

COOPER MCKENZIE

CLUB  
N/2

PADDLE  
BUNNY

# PADDLE BUNNY

A CLUB N/2 STORY



COOPER MCKENZIE



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## CHAPTER ONE



“Stop worrying, Rory, I’ll be fine. Go play; the desk is in good hands,” Zoe Love assured the tall, thin man who looked like he was past due for a session in the dungeon to help him relax.

Rory looked around the currently empty lobby of Club N2, the city’s premier BDSM club and sighed. Except for Griffin, the security guard sitting at the front door reading on his phone, the lobby was empty.

“All right, I’ll go. Just remember, if there’s a problem, yell for Griffin, or push the yellow button under the desk.”

Zoe smiled. “It’s not my first night behind the desk, Rory. I’m sure I can handle anything that comes up. Go before you earn yourself extra strokes for making Master Roberto wait.”

They both glanced toward the double doors that led to the dungeon. Master Roberto had disappeared behind them just moments before, and they both knew he would be waiting just inside the doors for Rory to join him.

“Shit, yeah, you’re right. I’ll be back in an hour or so. If I can walk,” Rory called over his shoulder as he hurried across the lobby and pushed his way through the double doors.

Zoe sighed as the doors swung closed behind him. She was finally alone and could take a moment to catch her breath. It

had been busy since she had arrived almost two hours before. It had taken them both to check everyone in and deal with new members during the first hour after the club opened for the evening. From her previous experience working the desk, it would be quiet for at least another hour. That's when the late crowd would start trickling in.

For now, she was alone and could take the time to come up with a new excuse for not playing in the dungeon after she finished her shift. She had been coming to the club at least two nights a week for almost two months but had yet to play with anyone. Watching others play, she had learned a lot but still was not sure how to define herself by the club's standards.

Too close to her thirty-fifth birthday and feeling her age, Zoe knew she was straight. And submissive.

Beyond that, she did not know what she wanted out of a BDSM relationship, except for someone else to take over.

She knew she wasn't a Little. She also would not be comfortable wearing a leash while crawling around on the floor on her hands and knees. She was not sure about bondage, though the thought of being tied up and forced to remain still for long periods of time made her skin itch. Watching the scenes where the submissives were restrained and spanked using a variety of implements held the most interest for her, but the club members she knew were sadists scared the shit out of her.

And so, even after two months, she continued watching and learning, but not participating.

Maybe joining Club N2 a month after her divorce was finalized had been a mistake, but she didn't know what else to do. Her ten-year marriage had been as bland as a vat of vanilla

ice cream, and she swore if she had stayed much longer, she would have died from boredom.

While she had been interested in trying new things in the bedroom, her husband had declared anything beyond missionary-style sex once a week was a sacrilege. If he had known the types of super-steamy romantic stories she read on her phone, he would have had a heart attack. Or had her committed to the state mental institute for being sex crazed.

But that was her past. Her future was here, volunteering to work the front desk twice a week to earn a discounted membership to Club N2. She hoped to figure out who she was and what she wanted out of her membership sooner rather than later. All she knew right now was that going back to a vanilla relationship was not in her future.

She just wished she weren't so scared of dipping more than her toes into the kinky pool. Watching others have fun had been educational, but it was time to jump in and experience something for herself. Too bad none of the dominant members she had met had given her the melty feeling in her stomach that she felt when she read her books.

Griffin approaching the desk had her swiping her finger across the screen so he wouldn't see what she was reading.

"I'm going to do a quick walk through. Shouldn't be gone more than ten or fifteen minutes," Griffin said. "If you need me, just press the yellow button."

Zoe smiled and said, "I'll be fine, but if I need you, I'll press the yellow button."

"Good girl," Griffin said before echoing Rory's departure and disappearing through the double doors into the dungeon.



Zoe returned her attention to her phone and continued to read the latest book from one of her favorite authors. When the front door swung open with a squeak, she jumped and dropped her phone to the desk.

Looking at the door, she watched a man step into the lobby. As she looked him up and down, her stomach clenched and then melted. Oh, holy shit.

He was a newcomer to the club, or at least he had never been here on the nights she had. She would remember if she had ever seen him before. He was a dark, leather-clad angel, the kind she'd daydreamed about during her marriage. The kind she had wished for since her divorce.

This was the Dom of her dreams.

He was tall, built, and beautiful, though she would never tell him that for fear he would take offense. His jet-black hair was flecked with silver at the temples and combed back from his face, it was long overdue for a haircut. His beard, which was also flecked with silver strands, was long and almost out of control.

The black leather vest he wore highlighted his muscled chest and rippling abs. His black cargo pants and black motorcycle boots made him appear to be the epitome of a Club N2 Dominant.

He crossed the lobby with a glance in her direction. Once he passed the desk without stopping, she cleared her throat and then called to him. "Excuse me. You need to check in, sir."

He stopped and slowly turned to face her. His mossy green eyes met hers and narrowed slightly. "Excuse me?" he said in a deep, dark voice.

A shiver shot through Zoe, though she worked hard to conceal it. She was in charge of the front desk, and it was up to her to see that he followed the rules just like everyone else.

“I need your membership card, sir,” she said, holding out her hand.

Rory had shared that security at Club N2 had tightened up just before she joined. Every member had an ID card that was swiped when they entered and again when they left, allowing both staff and volunteers to keep track of how many guests were in the building at any one time.

The man slowly approached the desk, moving with the grace of a wolf stalking its prey. His expression vacillated between anger and intrigued.

“You’re new,” he said once he was standing on the other side of the desk.

“I’ve been a member for two months,” Zoe answered, wondering what that had to do with his presenting his membership card.

“Two months, eh? Well, that explains why you don’t recognize me.”

“Sir, I need your card. You cannot enter the dungeon without it,” Zoe repeated.

He frowned at her as he admitted, “I don’t have a card.”

She dropped her left hand below the counter and began to swipe it left and right under the edge, searching for the yellow call button. The longer she spoke to this man, the more apparent it became to her that he was trouble.

When he took a deep breath and crossed his arms over his chest, she dropped her gaze just long enough to find the strip

of tape on the counter that showed where the button was. She hesitated just a second before slapping the button in the hopes that someone would respond before this man gatecrashed his way into the dungeon.

A moment later, the intercom system cut the music. “Code yellow in the lobby. Code yellow in the lobby.”

---

After three months of traveling to their overseas offices evaluating and upgrading the security systems of each, all Morgan Seacrest wanted was to spend a relaxing evening at the BDSM club of which he owned one-third. His plan was to find a sweet little masochist to beat on and fuck away his stress. He would then have a drink with his best friends and their women before returning to his penthouse apartment, alone. Hopefully, by then he would be relaxed enough to get back on some sort of regular sleep cycle.

Too bad his plans were being thwarted by a new volunteer with a guard dog complex.

And she was a pretty little thing with big bright blue eyes and strawberry-blonde hair that was bluntly cut to just above her shoulders. She was half a foot shorter than his own six foot two, and from what he could see of her body, she was a full-figured wench with big breasts barely contained by the bright red sports bra she wore.

Morgan frowned as he looked around the lobby. Where were Griffin and Luke, both the retired NFL defensive linemen they had hired to act as bouncers when they were not on their day jobs as police officers, after Roque, Viking’s woman, was kidnapped while inside the club? And why was this woman

working the desk alone? There were supposed to be two people manning the front desk at all times.

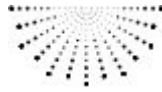
“Code yellow in the lobby. Code yellow in the lobby.”

“What the fuck?” he said as the double doors that led to the dungeon burst open and several large men wearing black leather and denim charged into sight.

As they surrounded him and the front desk, the tension in the lobby skyrocketed. He smiled and raised his hands to shoulder height when he recognized the men who encircled him.

Standing there, he started mentally planning the scene that would punish this little wildcat behind the front desk who refused him entrance into his own club.

## CHAPTER TWO



Zoe watched in growing horror as the men who had rushed into the lobby studied the newcomer for just a moment. In the next instant, the silent lobby filled with warm greetings as the men exchanged handshakes, fist bumps, and back slapping hugs with the stranger. The type seen at reunions of old friends or at bars after the home team won a championship game.

The troublemaker was apparently well-known and well-liked by these men.

Shit, she was in trouble.

It took a few minutes before the lobby emptied, leaving behind only Griffin, and the newcomer, who she deduced from the conversation was the third owner of the club. The other men sent her looks that confirmed her realization that she was in trouble. She wondered if this screwup would cost her just her volunteer job, or her club membership as well.

Though, if she lost her position on the volunteer staff, she would also lose the discounted membership fees that went with it. Which meant she would have to resign from the club. And that would suck since she had yet to delve deep enough into her kinky side to really understand herself.

Griffin leaned on the counter and said, “Zoe, I’d like to introduce you to Morgan Seacrest, the missing owner of the

club. He's been out of the country for the past few months, which is why you haven't met before now. Master Morgan, meet Zoe Love, newest member of the volunteer staff."

Zoe looked over her shoulder at the picture hanging on the wall behind her. Looking at the third owner in the picture before turning back to look at the man in person, she felt her face burn with embarrassment.

The man in the photograph wore a three-piece suit with his hair cut short and stylish and a few days of scruff covered his face. The man before her looked like a borderline hippie with his long hair and nearly out-of-control beard. How was she to know the two men were the same?

"I'm sorry I didn't recognize you, Mr. Seacrest, but you have to admit that you don't exactly look like your picture." She waved a hand at the framed newspaper article with a picture of the three owners as they cut the ribbon on the club's opening day.

"It's all right, little bunny. When does your shift end?"

"Why?" The word burst out of her before she could think about what she was saying.

"Because I'd like to talk to you away from the lobby," he said, looking less angry than before, though she had a feeling that might just be an act for Griffin's benefit.

Before she could respond, Griffin glanced at the clock across the lobby and said, "Second shift should be here any minute to take over. Then maybe you can get her to do more than walk around the dungeon playing voyeur."

"Excuse me? I am not a voyeur. I just..." She broke off her protest, snapping her mouth shut when both men looked at her with disapproval. She wanted to argue, but since she had been

coming to the club twice a week for the past two months and had yet to participate in a scene, maybe there was something to what Griffin said, though she would be loath to admit it.

“Girl, you need to think about lying before you dig yourself into a deeper hole,” Griffin said before walking back to his post just inside the front door.

That left her once again facing Morgan Seacrest, billionaire, club owner, and sadist-in-resident, as someone had said during her first night at the club. The forgotten source of information had added that Master Morgan, as he was called, also acted as the club’s disciplinarian for the uncollared subs who misbehaved while at the club.

Zoe wondered if invoking a code yellow on the man was cause for a disciplinary session with that same man who was rumored to wield a paddle and a whip like no one else in the club. She’d also been told he enjoyed his duties as the club’s disciplinarian.

Zoe jolted when a warm hand wrapped around her wrist, jerking her focus out of her head and the darkening thoughts forming there and back to the present situation.

“Oh. I’m sorry, sir.”

“You looked like you had fallen down a rabbit hole,” the man said with a small smile. “When you get finished working here, come and find me. We need to talk.”

Zoe sucked in a breath at the warm, melty feeling that took over not only her stomach, but her entire body. It wasn’t just his voice, but also his touch, and the heated look in his eyes that blasted through the protective walls around her heart she hadn’t even realized were there.

“Yes, sir,” she whispered when he raised one eyebrow and squeezed her wrist just a smidge tighter when she did not answer right away.

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Though the last thing Morgan wanted to do was walk away from the pretty little volunteer at the front desk, he needed some time to calm the fuck down before she joined him. He would wait for her in the bar so they could talk before moving into the dungeon. While the dungeon was hopping with activity, the bar was nearly empty, with only a couple submissives over on the couch in the corner, no doubt gossiping judging by their giggles.

He wondered if the little volunteer ever joined them. Then his thoughts turned to what it was about her that pulled at him. Which led to wondering if Zoe Love was the little bunny’s real name or not. With Zoe being the Greek word for life, “Live Love” had to either be a joke from her parents, or a pseudonym adopted to maintain anonymity within the club.

He would find that out, and more, before the evening was done. He would also treat her to a short but hopefully effective session for not waiting to learn his name before calling in the troops.

Morgan paused at the entrance to the bar and looked out over the dungeon. From what he could tell, the only thing that had changed during his absence was that a few of the scening stations had been changed around.

Turning, he approached the bar, taking a deep breath to relax his shoulders and the rest of his body. He was home.



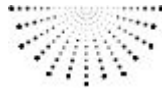
“Welcome home, Master Morgan,” Tully Dumont, the bartender, greeted him even as he reached into the cooler and pulled out a bottle of water and a bottle of Morgan’s favorite ale. “What are you drinking tonight?”

“Water for now, please, Tully. I have a subbie to discipline. And since I’ve been gone so long, I’m certain I have more than a few dungeon monitor responsibilities to repay. But keep that beer handy, I’ll want it before the end of the evening.”

Tully laughed as he placed the bottle of water in front of him. The bartender had been with them from nearly opening night and while the big bear of a man identified as a Dominant, he was also the most laid-back, relaxed, happy man Morgan had ever met. Tully did not have a submissive of his own, but played with whoever requested his attention, male or female, though he normally preferred to spend his evenings behind the bar, where he collected secrets and rumors. He also doled out life wisdom and BDSM advice, like the nosy gossip he was. As a private investigator on Towrisea’s payroll, secrets, rumors, and information were his stock and trade.

Morgan opened the bottle of water and drank deeply, suddenly feeling parched. Once the physical thirst was satisfied, he turned and watched for the woman who he hoped would appease his hunger for a subbie to torture with sadistic pleasure.

## CHAPTER THREE



By the time Rory returned to the front desk twenty minutes later, Zoe had worked herself into a state of nerves bordering on a full-blown panic attack. A moment later, Megan, one of the other front desk volunteers, walked through the front door, pausing just long enough to greet Griffin before joining them behind the desk.

“Girlfriend, what’s wrong?” Rory said as Zoe continued pacing and worked to take slow, deep breaths.

She looked at him and blinked back the tears that always seemed to accompany these overwhelming mood spikes. “I have to go talk to Master Morgan. I’m certain he’s going to revoke my membership.”

The other two volunteers exchanged a look before they crowded around her, putting her into the middle of a sandwich hug.

“Master Morgan is back?” Megan asked.

“Was that what the code yellow was about? I’m sorry I couldn’t get back out here, but I was a little tied up,” Rory said, causing Zoe to snicker at the irony of his words.

“Yes, Master Morgan is back. And yes, that’s why I hit the code yellow button. Griffin had stepped away from the lobby

and this man walked in. He was going to walk by the desk without checking in, so I did the only thing I could think of, hit the yellow button.”

“You did the right thing,” Megan assured her. “If I didn’t recognize him, I would have done the same thing. Didn’t he tell you who he was?”

Zoe shook her head. “He glanced at me when I asked for his card, told me he didn’t have one, and just kept walking toward the dungeon doors like he owned the place.”

Rory and Megan finally released her and stepped back.

“Well, he kind of does own the place, but still he should have stopped and introduced himself,” Megan teased.

“I doubt he’ll kick you out, but he may want to spank you. Or he might just want to talk to you. And if you want an experienced sadist to play with, he’s the one I’d choose for you,” Rory assured her. “But you need to get your assets in there and find him before he comes looking for you.”

Zoe nodded. “Yeah, I know. Is it okay if I leave my shoes and stuff behind the desk? I’m not sure there’s an empty basket.”

“That’s fine. We’ll keep an eye on them,” Megan said then made a shooing motion. “Now get in there and have some fun tonight. Even if it isn’t with Master Morgan.”

Zoe nodded again, feeling like a bobblehead doll. “Do I look okay?” she asked, looking down at her outfit. It wasn’t anything special, just a bright red sports bra with a tight faded denim skirt that she’d cut several inches off the bottom. It now ended midthigh and not just above her knees. She wore a bright red thong beneath it.

“You look great,” Rory assured her.

“Thanks.”

With that, she straightened her shoulders and lifted her chin in a move more from bravado than self-esteem. Stepping out from the relative safety of the front desk, she crossed the lobby to the dungeon’s double doors.

She pulled the right-side door open and slipped through the opening. Once inside, Zoe paused for a few seconds to allow her eyes to adjust to the lower lighting of the dungeon. Once she could see clearly, she looked around at the various scenes in progress within sight.

The dungeon was hopping busy. Screams and cries of pain and pleasure filled her ears while the scents of leather, citrus cleaner, and sex mingled with every breath. Zoe’s body reacted to the carnal stimuli. Her nipples beaded and her pussy clenched with her own need as she continued searching the open dungeon for Master Morgan.

When she could not find him, she entered the bar area and found him sitting on one of the tall stools at the bar. He was drinking a bottle of water and talking to the bartender.

