deep pile carpeting.

Taking a deep breath, I stand in front of my manager’s door and then knock.

“Come,” her voice sounds, clear as a bell. Oh shit. She must be waiting for me. Foreboding fills my heart, but I slap a smile on my face nonetheless.

“Hey Nicole,” I greet in a chirpy voice while poking my head in. “How are you?”

“Thank you for coming, Taylor,” she gestures. “Please, come in and take a seat.”

It's only when I step fully into the office do I realize that there are two men standing on the far side of the room. That's when my heart really drops because there are only two people these men could be: Casper and Clay Richmond, the owners of Club Z. They're unmistakable because they're identical twins, but also because they're insanely gorgeous with full heads of black hair, penetrating blue eyes, and athletic builds. At the moment, they're standing casually, like nothing's the matter.

"Oh hi," I stammer while sinking into a chair. "Um, hi, I'm Taylor." This feels like an inquisition, but I have to stay strong.

"Yes, we know," intones one twin in a deep bass. "I'm Casper Richmond, and this is my brother Clay."

I shrink down in my seat, but then force myself to straighten. I won't be cowed. I won't be intimidated by the twins' sheer presence alone.

"So how can I help you?" I ask with false cheer. Nicole makes to speak, but Clay interrupts.

"Miss Hass, do you know why you're here?" he asks in a smooth tone, those blue eyes missing nothing.

I stammer, but I manage to say, "Um. No?"

The twins share an amused look, but Nicole looks put out as she purses her red lips. But it doesn't matter what she thinks because my boss's bosses are in the room. My heart pounds in my chest as the silence ticks. My confidence begins to wane because really, there's no way this is a positive meeting.

Unfortunately, I'm right. Leaning against the wall, Casper shoots me an amused look.

"Well, Miss Hass," he says. "It seems that you have something that belongs to us."

My eyes widen but I make myself stay calm even as my pulse skyrockets. Oh shit, oh shit. Somehow, they must have found out about the candlesticks I took last night. But how could they know? I was discreet, and no one saw me. As a result, I try to fib.

“Um, I don’t know what you mean. Sometimes I take the cocktail napkins home, but that’s because I love the Club Z logo so much. It’s really artistic and I love looking at it when I’m home. You know, I do graphic design on the side though. Maybe I could put together a couple new designs for you? That would be cool, don’t you think?”

Clay’s black brows shoot up.

“No, this isn’t about napkin logos. Besides, that doesn’t matter because people take cocktail napkins all the time. Did you think we called you in here for that? About disposable napkins?”

My heart sinks. The tale does sound ridiculous, come to think of it.

“Um, maybe? Or was it about the toilet paper in the women’s lounge?” I rush. “It was just one time, I swear. I’d run out at home, and you know people are still panic-buying at Costco, even now. I just took a couple rolls, and I swear I’ll replace them asap. You won’t even know they’re gone.”

The lie rolls off my tongue easily because my teenage years were spent telling all sorts of tall tales. But have I lost my touch? I have to admit that the toilet paper story, not to mention the disposable napkin thing, do sound ridiculous. Ugh. Maybe I *am* losing my touch, and the piper’s coming to claim his due.

The twins merely look at me, still appearing amused.

“Actually, you took something worth quite a bit more than toilet paper,” Casper drawls. “I think you know, Miss Hass.”

Immediately, I swerve into denial.

“I swear, I have no idea what you’re saying. I didn’t take anything.”

Clay merely grunts, obviously unimpressed. Then he swivels Nicole’s computer monitor around so that I’m able to see the big screen. Oh shit, oh shit. My heart drops in my chest as the handsome man lifts his eyebrows.

“Just watch,” he commands.

It's my worst nightmare come true because the screen flickers to life with a grainy black and white image of me standing in the hallway. With horror, I watch myself look around the deserted area before swiping the candlesticks. Even now, I can see how my head falls back and a look of ecstasy crosses over my face as the first candlestick disappears into my body, and then the second.

"That's enough, Nicole," Casper growls as my manager flicks off the screen. "So Miss Hass, what do you have to say for yourself? Each of those candlesticks was an antique, not to mention worth five figures."

"Five figures?" I squeak.

The handsome man nods.

"Each. You could probably get at least twenty thou for the pair. Maybe more, if you have the right contacts."

I gulp heavily. Holy shit. Twenty thousand is a lot. I'd been hoping for three thousand, or maybe four, but clearly, I stole works of art and not just random decorative pieces.

"Um, how did you get that videotape?" I ask, stalling for time. "I thought there was no video in Club Z because of privacy measures. You know how some of our clients don't like to be taped."

The twins shrug.

"Yes, but only within reason. We don't videotape a lot of areas of the club, but this happens to be one that we do. And you've been caught," Casper drawls. "So what do you have to say for yourself?"

I gulp hard.

"Well, um..."

Clay raises black eyebrows at me, eyes glinting. "Yes?"

The pounding in my chest grows so loud that I can't hear myself think. I decide to go with the truth, and to apologize profusely.

“I’m so sorry,” I babble in a rushed voice. “I know what I did was wrong. I swear, I’ll return the candlesticks to you tomorrow and we can pretend like nothing happened. They’re safe at home on my kitchen counter.”

But then Nicole lets out a rude snort, flipping her brown hair back. Oh shit. I’d almost forgotten she was here, considering she hasn’t said a single word since I walked into her office. The middle-aged woman fixes me with a glare, her eyes resembling cold blue marbles.

“Taylor, you know what you did was criminal, right?”

I stammer, looking down.

“I... yeah, I know, but I can return them. Like I said, it’ll be like nothing happened. I’ll even polish them up real nice so they’ll look brand new.”

Nicole grimaces with disbelief.

“Do you think the polishing matters? We have your crime on tape, Taylor. There’s no getting out of this one.”

But I can’t lose this job. Club Z is the best thing that’s happened to me in a long time, and I’ll never find another position that pays as much.

“Please,” I beg through clenched teeth. “Give me a second chance. I’ll do anything. Don’t fire me because I need this job, and you know I come from nothing. I can’t afford to lose it.”

Nicole glares at me, an ice-cold fire in her gaze.

“Then you shouldn’t have stolen from the club,” she states in an imperious manner. “You’re such a stupid girl. Much more idiotic than I initially thought.”

My palms sweat as a cold shiver runs down my spine. I shouldn’t be showing weakness, but I can’t help it at this point. I’m genuinely afraid of what might happen.

“What does that mean? What do I have to do?” I choke as I swallow hard. I hate being insulted, but what choice do I have at the moment?

Clay shrugs his massive shoulders, still looking nonchalant.

“Punishment, of course, that fits your crime.”

This doesn't bode well, and tears fill my eyes.

“Yes, but what will my punishment be? Spanking? Whipping? The basement dungeon?” I choke. “I know that sometimes, you lock girls up in the cages down there. Is that what's going to happen to me?”

After all, Club Z is a full-service outfit. There's a red room on the lower floors, although I've only been a few times when a client requests that I take him there for a tour. The BDSM stuff is usually left to other girls because I like my sex dirty, but without physical pain for the most part.

“No, I think the dungeon's too easy for you,” Casper sighs, straightening from the wall. “You'd be over it in a day. No, we were actually discussing the punishment while waiting for you to arrive.”

I stare.

“What is it?” I whisper.

Clay responds, stretching his arms over his head like a lazy cat.

“We're going to send you to a farm in rural Missouri for some hard labor. That sounds fun, doesn't it? The place is called Renfrew Acres and I hear they specialize in growing different corn varieties,” he drawls, blue eyes sparkling with mischief.

My eyes widen. “No! You can't do that. Corn? Missouri? Hell no, I don't even know where that is!”

The twins exchange an amused look

“Missouri is sandwiched between Kansas and Illinois. Surely, you know one of those two states?”

I choke as tears prick my eyes.

“Okay, I know where Kansas is, but still, I don't know anything about the Midwest. I don't know anything about farms! You can't just send me to some godforsaken gulag in the middle of flyover country!”

Clay and Casper assume looks of mock-offense.

“Missouri is much more than flyover country,” Clay begins.

“It’s actually one of the breadbaskets of the United States,” Casper adds. “That place is incredible when it comes to crop production and industrial farming.”

But I don’t hear them now over my muffled sobs.

“I can’t,” I cry. “I just can’t. I’ve always been a city person, and you know that I’m an urban animal. The concrete jungle is my home, and I won’t survive in a place that’s all trees and grass. That’s my vision of true torture. Seriously, you can’t send me away.”

The twins chuckle with mirth as they share a look.

“I think a lot of people would consider trees and grass to be Paradise,” Casper remarks dryly.

“Or something resembling the Garden of Eden,” Clay drawls.

But I don’t hear them because I’m too upset.

“Please, please, don’t send me away. I don’t know even know what a farm looks like!”

Clay and Casper exchange amused looks again.

“Well, there are a lot of animals, a big house and a barn,” Clay begins.

“Not to mention that Missouri’s worked out great for one of our other girls who went off the reservation,” Casper adds in a low tone.

I know who he’s referring to. It’s Hadley, who used to work at Club Z ages ago. She was a giant slut who was sent to Renfrew Acres to live with her uncle, and ended up marrying him of all things. I hear they have a baby now, and are as happy as two clams, but I can’t imagine doing the same.

“No, no,” I moan piteously. “Hadley was a country girl at heart. Her family owns the farm, so she has a background living in nature. But I seriously have never even *been* in a rural area. It would kill me.”

The twins are getting annoyed now.

“You’re being a bit dramatic, don’t you think? It’ll be more like a nice vacation where you think about what you did.”

“Vacations don’t include manual labor,” I point out in a pitiful voice.

Casper shrugs, clearly done.

“I suppose that’s true. But still, the decision has been made. Your punishment will be a trip out to Renfrew Acres in Missouri. Otherwise, bye-bye job.”

I sit up, sniffing and wiping at my eyes.

“And how long do I have to stay there for? And you promise I get my job back afterwards, right?”

The twins shrug. “You’ll be there for as long as it takes. We’ll keep track of your progress. It could be one month, or a year. Or even a few years.”

I gasp as terror crosses my face. “*No!* A few years? Please, I’m begging you not to do this. Please, please, please!”

But there’s no changing their minds despite my begging and pleading. Shoulders slumped, I pick up my purse and exit the office with tears still dripping off my chin. Surely, my crime wasn’t that terrible? I even offered to return the candlesticks, good as new.

But now, I’ve been caught and my punishment’s waiting. I can’t go to Missouri. I can’t, but what choice do I have in the matter?

Taylor

“Oh my god, girl, I’m going to miss you,” my friend Sydney moans while flopping down on my bed. “Seriously, I don’t get along with the other hostesses. They’re always making snarky remarks about my hair. Listen, I have curls, okay? Maybe sometimes they’re a little out of control, but don’t knock it!”

I nod sadly while picking at a thread on the coverlet. My friend and I are sitting in my apartment, which is a tiny box in the Bronx. I make a nice amount at Club Z, but it’s not enough for a lavish penthouse in the trendiest areas of town. Instead, I’m lucky to be in this fifth-story walk-up in South Riverdale because there are no rats, roaches, or other vermin, and for that, I’m thankful.

“I know what you mean because I have curls too. What is it about the straight-haired girls that makes them hate us on sight? But I’ll miss you too, Syd. Yet I don’t have a choice because Casper and Clay Richmond were in Nicole’s office themselves, and you know they’re the ultimate bosses. So Missouri, here I come.”

Sydney sighs again, staring up at my ceiling, her brown locks spread out in a fan-shape.

“Seriously? This fucking sucks. What did you steal, anyways? That place is chock full of antiques, so I get it. Last month

when my rent was due, I was tempted to lift some of their silverware myself.”

I sigh, still picking at the thread on my coverlet because Sydney’s hit somewhat close to home. I bite my lip and gesture towards the gleaming candlesticks, currently perched on the fireplace mantle.

“Those.”

Sydney gasps and sits up, eyeing the ten-inch cylinders. “Wait, seriously? How?”

“It was complicated,” I hesitate. “Plus, I wasn’t even *stealing* them. I was just borrowing them.”

Sydney shoots me a skeptical look. “Borrowing? But for what?”

I purse my lips.

“Well, I was thinking about cooking up a romantic dinner for Anthony. We haven’t talked much lately but I want to let bygones be bygones. He *did* invite me to dinner later this week.”

It’s not entirely a lie because I do have a sort-of boyfriend named Anthony. We’ve been on the outs for months now, but I got a text from him earlier this week, so my words are true. There’s going to be a dinner later this week, although it might not be romantic.

But Sydney merely grimaces.

“Anthony? Really? That loser? Why would you go to the trouble of cooking to please *him*?” she asks, rolling her eyes. “You know he would never appreciate it because he’s so entitled. That guy thinks he’s God’s gift to the world.”

I sigh.

“I know, but ... okay, yeah, he tends to be picky about food. Still.”

Sydney fixes me with a look, her brown eyes serious.

“Anthony is the worst, Tay. I didn’t even know you two were still dating.”

“Well, I guess we’re not ‘dating’ technically. It’s complicated. But he did text, and we’re going to grab something to eat. We’re just seeing where things go.”

Sydney blows out a breath, rolling her eyes.

“Come on, Tay. You’re so much better than him, and you know it. I mean, there are a million guys out there who would love to date you, so why do you keep going back to Anthony? Is it his greasy black hair? The way he envisions himself as Al Pacino from *Scarface*? Or Michael Corleone from the *Godfather*?”

Now it’s my turn to roll my eyes.

“He’s not *that* bad, Sydney. I think if you got to know him better, you’d see that he’s a pretty decent guy deep down.”

Sydney stares at me.

“No, I don’t want to get to know him better. That’s the point. Besides, this is the same guy who was cheating on you not that long ago, isn’t it? You know what they say: once a cheater, always a cheater, so actually, it’s *not* complicated at all.”

I’m silent for a few seconds as I take a sip of my hot chocolate. It’s lukewarm now, but the sugar tastes good at least. Meanwhile, I consider trying to change the subject, but I know it won’t work. Sydney’s making some good points, and I should try and address them.

“Yeah, technically Anthony did cheat on me, but that was months ago, and he says he’s a whole new person now. He’s seen the error of his ways, and he’s no longer with that floozie, whatever-her-name-is. He said her fake tits were too big, and that they freaked him out.”

Sydney snorts.

“Yeah, but he should have known that *before* he cheated on you. Those fake tits were huge! They’re Double Hs, at least. What, he couldn’t see them before he took up with her? Does he not have eyes?”

I sigh.

“Listen, Syd. It’s not every day that you meet a man who’s willing to accept you as you are, and at least Anthony does that. Especially because he knows what you and I do for a living, and seems more or less okay with it.”

My friend nods because she’s also a hostess at Club Z, and it’s hard to keep a boyfriend who you’re entertaining other men. As a result, most of the hostesses are single, although quite a few are now dating clients from the club.

