



CLUB DESIRE

FALL OF DESIRE

CARNIVAL



DESIRE

A CLUB DESIRE NOVELLA

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

COURTNEY
DEAN

Carnal Desire

FALL OF DESIRE

Courtney Dean

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

THANK YOU FOR READING Carnal Desire. I want to give you a little note on this story. The main male character, Brian Hamm was first introduced in Bound By Sin. If you haven't read that book, I wanted to give you a little background. The prologue is from his pov and in the past. It is his pov of when Tara (the main character in Bound By Sin) is dumped by Valentino the other main character of Bound by Sin. Also, Tara and Brian are exes. I hope this little note will help you understand the storyline a little better.

TRIGGER WARNINGS: Mentions of Rape, mentions of Domestic Violence, and murder.

BLURB

At one time, I was known as the Billionaire Playboy, then I thought I met the love of my life. That was until I couldn't give her what she needed. Now years later love isn't something I look for.

Despite the loneliness, I've gotten use to my life. The routine of work, play, then home. However, when I receive a message through Carnal Desire, an exclusive online BDSM website everything changes.

She intrigues me. She's damaged but so am I. She needs healing and so do I. Maybe we can find our healing in each other.

FOR AS LONG AS you submit to me nothing or no one else matters.

PROLOGUE

BRIAN

Twenty-Two years ago...

I'm not a noble man and I never claim to be. I'm involved in some pretty shady shit at times, straddling the line between right and wrong. Society deems what good people should do or how they should act, but are there really any good people in the world? Or are all people out for themselves?

I walk in the shadows, and I walk in the light choosing which side when I need to. I do what needs to be done when the need arises if and only if it's in my best interest despite the shit it might get me into. However, most of the time I'm on the right side of things, like letting her go even when my heart screams in protest for me not to. When my heart screams, she is the one for me, even when my head says it is time to walk away.

It's hard to say goodbye when you love someone. But saying goodbye is also what you do when you can't make that person happy regardless of the pain it will cause you. Or them.

Sacrifice your happiness so they can find theirs. That's true love.

It took a while to realize I wasn't the best person to make her life complete. We were compatible in every way except that one way. Tara loved me and I loved her too but both of us were too chicken shit to tell each other the hard truth because of the love we shared.

Then one day, I couldn't take it anymore. Sex isn't what makes a relationship work, but what Tara needed I couldn't to give her, and I refused to have her living a life with me where she couldn't be her authentic self.

Letting her go is why I'm now sitting beside her in *Club Jade*, my BDSM club, comforting her because the man that's absolutely the other half of her soul threw it all away. I don't know the exact reason he walked away, but I assume it has to do with taking over the family business for his father. I expected that move for a while now, but I also expected Valentino to tell her his fucking plans, not blindsided and leave her without knowing what the hell was happening.

Her tears soak my light blue dress shirt, staining it with the makeup she's wearing, but it doesn't matter. I don't care if I have to trash my thousand-dollar dress shirt after this. If I can't be there for her as her other half, I sure as hell will be there for her as her friend and hold her until she can't cry anymore.

I love this woman. She doesn't question it and neither do I. And while the sexual aspect of our relationship has ended, our

friendship is solid. It will be that way until I take my last breath. I'll do whatever she needs me to do, be whoever she needs me to be, so she makes it through this heartache.

I kiss her forehead. "Let's get you home."

Once I make sure she's comfortable and safe, I'll return to my penthouse alone, and wish I could find someone to fill the emptiness of my bed and the emptiness inside my heart.

BRIAN

Present...

Work. Work. Work. It's never ending.

My dress shoes echo off the hardwood floors in my condo as I pace the expanse of my dining room while on the phone with my assistant in front of my floor to ceiling windows of my penthouse that overlooks Chicago's vibrant night skyline. The impeccable view was one of the things that convinced me to purchase a penthouse in the city and not a home in the suburbs. The five-bedroom four bath condo situated on the forty-fourth floor is located in one of Chicago's upscale districts. It's way too large for just me but I love the area, the view, and the layout. It's high ceilings, open floorplan, hardwood floors, and minimalist design is everything I was looking for in a home. It's well worth the 3.5 million I spent for it, even if it does get lonely with all this space.

Out of all the places in the world I've lived, Chicago is the place I spend most of my time except for Los Angeles. My cyber security company, *BH Cyber Securities* is now headquartered out of Chicago even though I consider Los Angeles home. So, I spend at least four or five months out of the year here.

I've been in Chicago for a couple of months for my yearly stint in the city and my time is winding down, so it isn't shocking my L.A. personal assistant has called and said there's an issue. I should be used to it. Shit always seems to hit the fan when I'm out of town.

"It's like grown ass people need a fucking babysitter." I run my hand through my hair. "Get it done, Ronnie! I don't give a fuck how you do it, but by the time I return to California, I want every fucking board member in the damn conference room at nine o'clock in the morning and not a second later! If I have to cut my time here short to deal with shit because of the shit they're planning, not one motherfucker better be late."

I don't even wait for him to respond. I just end the call and toss my phone on the custom limestone dining room table not caring whether the damn screen cracks from the impact. Shit, it would be good if it did, then I can get a moment of fucking peace instead of having to deal with some stupid ass bullshit.

I sigh, trying to calm down. I'm fucking miles away. There isn't anything I can really do about it, until I find out exactly what's going on. I run my hand roughly down my face trying

to wipe the frustration away. “I need to give Ronnie a raise for putting up with all this bullshit. It’s fucking ridiculous.”

Ronnie Franklin had a rough life growing up just like me. He’s only twenty-three years old. I hired him when he was twenty after I ran into him at one of the homeless shelters I donate to in my old neighborhood. He’d been living on the streets since he was thirteen and reminded me so much of myself when I was his age.

After having a short conversation with him about his life goals, I handed him my business card. I told him to stop by my office the following Monday, and we’d discuss his future. I wasn’t sure he would show up because my offer was too good to be true. But I hoped he would. I didn’t expect him to have anything and told him to come with the clothes he had on his back if he wanted to make a real change in his life.

I know what it is like for people to turn up their nose at you if you don’t come from money, or have the right kind of car, or have nice clothes. They write you off as just another nobody, someone looking for a handout, or lazy. However, I refuse to be that person when I’m in the position to help. I refuse to turn my back on someone who is in a similar position as myself when I was their age. Not when I can make a difference. A life-changing difference that will change the course of someone’s life. My good friend Tara always says I have a savior complex. I’m not sure if that’s true or not but if it is, I embrace it.

When Ronnie showed up the following Monday that was all I need to hire him. I offered him a position as my former assistant's intern. Angela was older and nearing retirement. She was just waiting for me to find her replacement. I bought Ronnie a week's worth of work clothes, gave him a room to crash in at my home in the Hollywood Hills, and access to one of my vehicles. He showed up every day on time as my former assistant trained him. Then when she retired, I promoted him immediately to the position, and he's been with me ever since.

He puts up with my bullshit and everyone else's. He does his fucking job and more without one complaint. Which is more than I can say for some of my board members who just think this company runs by its damn self and all they have to do is sit back and rake in the money.

"Fucking money-grubbing bastards," I mumble.

You can't just sit back and think money is going to just fall in your lap. Shit just doesn't work like that. We all have a job to do to make the company function. If someone doesn't do what the hell they're supposed to do, then we all lose. It's not that difficult to understand. I don't know why they're not getting it. More than likely, they haven't had to work hard for the shit they have. It was handed to them because they were born into it. Not me. I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth and worked for every goddamn thing I've ever had. I refuse to let some privileged motherfuckers cause me to lose it all because they're fucking stupid.

“I wonder if there’s a way to get rid of the entire fucking board,” I mutter to myself.

Maybe I don’t have to put up with all the bullshit.

I haven’t even been gone long, and people are acting like they’ve lost their goddamn minds. I run a multi-billion-dollar company within the booming tech industry. There’s no fucking way I’m going to let some assholes destroy the company I’ve built from the ground up.

Fuck that shit.

Times like these are when I have to walk the line between good and evil. I have people all the time trying to test me. I started this company in my twenties and before I turned thirty, I was on Forbes youngest billionaires list. A big step up from where I began as a foster kid. The kid everyone underestimated. The kid everyone thought would end up dead or in jail.

I bounced around the foster care system from the age of five to one abusive home to the next, until I aged out. Memories of my mother are vague, but the one thing that is seared in my mind is her long blonde hair, sparkling in the sunlight like golden fields of wheat. And it’s the one image I always remember when I’m in a bad place. It always brings me peace.

This life I’ve been able to create for myself is far from where I started. And I’m proud of that shit because I could be in jail or dead. But now that I’m here, I refuse to let anyone try to take it away from me. I’ve lost a lot of people in my life because of what I’ve been able to build. Everyone isn’t your friend

especially when you become successful. They're always looking for ways to make you lose what you've worked hard for. It's a hard lesson to learn but I always keep eyes in the back of my head so I can see the knife aimed at my back.

“Every goddamn time. It never fails. Somebody wants to test me. You'd think they learned by now, I'm not that motherfucker.”

I pick up my cell from the table where I tossed it and dial the only person I know can help me deal with this situation quicker than me doing it alone. He doesn't mind getting his hands dirty. And this time the dirtier the better.

“Brian?” Valentino says, answering on the fourth ring.

Tara's laughter in the background filters through the phone and my heart clenches in my chest. She's a reminder that at one time I could love. At one time I had someone to share all this with. I'm glad she's finally happy even though it still stings a little. Don't get me wrong, while I love her, I'm no longer in love with her. That passed years ago. But while she's one of my closest friends, she's a very real reminder of what I'm missing in my life.

“Valentino, I need a favor?”

“No how the fuck are you. No kiss my ass. Nothing.”

“Tino...”

“Don't you fucking, Tino me, asshole. You go radio silent, ignoring mine and Tara's phone calls, only to call out of the blue after months of not knowing where you are. And now you

have the fucking nerve to ask for a favor. How about fuck you, Brian. And fuck your fucking favor.”

I chuckle. It’s been a few months since we last spoke. To tell the truth, I’ve been avoiding them because their daughter, my niece, Nia. She showed up to *Club Jade*.

And not alone.

Legally, I can’t disclose she was even there. And I definitely can’t make known who she was with because her father’s going to freak the fuck out when he finds out. I think Tara may be fine after she sees how happy he makes her, but Valentino is unreasonable when it comes to Nia. And he’s going to blow a gasket and possibly commit murder when he finds out.

I gave myself some time to come to grips with her even being old enough to even come to my club before I spoke to her parents.

She’s twenty-two now and can do whatever the hell she likes. It doesn’t matter if her parents agree with it. But I also want to make sure she’s entering this lifestyle for the right reasons and not because she thinks it’s all about sex. I also want to make sure this guy isn’t forcing her into it. She’s young. He’s older.

A lot older.

I wanted to grill her about how in the hell she was able to hide her relationship from her parents, but I didn’t want to invade her privacy any more than what I already had.

“Aww, you missed me that much?” I ask, taunting him and ignoring his attitude.

I know he's pissed at me, and he should be. If they disappeared on me without saying a word, especially for months, I'd be just as pissed. They are two of my dearest friends. But I can't help poking a little fun at him.

"That shit's not funny asshole," he mutters, and I hear the genuine hurt in his voice. Which makes me feel like shit because Valentino is just one of those guys that doesn't keep people around as friends. He can't trust them. I understand because someone is always looking to stab you in the back, and we don't have to worry about that with each other.

"Listen motherfucker," I say. "I'm sorry I disappeared. I had some shit I needed to take care of."

Which isn't a complete lie.

"And you just couldn't tell us that, asshole?" he asks. Tara's arguing in the background too, about me ghosting them, which only causes me to smile more. I'm surprised she hasn't snatched the phone from him to lay into me.

I sigh. "I know. I know. I'm a shit friend but I promise, I'll make it up to both of you, okay? Can you please fucking help me out here?"

He groans and I grin because I know that means he'll help.

"What do you need?"

"I need everything you can get on my board members."

"Are you doing a hostile takeover?" he asks, laughing.

He's been out of the loop but that's exactly what I'm doing. I'm not letting a bunch of privileged assholes destroy

everything I've built. I'll oust them and install a new board with people I can trust.

"I've got to do something, or I won't have a company. So, are you in?"

"Yeah, I'm in," Valentino says without hesitation.

As Don of the Cavallero Famiglia, he has access to things I can't legally get without taking a big fucking risk. I'm all about doing what I need to do but I don't have the time to do this and cover my tracks well enough, so I don't get caught. And his godson, Charlie is a fucking wiz at the computer and right now that's what I need.

"I'm going to send you a list of all the board members. Find out everything you can that goes beyond a normal background check."

"Anything in particular?"

"Nope." I pinch the bridge of my nose. "But the dirtier the better."

"And if I can't find anything?"

"Make some shit up with evidence. Video, text messages, photos, anything. They have to go."

I have no reservations about pinning shit on these bastards. They think they can do anything because of their positions, so I'm going to do anything and everything in my power to get rid of them like the pests they are.

"When do you need all this?"

“Three weeks.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, Brian.” He sighs. “Charlie’s fucking good but he’s not a miracle worker.”

“Seems I have more faith in your godson than you do, Tino.”

“Fuck you motherfucker. I’ll get it to you.”

I laugh because I know that will get his ass to agree. Charlie is like his son, and he doesn’t want anyone questioning anything when it comes to him.

“I appreciate it. And I’m really sorry about disappearing.”

“Just make sure your ass shows up in Philadelphia very soon because if you don’t, you’re going to have big fucking problems.”

I don’t take his threats personally. At least once a month he threatens me about something, but I’ll make sure I show my face soon. Valentino can’t travel to Chicago unless he gets permission from the Don of the Rizzo Family, Antonio Rizzo, Jr., since that’s his territory. So, I know I’ll have to make the trip there if I want to see them.

“Yeah. Yeah. Give my love to the family,” I say then end the call.

Hopefully, this is the last time I have to deal with any of this bullshit. Motherfuckers think they can tank my company by insider trading. That shit will bring all of us down plus time in prison. And I’m definitely not going to prison for something I didn’t do.

With all that taking care of, now I can fucking relax. I walk to my living room, grab my laptop and glass of scotch from the table, and sit on my couch. Once again, I really don't feel like going to Club Desire. Too much shit has gone on today. I just want to relax, get my fill, then pass out. So, I pull up the *Carnal Desire's* website, an exclusive BDSM online community and scroll through my most recent matches.

Maybe I can find someone to watch tonight.

CADENCE

“How in the hell am I a sex therapist, Laila, but can’t stand the touch of a man?”

Laila Mason, one of my closest friends squeezes my hand, pity marring her face. But I don’t want her pity. I want her to give me a good swift kick in the ass and tell me to pull my shit together since apparently, I can’t do it on my own.

I rub my hand roughly down my face. I’m absolutely irritated with my life. I have a great career, wealth, some of the best friends in the entire world, but something is missing in my life. And I know exactly what it is.

S.E.X.

Dirty, nasty, sex. I want someone to fuck my brains out. Not just a one nightstand either. Someone I can call up anytime I want good dick. I want to be disciplined when I do something wrong. I want to be praised when I do something right. I want

to be worshipped for the woman that I am. And I can't have that until I get past the past.

We're sitting on her couch in her home with a glass of expensive Merlot, a charcuterie board full of delicious cheeses, meats, fruits, and depressing RnB songs playing in the background. The only thing that can make this day any more depressing is if she hands me a pint of ice cream that no doubt will land at my ass.

She understands why I'm in this dark place. It's no secret how these past few years have defined my current situation. Now I'm just tired of being stuck. I want to move forward in life. Not be stuck in the past.

I was assaulted by someone I trusted. Someone I thought was a friend and a partner. Someone I thought loved me and had been my Dom for more than five years. Not only did that brutal assault affect my personal life but also my professional. The physical scars from the blade he used to mar my flesh have healed but not the scars he left seared across my mind.

After all this time the weight of a man on top of me still freaks me the hell out. Panic attacks assault me if a man grips me by the wrists. I break out into sweats. My chest tightens to the point I can't breathe and my body trembles in fear. And I'm instantly transported back to the day in my personal playroom when everything in my life changed. When I became the shell of the person that's sitting here today. That would send any man running for the hills, but I can't control the thoughts of my mind no matter how hard I try.

It's been way too long since I've been able to enjoy the touch of a man. As someone who use to love sex, this new aspect of my life has been devastating. The sadness of what happened to me has passed. It took a while to get over it, but now I'm just pissed at myself. Pissed that I've let some psycho have so much control over my life. It's exactly what he wants and I'm letting him win. How do I know that's what he wants? Because the motherfucker told me while he was slashing my skin, that he wanted me to remember him every time I'm with another man. Every time I look in the mirror, he wants me to remember I belong to him. And that's exactly what happens. Regardless, that he's locked away, his presence still remains with me like the fucking boogeyman hiding under my bed or in my closet.

It's been literally two years since I've slept with anyone. Two fucking years and to tell the truth I'm so fucking over it. I'm so fucking done with not being able to enjoy myself like I used too because of some prick. Don't get me wrong, masturbation is glorious. Every woman should learn how to make themselves come, but I've done enough of it to last a lifetime. I want to feel a man's cock inside me, not a vibrator.

"Give yourself a little grace, Cadence. You've been through a lot."

I have been through a lot. I'm not denying it because I live with the scars every day. It was a very traumatic experience. I know my fear has a lot to do with my mental health, but can't I be pissed at myself for letting that piece of shit win? He's got power over me that he doesn't have the right to have because

I'm giving it to him. Initially he took it but now I'm the one who continues to allow him space in my mind. Allowing him to keep me from being me.

“But I don't want him to have that much power over me anymore, Laila.” I sigh. “I want to feel again. I want to feel like me again. Even with my patients before all this shit happened, I gave them advice on how to remedy certain hangups about sex after traumatic events. If I can't practice what I preach, what kind of doctor does that make me? Am I even qualified to be in this field anymore? Therapy isn't even helping me.”

She scoots closer to me and wraps her arms around my shoulder, pulling me into a hug. “You're too hard on yourself, sweetie. It's fear that's keeping you from moving forward, but when it's time you'll know it. It's just going to take time and the right person to guide you through it.”