Her pulse pounding, Zoe forced herself to walk. Even though she moved at a snail’s pace, she kept inching forward until she stood at the club owner’s side. Once there, she adopted the standing-slave stance she had learned in the BDSM 101 course she’d taken. She moved her feet about a foot apart, her hands holding one another behind her back, and her head bent forward in a submissive pose. She stared at the bar top but did not speak as she waited to be acknowledged.

She tried to still her always fidgeting body and silence her thoughts, but it was difficult to remain in the moment. While she tried to keep her eyes locked on the highly polished wood grain of the bar, they strayed. She looked around at what she

could, her head barely moving. Too bad she couldn't see very much.

“And who is this?” the bartender asked as he moved to stand across the bar from them.

“Don't you know?” Master Morgan asked in response.

“I've seen her around but haven't had the pleasure in anything more personal. Yet.”

“Interesting,” Master Morgan said as he swiveled the barstool around to face her. “Eyes on me, bunny.”

Zoe hesitated only a moment before lifting her eyes to meet his. As she stared into Master Morgan's mossy-green eyes, her normally racing thoughts slowed and her body stilled.

Amazing.

“Very pretty,” the bartender commented. “If you don't want to play with her, I'll be happy to take her off your hands.”

That comment had Zoe sucking in a breath as a touch of panic shivered through her, followed by a moment of outrage. Did the Masters of the club often trade submissives like they were baseball cards? Other than watching others play on the nights she volunteered, she had not really interacted with anyone inside the dungeon, so she had no idea. She would have to ask Rory the next time she worked.

She tried to push down the building panic at the thought of being passed around among the Dominants, but involuntarily took a step back from the bar and looked toward the doorway.

“Eyes, bunny.”

Turning her head back to meet Master Morgan's gaze once more, she read speculation and interest in them.

"No one will touch you without your permission," he assured her in a soft, rumbly voice.

A gentle calmness flowed through her at his words. Her breathing slowed and her shoulders relaxed at his words. "Yes, Sir," she breathed.

"I need another bottle of water, Tully," Master Morgan said without breaking eye contact.

A moment later, an unopened bottle thumped onto the bar beside his open one. He broke their gaze long enough to finish his bottle of water before picking up the full one and standing. "Come along, bunny. Let's talk."

Taking a deep breath, and feeling her body tighten as the tall man brushed past her, Zoe followed him to a small table in the corner.

"Sit down," he said, holding one chair for her.

Without a word, she dropped into the chair. She watched wide-eyed as he opened the bottle of water and set it in front of her. "Drink that while we talk."

"Yes, Sir," she whispered as he sat in the chair on the other side of the table.

Picking up the bottle, she drank deeply before returning it to the table. Then she interlocked her fingers in her lap.

"So, Miss Zoe Love, tell me about yourself."

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By the time Zoe appeared at his elbow, Morgan's cock had relaxed enough to think with his big head. That is, until he met the woman's bright blue gaze. His cock reacted and filled once more.

Though he now knew she had only been following the new security protocols Viking and Bjorn had instituted while he'd been on the other side of the world, he wanted to find out more about this curvy submissive. He wished he had time to pull her membership information and find out exactly what she was looking for as a member of his club, but that would wait until later.

For now, he had a pretty little subbie to meet and learn about.

After choosing a secluded table in the corner, they settled in. He watched her down half the bottle of water he'd handed her without argument. That was good. She was definitely submissive. Now to find out if her kinks lined up with his. If they did, he would start the conversation that hopefully would lead to negotiating a scene that ended with them both happy, relaxed and satisfied.

“So, Miss Zoe Love, tell me about yourself.”

If he hadn't been watching, he would have missed the slight twitch of her shoulders as if preparing herself for... something. But what?

She shifted her gaze until she looked over his shoulder. She took a deep breath before shifting it back to look directly into his eyes. He could tell it was difficult for her to maintain eye contact, which had him again wondering what secrets this pretty little subbie held.

It took another few seconds before she said, “What do you want to know?”

Her response was not at all what he expected. Usually when he asked a question, he would receive an instant and direct answer. He could tell by the tension radiating from her that she had never negotiated a scene before.

Morgan wished he could look at her file but had a feeling if he left her alone for the few minutes it would take for him to go to his office, she would be gone and might not return to the club any time soon. So, he would have to do it the hard way and pull the answers he needed directly from her.

Settling back in his seat, he studied her for a moment. If she wanted to play twenty questions, he would be happy to indulge her. “Is Zoe Love your real name or a pseudonym used only here in the club?”

“It’s my real name,” she answered quickly.

He nodded. “My name is Morgan Seacrest. You may call me Master Morgan or Sir. How long have you been a member of Club N2?”

“About two months.”

“I’ve been gone for three, so that’s why we haven’t crossed paths until tonight. Drink some more water, bunny.”

Without hesitation, she opened the bottle and took several more sips. This time she set it on the table without screwing the top back on again.

He wasn’t sure how to politely ask his next question, so he just laid it out. “So, Miss Zoe Love, what is your kink?”

She sucked a breath then began to cough, making Morgan glad he’d waited until she had set the bottle of water down



before asking that question.

“Excuse me?” she gasped once she stopped coughing. At the same time, she began to rock side to side slightly as she began to rub her hands together. It seemed she had a hard time sitting still.

“You joined a BDSM club. We specialize in kinky play here. I asked what your kink was. I can tell you’re submissive, but I don’t see you as Little, and from the way you keep moving around in your seat, I don’t think being tied up for long is an interest. So, the question remains, what’s your kink?”

She blinked and her cheeks pinkened as her eyes shifted once again to look past him. He waited patiently, though it was a challenge. He wanted to know everything about her right now, though he could not figure out why. He had never been this curious about any of the other submissives he had scened with.

What was it about this woman that made him want to know everything about her?

Zoe took a deep breath and released it on a sigh. She then took several more sips of her water to finish the bottle. When she finally looked into his eyes, Morgan easily read the distress in them.

“I don’t know,” she whispered just loud enough for him to hear.

## CHAPTER FOUR



Zoe wasn't sure why she was on the verge of crying from such a simple question. She was a strong, independent woman who had been accused of being too strong at times. Both by her ex and a couple of the doctors she worked with at the pediatric clinic where she was a nurse practitioner.

But somehow, just sitting with Master Morgan made her feel weaker and more vulnerable than ever before, and they had yet to finish their getting to know you conversation.

After her confession, she watched the man blink then frown in confusion. He blinked again and his expression smoothed out once more.

“What don't you know, bunny?”

“I don't know what my kinks are. All I know is that being married to a man who thought having the lights on when we had sex was scandalous bored me nearly to death. I agree that I'm not a Little, partly because of my job, and partly because I prefer spicy sex instead of sweet.”

Not sure whether she was doing the right thing, Zoe laid it all on the table. After all, if the owner of the club who wanted to have a conversation wouldn't understand her, who would?

And if he wasn't interested or couldn't guide her to someone who might be willing to explore with her, then maybe she was in the wrong place.

"Sounds like you need to explore," Morgan said shifting in his seat and adjusting his cock in his pants.

His long, thick, erect cock.

He'd gotten hard just from talking with her. How was that possible?

"Eyes on mine, bunny."

The gently worded order had her gasp with shock and lift her gaze from his lap to his face. Her face burned with embarrassment as she whispered, "I'm sorry, Sir."

His half smile caught her by surprise. "Normally I wouldn't mind you looking at my body, just like I look forward to exploring yours. But first, we need to finish this conversation. I'm afraid I don't have access to your file at this time, so I don't know what your hard limits are. Please tell me."

Zoe took a breath and thought about the forms she had filled out when she had applied for membership. "Hard limits would be blood, bodily fluids, bruises that last more than a day, name calling, and humiliation. Not sure about fire play, electricity... and I don't remember the rest."

Morgan nodded and looked pleased. "That's a good place to start this evening. At your next visit, we'll pull your file and look it over together."

Zoe blinked at his assuming there would be a next visit. That meant he wouldn't be kicking her out and tearing up her membership papers.

“Do you have a safe word?”

She moved her head slightly side to side as she whispered.  
“Um, no. I’ve never needed one before.”

“Why haven’t you needed one?”

It took another deep inhalation before she could admit in a whisper, “I haven’t ever played with anyone.”

Master Morgan’s frown deepened to where Zoe shrunk back into herself, fearful that she had said the wrong thing and would be escorted out at any moment.

Again, he took a moment and his expression lightened somewhat, now more curious than angry. His voice was gentle when he finally asked, “Why haven’t you played with anyone until now? Are you just here to watch instead of actually engaging and experiencing what BDSM is all about? Because voyeurism isn’t something we encourage unless you are also willing to put on a scene and be watched.”

A shiver raced through Zoe. She crossed her arms in defense and rubbed her hands up and down her suddenly freezing bare arms. “I’m not a voyeur, I’m new. The men, Dominants, who have approached me made me feel uncomfortable. Like a brainless twit here just for their pleasure. One of them didn’t even bother to introduce himself before he grabbed my wrist and tried to pull me out of the bar. If the bartender hadn’t stepped in, I’m not sure what would have happened. Since that night, I’ve been very hesitant about talking to anyone except when I’m behind the front desk.”

“Well, that is going to change tonight.”

“It is?”

“Yes, because you and I are going to do a little experimenting and exploring. Now, do you have a safe word

you want to use, or shall we go with the club standard of traffic lights?”

“You mean green for all’s well, yellow for slow down, and red for full stop?”

Morgan smiled at her with approval. “Yes, that’s exactly what I mean.”

Zoe thought for a moment before nodding. “Yes, let’s use that.”

“Very good. Last question, at least for now. Sexual play, yes or no?”

“Yes, please,” Zoe answered quickly before she had a chance to back down.

After all, that was what she was here for, to expand her sexual horizons and try to figure out why missionary position in the dark sucked hard for her.

“Very well then. Shall we head into the dungeon and see if we can find ourselves some fun?”

---

Morgan stood and held out his hand, palm up. Then he waited while Zoe thought about his offer. Instead of automatically laying her hand in his, she looked up at him. “You want to scene with me?”

She sounded lost and more than a little confused.

His smile grew and the restlessness in his soul seemed to settle. “I’d be honored to explore the club and even do a scene with you.”

She thought for another few seconds. She then nodded as she laid her hand in his. “I think I’d like that.”

It had been longer than he cared to admit since he had walked into the club with a newbie. Hell, he couldn’t remember the last time he had spent any time with a new member, or anyone new to the scene for that matter. Since opening the club, he had taught classes in floggers, whips, canes, and other impact devices, but always used a masochist who was well versed in the lifestyle.

One who would not demand more than he was willing to give. Sure, he knew there were club members who would do anything to spend more than one night at a time in his bed.

Or even a single night in his bed since he never took anyone he played with at the club home with him. As an owner, and a man with more money than anyone needed in one lifetime, he confined his sexual and sadistic urges to club play only.

Taking a moment, Morgan heard the soft inhalation Zoe took as he laced their fingers together.

“Oh, wait a minute,” Zoe said, pulling her hand free.

He watched, stunned, as she returned her empty water bottle to the bar, earning a grin and word of thanks from the bartender. Not many members worried about leaving an empty bottle behind, which made him want to learn even more about her. He had a feeling if he had not already laid claim to the lady’s evening, Tully would be calling in backup so he could spend the evening with her.

She returned to his side a moment later. “Okay, I’m ready now.”

Morgan's cock twitched as she once again laid her hand in his then took the initiative to lace their fingers together.

He stopped her just before they entered the dungeon. "We're going to wander the dungeon and see what's going on, get a feel for various kinks and see which ones you might like to explore further. Then I'm going to tie you to a spanking bench and give you a spanking using my hand only."

"Spanking?"

"Yes, bunny, a spanking. Punishment for being a member for two months without fully engaging as a member. I know in the orientation class and in the BDSM 101 class they talk about asking one of the owners or one of the dungeon monitors for help finding a Dominant to play with and negotiate a scene during your first few visits. You did attend those classes, didn't you?"

"Yes, Sir. I did."

"Now, bunny, I want you to remember, you can call red anytime you need to. Not just for physical reasons, but also if you're overwhelmed emotionally. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir. I understand."

Morgan stopped and turned to look at the woman whose curves had him so turned on he couldn't wait to touch them all. "You also have the right to say no to anything that is offered. Just because I'm the Dominant does not mean you must blindly do as I say. In a Dominant/submissive relationship the submissive holds all the power. The Dominant might be in charge and leading the way, but the submissive can always call their safe word and stop everything."

"Yes, Sir, I understand that. And I don't have a problem saying no if I disagree with something. So far, I agree with

everything you say, even if I don't really want a spanking," Zoe said softly before a soft giggle escaped.

"Very well. Since I've been gone for the past three months, I need a tour of the dungeon myself. Bjorn likes to rearrange the furniture every once in a while to keep things fresh."

Zoe's giggle had Morgan smiling as well. For the first time in weeks, the darkness of loneliness that had been invading his soul as he traveled the world seemed to lighten. Now to get the tour out of the way and get on to the simple scene he was planning. After that, he would see about asking Zoe for a date.

Because as crazy as it sounded in his own head, he wanted to see her outside the club and maybe take her on a proper date, not just a scene and a fuck here in the club. But first, before anything else happened between them, he wanted a taste of her.

Pulling her close, he was pleased when she did not fight him, but moved in until they were pressed together, front to front. He lifted his free hand and slid it around the back of her neck then tilted her head back.

"Are kisses okay?"

"Yes," she breathed.

In the next second, he brushed his lips over hers. Once, twice, and then a third time before settling in and licking at the seam of her lips. When her lips parted, allowing him to dive in, he tilted his head a little further to the right and took the kiss from PG-13 to mature.



## CHAPTER FIVE



Oh. My. God. Morgan Seacrest was kissing her. Taking a chance, Zoe lifted her free hand to his chest and felt the body underneath the shirt. And, oh, lord, it was hard. She didn't think there was an ounce of fat on the man.

When someone screamed in the dungeon, she jerked and broke the kiss, stunned at the effect the man's kiss had on her body. Staring up at him with eyes she was sure would be popping out of her head at any second, she was not surprised to see Morgan looked equally stunned at the chemistry that had flared between them.

He then blinked and cleared his throat. "Well, that was unexpected."

"Uh-huh."

"But certainly not unpleasant," he said with a smile that sent another wave of warmth through her.

"No."

The warm, melty feeling in her stomach she had been looking for had turned into a heat she could not ignore. This was the Dominant she wanted to play with. This was the play she wanted to experience and learn from. This was the man she wanted to spend time with.

She could only hope he felt the same, though from the way he continued holding her hand and staring down into her eyes, she had a feeling he did. But for some reason she was afraid to ask. For now, she would enjoy what kinky delights tonight held and let the future handle itself.

Another scream filled the air. This one sounded full of pain and not the fun kind. Morgan looked away, breaking the spell that held her in thrall. He read something in the cry that she didn't, and immediately began moving deeper into the dungeon, pulling her along in his wake.

The screams continued as they crossed to the far side of the dungeon. As they approached Zoe realized that the woman wasn't just screaming, she was screaming the word red.

By the time they reached the inverted U-frame where she had been strung up by her wrists, a crowd had gathered. Two men were quietly talking to a third while two others were working to release the naked woman from her restraints.

Thin lines of blood tracing their way down her back flipped Zoe from nervous submissive into professional caretaker role. Looking around, she grabbed a young woman who looked like she was going to cry. "Get me a first aid kit, please."

The woman nodded and hurried away. Just then the man holding the woman up looked around. "Do we have a doctor in the house tonight?"

Morgan's presence had the crowd parting and allowed them access to the low-stage area. At the call for assistance, Zoe stepped past Morgan.

She lifted a hand. "I'm a nurse practitioner."

The two men looked at her like she had turned purple. Then one asked the other, “What the hell is a nurse practitioner?”

“I am,” she responded before turning to Morgan. “Is there somewhere we can take her so I can treat her without a crowd?”

Morgan thought a moment and nodded. “Let me see if there’s an empty playroom upstairs.”

With that, Zoe turned her attention to her patient. “Okay, honey, my name is Zoe, and I’m going to take care of you.”

The woman stared at her, but it was obvious she was not seeing her. Zoe looked around the area and found a stack of blankets on a nearby supply station. Grabbing one, she wrapped it around the woman, then looked at the man holding her. He was twice her size and built like a tank.

“Can you carry her without hurting yourself?”

He smirked but nodded without a word. Bending his knees, he wrapped one arm under her ass and scooped her into his arms before straightening. Then he followed Zoe through the crowd and toward the stairway that led to the private rooms on the second floor. Tully was waiting for them with what looked like a professional first aid kit.

“Thank you,” Zoe said as she accepted the large red bag with the big white cross on it.