Still, Sydney throws me a knowing look.

“Yeah, but this is Anthony Genovese we’re talking about. The one with halitosis that smells like garlic and cigarette smoke mixed together. Vomit.”

I sigh.

“I know it’s not pleasant, but he’s using nicotine patches now, so hopefully, it’s gotten better.”

Sydney shudders.

“Ugh. I can’t imagine what fresh hell it must be to kiss him. Plus, he’s always pale, puffy, and sweaty for no reason. It’s weird. Are you sure he’s not on meth or something? You could do so much better, hon. I mean, look at the guys you’re entertaining at Club Z. There is no bigger contrast than between our clients and Anthony Genovese.”

I sigh because it’s true. Our customers are powerful, handsome billionaires who have the world at their fingertips. Meanwhile, my ex is a scrawny, pale shadow of a soul, even if his dad is the head of the Genovese crime family. But that’s neither here nor there because I’m dating the son, and not the father, although Roman Genovese is a handsome man, all dark power and animal magnetism. But where am I going with this? Disgusted with myself, I put Anthony’s dad out of my mind.

“Tony says he’s changed,” I say in a firm tone. “And I’m meeting him for dinner later this week, so we’ll see. We’re not getting married or anything. It’s just going to be a casual meal, where we feel things out.”

Sydney rolls her pretty brown eyes.

“Well, tell Anthony hi for me. *Not,*” she quips.

With that, we both burst into laughter. But then, my friend sits up straighter, glancing at the candlesticks again.

“By the way, how did you get those babies of the club? Did you stick them up under your shirt and then waltz out? Or did you put them in your bag?”

I grin at her.

“Please girl. You know I’m more innovative than that. Tossing them in my bag would be too easy.”

She grins.

“What did you do?”

I flutter my lashes.

“Well, it’s complicated. Are you sure you want to know?”

Syd leans forward with eagerness.

“Yes! Tell me!”

I giggle.

“Why, are you going to steal my technique?”

She shakes her head. “No, I could never, but curiosity is getting the best of me here. Seriously Tay, I want to know.”

I laugh before leaning forward to whisper, even though there’s no one else in my apartment. “Well, the truth is, I inserted one candlestick into my ass and the other in my pussy.”

Sydney stares at me, her jaw on the floor.

“OMG. Are you lying? Is that even possible?”

I smirk.

“Nope, it’s the truth, and yes, I was walking funny when I had the two candlesticks buried in my snatch and asshole. Any girl would walk weird if that happened.”

Sydney lets out a low whistle, impressed.

“Holy shit, girlfriend. What are Clay and Casper doing, banishing you to Missouri? If anything, you should be giving a

master class to the other hostesses! Holy fuck, that's so foul."

I giggle

"I know. Clay and Casper have it all wrong, but what can I do? I'm on a plane two weeks from now. They're giving me time to clear out my apartment and to put my stuff in storage, but that's all."

Syd shakes her head again, brown curls bouncing.

"Man, two weeks is so soon. Do you think they'll change their minds?"

I shake my head sadly.

"No, I doubt it. They seemed pretty determined, so I guess that's where I'm headed."

Syd shakes her head again.

"You're so bad Taylor, but I have to say that Missouri seems unwarranted. You are a true Club Z girl and I am proud to be your compatriot."

I grin.

"Thank you. Now, if they'd had a third candlestick, I'm not sure what I would have done. Maybe swallowed it? Or two in my pussy? I don't know."

Sydney squeals with glee once more, and our conversation devolves into more gossip and giggles. Still, I can't help thinking about my punishment because despite what I've told my friend, I'm not getting on that plane to Missouri. Hell no, over my dead body. I'm going to find a way to wiggle out of this mess because no one forces Taylor Hass to do things she doesn't want to do, but the only question is how? I need to buy time, otherwise life's going to take a turn for the worse.

Roman

“Here you go, Mr. Genovese,” my chef chortles while placing an exquisite steak before me.

“Thanks Violetta,” I growl. “You’re the best.”

The grandmotherly-looking woman chuckles again, her stout body shaking beneath her apron.

“*Si*, indeed, Mr. Genovese. You tell me if you like your meat more seared, or if you like more seasoning. I’m happy to accommodate your tastes.”

I grin.

“No, I’m sure this is fine. Thank you again.”

With that, Violetta waddles off, closing the door to the dining room behind her. Most rich men have a manservant on hand for food presentation, but Violetta’s been with me for years now. Hell, she’s been with me for decades, and we don’t stand on formality. As a result, Violetta mothers me like the grandmother that she is, and I eat my fill of delicious fare each and every night I’m home. Besides, *bistecca fiorentina* is one of my favorites, and as I slice into the meat, the tender pink succulence makes my mouth water. It’s a special cut of beef cooked near the embers of a grill, seasoned liberally with salt, pepper, and sometimes rosemary. One bite makes me nod with approval. The meat is perfectly cooked, and as usual, Violetta has outdone herself.

Then again, I should know because I'm an excellent cook myself. Most billionaires avoid the kitchen like it's the plague, but I find it soothing to prepare food. While I know my cooking isn't Michelin-starred, it's decent and tasty, if I say so myself.

I take another bite and savor the flavors exploding on my tongue. Violetta has ways of surprising me and beneath the salt and pepper, I also detect hints of thyme, parsley, and even oregano. To be honest, I don't know why I bother going out to restaurants sometimes when the best chef in New York City works right here in my townhouse. Violetta should get a raise, and I make a mental note to ensure that it happens.

But then, Oliver appears.

"Yes?" I ask my footman. The young man bows.

"Mr. Genovese, your son is here. Should I show him in?"

That makes me set my fork down with a resigned sigh. Goddamit. Why does Anthony have to show up now? Right when I'm trying to enjoy a nice meal too.

"Sure," I growl. "Why not?"

The next moment, my son strolls in through the door and I cringe at his appearance. Someone's been watching too many mafia movies because his hair is slicked back with too much gel, the black locks almost gooey under the lights. He's as pale as a dead fish, and his designer clothes have logos all over them. Seriously, no one could be more flashy with the heavy gold chains and thousand-dollar sneakers.

"Hey Pops," Anthony greets while taking a seat next to me at the table. "What's kickin'?"

I sigh. How did my son get this way? After all, I basically raised him on my own, seeing that Anthony's mother and I went our separate ways a long time ago. Carmella was a one night stand that turned into an accidental pregnancy that she didn't want. Hell no. As a twenty-one year old woman-child, Carmella was dead-set against the pregnancy, and ready to visit the nearest clinic at the drop of a hat. However, I was able to convince her to keep the kid, and after Anthony was born,

Carmella basically took off, leaving her son in my arms. As a result, it's always just been Anthony and me.

But the boy has been a disappointment for a long time now. He has an over-inflated sense of self, and is constantly invoking old mafia movies, as if we're on the silver screen ourselves. Yes, the Genoveses are a crime family, but Anthony's done nothing to earn that kind of respect. That's what makes him intolerable.

"I'm good, Tony," I say while patting at my lips with a napkin. "So to what do I owe the honor?"

My son stretches, cracking his back in the process. He's so thin that his clothes hang loosely off his frame, and the material appears to swallow him whole.

"I've been working hard, Pops. You'd be proud of me."

I cough discreetly.

"Really? How so?"

Anthony shrugs, his face contorting in a loud yawn before leaning back in his chair like he's an unruly high school student. His high-back wooden chair almost flips over, but at the last moment, the front two legs come crashing down, saving him from near-disaster.

"I've been doing some scouting," Anthony says while righting himself again. "I want to make sure we're up on the latest, you know? And I've landed the mother-load, Pops, hoo-whee! There's a shipment coming in from the Bronx, and I've got the 411."

I frown because leave it to Anthony to completely misinterpret our business.

"You know we don't source locally," I growl. "We get our shipments from abroad."

My son stands up and strolls around the dining room a bit, still stretching. "Yeah, but the business needs an injection of 'new' and 'fresh,' get it? Trust me, it'll be worth it, Pops. I have good intel that this is a particularly valuable shipment."

I squint at him.

“But it’s *local*, Anthony. We don’t do local, no matter how high-quality the product.”

Anthony winks at me. The boy literally winks.

“Yeah, but this is next level, I swear. Have I ever let you down, Pops? Just give it a try.”

I stare at him, trying to keep my temper in check.

“Other families source locally because they don’t have the right connections overseas. But we’re different. Our specialty is exotic imports, and that’s why clients seek us out.”

Anthony merely yawns again, running a hand through his goopy hair. His palm is covered with slime afterwards, and unembarrassed, he reaches for a napkin to wipe it down.

“Yeah, but everyone has to adapt, Pops. Don’t you get it? It’s a new world out there. People want new, new, new, fresh, fresh, fresh, and doing things the old way is going to destroy our business. Don’t you know that people want to shop local now?”

I roll my eyes.

“We’re in the business of trafficking women,” I say in a dry voice. “I don’t think ‘shopping local’ was intended to describe our particular industry.”

Anthony shrugs.

“Maybe, maybe not. But just give it a try, Pops. Take a look at least. Why not? You have nothing to lose.”

I stare at him.

“You’ve come to me with an idea that doesn’t fit with our business plan, much less what our clients expect. Top-tier exotic imports are what our customers want. Girls from Moldova, Belarus, and Morocco. Girls from Egypt, Israel, and even Spain. It’s what the Genoveses are known for, and we’re not sourcing anything locally, and especially not if you’re picking up product from the Bronx. Are you fucking kidding me? That’s about as far from ‘exotic’ as you can get.”

But my son’s not dissuaded and merely yawns.

“You’re such a snob, Pops, and you’d be surprised at what can come from the most unexpected of places.” In a smarmy voice, he adds, “This shipment is particularly tantalizing. Just you wait.”

I stare at him.

“Again, I don’t want it.”

He shrugs.

“Just take a look. It’s only one girl.”

I stare at him.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You’ve gone to all this trouble to hype up *one girl*?”

He shrugs and then winks. He literally winks.

“Yeah, because she’s that good. Listen, I’ll bring her over tomorrow night, okay? If you’re still singing the same tune, then I’ll eat my words. But I have a feeling you’ll be changing your mind the second you see this particular *chica*.”

I stare at him.

“We’ve had supermodels come through our channels. I’m not going to be impressed.”

My son just shrugs, already strolling out.

“Tomorrow, okay, Pops? Be ready to get your head blown off.”

With that, he disappears and I’m left to the solitude of my meal again. What the fuck just happened? My son is well and truly insane if he thinks I’m going to change the family business model just for him, and just for one woman too. It’s totally ludicrous.

Even more, what Anthony doesn’t know is that I’m planning on taking the Genovese crime family legit in the near future. We make a shit-ton from our bars and clubs, and there’s no reason to be importing women anymore. Our clients can get that shit somewhere else, or the girls can be brought in through legal channels. There’s no reason to risk being taken down when the money from trafficking isn’t even that great anymore. These days, I make the bulk of my fortune from

alcohol sales, and it's a hundred percent legit too. As a result, the risk-reward trade-off just isn't there anymore.

But no one knows of my plan yet, and to be honest, there will be a lot of disappointed folks. Our family has been in the business of importing exotic women for decades now, and while still lucrative, it's time to move on. Like my son stated, times are a-changin'. Besides, there will be plenty of hungry young bucks to step into the gap once the Genoveses exit. Let them deal with the sordid aspects of the business, because I'm too old for this shit.

At that moment, Violetta emerges from the kitchen carrying two cannoli with creamy ricotta spilling out the ends.

"I heard the boy come in, so I figured you could use these."

I laugh mirthlessly.

"You spoil me, Violetta, but Anthony's already left."

Violetta shrugs.

"Then you eat both, Mr. Genovese. You work too much, and work out too much too. Cannoli is what you need to keep meat on your bones."

I sigh while grinning again.

"Okay, okay. Maybe you're right. But hopefully, my work stress is going to ease up soon."

Violetta shrugs, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Maybe, but you eat more, okay? My business is the food, not the work."

With that, the elderly woman bustles off again as I cut into my cannoli with a fork. The ricotta is almost unbearably sweet as it melts on my tongue, but Violetta's right. The dessert improves my mood, and I sigh, contemplating my son's offer again.

I suppose he's right. What do I have to lose? Anthony's coming over tomorrow night with the product, so I may as well be on hand to see it. It'll be a dumpster fire, for sure, because this is my son we're talking about, but why not? At

the very least, she should be tolerable, if not outright gorgeous. With that, I take another bite of cannoli, my brow furrowing in dread of the showing to come.

Taylor

I place the silver candlesticks into a nice gift bag. Okay, this is a little weird, I admit, but the candlesticks don't really go with the décor at my apartment. They're too expensive looking, especially when contrasted with my second-hand furniture and colorful afghans. As a result, I've decided to give them to Anthony's dad as a thank you for dinner.

After all, my boyfriend called and said that instead of going to a restaurant tonight, we'll be stopping by his dad's house for dinner. Immediately, my heart leapt with anticipation. Anthony wants me to meet his family, which means maybe our relationship is finally moving forward. Maybe we'll actually be serious for once!

I know I shouldn't feel this way, but still, I can't help but shiver a bit with excitement. Hurriedly, I look into a mirror, fluffing out my brown curls. My cocktail dress is a black wraparound, showing off my curvy figure to its best advantage. I also have a glittery purse and matching ballet flats, and I've spritzed myself lightly with rose-scented perfume. The whole get-up is perfect because Anthony comes from a wealthy family, so it's important for me to look classy yet understated at once.

There's a knock on my door and I open it to find Anthony in his usual outfit, which is basically a loose designer track suit

emblazoned with logos. He lets out an appreciative whistle while sizing me up.

“You look great, hon,” he says. But then his nose wrinkles when he sees my shoes. “You don’t have another pair? Something higher?”

I stare at him.

“Of course I do, but is that really appropriate given that we’re about to meet your dad?”

Anthony shrugs.

“My dad’s a single guy. Let’s spice it up. Wear the Louboutins with the glittery heels.”

I stare at him.

“You mean, the six inch ones that resemble stripper shoes?”

Anthony merely grins, flashing a gold tooth in back.

“Yeah, exactly. Those.”

With a sigh, I head to my bedroom to change, and then come teetering out in the stilettos. Goodness, I hope his dad doesn’t think I’m a stripper. Meanwhile, Anthony nods with approval.

“Yeah, perfect. That’s more like it. Are you wearing sexy lingerie underneath that dress?”

I stare at him.

“Why?”

He shrugs.

“Just making sure.”

I roll my eyes.

“Yes, okay, although I have no idea what you’re getting at. I like to splurge on lingerie, so yes, I have nice set on beneath this outfit.”

Anthony nods, licking his lips lasciviously.

“Good, good, let’s go then.”