“Two damn years is long enough, Laila.”

“But is it really?” she asks. “Sometimes trauma remains with you for a lifetime, Cadence. Two years to your mind might not be long enough to deal with what you've been through. Do you still fear the same things?”

“I do fear the same things, but I want what he did to me to become empowering and not be crippling. And at this point, it's ruining everything. I'm missing out on a very big and fulfilling part of my life. All because some asshole.”

She lets me go, and grabs the wine from the table, then tops off my glass. “Have you thought about coming back to the

club?”

She places the bottle of wine back on the glass coffee table and looks at me waiting for my answer.

At one time Club Desire had been my escape from the realities of life. An escape I desperately needed mainly because of work. Listening to people's problems every day weighs me down at times. I needed an escape because dealing with my own problems and others got to be overwhelming at times. Now I can't step foot in the place without having a full-blown panic attack.

I've been a part of the lifestyle for over a decade. I've enjoyed spending my time there just to release the pent-up stresses of ordinary life. Then he changed everything, and now I can't enjoy it any longer. Even though my assault didn't take place at Club Desire, stepping back into the building brings back memories of him on top of me. Him using his knife on me even when I used my safe word. Nothing was safe with him and if I wasn't safe with him, how can I be safe with a complete stranger especially in that atmosphere.

We met in high school, but lost contact when we both went our separate ways after graduation. I went to college on the West Coast, and he went to college down South. Then we reconnected at a mutual friend's wedding. And it was like it was meant to be. We just clicked. We both enjoyed the same things, including BDSM, something I was introduced to in college. We became really close friends, then lovers. I thought he was a safe place for me to enjoy playtime. I gave him all of

me, but most of all I gave him my trust. Then he destroyed it all like what I gave him wasn't a gift. Like my trust, my body, and my heart were just trash.

My heart and body recovered quickly from the dreadful experience. However, my trust so far has been a lost cause.

"Maybe if you found the right Dom, he can help you navigate some of your issues," Laila says.

"In a normal world that would be great. I just don't know if I can take that step. In order to find a Dom, I'd have to trust them. And I'm not sure a Dom would be willing to deal with what I'm going through. That's going to take a lot of time and a lot of patience."

It's too much for me to handle at times I can't imagine expecting someone else to deal with my issues too.

"Well, that's one of the most important characteristics of a good Dom, Cadence. How long has it been since you went back to the club? Do you feel safe there?"

The issue isn't Club Desire. I've always been treated with respect there. Everyone follows the rules. It's the idea that the same thing can happen to me no matter where I'm at even if I use my safe word. Fear of the unknown is what's stopping me.

"I absolutely feel safe there. It's not the place, it's because I don't think I can give my trust to anyone in that way again. My safe word should have protected me, and it didn't do shit. What if the next person I'm with does the same thing?"

“While I understand your fear, that’s highly unlikely, Cadence. Christian is a psycho, and he hid who he is from everyone even Elijah and you know how he is.”

“Fear is an irrational feeling most of the time, Laila. And even if that’s the case, I can’t just shake it off and jump feet first back into the life no matter how much I’d love too.”

“Have you tried online?” she asks, and my brows dip in confusion. “Elijah says there are things like Club Desire that you can experience online from the comfort of your home. You never have to meet anyone unless you want too.”

“I’ve never thought about trying something like that.”

“Me either, but Elijah said the sites are discreet and a lot of people who are afraid to actually come to a place like Club Desire will go this route instead. He’s actually been thinking about expanding Club Desire with the same concept so he can increase his membership with people who want to be members but want to experience it from the comfort of their home.”

From the safety of my home, I might be able to sate the need without actually having the physical contact with anyone. This might work.

“What would I have to do?”

She shrugs. “I don’t know but we can definitely find out.”

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TOO MANY GLASSES OF wine and four hours later, I’m curled up in my bed at home with my laptop, where I feel the safest. I take Laila’s advice and complete a profile on one of

those sites, hoping it helps me get rid of the fear I have so I can get back to the person I was before he took everything away from me.

Elijah recommended I try, *Carnal Desire*, a BDSM online community. Apparently, the exclusive site offers everything I need to slowly get back into the lifestyle. With the amount of money, I paid for the membership, I hope it helps because this may be the last thing that can get me past this.

I've done all the traditional routes. I tried therapy, thinking maybe it would work, but it didn't. I've tried doing things by myself, but that didn't work either. If this doesn't work, I don't know what I'm going to do. I guess result to masturbating to porn until I die, which doesn't sound great, but I guess isn't the worse thing.

“God, I hope this works.”

I scroll through the many features of *Carnal Desire* which surprisingly is fairly easy to navigate. The site has a secure messaging section, and members can make contact with other members without sharing any personal details. There's a live video chatroom where members can watch live video feeds or talk to other members. There's also a location section where members can actually plan meetups, and a section where you can find the dates of live BDSM events, or fetish parties. I'm more interested in the matches that I've already been paired with from my profile. All the other features will come in handy after I find a Dom willing to deal with my issues.

I need someone who's going to take it easy on me from the very beginning. Someone who will help me reestablish trust with the process of having a fulfilling Dominant/Submissive relationship. Then maybe I can take the steps to return to the Club Desire in the capacity that I once did.

So far, no one interests me. Most of the profiles seem superficial or they look like creeps. Their interests don't seem genuine, and many appear to be on this site just to get an easy lay and not really to experience real connection through BDSM. I'm looking for a real connection. Someone I can have confidence in and who won't fuck me over. I also want someone who's in Chicago, so that dwindles the matches down to only a few prospects.

I cut down my choices to four profiles. As I read through those four profiles, my eyes zero in on one in particular. His profile picture is of the Chicago skyline at night, and his username is *Billionaire Playboy*.

"Interesting name," I mumble as scroll through his interests. "Business ventures, control, and sex. Straight to the point."

I notice the little green dot on his profile picture which means he's online. Maybe I'll send him a message. "I wonder if he'll respond?"

I'm nervous, but this is what I've signed up for. I'm in the safety of my home. Nothing can happen to me here. I take in a deep breath, then release it, blowing out my nervous energy.

"Fuck it. I'm on here to meet someone. Might as well take the leap."

I press the message button, then type out a simple question, and hit send.

Now I wait.

BRIAN

The instant message box pops up on my screen and shock moves through me. Normally, when I get on *Carnal Desire*, I just roam the live feeds never really conversing with anyone. And believe it or not, I've never had anyone message me. I only use the website when I don't want to go to a club, but still want to experience the lifestyle in some fashion, since I don't have a submissive and haven't had one in a long time. *Carnal Desire* is unconventional, but it works for me.

I don't click on the message immediately, but I do look at the profile of the sender. The site is exclusive, but you can never be too careful. Although people pay a huge amount of money to become members, some aren't looking to enjoy the lifestyle at all.

Immediately my eyes are drawn to what she has written on her wall. What she desires to find on the site.

Submissive looking for a Dominant to help rebuild trust.

That means she's a part of the lifestyle, which is a plus. If they lost trust, it would involve some retraining, but it won't be like starting from the beginning. I don't really have the time to properly train someone who has never been a part of the lifestyle. For us to achieve that goal we don't have to involve any club unless we get to that point where we want to move things offline. Definitely convenient since I travel a lot.

I go through her interests, and they all are pretty standard for someone who isn't just looking for sex but an actual Dominant to help them through the process of restoring confidence in a Dom and the lifestyle as a whole.

Something inside me shifts and excitement for what may happen engulfs me. For all the years I've been a part of the scene, I haven't been truly connected to anyone since Tara. And when that ended, my experience with the lifestyle was simply for sex and I avoided all real relationships with subs. I went to the club and did scenes with different women each time I went. That's not what I'm looking for anymore.

This woman whose profile name is *Lost Angel*, is looking for something different. A real connection which is fucking intriguing to me. Also, her profile picture wasn't of her face or tits, which is what you see a lot of, but it's a black and white photo of her bare back, holding a glass of wine, while looking out over the city skyline.

It's fucking perfect.

I prop my feet up on my coffee table, getting comfortable, then click on her message out of curiosity, and chuckle.

Lost Angel: *Why did you choose the skyline as your profile picture?*

“Not what I was expecting,” I mutter.

That’s a good question. An easy one to answer but I’m the one in control. I will always be the one in control. She’ll answer my questions first.

Billionaire Playboy: *Why did you choose your profile picture?*

Her response is immediate.

Lost Angel: *I love wine, my back is one of my best features, and I love the view from my condo.*

I couldn’t stop my laughter. “What the hell? Her back is one of her best features. Never heard that before.”

Billionaire Playboy: *Your back is one of your best features? Very interesting. I’ve never heard anyone say anything like that.*

Lost Angel: *Well, enough people have complimented me on the arch and the length for me to believe it’s the truth.*

Billionaire Playboy: *That is a crazy compliment, but I can see the appeal and from what I’ve seen of your picture, they are telling the truth. To answer your question, I don’t like people knowing who I am. I like my privacy. And of course, I have the best view in the city.*

Lost Angel: *It definitely is a beautiful view, but not as beautiful as mine.*

Billionaire Playboy: *We will agree to disagree on that, Angel.*

Lost Angel: *So, Mr. Billionaire Playboy, I'm new to using a website to get what I want, but I'm interested if you are.*

I do like that she's upfront with what she wants, and I thought about it for only a minute. I need something different in my life. This is a change and sometimes change is good. Maybe a new submissive is exactly what I need.

Billionaire Playboy: *I'm interested. Let's get started.*

.....

I SLIDE INTO THE backseat of my town car. I have an early breakfast meeting at Laila's of Chicago with Elijah Mason, the owner of Club Desire. He has a proposition for me, and I'm very interested in hearing what he has to say.

I don't know what time I finished talking to *Lost Angel* last night, but we set our boundaries and talked about what we both want out of this online relationship. We didn't get extremely personal, but by some of her answers, someone in the lifestyle screwed her over badly. I can understand why she chose the route of finding a new Dom online instead of a traditional club to slowly immerse herself back into things, so she doesn't get overwhelmed especially if she's dealing with trauma.

Trust is big in our world. A Dominant has to believe that his submissive, whether male or female, will give them their complete trust because their safety is always in the Dominant's hands. And a submissive also has to trust a Dominant has their

best interests in mind. Without it somebody can get seriously hurt. Although I'm not sure what happened to *Lost Angel*, because it's just our initial discussions, she's made it clear she doesn't trust anyone and would like to get back to being able to do that. We've established all our do's and don'ts, and we've discussed what we both want out of this, so, now we start our journey together.

I open *Carnal Desire's* app on my phone. She's completed her first task of the day. I smile when I pull up the picture of her red lace bra and panties laid out on her bed. I can only imagine what they'll look like against her skin. Right now, I want to start out with something simple to establish our ground rules, the first one being, I choose her underwear every day and I want her to sleep in a set of underwear in the color of my choosing. She's to take a picture of what I ask her to wear and send it to me every morning and every night before she goes to bed.

Billionaire Playboy: *Good girl.*

She knows what she needs to do next. I won't baby her since she knows what I expect of a submissive. It takes time to reestablish trust with someone who's lost confidence in the process, but I'm sure we'll get there. She's eager and so am I. It's refreshing trying something different. We'll both have to treat it like a long-distance relationship where our only connection is the computer and the phone.

Lost Angel: *Thank you, Sir.*

I read her immediate response, my mouth ticks up at the corners, and a hum covers my body. It's been a while since I've been called Sir, not from just anyone but from *my* sub. And I like it. I need to hear more of it or in this case see it more.

My car slows to a stop in front of Edmonds Tower. Laila's of Chicago is located on the sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh floors. Laila's of Chicago is one of the top restaurants not only in Chicago but in the country. Reservations are virtually impossible to get. Sometimes the waitlist to get into this place is months long. Luckily, I'm meeting Elijah Mason, the husband of the owner, and I don't have to wait.

Once my driver opens the door, I exit the car, and button my blazer as I enter Edmonds Tower. When I step inside the elevator, I gaze down at my Patek Phillippe watch and look at the time. I've had this watch since my early twenties. It was a gift to myself when I made my first billion dollars.

I'm early but hopefully if I have to wait for Elijah, it isn't for long.

I've known Elijah for over fifteen years and Tara's sister, Laila even longer. Just like I have a membership at his club, he also has one at Club Jade. So, whenever he and Laila are in Los Angeles and want to have a little fun, they're able to do so without worrying about their privacy. It's the same reason I have a membership at his club.

The elevator stops on the sixty-seventh floor and the doors slide open. I step out and approach the hostess. When she

notices me, her eyes widened for a second, then she smiles. Short blonde curls frame her oval face. Light makeup, and black eyeliner highlight bright green eyes and pale skin. Although petite, her standard white and black uniform doesn't take away from her nice shape. I understand why Laila has her up front greeting customers. She's hot.

Normally, I would slip her my business card and tell her to call me if she wants to fuck, but now I have a submissive. I'm exclusive, which was one of our ground rules. All play time will be with *Lost Angel* and all her playtime will be with me.

No exceptions.

"Welcome to Laila's of Chicago, how may I help you?" she asks, batting her eyes at me.

She definitely wants to fuck. Although she looks young, maybe mid-twenties, her voice is sultry and smooth. The kind of voice I'd love to hear screaming my name.

I return her smile, and a pretty red blush stains her cheeks. "I have a reservation. Brian Hamm."

She opens the reservation book and with her finger scrolls through the pages. "There it is." She closes the book. "Mr. Mason is already seated. Follow me."

She steps from behind the podium, and escorts me inside the restaurant. Every time I come here the décor and view always floors me. Laila outdid herself with the design. It's one of the most beautiful restaurants I've ever seen.

Rectangular lanterns with elaborate designs cut into the thin black metal hang from the ceilings, and in the evening, which I think is the best time to dine here, they bathe the dining room tables and booths in a golden glow.

Countless number of faux purple cherry blossoms cover the ceilings and at night a dim purple hue radiates over the entire space. And to top it off, the floor-to-ceiling windows, no matter where you are seated, allow the patrons to look out over the city. At night that view is even more spectacular. It looks like a never-ending pasture filled with shimmering candles from up here. *Laila's of Chicago* is one of my favorite places to dine.

Maybe once Lost Angel and I meet in person, I can bring her here.

When I reach the table in a secluded area of the restaurant, but still with an immaculate view of the city, Elijah is waiting. He stands with his hand outstretched, and I grasp it. "It's good to see you, Brian. Thank you for meeting me."

"It's good to see you too, man. It's been a while."

I haven't been going to Club Desire that often when I'm in town. I just didn't have it in me to go by myself. I'm getting tired of the random women. That's why I joined, Carnal Desire.

"It has," he says. "Have a seat."

I pull out the chair, unbutton my blazer, and sit. Before we can continue the waitress approaches the table. She pours ice water

into both of our glasses, then hands each of us a menu which Elijah waves away.

“What do you recommend?” I ask, Elijah, handing the menu back to the waitress.

“You’re in luck, Laila has just added a new item to the menu.”

“Then I’ll have that,” I say to the waitress with a wink causing her to blush.

“Make those two specials,” Elijah says.

The waitress writes our order on her notepad.

“And what would you like to drink?” she asks.

“Fresh pineapple juice with a splash of cranberry juice on ice,” I say.

“The same for me,” Elijah responds.

“Okay.” The waitress stuffs her notepad into the pocket of her black apron. “I’ll be back with your drinks and meal.”

She walks away and I turn my attention to Elijah.

“This place blows me away every time I’m here, man. I especially love it at night.”

He can’t keep the pride off his face if he wanted too.

“I’ll pass your compliments to Laila. She’s thinking about opening another location in Dubai.”

“Damn. I hope it works out. That would be a great place to open a restaurant.”

He nodded. "I think so too, but that's not why I asked you here."

"Getting straight to business, I see."

He sighs and leans back. "I've been anxious about asking you this. It's been on my mind for a few months now. You are one of the few people I trust in this world. So, I'm going to ask you a very serious question. You don't have to agree to it right now, but I'm throwing it out there."

"Now you've got my attention. What's up?"

"I've been talking to Laila about Club Desire and pushing her limits. She wants to experience voyeurism but not in one of the voyeur rooms at the club. She actually wants someone watching us while we fuck but she wants that person in the room."

"And you want that person to be me?" I ask blown away at where this conversation is headed and that they would even consider me since I'm the ex of Laila's sister. It definitely isn't what I expected from this meeting.

I've known Laila for as long as I've known her sister, but I've never thought of her in a sexual way. Don't get me wrong, she's a beautiful woman but I was fucking her sister, so those thoughts never crossed my mind.

"This is going to be a big step for her, and she thinks she's ready to make it," he says. "I rather it be someone we both know and trust."

“And you will be cool with me being in the room while you fuck your wife?”

“Of course.” He shrugs. “We would have to discuss boundaries, but I don’t have a problem with it if it’s what she wants. And like I said, I rather it be someone we both know and trust than some random Dom and sub from the club.”

Before I can ask any more questions my phone buzzes. I pull in from blazer and look at the notification. I smile. “Could you give me a minute, Elijah?”

He nods, and I tap the Carnal Desire app and click on the message from *Lost Angel*. She’s standing with her back to the mirror, in nothing but the bra and panty set I wanted her to wear today. I can’t stop the smirk from crossing my face. She does have a beautiful body, and the lace underwear highlights it. Next time I want to see her in something colorful like yellow. I bet it would look amazing against her umber skin.

Billionaire Playboy: *Good girl. Absolutely beautiful.*

I close the app, not waiting for her response and slide my phone back into the inside pocket of my blazer just as the waitress places our food down on the table.

“Would you like anything else?” she asks.

I shake my head. “No, I’m good,” I say.

“Thank you, Emily,” Elijah says.

She smiles then walks away.

I grab the napkin from the table, then place it across my lap weighing whether or not if this is something *Angel* will want to do. Whatever sexually I do she's going to have to participate in. That's a part of our agreement which is best for both of us.