She hurried up the stairs with the man right behind her. Morgan waited at the top of the stairs and directed them to the first open doorway down the hall to the left. Entering the room, Zoe had to smile at the irony of the only open door on the floor was to a room set up like a doctor’s office.

“Lay her on the table,” she instructed the human mule.

While he and Morgan dealt with the woman, Zoe turned her attention to finding the supplies she needed to clean and assess the woman's wounds.

Once the woman was in position, Zoe had laid out everything she needed on the rolling instrument tray and pushed it to where it would be convenient but not in the way. Then she went to work.

---

Morgan stood back and watched Zoe not only treat Allysa's physical injuries, but also calm her at the same time. She finished cleaning wounds and determined that Allysa did not need stitches. Instead she used steri-strips to close the larger cuts while Allysa shared what had happened.

If Morgan remembered correctly, Allysa was a sassy, bratty Little. What the hell was she doing out in the dungeon, naked and playing with one of the club's harshest sadists?

With Master Richard holding Allysa's hand, Morgan stood in the corner eavesdropping on the women's conversation. That's when he realized the Little girl had brought the trauma on herself. Unable to find herself a Daddy, she had decided to push her own boundaries by experimenting with masochism. The problem was that she had not shared her inexperience with her play partner. She had also chosen the roughest, harshest, most sadistic Dominant club member for her experiment. Yep, it had been a clusterfuck waiting to happen.

After Zoe helped Allysa get dressed, Morgan took a breath and stepped into the role of club owner.

"Allysa, I want you to find Master Dominick and apologize for not communicating your needs properly to him.

If he'd known you were trying out something new, he would have done things differently. I also want you to be front row center for the next BDSM 101 class.”

While Allysa nodded and agreed immediately, Zoe watched him with worry evident in every line of her being.

“How did you get here this evening, subbie?”

“I used an Uber. The driver is a friend and said to call her and she would give me a ride home when I was ready.”

Morgan nodded. “Good girl. Master Richard is going to escort you to the lobby. I want you to call your friend and then wait with Griffin until it arrives.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Once Allysa and Master Richard, who'd remained silently by her side, were gone, Morgan left the door open. He turned and leaned against the wall beside the opening to find Zoe flittering around the room, cleaning up and repacking the medical supply bag.

“You don't have to do that, you know. We do have a cleaning staff,” he said when she wouldn't look at him.

“I know, but these bloody things need to be double bagged and disposed of, and I've got all the shots needed to deal with them.”

Once she had the blanket, towels, and other supplies she had used bagged to her satisfaction, she stood with her back to him.

He could see that between their earlier encounter, and treating Allysa, the woman was in no headspace to play sexy games.

“Come here, Zoe,” he ordered softly. He put just a touch of steel in his tone so that hopefully she would understand he was not dicking around.

Still facing away from him, she took a deep breath and then turned and threw herself across the room at him. He caught her easily and pulled her in for a hug.

She wrapped her arms around him and held on tight. He rubbed one hand up and down her trembling body. He didn't speak. Didn't praise her for taking control of the situation or assure her that everything would be fine. Mainly because he wasn't sure what was causing the tears that were burning into his skin.

Instead, he brushed a kiss on the top of her head. “This just isn't our night, is it?”

## CHAPTER SIX



On Friday evening, Zoe stood on the sidewalk outside Club N2, debating whether or not she was brave enough to climb the steps and go inside. After their aborted evening, she had agreed to meet Master Morgan after her next scheduled shift at the front desk so they could finish what they had begun that night.

She was so lost in her debate that when the front door opened and Rory stepped outside, she jumped.

“Come on in, girlfriend. You know you want to.”

Zoe found herself smiling as she carefully ascended the steps, her heels already killing her feet after only wearing them for the half hour she'd had them on. Once inside, she slipped them off with a relieved sigh before padding around the desk. After shedding her coat and hanging it over the back of one of the rolling chairs, she tucked her shoes and purse into the drawer the volunteers used to store their belongings. Taking a deep breath, she turned and jumped when she found Master Morgan standing directly behind her.

“Oh,” she squeaked. “Hello.”

“Hello. Are you working tonight?”

She replied, “Yes, Sir, I am,” at the same time Rory said, “Not if you don’t want her to.”

Master Morgan glanced at Rory before turning his full attention back to her. “Find someone to cover for you tonight and then find me in the dungeon. We need to finish what we started Tuesday night.”

“Yes, Sir,” she responded automatically.

“Good girl.”

Before she could register the warm thrill of pleasure his praise sent through her, he was gone.

When Ashley, one of the other volunteer staff checked in a few minutes later, Rory asked, “Can you work Zoe’s shift tonight, Ash? She’s got a date with Master Morgan and needs to get in there before he gets testy and breaks out the big paddles.”

Ashley blinked with surprise before glancing at Zoe. “Sure, no problem. Go enjoy your evening, Zoe. I’ll cover for you out here.”

Though she was nervous to leave the safety of the desk, Zoe smiled. “Thank you. I owe you a shift.”

Ashley waved her off as they traded places behind the counter. Rubbing her hands up and down her arms, she crossed the lobby and entered the open double doors that led into the dungeon. Once inside, she looked around, surprised at how quiet the large room was when no one was playing. The music that normally filled the space had yet to be turned on.

“Looking for me?”

Zoe squealed as she spun around. That put her nose to bare chest with Morgan. Taking a step back, she found herself once



again enthralled by the man's cut, tanned physique. Tilting her head back, she glared up at him.

"Don't do that. You scared me," she said, slapping his arm.

As soon as the slap sounded, she knew she had screwed up. Morgan blinking and his expression going dark just confirmed what she already knew.

Before she could step away, he wrapped his arms around her back and pulled her in for a hug. Which completely threw her off.

After kissing the top of her shoulder, he kissed her neck just under her ear before whispering, "I know you're nervous, but you do not strike your Dom. Ever. Hitting will come back to you five times over once I have you tied to a spanking bench."

"I-I... I'm sorry, Sir," Zoe said, as a shiver worked its way through her body.

She jumped when the music began. Taking a deep breath, she tried to calm down, but it was difficult.

"You're just a bundle of nerves tonight, bunny."

"Why do you call me bunny?" she asked without addressing his observation.

"It started because you are as cute as a bunny, but also because you are nervous and liable to bolt. Bunny just seems to fit."

"Oh. Okay," Zoe said, slowly relaxing into his embrace.

He didn't seem to be in a hurry to go anywhere, so she rested her head against his chest and just breathed in his dark, spicy scent. She relaxed fully when he began to stroke a hand up and down her spine from neck to the top of her ass.

When she finally took a deep breath and relaxed fully into his embrace, he gave her a squeeze and patted her ass. Then he stepped back and held out his hand.

“Ready to go exploring?”

Zoe smiled up at him as she slid her hand into his. “Yes, Sir, I think I am.”

It was early enough that most of the scene stations were still empty. Picking up the large duffel bag by his side and slinging it over one shoulder, Morgan guided her around the large room. They stopped at each station, and he explained the stationary equipment and what it was used for. He then led her upstairs and showed her the open private playrooms. Apparently, these rooms were more popular at this time of night as more than half of the doors were already closed, meaning the room was in use.

As they walked back toward the staircase, Morgan stepped into a room and tried to pull her in as well. She pulled back, having to jerk her hand from his to stay in the hallway.

“Bunny, what’s wrong?” he asked, looking perplexed.

“I can’t go in there,” she said softly as she wrapped her arms around her middle.

“You can’t?”

She shook her head. “No, Sir. I haven’t played in the dungeon five times yet. And the rules state that new members cannot use the private rooms unless they’ve played in the dungeon five times.”

She expected Morgan to argue with her that she would be all right since he was one of the owners, but instead, he nodded and stepped back into the hallway. “You’re right. I’m sorry. I forgot you are a BDSM virgin.”

“You’re not mad?”

“Why would I be mad? Because you remembered a rule that I’d forgotten? No, sweet bunny, I’m not mad. Thank you for calling me on that.”

He once again held out his hand, palm up. She laid hers on it, and once again felt the warm connection flow between them.

“Let’s go downstairs and find a free spanking bench,” he said as they continued down the hall to the stairs.

---

Morgan wanted to kick his own ass as they reentered the main part of the dungeon. He had helped write the rules that stated new members, even if they were well-versed in the lifestyle, would not use the private rooms until they had played five times in the main dungeon. It was a safety measure that kept them from having problems of inexperienced submissives biting off more than they could chew.

Play had picked up, but there was a spanking bench available. It was even in a fairly secluded corner of the room, half-hidden by some plants. He hoped that would help Zoe relax and enjoy her punishment, at least as much as one could enjoy a discipline spanking.

He was not surprised to see her look around as they crossed to the bench. He wondered if they should tour the dungeon again now that there was more play going on. No, they could do that after they finished their scene. It had been hanging over her head for too many days and the anticipation was probably hurting her more than the actual spanking would.

Stepping onto the small platform that showcased the spanking bench, Morgan put his toy bag down by the wall. He then turned to face Zoe, taking both her hands in his. Her fingers were cold, and she looked a little nervous, though not as much as he thought she would be. But he could also see her curious nature peeking out at him as well.

“All right, bunny. Because this is your first time playing in my dungeon, I am going to allow you to keep a minimum of clothing on. In the future, though, all scenes will be done with you naked. I want to be able to see every inch of this beautiful body.”

“Yes, Sir,” she responded softly.

“What’s your safe word?”

“Red, Sir.”

Her voice already sounded soft and floaty, telling Morgan she was beginning to slip into a submissive headspace. Which considering she was brand new to the lifestyle, was impressive. He was surprised her nerves and fear were sliding away already.

Releasing her hands, Morgan’s hands went to the waistband of the short-short denim skirt she wore. In seconds, he had the button and zipper dealt with and slowly drew the denim down over her ass and thighs. He kept hold of the waistband, kneeling in front of her. Once it was on the floor, she stepped out of it without instruction from him.

He rose and folded the small piece of clothing before laying it on top of his toy bag. He had already decided not to use any of the implements of pain contained within the duffel bag. For tonight, and tonight only, he would use his hand, and possibly his belt. This scene was meant to introduce her to

public scening, and spanking. Their next encounter would be soon enough to teach her about floggers, crops, and whips.

“This is a spanking bench. I want you to crawl on and relax. I’m going to strap you down and then you’ll receive your spanking. Both for the other night, and for hitting me tonight.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“All right, up on the bench, bunny.”

Once Zoe crawled onto the bench, Morgan took his time using the Velcro straps attached to the bench to secure her ankles and wrists in place. He then secured the strap across her back which would hold her to the table and make sure she could not roll off and possibly hurt herself.

Taking a step back, he saw a problem that needed to be addressed at once. Kneeling beside her head, he brushed hair away from her face and locked gazes with her.

“Breathe, bunny. Deep breaths and relax. This is supposed to be fun. In... two, three, four. Out... two, three, four.”

He waited until she slowly relaxed. She was no longer panting as if she had just outrun a bear, and he could see her starting to melt onto the table.

“Good girl,” he said, brushing a kiss on her forehead before rising and moving to the other end of the bench. He ran a hand down her spine, reveling in the soft, smooth skin. Her sports bra and matching thong were deep purple, leaving her ass completely bare.

He continued murmuring to her as he rubbed his hands over the pale, round globes of her ass, warming up the skin and preparing her for the spanking to come. As he played with

her flesh, he made note that the gusset of her thong was soaked. Something was turning his bunny on.

“All right, little bunny. Twenty-five strokes. Twenty for the other night’s overreaction, and five for tonight. Please count them for me.”

## CHAPTER SEVEN



*Crack.*

Though she had been expecting the first smack on her ass, the loud sound that accompanied it jolted her out of the soft, fuzzy place Morgan's gentle preparations had sent her into.

"One," she cried as the hot pain registered and flowed from her left ass cheek out to the rest of her body. Her pussy clenched and her stomach tightened in response as something deep inside her screamed, "Yippee."

"One, who?" Morgan's voice had taken a darker, deeper tone that told her that he, too, had shifted mindsets from teacher Dominant into sadist.

"One, Sir."

"Good girl."

*Smack.*

Pain flared on the other side of her ass.

"Two, Sir."

"Very good, bunny. Keep it up."

After that, the smacks came at a faster, harsher rate. Tears filled her eyes by the fourth smack, and by the tenth she was

sobbing. But somehow, she managed to keep counting each crack that sounded, each bit of pain he added to her ass.

“Fifteen, Sir,” she cried, not fighting the physical bonds, but instead, the emotional ones that held her trapped in her body and not floating... somewhere.

Had he done this on purpose? She could feel her soul trying to hide, float out of her body. She couldn't slip away because she had to count, had to speak, which became harder and harder as the heat and pain built in her ass and filled her with a wild sort of pleasurable need.

At the same time, her pussy filled and overflowed onto her thighs. The arousal that was building low in her belly surprised her, and yet it didn't. This was what she wanted, what she needed. The pain of the spanking was turning her on, winding her up, dragging her closer and closer to... something.

“Twenty, Sir,” she managed, her voice nearly gone between the counting and the cries of pain.

While she was prepared for the next slap, it did not come.

“Open your eyes, bunny.”

Blinking several times, she finally managed to hold her eyes open long enough to look into his mossy-green ones. “Such pretty eyes,” she murmured, her words slurring together as if she'd drunk a bottle of wine all by herself.

The skin around those eyes crinkled as Morgan smiled. “How are you feeling, bunny?”

“Shiny, Sir,” she responded, using a term she'd picked up on her favorite sci-fi/western-blended television show. Then she frowned. “Are we done already? I think I lost count.”



Morgan's chuckle had her blinking and trying to focus, though it was difficult.

"You're all right, bunny. Do you think you can handle five strokes with my belt? You don't have to count them. You can fly away if you want. Then we'll go somewhere and cuddle, if you'd like. Or I can fingerfuck your pretty pussy until you scream out your orgasm."

Zoe blinked, but she couldn't think, so she said the only thing she could. "Okay."

"Okay, who?"

"Okay, Sir," she breathed as she closed her eyes and relaxed into the pain that heated her ass and sent fire through her bloodstream. "Cuddles and orgasm sounds good, Sir."

The first stripe of fire cut through the mushy fuzzy feeling like a hot knife through butter. She screamed and jerked at her bonds, needing to get away from the pain. Maybe this was not such a good idea after all.

Morgan placed the second stripe just below the first, then continued down her ass until the final stroke landed across the crease where thigh met ass cheek.

All at once, Zoe found herself flying around and through pink fluffy clouds covered with glitter. The pain in her ass was there, but not there. For the first time since she could remember, she had no racing thoughts attacking her. Everything was so far away from her that she couldn't remember what she had been worried about before arriving at the club.

Was this the subspace she had read about in her romance books? If so, she liked it. She liked it a lot. It was beautiful and she could not wait to come to this place again.

---

Morgan put his belt back on and smiled as Zoe began to hum. Though her face was covered with tears and snot, she was smiling and looked oh, so peaceful.

Taking a moment to use a damp cloth to wipe her face clean and help her blow her nose, he released her from her bonds and picked her up. As he turned, a member of the cleaning staff stood just beyond the roped off area, waiting for them to leave so she could wipe down the bench for the next user.

“Could you please take my toy bag to the office after you clean the station?”

“Absolutely, Master Morgan,” the woman said with a gentle smile before glancing at the woman in his arms. “It’s good to see she found someone she’s comfortable with. I was afraid she was going to quit before she met the right man.”

Morgan didn’t respond to the insight. Picking Zoe up bridal style, he looked around and found an empty leather couch in a seating area nearby. He settled in one corner of the couch and adjusted her so that she lay across his body. Her weight rested on one hip and her upper body draped across his chest with her head resting just below his chin. He grabbed the soft, fuzzy yellow blanket from the back of the couch and spread it over her.

He could not help but smile with pleasure when she snuggled closer, took a deep breath, and sighed. As the air left her body, she relaxed completely.

“You’re a good girl, bunny. You took your spanking well,” he murmured as she combed his fingers through her hair,

petting her as he would a favorite pet.

She murmured, but did not rouse, which was fine with Morgan. It had been so long since he'd given aftercare to a submissive he'd almost forgotten the pleasure he received from this quiet time.

“Master Morgan, may I bring you anything?” a club submissive inquired.

“Two bottles of water, please,” he said, barely glancing up at the young woman.

He had played with her before but at this moment could not remember her name. As she walked away, he was surprised to find he wasn't concerned about that. His focus was on the drowsing woman in his arms.

When the submissive returned, he thanked her before sending her on her way. Then he turned his attention to the various scenes going on around the room but watched as if from an emotional distance.

Zoe remained completely relaxed in his embrace for the better part of an hour. He wasn't surprised. She had looked tired before their scene, and after studying her membership file, he understood why. A pediatric nurse practitioner, her job no doubt drained her, both physically and emotionally.