With that, we're out the door and into a black town car. After zipping down the FDR, we pull up in front of an imposing town house on the Upper East Side, complete with a high stoop decorated with topiaries, as well as a huge double door. Holy cow, this is nice, but it's not surprising because the Genoveses are rich, and this town house is evidence of their wealth.

We're admitted by a butler, who bows courteously, but before he can speak, Anthony takes my hand to lead me up the stairs.

"We're going to my dad's office," he explains. "Come on."

We traipse up carpet-covered stairs and into an elaborate hallway decorated with golden wall scones and niches filled with artwork. But Anthony pulls me down the corridor before knocking on a door on the left. Then, he pushes it open and we step inside.

Oh wow, the office is gorgeous. There are bookshelves along the walls, filled with beautiful volumes with richly-covered spines. A huge mahogany desk is placed before floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a garden, but it's the man sitting there that makes my heart race.

After all, I've seen photos of Roman Genovese, but the pictures don't do him justice because Anthony's dad is drop-dead gorgeous. He's deeply tanned with bronzed skin and hair as black as night. Even though he must be in his forties, the man has the physique of a Greek god, filling out an expensive suit with broad shoulders and a wide chest. He gets up, and is quite a few inches taller than his son too.

"Hello," he speaks, that bass voice rich and charming. "You must be Taylor. Welcome to my home."

I snap my mouth shut because I was literally gawping at the handsome man.

"Hi," I manage in a wobbly voice. "Yes, thank you for having me over for dinner, Mr. Genovese. It's so nice to meet you!"

Those blue eyes glint as he looks at me, taking in my lush figure and ridiculously high heels. However, he doesn't comment.

“Please, call me Roman. I’ve heard so much about you from Anthony.”

I stammer a bit, my cheeks flushing.

“You have?”

“I have,” he rumbles. “All of it positive too.” Then, before I can reply, he turns to his son. “So is this the product you were speaking of?”

I furrow my brow. What is that supposed to mean? Product? What is he talking about?

But my boyfriend seems unsurprised and sniggers. “Yep, this is it. Like I said, the Bronx has some hidden gems. You just have to know where to look. Isn’t she gorgeous?”

I turn to stare at my boyfriend. Wait a minute. I live in the Bronx, so are the men talking about me? This seems really weird because I’m standing right here, but they’re discussing me like I’m a cow up for sale. What in the world? I decide to take matters into my own hands.

“Here, I brought these as a thank you for having me over,” I say, handing Roman the gift bag with the candlesticks inside. “I hope you like them. I think they fit well with your decor.”

The older man peers inside before pulling out the candlesticks. They gleam in the low lights, and he nods appreciatively before setting them down on a nearby table.

“Thank you,” the handsome man says in a deep, sexy voice. “I appreciate the gift. That’s very thoughtful of you.” Then he turns to his son again. “I see what you mean,” the older Genovese growls. “Thoughtful as well as beautiful. Very interesting.”

Anthony smirks. “I told you she was a good one. So what do you think? Are you interested in buying? She’ll fit well with our business model, no?”

Roman shrugs, retreating to his desk before sitting once more. He looks like an enormous panther ready to pounce as those blue eyes gleam, taking in my curvaceous form again.

“I don’t know. I’ll need to see more before I make a final decision because it’s important to know your product. You can’t just be buying any old shit out there. It’s important to keep our quality up, especially in this line of business.”

The two men both turn to look at me then, their gazes assessing, and I shiver. This is really getting out of hand, and I’m utterly confused. Product? What are these guys talking about? I thought I was coming here for dinner, but I’m starting to wonder if this was all a ruse. Certainly, no food has been procured as of yet, and I could really use a sandwich just about now. Anything to make things feel more normal.

But Anthony snorts then, looking offended.

“What more do you want to see?” he whines, clearly starting to get annoyed with his father. Hell, I’m getting annoyed, too. My stomach’s growling and I really want a burger and fries. Seriously, this is fucking weird and this date is turning out to be a let down. I thought it would be special to meet Anthony’s family, but instead, this is turning into a livestock show.

Roman thinks for a moment and then steepled his fingers thoughtfully. “Have her dance,” he commands.

What? What the hell? What is he talking about? But Anthony turns to me, his bottom lip jutting out.

“Sorry about this, Taylor, but you heard the man. Show us what you’ve got. Dance for us.”

I stare at him.

“I’m sorry? You want me to *dance* for you?”

“Yes, what do you think?” Anthony sighs. “My dad already knows you work at Club Z, so it’s not some crazy request. You heard me, now do as I say.”

I stare at him again.

“But why do you need me to dance for you? I’m confused. Seriously, can’t we just do this at Club Z if your dad wants a show?”

Anthony throws an embarrassed glance at his father over one shoulder.

“Stop humiliating me, okay? I need to show that I can control the product, so just start dancing,” he hisses under his breath. “What’s the problem? Just pretend this is work.”

I’m beginning to think I was never invited to the townhouse for dinner. There’s a weird power struggle going on between the two men, and I can’t even begin to understand it. Damn it. I was silly to think Anthony wanted to change things between us because that was clearly never his intention by bringing me here.

I look between Anthony and Roman, not sure what to do. Should I dance? It’s an odd request, but I *am* used to dancing for men because the club has a number of lounges and sometimes I’ll do a sexy striptease for the hell of it. Is that even what they want? Reading my mind, Anthony nods.

“Go ahead, Taylor. Do it. Take it all off for us.”

I sigh. To be frank, this isn’t the first time I’ve danced for a father son duo because quite a lot of rich men like to indulge with their progeny in tow. Who am I to judge, especially when the tips are coming in fast and furious?

As a result, I begin to sway in place as if listening to the beat of a song in my head. My hands run over my body, still fully clothed, and I turn in circles to entertain the two men, shimmying my hips while looking coyly over one shoulder.

Anthony’s now seated on a couch nearby and he’s practically sniggering with glee while rubbing his hands together. Lame. Meanwhile, his father is seated behind that massive desk still, his dark form imposing as those blue eyes glint.

Well, I might as well get into it and give them a show to remember. Smiling secretively, I sway my hips before undoing the tie-belt of my wraparound dress and slowly, the black fabric parts to reveal my curves underneath. The material slides from my shoulders, puddling at my feet, and I step aside, so as not to trip.

“That’s right,” Anthony hisses from his position. “Show us what you’ve got, baby girl. They pay you the big bucks for a reason.”

Ignoring him, I smile coyly at Roman while toying with my bra straps. In one swift move, I unbuckle the clasp in back, cupping the lace to my breasts before letting it fall, and that's when I hear a low growl. Oh wow, the older man's really turned on, judging from the harsh streaks across those high cheekbones. Giggling, I bounce my big Double D's at him, the creamy flesh huge and luscious. Then, I tug each of my nipples in turn, being sure to use a special corkscrew motion that emphasizes the stiff points and jiggling white flesh.

"Fuck," the older Genovese breathes, his blue eyes fixed on my rose red tips. "That's it, baby. Show me everything."

I know what he wants and with a sly giggle, I turn before spreading my legs in a wide vee. The high heels lift my butt in the air, but then I bend over, running my hands down my thighs to my sleek calves before stroking back up again.

"There's a wet patch on her panties," Anthony whispers loudly to his dad. "She's creaming already. Take it off, baby," he calls. "Show us everything."

Rolling my eyes where he can't see, I nonetheless do as instructed. Slowly, I reach in back of myself where the g-string's buried dirtily between my big white mounds. Then, I pluck the thong out of my ass and strap it over one huge buttock, revealing my dripping slit and tightly-puckered pleats.

"You like this, big boy?" I ask, reaching backwards to pull one cheek aside so that both of my holes are very visible. "This is all for you," I coo while winking my asshole at the men.

Roman lets out a low growl, and I can see how tense his big body is. But I'm not stopping here. Instead, my audience is in for a treat tonight, and with a giggle, I straighten before prancing over to the table with the candlesticks.

I pick one up, pretending to look surprised at its length and girth.

"Oooh, this is going to feel good," I coo. Then, I hoist one foot up onto a nearby chair, exposing my slit for the men to see. Slowly, I push the candlestick into my mouth, getting it lubed

up, before pointing it at my tiny hole and beginning the insertion.

“Mmm,” I moan, throwing my head back as my eyes flutter shut. “That feels soooo good.”

“Holy shit,” Anthony mutters under his breath. “What a dirty slut.”

I shoot him a smile because dirty slut is right. I’ve always loved doing the unexpected, and the nastier the better. I moan melodiously again as the candlestick disappears into my pussy inch by inch. It feels amazing and my womanhood gushes hotly, covering my palm with fluid as nectar drips down my thighs. Finally, after a few minutes, the entire ten inch cylinder is embedded in my pussy and I pull my nether lips apart, showing the men only a glint of metal now.

“See?” I simper. “It fits inside.”

Roman lets out a low growl, his eyes glued to my pretty pink snatch.

“Goddamn,” he says in a throaty voice. “I had no idea this was even possible.”

But I merely smile prettily before picking up the second candlestick.

“Oh, you ain’t seen nothing yet,” I coo. “Watch this, big boy.”

This time, I move backwards before bending over, my pussy and asshole on display. Then, I lick the candlestick a few times before sucking wetly at its head, getting it good and lubed. This time, of course, I turn to position the cylinder at my backdoor.

“You think I can do it?” I ask sweetly, my breasts pink-tipped as they dangle. “After all, I’m already stuffed full in my cunt, so you think I can fit this in my asshole at the same time?”

Roman answers immediately.

“I know you can, baby girl,” he rasps. “Do it. Show us.”

With one last giggle, I notch the cylinder at my bottom hole and then press. Nothing happens at first because I’m tight

down there, but then with an audible pop, my sphincter relaxes and the cylinder slides up a few inches into my butt.

“Oh my God!” I scream throatily. “I’m being buttfucked by an inanimate object. Ummm!”

The candlestick eases slowly into my asshole, me moaning up a storm as it penetrates my dark star.

“Umm!” I cry out again, tossing my head as I’m crammed full to the brim. “Shiiiiit!”

By now, both Anthony and his father are moaning as well, their hands moving rhythmically as I stuff myself full of gleaming silver. Once it’s in all the way, I pause for a moment, panting, but then reach one hand down in front, and one hand in back, gripping the two candlesticks with my fingers. Then, I begin working them in and out of my holes in tandem, one sliding in as the other slides out, creating a dirty rhythm in my gripping holes.

“Mmm!” I cry out again, my lashes fluttering shut. “Uh uh uh, ahhhh!”

With that, a clear stream of liquid shoots out from my pussy, splattering all over the expensive carpet as I cream hotly on the two cylinders embedded in my body. The Persian rug is surely ruined but nobody cares because behind me, I hear the two men let out roars of pleasure as well, our moans twining about each other as we find our respective climaxes.

“Aieeee!” Anthony squeals, his eyes closed while his head tips back, one hand on his crotch. “Ohhh yeah!”

I can’t see Roman’s tool, but he too lets out a massive curse as his arm moves rhythmically up and down in his lap.

“FUCK!” he roars. “Oh shit!”

With that, I know my work is done. Making these two men come is not what I expected this evening, but I’m kind of glad that I did it because I’m a slut at heart. I love pleasing men, and somehow, I know Roman Genovese’s going to make this dirty show worth my while.

Roman

After that nasty dance, I was blown away. Holy fuck, did that really happen? After all, I was expecting filth, but I had no idea Taylor could deliver quite like that. Goddamn. Two candlesticks, one in her pussy and another in her ass? I've seen a lot in my day, but the young woman blew past all my expectations. All we need is some hard cock next time, and then she'll be creaming like a waterfall.

But now, it's onto next steps. After all, you can't leave a girl like that untouched. Taylor's worth every penny, and I plan to get my money's worth.

Are you serious? the voice in my head asks dryly. *You were getting out of the sex trafficking business, remember?*

But I ignore my conscience because Taylor Hass has made me do a one eighty. I'm buying the sweet girl, whether she's on board or not. With a determined punch of the keys, I dial up my son. Anthony's face appears after the first ring, leering and grinning. He looks oddly sweaty and puffy, and his eyes are bloodshot. I wonder if he's been drinking, despite the fact that it's only ten in the morning.

"Pops," he sniggers. "What up, what up? Great show last night, huh? So I take it you're interested in my product? I knew you'd be buying."

My heart's pounding but I make like everything's normal.

“She’s okay,” I reply, although of course, that’s an understatement. I’ve never seen a woman as sexy and nasty as Taylor, and I’m determined to get my hands on those round curves to enjoy in private. “Adequate, I’d say.”

Anthony’s eyes goggle.

“*Adequate?*” he spits. “We both know that’s not true. You fucking came like a fire hose, she was that sexy. So did I,” he adds darkly. “Fuck, I ruined my designer sweatpants creaming hard like that.”

I grimace because unfortunately, Anthony and I climaxed in the same room last night. It’s not what I want, but it happens on occasion when there’s an especially tantalizing girl available.

“Adequate,” I state again. “What are you asking?”

Anthony snorts.

“Taylor’s the cream of the crop, Pops. It doesn’t get any better than her and the price is going to be high.”

I recognize that it’s sordid to be purchasing a woman from my own son, but again, this is the Genovese line of business, so I merely shrug.

“She’s still a domestic. You know we don’t usually take those, and especially not from the Bronx. It’s low-class when we’re also offering product from Monaco and Switzerland.”

Anthony’s face falls, his forehead furrowing.

“But you’re interested. I know you, Pops. Listen, I’ll sell her to you for fifty thou. It’s my best offer, and you can’t do better than that. On the open market, she’d go for at least six figures.”

My snort is silent as my expression remains unchanged on-screen. What a loser. My son knows nothing about this business because I would easily pay double, if not triple, for a woman like Taylor. Thank god the Genoveses are getting out of the business of woman-flesh because clearly, my son has no talent for this line of work whatsoever.

“I’ll give you twenty-five,” I say in a casual tone. “Not a penny more.”

Anthony practically squeals with outrage.

“Not a chance! We both know Taylor is worth more than twenty-five. Seriously, that’s insulting Pops, to her as well as me.”

I shrug.

“Well, then I guess our conversation is over. Have a good day,” I say while making to press the off-button on my phone. But immediately, Anthony springs into action, flapping his hands furiously at the screen.

“Wait, wait, I want to make this deal happen. You’re just driving a hard bargain, Pops, so hard that it makes my teeth hurt. How about we call it forty even? What do you think?”

I pretend as if I’m thinking long and hard about paying forty grand for the young woman. Anthony twitches on the other side of the screen, picking at a zit on his chin while waiting for me to make my decision. When I feel that I’ve prolonged the suspense long enough, I finally nod.

“Okay, you have a deal. I’ll wire you the money this afternoon. Expect to see it in your account by five.”

My son nods happily, his eyes lighting with eagerness.

“Oh goody! Forty thousand,” he crows. “Not a penny less. You promise!”

I hold up my hands.