"It's definitely not what I was expecting today. But you have to know, I have a new submissive and all play I'm involved in, so is she. Also, if she agrees I'm not sure how long it will be until we can do this."

"But you're interested?" he asked.

I laughed. "You know how much I love to watch. Never thought it would be you two, but yeah, I'm interested."

"Let me talk it over with Laila and see what she says. But I don't see her having an issue once she finds out you have a submissive. If she agrees whenever you guys are ready, let me know."

Lost Angel has some things to work through but this opportunity with Elijah and Laila may also help her get one step closer to where she wants to be.

CADENCE

I release a deep groan as I stand in front of the mirror, staring at myself like I do every night and morning absolutely hating the reflection sadly looking back at me. I used to be very confident in my body and I still am... when I have clothes on. However, when the clothes are off, and the naked truth is in front of me, all that confidence instantly disappears. Since my assault, it's hard to look at what he left behind.

The long, jagged scars across my stomach, chest, and the one across my neck where Christian cut me, are still visible after all this time and remind me every day of him. The mistake I made. The mistake believing in someone who didn't give two shits about me. They remind me of the hate I feel for a man I once trusted. I don't like having this feeling because I know it's affecting me more than it's affecting him. But hatred is something I haven't been able to escape.

I once had a therapist tell me it was time to forgive and forget. It was time to let go of the hate, the fear, and just forgive him

for what he did. That forgiving and forgetting everything Christian had done to me was the only way I could truly move on with my life. But that's hard to do when I'm reminded every day of what he took from me. All I have to do is look in the mirror. I'll never be able to forgive or forget, but I do want to move past it. Heal from the distress it's caused, and I think the first step is regaining my faith in a Dom. I know I need that intimate connection with someone to get back to being the person I was before he took it all away.

With the tips of my fingers, I trace the raised skin on my abdomen, then my chest, and finally my neck, wishing they all would just disappear. Vanish into thin air like nothing ever happened. But it's wishful thinking. I've had cosmetic surgery to make them less noticeable, but the surgeon did all he could do because of how much damage had been done.

I spent two weeks in the hospital from the brutal attack. He didn't hit any vital organs, but the cut to my throat was almost fatal. After my release from the hospital, it took months to physically recover. I had so many stitches I looked like I had been sewn together like a ragdoll.

Mentally, I still battle the demons I face every day when I look in the mirror. The demons that whisper to me even if I do move forward in my life, Christian Baptiste won. They whisper it's my fault I look like this now because I was stupid enough to give him my trust. He will always be with me just like he wanted, and all I have to do is look in the mirror to be reminded that I'm no longer my own person but his possession.

I take in a deep breath and release it, hoping to push out the panic clawing up my throat. All because my new Dom wants another picture. The one I sent this morning was from the back. You can't see any of the scars from behind, but my entire stomach and chest are covered in gashes from Christian's knife. The laceration across my neck, the surgeon did a good job making it less obvious, but I wear scarves to make sure no one is able to question me about what happened or looks at me with pity. Both, I can't stand.

I know once he sees them, I'll have to tell the story about how I was tortured for hours then left for dead. A story I hate to relive.

"I should have set talking about my scars as a hard limit." I sigh. "But it's too late now. Suck it up, Cadence and just do it."

I hold my phone up, snap the picture, then hit send. I toss my phone on my bed then slide beneath my covers, grab my laptop, and wait.

I hate waiting.

Two of his rules are that I'm to sleep in a set of underwear in the color of his choosing and that I'm to wait until he responds to my final task of the day because he wants to know how my day went before I turn in for the night.

I don't have any issue with that. He's establishing a routine. That's something we both need especially trying to make this work online. He needs to know how my day went and whether I'm taking care of myself, and I also need him to care about

what's happening in my life. I give so much of myself to others throughout the day, this is to make sure that I'm doing what I need to do so I don't get burned out. So, I understand. It's a fair exchange. What I'm not going to like is explaining all of this to him even though as my Dom, he needs to know about the panic attacks I experience.

A notification pops up on my phone and I already know it's from him. My heart is racing, and I don't want to answer his message. But I know it's something I have to do. I have to tell him what happened.

I open the website on my laptop instead of my phone, knowing this is going to be a long conversation. I click on the notification and my heart races even faster.

Billionaire Playboy: *We need to talk. I expect you to answer all of my questions.*

Lost Angel: *Yes, Sir.*

I respond immediately and my eyes widened when the video call pops up on my screen.

“Oh hell! He wants to video chat. I wasn't expecting to see him this soon.”

Can I do this? I can refuse. But do I need to?

“You can do this Cadence.” I take a deep breath and release it as a million and one thoughts swirl in my mind. “You have to give a piece of yourself to get what you want from this.”

I assume the position he wants me in— on my knees, with my butt resting on my feet. I hit the accept button before I talk

myself out of it. Immediately a screen pops up on my computer, and I drop my head, obeying his rule not to look him in the eyes until he gives me permission then place my hands on my thighs, palms facing down.

A growl almost has me looking up, but I don't avert my eyes from my hands. I don't want to disappoint him with our first official meeting by not obeying. And I don't want to see the look of disgust in his eyes.

“Look at me.”

His words are harsh and low. I lift my eyes and gaze into the dark brown eyes of the most beautiful man I've ever seen. Strong angular jaw, highlighted by the scruff along his jaw like he hasn't shaven in a few days. His dirty blonde hair on the top of his head flops over his forehead almost covering his eyes but is cut short on the sides almost to the scalp. And the most fascinating of all...well the most fascinating to me...are the black gauges in his ears and the tattoos peeking out from under his button-down shirt that's undone at the collar.

It isn't often you see a professional businessman with gauges and tattoos which tells me a lot about the Billionaire Playboy. More than he wants most people to see. He may be a man of the corporate world, and a man of money, but he definitely wasn't born into it.

I like it.

“Are your scars the reason you have trust issues?” he asks, and my eyes stop perusing him and jump to his intense stare.

His voice is cold and exact. I'm not sure if he's angry about the scars, or me scanning his body even though he commanded me to look at him. Although he seems angry, at least he's getting straight to the point no matter how rude his tone. I hate it because I know where the conversation is leading, but I'm also relieved at the same time. It's hard to make small talk when talking about trauma, especially to someone you don't know. I'm a therapist. I should know.

"May I speak freely, Sir?"

His mouth ticks up at the corner in a small smile, as he runs his fingers through his hair moving it out of his eyes. I take it he likes that I called him sir.

"You may," he says without hesitation.

He leans back in his black leather executive chair, steeping his hands.

I take in a deep breath and release it. "Yes, my scars are the reason I have trust issues and they are something I deal with every day. It's been a hard road."

"And I assume a Dom did this to you during playtime?"

"He did."

"Even after you used your safe word to stop all play?" he asks, and I can hear the fury and disbelief in his words.

It's not normal for someone a part of the BDSM community to ignore the use of a safe word. It's there for the submissive safety. And if ignored it's one of the highest betrayals. But it was even more than that for me, it was almost deadly. Now he

knows why I need his help if he's able to guide me through this.

The memory of the cold steel against my skin and the searing pain that covered my entire body with each and every cut flashes through my mind so vividly I can feel the agony of each slice as my skin is torn apart. It's one of the reasons I don't like to talk about what happened. I end up having flashbacks.

I close my eyes, trying to push down the terror rising inside me. I try to bury the memory of that day deep down, so I'm not thrown back into the past. But it's no use.

He runs his calloused hands against my skin causing goosebumps to cover my naked flesh. Normally we use his playroom but this time he insisted we use mine. I don't question it. I'm just as comfortable in my playroom just like I'm comfortable at his place in his personal playroom.

As he lays me on my massive custom made four poster bed, the red satin sheets brush against my already sensitive skin. The smoothness and the coolness of the fabric contrasts against the roughness and warmth of his hands sending another delicious shiver over my body.

"Oh, my girl likes that," he whispers, running his hands across my breasts, tweaking my already hardened nipples. I hiss from the pain but groan when his warm mouth encases one of my breasts, sucking my tender peak into his mouth.

I do like it. It feels so fucking good.

He tweaks my nipples again, then his warm rough tongue runs across them causing a moan to emanate from deep within my chest and my pussy to leak more arousal.

“We’re going to try something a little different tonight,” he says, moving up my body.

That gets my attention. Normally if we try anything new, we discuss it before we step in the playroom. We agree or disagree beforehand. That is something we negotiated in our contract. A contract we’ve stuck to religiously for five years.

“You didn’t say anything about trying something new,” I say but he doesn’t respond, he just straddles my hips putting most of his weight on me. Then he grabs my wrists and bounds them together with a silk tie. I pull at the restraints. They’re tight, and I can’t get them loose.

“Christian?”

I call him by his name instead of master just to get his attention because I don’t like the distant look in his eyes. But he doesn’t answer. He reaches in the back pocket of his slacks and removes a knife. He brings the knife closer to my face, flipping it over, so I can get a better look at it.

The smooth gray blade is about four inches long, maybe two inches wide from tip to hilt. He runs the pad of his thumb along the blade, hissing as a line of blood pools on his skin. He runs his tongue across the trail of blood, closing his eyes when he tastes it, his body visibly shaking.

Fuck! This isn’t good.

“You know I don’t like knife play, Christian.” I pull at my restraints and wiggle my body, trying to get him off me. “Angel.”

I use my safe word, hopefully that will snap him out of it, but he says nothing. Nor does he stop the scene like he should. He only holds the knife closer to my face so I can get a better look at it.

Fuck! This isn’t good.

“Angel! Christian! Angel!!” I scream and try to wiggle free.

“Do you know how long I’ve wanted to run my blade along your beautiful brown skin,” he says, ignoring my pleas.

“Watch it split open and watch the blood pour from it. Then coat my dick in it, jack off, before licking your skin clean.”

He moans, grabbing the bulge through his slacks.

I’ve known for a while he’s been interested in blood and knife play but it’s something I have no interest in and disagreed with participating in. He agreed to let the subject go.

“It would be so beautiful to see your gorgeous umber skin painted red,” he continues, licking his lips. “Your blood would make it so easy to slide inside your cunt. Can you imagine how good it will feel to sink inside you while you’re covered in your own blood?”

“Christian, please let me go. I don’t want to do this. Angel!”

His expression clouds in anger.

“My other subs have no problem with me doing what I like to them like good little whores. But you... you won't be the whore that you are and continue to deny me, Cadence. Why do you deny me what is rightfully mine?” He yanks me forward by the collar around my neck causing me to wince. “You are mine! And this proves it. Mine to do with as I please.”

He pushes my head back against the pillow. This Christian I don't know. Normally, he's the sweetest person. He cares about me. Now his dark eyes are filled with so much anger, desire, and disgust. I want him to let me go. I want him to get the hell away from me.

“Let me go, now Christian!” I yell, trying to deny the terror taking over me. Trying to portray bravery I don't have. “I don't want to do this anymore.”

It's like I haven't said a word to him. He's ignoring me. I buck my hips and thrash around as best I can, trying to get him off of me but he smirks, dragging the knife across my stomach. I scream as pain and terror engulfs me.

“Angel!” I yell my safe word again. “Angel! Please Christian...please stop!”

He laughs. It's not his usual laugh that lights up his entire face making him look adorable. It's cruel. It's mean.

“I'm not stopping, Cadence. Not until I'm covered in your blood and coming all over you bloody skin.

“Angel! You're safe with me.” His deep-timbered voice cuts through the fog of fear trying to overtake me and send me

spiraling into the abyss of panic. “Open your eyes, Angel. I am *not* him.”

“I’m safe.” I frantically nod, breathing in and out until the fear starts to recede. “You are not him,” I repeat. “I’m safe. You are not him.”

“That’s right, Angel. Listen to my voice, baby. I am not him. You will always be safe with me.”

When I open my eyes, I see the sincerity in his eyes. But I can’t fully let my guard down just yet and I think he knows it.

“He wouldn’t stop when I used my safe word,” I explain although I’m pretty sure he already knows.

“Can you tell me what happened?” he asks. “Can you show me what he did to you?”

I inhale another deep breath and release it, trying to calm my nerves. Only a handful of people have seen my scars. The doctors who saved my life, the cosmetic surgeon who tried to make them less visible, and my sister. No one else.

I can’t believe I’m really considering telling a stranger what happened to me much less show him the proof. Even though, I know this is the step I need to take to get back to the person I want to be, it’s not easy and I wasn’t expecting to do it this early. I have to not only show him what I live with every day so he can understand where I’m coming from with my trust issues, I need to tell him exactly what happened. The weight of this moment is almost too much to bear.

I look at him and he's waiting patiently, not pushing me one way another. No emotion blankets his face although I see the anger in his eyes. He also didn't command me but asked and right now that goes a long way in my book. He's taking my mental state in account and giving me a choice when he really doesn't have too.

I nod my head.

"I need your words, Angel. Will you show me all your scars and tell me what happened to you?"

"Yes"

I don't hesitate because if I do, I know I will chicken out and find a reason not to move forward in my journey to rediscovering the person that I was. So, I remove my bra and panties, placing them on the bed beside me. I return to the correct position on my knees but I scoot a little closer to the computer screen so he can get a better look.

Even though he's given me permission to look at him, I still drop my head because I don't want to see the disgust on his face. I have to look at my body in the mirror every day and listen to the voices tell me I'm not worthy. I don't need to see it or hear it from him too.

The longest scars start at my lower hip, crisscrossing diagonally over my stomach all the way to my right breast. It looks like a sword was used to cut me three times before switching to the other side, where one long scar cuts through the others. There are smaller ones that decorate my body, but the surgeon was able to minimize them, including the one

across my neck. However, the largest ones, there wasn't much he could do about them.

“Look at me, Angel.”

I hate to look at him because I don't want to see what he thinks but I can't keep myself from doing it. As a submissive for years, it's ingrained in me to obey my Dom, so my eyes lift to the man I only know as Billionaire Playboy. I'm shocked when I don't see disgust, only anger.

“Did this happen at a club?” he asks once my gaze is locked on his.

If he's from Chicago, he may be a member of Club Desire, even though I don't recognize him. But if he is, we've all signed NDAs, so I can understand why he didn't ask me straight out if it happened there. I want to make sure he doesn't think this is Elijah or Laila's fault, just in case he's a member.

“No. Not at any club, but at my former home. In my personal playroom.”

I had to sell my house that I designed myself because I was so traumatized, I couldn't step foot back into the place without having a damn panic attack.

The place was still covered in blood when I was released from the hospital. The carpets and the walls from the playroom to the living room were stained and streaked in my blood.

It was my dream home, and it had been tainted by a madman in the worse way imaginable. The first time I was able to go

home, I stepped inside and had a full-blown panic attack after seeing my blood everywhere. Then, I was rushed to the hospital. It was a damn miracle I survived with the amount of blood I'd lost. So, because the place was triggering, I had no other choice but to put it on the market because there was no way I'd be able to live there.

My youngest sister, Dawn, said by the blood trail, they think I crawled from my playroom to the living room where my cellphone was most likely sitting on the coffee table where I usually left it. I dialed 911 and apparently passed out while on the phone with the dispatcher. They sent a police unit to do a wellness check where they found me naked, bound by my hands, covered in blood, and barely clinging to life.

I don't remember anything after he cut my throat, not even crawling to get help. The doctor said that my memory loss is my brain's way of protecting me from what happened and that's a memory I may never recover.

Thank God.

I have enough nightmares about Christian raping me over and over again while he sliced into my body and licked my blood and his cum from my skin. I don't know how long the entire incident happened because I was in and out of consciousness, but they do believe it was hours. I don't need to remember what I went through trying to save my life too.

"Had he collared you?" he asks when I didn't go any further.

My hands immediately go to my neck where the repressive piece of jewelry I once loved, use to sit.

“Yes,” I say ashamed of my answer dropping my hands.

He shakes his head. “No need to be ashamed, Angel. This is all on him.”

I do know it’s Christian’s fault, but it doesn’t change the truth of the matter. I gave him the opportunity to do what he did by giving into him fully. By accepting him as my Dom and by accepting his collar.

“You do realize he wasn’t a real Dominant, right?” he asks, breaking through my thoughts. “A true Dominant would never hurt their partner and that’s what he was to you, Angel, your partner. Not just your Dom because he claimed you as his.”

“May I get dressed?” I ask.

Even though the only thing I took off was the bra and panties, I was ready to shield as much of my skin as possible and move this conversation away from Christian Baptiste and what he done to me.

I know Christian wasn’t a true Dom and he wouldn’t have hurt me if he truly cared for me. That night I had found out we weren’t even exclusive despite what he made me believe. But knowing the truth doesn’t change what happened. I’m still ruined. I just need to figure out a way to get past it since I can’t change it.

“Where is he now?” he asks, ignoring my question about redressing.

“Prison. But he’s doing everything to have the decision thrown out according to my attorneys because of me being into

BDSM. Christian Baptiste has money and connections. It's terrifying knowing he might get out, but it won't shock me if they release him."

He remains quiet for some time, and I begin to squirm under the weight of his stare. It's been a long time since a man has looked at me like he is. Like he wants to devour every inch of my body.

"Do you even realize how beautiful you are?" he asks.
"What's your name, Angel?"

The change of subject is jarring but welcomed. I don't like thinking about Christian any more than I have too.

I stare at the most gorgeous man I've ever seen in my life and although his words should make me feel fucking fantastic that he'd consider me beautiful despite the way I look, they don't. Because I don't believe him.

I'll never be beautiful again.

Before I can respond he leans forward, closer to his laptop. I get a better view of his dark brown eyes that sparkle with anger under the light.

"Let's get one thing straight before we go forward. I don't say shit I don't mean, Angel. That's one thing you need to learn about me really quickly. So, whatever's floating around in that pretty head of yours, shut that shit down, now. Do you understand me?"

I sigh. "Yes, Sir.

"Now what's your name?"

“Cadence.”

“Cadence, scars or not, you are one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever had the pleasure of seeing. Hopefully, one day, you’ll believe it. And hopefully, one day, you’ll let me worship that gorgeous body of yours in person.”

My eyes well with tears and I try to stop them from spilling over, but I can’t. I quickly wipe them away.