Members came by and spoke softly, greeting him and welcoming him back to the club. Finally, Zoe stirred and took a deep breath. When she stiffened, he stroked a hand over her hair.

“Welcome back, bunny. How do you feel?”

She turned her head and looked up at him with sleepy eyes. “Horny.”

Morgan had a tough time not laughing. “Other than horny, how do you feel? Any sore muscles or joints?”

“No, Sir, well, except my ass.”

“Your ass is supposed to hurt. But the rest of you is okay?”

“Uh-huh. Better than okay. I haven’t felt this relaxed in a long, long time. But I’m still horny. Weren’t you supposed to fingerfuck me after my spanking?”

This time Morgan couldn’t hold back his laughter. “I’m surprised you remember I said that, but you were so deep into subspace I decided to wait until you came back. I didn’t want to push you too hard too fast during your first scene.”

She blinked and her mouth dropped open. “Oh. That was nice of you.”

Morgan found himself biting back more chuckles. No one had ever accused him of being anything but ruthless in business and sadistic in sex. But this little innocent bunny had just called him nice. A nice sadist.

“Come and sit on my lap.”

He helped her to sit across his lap and smiled as she hissed when her ass settled on his thighs. He let her keep the blanket over her so she wouldn’t get chilled.

“Spread your legs, bunny,” he said as he adjusted the blanket to cover the arm not wrapped around her back. He stroked his hand up and down the top of one thigh as he waited.

She didn’t move.

“If you want that orgasm I offered, you’ll bend your legs and put the bottoms of your feet together,” Morgan said,

adding a touch more steel to his tone. “Or you can return to the front desk and get back to work.”

She surprised him with how quickly she moved her legs into the position he had ordered.

“Good girl,” he murmured as his hand stroked up her inner thigh from knee to the hot apex of her damp thighs.

She stared at him with wide eyes. “You’re going to do it here?” she whispered as if afraid the morality police would show up if she spoke any louder.

“Why not? We’re here, we’re comfortable, and you’re horny. Seems like the perfect time and place to play a little.”

“But...”

“Bunny, I’m the Dominant and you’re the submissive. Who makes the decisions?”

“You do, Sir.”

“Then just relax and let me play. Or would you rather have a little more heat added to your already hot ass?”

“No, Sir, play ahead,” she said in a hurry, waving a hand under the blanket.

He did not say anything further. Instead, he watched her face and monitored her body closely as he stroked his fingertips up and down the silky skin of her leg. She began to pant with renewed arousal. Instead of moving to trace her lower lips, or slide a finger into her pussy, he lifted his hand to cup a spandex-covered breast.

Her whine of denial had his hard-as-stone cock twitching with his own need. But this time wasn’t about him, it was about introducing Zoe to a new experience, and the lifestyle to determine what she liked. From the heat and wetness that

coated her upper thighs, spanking was definitely on her yes list. He looked forward to adding to that list in the future.

## CHAPTER EIGHT



Zoe had to work at not squirming as Morgan played with her breasts through the stretchy sports bra she had worn to the club that evening. The thick bar of his erection pressing into her hip did not help her need to move. Nor did the fact that he had her spread with her thighs wide apart so she couldn't give her clit any friction and get herself off.

Her frustration level growing as fast as her arousal, she tried to slip the hand that wasn't pressed between her body and Morgan's around across her leg. It would only take a flick or two on her clit to find her release.

Before she could touch the first time, Morgan's hand pinched her erect nipple and twisted it enough for her to gasp at the flash of pain.

"No touching my pussy, little bunny. Put your hand behind your back and leave it there."

As soon as she moved her arm away from her pussy, he went back to lazily flicking and stroking and massaging her breasts, first one and then the other. She was on the verge of tears of frustration when he finally stroked a line down the center of her body to the top edge of her thong.

"Sit very still and let me play and maybe I'll let you have the orgasm you seem so desperate for," he murmured in her

ear before brushing a kiss over her temple.

Zoe wasn't sure if she should be thanking him or not, so she remained silent. She focused on breathing and staying relaxed as Max's fingers stroked over the fabric of her thong from the top of her mound over the wet fabric to her pussy.

When a single thick finger slid beneath the gusset and pushed inside, she sighed and relaxed fully. This was what she needed. She smiled as he slid his finger in and out several times before adding a second and speeding up his motions.

After several thrusts, he pressed his thumb on the fabric covering her clit. That simple touch, combined with the fingers in her pussy had her entire body tightening as her orgasm exploded like a flashfire. She cried out as she convulsed, her muscles tightening rhythmically with each thrust of Morgan's fingers into her sex.

Morgan eased the power of his touch, but continued until she was as limp and lying over him once again like a wet paper towel. Finally, he eased his fingers from her pussy and pulled his hand out from under the blanket, holding it in front of her face.

“Clean me up, bunny.”

Zoe dropped her jaw and as soon as his fingers were in her mouth, she licked and sucked at them. As she did, she felt Morgan's cock twitch against her ass as he sucked a breath and then began to nibble on her ear.

After another few seconds, he pulled his hand free. “Enough.”

“May I suck your cock, Sir?” she whispered, hoping to give him a fraction of the pleasure he had just given her.



“Not tonight, little bunny. Tonight is all about you. But next time I would be happy to have your lips wrapped around my cock after I tie you up and introduce you to some of my favorite toys. In the meantime, would you join me for brunch on Sunday?”

Zoe shocked herself when she answered, “Yes, I’d like that.”

Spending time with Morgan was a mistake. It had to be. He was a billionaire sadist who owned one-third of a BDSM club, as well as companies around the world. She was a pediatric nurse practitioner who could barely afford her club membership even with the discount she earned by volunteering at the front desk two nights a week.

What the hell was she thinking?

Morgan’s now clean hand cupped her jaw and tilted her head until they were nose to nose. “Good girl,” he said before angling his head slightly and kissing her. It was a gentle kiss, but he controlled every second of it, until he finally broke the liplock and looked around. “All right, little bunny. I have to go and attend to my dungeon monitor details. I’ll be in touch tomorrow about Sunday.”

A chill raced through her as Morgan helped her to her feet and then redressed her. Just like that the evening was over.

As they walked through the dungeon, they stopped and watched a few of the new scenes that were playing out. She murmured responses when he asked her opinion of whether she would be interested in trying such things.

By the time they reached the lobby, she wondered if she should tell him that she could not meet him on Sunday. The problem was, she really, really wanted to. Morgan Seacrest

was the dominant male she wanted to learn from. The man who she wanted to submit to. The man, if she was really honest with herself, she wanted to be in her life for the rest of her days.

For now, she would take what she could get, Sunday brunch and an occasional evening of play at Club N2.

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After helping Zoe into the backseat of his town car, he leaned in and made sure her seatbelt was fastened. Then he pressed a business card into her hand.

“Text me when you get home.”

She opened her mouth, looking like she wanted to argue, so he laid two fingertips on her lips. “No arguing, little bunny. Text me when you get home, or I’ll be pounding on your door twenty minutes after the club closes for the night.”

She stared at the card in her hand for a moment before slowly nodding her agreement.

“Good girl.”

After one last sweep of his lips over hers, he backed out and closed the door. Stepping onto the sidewalk, he slapped his hand on the top of the car twice. A moment later, the vehicle drove off and he was left alone. He watched the taillights until the car turned the corner and disappeared completely from view. Only then did he go back inside.

Instead of grabbing an armband designating he was a dungeon monitor, Morgan rounded the front desk and retreated to his office. He needed a few minutes alone to get his head

back on straight before he did something crazy like follow Zoe home.

Closing and locking the door, Morgan went behind his desk and collapsed in the comfortable chair he rarely used. Tilting his head back, he closed his eyes and sighed as he thought of Zoe.

Needing some erection relief, he opened his pants and pulled them down far enough to free his cock and balls to the air. Wrapping his right hand around his cock, he allowed memories of the past three hours to wash over and through him.

His hand began to travel up and down his cock. At the top of the stroke, he used his thumb to spread the precum around the head and then down the shaft. Once the memories had played out, he moved on to dreaming of what he wanted to do to the woman who acted so experienced and innocent in turns.

He rose quickly to the peak of his arousal, gritting his teeth to keep from roaring as his orgasm gathered in his balls and shot out through the tip of his cock in pulse after pulse. Once it subsided, he opened his eyes and chuckled at the sight of his desk. It was a good thing he had not been actually working or he would have ruined more than one or two papers.

He jumped when his cell phone buzzed under his thigh. Pulling it out, his smile widened as he saw he had received a text from a number without a name attached to it. Swiping his finger, he read the text and laughed out loud.

*Unknown: Home safe and sound, Master Morgan, Sir. Signed, Bunny.*

*Morgan: Good girl. I'll pick you up Sunday at 9:30 for our brunch.*

*Unknown: Yes, Sir. \*salutes\**

*Morgan: Good night, bunny. Sleep well.*

He was not surprised when she did not respond. After cleaning up his desk, he cleaned himself and then pulled his clothes together. The last thing he needed was anyone guessing he had been in his office jerking off.

He had just finished buckling his belt when the doorknob rattled. "Morgan? You in there?"

The door rattled again before he could cross the room. Opening it, he found a crowd in the hall just outside his door.

Not only were Bjorn Hightower and Viking Harrison, his two best friends and business partners taking up space, but each man had their arm around their woman. Viking's Little girl Roque was dressed in a cute yellow dress with daisies all over it. Santee Mariano, Bjorn's woman, was dressed in jeans and a sweater, her hair damp, and combed back from her face. They were all wearing street clothes, which meant they had finished their play for the evening.

"What's going on?" he asked, leaning against the doorjamb.

Roque stepped forward, then leaned around him to glance around his empty office. She stepped back and looked up at him. "Where'd she go?"

He could tell the woman was still deep in her Little headspace and he needed to be kind to her. The last thing she

needed was to have him growl at her. And the last thing he needed was Viking knocking him on his ass.

“Where’s who, sweetheart?”

“Where’s the lady who was sitting on your lap in the dungeon? She was pretty and you looked so happy. I wanted you and her to come out and eat with us.”

“I’m sorry, Roque, but she already went home. By now she’s asleep in her bed.”

Roque’s disappointment and curiosity were clearly visible as she continued, “Are you going to see her again? Is she going to be your girlfriend?”

“Roque, you’re being too nosy,” Viking scolded gently even as he sent Morgan a look that said he was as curious as his Little girl.

A glance at Bjorn showed his other best friend wore the same expression. But they were letting Roque lead the way for some reason. Probably because they knew he would answer her questions and not just growl at her or deflect the conversation to something else.

Finally, he turned his attention back to Roque. “I’m going to see her on Sunday for brunch. We’ll talk then and decide if we want to play together again or not. She won’t be my girlfriend for at least another week or so, okay?”

Roque huffed a sigh and crossed her arms over her chest. “All right, but you need to get moving, Unca Morgan. You’re not getting any younger and really need someone to make sure you’re taking your vitamins and drinking water and everything since you won’t let me.”

Morgan could not help the chuckles at the Little girl’s seriousness.

“I’ll keep that in mind, sweetheart. But if she’s not the one, I’m sure there is someone else out there, somewhere, just waiting to be my submissive masochistic girlfriend.”

Roque didn’t look convinced. “Okay, but you need to hurry up and find her before you get too old to swing a flogger.”

“Now that’s just mean, sweetheart. You wound me,” Morgan collapsed against the wall and raised a hand to his heart.

Roque’s eyes went wide, and she grabbed his free hand. “Oh, no. How can I make it better?”

Morgan bent forward and tapped his cheek. “A kiss should do the trick.”

After receiving a smacking kiss, Morgan straightened and smiled down at the woman. “Thank you, sweetheart, for caring so much about me. But you need to worry about your Daddy and not me. Let me get my stuff and find someone to cover my DM duties and we can go get some dinner.”

“Yay!” Roque cheered as Morgan stepped into his office.

He grabbed his wallet, phone, and jacket before rejoining the group. “Let’s go.”

Roque took his hand in the one not holding Viking’s and led him out of the club and to their waiting limousine. “And over dinner, you can tell me all about the lady, so I know how to help you win her heart.”

## CHAPTER NINE



Zoe was ready for brunch early, thankful she was not on clinic call for the weekend since this would be the precise moment a page would sound calling her to the office for an emergency. Instead, she was studying herself in the mirror she had hung on the back of the bathroom door, wondering if she should change yet again.

She had been worrying about what to wear since getting out of the town car Morgan had sent her home in almost thirty-six hours before. She had decided to go dressy casual with dark-gray leggings and black mid-heel knee-high boots. On top she wore a deep-burgundy poet shirt that had been advertised online as a dress. When she got it and put it on the first time, she found there was no way she could wear this as a dress without flashing her ass every time she bent over.

She had even gone so far as to take extra time to style her hair and put on the little bit of makeup she usually wore to work.

“Well, this is as good as it’s going to get,” she muttered as she opened the door and left the bathroom just as the buzzer rang.

Hurrying through the apartment, she hit the button to open the front door before sliding her phone into the small

crossbody purse she used most of the time. It was just big enough to carry her micro-wallet, phone, a tube of lip balm, and keys. Everything else was in the messenger bag she carried with her to work every day, but rarely when she went anywhere else.

After dropping the strap of the tiny purse over her head, she grabbed her coat. She was just slipping it on when a firm knock sounded at the door. Not having a peephole, she opened the door and smiled in welcome.

A moment later, her smile faded as he frowned down at her. He then turned around and checked her neighbor's door and the others up and down the hall.

“You don't have a peephole. Even though this is a security building, you should have a peephole to make sure you're opening the door to the right person.”

“And good morning to you,” she said, stepping into the hall, trying not to be offended by his lack of a greeting.

After pulling her door closed, she used her key to lock the deadbolt and then tucked the keys into her bag while she checked Morgan's appearance. He was wearing black jeans and cowboy boots with a leather bomber jacket, which told her nothing about where they were going.

“I'm sorry. Good morning, bunny,” he pulled her in for a hug and kiss on her temple. “It's just that security is my business and this building sucks.”

Zoe decided to ignore his comments. This was the best apartment she could find within her budget, and it had the added convenience of being only a few blocks from the clinic.

Stepping back, she opened her jacket. “Am I dressed all right or do I need to change into something else?”



She knew the rules. Men could wear jeans and a T-shirt for any occasion and not be looked at twice. A woman, on the other hand, needed to be dressed for every occasion. At the last two weddings she had attended, the bride wore thousands of dollars of lace, tulle, and satin while the groom wore blue jeans and a white Oxford button down and a suede vest.

Morgan looked her up and down with a smile that had her nipples beading. “You look perfect. But I do have to apologize. I hope you don’t mind that our intimate brunch has turned into a group thing.”

Zoe swallowed hard before whispering. “A group thing?”

“Roque heard we were having brunch and insisted that she and Viking join us. Then before I could say no, she invited Santee and Bjorn along as well.”

“Oh, well... um...” Zoe stammered, not sure how to respond.

She had been nervous enough just thinking about spending time and trying to get to know Morgan. Now to add four other people to the mix. Could she handle that?

She knew of the four from working the club but knew nothing of them outside Club N2’s walls. But if she was going to get to know Morgan and maybe build a D/s friendship with the man, if not more, she probably needed to get to know his friends as well.

Taking a deep breath, she nodded. “Brunch with your friends sounds like fun.”

“Are you sure? I can call Bjorn and have them go on without us, and I’ll call another car so we can go somewhere else.” He looked just hesitant enough that her own confidence grew.

“No, let’s go have brunch with your friends. It will be fine.”

His relieved smile made her pussy clench. “All right, but we will have to make a dinner date this week for just the two of us. No well-meaning friends allowed.”

“I’d like that,” Zoe said as he led her out the front door of her building and to a silver stretch limousine idling at the curb. “Wow, this is quite a car.”

“We only use it when we go to special event where we are all traveling together,” Morgan said before opening the door. “After you, bunny.”

Touched by his chivalry, Zoe climbed inside and took the second available seat, which happened to be the center of the back seat. Morgan settled next to her a few seconds later. The door closing was apparently the signal for the car to move, for a moment later, they were underway.

Morgan secured her seatbelt and then his own before making introductions. “Zoe Love, I’m sure you’ve met before, but please officially meet my friends. Roque Palmeri is sitting beside you. Across the way, left to right is Viking Harrison, Santee Mariano, and Bjorn Hightower.”

“Hello,” Zoe said with a small wave, wondering whether or not this was the biggest mistake she’d ever made.

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By the time Morgan walked Zoe into her building several hours later, he wondered if it was too soon to talk her into moving into his penthouse.

Of course it was.

Everything he had learned about her over brunch confirmed to him over and over that she was the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. Thanks to Roque's curious questioning, he knew their tastes in music, movies, and books were similar, with just enough differences to keep things interesting.