“Of course not. Have her delivered here by late tonight. I’ll be waiting.”

Anthony nods eagerly.

“Will do. Thanks Pop. It was good doing business with you. Bye now!”

Then, my son hangs up and I shake my head ruefully. Whatever. Forty thousand dollars is pocket change for me and yet my imbecile son doesn’t even realize it. Put in charge, Anthony would surely run the family business into the ground.

With that, I lean back in my chair, surveying my office as thoughts run through my mind. Did I just do that? I'm in the midst of exiting the procurement business, and yet I just ignored my better instincts and bought myself a new fuck doll. Then again, how could I resist adding Taylor to my collection? She may be a Bronx girl, but she was so nasty with those candlesticks, and I spewed like a firehose last night. It would be crazy for me not to purchase her.

Idly, I pick up one of the candlesticks, surveying its gleaming silver form. Was this the one in her ass or her pussy? Curious, I bring the cylinder up to my nose for a sniff before giving it a long lick along the side. Goddamn, this is the one that was in her ass, and I fucking love it. Quickly, I undo my belt and pull down my zipper, fisting myself as I stare at the inanimate object. Then, I come hard right there at my desk while replaying the scene of Taylor cramming herself full with these implements last night.

After I've blasted into a piece of Kleenex, my shoulders slump and I finally put the candlestick back on my desk while struggling to get air back in my lungs. Holy fuck, this woman's made me climax and she's not even here. I need to get my hands on her stat ... because at this point, only Taylor Hass can provide the release I need.

Roman

Later that evening, the doorbell chimes. My footman has long since departed, and as a result, I open the door myself to reveal the gorgeous Taylor Hass standing on my doorstep. She throws me a sunny smile while tucking a curly brown lock behind one ear.

“Hi Mr. Genovese,” she murmurs. “Thanks for letting me stay with you.”

I nod while stepping back to let her in.

“Of course, honey. My son told me you needed a temporary place to crash, so it’s no problem. The townhouse is huge, so there’s plenty of space, and you’ll have your run of the place while you’re here.”

She nods as I take her roller-board from her, and then we both enter the living room.

“Can I get you a nightcap?” I ask. “I find a quality brandy to be particularly enjoyable at this time of night.”

Taylor nods while sitting, and I can’t but help stare a little. Is it possible that she’s gotten even more beautiful in the last twenty-four hours? Although the curvy girl’s clad in jeans and a sweatshirt, I can still see those huge breasts beneath the soft cotton, and the denim hugs her hips tightly, showing off that round rump. She smiles once more, and my cock jerks, dying

to get inside of her. But Taylor has no idea why she's really here.

"Thanks again, Mr. Genovese, for taking me in," she murmurs. "I really appreciate your hospitality."

I nod without saying anything because there's no point in giving things away too soon. Of course, I'll have to tell her at some point but let's see how things play out first.

"So I understand you're hiding from your employer?" I ask while handing her a snifter of amber liquid. "Something about Club Z sending you away?"

Taylor takes the alcohol gratefully and nods before taking a sip.

"Yes, management wants to send me to the middle of nowhere as punishment, and Anthony said I could hide out here for a little while. He said this place is fortified like a fortress."

I nod.

"It is, and I have many layers of security for various reasons. But why are you being punished, sweetheart? What did you do that was so bad?"

Taylor lets out an embarrassed giggle as her cheeks tint a fetching pink.

"Well, you know those candlesticks I used yesterday?"

I nod, my eyes gleaming.

"Of course. How could I forget?"

She smiles devilishly.

"Well, they actually belong to Club Z. I was busted for stealing those candlesticks, so they want to send me to some farm in Missouri to 'get my head on straight' and other such bullshit."

I let out a low laugh at her admission.

"You stole those? But why?"

Taylor shrugs and bites her lip.

“Because they’re pretty and look nice. Club Z is so lavish anyways that I figured that they’d never miss them. But clearly, I was wrong.”

I let out another low laugh.

“Well, I appreciate a woman who’s honest about her shortcomings, but don’t try stealing anything here. I’ll have your fingers cut off.”

Taylor nods quickly.

“Oh, I would never! Your belongings are safe, don’t worry.”

I grin.

“I certainly hope so because I would hate to torment a pretty houseguest over missing silverware or the like.”

Taylor blushes again.

“I wouldn’t, Mr. Genovese. Cross my heart and hope to die.”

I laugh again.

“Well, that’s good to know because I hope you wouldn’t steal from a friend. But while we’re on the topic, you’re friends with Anthony, right?”

Taylor looks hesitant.

“Um, well sort-of. If I say that we’re not really friends, would that change things?”

I shake my head.

“No, it wouldn’t change anything. You would still be welcome to stay here, but I was under the impression that you and my son were in a relationship.”

She grimaces a bit while smiling.

“I think the key word in that sentence is “were,” past tense, because we’re not in a relationship anymore. We used to date, but all that went by the wayside. Anthony cheated on me, you know.”

I shake my head.

“No, I didn’t know, actually. I’m sorry to hear that, sweetheart.”

Taylor sighs, deflating a bit.

“Yeah, it was kind of a letdown. I guess people don’t really change, do they? Way back when we met, we were dating more or less. But then he cheated, so we broke up. We were in the process of exploring a reconciliation recently, but then, whoops! I found out that Anthony’s still seeing that girl. Can you believe it? I basically told him to go to hell yesterday, which is why I’m a little surprised he offered to ask if you would let me stay. It was a generous gesture, definitely, seeing that Anthony and I are on the outs. Well, maybe that’s too dramatic. We’re not unfriendly, it’s just that we’re not exactly friends either. And we’re definitely *not* dating.”

I manage to stifle a chuckle at that convoluted explanation.

“Knowing my son, that sounds about right,” I growl. “I’m sorry you had to go through that, Taylor. Anthony’s just immature, and trust me, I’m his father, so I know. But it means that I should be honest with you to fill in some of the gaps.”

She shoots me an odd look.

“What gaps?”

I nod.

“Well, I’m not exactly letting you stay here out of the kindness of my heart. As you intuited, it’s a strange situation and it didn’t just happen out of nowhere.”

She stares at me.

“What do you mean?”

I shrug carelessly, although my heart’s pounding like a drum in my chest.

“Anthony sold you to me. You belong to me now.”

Taylor nearly spits out her drink.

“I’m sorry, *what?* What do you mean by ‘sold’? You can’t do that, and neither can he!”

I shrug.

“Actually, we can. He told me he had good product from the Bronx, and that’s where you live right?”

She sputters.

“Yes, but—!”

I shrug again, cutting her off.

“So yes. My son offered me product, I paid for it, and now, you belong to me.”

Taylor stares at me, her big bosom heaving.

“But he didn’t own me in the first place, and it’s not like I’m chattel property or anything. That’s totally outdated, not to mention criminal, so you can’t do this!”

I shrug. “Actually, I can because this is what the Genovese family does for a living. We traffic in women.” Then I turn to her. “Did Anthony ever tell you that? What did you think we did?”

Taylor stands up, spitting fire.

“No, he never said that you were a den of sex traffickers. He said that you guys own a string of bars and clubs. X-rated ones, but still, he never said anything about trafficking women!”

I shrug.

“The two go hand in hand,” is my growl. “High rollers expect beautiful women in a club setting, and I’m satisfying a need by procuring top-shelf product for my best customers.”

Taylor’s jaw drops to the floor.

“You can’t be serious. You’re talking about women like a wine seller discussing alcohol. Top shelf? What the hell? This is totally illegal.”

I nod.

“It is, and that’s why we’re known as the Genovese crime family. I’m the don and my son is one of my lieutenants. Is that so hard to believe?”

With that, Taylor's jaw snaps shut and she says nothing. Realization is beginning to dawn on that pretty face as the truth of the situation reveals itself.

"Holy shit," she whispers, covering her face with her hands. "Fuck me."

"I'd be happy to," I say in a low tone. "In fact, that's why I purchased you."

But then, Taylor's head jerks up, those brown curls bouncing as her eyes spark fiercely.

"You can't do this." She gets up and runs toward the front door before tugging on the handle. Of course, it doesn't budge and even more eerie, there's no visible locking mechanism. "What is this? Let me out!"

"I'm afraid I can't do that," I explain in a calm voice, finishing my drink. "Like I said, you belong to me now, and my son's already told you that this place is like a fortress, the better to prevent young women from escaping. It's about time you understand what that really means."

Tears pool in Taylor's eyes. "But I thought I was a houseguest!"

I nod.

"You are. You're just not free to come and go as you like."

Suddenly, an idea strikes and Taylor fumbles for her phone, staring at the screen. But then a frown pulls down her pretty features.

"Wait, why don't I have service?"

I sigh.

"Like I said, honey, this townhouse is built like a fortress. There's security everywhere, both invisible and visible. But even more, the security's not just to keep intruders out. It's also to keep young, impressionable women in, so I've installed signal blockers. There's no way to connect to the network, and the premises have been securely locked down. This is your new home, Taylor, at least for the time being as I get what I paid for."

She stares at me.

“And what did you pay for?” she asks in a low, trembling voice.

I smirk.

“You’ll see, sweetheart.” But then I glance at the grandfather clock by the entryway. “It’s late now, so I’ll let you get some sleep. But we’ll discuss this tomorrow at dinner, okay? Seven o’clock sharp. I’ll see you then, baby girl. Your suite’s upstairs, first door on the right. Good night.”

With that, I stalk off. I can feel Taylor’s eyes on my broad back as she watches me go. But I’m not alarmed because the beautiful woman is now my property, and it’s only a matter of time before she capitulates.

Taylor

After a restless night, I got up this morning and tried to make sense of things. Am I really a prisoner in Roman Genovese's home? It seems far-fetched and utterly ludicrous, but as I crept around the mansion, I found that there was no way to escape. The doors were locked and I spotted several discreetly-placed cameras that seemed to track my every movement.

So after an entire day of investigation, now I sit in my bedroom, flummoxed. What the hell? This is the twenty-second century, and they can't keep women prisoners anymore! Yet, my phone still has no service and I wonder if my friends have called the cops yet. Probably not. They likely think I'm in rural Missouri right now with no cell service. Ugh. I really am stuck here.

Beside me on the bed is a tiny black cocktail dress left here by Roman's staff. Clearly, he wants me to wear this for dinner and I trail my fingers along the lacy bodice. It's obviously very expensive, but it's going to be tight on my curves too. Then again, that's probably the point.

Sighing, I slip into the sexy dress and check myself out in the mirror. The neckline is a deep vee, highlighting the dark shadow between my enormous breasts. The fabric clings to my narrow waist before hugging my wide hips and I turn to the left and right to make sure there's no unnecessary bunching.

Then, a pair of black stilettos completes the look and I fluff out my brown curls with a sigh. I might as well look nice because if I'm going to be held prisoner, then I need to bring out the big guns. My looks are a part of that, and I definitely learned a thing or two about using them to my advantage while working at Club Z.

Finally, I make my way downstairs and through a series of lounges before approaching a massive dining room. There's a huge, formal table gleaming beneath the low lights, and about twenty chairs pushed in on all sides. At one end, two place settings await, and I see that the mafia don is already waiting for me. He sits at the head of the table, and stands when I approach.

"Good evening, Taylor," Roman growls, those blue eyes sensuous as they skim over my curves. "I'm glad you made it."

I blush while sitting because even though he's my captor, he's ungodly gorgeous. Black hair is swept off of a high brow and those patrician features are stern and aquiline. His blue eyes gleam as they take me in, trailing appreciatively over my curves, and I go hot in my sweetest spot.

Stop, the voice in my head admonishes. *Roman Genovese is your captor, so don't start flirting with him.* The voice is right, and as a result, I decide to dive straight into the deep end.

"You won't get away with keeping me locked up, Mr. Genovese."

One black eyebrow raises as he throws me an amused glance.

"Are you sure about that? Like I mentioned yesterday, trafficking in women is what I do for a living. I've been in this business a long time, sweetheart, so there are a lot of ways to keep a woman hidden."

I start in my chair, but then pout.

"Yes, but I'm an American citizen, not some piece of property to be kidnapped. This is illegal, clearly!"

He shrugs.

“You don’t seem to be complaining so far.”

I stare at him.

“Well, I’ll tell your staff. They’ll inform the police and then you’re going to jail.”

Roman merely shrugs, totally at ease in his dark suit.

“I don’t think so. My staff is very loyal to me, and they know not to trust my visitors. You’re not the first time I’ve had a pretty young thing staying with me long-term.”

I gasp, eyes going wide.

“You’ve kidnapped women before?”

He shrugs.

“It’s not *kidnapped*, exactly. We import beautiful women from Europe for sale to male buyers in the New York City area. Sometimes, the girls need a place to land before meeting the customer, so yes, sometimes they stay here with me. Like I said, you wouldn’t be the first, sweetheart.”

With that, my mouth snaps shut. Obviously, I’m dealing with a pro, and clearly out of my depths.

At that moment, a manservant arrives with two delicious steaks, and places them on the table in front of us.

“Sir,” he announces in a formal manner. “Chef Violetta sends her regards. Two porterhouses with the chef’s special cilantro garlic steak butter, as well as mashed potatoes, creamed spinach, and honey glazed baby carrots. Fresh-baked bread will be coming right out, and of course, we have your house red from the cellar.”

We wait as the food and wine are served, and I inhale appreciatively. Goodness, this looks good. Once we’re alone again, the handsome man turns to me with amusement dancing in his blue eyes.

“Go ahead and eat your dinner, sweetheart,” he growls. “It’s delicious, I promise.”

But I decide to be obstinate. I cross my arms in front of my chest like a sulky teenager.

“No, because I’m going on a hunger strike. Once I keel over from fatigue and starvation, you’ll have to unlock the doors and take me to the hospital.”

Roman doesn’t look worried at all. Instead, he merely chews his steak and then takes a sip of wine.

“Suit yourself, baby girl, but this steak is really hitting the spot. Medium-rare, just the way I like it.”

Of course, my body betrays me at that very moment, and my stomach grumbles loudly with hunger. My cheeks flush, and Roman grins.

“No one’s holding you back, sweetheart. That entire filet is yours.”

Unable to resist the hunger pains, I slice into my cut of beef. Oh wow, this is really tender. I haven’t eaten since having a stale bagel for breakfast this morning, and the meat melts on my mouth, the savory butter giving it that special umami feel. Goodness, it’s as delicious as Roman promised, and clearly there’s going to be at least one perk to living here: the food.

We eat for a bit, just savoring the meal, before Roman breaks the silence.

“So what did my son tell you about our family business?”

I chew and swallow slowly.

“Not a lot. I knew you guys had a bunch of clubs and bars because Anthony even brought me to a few, but he didn’t say much about the other stuff.”

“Really?” Roman asks dryly. “Usually, my son is more than happy to mention that he’s intimately connected to the Genovese crime family.”

I nod slowly, playing with my mashed potatoes.