“Now, my new rule is every night before you go to bed, you are going to video call me and let me see your beautiful body and tell me how stunning you are. Do you understand?”

My eyes widen and fear rockets through me. I don’t know if I can do this every night because it will be humiliating to utter those words to him especially because they are a lie.

BRIAN

I saw the embarrassment, the humiliation all over her face when she removed her clothes. So, I can only imagine the courage it took for her to show me what that bastard had done to her and tell me some of what happened. Now the mortification at me seeing her naked body has shifted to horror at my new rule. While she may think those wounds take away from how gorgeous she is, for me it only adds to her appeal.

She's a survivor. She's lived through something so heinous that most people wouldn't have lived to tell about it. I know what it takes to survive something so painful, so traumatic that any lesser person would have not survived it. This woman came out of it with her life. Now it's up to me to show her how special she truly is.

Despite the indescribable rage that roared to life inside me when she sent that photograph everything clicked. I understood immediately why she has trust issues especially with Dominants and the BDSM lifestyle. I immediately knew

a so-called Dom had done that to her against her will. It explained her hard limits, such as bondage, knife play, and a few others.

My plan was to do video calls later in this arrangement, but this couldn't wait. That picture she sent sped up my plans. Everything I wanted to do to help her changed. This goes from someone trying to build trust to someone needing to build confidence in themselves. Trust will come naturally once I'm able to help her see what I see in her.

I patiently wait for her response to my new rule. It's non-negotiable. If she wants this arrangement to continue, this is part of what we both need from this relationship. She needs to believe she's beautiful again.

"I do things for your benefit, Angel," I say just in case she doesn't understand why I'm asking her to embrace her scars. Embrace her beauty and not let that bastard win and right now, he's winning. And she knows it. That's why she's ready for a change.

I need to look into what happened. Who is Christian Baptiste?

I want this to happen between us. More than I'm willing to admit at this point. But I will never be able to help her if she doesn't build confidence first. She has to know she's worthy of my attention. She has to know that she's worthy of my praise.

"For as long as you submit to me nothing or no one else matters," I continue. Her eyes widen. "Everything is for your benefit and this new rule is non-negotiable. Of course, you are allowed to use your safe word like any other time we're

together, but this is what I want from you. This is what you need from me.”

I watch as she inhales and releases a breath. She’s done this numerous times since our video chat started. I assume it’s a technique to calm her nerves or some type of coping mechanism to deal with a stressful situation that helps her work through whatever anxiety she has. It’s the only reason I haven’t called her out on making me wait for answers that with any other submissive they would receive punishment. I’m used to getting what I want when I want it but with her, I have to be more patient. It’s not going to be easy, but I know it’s necessary. At least in the beginning.

“But what if you aren’t available?” she asks.

Although it’s a good question because it’s possible that I may not always be available, I think she wants me to change my mind. But I think we can make this work. This is something she needs to do for herself, and I need to know she will always follow my instructions.

“If I’m not available send me a video recording.”

She sighs and it almost makes me smile. She definitely thought I’d change my mind.

“You know this isn’t something I want to do right?” she asks.

“And you have every right to use your safe word and we can end this right now, Angel,” I say without hesitation.

I’m never going to force her to do something she doesn’t want to do despite me believing it’s what’s best for her. She has a

choice with me. Always.

“You have a decision to make, sweetheart.” I propped my head on my hand. “But I do think you want to get back to the way it was before your attack, right?”

“I do.” She blows out a breath. “More than anything.”

I believe her and my heart clenches in my chest because I completely understand her struggle. I know what it feels like to want something so bad and not knowing exactly how to get it, especially when life has dealt you a shitty hand. I can understand the need to trust someone but being unable to let your guard down long enough to do so. That’s why I’m so close with Valentino and Tara to this day. I don’t trust people easily, but I do trust them with my life. I want to be that person for her. She needs someone that without any doubt she’ll know they will be there for her no matter what. As her Dom, I want to be that person for her. I need to be that person for her.

“If you want it as much as I think you do, then this is your next step, Cadence. You’ve done so well following my instructions today. And you’ve pleased me so much. Have faith in me that I’m not doing this to harm you, but to help you.”

“It’s hard,” she whispers, wiping away tears. “It’s been hard to have faith in anybody.”

I wonder when the last time was she actually cried about what happened. She seems like the kind of woman who would push down all her pain and put on a brave face just to avoid what’s happening.

“It’s hard to do something especially when you don’t believe it anymore.”

I can only imagine the pain she’s dealing with. Even though I’ve had a hard life growing up in the foster care system, dealing with physical, emotional, and sexual abuse almost on a daily basis, I don’t have the physical scars as an everyday reminder. Although the mental wounds from that time are still very present and will be something that will be with me until the day I die. No amount of therapy or money can fix that. However, I’m a survivor. I’ve made my life and others better. And so is she. She just needs to embrace it. She can turn her scars from being a hinderance to something that makes her strive for the best out of life.

“It is,” I say, agreeing with her. “It’s always the most rewarding things in life that are the hardest things to do. Nothing about this is going to be easy, Angel. You know this. You live with it every day of your life. But while you may have been out of the lifestyle for a few years, you know what this life entails. And if you want to be a part of it again... truly be a part of it again, you have to give a little to get something in return. It’s not something I can hand you. It’s hard work but I know you can do it. I’m in your corner. I promise you the reward is going to be greater than the sacrifice. Trust me. Trust *in* me.”

“You sound like a motivational speaker,” she says with a small chuckle.

That makes me smile which is something I haven't done a lot of in a long time. I'm far from a motivational speaker but I've been through some shit and know what it takes to get past the mental blocks to turn shitty circumstances into something great.

"I've just been through some things and know what it's like to lose faith in people who are supposed to be in your corner. I know what it's like to have to push yourself in order to make your life better even when the voices talking inside your head tell you that you can't fix shit or that you're not worthy of that better life you know deep down you deserve."

Her eyes widen and I know she's experienced everything I've said. It's normal for people who've gone through something horrific to question their worth. There was a time when I did it every day. While I do have my days where I question whether I deserve to be where I'm at, they are few and far between.

"Have some faith in me, Angel."

She nods. "I can do that."

Even though I see the reluctance in her eyes she pushes through it and I'm proud of her. This is the first step. I let out a sigh of relief because I think this could be something really special. Something good for both of us. She's a beautiful woman. She just needs to realize it again.

I lean back in my chair and gaze at the stunning woman who's naked in front of me. Her full breasts are magnificent, the contrast of her dark nipples against her brown skin make my mouth water. The curve of hips have me itching to dig my

fingers in the soft flesh. And her pussy, I wish I could run my tongue through her folds. It's a computer screen but I want to reach out and touch her, reward her for the steps she's made just today. Now it's time to get down to business.

"You have received the contract and accepted the terms of the agreement, is that right?" I ask, anxious to get shit going.

"Yes, Sir."

"So, have I. And as your Dominant, do you have any questions for me before we get started?"

"No, Sir. But I think I should mention some things that trigger panic attacks for me. I've listed as much as I could think of as hard limits, but I can't really pinpoint outside of those."

"But you do recognize the onset of your attacks?"

I hope she did because I also needed to know what to look for if she couldn't voice it.

"The common signs of a panic attack, trouble breathing, and dizziness are what I've experienced."

"Noted. And if you feel like something might trigger you, let me know immediately by using your safe word. And if I see what I think are signs, I will end play immediately whether or not you use your safe word. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good girl."

She releases a breath, then smiles so wide from my praise. Hmm. Every time I give her praise her eyes light up.

“Now are you ready to get started?”

She nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

I don't even need to ask her to assume the correct position. She's already on her knees facing the computer screen, with her butt resting on her feet. Her head is lower now since we've finish discussing her scars, and her hands are in her lap.

Excellent posture.

She's exquisite and I can't wait to start playing.

“Since doing this online is new to both of us, it's going to take some getting used to. But the rules of any Dominant/Submissive relationship still apply. I order and you obey. I control your mind, body, and soul. I expect nothing less than what we are both worthy of from our agreement. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl, my Angel. Now lay back and spread your legs for me, Cadence. I want to see my pussy.”

CADENCE

Nerves rattle my body, but I don't hesitate to lay down against the large pillows stacked against my tufted headboard and spread my legs wide where he can get a nice view of my pussy.

Masturbating has been my only way to get any sexual gratification since my attack, so I've become a pro at getting myself off. But my fingers or vibrators aren't enough anymore and have taken the place of dick for far too long. However, no matter how much I want to feel a man inside me, I know my mind isn't there yet. Hopefully, my damn mind hurries the hell up and catches up to what my body craves.

"You're such a good girl for me, Angel."

The intense timbre of his voice immediately sends a delicious tremor racing through me. My entire body shudders and wetness pools at my core. He groans so I know he sees how much his words affect me. I wish I could see his reaction from

where I'm propped against the headboard because his voice does wonders for my body. I can only imagine what his eyes on me will do.

"I have a weakness for good girls who do exactly as they're told. So, I'm going to reward you for being so open with me today," he says, groaning. The sound of leather squeaks over the computer. "Normally, I don't let anyone touch my pussy. Well... at least not until I've had my tongue and fingers explore it. But you've been doing such a good job all day with your tasks, and you've opened up to me, which I know is a big step for you. You deserve to play for a little while so I can see your pussy get nice and wet. Would you like that, Angel?"

"Yes, Sir."

It's almost embarrassing the amount of excitement moving inside me and also indescribable. I'm so eager to touch myself just from his words alone which of lately had become a chore. Just something to do to relieve the stresses of the day. But right now, I'm so excited to do it.

"Ask me nicely to touch my pussy," he commands, his voice deep and purposefully seductive.

It's like he knows his words do something to me without even knowing who I am.

"Can I please touch your pussy, Sir?" I ask with eagerness.

He moans and it sends another jolt of excitement through me. For the first time in a long time, I feel comfortable. Comfortable enough to show a stranger my drenched pussy.

And even though we aren't in the same room, we are still able to share something intimate between us. Something I haven't been able to feel with another person since my attack. I'm proud of myself. I'm proud of the step I've taken to get back to the person I was before everything went to shit. I want this more than ever now that it's within my grasp.

“Did you place the toy by your bed?”

“Yes, Sir,” I whimper.

I've never used a vibrator or any other toy on myself while someone watched me. I've come to learn Christian was a selfish lover. A pretend Dom who cared more about the power dynamics than what was best for me. But I think Billionaire Playboy is going to show me a new side to this lifestyle. I think he's going to push my limits. Push me in a way that gets me back to the person I want to be. And I'm so ready for it.

“You have my permission to touch yourself and be as loud as you want. As a matter of fact, I want to hear you scream.”

I moan as another shiver runs through my body. Never have I made myself scream from masturbating.

He chuckles. “You've never made yourself scream before, Angel?” he asks, like he knows my thoughts.

“No, Sir.”

“Well, there's a first time for everything,” he says. “Touch yourself Angel, before I

don't let you come for making me wait to see that beautiful cunt spasming around your fingers.”

Holy shit! I love the way he talks.

I whimper from his words and a deep, dark chuckle sounds as I run my fingers down the soft folds of my shaven pussy, spreading my pussy open so he can get a real good view of my center.

Another one of his rules. He wants me to remain clean shaven for the entirety of our contract so he can see my pussy whenever he wants.

“Hmmm... looks like she’s already wet,” he growls which shifts to a painful hiss. It startles me for only a second but then his hiss quickly changes into a soft groan.

Is he touching himself?

I don’t know what it is about the thought of him touching himself that gets me so fucking hot, but it sends a surge of heat through me engulfing my entire body in arousal.

I wish I could watch. Maybe if I’m a good girl he’ll let me watch once we’ve finished.

“Run your fingers through your slit and hold them up to the screen,” he orders. “I want to see how wet you really are.”

I graze my sensitive clit, moaning as I move down my pussy, gathering my arousal as I go. Being on camera and having someone watch me as I brush my fingers through my wet cunt is one of the most erotic experiences I’ve ever had.

I love watching people fuck. Christian and I spent a lot of time in Club Desire’s voyeur rooms, watching people get off. But I didn’t know I would enjoy someone watching me fuck myself

so much. And we've just started. I can only imagine where this will lead and I'm all for it.

Rubbing my arousal over my pussy making sure it's wet, I then move my fingers through my folds again gathering more of my juices. I hold up my fingers to the computer screen.

"I can't wait to taste that sweet nectar on my tongue. Tell me how you taste."

Without hesitation, I slowly lick my own arousal from every one of my fingers, savoring the sweet, musky flavor of my pussy while he watches with a look I can't describe.

"I taste so good, Sir." I close my eyes. "I wish you could get a taste."

He chuckles. "Soon sweet girl. Now show me how you make yourself come."

A small smile graces my face, as I open my eyes. I spread my legs wider, then scoot my ass closer to the screen.

"That's perfect, Angel. I can see that beautiful, moist cunt. Now fuck yourself, but don't come until I tell you too."

"Yes, Sir."

I've become well acquainted with my body over these past two years and can easily get myself off. It's definitely going to be a challenge not to come until he tells me too because up until then control was in my hands. But I'm up for a challenge.

Starting at the base of my pussy I lightly drag my finger through my slit, opening my folds, and wishing it was his

tongue instead of my fingers. “Fuck, that looks so good, Angel.” The rasp of his voice sends another surge of arousal from my pussy. “Do you know how bad I want to sink my dick deep inside you?”

“Oh! Fuck,” I groan.

I want that so bad.

“That’s it, baby,” he grunts, as I move the pad of my finger over my engorged clit. “Show me how you make yourself come.”

I close my eyes and dip my finger in my entrance, gather more of my arousal, then lazily rub my clit putting just the amount of pressure I like. I pull my bottom lip between my teeth while I continue to bring myself closer to the edge without pushing myself over.

“You have a fantastic body, sweetheart,” he says. “And I love the way you know how to make yourself feel good. Now grab your vibrator and fuck yourself with it.”

I reach over and grab my toy and run it over my pussy and clit. A gush of arousal leaks from my entrance and runs down my ass. I groan as the vibration moves all over my entire body. My hips move against the toy while I listen to his moans and groans increase, driving me closer to the edge.

“Good girl. Now faster.”

My hips buck as I increase the speed of the vibrator. “Oh... my...God! Please, can I come, Sir?”

“Not God, love. But I control every part of you, Angel. I control your mind, body, and soul.”

Fuck, I’m not sure how much longer I can hold my orgasm off. My entire body is tingling. I’m panting, my hips are moving on their own. And I’m drenched.

“Please, Sir. I can’t hold it.”

He chuckles. “You can, Angel because you want to be a good girl, right?”

I nod frantically. “I do. I do want to be your good girl.”

“And it pleases me that you want to be my good girl and it pleases me to see you make yourself come. It’s beautiful. It’s fucking hot and makes me want to fuck you until you pass out.”

I whimper as my legs start trembling as I close my eyes and try to focus on not coming even though he’s a bastard for making me hold it.

“Please... Sir! Please let me come. I’m a good girl. I’m your good girl. Please.”

He groans and it’s like a shot of adrenaline through me that goes straight to my needy pussy.

“You can come, Angel.”

Thank God!

“Yes!” I scream, throwing my head back as my eyes roll and the walls of my pussy spasm around my fingers.

When I finally come down of my orgasmic high, I remove my fingers, drop the vibrator on the bed and open my eyes, sighing.

“You are so fucking beautiful.”

I raise my head and look at the screen seeing nothing but desire in his eyes.

“Thank you, Sir.”

He smiles. “It’s Brian. My name is Brian.”

CADENCE

THREE WEEKS LATER

Currently, I'm squirming like I have to piss, my skin is flush, and I want to be fucked within an inch of my life. Brian, my new Dom, has decided he wants to have playtime even though we both have prior engagements, and we aren't doing video chat tonight like we normally do.

Amazingly, he's able to control the vibrator inside me that he insisted I wear today, from wherever he is. Which is exhilarating, but also debilitating in a good way because right now, I'm having a one-sided conversation with someone at Laila's dinner party barely able to concentrate because Brian is keeping the vibration on low but steady. It's a constant delicious torture but a distracting one as well.

I laugh when I think I'm supposed to. Nod when I feel it's appropriate, so it seems like I'm involved in the conversation. However, I have no idea what the hell this man is talking

about but he's interesting enough to keep my mind off the delicious feeling assaulting my entire being. He's been talking for the last twenty minutes, and I checked out of the conversation during the first five minutes.

It's rude not to pay attention when someone's talking to you, but I can't help it. I'm on the verge of coming and I don't think Laila would appreciate it if I had a full-blown orgasm in front of her guests.

"I'm sorry, could you please excuse me," I say, not even giving him a chance to respond as I walk away like my ass is on fire while he's in the middle of discussing geopolitical policies or some shit.

"Cadence are you alright?" Laila asks, as she intercepts me on my way to somewhere private. "You look a little flush."

She pulls me to the corner of the room away from the crowd. She's one of my closest friends and had the idea for me to try Carnal Desire, so of course, I've told her I've met someone who has agreed to be my Dominant. But I haven't told her anything beyond that. And I definitely haven't told her the things he makes me do like having a vibrator inside me while having dinner with an ass load of people I've never met.

"Carson can be a little overbearing at times but he's harmless," she continues.

"Who?" I ask wiping away the beads of sweat from my brow.

I have no idea who Carson is, and he isn't my concern at the moment. I'm on the verge of falling over the edge and would

prefer to do it in private.

“Fuck,” I moan, gripping her arm when the gentle vibration switches to a steady pulse.

Her eyes widen.

“Oh... Are you?” A wide smile stretches across her face.

“You are!” she whisper yells.

“Laila, I need somewhere private,” I murmur when he switches it back to a gentle vibration. “Or everyone in this room is going to hear me. Please,” I plead.

She laughs as I let out another moan. This toy is wonderful but definitely not something he should use on me in public.

“Oh, he’s good.” She grabs my hand and pulls me out of the corner of the room. “You can use one of the guest rooms.”

I frantically nod as she leads me through a maze of people who want to stop her to talk but she politely waves them off, then ushers me down the hallway of the first floor of her home.

“Oh God,” I mumble, causing Laila to laugh louder.