Now all he had to do was heat things up in the dungeon and between the sheets to show her that her masochistic kinks lined up with his sadistic ones. But that would have to wait until later in the week. She had refused to go to an afternoon movie with them because she went on call for the clinic at five o'clock and needed to make sure she had her uniforms ready for the week ahead.

As they approached her door, Morgan pulled her to a stop. When she turned to face him, he stepped close and wrapped both arms around her back, one around her waist and the other cupped the back of her neck to hold it still for his kiss.

The moment their lips met, she melted against him and wrapped her arms around his middle. That was when Morgan added the heat. In three heartbeats, the sweet, good-bye PG-13 kiss that was public appropriate roared to an R bordering on X-rated one.

A soft gasp from behind him had Morgan ease back and eventually break the kiss to lift his head. An elderly couple slowly shuffled down the hall toward them. The woman looked scandalized as she passed them while her gentleman companion grinned and winked at him.

At least Zoe's face was buried against his chest, so she didn't see her neighbors. It took another few minutes before Zoe's breathing slowed and she lifted her head before taking a half step back and breaking their embrace.

“When can I see you again?” Morgan asked just before he leaned in and kissed her forehead.

Zoe had to clear her throat and swallow twice before she whispered, “I’m on call from this evening until Friday at 5 o’clock. It will be Friday before I can come to the club. If you want?”

Morgan grinned at her hesitant question. “Of course I want. If I didn’t think you would have me arrested for kidnapping, I would take you home with me right now and not let you out of my bed for a month.”

“Unfortunately, my boss would not be happy if I don’t show up for work,” Zoe said with a giggle.

Though tempted to tell her to quit and let him take care of her, that he would happily support her, Morgan knew that would never go over.

Zoe was a dedicated medical professional the world needed. He would never demand she give up her career. But he wasn’t above trying to figure out a way she could use her medical training to help Towrisea International in one way or another. He’d have to talk to Bjorn and Viking about that.

“Well, I guess I will leave you. But I want you to text me. A lot. And I expect my texts to be answered within an hour or there will be consequences when next we meet.”

“If I can. Sometimes emergencies won’t allow me to respond right away.”

She looked more settled, and though Morgan did not want to leave her, he popped one last quick kiss on her lips before stepping back, well out of arm’s reach.

“Go in before I forget I’m a gentleman, throw you over my shoulder, and carry you off like a pirate.”

“Oooo, sounds like fun, but I really need to spend some time getting ready for the week.” With that, Zoe opened her door and stepped inside. “See you Friday?”

“Friday at nine in the club’s lobby. I’ll send a car for you.” Her sassy grin had his already hard cock twitching.

Zoe shook her head with a smile. “You don’t need to do that. I think I can get there on my own.”

“Nevertheless, I’ll send a car,” he repeated in a tone that told her it wasn’t a question, but an order. “Bring some clothes for the weekend because you’ll be coming home with me after.”

“In that case, thank you, Sir.”

“I’m leaving now,” Morgan said taking another step backward. “Have a great week and call me tonight before you go to bed.”

“Yes, Sir,” she said before closing the door.

Morgan waited until he heard the deadbolt click into place. Only then did he force himself to turn and walk away.

It was going to be a fucking long week.

## CHAPTER TEN



Zoe did not hesitate on Friday evening. Instead, she hurried up the steps and through the front door of Club N2. She had just finished checking in when Morgan appeared through the doorway behind the front desk.

She smiled and slipped around the desk to be swept into Morgan's arms and greeted with an enthusiastic kiss.

"What should I do with this?" she asked after he released her as she held up her bag, which contained her toiletry kit, several outfits that ranged from blue jeans and a t-shirt to a dressy dress, with ballet shoes to match, as well as her phone, tablet, and her wallet, keys, and other basics from her purse.

Morgan took the bag from her with a smile of approval. "We'll put it, as well as your shoes and coat, in my office. Then I thought we could go out and walk around the dungeon before we have a scene."

They had spent the last five days texting back and forth during the day as their schedules allowed. At night, when Zoe wasn't busy with an emergency, they talked for hours, getting to know everything about one another. It made Zoe more certain that this was the Dominant she wanted teaching her about BDSM and being a masochist.

Morgan took her hand and led her back to his office. After putting her bag on his desk, he turned and in the blink of an eye, shifted from happy-to-see-her boyfriend to Master Morgan, the sadist.

“Take off your coat and let me see what you finally decided to wear tonight.” His words were gentle, but there was a definite thread of steel in his tone, which had her immediately stripping off her ankle-length coat.

Looking around, she moved to the closed hall door and hung it on the spare hook. Morgan’s black suit coat hung on the other hook.

“Come here, bunny, and let me look at you.”

Taking a deep breath, Zoe turned and slowly crossed the room to stand before her Master. Tonight, he wore a silver button-down shirt with his black slacks and shoes. Several buttons were open, showing a peek of chest hair, which had Zoe swallowing to keep herself from drooling at his sexy, dominant, all-male image.

She froze when his gaze left hers and trailed down her body. While they had discussed what she would wear tonight, actually putting on the deep-red, see-through chemise and matching G-string and leaving the house had been a major challenge.

Now standing before Morgan and watching heat fill his gaze as it ran up from her black stilettos to her eyes, she was glad she had forced herself to do it.

“Beautiful,” he said. “Absolutely enchanting. I’ll have a hard time keeping the other Dominants from trying to steal you away tonight.”

Since she wasn't sure whether his comment deserved an answer, Zoe bit her bottom lip instead of responding.

"Shoes off, please," he said as he turned to pick something up off his desk.

She slipped her shoes off and set them on one of the visitor chairs in front of his desk so they would be out of the way.

"We don't have a formal agreement in place... yet, but I'd like you to wear this tonight. It will keep you safe and me sane."

When he held up a narrow black-leather collar with a silver tag hanging from it, Zoe froze for a count of three before swallowing. "What does the tag say, Sir?" she whispered.

"Property of Master Morgan. Will you wear my collar tonight?"

Turning, Zoe lifted her hair away from her neck. "I'd be honored, Sir."

A moment later, the cool leather laid against the base of her throat as he buckled it in place. Once it fit to his approval, Morgan laid his hands on her shoulders and massaged firmly for a moment before kissing the left side of her neck just under her earlobe.

"You're too tense. Let's go work that stress out of you," he whispered as his hands continued massaging the knots across the top of her shoulders. "Then we'll go home and spend the weekend fucking until neither of us can walk a straight line."

Zoe could not help but giggle as she visualized his plan. "Yes, Sir."

Though she was nervous, she was actually looking forward to whatever Master Morgan had planned for their evening.



While she had spent the week dreaming up all kinds of scenarios, she had not taken into account that the dungeon would be full of other kinksters while they played.

But it was.

Halfway across the dungeon, she looked around and froze. When her hand pulled from his, Morgan turned back to check on her. Then he returned and stood so close that she could not see anyone but him.

“Bunny?”

She blinked and tilted her head back to look up at him with eyes wide with sudden fear.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“Too many people,” she managed to say as her entire body began to tremble.

“Yes, there are a lot of people here tonight, but that’s typical for a Friday night. Do you want to go upstairs to a private room? I think I can smooth over the five-visit rule,” he said with a deep chuckle.

He took her hands in his and began slowly backing up. Zoe found that as long as she looked at him, focused only on him, she was able to walk forward.

“No, we need to stay down here, just in case,” she said, thinking about their first night in the dungeon and possibly being needed to administer aid to someone.

“All right. We can do that.”

He led her up the two steps to a staged area and then stopped. “I want you to take two steps forward and close your eyes. Then I want you to just stand and breathe and try to relax. Can you do that for me, bunny?”

“Yes, Sir,” Zoe said, following his orders to the letter.

With her eyes closed and focusing on his words, she was able to stay still and not run screaming out of the dungeon. She heard Morgan moving around her, no doubt gathering the various toys he wanted to use on her. As she stood and worked to take deep breaths in and out, she found herself slipping into the submissive headspace that she had found the last time they’d been together.

She jolted but did not open her eyes when he took one wrist and wrapped it in something warm and fuzzy. “Wristbands,” he explained as he fastened it on and then took her other wrist and did the same thing to it.

Once her wristbands were on, she felt him apply ankle bands to both legs before standing and placing his large, hot hands on her shoulders.

“Good girl. Now, lift your arms over your head so I can get this pretty little dress off you.”

Her rational brain turned off, she obeyed immediately and felt her dress being lifted over her head. She kept her arms up and moved forward when he wrapped his hands around her hips and gently pushed her forward. When her naked skin touched cold wood, she hissed, earning a chuckle from the big man behind her.

“Open your eyes, bunny. I want you to see what we’re playing on tonight,” Morgan said gently as he wrapped his arms around her chest and cupped a breast in each hand. Her nipples had been beaded since she had taken her coat off in his office, and now her pussy clenched and overflowed at the anticipation of what was to come.

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After allowing her time to study the upright X made of heavy oak, he quickly attached her wrist cuffs to the wood, securing her so she stood flatfooted on the floor, but her body was stretched. He placed two handles and wrapped her hands around them, giving her something to hang onto. Then he bent to deal with her legs.

Without saying a word, he pulled her thong down then lifted each foot and removed it completely. After hooking her ankle cuffs to the cross, he stood. He picked up and folded her clothes before he moved around the cross to make sure she was comfortable... for the moment. She was smiling even with her eyes still closed.

Moving in closer, he gently ordered, "Open your eyes, bunny."

She blinked and took a few seconds to focus, but he could see she was already shedding the stress that had held her in its grip fifteen minutes earlier.

"How are you doing?"

"Green, Sir."

"We're going to do something similar to last time, with a few different toys. Once you're nice and loose, I'd like to fuck you. You up for that?"

Zoe blinked and her brain seemed to clear a bit. "Here? Like this? Standing up?"

He chuckled, the dark sound sending a shiver through the beautiful masochist. "Yes. Yes. And yes. I would have fucked you over the desk in my office when we were there, but you

were too stressed. I'd fuck you right now, but you're still not relaxed enough. Yet. So, I think once I beat you into a pile of goo would be a good time."

She trembled slightly as she thought about his admission. Then she nodded. "Okay. Yes, please, Sir. That sounds like a good plan."

"All right then. Oh, and, bunny, you are not allowed to come until I give you permission. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she said, sounding more relaxed by the minute.

Amazing how taking away a person's freedom could send them spiraling into relaxation so quickly. Taking a deep breath, he felt himself relax as well. Having this woman under his command did something to him that no other woman ever had before, and this was only the second time they would play together. What would it like years from now, after he had discovered all her secrets and knew how to use them to make her scream with pain and pleasure?

Picking up his favorite flogger, Morgan set to work, looking forward to seeing Zoe's pale skin glow red. She had relaxed so quickly that he knew it would not be long before he would abandon his toys and fill her pussy with his cock.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN



The pain of the many implements Morgan used on her had morphed into a pleasure that had Zoe flying high. She barely felt the cane as it slashed across her ass. Tears flowed freely, releasing a week's worth of emotions, good and bad, relaxing her so much she had to lock her knees even though her wrist cuffs would hold her up.

Then the caning stopped.

“How are you doing, bunny?” Morgan's deep voice broke through the humming in her brain.

Though she moved her mouth, no words came out. She tried to nod yes, but her neck did not want to cooperate with her brain to move up and down in an affirmative motion.

Next she tried to form a fist and extend her thumb, but like her fingers, her hands would not do what she asked of them, except to flop back and forth on her wrists.

“Bunny? Open your eyes for me,” Morgan's tone told her he was smirking at her inability to communicate.

It took a moment of concentrated effort for her to raise her eyelids enough to meet his eyes that had darkened to forest green with his own pleasure.

“So pretty,” she thought she whispered, but could not be sure because her brain was still not fully functioning.

When Morgan chuckled, she knew her words had gotten out through the cotton wool that seemed to be wrapped tightly around her brain.

“I’ve heard that before,” Morgan said before brushing a finger down her cheek. “I think it’s time to get you down and find a private room.”

That brought Zoe crashing back into her body with a metaphysical thump. “But you haven’t fucked me yet, have you? Did I miss it? Oh, no, I missed it, and I was so looking forward to it.”

And just like that she crashed from clouding floating pleasure into a big, icky pool of misery. She frowned when a hand covered her mouth, stifling her cries.

“Hush, bunny. You haven’t missed anything. You fell into subspace so fast and deep that I didn’t want to fuck you until you were back with me and knew what was going on between us.”

Zoe blinked and sniffed. “Mmhnmmhmm,” she mumbled into his hand.

Once he lifted his hand she said, “Can you fuck me now? I don’t think I can walk all the way upstairs to a private room. Especially without any clothes on.”

This time it was Morgan who blinked in surprise. “You want me to fuck you right here? Right now? In front of anyone who wants to watch?”

Zoe rested her head against the cross and smiled at the man who was quickly taking control of her soul. “I need you to fuck me, right here, right now. Yes, please, Sir. After proving

to the club that I'm not just a voyeur, you could take me home and spend the rest of the weekend fucking me wherever and whenever you'd like."

Morgan's laughter filled her heart with light. "Wherever and whenever I like? That sounds like an interesting promise."

He leaned in and kissed her hard and deep, sending shivers through her that seemed to gather in her pussy, causing it to clench and overflow. He took a step back, and she watched as he opened his slacks. When he pushed them down just far enough to release his cock, she sighed and stared at the long, thick length he uncovered. She licked her lips as he donned a condom.

When she tried to turn her head to watch as he shifted around behind her, she growled in frustration. Between her neck only rotating so far, and her arms still pulled up and out of his way, she quickly lost track of him.

She sucked a breath when he leaned into her from behind. His body brushing against her super-sensitive skin added an additional layer of discomfort to her body. She was surprised that her pussy clenched in aroused response.

"Are you sure, bunny?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. Fuck me, please."

Her legs were spread far enough apart that he was able to fit the head of his cock into her open pussy and thrust up, causing her to squeal as he filled her completely.

---

Morgan had spent enough time in BDSM clubs over the years and had no problem fucking in the dungeon, but something

about taking Zoe in public rubbed him wrong. But she was adamant that she wanted to be taken while still strung up on the St. Andrew's cross.

Bending his knees slightly, Morgan fit the head of his cock to her pussy and pushed up into Zoe's hot, wet, pulsating channel. Once he was fully embedded in her, filling her completely, he had to stop. Not just to allow her a moment to adjust to his invasion, but also so he didn't blow his cork too soon. Nothing had ever felt so good as being balls deep in Zoe's pussy.

As he bent his knees and drew out, he made a note that next time to put her on blocks so he would not have to bend his knees quite so much.

Zoe's moan as he thrust up a third time pulled him out of his thoughts of practicality and returned them to fucking his woman. Wrapping his arms around her body, he cupped her breasts and leaned in to whisper in her ear. "You're going to come for me, aren't you, bunny?"

"Yes... Sir," she panted.

"And you're going to scream for the whole dungeon to hear." This time his words were an order, not a question.

She grunted in response.

He pinched her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers until she squealed.

"Answer correctly, bunny," he growled as his hips continued to move as if guided by a mind of their own.

"Yes, Sir," she said breathlessly.

He eased his grip but continued rolling and flicking and playing with her nipples as he fucked, each thrust faster and



harder than the one before.

Feeling his orgasm coiling at the base of his spine, he covered her breasts with his entire hands and squeezed. “Come for me. Now, bunny.”

His balls drew up and his cock jerked as she screamed out her orgasm. A moment later, as her pussy clamped tight around his cock, he roared as he came. His own tension drained out into the condom that covered his cock to the point that he wondered if he would be able to function.

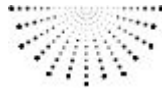
Sliding his arms between the cross and his woman, Morgan focused on breathing and regaining enough strength to deal with getting Zoe off the cross and somewhere private so they could talk about their future.

It took several minutes, but finally he felt steady enough to ease his cock from her body and deal with the condom. After tossing his toys back in a separate compartment in his bag to be dealt with later, he slipped the strap over one shoulder before unhooking Zoe’s ankles from the cross. Straightening, he grabbed a blanket from the pile nearby before unhooking her wrist cuffs.

“I’ll clean the space if you’d like, Sir,” offered one of the submissives who stood off to the side as he wrapped Zoe in the blanket and picked her up.

“Thank you,” Morgan said as he carried his woman away from the station and toward a dark corner where they could cuddle and recover.

## CHAPTER TWELVE



She was so sleepy as they left the club, she barely recognized they were riding in a car with a driver. She sighed when Morgan snuggled her close in the back seat of the car and held her as they drove through the empty streets of the city. She woke up when the driver pulled in and stopped in front of what she knew was the office building of Towrisea International.

Suddenly she was wide awake. “You live here?”

The office building was more stories tall than she could count quickly and all shiny metal and glass. Just a typical high-rise building in the downtown area. Even this late at night the building seemed to glow in the reflection of light from all the buildings around it.