“Well yes, I suppose he mentioned it but I didn’t take him seriously because you know how Anthony likes to embellish. I figured it was just more of that: hype, and nothing else.”

Roman chuckles deep in his chest, making me go hot inside.

“That would be an understatement,” the huge man says in a dry tone. “My son is definitely the worst type of hype beast.”

But then, I put down my fork and look at his strong features.

“But why are you even in the business of trafficking women? What drew you to the trade?”

Roman looks thoughtful.

“That’s a good question, and a lot of things have changed throughout the years. When I first got into the bar and club scene, my establishments were mediocre. They were okay, with decent furnishings and a dull crowd. Junior lawyers and bankers, if you will.”

I stare at him.

“And then?”

He shrugs.

“I realized that in order to reach the kind of client I wanted, I needed to provide more. You can’t just have thousand dollar bottles of champagne, the hottest DJs, and a velvet rope. You need to procure women, and our thing became exotic women from far-flung European locales. Men came to my establishment to find that, and I provided,” he says in a simple tone.

I stare.

“Is there somewhere else they go to find beautiful Asian women? Or African?”

Roman nods.

“African is harder to come by because of the general civil and political unrest in that area. But yes, one of my buddies has a lock on the Asian market, and another supplies product from the Scandinavian area exclusively. There’s one dude who even specializes in Circassian girls. Who would have thought, right?”

I sputter.

“I don’t even know where Circassia is!”

My handsome host merely grins and shrugs.

“It’s an area near the Black Sea. It’s an ancient kingdom that no longer exists, but the people of that region still live there, and the women are renowned for their beauty. Many of them were concubines when that kind of thing existed, and sultans, shahs, and the like sought them out.”

I put my fork down, disbelief in my eyes.

“Holy shit.”

Roman nods, amused.

“There’s a lot to this business,” he growls. “Trust me. I’ve been in it for decades now, and I’m still learning.”

But I’m overwhelmed and suddenly, I’ve lost my appetite. I put my fork down slowly.

“You know, I’m not sure how I’m supposed to feel right now,” I say quietly. “You’ve bought me, but when I think about it, what I was doing for Club Z wasn’t that different from your line of business. I mean they were procuring women as well, and I was one of those women.”

Roman shrugs. “Human nature is complex, and you don’t have to feel a specific way, Taylor. There are a lot of nuances to life, and yes, Club Z runs in a similar lane to the Genovese family. Yes, there are differences here and there, but overall, the concept is the same.”

I nod slowly, and push away from the table, gently placing my red-stained cloth napkin onto the empty plate.

“If you don’t mind, I’ll go up to my room now.”

But the handsome crime lord shakes his head, those blue eyes suddenly gleaming.

“Not so fast, sweetheart. I want to see what I bought.”

Immediately, I know what he means because there’s only one reason a man looks at you with hungry eyes while adjusting the massive bulge at his crotch. But the thing is that I’m attracted to Roman’s power and charisma, not to mention his devastating good looks. I shouldn’t be, but there’s something

about the dark man's aura that draws me in, and before I realize it, I'm slipping my tiny cocktail dress off my shoulders.

"That's it," he rasps, watching as the material puddles at my feet. "You're gorgeous baby."

Then I step out of the pool of fabric, clad only in my thong and the high heels.

"The neckline was too deep to wear a bra," I whisper. "Do you like what you see, Daddy?"

His blue eyes flash at the word "Daddy," and I giggle because the bulge at his crotch is growing as we speak, that iron rod reaching almost to his knee.

"Jiggle them for me, baby," he rasps. "Play with those pretty tits a bit."

I know what he wants because as a girl with big Double D's, there are things you can do that flat-chested women can't. As a result, I cup my boobs in both hands before lifting them up and licking one nipple, and then the other. Then I suckle my right tip, running my tongue over the pink crest before letting it pop out of my mouth audibly, showing him the wet flesh.

"Is that what you wanted? Here, have a taste, Mr. Genovese."

I lean forwards them, and Roman latches on right away. His mobile lips close over my tit, and I throw my head back as hot jolts run straight from my nipple to pussy, making me go moist inside.

"Ummm," I sigh. "That feels so good."

But Roman's tasted the holy land now, and he wants more. The huge man pushes me back for a moment and then nods again, those blue eyes blazing.

"Off with the panties."

I giggle and coo while doing a one eighty. Then, wiggling my hips, I slowly slide the thong down and of course, there's a long trail of sticky slime connecting my pussy to the soaked gusset.

“Mmm, this is all for you,” I purr, breaking the string with one finger before lifting it to my mouth for a suck. “I promise I’ve been eating well, Daddy.”

By now, Roman’s got his cock out, and my pupils dilate while looking at it.

“Oh my God,” is my choked whisper. “Is that...?”

“Yeah, it’s all for you, baby girl,” he rasps, running his fist up and down the hard length. The tip is leaking already, and the movement spreads the liquid all over his club, lubing it up so that it shines in the dim light. My mouth waters and I make to kneel before him, but he stops me.

“No sweetheart,” Roman rasps in a gentle voice. “I break in all my girls in a very particular way.”

I pause, my huge tits quivering in his face.

“What way?”

Slowly, he helps me straddle his broad form. Mm, this is so dirty because I’m fully nude now, my pussy moist and wet as it brushes his thick shaft. The contact makes me moan, and I literally reach down to spread my pussy lips with one hand, rubbing my clit slightly against his member.

“Oh no,” he rasps. “Not yet, baby girl.” My breasts swing in his face, and he presses a kiss to one nipple before looking up at me.

“Then when? How?” I whine breathlessly.

Roman’s eyes darken with desire to an almost-black.

“I induct all my girls with a bit of salivated anal,” Roman says in a dark tone. “Are you up for that? Does that turn you on?”

My cheeks flush.

“What does that mean exactly? No lube?”

He cocks his head to one side.

“There’s lube, honey, but your saliva is the lube.”

Then, without waiting for an answer, he cups one big hand in front of my mouth and commands, “Spit.”

Immediately, I do as I'm told and hawk hard into that huge palm. He grins and then reaches around in back of me to caress my anus as I squirm a bit, throwing my head back from the sensation.

"Oh!" is my delighted sigh. "Unnh!"

"Just getting you slicked up and ready for what's coming, baby girl," he croons.

Then, the big man seizes both my hips, helping to lift me so that my legs are in a vee above his huge shaft. Like a good little fuck doll, I reach down to position his enormous cock at my back hole, gasping at how slippery with pre-come it is.

"That's right, I want you bad, sweetheart," Roman rasps, reading my mind. "I'm almost ready to blast right now."

Those words turn me on, and with a sigh, I push my bottom down on his hard tip. Nothing happens at first because I'm tight back there, and haven't been warmed up properly yet. But Roman reaches around again, gently caressing my anus with his fingers before lodging his cockhead more firmly inside.

"Sit," he growls. "Stretch your asshole out on my cock, baby girl."

With that, I begin to lower my weight. It's difficult because he's so huge and my bottom hole is small. But after a few seconds of straining, my sphincter opens with an audible pop, and I slide down a few inches, almost jolting with surprise.

"Slow, slow," Roman croons. "You're getting buttfucked during our first time together, baby girl. You like that?"

I can't reply, but my moans and fluttery cries tell the story because the truth is that I adore backdoor pounding. There's something just so rancid about it, especially when I have an especially huge club lodged in my dirtiest spot.

"Give it to me," I pant. "Yes, I want it."

Roman chuckles hoarsely, and then begins to fuck upwards, pushing his shaft further into my bottom. It takes a few ups and downs, but finally, I'm able to take his hard length all the

way in my behind. I'm stuffed so full that I feel like his tip is going to pop out from the back of my throat, and Roman lets out a raspy chuckle

"Yeah, I knew you could do it," he grunts with pleasure. "Only the sluttiest girls can, and you're definitely a part of that club."

"I am," I sigh breathlessly, tossing my head back with the deep penetration. "Ooooh, yeah."

It's then that the serious bottom-banging begins. Like a slut, I moan and cry out, gripping his broad shoulders as my behind is violated again and again by that massive shaft.

"Unh, unh, unh," are my delighted shrieks. "Ooooh!"

"Yeah, take it, slut," the older man rasps in my ear, his tool growing even larger in my behind as his motions intensify. "Fuck!"

Suddenly, it happens. Roman goes still for a moment, and then his shaft jerks inside me as the come shoot ripples. I literally feel his cock pulsing in my bottom before releasing spurt after spurt of salty, viscous seed into my backdoor.

"Ummmm!" I scream as my bottom and pussy clench with delight, sucking it all in. "Oh fuck!"

Hot jolts of electricity sear through my form, making me shake and cry out as my bottom milks him furiously, begging for every last drop. Meanwhile the alpha male joins me on Cloud Nine, that hard body pumping me full of batter as we moan and writhe with ecstasy.

Finally, however, the fireworks cease and I collapse against Roman's bronzed chest, sweaty and flushed.

"My goodness," is my mewl. "Wow."

He merely flexes his cock in my ass again, making me squeal.

"You were amazing, baby girl. But my question is: are you ready for more?"

With that, he pulls out, shifting me off his huge member, but the thing is that I just got pumped full and without his

manhood acting as a plug, a huge waterfall of seed comes rushing out to splat loudly on the marble floor.

“Oh my God!” is my squeal. “Shit!”

But Roman merely seizes my mouth in a hot kiss.

“No, it’s fine, honey,” he growls against my lips. “Trust me, I’ve done worse in this house so the staff’s used to it. They’ll clean up without a peep of protest. But the more important question is that your bottom’s now empty again, and I need to fill her up.”

Then, he sweeps me into his strong arms, bridal-style, and soon I’m spread out in the master bedroom, as Roman Genovese goes on a rampage, penetrating and ravaging all of my holes. It feels amazing as I moan and cry out with bliss, but that’s not the craziest part. The worst part is that I want even more from my captor, even though I’m allegedly here against my will.

Roman

It's been a week of heavenly bliss, not to mention the dirtiest slut-fucking ever. Normally, I don't use language like that but it's the only way to describe Taylor. After all, she's a seasoned woman and I love it. Years of working at Club Z have made her flexible, sexy as fuck, and with a mind in the gutter to rival my own.

We've shared quite a few meals already, courtesy of my chef, but tonight I'm taking her to a restaurant. La Cirelle is a favorite of mine, and I'm sure Taylor will enjoy the elegant French fare.

Ah, there's my girl. The curvy woman floats down the grand staircase to stand before me. She's gorgeous as always with her brown curls swept up in a loose updo, and that ripe figure encased in a purple cocktail dress. I've tasted every inch of her body multiple times now, and she's always sweet, creamy, and so wet and ready for more.

But then, I notice how Taylor shifts her weight a bit once she gets to the landing, grimacing slightly with pain.

"Is it the shoes, sweetheart?" I ask. "You know I love high heels, but you could wear something lower tonight if you want."

The beautiful brunette shoots me a rueful look.

“No, it’s not the shoes, Roman. It’s that my body has been well-used over the past few days, so you can’t blame me for being sore!”

I nod, puffing my chest with masculine pride.

“Yeah, you have been worked over pretty well, haven’t you?”

Her brown eyes flash.

“I have, and my bottom’s especially achy right now after what you did last night.”

I pretend mock-shock.

“What, you didn’t like it?”

She flushes.

“You know I loved the anal fisting, Roman, but that’s one thing that I’ve never done before, so yeah, I’m a little achy today.”

I go hard while mentally visualizing her bottom before me, round and ripe with those white ass cheeks spread apart. It’s true. I couldn’t resist, and late last night, I convinced Taylor to let me push my entire hand into her backdoor. It was utterly depraved as she screamed and squealed face down into the mattress, but ultimately, the curvy brunette took my entire hand like a good girl. I’ve never come so hard before, and my fingers twitch now, dying to get into that bubble butt again.

“Oh there’s more for you where that came from, sweetheart,” I promise in a low voice as my blue eyes glint. “But come on. Food first.”

With that, a black car whisks us to the restaurant downtown, and soon, we’re seated at a table in the back, apart from the rest of the room.

“So what do I owe the honor of this special meal?” Taylor quips, shooting me a playful look from across the table. “Your chef is fantastic, and I was happy eating her food.”

I shrug and grin.

“You’re doing great things at home, honey, and you deserve to be rewarded, that’s all. Besides, I like taking my woman out. I

want to show you off to the world because you're so beautiful."

Is it my imagination, but do her cheeks flush a pretty pink at the compliment? Taylor looks gorgeous in the candlelight, and a warm feeling descends over my chest at the intimacy we're sharing. Fuck, being with her is amazing, and it's almost funny that we enjoy spending time together under these illicit circumstances.

Soon, a waitress comes by to take our orders, and of course, I only order the best for my woman. Then, expensive champagne arrives and we toast before she sips slowly at the bubbly.

"So tell me, honey. Have you been enjoying yourself? You know have the run of the house. Pool, my private gym, the entertainment center, the billiards room, and the library. You have one hundred percent access."

She nods.

"Thank you. But I haven't had time to explore much because we've been so busy together," she says, blushing a bit.

I chuckle because it's true. She's practically been chained to my bed since arriving, and I don't plan on letting her go anytime soon.

"We have, haven't we? But tell me more about yourself, sweetheart. How did you get involved with Club Z? It seems unlikely for a nice girl like you."

With that, the pretty brunette frowns and looks away. "But who said I'm a nice girl?" she asks in a soft voice.

I shrug.

"That's just what I figured. Most of my women are 'nice,' believe or not," I say in a smooth tone. "They weren't raised by wolves or anything."

Taylor nods, but I can see I've gotten under her skin somehow. My heart surges painfully in my chest.

"Is something wrong, sweetheart?" I say, reaching across the table to clasp her small hand with my own. "You know you

can tell me anything.”

To my surprise, there a sheen of tears in the pretty brunette’s eyes, and she takes a long, shuddering breath before looking at me.

“Well, the truth is that I’m not a nice girl. In fact, I come from a crappy background that pretty much couldn’t be worse. My parents were both drug addicts, so I was in and out of foster care my entire life.”

I nod.

“I’m very sorry to hear that,” is my low growl. “I wish it could have been different.”

She nods and inhales again, dashing quickly at her cheeks.

“It was hard, but I survived. The thing is that when I hit my teens, my last foster home decided that we weren’t a fit, so I was placed in a group home. Those places can be pretty crazy, as you can imagine, because all the kids there are just struggling to survive.”

I squeeze her hand encouragingly.

“Of course,” is my low tone. “I understand.”

She takes another deep, shuddering breath.

“Well, to make a long story short, I fell in with a group of girls who walked on the wild side, and it was one of the older girls who introduced me to Club Z. She told me about the life, and what I could expect, including the potential earnings. I have to say that I was hooked on the idea because I’d never had even two dimes to rub together.”

I pause for a moment.