“So, I take it, this is your Dom’s doing?” she asks, and I nod.

“I’m glad to see things are looking up for you.”

I’m so focused on not having an orgasm in front of my friend I hadn’t even notice we stopped walking.

“Hey, Brian,” Laila says. “I can’t talk right now but Elijah is around here somewhere. It’s good to see you.”

My attention moves to the man standing in front of us and my eyes widen then immediately fall to the floor. We've never met in person but there's no way I wouldn't recognize the man who has made me come virtually every night for two weeks. The man who is getting me back to the person I want to be.

"Cadence?" he calls my name, and my breath catches in my throat.

That voice does so much to me in the privacy of my home and now experiencing it in person is ten times more electric.

"Oh!" Laila says. "You know each other?"

I feel Laila's eyes on me, but I remain silent and keep my eyes lowered to the floor because that's what I'm supposed to do.

"You can look at me, Angel," he says, giving me his permission.

My gaze lands on his and it's like I've been pulled into an alternate reality. I have never wanted another man with this amount of intensity I'm feeling at the moment. It almost floors me the amount of desire and eagerness reflected in his gaze.

"Ohhhh..." Laila says when it dawns on her who Brian is to me. "I'm just going to get out of your hair. You can use the room at the end of the hall."

She squeezes my hand then disappears down the hallway back to the party.

He steps closer, and I move backward until my back is flush against the wall. He stares down in my eyes and it's like

everything else around us fades away. I wasn't expecting to meet him so soon but I'm not against it.

He's even more beautiful in person. It isn't often you can call a man beautiful but there isn't another word I can use to describe him. He has a roughness to him with his tattoos and gauges in his ear, that contrast so well with his perfectly styled hair the color of wheat fields on a bright, sunny day highlighting his chiseled jawline and beautiful dark eyes.

He brushes my hair away from my eyes. "You are even more beautiful in person." He tilts his head then runs his finger down my jawline causing me to shiver. "Your beautiful skin looks a little flush too." He smirks and it's the sexiest thing I've ever seen. "Are you enjoying your toy?"

"Yes, Sir." I close my eyes when the vibrations increase. "But...I..." I can't even form a complete damn sentence. "Sir, I need to..."

He brushes his finger over the shell of my ear, down the column of my neck then across my collarbone. His touch is light but painfully teasing. "What do you need, Angel?"

I let out a breath of relief when the vibrations lessen. Maybe now I can form a coherent sentence. "You," I say.

His eyes widen. I guess he wasn't expecting that response. But it's the truth. I need him to show me how to be the person I want to be. I need his guidance but most of all I need him to touch me.

"You have me."

He leans forward and kisses me right below my ear and my senses reel like I've short-circuited. I whimper when the vibration increases and so does my arousal. My panties are drenched.

He plants his palm on the wall of the hallway right beside my head, crowding me with his large body. He stands at least a head taller than me even in my four-inch heels. He runs his fingertip across the swell of my breasts then inching under the fabric of my dress while never taking his eyes off me. I expect him to say something, but he stays silent only gazing at me while I'm barely hanging on to my control. The vibration from the vibrator still has me squirming and my breathing is labored as I try to stave off my impending orgasm.

He hooks his finger under the top of my dress along with my strapless bra then eases them down under my breasts. My head falls against the wall, and I groan, closing my eyes when the vibration of the toy inserted inside me switches again to a steady agonizing pulse.

The pad of his thumb brushes back and forth over my hardened nipple causing my body to involuntarily arch towards him begging for more of his expert touch.

"I love the way you respond to me," he whispers his hot breath brushing against the shell of my ear.

He tugs and tweaks my nipple.

"I wonder how wet my pussy is."

"Oh God..."

His deep dark chuckle vibrates inside my chest. “Not God my Angel...but close.”

My dress creeps up my thighs as his hand moves under my dress, then caresses my thighs. “Have you been a good girl tonight?” he asks, his lips brushing against my lips as he speaks.

“Yes...Sir,” I say as my body trembles with so much want as his fingers ghost over the fabric of my panties.

“Hmmm...wet just like I thought.”

My head falls against his chest as his fingers brush back and forth over my pussy, lightly grazing my clit.

“Do you know how bad I’ve wanted this?” he asks, as he moves my panties to the side and circles my clit. The stroke of his fingers sends jolts of pleasure moving through me. I groan and my legs start to tremble. He continues rubbing my clit adding a little pressure while the vibrator continues to pulsate inside me.

“Sir, please... I need to come. Please.”

“I love to hear you beg but I rather hear you scream. Come my Angel,” he commands, pinching my clit. “Let me hear you scream.”

“Fuck!” I shout as I fall over the edge.

White lights burst behind my tightly closed eyes. The pleasure is nothing but explosive while I climb even higher as he continues to feverously rub my bundle of nerves. “That’s it,

Angel. Show them you're mine," he whispers, as I dig my nails into his shoulders.

"Oh! Yes!" I scream as heat ripples under my skin as I roll into another orgasm, my hips rocking against his fingers. Wave after wave of ecstasy assault my body. It's been a while since I felt this much pleasure.

"I wonder how easily it would be to slide inside you?" he asks and it's like another shock to my system. I'm so far gone I don't even realize he's taken the toy out of my pussy, unzipped his slacks and pulled his dick out until he's sliding inside me.

He doesn't give me time to come down before he's thrusting inside me like a man possessed and all I can do is hold on for the ride. He grabs one of my legs and wraps it around his waist, pushing me up against the wall. If anyone comes down this hallway there's no way they do not know we're fucking. And at this moment, I can say I don't give a damn what anyone thinks. I'm getting fucked for the first time in a long time and I'm fucking loving it.

He wraps one of his hands around my throat while continuing to hold my leg around his waist. His mouth closed tightly, his neck muscles are strained, and beads of sweat are covering his forehead. Gently squeezing, he focuses on my eyes as he drives into me and I'm drowning in the amount of pure lust and ecstasy swirling in his.

"Fuck, you feel good," he groans, tightening his grip on my neck. "I've been dreaming of this since I saw your beautiful cunt on display. I want you to fucking come on my dick, so I

feel your pussy clamp around me,” he says, tightening his grip even more.

And immediately I’m overcome with so much pleasure. It was pure and explosive. Black spots cloud my vision as my orgasm rushes from my toes to the top of my head.

“I’m coming!” I yell as he releases inside of me.

I don’t care who hears or who sees. All I care about is this magnificent man giving me back something I haven’t experienced in so long.

When I finally come back down from my erotic high, I’m clinging to him like he’s my saving grace because if I let him go, I’ll hit the floor. He wraps one of his arms around my waist, puts my panties back in place and pulls down the hem of my cocktail dress. He puts his cock back inside his slacks then zips and buttons them.

He kisses the top of my head, but I can’t move. “You did so good baby girl.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I mumble. “Best. Night. Ever.”

He chuckles. “Let’s get you some water, then get you home.”

I’m so tired. All I want to do now is get under my covers and go to sleep. He wraps his arm around my shoulder, holding me up as we walk down the hallway back to our reality. I’ve never felt so content in my life. Even though this meeting wasn’t planned, I don’t regret it.

BRIAN

It's been a whirl wind few weeks since linking up with Cadence on *Carnal Desire*. Having her as my submissive has been such a relief from the everyday stresses of being a businessman and people constantly wanting to take shit from me. It was an unexpected surprise that has made such a big impact on me. Even Ronnie, my assistant, asked what has me in such a good mood.

I always understood the need to have someone in my life, but it's been definitely more fulfilling than I could have ever imagined. Cadence and I have our routine throughout the day and she's opening up more and more to me about her life and I'm doing the same.

I don't want to get my hopes up, but I definitely want to make this official. We've only met in person at Laila's dinner party, which wasn't planned. But she hasn't brought up meeting in person again and *Carnal Desire* isn't enough for me anymore.

“What’s on your mind?” Valentino asks as he leans back in his chair.

We’re at his home in Philadelphia. Charlie got me all the information I needed on my board members who are trying to fuck everything up. Valentino blackmailed my ass to get me on a plane to retrieve all the information. So, I’m sitting in his office, drinking a tumbler of top shelf scotch, and getting my plan together on how to bring down my entire board.

“I’ve got a submissive.”

He smiles. “Fuck, about time.”

My brows dipped in confusion. “I’ve had plenty of women, Tino. What the hell are you talking about?”

He laughs. “I know you’ve had plenty of women and that’s the issue. You’re a nurturer, Brian. A natural protector. And you like to connect with a woman on a deeper level. Kind of hard to do that if you’re fucking different ones every day of the week. And to be honest I don’t believe you’ve actually connected with anyone since Tara.”

I arch my brow. We never talk about my relationship with Tara. Valentino is a jealous motherfucker over her, and I don’t like to dwell on that relationship either. We are close friends and we both made the right decision to end our relationship and remain friends. It was the best decision for us both. But I like to keep that part of my life in the past.

Valentino laughs. “I know we don’t talk about it, and by the look on your face it makes you uncomfortable talking about it

with me. But I know you guys loved each other once, Brian. And I'm absolutely grateful that shit didn't work out between you two," he says, causing me to snort.

Of course, he'd see my loss, as his gain, which he absolutely should. Tara is a magnificent woman. Valentino and me, we're very lucky men to have her in our lives. Him as his wife and me as her friend.

"You're the only motherfucker I know that would find a good thing out of what happened," I say laughing.

It's a good thing I can laugh about it now because back then it was like my world had ended.

"Of course!" He smirked. "I found the love of my life, my daughter, and expanded our family. That's all thanks to you. But with all that said, that doesn't mean I don't want what's best for you."

I dramatically place my hand over my heart. "I don't think you've ever said anything so sweet to me before, Tino. You must really care about me."

"Shut up motherfucker," he says but I can hear the laughter in his voice.

"I'm just fucking with you," I say. "But in all seriousness, me introducing you two was the best thing to happen to me and to Tara. I've never regretted it."

"That's good to know asshole." He chuckles. "Anyway, how's it going with your new submissive?"

“It’s going.” I shrug. “I wish it would move along a little faster than it is, but she’s got some trust issues we’re working through. So, I’m being patient.”

“Which isn’t one of your strong suits,” he says, pointing at me then taking a sip of his scotch.

“Exactly, but I think it can really go somewhere.”

“Did you meet at Club Desire or Club Jade?”

“Actually, online. And before you shit on it, it’s exclusive.”

“I wasn’t going to say anything. Anyway, when’s the last time you’ve had a sub?” he asks.

I laugh. “Your wife if you can believe that.”

“You’re fucking kidding me?”

“Nope.” I take a sip of scotch. “Everyone just didn’t meet that standard. But this woman is special. I can see it developing into something more eventually.”

“I’m happy for you, man. Maybe we can meet up at Club Jade soon since Rizzo’s being an ass about me being in Chicago so much. So, Club Desire is out of the question. He’s a pain in my ass.”

I laugh. “Since I’ve been in Chicago, I haven’t been going to the club much. Couldn’t find the right partner and it just wasn’t fun anymore. So, I’ve been using an app and their website.”

“How does that even work?”

“It’s a process but like I said, I think she’s special so I’m willing to do things this way if it leads to something. So, what did Charlie find?”

Enough about my personal life, it’s time to get down to the reason I’m here. I need to save my company, then get things moving forward with Cadence.

“He found a fucking, lot man. There’s no reason you should have trouble getting rid of them.”

That’s what I like to hear. They tried to screw me over, but I’m the one who’s going to get the last laugh.

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

She sighs. “How long are you going to be gone?” she asks.

I chuckle. “You miss me, already?”

“Well, I do like keeping to our routine. But I understand you have business. I knew what I signed up for.”

The driver opens my door, and I step out in front of my office building, holding my briefcase in one hand, and my phone in the other. I touched down in Los Angeles yesterday and I already crave her. I crave her obedience. Her attention. I want it all and as much as I can get it.

“So, you do miss me?” I ask, chuckling.

She giggles. “Yeah, I do.”

I sigh. “I won’t be too long. This was something I couldn’t put off anymore.”

“I know. I know. I’m too clingy, aren’t I?”

She sounds mortified at the possibility, but I find her cute. Ever since we met in person at Laila’s dinner party everything has been different. She is clingy, but I love it. I haven’t had someone in a really long time actually miss me when I’m not around. Except for maybe Ronnie and that’s only because shit usually hits the fan when I’m away. It’s not because he actually misses my company.

“You are clingy,” I say causing her to groan and me to laugh.
“But I like it, baby. It lets me know you care.”

“Good morning, Mr. Hamm,” my doorman greets me as he pushes the door open to my office building open. “How are you doing?”

“Good morning, Daniel. Come by my office in an hour I need to talk to you about something.”

He nods. “Yes, Sir.”

Daniel Knight is a veteran who fell on hard times. He became an alcoholic and addicted to painkillers which ultimately led to homelessness after he came back from Iraq. I met him while he was panhandling around the Wholesale District in Los Angeles. After hearing his story, I decided to put him through rehab and give him a job to get him off the streets. He’s been working here at BH Securities’ headquarters for nearly ten years now. And he does some side jobs for me when I can use his military talents. I will definitely be using him once I decide what to do about Christian Baptiste.

“So, what’s your day look like?” I ask as I make my way to the elevator that will bring me to my office and the other executive suites on the fourteenth floor. Normally, I use the private entrance but today I need everyone to know I’m in the building. I’m not supposed to be back in town for another two weeks since I extended my time in Chicago because of Cadence. But I had Ronnie call an emergency meeting with all the board members. It’s time to get them off my board and away from my company.

“I have a client in a few minutes, then two more-hour sessions, and then my calendar is clear,” she says. “It’s going to be a light day.”

“Great.” I push the button for the elevator and once the doors slide open, I step in. “Once you’re done with work, I would like for you to send me a picture.”

“What would you like to see, Sir?” she asks.

I smile. She’s the perfect submissive. Always wants to please.

“You’ve been such a good girl, I’ll leave it up to you.”

“Oh! This should be fun,” she replies with shock in her voice.

“It isn’t often you let me control things.”

I laugh. She’s exactly right but she deserves it. She does everything I ask her to do without complaint. The biggest being her telling herself everyday that she’s beautiful. That her scars don’t define her or make her less beautiful but more because she’s a survivor. I love hearing those words come out of her mouth and I believe she’s actually starting to believe them.

The elevator doors slide open and my secretary, Angela Moore sees me as soon as I step off. She rushes from around her desk to my side like she does every time I come into town.

“It’s good to see you, Mr. Hamm,” she says in that seductive voice I used to think was sexy. “How may I be of service?”

I want to roll my eyes at her forwardness, especially while I’m on the phone. Angela has been my secretary for two years. She also happens to be one of the many women I fuck whenever I’m in town and can’t get to the club. I don’t know how many times she’s been on her knees under my desk giving me a blow job. She doesn’t care if I’m on a conference call or doing a video conference call, if I want her sucking my dick, she’s willing. Now that’s something we are going to have to end because of Cadence. And I’m more than satisfied with my new arrangement.

“Angela,” I say, pushing the door open to my office with her following closely behind me. She closes the door, as I sit behind my desk. “Not now.”

I’m so focused on my conversation I don’t even notice that she’s ignoring me until it’s too late. “Hmmm...” She runs her hands up my thighs. “I’ve missed you, baby.”

“I’m going to let you go,” Cadence says. I can hear the hurt and defeat in her voice and it rips my heart out. “So, you can do whatever.”

“Cadence!” I shoot up out of my chair causing Angela to fall to the ground. “It’s not what you think,” I say, but I’m met with silence on the other end.

“Fuck!” I toss my phone on the desk. “Pack your shit and get the fuck out.”

She gets up and looks at me with confusion. “What...what’s wrong?”

“Get. The. Fuck. Out!”

Her eyes fill with tears and her lip trembles, but I don’t give a fuck. I pick up my phone, turn my back to Angela and try to call Cadence back. It rings then goes to voicemail. The door slams behind me. “She has to let me explain,” I mumble as I try to call her again, but it goes to voicemail. I send her a text and I can see that she has read it but I she doesn’t respond.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” I run my hand through my hair.

I feel like throwing the fucking phone against the wall.

A quick knock sounds on the door, then Ronnie steps in. “Everyone’s waiting in the conference room, Sir.”

Fuck, I really don’t want to deal with this right now. I need to talk to Cadence so I can explain what she heard, but right now this is more important. I send her one final text. I don’t expect her to answer but I hope she does. It was going so well. And I really like spending time with her. I hope this stupid misunderstanding doesn’t mess shit up.

I rise from behind my desk, slide my phone into the pocket inside my blazer, then grab my briefcase. It holds all the evidence I need to get rid of all my board members. “Angela is no longer working here.” I button my suit jacket as I walk out my office door with Ronnie at my side. “Make sure security

does not allow her back in the building. And I need you to see if you can get me a temporary secretary until I can hire someone. Someone older or a male.”

“On it,” he says as he types into his phone. “Anything else?”

“No that’s it for now.”

He nods as he continues to type into his phone. It’s time to get into business mode. I have to save my company. I can save my relationship with Cadence afterwards.

CADENCE

It's been almost a week since I've talked to Brian. Not that he hasn't tried to get in touch with me. I've been ignoring his calls, texts, and voice calls. I have no desire to talk to him after he lied to me. He wants me to believe what I heard was a not what I thought according to his messages, but I don't. I know what I heard, and she definitely has to feel very comfortable with him to do that at his office. Not only has he hurt me, but he's also obliterated any trust I started to have in him.

"I feel so stupid, Laila." I place the bottle of wine on my coffee table, grab my glass, and take a sip. "I thought what we had was actually leading somewhere. I was starting to actually trust him."

"Now explain to me again what happened, Cadence because I know Brian, and this doesn't seem at all like something he'd do."

I knew it would be hard for to believe Brian did anything wrong because she knows him, but I needed to vent my anger and disappointment to someone even though she may be biased. I'm still amazed I've never crossed paths with him., "I know he dated your sister, Laila but people change. He made me believe we would be exclusive and we're not."

"Okay, just start from the beginning."

I sigh. "We were on the phone and I heard him having a conversation with a woman at his office."