Morgan chuckled as he opened the door and climbed out without waiting for the driver. Turning around, he reached in to help her climb out. “Yes, I live here. When we designed the building, we saved the top floor and turned it into three penthouse apartments so Bjorn, Viking and I didn’t have to worry about being late to work.”

“Wow,” was all Zoe could say as she stepped out and straightened.

He kept her hand in his as he led her to the skyscraper's front door. Placing his palm on what looked like a small tablet built into the wall next to the doors, he held it there until a beep sounded. Then he grabbed the door and pulled it open.

"After you, sweet bunny," he said, urging her to enter ahead of him.

Zoe remained wide-eyed as they crossed the expansive lobby. The only sound breaking the early morning silence in the lobby was the clicking of their heels on the marble floor. She expected a guard to pop out and question their reason for entering the building, but they made it to the bank of elevators without interruption.

"No guard at night?"

"Not in sight, but be assured, the night shift is watching our every move. We have cameras that watch every inch of the lobby and all around the outside of the building," Morgan said as he pressed the up button.

The elevator door opened immediately, and they stepped inside. She watched as he pressed his index finger on another small pad, which had the doors immediately close.

"How's your ass feeling?" Morgan turned and pulled her in for a cuddle as the box began to rise.

"I'm fine," she answered automatically.

She had never been one to complain about anything or give in to weakness, though she wondered what he would do if she admitted that her skirt brushing against the tender skin of her ass reminded her with every step that she would be feeling the aftereffects of their scene for a day or two to come.

"You are, huh? Maybe I didn't beat on you hard enough," Morgan joked as his large hands slid down over her ass and

squeezed.

“Ahh,” she squealed as he reignited the lingering fiery pain. “All right, my ass, my back, my body hurt. It feels like I’ve been beaten into goo and then put on clothes that are rubbing in all the wrong places.”

“Better,” he said, easing his hold on her ass cheeks while brushing a kiss on her forehead. “You know, just because you’re a strong, independent woman, doesn’t mean you can’t admit to weakness, or being hurt, or needing something. As your Dom, I would really like to take care of you, snuggle you, help you in any way I can. Starting with a shared bath with some Epsom salts and lavender oils.”

Zoe blinked and frowned up at him. “I thought you were a sadist?”

“I am. But I am also a Dominant and after the week we’ve both had, I think we need a little pampering. After a nice relaxing bath, there’s a bowl of chocolate mousse in the refrigerator, and my bed with soft pillows and warm blankets. How does that sound?”

“Like heaven,” Zoe sighed as she rested more of her weight against him.

Zoe’s heart was telling her that Morgan was the man she could see spending the rest of her life with. But instead of admitting her growing feelings, she rolled her lips over her teeth to keep the feelings safely locked inside.

---

Though Morgan had come just an hour before, his cock was once again hard as iron and demanding satisfaction. It did not

care that he was forty years old and should not have the recovery and stamina he'd had a teenager. But with Zoe, he felt alive and decades younger than his calendar age.

He only hoped that would continue.

When the elevator doors opened on the penthouse floor, he stepped out first and checked to make sure Bjorn, Viking, and their women were safely locked behind their doors and not waiting to pounce. The lobby was empty.

With Zoe's hand in his, he led her to the left where his penthouse lay looking over the west and south sides of the city. Another fingertip scan and the door unlocked. As he pushed the door in, he made a mental note to take the time to get Zoe's hand and fingerprints scanned into the computer, so she had access to his home for those times he wasn't with her.

Leading her into his home, he waited to hear her opinion.

"Wow, it's beautiful," she whispered.

He released her hand and secured the internal locks that were not accessible from outside. He then turned and watched as she wandered his home. Though he lived in the middle of the city, he had instructed the designer they'd used to make his home feel warm and comfortable, a homey space.

She had lived up to his direction, making his penthouse apartment feel more like an oversized cabin in the woods rather than one of those cold, industrial-feeling spaces. The major color was the golden oak of the floors, cabinets, and interior walls. The exterior walls were made up of sliding glass doors that opened to allow him access to the wrap-around patio beyond.

The furniture was heavy, leather, and wood as well, with a buffalo-plaid wool blanket tossed over the back of the couch

and several photographs and paintings of forest scenes on the wall. The dining area was tucked away on the other side of the kitchen and the island held several stools. He liked to cook and had an industrial stove and oven as well as refrigerator in the kitchen. All in all, it was a comfortable space where, if he wanted, he could close the curtains along the exterior walls and pretend he was in a mountain retreat far from the city, his job, and its many responsibilities.

When Zoe turned to look at him, she looked stunned. “This is *your* apartment?”

“Yes, why?”

“It just... well, um... it just isn’t what I expected, is all,” she said.

Morgan could not help but laugh at the befuddled expression on her face. “I wasn’t always a billionaire, sweetheart. I actually prefer living in the mountains, hunting, fishing, being a man of nature,” he admitted.

Zoe just nodded and looked from him to the room and then back at him again. “So why do you live in the city and not on a mountaintop somewhere?”

“Because I also love working, and if I left, Bjorn and Viking would be heartbroken. They would probably waste away to nothing in weeks because neither of them can cook, though they try, bless their souls.”

Zoe’s chuckle had him crossing to his comfortable oversized recliner and picking up the controller that ran his home. Pushing a button, the curtains began to close. A second dimmed the lights in the living room and the third turned them on in his bedroom.

Putting down the controller, he went into the kitchen and grabbed two bottles of water, the bowl of chocolate mousse from the refrigerator, and a couple of spoons from the drawer by the sink. Then he herded Zoe into his bedroom.

“Come along, bunny. Time for a bath and then bed.”

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN



Zoe hissed as her still tender ass hit the hot water. She squeaked a protest when her battered buttocks landed on the hard bottom of the tub. When Morgan climbed in and settled behind her, she smiled. Sharing a hot bath with the sadist was not something she'd expected.

She would have moved away, but Morgan wrapped an arm around her middle and pulled her back to lean against him. "Relax, bunny. We don't have to be anywhere any time soon. I'll wash you up in a few minutes."

Taking a deep breath, she followed his order, melting back against his chest. Closing her eyes, she felt herself slipping closer and closer to sleep, which was the last thing she wanted, so she opened them again.

"Dessert?" Morgan asked, holding a spoonful of chocolatey airy goodness just in front of her lips.

"Mmmm, yes, please," she said, lifting her head just far enough to take the bowl of the spoon in her mouth.

Her shifting caused Morgan's cock to press harder into her lower back. That combined with the light and fluffy deliciousness of the mousse had her pussy clenching as she gave an appreciative moan.



“Oh. My. God, that’s so good,” she said, shifting her lower body to rub against Morgan’s hard length.

“So glad you like it,” Morgan said as he dipped the spoon into the bowl, returning with another mouthful, which he offered her again.

After several more bites, she turned her head away. “You need some, too. Otherwise, I’ll eat it all and you won’t get any.”

Morgan ate the spoonful before returning the utensil to the bowl and grabbing a washcloth that was conveniently sitting on the shelf beside the bowl.

“Don’t worry, I plan on eating my share once we get out of here and I can lay you out on the bed and spread it over you,” he said in a deep, growly tone as he wet the cloth before adding a pump of soap from the dispenser.

“Oooo, can I spread some on you, too?” she asked as he began to wash her arms using gentle strokes.

“We’ll see how you’re feeling after I’m finished eating you,” he said with a dark chuckle that sent a shiver through Zoe.

“I could wash myself,” she offered, trying to take the cloth from his hand. That earned her a smack on the hand and fingers pinching her nipple until she yelped in pain.

“Who’s in charge here, bunny?”

“You are, Sir. I’m sorry,” she whimpered, blinking back the tears that filled her eyes.

“Good girl. Now, stand up please so I can wash the rest of your body,” Morgan ordered as he finished rinsing the soap off her upper body.

Zoe carefully stood up and followed his orders, allowing him to wash her legs and ass before turning to allow him access to her front. She sucked a breath and had to lock her knees when he stroked the cloth between her legs, carefully and thoroughly washing everything between them.

He once again rinsed her off before quickly swiping the washcloth over his own body. Finished bathing, he pushed to his feet and climbed out before helping her step out. After drying them both, he pulled her close and lifted her into his arms.

Zoe automatically wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding on as he carried her to the bedroom. She felt the head of his cock brushing against her, causing her pussy to clench on emptiness in reaction.

She kissed the side of his neck before whispering, “Fuck me, Sir. Please, fuck me now.”

Morgan crawled onto the bed with her still clinging to him like a monkey to a tree. Smacking one ass cheek, he did not respond until she unwrapped herself and fell the few inches to the mattress.

Only then did he say, “No,” as he crawled backward down the mattress before leaving the bed.

“But...” she started to argue, but he disappeared back into the bathroom before she could come up with an argument that would not end with her getting spanked. Her back and butt were still tender enough from earlier in the evening that she didn’t want to piss the sadist off enough to earn another spanking.

He returned a moment later, this time carrying the bowl and two bottles of water.

“Drink,” he said, placing one of the bottles in the center of her chest, between her breasts with a grin.

Zoe squealed as the cold, wet plastic sent a shock of chill through her. After lifting the bottle away from her body, she sat up.

“You’re mean,” she said as she opened the bottle and proceeded to drink half of it. She had not thought she was thirsty, but apparently her body felt differently.

Morgan opened his own bottle and drank deeply before sitting on the edge of the bed facing her. “I’m a sadist and those squeals and screeches of protest you’re making just make me that much harder.”

It took Zoe a moment to untangle that statement, but giggled once she did. “And I played right into your hands.”

Instead of answering with words, Morgan took her bottle and set it on the nightstand next to his. He then planted a hand in the middle of her chest and pushed her flat on the bed again.

“Don’t move,” he ordered as he reached into the bowl.

Zoe fought the urge to move away as he brought his hand to her chest and liberally spread the dessert over one nipple and then the other. Then he held his fingers to her lips. “Clean them,” he ordered as he leaned over her body and began to lap at her mousse-covered breasts.

---

After licking every speck of the chocolatey treat, Morgan covered them again a second and a third time. With a final swipe of his tongue over a turgid peak, he turned his attention to the rest of her body. Grabbing the spoon, he used it to

spread a thick layer of the light brown fluff over her bare mound, earning a need-filled whimper from Zoe.

Moving to the end of the bed, he pushed her legs apart and slowly crawled up between them until his face was over her mousse-covered pussy. Dipping between her thighs, he licked from her taint, pushing his tongue into her pussy before moving up between her lower lips. He did not stop until his tongue was covered with both pussy juice and chocolate fluff. Only then did he stop and swallow.

“Mmmm, delicious,” he said before returning for more.

When Zoe lifted her hips to his mouth, he nipped the flesh in a silent reprimand. She dropped her body back to the bed but gave a whining sound that sent even more blood into his cock.

Forcing himself to wait until he had completely cleaned her pussy and mound, Morgan’s own arousal continued to grow until he could not wait another minute.

Crawling further up the mattress, he licked his way up the center of her body until the head of his cock fit into her wide-open pussy. The heat and wetness assured him she needed him to fill her.

“I’m clean and would rather not use a condom. That okay with you?”

“Yes. Please. Fuck me,” Zoe begged as she lifted her hips to entice him further into her body.

With a growl to express his own need, Morgan thrust fast and hard, not stopping until his cock was buried in her balls deep. Only then did he pause, allowing them both to breathe as they adjusted to his invasion.

When the muscles in his lower back began to knot up, he moved, pulling out until only the head remained before freezing for a few seconds and then pushing back deep. He tried to keep his movements slow and easy, but his need and her eyes demanded he move faster.

Each stroke was faster and harder than the one before until he was moving as fast as he could, driving them both up the mountain of arousal to the summit. Gritting his teeth, he tried to hold back his own release, resolute that she would come first.

But she looked equally determined. It took two more thrusts for him to realize she was waiting for permission.

“Come, baby. Let me hear you scream,” he ordered as he thrust even harder.

On the next thrust, her eyes closed as she screamed out her release. His own orgasm rushed through him like a cannon shot and he roared as his body locked and his seed pulsed into her.

He had just enough energy left to logroll them until he rested on his back, and she lay sprawled across his chest.

“I’m going to need another bath,” she whispered on a yawn a few minutes later.

“In the morning,” he promised softly.

When she did not answer, he released she was asleep. All he could do was smile with the pleasure that filled his heart and soul.

He had finally found the woman who was a match for his dark and kinky soul.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN



After spending a sex-filled, lazy Saturday, it wasn't until Sunday morning that Zoe realized a miracle had occurred. Neither of their phones had rung. But it was barely dawn when hers began to ding with text messages like a plague had hit the city overnight and she was the only healthcare provider available.

Opening her eyes, she glared at her phone. She was comfortable in Morgan's arms, her body still zinging from the previous day and a half of playing sex games with a sadist.

When his phone began to sound with what sounded like gunshots on the other nightstand, she sighed and reached for hers. Opening the text app, she frowned as she counted texts. Fifteen from her bosses and another dozen or more from friends and patients.

Then the phone rang. The screen showed it was her boss calling.

"Don't answer it," Morgan mumbled behind her.

"I have to. It looks like the apocalypse must be starting," she said as she swiped the screen and held the phone to her ear. "Good morning, Richard. What's the emergency?"

“You need to be in the office in an hour,” Richard said without returning the pleasantries.

He sounded so unlike himself that Zoe blinked. “What’s going on?”

“I’d rather not go into it over the phone. One hour, Zoe,” he said before the line went dead.

“What the fuck?” Zoe whispered as she sat up.

She felt Morgan move behind her. “What’s going on?”

“I’m not sure. But my boss sounded like the world was coming to an end and demanded I be in the office in an hour. I have to go if I’m going to make it across town in time.”

Without waiting for him to respond, Zoe stood and rushed to the bathroom. She wouldn’t have time to return to her apartment, so Richard would have to take her in her jeans and T-shirt she had. She had scrubs at work to change into if she needed to, but if it really was an emergency, the patients wouldn’t care what she was wearing.

After a two-minute shower to wash off the scent of sex, Zoe dried off and quickly brushed her teeth and combed her hair. Then she returned to the bedroom to arrange for a car to pick her up only to find Morgan up and dressed. He looked unusually grim as he threaded a belt through his pants beltloops.

“What are you doing?”

“There’s a problem at the club that I need to deal with,” he said, sounding cryptic. “I’ll drop you at your clinic before heading to the club. Hopefully, it won’t take too long, and I can return to the clinic to help with whatever crisis you’re facing.”

Zoe froze and stared at the man who was coming to own more and more of her heart. “You’d do that? Put yourself in the middle of a medical crisis? For me?”

She was stunned when Morgan crossed the room and pulled her in for a long hug. “Of course. If that’s where you are, that’s where I’d want to be. Now get dressed, and I’ll fix us some breakfast.”

The double-handed slap he laid on her still tender ass before releasing her and heading out of the bedroom had her squeaking as she jumped. She could hear him laugh all the way to the kitchen.

Taking a look at the clock, she hurried to the dresser where the bag she’d brought for the weekend waited. As quickly as she could, she dressed, pulling on her sneakers. Once dressed, Zoe took a moment to pack everything she had brought with her for the weekend before leaving the bedroom. She carried the bag to the door and dropped it there before joining Morgan in the kitchen.

“Sit down, bunny,” he said as he set a mug and a plate with buttered toast on it in front of her.

“Thank you,” she said, picking up the mug and cradling it in both hands. Taking a sip, she closed her eyes and gave a happy moan. He had fixed the coffee just the way she liked it, too sweet and with a touch more cream than most people liked.

After another, bigger sip, she set the mug down and picked up a piece of toast and surprised herself by how quickly she ate it. It only took a few minutes before both the coffee and the toast were gone. She checked her watch then looked at Morgan as she carried her dishes to the sink.



“I need to go,” she said, not sure she really wanted to be separated from this man even for a minute, much less for the time it would take to deal with whatever problem had developed at work since Friday afternoon.

They had not watched the news so were uninformed of any crises that had happened in the city. They had been so busy playing with each other they had not even checked their emails since Friday.

“Let me get my shoes,” Morgan said.

When he disappeared into the bedroom, Zoe thought about leaving and taking a cab to the clinic, but that would cost way more money than she was willing to part with. Before she could come up with an alternate escape plan, Morgan was back. He wore a leather jacket and had her long coat over one arm.

“You’re going to need this,” he said, holding up her coat before helping her put it on.

“Thanks,” she said, grabbing her bag and heading for the door.

He followed her to the elevator, but instead of pressing the lobby, he pressed the button with the G beside it.

“Where are we going?”

“The garage. I said I’d take you to work.”

“I could take a cab.”

That offer garnered her the look of an unhappy sadist. “Only if you want to get your ass beat every night for a month.”