“Did this happen before you turned eighteen?” I ask curiously. “No judgment or anything. I’m just wondering.”

Taylor shrugs her narrow shoulders.

“I guess so. I mean, she definitely told me about the club when I was still a minor, but nothing happened. Club Z wouldn’t hire me,” she clarifies. “They’re really above-board when it comes to certain matters, but the day I turned eighteen, it all

changed. I was put on payroll immediately, and just in time too because that's when you leave government care. So yes, in a way I suppose being a hostess saved me."

I nod.

"Okay. Makes sense. But did you like working for Club Z?"

Taylor's silent for a moment as she considers her answer. She bites her lip, but then she raises big brown eyes to me, and I know I'm about to get the unvarnished truth.

"Honestly, I loved it, Roman. It may be shameful to say, but I adore pleasing men with my body, and making them come harder than they ever have in their lives. Plus, the tips were more than generous, and for the first time ever, I could actually buy a few things that went beyond the basics. I didn't have to steal or beg anymore."

"I get it honey," is my low growl. "But trust me: you'll never be in that position again if I have anything to do with it."

Her beautiful features soften. "I know. You've been so good to me, Roman. It's only been a week, but I feel comfortable being with you. I like this arrangement, even if I was allegedly 'kidnapped.'"

I grin at her.

"The doors haven't been locked for a few days now, sweetheart. You're free to come and go as you like."

Her cheeks flush red as she looks down.

"I know, but I don't want to leave. Not just yet," she amends in a soft voice. My heart expands in my chest and I seize her hand again.

"Good, because you should feel comfortable with me, baby girl. *Mi casa es su casa* for as long as you need. That whole Missouri punishment thing sounded crazy, and I wouldn't want to hang out with cows either."

Taylor tilts her head back and laughs then, revealing the long, graceful column of her throat. To my satisfaction, there's a slight hickey on the left side that she was unable to fully cover

with make-up and I make a mental note to give her more once we're in bed again.

“Okay, note taken,” she giggles. “But now, I get to ask you a question, Roman. Do you make all of your women feel this way? Especially the ones who are sold, so to say?”

Immediately, I go serious.

“Of course not, baby girl. I'm not in relationships with them, if that's what you're asking. They do stay at my home sometimes when they're in transit, but more often, they stay in furnished suites elsewhere.”

Taylor nods thoughtfully.

“And how do the women feel about all of this? I can't imagine they're happy to be taken from their homes in the middle of the night and then whisked away to the United States.”

I chuckle.

“You've been watching too many movies, honey, because it's not like that at all. Actually, you might be surprised to find out that most of our women come voluntarily. Sometimes, they approach us and ask to be placed, believe it or not.”

Taylor's jaw drops open.

“Seriously?”

I nod. “Yeah. Some of them come from impoverished backgrounds, or even war-torn areas. They want out, and working with us is one way to leave their homelands. Plus, the Genoveses have a reputation for being generous, believe it or not. You know I'm not doing it for the money, right? My bars and clubs generate tons of cash, and so the women I place keep most of their earnings. My cut is actually quite small in the grand scheme of things.”

Taylor's still stunned, with two spots of color on her cheeks.

“But I don't get it. If they're coming voluntarily, then why all the secrecy?” she asks in a low voice. “It's unorthodox, but your business seems like ... well it's not that different from any other headhunting agency.”

I grin. “Not exactly because we’re dealing with curvy female bodies and the men who want to purchase them. But yes, there are some similarities to temp placement agencies. Sometimes we get legitimate visas for our guest workers, but I will admit that we’ve skirted the rules before. Please don’t tell Customs and Immigration because I don’t think they would be too thrilled to find out.”

Taylor nods.

“No of course not. I would never.”

But then, I decide to go for the big kahuna. After all, I’ve already shared so much, so why not let it all out? It’ll be a big weight off my chest, actually, to speak with another human being on this topic.

“Can you keep a secret, sweetheart?”

The pretty brunette nods.

“Of course, Roman. What’s going on?”

I take a deep breath and fix her with my blue gaze.

“Well actually, I’ve started the process of exiting this particular line of business. The Genoveses won’t be trafficking women in the future.”

She stares at me.

“Really? But why? I thought you said trafficking was a big part of your business.”

I shrug. “It is and it isn’t. I don’t make much money from it, so it’s not the cash keeping me in the game. It’s the fact that my male customers expect this particular service, and as a result, I was doing it for them. They want to be pampered, and this is one of the ways in which the Genoveses provide: women. But yeah, I don’t want to be in it anymore. I can feel law enforcement breathing down my neck, and there’s just no need. After all, there’s nothing more pathetic than a seventy year old doing decades in prison.”

“You’re not seventy!” she laughs.

I nod.

“Yeah, but if I get put in the slammer, I’ll be at least seventy before I get out. So yeah, the risk-reward tradeoff just isn’t there anymore. Besides, some other outfit will take my place, I have no doubt. There are a lot of young guns out there who’d love to dip their thumbs in this particular pot of ink.”

Taylor still looks stunned.

“Goodness, I had no idea. Does your son know? Does anyone know of your plans to exit?”

I shrug.

“Some of my top lieutenants, but definitely not Anthony. That idiot would blab it all over the city, and we’re not ready to drop the news yet. That’s why I need you to keep it a secret because I don’t want anyone finding out about this until the time is right.”

The curvy brunette nods.

“Of course. I don’t have anyone I would tell, anyways, and especially not Anthony. He’s sent me a text here and there, but I haven’t even had time to reply.”

“Thank you, sweetheart,” I growl, squeezing her small hand again. “I appreciate your discretion.”

With that, the meal continues with good food, good wine, and good company. I laugh and talk as if everything’s normal, but inside my heart’s going pitter patter because I know this isn’t normal. I just shared my biggest secret with Taylor, a girl whom I only just met. Yet it feels right because there’s a sense of trust and intimacy between us, and I know it’s the right thing to do.

Bemused, I shake my head while taking in her glowing features and lush body. This woman has me under her spell, and the crazy part is that I don’t mind one bit.

Taylor

I wipe my forehead with the back of my hand, surely leaving behind a streak of dirt, but it doesn't matter because there's something incredibly fulfilling about getting a little grimy while working in the garden. It's authentic. Hot and sweaty, yes, but also calming in the craziest way.

To be sure, gardening was never something I was interested in until I saw the barren little plot in Roman's backyard. It's weird because this is a man who can afford the fanciest professionals to work the land, but he said he didn't know any appropriate landscape design firms. As a result, I offered to take over and my man gave me free rein. Now, I've got a little vegetable plot, as well as the beginnings of a gorgeous flower bed on the right. I've even planted a tiny Japanese maple in the hopes that it will survive the cold New York winters.

But then a giggle escapes because actually, I'm gardening in the nude. Languorously, I reach for my sunblock and begin applying the lotion to my limbs, sensually rubbing the cream onto my forearms, then my tummy, and then the insides of my thighs. A brief frisson runs down my back because I know he's watching. Roman's got a great view of the garden from his office upstairs, and when I glance towards the townhouse, sure enough, there's a twitch at the curtain.

With another giggle, I turn back to my work, kneeling in the dirt as my round rump rises in the air. I'm sure the handsome billionaire will be down soon. He's never able to keep his hands off me for long, and at this point, it's clear I'm not a prisoner anymore. I spend my days whiling about the house, doing whatever I please including swimming laps in the basement pool, watching movies in the mini-theater, or even concocting a few baked goods when his chef can spare the time to tutor me. Then at dinner, Roman joins me in the dining room and we indulge in a feast before repairing to the master suite for sexy shenanigans. It doesn't matter how many times I've had that massive cock in me now – I never seem to get enough, and the alpha male can't get enough of my curves either.

But it's not just about the physical intimacies. We enjoy spending time together, and talk about real things too. For one, I can be open about my time at Club Z because my man doesn't judge me for my past. Sure I used to be a call girl, but he's familiar with the profession. Plus, he understands that I come from an underprivileged background, and cares about my mental health in the here and now.

But the street runs both ways because I don't judge my lover for what he does for work, either, although I will admit I'm impressed with his determination to legitimize his empire. Roman's right, after all. There's no need to risk jail time and the collapse of everything he's built when he doesn't need the money from trafficking. The bars and clubs are doing incredible business, and the Genoveses can go legit without putting everything on the line.

I giggle again because that frisson's running through my frame once more, and I know my man must be watching. Playfully, I lean forwards on my hands and knees and lift my bottom in the air once more, wagging it at the big townhouse. Thank God the surrounding walls are high so that no one but Roman can see, and even though my face is practically pressed into the dirt at this point, it's still fun to tease.

But then my eyes alight upon a rosebush nearby, and inspiration strikes. Straightening for a moment, I snip a rose

bud from the bush and then hold it to my nose, inhaling the sweet fragrance. Goodness, I love the smell of a freshly-cut bloom, but I'm not stopping here. With another devious glance at Roman's window, I slowly run the rose bud down my chin and then down my throat. The petals caress the ivory column, and I tilt my head back with a sigh while trailing the bloom down to my nipples, circling the pink areola for a moment. Hot shivers run straight from the pink crests down to my cunt, but this isn't enough. With another sigh, I lean back and lie down in the dirt, getting comfortable. Then, I raise my knees and part them to the sky, exposing my sweet center. With a giggle, I slide the bloom down further until I've reached my nub, and begin running the tightly closed bud over my pussy. Oooh, yes! My eyes flutter closed and my head tilts back as I use the bud to pleasure myself. Hot jolts make my thighs quiver and a huge gush of nectar runs from my sweet spot, making me moan.

But then a shadow crosses over me, and before I even open my eyes, I already know who's there. Sure enough, Roman's looming above me, huge and dominant with a dark look in his eyes.

"You're a naughty girl," he rasps. "Fucking yourself with a rose in the middle of the day."

I giggle and smile up at him. "Why, does it turn you on, Daddy?"

The mafia man loves when I call him "Daddy," and those blue eyes glint dangerously. But he doesn't even answer. Within seconds, the man is unzipped and that huge, hard cock is out, already dripping from the tip. I moan languorously as he fists it a few times, but Roman's not wasting time today. He's on his knees before me in a flash, and then he thrusts all the way in without warning, plunging deep into my small hole.

"Ohhhhh!" is my shrill scream of surprise. But it feels so good too, and soon, we're going at it like animals in the dirt. In fact, I feel his balls rise, tightening as they get ready to spurt, and the root of his cock literally begins to pulse, he's so close.

But then, a loud bang makes my ears ring and I blink, startled.

“What was that?” I whisper. My lover sails over the edge then, letting out a powerful growl in my ear as he fucks hard into my pussy, pumping me full of that viscous virility. But at the same time, my man’s also in motion. Even while coming furiously, he rolls us onto our sides until we’re shielded by a bench beneath one of the few trees in the yard.

Then, another series of pops sound and I look at him with surprised eyes.

“What is that?” I repeat.

My man doesn’t even reply. Instead, he pulls out, cock still dripping and twitching, and snatches something from beneath the bench. Wait, what is that? Belatedly, I realize a gun was taped to the bottom of the heavy slab, and to my surprise, my lover appears to know how to wield it. He scans the sky while brandishing the firearm, and sure enough, another loud pop sounds. By now, I’ve realized that those popping sounds are actually gunfire, and a muffled scream bursts from my throat. Roman ignores me, still scanning the sky before taking aim and firing off one shot.

I look up just in time to see a dark-clad figure tumble from the roof of a neighboring building before landing with a muffled thud a mere thirty feet away. If the gunshot didn’t kill him, the drop certainly will.

“Roman, what’s happening?” I cry, tears spilling from my eyes. “Why was that man shooting at us?”

But my lover doesn’t answer. Instead, he turns to me, his expression grim.

“Listen closely to everything I say, Taylor. Everything’s going to be fine, but we need to leave now, so go upstairs and pack a few things. Then, meet me down here.”

I stare at him.

“But where are we going? A safe house? Canada? Mexico?”

He shakes his head, expression grim.

“I don’t know yet, but I promise I will take care of you no matter what. But we need to go now, do you understand?”

I nod numbly, before getting to my feet. I'm still nude and Roman's seed is dripping wetly down my thigh, but the urgent expression on his face makes me spark to life. With fear rippling through my body, I turn tail and run to my suite before grabbing a duffel bag from the closet and stuffing clothes inside. I don't know what just happened, but I know I have to trust the mafia man. Otherwise, how will our love survive?

Roman

It's been a week since Taylor and I landed in Moldova. The whole thing was rushed and scary, but my girl was enviably calm during the trip. She didn't ask questions, merely clutching my hand during the plane ride, although her fingers were deathly cold the entire time. But now, we're ensconced in a villa in the Moldovan countryside, and as far as I know, no one's been able to track us.

It's funny. I bought this estate more than two decades ago, thinking to make it the head of my European operations. But plans change, and now the expansive villa is serving as a hideout as I reassess and reposition the Genovese family. After all, the assassination attempt, while surprising, wasn't a complete shock. I'm the head of a crime family, and even if we're attempting to go legit at the moment, that doesn't mean that our enemies just disappear. So yes, the transition will take time, and meanwhile, Taylor and I are staying here.

I sit at a white lattice table in the garden. It's beautiful in Moldova this time of the year, with butterflies fluttering about the shrubbery and the sun casting warm rays on my back and shoulders. I don't spend much time in this house, which is unfortunate because it's so lovely.

"I brought you some coffee," Taylor murmurs, stepping outside with a mug in her hand before setting it in front of me.

“I’m still getting used to that fancy espresso machine, so I hope the joe is fine.”

I take a sip of the steaming liquid. “It’s delicious, thank you.”

“Of course.”

Then, my beautiful girl settles down with her own mug and looks out over the garden as well. We’ve both been quiet since leaving New York, but maybe it’s time we talked about what happened. Taylor won’t bring it up without prompting, so I decide to start the conversation.

“Thank you for coming with me,” I say in a low voice. “I know this past week has been scary, and I hope you’ve been able to settle down a bit.”

Taylor nods before turning sharp eyes my way.

“But where are we? We’re obviously far from New York, but where exactly? You haven’t told me.”

I weigh my options for a moment before deciding to be forthright.

“We’re in Moldova, honey. I didn’t want to say at first for security purposes, but you have a right to know.”

Her nose crinkles.

“Is Moldova that former Soviet republic near the Black Sea? The one next to Ukraine?”

I nod.

“Yes, although it’s culturally probably more like Romania than the former USSR.”

She nods, her expression closed.

“I see.”

I stare at her.

“What are you thinking, sweetheart? I know what happened was scary and we had to move fast afterwards. It wasn’t safe to stay in NYC so I had to make a split-second decision, but I promise you we’re fine here. This place is a fortress, as you

can see,” I say, gesturing to the high stone walls. “And no one knows that we’ve even arrived.”

“I noticed,” she murmurs. “No one asked to check my passport at any time. In fact, we didn’t even go through customs.”