"Probably his secretary," Laila chimes in.

"Maybe, but definitely someone he's sleeping with. You could tell by the tone of her voice. She said something about her servicing him and he told her not now. What kind of shit is that? Then a few minutes later she moans and tells him how much she's missed him. I wasn't about to stay on the phone any longer after that. I know we haven't been doing this long but we are supposed to be exclusive."

"Could you be overreacting because of what you went through with Christian?" she asks.

And that may be a possibility but I'm going to be cautious this time around. I will not be in the same situation I was with Christian. I refuse to be someone else's fool.

"It may have been something very innocent, Cadence," she says trying to reason with me.

I roll my eyes huffing. "I know what I heard, Laila. He's fucking her."

“Maybe he was before he met you,” Laila says. “Maybe he hadn’t had time to break it off with her.”

“That’s possible but I don’t understand why he just didn’t say something while I was on the phone.”

“Did you give him time to before you jumped to conclusions that he wasn’t living up to his end of the contract?”

I groan when my phone beeps again, letting me know there’s another incoming call. “Goddamn it!” . I’ve lost count of how many times he’s tried to call me or contact me through the *Carnal Desire* app, but I’ve been ignoring them all. He can’t expect me to do everything the contract says when he’s not. If he doesn’t want to be exclusive, he just should have said that in the beginning. I wouldn’t have signed the contract but at least I wouldn’t have been lied to.

“Is he calling again?” Laila asks.

“Yes” I groan, “but I don’t what to hear anything he has to say. He wants me to trust him but how can I when he pulled some shit like this.”

“Do you want my opinion?” Laila asks.

“No, but I’m sure you’re going to give it anyway.”

She laughs. “Only because I love you. I’m your friend and I’m going to be honest with you always, Cadence. In this instance, I think you’re wrong. I think you jumped to conclusions.”

“But...” I say but she cuts me off.

“Listen to me then you can respond.”

I huff. “Okay.”

“Like I said, I’ve known Brian for years. Well over two decades. Even though I haven’t been a part of this lifestyle long, I know he takes this very seriously because of the relationship he had with my sister. I really think your judgement is being clouded by your past and I don’t want you to miss out on something special because you are comparing Brian and Christian. There’s no comparison.”

My beeps again and I ignore it. Then there’s pounding on my door.

“Angel!” he shouts. “Open the fucking door!”

“Oh fuck,” I mumble. “What do I do?”

Laila laughs. “Open the door, Cadence.”

“You got until the count of three, Cadence,” he yells pounding on the door again. “And I’m breaking it the fuck down.”

“Fuck,” I say.

Laila’s laugh sounds over the line.

“Let him explain, then accept your punishment,” she says, ending the call without waiting for my response.

I toss my phone on the coffee table and rush to my door. I pull it open right when he gets to the number three. “What the hell is wrong with you!” I whisper yell, looking down the hallway in both directions, hoping none of the neighbors have come out to see what the commotion is. “Do you want the neighbors

calling the cops?" I ask, as I pull him inside my apartment, then close the door and bolt it behind him.

"All you had to do was answer your phone, Cadence and all this could have been avoided."

I walk around him and go to my living room. "Well, I didn't want to talk to you, Brian. If I did, I would have answered the damn phone."

He grabs me by my hand, whips me around and pulls me into his arms. To my disgust my body melts into his. "You've been ignoring me for almost a week. You're fucking lucky I haven't shown up before now. I deserve a chance to explain."

I sigh and look into his eyes. I want him. I actually really like him probably more than I should, but I don't want to be hurt again. I've been through enough hurt and pain to last a lifetime from someone I trusted.

"Please," he says.

I run my hand through my hair. "Okay," I say, reluctantly agreeing.

"Would you like anything to drink?" I ask. "I think alcohol is going to be needed for this conversation."

He laughs and it hits me straight to my core. "No, I'm good."

There's just something about Brian that calls to my body. Tonight, he's wearing black slacks, a black button-down shirt undone at the collar with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows giving me a view of his tattoos.

I pour me another glass of wine then sit on my couch. He takes the seat next to me, leans back, and throws his arm over the back of the chair. For this to be a such serious conversation where I'm pissed, he looks relaxed instead of being riddled with anxiousness like me.

I face him, pull my feet underneath me, then take a sip of my wine. "You wanted to explain so talk."

"First off, lets get one thing straight. I'm not a liar, Cadence. When I signed that contract with you saying we would be exclusive, that's what I meant. And I resent the fact that you think I'm a liar."

"Well, what do you expect me to believe when I overhear some shit like that, Brian?"

"I expect for you to give me the fucking respect as your Dom. We've been doing this for a while, and I at least deserve for you to answer my calls to explain something you misunderstood."

"What did I misunderstand Brian?" I sit my wine glass on the table then face him. "The fact that the woman asked how she could be of service or maybe the fact that she missed you?"

He sighs and leans forward, planting his forearms on his thighs. "No, that part you heard right."

"So, I didn't misunderstand!"

He sighs. "This is the part where you let me explain, Cadence."

I roll my eyes. "Go ahead and explain."

“Thank you. The woman you heard was Angela. My former secretary. Yes, we had a sexual relationship before I signed the contract with you. Along with a few other women. I’m not a priest. I’m not celibate. I like to fuck, Cadence.”

I know he isn’t a saint, but I didn’t expect for it to bother me as much as it did.

“She used to work for you?” I ask.

“Yes. I got rid of her because I didn’t want any confusion on where I stand with you. If you would have answered my calls, I would have explained all this to you. There may be times I run up with women I’ve been with but that doesn’t mean I’m still fucking them. Once again, I’m not a priest but I’m not a liar either. I made a commitment to you.”

“I overreacted, huh?”

He chuckles. “I would say so. I’m not him, Angel. I’d appreciate it if you stop treating me like I am.”

I cover my face with my hands. “I’m so sorry, Brian.” I take in a deep breath and release it trying to ease the embarrassment. “It’s just hard to trust sometimes and when I heard her, I automatically jumped to conclusions.”

“I understand. But you have to communicate with me. Not shut me out.”

I nod. “You’re right, and I understand if you don’t want to continue our arrangement.”

He chuckles. “Oh no, Angel. You’re not getting rid of me that easily.”

I let out a breath of relief. He's helped me regain some confidence in myself. I don't want him to walk away because of my stupidity.

"Are you ready for your punishment?" he asks, his dark lustful gaze trained on me.

My eyes widen but I can't deny the surge of desire speeding through my veins.

"Yes, Sir."

"Strip and open your legs so I can see what you kept from me."

BRIAN

She's fucking beautiful. Her skin looks as smooth as silk. Her body's magnificent and I've been thinking about all the ways I can worship her, so she'll believe it.

She has curves that have my hands itching to touch her and have her screaming my name. The way her body vibrates with so much need and want has me salivating, wanting to experience more with her. Her willingness to submit to me without question, especially after this little hiccup in Los Angeles, has desire moving through me that I've never experienced with any other woman. All of it stirs something deep inside me.

Her long legs are spread open wide showing one of the most beautiful cunts I've ever seen. Normally, I like to shave my submissive's pussy because it gets me so fucking hard when I do it. But Cadence is already clean shaven just like I like it. I don't know if it's something she does for herself or she's just following my instructions. But I haven't been able to do it yet.

“The next time your pussy gets shaven, I’m the one who’s going to do it.”

She smiles. “Yes, Sir.”

I love pussy, especially hers.

I love the way it tastes. The way it smells. The way it looks. The shift in color from her skin tone to pink is visual porn for me. Even the way a woman’s walls of her cunt clamps around her fingers when she comes intrigues the hell out of me and has me wanting more. I can’t see all that if that beautiful pussy is covered in hair no matter how neatly trimmed.

I groan as I watch her slender fingers move through her wet folds giving me even more of the view I crave. I wish it was my tongue instead of her fingers.

“Now come and lay across my lap.”

Her eyes widen and I smirk.

“It’s time for your punishment.”

She rises from the couch where she was laying and walks to the end where I watched her finger herself. I’m fucking hard as steel, but she has to learn that she can’t just ghost me. So, while withholding my cock from her is going to be torture for her, it’s going to be excruciating for me as well. Communication is the only way for this to work. And I really want this to work.

She lays across my lap with her head in the couch and her ass in the air. I run my fingertips down her spine, along the crack

of her ass, then over her pussy. She squirms under my touch, and I land a firm smack on her ass causing her to yelp.

“I expect you to count each lick, Angel.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“This is for avoiding me for entire week.”

Smack!

“Two, Sir.”

“This is for not communicating with me when you have a problem.”

Smack!

She digs her nails in cushions of the couch. “Three, Sir.”

“This is for making me wait to touch this beautiful body of yours.”

Smack!

“Four, Sir,” she moans, pushing her ass closer to my hand.

“And this is for comparing me to that motherfucker,” I growl.

Smack!

“Five, Sir!”

Smack!

“Oh...God...six...six, Sir,” she moans.

I caressed the reddened skin of her ass, then run my hand over her pussy.

“Oh, look there, she’s so wet, Angel.” I stick two fingers inside her entrance, moving them in and out. “I guess you like your punishment.”

“Yes...yes, Sir.”

He chuckles. “But that’s not your punishment love.”

I push my fingers deeper, moving them in and out of her quicker, loving the sound of her wetness filling the silence of the room.

“Your punishment, Angel is you don’t get to come today.”

“No no no no,” she says shaking her head.

“Oh yes, my love. This is what happens when you want to be a brat. You don’t get rewarded for that type of behavior. Now be still while I play with what you kept from me all week.”

My dick gets even harder, if that’s fucking possible, as I watch her arousal leak from her beautiful cunt. I smear her juices down the crack of her ass, focusing on her asshole. “I’m going to take your ass soon, too.”

She whimpers and I chuckle. “But not today because my Angel doesn’t know how to be a good girl. So, she gets no cock today in her ass or her pretty little cunt. She only gets my fingers.”

“Please, Sir. I’ll be a good girl.”

“I don’t believe you.” I part her folds, groaning as I watch her moist, pink center swallowing my fingers.

I circle her clit while pushing my fingers in and out of her entrance causing her body to shake uncontrollably. “I can’t hold it, Sir,” she cried out. “Please...please let me come?”

She’s doing a good job staving off her orgasm. However, I meant what I said. She will not come today no matter how much I want to see her shatter. We will not have a repeat of what just happened because she didn’t want to communicate her issues with me. I’m not one for jealousy. I’m too old for that shit. She has to understand non-communication I won’t tolerate.

“Not today, love. Good girls do not get rewarded,” I say, removing my finger from her luscious cunt causing her to groan.

“No please. I promise I won’t do it again.”

I help her up and pull her into my arms. I wipe the tears from her eye, then kiss her on her forehead. “Don’t think this is just punishment for you, Angel.” I grab her hand and place it on my hard dick. “It’s a punishment for both of us.”

I spread her legs wider over my thighs and lazily rub her clit. She squirms in my lap, her hips moving with my finger. I slide my finger down her slit, gathering arousal then move back to her clit. “I could easily give you my permission to come,” I whisper, my hot breath brushing the shell of her ear. “But how easy did you make it for me just to talk to you this week?”

“I’m sorry...I won’t do it again.”

I chuckle. “I don’t believe you will.” I dip my finger into her entrance, continuing to lightly play with her bundle of nerves. “Next time, talk to me.”

“Fuck!” she screams, nodding frantically.

I remove my finger, stop playing with her clit, and kiss her gently on her temple when she groans her disapproval.

“I hope you learned your lesson, Angel because not only did you shut me out, but you also disappointed me by not giving me a chance to explain.”

“I’m sorry, Sir. I’ll always talk to you if I have a problem.”

“Good girl. That’s all I ask.”

She sighs and lays her head against my chest. I rub my fingertips up and down her bare arm just enjoying the moment. While we both don’t get any satisfaction today, at least she knows she can’t just cut me out and expect me not to react. It doesn’t matter what it’s about. We have to talk if we want this to work.

“Thank you for understanding and not giving up on me.”

I kissed the top of her head. “I’ll never give up on you, Angel.”

CADENCE

Five Months Later...

It's been a strange day, and I haven't decided if I should tell him what I experienced even though I know he's going to ask how my day went. I just had the strangest feeling someone's watching me, and I can't shake it. I thought I saw someone standing across the street staring at me when I went to lunch today. For a split second I thought it was Christian but shook it off as my eyes playing tricks on me. There's no way in hell it could be him. But the feeling stuck with me the entire day even when I came home. I'm so freaked out even though I stay in a damn high rise, I've closed every single blind and drape in the place like someone can really see me.

Brian's deep frustrated sigh brings me out of my thoughts.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"A bunch of shit like always."

"Lay it on me, maybe I can help."

“I wish you could, but I have to deal with it on my own. I’ve got myself into it, so I got to get myself out of it.”

The sound of paper rattling filters through the line. Work. Work. Work. The man’s a workaholic, that’s for sure.

“Do you ever relax?” I ask, chuckling.

“Only when I’m with you,” he says without hesitation. I don’t know why his answer warms my heart, but it does.

“How did things go today with you, Angel?” he asks.

I get a tingling in my stomach every time he calls me, Angel. A girlish excitement rises in me like my high school crush has finally acknowledged my existence for the first time.

It’s been amazing how we’ve been able to build a connection separate from our lifestyle. Of course, we still have playtime, but it isn’t every night. Sometimes we just laugh and talk about random stuff.

We care about what’s going on in each other’s lives. And we talk about what’s happening outside of our Dominant/Submissive relationship. It hasn’t been long, but I know he cares for me just as much as I care for him.

“I hope yours went better than mine.” He sighs. “What I wouldn’t do to have you laid out bare before me so I can fuck all the stress away.”

I gasp as at his words. I shouldn’t be surprised at how his words shock me anymore. But his voice and words still do something to me all these months later. Whether he’s laughing or pushing me over the edge into euphoria, for me, it’s a sign

that whatever this is between us, it's real and it's growing. Even if this relationship would end today, Brian Hamm will stay with me no matter what. And I will stand beside him until the end. He's helped me beyond measure, and I can't thank him enough.

"When are we going to make that happen?" I ask.

"Whenever you're ready," he says. "And wherever you're comfortable."

"I think I'm definitely ready to see you again."

It's been a few weeks since we've been able to see each other in person. He's been working a lot. But we've been able to keep our nightly calls so that's better than nothing.

"And I'm ready to see you again too, baby. Now tell me how your day went."

"It was like any other day," I say. "I had an influx of patients which is normal this time of the year. But something weird did happen."

The shuffling of papers stops. "What happened?"

"You ever get the feeling somebody's watching you?" He remains silent for a moment, and I feel like maybe I shouldn't have said anything. "I sound crazy, I know. Never mind, I shouldn't have said anything."

"No, you don't sound crazy, Angel. Tell me exactly what happened."

“Nothing really happened, Brian. I just felt like someone was watching me. Then I thought I saw someone.”

“When?” he asks his voice full of concern. “Where?”

“When I went out for lunch not too far from my office. But whoever I thought I saw just disappeared in the crowd. Or they weren’t there at all.”

“Who was it you thought you saw?”

“Christian. Anyway, it’s probably nothing.”

“No, Angel. Always trust your gut. Even if later, it pans out that it’s nothing.”

“But there’s no way it could be him. If he was out, my lawyer would have been notified, right?”

“I would think so. Just be vigilant. Keep your eyes open.”

“I will. What are your plans for the weekend?” I ask, trying to change the conversation.

I feel like an idiot for even bringing it up. There’s no way it was Christian. He’s in prison hopefully for a long time. My mind is probably just reminding me that the anniversary of my attack is coming up.

I’ve been thinking about finally taking that step and meeting him at Club Desire. I just hadn’t been able to push myself out of the comfort zone of being in my home and still getting what I need. But now I’m ready to move forward. I need to make that step if I want to get back to the person I was before my life changed. So far everything’s been perfect, but only seeing

him in person occasionally or seeing him through video calls and talking to him on the phone isn't enough anymore. I'm ready to make my return to Club Desire, with my head held high. And I'm ready to do that with my Billionaire Playboy.

Mine.

"I've got nothing planned," he says. "Why?"

Before I have the chance to tell him my plans, the doorbell to my apartment rings then a knock sounds on the door.

"Delivery!" someone shouts and knocks on the door again.

"Hold on, Brian. There's a delivery," I say as I walk towards the front of my condo.

"Are you expecting something?" he asks.

"No. I haven't ordered anything. So, I take it, it's not another toy?" I ask, laughing.

Since we've been together, he sends me sex toys he wants me to use on myself while he watches. To my surprise, I've actually liked everything he's sent so far. I'm not sure if it's because I genuinely like to use toys or if it's the fact that it's him watching me while I use them.

He laughs. "No, I haven't sent anything this week, but I've definitely been looking. I love to watch you pleasure yourself."

"You keep talking like that, and I might tell them to leave the package by the door so we can have some playtime."

He laughs. "I'm not oppose to that."

When I reach the door, I look through the peephole but there's nobody there. "Odd," I mumble, pulling the door open.

"What is it?"

"There's no one here, but there's a package here."

I pick it up then close my door behind me. "There's no name on it," I say with my brow furrowed.

"No label or anything?" Brian asks.

I flip the box over to make sure there isn't a label anywhere on it. I shake my head even though he can't see. "Nope. Nothing. It's just a plain brown box."

"Hmm. That means it wasn't delivered through a delivery company. Somebody personally delivered it."

"But you're supposed to drop packages off at the front desk." I walked into my living room, sat the box on the coffee table then plopped down on my couch. "They call and let you know you had something delivered or the doorman will bring it up. But he wouldn't have left it by the door."

"What are the security protocols of your building?" he asks.

"You have to sign in as a visitor unless you go through the private entrance for residents."

I grabbed the letter opener from the coffee table and sliced into the box. "Oh my God." I put my hand against my nose. "It smells like something died."

I open the flaps, move the crinkle paper out of the way and lost it, screaming, then tossing the box on the table.

“Cadence! Cadence!”

“Brian...help me. Please.”