Zoe smiled even as she gave a sigh. “All right. Thank you.”

---

Though tempted to say to hell with the rest of the world, Morgan did not take Zoe back upstairs. Instead, he led her off the elevator once they reached the garage and toward his SUV. While he preferred to have a car and driver available most of the time, he had given Mario the weekend off. He had not planned to leave the apartment, much less the building.

With Zoe's hand in his, he approached the SUV parked in his space. Clicking the fob in his pocket, the lights came on and the doors clicked as they unlocked. Without fanfare, he helped her into the passenger's seat before rounding the back of the vehicle and climbing into the driver's seat.

The drive across town was made in silence. He could feel Zoe growing more and more tense.

"It's going to be okay," he said, hoping to get her to relax.

"I just wish Richard had given me some sort of idea of what we were facing," she replied softly.

"Whatever it is, I'm sure you can handle it," he said as he pulled into the parking lot of the building where her clinic was located.

The adjacent parking lot was empty except for one luxury sedan parked next to the building in a reserved space. Even the street out front was clear of vehicles. He drove across the parking lot and stopped near the side door.

"Do you want me to come in with you?"

She looked at him and shook her head. "I'll be fine."

"I'll be back in a couple hours. Call me if you need me before then."

He could see Zoe pulling away from him and shifting into caregiver mindset. "I'll be fine," she repeated.

Before she could escape, Morgan unbuckled her seatbelt then wrapped his hand around the back of her neck. He pulled her halfway across the front seat before leaning in and kissing her, long, hard, and deep enough that his cock was stone hard and demanding.

Zoe blinked and looked like she also wanted to go back to the penthouse when he finally released her. Instead, she leaned in and gave him a gentle peck on the lips before opening her door and sliding out.

"Thanks for the ride," she said before closing the door.

Though he wanted to assure her that he would be willing to drive her to hell if she needed, he nodded and watched as she crossed to the door. She used her key and, a moment later, disappeared into the building. Only after the door closed fully behind her did Morgan drive away. As he drove to the club, he tried to switch mental gears, but it was a difficult task when all he wanted to do was sweep Zoe far from the city, leaving all communicative devices behind so they could be totally alone together without the world coming between them.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN



Twenty minutes after entering the clinic building, Zoe walked out again. This time she carried a box in one hand and a duffel bag over the shoulder that didn't have the bag of weekend clothes she'd taken to Morgan's. She worked on controlling her breathing and keeping her tears hidden as she walked out into the empty parking lot.

By the time she reached the sidewalk, the car she had ordered was waiting. She climbed into the back, her bags and box filling the rest of the back seat. The driver looked over her shoulder at her, but immediately turned back and focused on driving. Not a word was said during the drive to her apartment.

As Zoe reached for the door handle, the driver looked in the rearview mirror and said, "It will get better from here, honey. Just don't wallow too long before getting back out there again."

Zoe nodded, but did not say anything, her throat too thick with tears. If she responded, they would be there for the next hour as she had the meltdown she was determined to hold inside until she reached her apartment.

Once she and everything she had used at work were on the sidewalk, she bent down and looked at the driver. "Thanks," she whispered before closing the door.

As the car moved away, she turned and trudged into the building. As she made her way to her apartment, she prayed she held it together until she got behind her locked door. Only then would she fall apart and mourn the loss of her job, and possibly her career.

Once she finished grieving, she would then figure out how a picture of her naked and bound to the St. Andrew's cross had made its way onto the internet, to be seen by not only her bosses, but apparently also many of their patients who let the clinic partners know they did not want her working for them any longer.

The compromising photograph had been posted with the question, "Would you let this woman care for your child?"

There was nothing to identify the location of the picture, and Morgan was nowhere to be seen. Just her in all her naked, aroused glory.

Unlocking her door, she managed to get everything inside and the door closed before her arms gave out. The bags and box landed on the floor just inside the door, but she didn't have it in her to deal with them at that moment. Instead, she secured all the door locks before stumbling across the living room to her bedroom. Pulling back the covers, she toed off her shoes before crawling into bed fully clothed. Pulling the covers over her head, she curled up as the tears began to flow and then quickly escalated to violent sobs.

Time lost all meaning as she mourned not only the loss of her job, but also kicked herself about allowing herself to be put in such a vulnerable position in a place where someone could take pictures. She should have known something like this would happen, even though the club rules banned the taking of any type of recordings, pictures, video, or audio.

By the time her firestorm of tears subsided to hiccups and sniffing, all she felt was exhausted. She decided this would not defeat her, but today she would allow herself to be weak. She would spend the rest of the day to do as the cab driver had recommended and wallow in the pain. Tomorrow would be soon enough to piece the shreds of her life back together again.

---

Bjorn and Viking were pacing the lobby when Morgan arrived at Club N2. Santee and Roque were sitting on the loveseat, cuddled together and watching their men with worried expressions.

“What’s going on?” Morgan asked once he had locked the door behind himself.

“Someone took pictures of members Friday night, and posted them on the internet,” Viking growled, sounding so unlike himself that Morgan stopped.

“Who? How? Which members? Have they been notified? How did someone get a camera into the dungeon without getting caught?”

“That’s why we called you. You’re the security specialist. From what we can tell so far, only one member was affected,” Bjorn answered. “We haven’t figured out how the photographer got the camera into the dungeon, or who they are. We’re hoping you and all those security cameras we have can help single them out.”

Morgan took a deep breath and forced himself to shift into business mode. “I can do that.”

It wasn't until he was in his office and pulled up the security cameras that it hit him that neither partner had told him who had been affected. The hairs on the back of his neck rose as he looked across his desk to where the two men sat, watching him as if he were a bomb. "Which member was outed?"

"It was Zoe. Someone took pictures of Zoe while you two were doing a scene Friday night," Viking pulled out his phone and, after opening an app and scrolling through several pictures, turned it so he could see the screen.

Morgan began swearing in several languages as he studied the screen. There was Zoe, naked and obviously highly aroused. What he could see of her ass and back were an almost fluorescent pink, meaning it was somewhere in the middle to late in their scene. He was nowhere in the picture, which meant he had stepped away to either change implements or sheath himself for sex.

Then he focused on the words that had been overlaid across her thighs. "Would you let this woman care for your child?"

Turning to the computer that ran the club, he turned it on then looked over his shoulder at Viking. "Email me the picture, and the site where it was uploaded. I'll start searching the dungeon's security tapes to see if I can figure out who took the picture. We need to get it taken down before Zoe finds out about it."

"Where is Zoe?" Roque asked from the doorway where she and Roque were standing in the hall.

"She got called into work... oh, shit." Morgan grabbed his phone out of his pocket. "Her boss called her in to work for an

emergency. But when I dropped her off, there was only one car in the clinic parking lot.”

All four of his friends swore, though Roque’s was a creative combination of words and syllables that did not make much sense, but still earned her a dark look from Viking. Santee’s sounded like it was Vulcan or some other made-up language that would barely keep her out of the doghouse with Bjorn.

“All right, get out of my office. Go have brunch or something so I can work in peace,” Morgan said as he turned back to his computer. “Once I figure out who the bastard was who took the picture, I’ll go see Zoe and explain everything to her.”

“Can I choose the punishment for the... not nice person who did this, Daddy?” Roque asked as the foursome headed down the hall, leaving Morgan to his computer and security videos.

“You can make suggestions, but I have a feeling Morgan’s punishment will be a lot harsher and more effective,” Viking answered, still sounding like he wanted to tear someone apart.

Taking a deep breath, Morgan tried to shut out all thoughts of Zoe as he pulled up the files containing Friday night’s videos and began to sort through them for the ones that would cover the corner of the dungeon they had been playing in.

Problem was, all he could think about was Zoe and what she was facing at the clinic. And he was kicking himself for not telling her how he felt about her before now. That he loved her and would do anything to keep her safe and happy.



## CHAPTER SIXTEEN



When she woke, Zoe laid in bed, unwilling to crawl out and rejoin the rest of the world. She listened to her phone as it pinged and rang in the living room. She could not find the energy to get out of bed, find it, and either turn it off or turn down the ringer. She lost track of time as a number of calls and innumerable texts came in, none of which she had any interest in checking. All she wanted was to be left alone until she didn't feel like the entire world had crashed down upon her head.

When someone knocked on the door, she just burrowed deeper under the covers, hoping that if she did not answer the door, they would go away. It took several minutes and a lot of knocking, but finally silence filled the apartment once more.

She was on the knife's edge of falling back to sleep when she heard the doorknob rattle and the door move a fraction of an inch against the locks. It sounded as if someone was pushing it against the internal locks she had installed. The locks the property manager did not know she had installed. A moment later, she heard several thumps, a crash and someone stomping as they cursed.

She froze, not believing that someone had actually powered her door open to get into her apartment. She hoped

that if she remained still and silent they would look around, see she had nothing worth stealing, and go away. Then she would force herself out of bed to see how bad the damage was.

She heard footsteps crossing the living room and pause for a moment before entering the bedroom. Closing her eyes tighter, she held her breath and hoped they left quickly.

Instead, a weight settled on the mattress beside her hip. A moment later, the covers were pulled back to uncover her head and shoulders.

“There you are,” Morgan said as he brushed hair out of her face.

She knew she had to look like hell with blotchy skin and the skin around her eyes red and swollen. She just couldn't make herself care.

About anything.

Especially being polite to the man who had just broken in her door. “Go away, Morgan. You don't want my day shitting all over yours.”

“What happened at the clinic?”

Zoe sighed and rolled over so she couldn't see the pity or scorn or whatever other emotions Morgan would be directing toward her. Taking a deep breath, she released it in a whoosh as tears she thought were done filled her eyes once more.

“They let me go. That picture labeled me in such a way the doctors don't want me associated with their practice in any way, shape, or form. They won't even give me a letter of recommendation saying that I've worked my ass off for them for the last five years without taking a day off unless I was deathly ill. They will, at least, pay me the wages owed, but they're still debating whether to pay out my sick time,

vacation time, or the stock shares I've accrued over the years. That will be decided after a discussion with their attorney later this week."

"Oh, bunny, I'm so sorry," Morgan stroked a hand down her arm, but it did nothing but aggravate her.

"Why would someone do this to me? I didn't think cameras were allowed in the dungeon. Who did this?" she whispered. "What made them think it was a good idea to ruin *my* life? How could anyone do anything so horribly mean?"

She heard Morgan swallow hard. "I don't have the answers to those questions... yet, bunny. But I will get them in the next few days, and I can assure you that this will never happen again. Bjorn, Viking, and I have already met and decided to pursue legal action against the photographer, as well as kicking them out of Club N2, and contacting every club in the state with a warning about their transgression."

Zoe snorted and buried her head deeper into the pillow. "Fat lot of good that will do me. I'm unemployed and by the end of the month I'll be homeless because the property manager doesn't look kindly on people breaking down his doors or bringing critical light down on the complex. It's only a matter of time before the press shows up wanting a follow up on the fallout of the picture or an interview with the depraved nurse practitioner who took care of hundreds of the city's children."

"You won't be here to question," Morgan said, sounding like he had at the club, his voice deep, strong, and heavily threaded with steel.

His tone had her rolling over to look up at him. She was stunned when he grabbed a tissue from the nightstand and gently wiped her tears away.

“What do you mean, I won’t be here? I can’t afford to move. I don’t have anywhere to move to. I certainly can’t afford to leave the city and move to some small town in the back of beyond that doesn’t have much interest in the internet, if there is such a place anymore.”

“You won’t be here because you’re moving in with me. It might seem too soon, but I want to wake up and make love to you every morning and cook dinner with you each night. I want you to move in with me. Today.”

---

Morgan knew he was moving at light speed, but that’s how he lived his life. See a problem, find the solution, and put it in action before any second thoughts could throw a rock in his path. Moving in together was inevitable. Moving her into his penthouse apartment gave them the security and privacy they needed.

Living with him would keep her protected and keep the press far away from her. Later, once they had settled into life together, he would propose marriage and they could make plans for the rest of their lives together.

“I can’t move in with you,” she said, looking more confused than negative on the suggestion. “We barely know one another.”

“We can get to know each other, once you’re safe and secure... in my apartment.”

“But-but... this is crazy and rash and... and crazy.”

Morgan smiled and leaned down to brush a kiss on her lips. “How do you think I earned my first five million? By

being crazy and rash and moving at light speed. It may sound crazy, but I have already decided that you're the woman, the masochist, for me. Question is, can you see yourself living with me, loving me, following my commands, and allowing me to spank your stress away whenever you need it?"

She frowned and looked thoughtful for nearly a minute. But before she could answer, a knock came at the still open door.

"Zoe? Are you all right? Should I call the police?"

Zoe sat up so quickly, she wobbled. It took a moment to recover her equilibrium before she said, "It's all right, Mrs. Falconi. Don't call the police."

"Are you sure, dear?" the woman called back. "I have my phone with me. They can be here in just a few minutes and kick out the ruffian who broke your door."

"Thank you, Mrs. Falconi, but I'm fine," Zoe called back before she shifted to stand.

"Where do you think you're going?" Morgan grabbed her arm and pulled her into his arms.

"If she doesn't see me, she really will call the cops. And that's the last thing I need on top of everything else today."

She knew her neighbors better than he did, so he released her and watched her walk out to the living room. She heard the two women talking before the neighbor left and Zoe returned.

"You know you're going to have to replace my door, don't you?" she asked from the doorway. "And probably the frame as well."

"I know. While I arrange for a repairman and movers, why don't you start packing."

“I never said I’d move in with you,” she pointed out with a smirk.

“But you will because you are my sweet, obedient masochist. And, if you don’t, I’ll have to hire security guards to camp out in the lobby, which will probably piss your property manager off more than a busted door.”

Zoe looked befuddled, as if she knew he was right, but did not want to admit it. After a moment, she took a deep breath and released it in a rush as she threw up her hands.

“All right. I’ll move in with you. For now. Once I find a new job, I’ll find my own apartment and give you back your privacy.”

Morgan crossed her to her, pulling her into his arms for a long hug. “Thank you, bunny. I promise you won’t regret it.”

He also knew, but didn’t voice, that once she was in his home, he would not be letting her move out again without a fight. For now, though, it was enough that she would be in his bed tonight where he could comfort and care for her.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN



It was late evening before Zoe collapsed onto the couch in Morgan's living room. She was still amazed that in the past eight hours Morgan had not only found a man who could buy and replace the broken door and frame, but also engaged a moving and storage company to send a full crew out on a Sunday afternoon to pack up and move her things from the apartment to a storage unit.

She had packed up what she wanted to take to Morgan's penthouse, and those boxes, bags, and suitcases went into the back of Morgan's SUV. While the movers packed up everything else under her watchful eye, Morgan had contacted the property manager and somehow gotten him to release her from her lease. She had a feeling it cost him a pretty penny, but he would not tell her the amount.

Without a job, she had no idea how she was going to pay him back for all he had spent just getting her moved. But somehow, some way, she would repay his kindness and generosity.

Though she was beyond exhausted, physically and mentally, she could not stop her thoughts from racing and worrying about her future. She had school loans to pay off, and bills to pay, and no job, which meant no income. She also

did not know what other jobs she would want to try her hand at.

From childhood, all she wanted to do was heal the sick, and found a love for the children, but from this morning's meeting, that was no longer an option. At least not here in the city. She wasn't sure where else she could move to, but she would start looking as soon as she got some sleep.

"Come on, bunny," Morgan said.

Opening her eyes, she found him standing in front of her holding out one hand.

Without hesitation, she placed her hand in his and allowed him to pull her to her feet. "Where are we going?"

She figured the shower and then bed, but instead, he led her toward the hall door.

"Viking and Roque's place for dinner. Roque is demanding to see you."

Zoe looked at her bare feet. "But I don't have shoes and I'm a mess. I should clean up before we go anywhere."

Morgan never stopped as he opened his door and pulled her into the large lobby the three apartments shared.

"You're fine. They know we've been working all afternoon. They would have come to help, but we figured having three billionaires in the building might attract more attention than you needed at the moment."

"Ya think?" Zoe heard the snark in her voice, and by the look Morgan gave her with a smirk and one eyebrow raised, he had heard it too.

"After dinner, we will go home, and I'll relax you before we take a shower and get some sleep. Tomorrow I'll have the



lawyers contact your former employers regarding your wages and severance package.”

Zoe stared at the man, wondering what world he lived in to think that her bosses would pay her anything. Sure, they had promised to give her the wages she had earned, but she had a feeling they would find a way to not pay her for the last two weeks she'd earned, lawyer or no lawyer.

But she remained silent, biting her lip to keep from arguing with him. It had become apparent that Morgan Seacrest could be a ginormous bulldozer when he wanted to be. She could visualize him mowing down anyone or anything that stood between him and whatever he wanted, and she did not want to be rolled over in his determination to get her justice.