I nod.

“When you fly private, the customs officer generally comes on-board to do all that. But in this case, we’ve been traveling incognito, honey. There’s no record of our flight.”

She stares at me.

“Is that possible? The FAA isn’t all over that?”

I shrug.

“It’s not legal, but it’s possible, if you know the right people and have enough cash on hand to make it happen,” I clarify.

She nods.

“Oh. I see.”

But then I take her hand, my expression urgent as I lean forward.

“I hope you’re okay with what’s happened so far. As you can imagine, the Genoveses have made a lot of enemies during our time in the business, and believe it or not, that wasn’t the first attempt on my life.”

Taylor stares at me, her pink pout parting with astonishment.

“It wasn’t?”

I shake my head.

“Unfortunately, no. Violence is part and parcel in our world, and so yes, attempts have been made before.”

Taylor gasps, her face going sheet white.

“But who was it? And why were they after you?”

I sigh, my shoulders slumping.

“To be honest, we don’t know at this point. My best guess is he was a henchman from another crime family hired to do the dirty work, but the intelligence isn’t concrete at this point. But

he's dead," I say in a grim tone. "My shot caught him square in the chest, and he was likely dead before he hit the floor."

The beautiful brunette stares at me.

"Holy cow."

I nod before smiling mirthlessly.

"As you can imagine, I'm a wanted man in New York now. Murder is a serious crime and there's no way we could have stayed and dodged an investigation."

Taylor stares at me.

"But you're innocent! That guy shot first, while you were in your own garden."

I shrug.

"Prosecutors don't care about that kind of shit. Besides, the Feds have been sniffing around my operation for years now, and this would give them the perfect opening to start digging away. Can you imagine that? Subpoenas, depositions, and that shitshow coming to town? I don't think so."

Taylor pauses, staring at me.

"But it's okay because you were trying to legitimize the business, remember? They would see that. You have to get credit for doing the right thing."

I shake my head slowly.

"You're sweet, honey, but it's not enough. Not when I did the wrong thing for so long. The Feds would be all over me, and would likely tear everything apart brick by brick. Literally, I think they would tear apart my houses and clubs brick by brick looking for whatever it is they want to find."

The beautiful woman nods, her expression shuttered.

"I see. So what happens now?"

I take her small hand in my own, my heart racing. It's do or die, and suddenly, I know what I want. The only question is if Taylor wants it too.

“Sweetheart, here in Moldova, I have connections. This country isn’t exactly on the best diplomatic terms with the United States, so I can relax a bit here. I’m not saying that we’re dodging the American government, but in some ways, I am. I just need some time to lie low as things blow over.”

Taylor stares at me.

“Yeah, but does a homicide investigation ever blow over?”

I sigh because obviously, my woman’s smart and I’m not going to be able to pull the wool over her eyes.

“Probably not. You’re right. Cases can go cold for years, or even decades, but American law enforcement is tenacious, and they’ll keep on the trail. So yes, I can’t return to New York. Likely not this month, this year, and potentially, never again.”

She stares at me.

“So what does that mean?”

I look off into the garden, my expression closed.

“It means that for now at least, I need to stay here in Moldova. I need to keep my profile down, and to let things play out a bit. There’s no sense in putting myself at risk when so much is on the line.”

Taylor nods, her nose scrunching.

“Yeah, but what about your businesses in New York?”

I shrug.

“It’s fine. The bars and clubs will continue, and Anthony’s smart enough to run those. Hell, I have decent management in place so it’s pretty fuck-up proof at this point. Plus, I have a lot of cash sweetheart. We’re not going to run out anytime soon, or really, at any time whatsoever. I think the more relevant question is: do you want to stay, Taylor? Here, in Moldova with me, I mean. If you return to New York, the cops will question you, certainly, but you’ll be able to plead ignorance.”

She nods, looking down at the table.

“I see.”

She sips her espresso again and doesn't say a word as my heart races in my chest. I want her to stay with me so much, but the decision has to be hers. This relationship began with a kidnapping of sorts, but I'm not willing to continue that farce. This time, Taylor's got to make the choice of her own free will.

Meanwhile, the gorgeous brunette stares off into the distance, although I know she sees nothing. My heart thumps painfully in my chest because I love this woman, and want her at my side no matter the cost, but again, I can't ask this kind of sacrifice from her. The burden has to be born by me, and not her.

"I know you didn't have a choice when we made our escape from New York," I say in a low, emotional voice. "So I understand if you want to leave, and you're free to go whenever you like, sweetheart. I'll put you back on my plane, or even on a commercial carrier if you prefer. But no matter what happens, I want you to know that I've fallen in love with you, honey, and I'll always treasure the time we spent together."

She turns quickly to me then, tears in her eyes.

"Will I ever see you again?"

A hard lump forms in my throat because suddenly, I know that Taylor's leaving me. But I have to stay strong and shake my head.

"Likely not, baby girl. It's too dangerous for you, and there's no sense in associating with a known killer. The cops would be all over you for the rest of your life, so why poke the bear? This will be our goodbye."

Taylor swallows audibly then, still looking out at the garden. But I see how her hands clench the arms of her chair, and how her bosom heaves, heavy with emotion.

Just when I'm about to get up and go, her head turns swiftly in my direction, those brown eyes blazing.

"No, I'm going to stay," she says in a determined voice. "I know that you were the one who was attacked. Maybe it's

because of your past life, but we can't pay for those crimes forever. I love you, too, Roman," she continues in a broken voice as tears well in her eyes. "And I can't imagine a life without you. I'm not going back to New York if you're not going to be there with me."

Joy bursts in my chest, and suddenly, I realize I'm crying too.

"Do you mean that?"

She nods tearfully. "I'll go anywhere with you, Roman Genovese. You're a good man, who's trying to atone for his past. I won't leave you now, even if it means never returning to the country of my birth."

With that, I get up and kneel by her side, taking one of her small hands in my own before pressing my lips to her knuckles.

"You have no idea how happy you just made me, baby girl," is my hoarse rasp. "I was so afraid of losing you, and yet I knew I couldn't force you to stay. Not now. Not when things have changed between us."

She merely raises one hand to caress my hair before smiling through tears at me.

"My home is wherever you are, Roman." Then she snuffles again. "Besides, there's something else I need to tell you."

I press another heartfelt kiss to her knuckles.

"What is it, sweetheart? Is everything okay?"

She blinks, and shoots me a tremulous smile. "Yes, and better than okay, actually. You know I've been feeling a little queasy in the mornings, right? Well, this morning, I took a pregnancy test and I'm pregnant! You're going to be a daddy again, Roman."

Joy bursts in my chest, and I'm stock still for a moment.

"Are you serious, baby? You're pregnant?" I rasp.

She nods. "Yes, definitely. Congratulations, Roman."

With that, I let out a loud whoop, startling my woman, before leaning in and seizing her mouth in a passionate kiss.

“This is the best news ever, Taylor,” I growl with emotion. “We’re going to have a beautiful family in a beautiful country, and I promise, you’ll fall in love with Moldova. We’ll make it work, baby. I swear I’ll do everything to keep you and the child happy.”

My woman merely kisses me again gently, with tears in her eyes.

“I know you will, Roman. I love you, and my life was always meant to be spent at your side. I know you’ll do everything in your power to take care of us, and living in Europe is the right choice.”

With that, our lips meet again as my heart sings with joy because rarely do men of my age get to completely re-set their lives and start again. Yet through an improbable series of events, it’s happened, and I can’t wait to make the most of the opportunity with this beautiful woman at my side. Yes, she’s young. Yes, Taylor came to me when she was trying to hide out from her old employers. Even crazier, I bought her from my own son. But none of that matters anymore because we fell deeply in love despite the circumstances, and with a baby on the way, I know that the future will be blessed with happiness and love.

EPILOGUE

Taylor

Six months later.

I kneel on a cushy gardening pad and dig out a few weeds from beneath my new plot of soon-to-be pumpkins. The budding fruit is only beginning to show but I can't wait until we have huge, full-grown orange orbs to use in pies, stews, and even to eat straight off the vine.

With a happy sigh, I lean back because Moldova is incredibly fertile. It was hard to get anything to grow in New York, but this country isn't like that. The weather is more temperate, and it seems we can even feel a breeze from the Black Sea. Of course, that's my imagination, but everything seems cleaner, fresher, and more authentic in Europe.

"Do you like pumpkin?" I ask my baby while putting a hand on my burgeoning belly. "I promise, these will be sweet." My child inside kicks as if it hears, and I laugh. "You're a rambunctious little one," I murmur. "We're going to have our hands full with you."

In response, the baby dances again and I sit back on my knees, lightly caressing my bulging belly. The pregnancy has been easy so far, but that's not so surprising because my new life is relatively stress-free. We have a staff to run the villa, and I don't have to worry about any housework, much less customers, clients, or paying the rent. Instead, I leave that to

Roman, and am focused on gestating a human, which is a huge job in and of itself.

At that moment, a large shadow appears and I look up, shading my eyes from the sun.

“I brought you some lemonade,” Roman growls, backlit so that he appears as enormous as a mountain with those broad shoulders and massive chest. “I don’t want the baby to get thirsty.”

I giggle and then tilt my head up as he leans down to kiss me. “I was just thinking about you! Did you read my mind?”

“No, but you’ve been out in the hot sun for a while now, sweetheart. I don’t want you to be dehydrated.”

I smile. “I’m not. Don’t worry, you overprotective oaf.” But then, I guzzle down the lemonade thirstily as the baby kicks some more.

“Everything okay?” my man asks.

My smile is beatific.

“Yes, of course. Your child just likes to kick a lot, and I know everyone says this, but I really think he’s going to be a star soccer player.”

With that, Roman chuckles and lowers his big frame to sit next to me in the pumpkin patch. “That’s good because soccer is huge in Europe. In the United States, it’s nothing, but here, football is a continent-wide obsession.”

I giggle.

“Oh goody. We better get him a pair of infant cleats then!”

Roman throws his head back with laughter, and I’m struck again by how handsome my lover is. After all, he wears his years well, and while there are a few lines around his mouth and eyes, they serve to give him an air of authority. Plus, my man works out like a fiend. Now that he doesn’t have to tend to a network of bars and clubs, he’s able to fit in two, or even three, workouts in per day, and I love it. This silver fox is vigorous and virile, and I’m the lucky lady who benefits.

“I love you,” he murmurs before leaning in to press a kiss to my cheek. “I can’t wait until our baby is born, sweetheart, and I’m glad that you decided to stay because I can’t imagine being separated from you and our child. But are you sure you don’t miss your old life?”

I cock my head while pondering the question.

“Yes and no,” I admit with a wry smile. “I did love New York and I never thought I could live anywhere but the urban jungle, but things change. Of course, I miss being a hostess at Club Z, but it’s one of those things I’m glad I did when I was younger. As a soon-to-be-mom, it’d be a little weird to work as a hostess, right?”

Roman grins. “Well, if it’s the smut you miss, we can always replicate that excitement here.”

I giggle and kiss him. “Yeah, we’re pretty nasty in bed, aren’t we, Roman? After all, you love pregnant women.”

He nods, those blue eyes flashing.

“I do,” he rasps before resting a big hand to my thigh and then reaching up to stroke a nipple through my loose t-shirt. “You’re so sexy, round and fertile like this. I have half a mind to knock you up again just so you’ll keep the extra forty pounds.”

I giggle.

“Forty? I’ve put on fifty already!”

He merely nuzzles my neck.

“But you look amazing, sweetheart. Next time I’ll knock you up with twins so you put on a hundred pounds. Yeah, that sounds about right.”

I laugh, although it’s a little breathless.

“Oh you,” I mock-scold. “You just love your women curvy.”

“I do,” he growls before nipping at my throat. “Absolutely.”

But then, I change topics. “Speaking of parenthood, have you heard from Anthony recently?”

Roman leans back, his expression wry.

“Yeah, maybe last week? I have to say that I’m surprised that my son’s proving to be somewhat competent when it comes to running the business. I really thought that boy was a fuck-up, if not a drug addict.”

I giggle.

“No, Anthony wasn’t into drugs, at least not when I was with him. But does that mean that the business in New York is doing well?”

Roman shrugs.

“More or less. I’m learning to let it go, and to let Anthony and my managers take the reins. It’s hard to do because I’ve been running this shit since I was a kid, but it’s time for the torch to be passed. Besides, I have a couple new ventures here that I want to pursue, so it’s for the better.”

I nod.

“Is it that new cryptocurrency thing? I hear it’s hot.”

My man grins.

“Yep. That and NFTs. We’ll see where this takes us, but you don’t have to worry, honey. I’m not gambling with our savings or anything, and you know that we have plenty of cash to last us for the rest of our lives. Hell, for the next three hundred years if it came to that.”

I giggle.

“Well, I don’t plan on living to be three hundred.”

Roman grins and tickles my ribs, making me squeal with laughter.

“Neither do I, but I do know that I want to be with you for three hundred years if it were possible. By the way, speaking of New York, how are your friends back home? Does anyone know you’re here?”

I giggle.

“No, because you won’t let me reach out! But I was googling people recently, and guess what I found?”

My boyfriend cocks his head at me.

“What?”

My voice goes hushed.

“Well, I was surfing a porn site, you know, just looking around like a bad girl. But to my surprise, I found a video with Sydney in it! Remember my friend Sydney? The cute one with brown curls who also works at Club Z?”

My handsome boyfriend shakes his head.

“No, not really because I never met your friends.”

I blow out some air with mock-exasperation.

“Okay, well it doesn’t matter. What matters is that Sydney somehow got her hands on those candlesticks from the club. Remember the ones I stole? I have no idea how she got them, but there’s a video of her using them on herself in a dirty double penetration. OMG, it was uploaded just a week ago, but I saw that it already has millions of views! She’s so popular!”

Roman frowns.

“Is she a cam girl?”

I shrug.

“I don’t know. The site I was on was just a free site, but maybe she’s gotten into camming? We were co-workers at Club Z, but maybe she’s decided to make videos on the side. Hey, whatever works. I hear girls are earning bazillions of dollars on OnlyFans these days, so I wouldn’t be surprised if Sydney’s jumped on that ship. Although I don’t know how you’d do that and work at the club at the same time. It seems management would have rules against that.”

Roman seizes my hand.

“Well, I’m just glad you’re not the one camming because you’d make billions of dollars with that pregnant belly,

sweetheart. Seriously, there are so many men who eat up shit like that.”

“I know, right?” I say in a low voice. “But the crazy part is that I think Sydney’s pregnant. Maybe not though. I couldn’t tell exactly because her belly wasn’t big or anything, and she’s always been a curvy girl. But whatever she’s doing, it’s all on-line now.”

Roman’s jaw drops with shock.

“Holy shit,” he drawls. “Your friends are totally rancid, honey, and I love it.”

I nod.