BRIAN

Her scream and the absolute terror in her voice causes my heart to drop to my stomach like a lead weight. I have no fucking clue what's happening. My mind is coming up with all kinds of scenarios, but I can't get her to tell me anything. Her deep panicked breaths are sounding through the line but she's not responding to my voice.

“Cadence, I'm almost there, sweetheart.”

I'm trying to get to her as fast as I can. We only live a few blocks from each other but like usual, traffic sucks. I pound the steering wheel as I'm caught by another light.

“Fuck! Just a few more minutes, Cadence.”

As soon as the light turns green, I make a left going about another block, before making a right and turning down the street in front of her building, then pulling into the building's parking garage. I park, jump out of my car like a fire is lit under my ass and race towards the tenant's elevator. Luckily

someone's entering, and I can bypass all the building's security they have in place that only lets people who stay here enter without permission.

Right now, I'm grateful for the easy access to her building but after I find out what the hell is happening, I'll address the lack of security with Angel. Her safety is my priority and right now this building doesn't meet those standards. Anybody can get in here as long as a tenant is entering the building. This is probably how that package was delivered straight to her front door when it should have been delivered to the front desk.

The older woman inside the elevator is holding the handles of her walker for dear life while scrutinizing me. She has the flower print scarf tied around her head that matches her flowered print dress that reaches her ankles. She's probably one of those nosey neighbors who knows everyone in the building, what floor they live on, and who comes to visit them. And she knows she doesn't recognize me. However, she doesn't say anything. She just presses the button to the thirty fifth floor. One floor under Angel's.

The protector in me wishes she would interrogate me about who I am and why I'm here but the man ready to kill anyone who has hurt Cadence has me thankful she doesn't say shit. I'm not really in the move to explain myself to anyone.

The elevator slides smoothly to a stop and the doors slowly open. The older woman gives me one final glance over her shoulder, narrowing her eyes at me, then little by little shuffles out of the elevator. Then, she momentarily stops, and I think

she's going to finally question me, but she continues to walk away as the doors closes. I let out a breath of relief because I didn't want to curse out an elderly woman, Cadence is my priority. I push the button to her floor over and over, hoping it would get me there faster but knowing it wouldn't. The moment the car stops, and the door opens I rush out, making a left the race to the fourth door down the hall.

I pound on the door. "Cadence! It's me, Angel. Open the door."

The door flies open, and she jumps into my arms.

"Brian... he's going to kill me," she says as her body trembles in my arms.

I tighten my embrace. "Nobody's going to do anything to you, Cadence. They'll have to get through me first. Let's go inside."

She leaves my embrace and I follow her inside her apartment. I close and lock the deadbolt behind me.

"It's over there on the table." She points to the glass coffee table in her living room where a medium sized cardboard box is sitting.

As soon as I reach it, I can smell something rotten, like something died. And small amounts of blood stains the walls of the cardboard box. I pull back the flaps of the box and see the decapitated head of a small black kitten that has a note written in red which I assume is blood pinned to the dead body of the animal.

Your next.

“You’re coming to stay with me. Go pack a bag.”

She nods and races down a hallway off from her living room. I’m glad she didn’t put up a fight even though right now she’s working off her adrenaline. Hopefully she won’t fight me when it wears off.

I pull up my phone and dial the only person I know who can get me the information I need as quick as I need it.

“Brian,” Valentino answers on the fourth ring. “Didn’t expect to hear from you so soon.”

I didn’t miss the sarcasm in his voice, but I don’t have the time to go back and forth with him. Cadence is in real danger. I don’t take threats lightly and I’m definitely not going to take one lightly that was made against her.

“I need Charlie to look into an inmate named Christian Baptiste. Or at least he should still be an inmate.”

“What’s this about?” Valentino asks.

“My submissive received a threat on her life. I need to make sure he’s where he’s supposed to be.”

“And if he isn’t?”

“I need his exact location immediately.”

“I’m on it,” he says ending the call.

Once Christian is identified as the person who did this, there’s only one person I know and trust to bring him to me without getting the police involved.

I dial Daniel's number. "Daniel, remember that job I had for you?" I ask as soon as he picks up.

"Yes."

"I need you in Chicago tonight. I'll have Ronnie get you the details within the hour," I say.

"What's the mission?"

"Capture alive. I need to do this one myself."

"You got it boss. I'll touch base as soon as I touch down," he says, ending the call.

Next, I send a quick text to Ronnie so he can get my private jet ready for Daniel to take off as soon as he's ready to go. It shouldn't take too long for Charlie to find Christian if he is out of prison and for Daniel to pick him up. After that, Christian Baptiste will no longer be a problem.

Cadence enters the living room pulling a pink suitcase on wheels behind her and I slide my phone in the inside pocket of my blazer.

"Are you ready?" I ask, gathering the box with the dead kitten and note in it.

She grimaces. "Maybe we need to call the police. It has to be Christian. He used to call me kitten and he's the only person I can think of that would want me dead. I know he's been trying to get his conviction overturned but I thought my lawyer would have told me they had let him out."

I shake my head. “No cops. Let me handle it. You’ll stay at my place until I do.”

She sighs. “Okay. Thank you for coming to help me.”

I kiss her forehead. “Always, Angel. He’s not going to hurt you, again. I can promise you that.”

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“HOW LONG HAS HE been out?” I ask Daniel as soon as I walk onto the property, I own in the Auburn Gresham neighborhood.

“Not too long,” Daniel says wiping his hands of blood. “He’s going to be tough to break.”

I smirk. “I’ll get the answers out of him.”

I push the door open and descend the stairs of the basement. It had been a while since I had to use this property. And the last time was because Valentino needed to deal with a situation under the radar of Antonio Rizzo Jr. I haven’t personally used it in years.

Immediately the familiar smell of bleach, piss, and the coppery scent of blood hits my nose. The windowless room has seen its share of blood, but tonight it will see much more.

“Wake him up,” I say to Daniel.

He walks over to the unconscious man, who is hanging from chains attached to the ceiling, and punches him in the jaw. He screams and his eyes pop open.

“Richard Childress, do you know why you’re here?”

Stopping only a few feet away from him, I fold my arms over my chest.

“Fuck you.” He spits and a glob of blood lands at my feet.

I land a punch to the stomach causing him to sway. He grunts from the impact.

“Who sent you to deliver that package to Cadence Phoenix?”

Recognition flickers in his eyes before he shuts it down.

“If you let me go, I’ll tell you.”

I laugh. “Did you hear that shit, Daniel? This motherfucker thinks he’s in a position to negotiate with me.”

“I heard him, boss.”

I pull my gun from the waistband of my pants, aim, and pull the trigger. The bullet hitting him in the shoulder. His screams bounce off the walls. But luckily, I had the place soundproofed. So, his cries and screams are in vain.

“Who sent you?” I ask again, aiming and shooting him again. This time the bullet hits him in the femur immediately shattering the bone.

“Christian Baptiste!”

“That’s all I needed to know,” I said, pulling the trigger. The bullet hits him in the face, killing him instantly.

“Get rid of the body and take the jet and go on a little vacation,” I say, sliding the gun back into the waistband of my jeans. “Although Richard Childress was a drug addict he

comes from money. I'm sure somebody will be looking for him. When you get to your destination, send Ronnie a text."

"You got it boss."

"Thanks again, Daniel."

"I owe you, my life. Anything you need, just ask."

I shake his hand then head back up the basement stairs. I've got a lot of phone calls to make. I've got a meeting with Christian Baptiste.

CADENCE

I just got off the phone with my lawyer after trying to contact him for the last few days to find out if Christian is out prison and why in the hell he didn't notify me. But, according to him, Christian is still locked away because his appeal for a new trial was denied. Even though he's sure he will try again.

"It's not Christian," I say flopping down on the couch beside Brian. "I just got off the phone with my lawyer.

I've been at Brian's condo since I received the package. He insisted I stay with him and take a leave of absence from work until he found whoever sent it.

"I know," he says, like he's not even surprised at the news. "I've got it handled."

"What are you keeping from me?" I ask.

"It's best you don't know." He puts his phone on the coffee table, then grabs my hand. "I need your hands to be clean of this. So, if shit goes sideways, you're protected."

“Brian, I don’t like the sound of that. Why don’t we let the cops handle it?”

He pulls me into his arms. “You have to trust in me, Cadence. I’m not going to let any harm come to you.”

“Well, right now, I’m not worried about me. I’m more worried about you and what you’re planning.”

He chuckles. “I’ve dealt with men worse than Christian Baptiste. Trust me, I’m going to be fine. And you’re not going to have to worry about shit like this anymore.”

“Please be careful.” I rest my head against his forehead. “Christian is dangerous.”

He pulls away and a smile crosses his face. “But I’m even more dangerous,” he says, then winks. “Let me handle it. I’ve got it taken care of.”

“Okay.”

He pecks me on the lips. “There’s something I want to talk to you about.”

Nervousness immediately racks my body. We really haven’t been able to slow down since I’ve been here. He’s been working non-stop, and I’ve been trying not to freak out about Christian’s games.

“I had a conversation with Elijah when we first signed our contract.”

I nod and wait for him to continue. He brushes my hair away from my eyes.

“Elijah wants to push Laila too experience more at the club. She’s into voyeurism so he’s going to focus on that.”

“Okay.” My brows furrow. “I’m glad she’s exploring more but why are you telling?”

I’m not sure where this is going but I’m glad my friend is deciding to push her limits and explore what she likes. I can’t wait until I’m at that stage again.

“She wants to experience voyeurism, but she wants someone in the room with her and Elijah. Someone they can both trust and feel comfortable with.”

My eyes widen. “He asked you?”

“He did.”

“And what did you say?”

“I told him my new submissive would have to agree too. There’s no pressure sweetheart. You can say yes or no. It’s totally up to you.”

“Oh... okay. Hmmm, you don’t think that would be weird for you?”

“Because of Tara?” he asks.

“Yes. You were in a relationship with her for a long time.”

“No, it wouldn’t be weird. Although I’ve never looked at Laila in a sexual way, she’s a beautiful woman. What I had with her sister was decades ago. And I don’t let it dictate things I do now, especially when it comes to the things, I do with you. I won’t be fucking Laila, I’ll be fucking you.”

Well, that's good to know there's no chance of us switching partners. I'm into the scene but I do not believe in swinging. It's just not my thing.

“And you think you can separate both relationships from what we are about to do?”

“Of course, I can. Tara is one of my dearest friends. Regardless of the sexual relationship we had in the past, I have no urge to fuck her again. That ship sailed a long time ago. And her sister is my friend, whom I've never had any desire to fuck either.”

“So, you're on board with this?”

“I am if you are. I actually think this is a good opportunity for you.”

“For me?” I ask. “Why would you think that?”

“It would be a great way to introduce you back into the club. You will be with people you know and trust. Even Laila and Elijah agree that this could be a good thing for you.”

I sigh, thinking about how big this step will be if I can make it. I trust Laila and Elijah, but most of all I trust the man that has me wrapped in his arms. I know he wouldn't push me to do anything or put me in a position that would be harmful to me. This is the next step to getting back to the person I want to be. I need to go back to Club Desire.

“You really think this is a good idea?” I ask.

He pulls me into his lap, and I straddle his hips. He looks into my eyes and smiles. “I do, love. I think you will feel more

comfortable knowing you have me and our friends there with you. But we only do this if you're on board."

I take in a deep breath and release it. What harm could it do? I trust everyone involved and hell I might even like it. "I'm in."

"Are you sure?"

I nod and the smile that stretches across his face stops time. I will never get use to how beautiful he is and that he actually doesn't see me as a scarred woman, but a beautiful woman.

His mouth covers mine hungrily, igniting that fiery passion that's always there when he kisses me. It's like an inferno inside my body that steadily gets hotter the longer his lips are on my skin.

I groan as he runs his hands down the length of my back, over my ass, then squeezing my butt. I pulled away from his kiss and buried my face in his neck, breathing in his spicy scent. He moved my hips over his growing erection, his length grazing my core.

"Brian..."

He doesn't say anything but keeps up his slow agonizing pace of moving my hips over his crotch. I lift on my knees and pull the hem of my skirt up above my hips while he unbuttons and unzips his pants, then pulls them down below his ass along with his briefs. His long thick veiny erection pops free and I want so bad to lick the precum from the tip, but I also what to feel him inside me.

“Hands and knees sweetheart. I want to see your beautiful cunt, swallowing my dick.”

Immediately I climb from his lap, get on my hands and knees. He pushes my skirt above my hips, then pulls on the thin fabric of my panties, ripping them from my body. Digging his blunt nails into the flesh of my hips he wastes no time before he plunges into me. I scream and he chuckles. “You like that don’t you?”

There are no slow measured thrusts. He’s fucking me like I want to be fucked. Fast and hard. Yanking my head back by my hair, he plunges into me over and over. And I’m in fucking heaven. I’ve missed out on so much and I can’t believe I get to make up lost time with this man.

I claw at the couch, meeting his hard fast thrust. “Yes!” I cry out. “Oh fuck!”

One of his feet is planted on the floor and the other in the couch. He has me so close to coming all over his dick.

“That’s it, baby.” He slaps my ass while continuing to sink in and out of me. “I can feel you close. This pussy is slick as fuck. You ready to come for me?”

The room smells like sex and his masculine scent. And I love it. My toes curl and my eyes roll back in my head.

“Brian!” I scream his name when my orgasm slams into me.

“I love watching you come,” he says as he pulls my ass against his body harder and faster. “It’s so fucking beautiful. Makes me want to come all in this juicy cunt.”

His thrusts are no longer steady but more erratic. He pulls me harder against his dick until I'm screaming again when another orgasm takes over me. My pussy spasms around his dick.

"Fuck! Fuck!" he curses as he slams into me one final time, releasing into me.

He lets go of my hair and my head falls forward onto the couch. He gently pulls out of me and a mixture of my cum and his, seeps from my pussy, down my thigh.

"That's a beautiful fucking sight, right there," he says running his finger through the trail of cum.

I look over my shoulder as I watch him stare at my pussy in fascination and hunger. He licks his lips then slides between my legs, lays down on the couch and pulls me down so I'm sitting on his face. He circles my clit with the tip of his tongue. His groan vibrates through my entire my body.

Gripping my hips tighter, he nips, sucks, and flicks my sensitive bundle of nerves until tears leak from my eyes. "I can't! No more!"

He laughs. "Oh, you can, and you will, Angel. Flood my mouth. Drown me, baby."

My body trembles as Brian eats my pussy like a starved man. When he sucks my clit harder, black spots dot my eyes.

"Fuck!" I scream as another orgasm takes over me.

When I finally come down, he gives me one last long lick before he slides from under me. His face is glistening with my juices. He sits up in the chair and pulls me into his lap.

I look him in the eyes and there's no doubt the emotion staring in his eyes are a reflection in mine regardless if neither of us says the words.

I'm in love with him and he loves me too.

BRIAN

When I got the call that all this shit was a go, it was a relief. It's a relief that Cadence will never have to worry about what the motherfucker is doing, or if he's going to get out and come after her ever again. When I told her I'd handle Christian Baptiste, that's exactly what I meant. I'll handle him my way since the courts don't want to.

"The camera's will only be off for thirty minutes," the prison guard says as he escorts me deeper inside the prison. He's walking like he has a fire under his ass. I guess he's nervous he'll get caught helping me skirt the prison's security protocols. This is the kind of access money buys.

"Do what you have to do, then exit that door at the far end of the hall," he continues as he points to a large steel door with an exit sign over the top on our right. "It will be unlocked for you. It leads to the employee parking area where you're parked."

I nod as I get a lay of the prison memorizing which corridors to take and the exit that will take me straight to my car. I've waited for this moment since I found out what he did to her. Although, it took a few weeks and a couple of million dollars to pad some pockets, including the warden of the prison, I was finally granted access to Christian Baptiste, an inmate housed in one of Illinois toughest prison, Stateville Correctional Center.

Today he will die for what he did to Cadence. She lives with that attack every day, and after I leave here, she can sleep knowing the man that tried to kill her is burning in hell. Exactly where he belongs.

"How long will it take for him to be brought to me," I ask as we step through another security checkpoint.

The metal door slides open, clanging to a stop. We walk through and immediately the guard who opened the door leaves his post just like the other two at the other security checkpoints. But they leave the doors open.

"A few minutes," the guard says unlocking a door to a room at the end of the hall. He pushes it open and we both step in. "Do you remember the way?" he asks.

"Yes."

"Good. Remember from the time he steps in this room the cameras will be off for thirty minutes. If you're not out of here in that timeframe the prison will automatically go on lockdown, and I don't have to tell you what happens after that."

I nod and he exits the room, shutting the door behind him.

I sit at the table in the chair facing the door and prop my feet up on the table. I definitely look out of place. I'm wearing a bespoke suit, and custom Italian loafers. But he needs to see that Cadence has moved up and on from him. That he can't compare to me and that he will go to his grave knowing the better man won the fucking prize he threw away like trash.

The door opens, and in steps Christian Baptiste and it takes everything in me not to jump out of my seat and slit his throat where he stands. But I can't have any witnesses to what I'm about to do even though they all know what's coming.

"Leave the handcuffs on," I say, propping my hands behind my head as I stare at the confused look on Christian's face. "But handcuff him to the table."

The guard nods and forces Christian in the chair across from me.

"Thirty minutes," the guard reminds me on the way out, then closes the door.

"Who the fuck are you?" he asks.

I tilt my head and stare at another man I'm going to have to kill. I don't take for granted the taking of a life, but I do know this one I'm going to enjoy immensely.

"Cadence."

His eyes widen for a brief second then he licks his lips before a smile stretches across his face. "How is my kitten?" he asks, his smile shifting to a smirk. "Did she like my gift?"

“My Angel is doing very well. As a matter of fact, she was coming on my dick not even two hours ago.”

His smile falls immediately, and anger replaces his smug smile. He tugs at his restraint. “She’s mine, motherfucker!” he yells, spit flying from his mouth. “You can’t have her!”

I laugh. “I’ve already had her, Christian. Many, many times over. She’s forgotten all about you.”