Morgan opened the door with a roughly drawn “Welcome Zoe” sign on it and walked in without knocking, pulling her along in his wake. Once they were inside, he called, “Anybody home or can I steal all the crayons?”

A squeal and protest, “No you cannot steal my crayons,” came from somewhere out of sight right before the sound of running feet filled the silence.

“No running in the house,” Morgan ordered in unison with another male voice.

The running changed to something else just as Roque skipped into view. She was clearly in her Little mindset as she wore a pair of pink camouflage leggings with fuzzy slippers and an oversized pink t-shirt that had sparkly letters spelling out “Daddy’s Badass Princess”. Her hair was pulled up into pigtails and she carried a neon pink Nerf gun.

Zoe joined Morgan in a chuckle at her fierce expression. “Those are MY crayons. You can’t have them,” she said as she

aimed her weapon at Morgan and shot three foam darts at the man. All three bounced off the middle of his chest.

“What the fuck?” Morgan cried out as he clutched at his chest. He staggered several steps before falling forward to the floor where he lay still as if truly dead.

Zoe watched as the Little girl lost her passionate warrior expression and became a worried Little girl. She dropped to her knees beside Morgan’s unmoving form and patted his back as Viking walked into view.

“Unca Morgan? You can’t be dead. I only shot you with foam darts, not real bullets. Foam darts can’t hurt you.”

Her words were soft, and Zoe could tell the Little was on the verge of crying. She was about to get down on the floor with them and tickle the man, when he turned over with a roar, and somehow rolled Roque down underneath him.

“You dare to shoot your favorite uncle in the chest?”

He tickled her until Roque was giggling so hard she could barely speak. “I’m sorry. I give. Stop, I gotta pee.”

Morgan rolled off the Little girl and she jumped up and ran out of sight. Zoe looked down at him and couldn’t help but smile. “You’re good with her.”

Morgan climbed to his feet and pulled her close. “Don’t be jealous. I’m the uncle who spoils our Little girl. I’m also the sadist who will happily blister your ass when we get home.”

“Hmmm, I think I’d rather you just fuck me into the bed... or the shower wall, I’ll leave the choice up to you,” she said with a giggle, feeling less depressed and worried for the first time all day.

“Sounds like a plan to me. First in the shower and then in the bed before I sleep wrapped around you. Tomorrow can worry about itself until we wake up.”

“That sounds like a great plan,” Bjorn said as he and Santee walked through the hall door looking unusually grim. Bjorn was carrying the laptop Morgan had loaded the security films onto. “Only Santee and I think we know who took the picture of Zoe and thought you’d like to go with us to talk to them first.”

“You did?” Zoe’s stomach flipped and swallowed hard. She wondered for a moment if Roque had finished in the bathroom because she might need to get in there and throw up, even though her stomach had been empty for hours.

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Morgan felt Zoe begin to tremble and held her tighter as he looked at his business partner and one of his two best friends. “Who?”

The rage he thought he had gotten under control roared back to the forefront. He was normally the calm, sane one, but to have his woman attacked had awakened a predator in him that wanted to hunt, hurt, kill.

“Bjorn, tell me.”

“Tell us,” Zoe said, her voice muffled from where her face was pressed against his chest.

“That’s the problem. We don’t have a name.”

Morgan’s rage ratcheted up another notch. “What do you mean we don’t have a name? How did someone get into the club without signing in? Without being a member?”

“Let’s go inside and Santee can show you on Viking’s big screen,” Bjorn said.

Once they were in the living room, Morgan took the computer and hooked it up to the television. Then he pulled up the video Santee indicated.

Before he ran the video, he looked at Zoe who was sitting on the couch with her arms wrapped around herself. “Are you sure you want to watch this? Maybe you and Roque can go into her playroom for a few minutes.”

Though a little pale, his woman looked pissed, not frightened. “No. I need to see, need to know who wanted to hurt me.”

Turning the computer over to Santee, he sat beside Zoe and wrapped one arm around her. “Run it.”

“As we watched the videos, I noticed this man who seemed to be aimlessly wandering the club. What caught my attention was that he was wearing a mask on a night there was no theme that called for masks,” Santee started the video.

The man she was talking about wandered across the camera’s view. He wore a pair of black jeans, black sneakers, and the mask that covered the upper half of his face. When he turned his back, Morgan noticed the tattoo that covered one shoulder blade.

“Stop,” he ordered then pointed. “Move in and focus on the tattoo on his back.”

Santee hit several keys and a blurry view of man’s back filled the screen. A few more keystrokes and the blurriness cleared up.

“What is that?” Zoe asked, her voice soft and tight with strain.

“It’s a bulldog tattoo. He was a Marine,” Viking answered her. “But how was he taking pictures?”

Santee saved the picture before returning to the original screen and starting the video again, letting it run until he was facing the screen. “Look at his face. He’s wearing glasses over his mask.”

She stopped the video and moved in so they could see his face, and the glasses.

“Are those...?”

“Yes. Those are video camera glasses,” Morgan answered the unfinished question then asked a few of his own. “He was taking video of the club, but why? And why did he single out Zoe? And how did he get into the club if he’s not a member?”

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



Zoe stared at the screen as Santee and Morgan changed cameras and began watching the lobby camera that showed each member checking in.

“There he is,” Bjorn said as the masked man walked in with a couple of regulars. “Isn’t that Jesse and Nina with him?”

“Yeah, it is,” Viking said.

She recognized Rory working the front desk by his mop of curly hair. The couple had a short conversation with Rory before the woman took both men’s coats and disappeared into the locker room. The mask man entered the dungeon alone while the Dominant waited for his woman.

When the woman returned, without her coat and shoes, the couple then entered the dungeon.

Santee stopped the video and all eyes turned in their direction. “So, what do we do now?” she asked.

“First, we call Rory and ask him what he remembers. Then we call the couple and ask for the contact information for their guest. Then we go pay the asshole a visit,” Morgan said, sounding like he was ready to go to war.

“Should we call Tully or Griffin to go with us?” Viking asked.

“Good question. Maybe we should call Teresa and check on the legalities, and see what laws the asshole has broken, for surely he’s broken at least a couple,” Morgan said.

“I’ll call her while you guys figure out what to order for dinner,” Bjorn said as he walked into the kitchen.

Zoe felt like she had been scooped up by a tornado and was just waiting to be tossed out and slammed into the ground. She agreed to whatever was asked of her, not caring what she ate, if she ate, because at that moment her stomach felt so queasy she wasn’t sure she could eat anything and keep it down.

By the time Bjorn returned, the order for Chinese food had been called in and Santee had turned off the computer so that Roque could turn on a cartoon movie. Though Zoe watched, she still felt as if there was a wall between her and the rest of the room.

Morgan remained by her side, but did not talk to her, except to ask if she liked her rice fried or steamed. She knew she answered, just could not recall what she had said. It didn’t matter. Nothing mattered until they figured out the photographer’s name and she learned why he had ruined her career.

“Is she okay?” Roque asked, pulling Zoe’s attention from her darkening thoughts back to the room and the people Morgan called his chosen family.

“I’m fine,” she said softly.

“No, you’re not, and none of us appreciate being lied to,” Morgan said.

Before she could argue, a dong sounded.

“Food’s here,” Viking said as he went to answer the phone by the front door.

Morgan had a similar one by his door. He had explained that it was a direct line to the reception desk in the lobby. No one was allowed access to the penthouse floor without reception first checking with one of them first. If she ever needed anything and he was not around, she was to call downstairs and they would get her whatever she needed.

Over dinner, the men talked and made plans on how to approach the couple and the man they had hosted. The three women listened without comment, mainly because it seemed as if the men were speaking in some kind of shorthand where they finished one another’s sentences or answered before the question was fully asked.

It was only when they were discussing who would go and visit the couple and then their guest that Zoe spoke up.

“I’m going with you,” she said softly.

The three men turned to look at her and she took a breath and raised her chin a touch. “I’m going. I want to look this asshole in the face and ask him why he felt he could ruin my life.”

The three men shared a glance and then turned back to her. “All right, but you will stay beside me every second,” Morgan said.

“Fine.”

“I’m going to call Griffin and Tully and see if one of them can go with us,” Viking said, earning a nod from both Morgan and Bjorn.



“Eat, bunny. You’re going to need your strength,” Morgan said gently.

“Not hungry,” she responded softly.

Instead of arguing with her, Morgan took the fork from her hand and began to feed her, picking out bites of meat from her house-fried rice. She ate automatically without tasting the food. She felt so disconnected but ate until he decided she had eaten enough and went back to concentrating on his own dinner.

“Both Tully and Griffin will meet us downstairs in a half hour,” Viking said as he returned to the dining table.

“Why do they need to go with us?” Zoe asked, suddenly realizing that though the two security guards from the club were big, the three Towrisea partners were fit and looked like they could take on anyone who wanted to get physical.

“When they’re not working at Club N2, Tully is a private investigator and Griffin is a police officer. He can arrest the photographer, open an investigation, and bring charges against him.”

“Oh.”

Morgan brushed a kiss on her temple. “Don’t worry, bunny, we are going to do everything we can to stay within the law... until we can’t. In that case, we have a few other friends on the dark side of the law who we can call to make the asshole disappear.”

Zoe blinked at his implication while everyone else laughed.

Knowing it wasn’t the right time, but needing to tell Morgan what was in her heart, she leaned closer until her lips were next to his ear before whispering, “I love you.”

Morgan froze for a second before turning to look her in the eyes. “I love you, too, bunny. So much. Which is why, once we get this bump in the road taken care of, you and I are taking a vacation to a cabin in the woods I know of.”

“But I can’t just go away. I have to find a job. I have school loans and bills to pay.”

“Relax, sweetheart. We’ll talk about it while we’re on vacation, but I think I have the perfect job for you. In your career field, doing the work you love. But for now, we need to get ready to go. Tully and Griffin will be here soon.”

---

Morgan led the way down the hall, his stomach burning with fury. They had first stopped to see Jesse and Nina and after explaining what their guest had done, gotten his name and address. Rico Espinoza was a friend of Jesse’s from work, but he admitted he really didn’t know the man that well, other than they were both dominant men and liked to play at clubs. When Rico had asked him to sponsor him into Club N2, Jesse didn’t see a problem.

He now understood why all guests needed to be vetted by the management before they were allowed into the club.

Stopping in front of the door, Morgan looked over his shoulder at the two police officers who were dressed in jeans and t-shirts with their badges hanging from their necks. They were off duty but had agreed to allow Morgan to lead on this. If necessary, they would step in and arrest the man for whatever they could. Taking photographs in a private club then posting them on the internet had to be illegal. That would allow them to arrest him and hold him while they tore his life

apart to figure out what other cybercrimes he might have committed, or if his crimes were more serious.

The two officers moved to stand in front of Zoe. As Dominants, they also understood to keep Zoe from harm.

Morgan nodded back then glanced at his partners who looked as angry as he felt. Receiving a nod from each of them, he turned and knocked on the door.

As he was preparing to knock again, the door opened, and he understood why the man wore a mask. From his eyebrows to the top of his head was covered with what looked like burn scars.

“Rico Espinoza?”

“Yeah, who are you?”

Instead of introducing himself, Morgan pulled back and hit the man as hard as he could in the belly. The man folded forward with a grunt. Morgan then brought his knee up, slamming it into the man’s face. When the man fell to the floor, Morgan stepped over him and walked into the apartment. The others followed, closing and securing the door once they were all inside.

“You do realize that wasn’t entirely necessary,” Tully said with a smirk as he and Griffin picked the man up and carried him further into the apartment.

Viking brought a straight-back chair from the dining room table and after pushing the coffee table aside, set it down. After Tully set the unconscious man in it, Griffin pulled out his cuffs and then pulled Rico’s arms behind his back and cuffed him.

With Tully standing over the man, the others fanned out, looking for his computer. Morgan found it in the bedroom,

along with disks and several external hard drives.

“Found them,” he called, bringing the others into the room.

“Don’t touch anything,” Griffin advised as he pulled a pair of purple latex gloves out of his pocket. “Go talk to him while I collect all this as evidence. I have a feeling this asshole is into a lot more than just filming naked women at sex clubs.”

By the time he returned to the living room, Rico was waking up. When he opened his eyes and lifted his head, Zoe moved to stand in front of him.

“Why?” she asked. “What did I ever do to you to make you ruin my life like you did?”

Rico stared at her as if he did not know who she was. Then recognition dawned. “You’re the bitch on the cross. The almost doctor who treats kids. Do you play your filthy games with them? Or just their daddies?”

The crack of her hand slapping his face filled the stunned silence. “My private life is just that. Private. At least it was until you decided to make it very, very public. What gives you the right to hurt me in such a way?”

Rico shrugged and smirked. “It wasn’t personal. I didn’t know who you were until Jesse told me. I was there looking for someone else. Someone with secrets I could profit from. It took weeks for me to find someone willing to get me into the club, and then I didn’t see anyone who would be embarrassed enough to pay me off not to tell the world they visited a sex club.”

That earned him another slap, this time from Viking. “There’s a reason we have NDAs and a vetting process that rivals some government agencies. It’s to keep trash like you out.”

Morgan wanted to tear the man apart but decided that between his confession and what Griffin and Tully would find on his computer, there was more than enough to land him in jail for years to come.

He crossed to Zoe's side. "Heard enough?"

She wrapped herself around his body and nodded. "I'm ready to take that vacation you mentioned earlier."

He kissed the top of her head before turning and walking out. He knew Bjorn and Viking would be right behind them while Griffin and Tully would stay behind and begin the official police investigation into Rico Espinoza and his cybercrimes.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN



Zoe stared out from the porch where Morgan had secured her wrist and ankle cuffs to hooks set deep into the back porch of the cabin. It had been five days since her life imploded and three since they'd arrived here at a gorgeous cabin high in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina.

Morgan admitted this was one of the houses he owned, and the one he preferred over all the others. The house was set in the middle of a thousand acres of forest with no neighbors who would be able to see her in all her nakedness.

On their arrival, he had stripped her and had yet to give her anything to wear. Today was warm enough to play outside, and Zoe had to admit she had loved every minute of their vacation.

“Relax your ass,” Morgan said.

He stepped up behind her and stroked a warm hand down her spine. That hand then moved further down, between her ass cheeks until he was rubbing circles around her puckered star.

A moment later, she squealed as cold liquid trickled down between her cheeks. She arched her back when he began to spread the lube around and into her back hole. Morgan slid a

finger deep before twisting it side to side, spreading the lube well inside and out.

A moment later, he pulled his finger from her body and the cool, wet, blunt head of something else replaced it.

“Breathe and relax,” he said as he steadily pushed the plug into her.

Zoe tried to do as he ordered, but it was difficult. He had been teasing her for an hour, driving her to the edge of orgasm before backing off and giving her a few minutes to cool down again.

“Please, Sir. Please let me come. Please, please, please,” she found herself begging as tears of sexual frustration filled her eyes.

Morgan fucked her with the plug before pushing it deep. He then moved around to stand in front of her. He had not spoken other than to issue short commands in ages, just played her body like a well-oiled machine. He only wore jeans and looked so sexy that Zoe had a feeling as soon as he let her down, she would tackle him and fuck herself on the cock that bulged against the front of his jeans.

“Not yet. I want to talk to you about a job,” he said as he moved around, stroking and pinching here and there, the bites of pain and pleasure keeping her just on edge.

“What job?”

“Quite a number of Towrisea employees have children. We have a daycare facility for them, but I’ve been thinking about it and have decided we need a children’s clinic. Would you be interested in running such a venture?”

“A children’s clinic?”

Zoe blinked and tried to pull her brain out of her pussy so she could think about what Morgan was saying.

“We would start with a children’s clinic and maybe, eventually, add more medical staff and treat the employees as well as their kids.”

“A clinic of my own?”

Morgan stepped close and kissed her. “Yes, bunny. A clinic of your own. If and when we would hire a medical doctor, he would still answer to you. You would be in charge so that no one would ever fire you again. What do you say?”

Zoe smiled. “And I would be in total charge.”

“Of the clinic, yes,” Morgan said as he unzipped his jeans and pushed them down his thighs far enough he could press his naked erection against her belly. “Otherwise, I’m the boss of you.”

“Yes, please, Sir. I’d love to run a children’s clinic for Towrisea International. And I’d love for you to be the boss of me.”

“Forever?”

“Yes, Sir. Forever. I love you.”

“I love you, too, my paddle bunny. Forever.”

**The End**



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but appreciates air conditioning, computers and other conveniences of modern day living. She recently returned to New Bern, North Carolina, after a six-year sojourn to Georgetown, Texas. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything except scary books and making amigurumi animals. She loves to hear from readers, and can be reached at [coopermckenzie@ymail.com](mailto:coopermckenzie@ymail.com)

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