“I know, right? But I’m proud of Sydney and I want her to find happiness in whatever she chooses to do. You go girl. Make Club Z proud!”

With that, my man merely sighs before slinging a heavy arm about my shoulders.

“Shit, I really got the best of the bargain, didn’t I? A baby mama who’s a total slut and who loves dick, but who’s also going to be a wonderful mommy.”

“I am, aren’t I?” I giggle. “You know it.”

With a chuckle then, Roman hoists himself to one knee next to me, those blue eyes suddenly earnest. There’s a velvet box in one hand, and I gasp as he pops it open to reveal a glimmering diamond.

“Baby, you’re the perfect woman for me. Wanton yet sweet, sassy yet demure too. You’ve changed my life ever since our first meeting, and I want to make it good for us. Forever, if you’ll have me. Will you marry me, sweetheart? Will you become Mrs. Roman Genovese, even though my name’s tainted at the moment?”

I throw my arms around his shoulders, tears springing to my eyes.

“Your name’s not tainted, and yes, I’d love to become Mrs. Genovese,” I murmur in a fierce whisper against his neck. “Our baby is a Genovese too, remember.”

Roman nods and pulls back for a moment before slipping the ring on my finger. It glimmers in the afternoon light, and a feeling of peace descends on the garden.

“You’re right,” he rasps. “We’re all Genoveses around here, and that’s the way it should be. I love you, baby girl, and thank the Lord every day that you came into my life.”

Then, the handsome alpha male seizes my lips with his own even as I melt against his broad chest. After all, this is the man for me. Maybe Roman Genovese’s not perfect, but then again, neither am I. Both of us began our careers in somewhat shady businesses using questionable tactics, but we’ve left those days behind us, and while I miss them on occasion, I know it’s for the better. After all, with our new lives in the works, I’ll be loved, I’ll be a mother, and I’ll be the wife of a man who brings me bliss each and every day of my life. How did I get so lucky? I don’t know, but I won’t squander a single moment because Roman is my everything, just like I am everything to him as well.

THE END

BUT WAIT, THERE’S MORE!

Have you ever heard of a come funnel? Well, that’s what Roman and Taylor get into next. Yes, the filth never stops when it comes to the crime lord and the curvy girl, so pick up your special extended epilogue [here](#) (digital download) or [here](#) (read online). *Warning: steam ahead!*

WAIT, BUT WHAT ABOUT SYDNEY? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SILVER CANDLESTICKS?

Yes, the bad girl has been camming (although she’s just curvy, not pregnant), and she loves every naughty second of posing for the camera with her thighs spread and pussy lips held open for men to see! It’s totally depraved, and even crazier, a terrorist sees her dirty videos and now he wants a piece too! Pick up Sydney’s story in *Tempting The Hijacker*, available [here](#).

IF YOU WANT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT CASPER AND CLAY, THE OWNERS OF CLUB Z

Are you a girl who needs two men to satisfy you? Then pick up *Show Me How* because Clay and Casper are in the business of throwing illicit s*x parties and Mara is the special woman they've recruited to play. The only question is: can her pussy handle them both? Or will she need to enlist her a\$\$hole to do some of the work? Grab your copy of *Show Me How* [here](#).

GET THE PREVIOUS BOOK IN THE SERIES: SIX MONTHS WITH MY UNCLE

Hadley's a sassy blonde who knows how to work it, but she gets herself into hot water when her nasty, filthy ways spiral out of control. She's banished to Missouri to stay on the family farm as punishment, but then the saucy bad girl falls in love with a man who's technically her uncle. Taboo? Yes, but like I said, Hadley's nasty ... she's filthy ... *and she's jamming an ear of corn into her c*nt to make her uncle come!* If you want more of this forbidden tale, then pick up *Six Months With My Uncle* [here](#).

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

My boyfriend keeps ignoring me, but he just doesn't get it. Instead, while Brian's playing his dumb video game, I start making love to his FATHER. Yeah, Brian's dad is taking me hard, hot, and deep in the a\$\$... even as his son has no idea what's going on! Got you excited? Then pick up *Too Hot To Handle* [here](#).

PREGNANT AND WILLING

I'm in my third trimester and desperate for money, so I sign up to be an escort. It's shameful, but it turns out that there are men with fetishes for women in my state because they don't have to use condoms, and can come hard, hot, and unprotected right inside. Scandalous and filthy? You bet! Pick up your copy of *Pregnant and Willing* [here](#).

MY LOVER, MY STALKER

In my dreams, a gorgeous, virile man f*cks me every night until I'm melting with pleasure. But now I'm pregnant! How is that possible if he was nothing but a dream? Immaculate conception? I think not! Pick up *My Lover, My Stalker* [here](#).

MY ANONYMOUS LOVER

I'm a female trucker who uses glory holes at rest stops. Oh yeah, I squat down in the men's restroom and suck, lick, and f*ck whatever comes through the hole in the wall. Even worse? My pussy's dripping as I please the men, and now, I need a special man to lick it for me. Pick up *My Anonymous Lover*, available [here](#).

CLAIMING HIS CALL GIRL

Michelle's a hostess at Club Z with a special talent for playing her flute. But yes, you guessed it. She doesn't just make music, she uses the gleaming instrument as a naughty toy when she's on stage, pounding herself hard as she takes that silver tube up the tw*t. Even crazier (or maybe not crazy at all), her male clientele loves it! Got you excited? Then pick up *Claiming His Call Girl*, available [here](#).

SECRETS AND LIES

Lindy is a nubile, sassy girl who loves pleasing the billionaires of Club Z. But there's a particular CEO who wants to use her curves in an especially brutal way that involves fruits, vegetables, and a variety of vibrating objects. Got you hooked? Then pick up your copy of *Secrets and Lies* [here](#).

PREGNANT GIRLS ARE SO CRAZY

Hannah has a conundrum on her hands: she's pregnant and huge, but there's no man on hand to satisfy her body's intense cravings. What will she do? Will she take sign up with an escort agency to get those needs taken care of? But should a pregnant woman even be working as a call girl? Yes, if she's desperate enough for d*ck! Pick up *Pregnant and Needy* [here](#) to read the story. *Warning: heavy fisting involved.*

SOLD TO MY BOSS'S FRIENDS

Sierra's a bad girl who likes it rough and tumble in bed. She's in the adult industry now, and she's giving it her all. Even crazier, Sierra goes up for auction at a filthy club where her pussy, a\$\$, and mouth are auctioned one by one to different buyers. Yes, it can happen! Pick up *Sold To My Boss's Friends*, available [here](#).

CAUGHT BY DADDY

The sweet girl isn't as innocent as she seems. Actually, Harlow's not innocent at all because she's tempting the man of the house by doing sexy aerobics in a bikini. Yeah, you know what that means ... Harlow's hoping that the sight of her bouncing t*tties and wet p*ssy drive him crazy with need! Got you titillated? Then pick up *Caught By Daddy* [here](#).

IT WAS THREE WEEKS OF HEDONISM

Susie's desperate for a place to stay over winter break. She crashes with her mom's high school boyfriend, but the problem is that nothing in life is free. In exchange for room and board, Ed wants her body ... to use as his personal f*cktoy. But Susie's not called the Black Widow for nothing because our sassy girl loves every second of being a slut for the older man! Pick up *Three Weeks of Hedonism* [here](#).

WHAT'S A MORMON D*CK SOAK?

Tanya's taken a vow to stay pure for her future husband as part of religious vow, but there are exceptions to every rule, and that means taking Stone's huge rod into her wet snatch ... and making him hold it there without moving. Will he explode? Or will the handsome CEO blast her so hard she begs for more?

Pick up *Corrupting Her*, available [here](#).

SIGN UP

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Also, text SELAW to 833-213-3403 to join my VIP text club and get 15% off your first order from my website!

**SNEAK PEEK: MR. HOT BOSS
TO GO**

In this excerpt, the CEO seduces his naughty little intern.

Natalie looks gorgeous before me, kneeling with her cheeks flushed and eyes wide. I can tell she wants it too from the way her pupils are dilated as her big breasts heave.

“Pull it out,” I invite silkily. “Give it a kiss hello.”

She looks astonished for a moment, but then the flush descends all the way to her décolletage and I know she’s aroused. After all, the sweet teen has been playing games with me. While sitting across from my desk, she was flashing those pink panties from underneath that indecently short skirt. Fuck, I could almost see the wet patch at the crotch, and with her breasts popping out of her shirt and her sweet innocent eyes now looking up at me from between my legs, Natalie’s fucking irresistible.

Even more, she wants it. With soft, trembling fingers, she undoes my belt and then unzips my pants. My shaft pops out from the restraint and she gasps.

“Oh my!”

I nod, chuckling harshly.

“It’s big, but I know you can take it, honey.”

She stares at the hardness in front of her, but then her hands stroke me gently, one finger running lightly up the vein at the bottom. The air evaporates from my lungs as pure pleasure

shoots through my form. Shit, this girl already has me in the palm of her hand, and I think she knows it.

Then, Natalie ups the ante. Never taking her eyes from my shaft, she leans forward before wrapping her lips around my tip. Ever so slowly she moves up and down, sucking gently while mewling with pleasure. The slow speed was a turn on for me. So many women moved fast and didn't appreciate the sensitivity that only tantalizing slowness can bring.

My balls lifted a bit and I jetted a spurt of pre-come into her mouth. Natalie's eyes grew wide, but she didn't budge. Instead, another low purr of pleasure came from her chest and her suction increased as she moved slowly up and down once more.

"Fuck baby, you're going to be the death of me," I rasped while running my hands through her hair. Her blonde ponytail came undone and I stroked her curls, loving the way her cheeks hollowed with every deep pull.

"I like the way you taste, Mr. Crane," she whispered, pulling off me for a moment. "You're salty and sweet," she giggled before kissing the tip and encircling my shaft with her lips once more.

Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. This woman is pure sex on legs. My balls rose uncontrollably and I grabbed her hair, suddenly needing it hard and deep. I pressed her head down with probably more force than I should have, but she didn't flinch at all. Instead, Natalie took it all like a pro, another moaning sound of pleasure coming from deep within her chest.

That was it. I was gone. I pressed her head hard down onto my cock, face-fucking the sweet girl roughly, and then ejaculated with a quick rush.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" I moaned throatily. "Oh shit!" Hot rushes of seed spurted into her mouth, but Natalie never faltered. The sweet girl swallowed it all, her hands and lips moving in time.

Then she lifted her head, eyes sparkling and wide.

"Like I said, Mr. Crane, you taste good."

Her tongue literally had my come on it as she looked up at me with her sweet face and smiled. Oh fuck, this girl is dirty. With my finger I picked up the last drop from my hardness and traced her bottom lip with it as if I were applying lipstick. Like a coy little cat, she opened up and sucked my finger.

Jesus, I wasn't prepared for the desire I had for this woman. I wanted to take her right then but how can I? She's the pretty intern and I'm the big, bad boss.

To be continued ...

Mr. Hot Boss To Go is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

**SNEAK PEEK: FILTHY TWIN
COPS**

In this excerpt, our curvy girl satisfies two anonymous men until they climax.

Now, a shaft of moonlight pierces the trees, and I can see the faces of the two men. My heart stops in my chest because they're breathtakingly handsome with strong, proud brows, Roman noses, and lips so mobile that they appear almost feminine. My pulse races double time, and I go moist down below. Are these men identical twins?

They grin at me, reading my mind.

"Yes, sweetheart. We're twins and you're about to see how much we're alike."

With that, the two men undo their trousers, and a pair of enormous cocks spring into view. Holy cow! The shafts are huge, long, and heavy, and my mouth waters at the sight. I drop to my knees in front of them, every movement instinctive now.

"Good girl," growls one, his hand on the back of my head. "Now suck," he instructs.

I do as told and put my lips on the tip of one cock, sipping gently at the purple crown. My mouth fills with a bit of fluid and I moan deliciously, loving the saltiness. But does his brother taste the same? I pull off and take the other cock in hand, licking at the gleaming tip. Ah, they do taste different. One twin is sweeter and creamier, whereas the other is tangy with the distinctive flavor of male musk.

This would be a good time to stop. *But why?* I ask myself just as quickly. These men are hot and I want to be a little reckless. I *want* to see them satisfied. It's not like I'll ever see them again anyways, so I don't have to worry about ruining my reputation or anything.

Slowly, feeling thrilled to my core, I tease the tip of the first man's member, licking him and rubbing my lips against him. He groans with need and in response, I take a little more of him into my mouth. As I suck on him, I fist his twin with equal vigor, enjoying how naughty it is to be touching two men at once.

Then, I lift my head and put the second man's cock into my mouth, wetting the long shaft with my tongue. It's his turn to growl, and he grasps the back of my head as he pushes himself even deeper into me. I take turns on each man, my tongue laving their aching members and my hands sliding along those long lengths in turn.

But soon, it's not enough for them. As I begin my gentle assault on the first man once more, he holds my head firmly, his hands tangled in my hair. I suck on him harder, wanting to feel the fullness of his long manhood deep down my throat. He reaches down and pinches my nipples through my top and I moan at the sensation, my sound muffled by his cock buried within me.

"Sweetheart," he pants. "Oh shit, oh shit!"

Within seconds, his back jerks, his member stiffening and I feel a hot load gush between my lips, dripping and full.

Swallowing heavily, I drain him of every drop before turning my attention to the second man. My cheeks hollow as I suck forcefully, looking up at him with innocent eyes all the while.

"Honey, you're going to be the death of me," he groans before tilting his head back with a shout. Then, I literally feel the bottom of his member pulse as he releases, a second load of virility shooting down my throat as he fills my mouth with a huge, creamy load.

The two men stand there, panting in satisfaction, their blue eyes almost glowing in the darkness.

“Holy shit,” one of them says.

“Fuck me,” rasps the other.

But it’s time to make my move now.

“Well fellows,” I say with a sweet smile while standing and brushing myself off, “that was fun, wasn’t it?”

And with that, I sashay away, my hips swaying, breasts bouncing, and the taste of two men in my mouth. *Holy crap, did that really just happen?*

To be continued ...

Filthy Twin Cops is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

ABOUT S.E. LAW

S.E. Law loves writing about bad boys. In fact, since high school, she's been observing bad boys with a keen and observant eye: the lovers, the fighters, and the ones that make you go "Ohhhh ..." She enjoys writing books that will hopefully make you go "Ohhhh ..." over and over again, while also getting some laughs (and maybe even some tears).

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ABOUT S.C. ADAMS

S.C. Adams is a romance author who likes her stories hot and unprotected. She grew up a Jersey girl but considers herself a global citizen now. She gives thanks to the gods of Paypal, Amazon, and Microsoft for allowing her to work anywhere in the world, including on the beaches of Bali and the mountains of Peru. Oh, and she also hates chocolate, but loves dogs. Currently toting her mutt Minnie to a new location every three months. Join my newsletter at www.scadamsromance.com and get a FREE book!

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