“I’ve made sure she remembers me every time she looks into the fucking mirror.” He leans forward planting his forearms on the table. “She’ll never forget me. And when I get out of here, I’m going to bathe in her blood. This time I’ll make sure I watch the light leave her eyes while she’s bleeding out and I’m fucking her.”

I remove my feet from the table and slowly stand, never taking my eyes off him. He leans back in the chair, and it takes everything I have in me not to go at him right now. But I want to have a little fun before he dies. I want to hear him scream just like he heard her scream. I glance down at my watch, then smile. Twenty minutes. That’s enough time for me to do what I have plan then walk out this place.

I pull the blade from the inside of my blazer coat and hold it up to him. “Look familiar?” I ask.

His eyes widen. It should look familiar. It’s the exact replica of the knife he used to scar her.

“How did you get that in here?” he asks looking around like he’s waiting for someone to come through the door and save

him.

But I hate to tell him. Nobody's coming to save him. Today he'll leave in a body bag.

"It should look familiar," I say slowly walking around to the other side of the table. "It looks exactly like the blade you used on her. Smooth gray four-inch blade around two inches in width. Did I get it right?"

"You can't do this." He frantically starts pulling at the cuffs. "Help! Help!"

He looks towards the door pulling on his restraints.

"There's nowhere to go." I laugh when he looks back at me, fear clouding his eyes. "Nobody's going to help you, Christian." I swing the knife across his face and the blade slices through his skin like butter. I laugh even louder when his screams shift into pleas for mercy.

"Did you listen to her pleas for you to stop cutting her." I slice through his other cheek watching his blood seep from the large gashes across his face. "Did you stop when she used her safe word? When she begged you for mercy?"

His tears mixed with his blood. "Please... don't kill me," he begs as best he can with deep slices across both cheeks.

I walk around his chair, yank his head back by his hair, giving me access to his throat. I think it's appropriate since this is the same way he tried to kill her. I hate I don't have time to torture him like he tortured her, but at least the motherfucker will be dead.

“The moment you hurt Cadence you signed your death warrant.”

I slice through his neck from ear to ear.

He tries to reach for his neck, but his hands are still cuffed to the table. I watch his widen eyes filled with fear as he knows I’m the last person he will ever see. He spits up blood as it mixes with the blood seeping from the wounds in his face and to his throat. His convulsing body finally starts to slow. His eyes remain wide open, but I can see the light leaving them as he releases his final breaths.

Then everything is quiet, and satisfaction moves through me. Christian Baptiste is dead.

“Rot in hell, motherfucker.” I spit on his corpse, place the knife inside my jacket, and walk out the door with minutes to spare.

Now I can get back to the woman I’ve falling head over heels in love with. It’s time we both start a new chapter in our lives. I’m ready to make it official. I’m ready to give her my collar. She’s mine and it’s time I let her know she will always be safe with me.

CADENCE

It's been two months since I learned of Christian's death from the news. The Baptiste family is well known in the political world, so the death of the son of one of the most well-known senators in the United States despite his incarnation is big news. For weeks local and national news crews were camped outside my office once I returned to work trying to get my comment on the death of the man who tried to kill me. Even the local tabloid *Exposé* had done a feature on our relationship and what led to the downfall of one of America's golden boys. Even though for a while the news of his death is an inconvenience to me because of all the attention aimed at me and our relationship, an invisible weight has been lifted from my shoulders.

I had no idea how much his being alive dictated my life outside of my sex life even though he was incarcerated. Now I no longer have to wonder if or when he'll finish me off. And I have Brian to thank for that even though he never

acknowledges his part in his death. I don't know how he did it, but I know he had something to do with it, despite the official record says he committed suicide. While I hated Christian, I know he would never kill himself because he is or was a narcissist.

Now after all the trauma, all the ups and downs, I can't believe I'm about to walk into Club Desire for the first time in almost three years and it's because I'm going to watch one of my closest friends fuck her husband while I fuck my man. It's like Christian's death almost gave me permission to finally move on with my life.

When Brian first mentioned it, I wasn't sure if this would be a good thing not only for me, but for us. With Elijah and Laila being our friends and Brian having that connection with Laila through her sister Tara, it was just a weird thing to wrap my head around. But there is something about watching two people enjoy each other that I really like. I've watched other couples before, but I don't think those experiences will be anything like watching Laila and Elijah. Everyone agreed that all of us being together might be a good way to introduce me back to the club scene since I will be with people I know and have a friendship with. While I agreed to it, I hope it doesn't change the way we see each other.

My membership is still active even though I haven't been here in so long. It feels strange like I'm experiencing everything for the first time. Brian Hamm has definitely changed my life.

It wasn't shocking that Brian knew both Elijah and Laila, but I was surprised he had been in a long-term relationship with Laila's sister. I've known Tara for years and frequented Club Desire often, seeing her on a number of occasions.

"Are you sure?" he asks again when we reach the slender single arched glass-paned door of Club Desire. Attached to the red brick wall beside the door is the small discreet black plaque etched with a gold mask. It's the only identifying marker for the club.

He keeps asking me if I am ready for this. It's because he cares for me and is scared shitless I'm pushing myself to make this step before I'm actually ready. But I am absolutely ready to experience club life again. I do understand why he's worried, but I think they were right. Experiencing the club with my friends may be the best thing for me. I'm excited and it's a major step for me. I'm proud I'm finally trying to do it.

"Yes, baby. I'm sure."

I finger the diamond collar he gifted me tonight. I cried like a fucking baby when he locked it around my neck. He knew I still had some hangups with my scar, so he had it custom made where it's wide enough to completely cover it. It's been quite a long and hard journey when it comes to how I see myself, but I'm definitely getting better. I never wanted someone to collar me again until I met him. Now I'm proud that he's declared to everyone that I'm his and he's mine.

"It's time for me to at least try," I continue. "And I want to experience this place with you. Make new memories here."

“I’m proud of you,” he says, pulling me into his arms, then he kisses me.

“Thank you.” I pull away and the pad of my thumb wipes his lips free of my crimson lipstick. “I’m proud of me too. Now let’s go. Laila and Elijah are waiting.”

I take a deep breath and release it before looking up at him. The hungry look in his eyes makes me want to rip this dress from my body and have him fuck me against the wall of the building. I love when he looks at me like I’m the most beautiful creature in existence. The sexiest woman in the world. I push the desire down and save it for when we get inside.

He pushes the door open, holding it open for me. I step inside and wait for the panic to set in, but it doesn’t. I focus on the pressure of his hand against my lower back as he guides me towards the receptionist desk to keep me grounded. To remind me, he’s here with me through it all.

Bethany smiles at me when we reach the desk situated in front of the large, elegant Club Desire sign. Not much has changed since the last time I was here.

“It’s so good to see you again, Cadence. It’s been a while.”

“It has.”

She turns her attention to Brian. “Mr. Hamm it’s nice to see you again, as well.”

“You too Bethany,” he says, pulling me into his arms. “We’re meeting Elijah and Laila.”

She nods. “Let me just check to make sure I have all your paperwork, and everything is in order,” she says her fingers flying across the keyboard.

Brian kisses the top of my head while we wait for Bethany to make sure our paperwork is in order. It’s like we always have to touch if we’re around one another. Now nervousness is kicking in, but the tiny circles Brian’s thumb is tracing across my skin sends a wave of calm through me.

“Okay! All your paperwork is in order,” Bethany says. “And Elijah and Laila are on the second floor. Welcome back and I hope you enjoy your time. We’re here for your pleasure and your pain. We have all you could desire.”

I wave to Bethany as we leave the receptionist area and Brian escorts me down a dimly lit, narrow corridor. When we reach the industrial metal door with a gold mask etched in it like the black plaque on the outside of the building, I wait for the panic to set in. But it never comes.

“You ready, Angel?” he asks with fire raging in his eyes.

He’s just as excited as I am to experience this again especially with each other.

I take a deep breath and release it. “I’m ready.”

My heart thumps inside my chest with anticipation as Brian pushes the door open. I can’t help but smile.

I’ve missed this.

The smell. The sound. The atmosphere. I’ve missed it all. Being back here is almost like coming home. Like I’m back

where I'm supposed to be. Everyone here is just like me. They want to explore their sexuality in a way that may seem a bit odd or even wrong to outsiders. But for the people in this room, we love the act of sex in all its different forms. And enjoy being around like-minded people.

BRIAN

This is the first time in a long time I've actually wanted to come to the club while I've been in Chicago. It has nothing to do with Club Desire and everything to do with the fact my appetite changed for what I'm looking for within the lifestyle. Tonight, I believe I might actually enjoy myself especially since this is the first time I'm here with Cadence. With this being her first time back in a few years and our plans with Elijah and Laila, things should be interesting.

"You have permission to speak and to look at me," I whisper in her ear.

She looks up at me and smiles and it's like the world just stops turning. Like everything in the fucking universe falls into alignment. Everything is absolutely unconditional with Cadence including my love.

She's beautiful.

She's strong.

She's a survivor.

She's my everything.

"Thank you, Sir. And thank you for doing this with me."

"You don't have to thank me, Angel. I want what's best for you, always. And I think this is what's good for you. But are you sure you're up for it?" I ask as we exit the elevator onto the third floor. "Don't do this for me but for you."

I love to watch people fuck. I think she does too, but I also think she's more of an exhibitionist than she knows. I also know she still has some small hang ups about her scars no matter how much I tell her she's beautiful and no matter how many times a day she tells herself because of our daily reminder rule.

Of course, Elijah and Laila are aware of them. It was the only way she'd agreed to do this. But neither of them had any worries about it. They know what she's been through even if they haven't seen the evidence of the attack.

"I'm a little nervous but I think I need to do this for myself. I have my safe word if I get uncomfortable."

"Yes, you have your safe word, and make sure you let me know the moment you start to feel uneasy."

She hasn't experienced a panic attack with me yet, but we've been trying to ease her into things that might cause one like bindings.

"I will, Sir."

“Good girl.” I peck her on the lips and when I pull away, she sighs.

The contented smile on her lips lets me know that I’ve done the right thing in collaring her. She’s it for me.

The low lighting and the smell of sex permeate the air of the open space adding to the sexual energy suffocating the room. My eyes land on Elijah who’s sitting with Laila not too far from the stage watching a couple in the middle of a scene.

A man with fire red hair and pale skin grips the hips of a woman with an olive complexion and long wavy hair, that’s dark as night. She’s on her hands and knees. He intertwines one of his hands in her dark tresses tugging her head back while he fucks her without mercy. She screams and moans for him to make her come as he pounds into her.

His powerful well-muscled body moves with ease as he plunges in and out of her cunt from behind. Her eyes are closed, her black painted lips are parted in pure ecstasy, and her hips move against his hard powerful thrusts. Their moans, grunts, and sounds of skin slapping skin, dance with the sensual sounds of other people around the space only intensifying the sexual atmosphere of the room.

Cadence’s body leans into mine while her eyes are transfixed on the couple. I’m sure if I ran my fingers up her slit, she’ll be drenched.

“Would you like to watch?” I whisper to her, then lick the shell of her ear. Her body shivers. “Or would you like to go to a room?”

Normally, I wouldn't even give her a choice on what we are going to do but tonight my goal as her Dom and her partner is to give her what she needs. And that is to let her know she has some control in what we do tonight. This new part of her journey needs to be as seamless as possible for both of us but especially for her.

“I would like to go to a room, please.”

I lock eyes with Elijah, and subtly motion with my head letting him know we are going to the room, and they can join us whenever they're ready. He then leans over and whispers in Laila's ear.

When Cadence agreed to this, Elijah picked out the room for us to use. He said it was constructed for more than one couple and believed it would be the most comfortable room for both Cadence and Laila.

This is a new experience for both of them. Both Elijah and I have both participated in shit like this before. Way before he met his wife and before I met Cadence. It's normal for us to fuck in front of people. But we are here for them tonight. So, whatever I need to make this experience more comfortable for Cadence, I'm willing to do.

“Let's go. Elijah and Laila should be joining us shortly.”

She nods and with my hand against the small of her back, I lead her down the hallway not too far from the elevators. Tonight, her dress leaves nothing to the imagination. Her back is completely bare, and the shimmering cocktail stops just below the curve of her ass giving me easy access.

When we reach the black panel door, I push it open and let her enter first. The sound of her heels clicking off the hardwood floor sends a surge of adrenaline through me as I watch her wide hips sway, and the calves of her toned legs shift in her heels. I can't wait for what's to come. I can't wait to strip her bare and fuck her especially in those heels.

The room is spacious. Larger than any other room I've been in at Club Desire. Two very elegant king-sized beds with black tufted headboards are pushed together. Both beds are fitted with black silk sheets and contrast nicely with the red painted walls of the room. Two nightstands are situated on either side with a wide variety of lubes placed on top of both. There are also mirrors on the walls and the ceiling, so I'll be able see me fucking her from every angle. That's definitely a plus. I don't know if we will be using it tonight, but there's also a large voyeur window that takes up the majority of the wall across from the end of the bed. So, if patrons want to get a peep all they have to do is look if the lighting of the room is not dimmed.

"I want to fuck you in those heels" I say, closing the door behind me.

It was pair I purchased for her the last time I was in Los Angeles. Cadence has legs that go on forever and as soon as I saw them, I just imagined how they'd look on her feet and they did not disappoint. I can't wait to strip her bare and slam into her with only those heels on.

She faces me, with her brow arched. “And why is that, Playboy?”

I arch my brow. She knows exactly what she’s doing. She’s pushing me to react. It’s something she does sometimes. She’s not a brat per se, but sometimes she slips into that role to get a reaction out of me by disobeying me.

As soon as we step foot inside a playroom, in this case, Club Desire, she’s my submissive, and she’s to treat me like her Dom. Not Brian and not her Playboy, even though I’m all those things to her. She knows the rules and she’s purposefully ignoring them. She wants my punishment. She craves it.

I stalk towards her then grip her by the hair, wrenching her head back. She hisses but her pupils expand as desire fills her eyes. “Is that anyway to talk to me?” I ask, then bite her bottom lip causing her to yelp. “You want to be a bad girl tonight, hmmm?”

“No, Sir.”

She’s barely containing her smile. She does want to be bad tonight which always ends up with me fucking the hell out of her until she submits to me.

I suck her bottom lip into my mouth then release it causing her to moan. “I should make you kneel so I can stuff my cock in your mouth.”

She doesn’t respond. And she doesn’t need to. Her body tells me everything I need to know. From her eyes darkening to the way her nipples hardened and poke through the thin material

of her dress my cock in her mouth wouldn't be a punishment for Cadence, but a reward.

A smile stretches across my face. "I know what you want, my naughty Angel."

I release her and take a step back, putting some distance in between us. Her look of disapproval almost makes me laugh.

Getting to know Cadence over these past few months, I've learned what gets her hot and bothered. She loves touch. Correction... she loves my touch. And she loves just the right amount of roughness with my touch. Like her hair being pulled, her lips being bit, her ass being spanked, or her mouth being fucked.

So, she's disappointed when I don't command her to drop to her knees and fuck her mouth without mercy. Not saying I don't want to, but that's not how she's getting rewarded with my dick.

"But that's not a punishment for you is it, Angel?" I smirk. "Bad girls don't get to suck my cock."

I chuckle at her frown. Then Elijah and Laila enter the room before she answers, drawing both our attention. He shuts the door behind them, then locks it.

"Stand beside Cadence, Little Dove," he says to Laila.

She smiles sweetly at him causing him to smirk, as she walks around me to stand beside Cadence. They are standing shoulder to shoulder, barely a few inches between them. Then Elijah stands beside me.

“Are you ready?” he asks me, and I nod.

“There’s some rule outside of the rules we’ve set for each other,” I say. “We do not switch partners and we do not touch each other’s partners. Subs are allowed to talk to the other Dom’s if he asks a question.”

I look at Elijah. “Anything else?”

“There are four of us, so accidental touching may happen and that’s fine but nothing beyond that, are we clear?” he asks.

“Yes, Sir,” Cadence and Laila answer in unison.

I reach out and caress Cadence’s cheek, and her eyes close on contact. Hopefully, my touch will keep her calm and in the moment. I know this is a big step for her. No one outside of doctors and me, have seen her scars. But regardless of what that maniac left behind, she’s gorgeous. And she’s mine.

“Eyes on me, gorgeous.”

Her eyes pop open, her intense gaze landing on me. With my eyes locked onto hers, I trail my fingers from her jawline down the column of her slender neck across her collarbone, enjoying the softness of her dark brown skin. Her mouth parts, and a light whimper escapes just before she pulls her plump bottom lip in between her teeth.

Moving my fingers under the skinny strap of her black, shimmering cocktail dress I push it down her shoulder, feeling the goosebumps under the pads of my fingers along the path. Then I trail my fingers across her chest, over her scars, to her other shoulder, sliding the other strap off until the top of her

dress falls below her breasts. Grabbing both her breasts, I squeeze them and play with her nipples until she's squirming under my touch. I yank her dress down until it pools at her feet.

"My naughty, Angel," I rasp. "No underwear?"

"I thought you would prefer it, Sir."

"I do." I slide my fingers through her slit, gathering her arousal, bringing them to my mouth, then lick it off my fingers. "And she's already wet for me too."

I walk behind her, keeping my hands on her body, then gripping her by the neck from behind. I trail kisses up the column of her neck to her sensitive spot just below her ear as I watch Elijah lead Laila closer to where the beds are sitting.

"Are you nervous?" I ask, whispering in her ear, then nipping her earlobe.

Her head falls back against my shoulder, giving me the perfect access to her neck. Her breathing is heavy and her pulse beats against my fingertips. Her nails are digging into my thighs.

"Just a little," she says, then moans when I lick where her pulse is drumming against my fingertips before sucking on her skin.

"No need to be nervous, Angel." I give her neck a gentle squeeze. "It's safe here. Feel whatever you need to feel."

"Yes, Sir."

“Good girl. Now keep your eyes on Elijah and Laila.” Using my other hand, I massage one of her breasts, tweaking and pulling at her hardened peak. “You’re so beautiful, Angel. I can’t wait for them to see me fuck you.”

She groans.

Laila is no longer dressed. Elijah is facing us and has her kneeling in front of him.

“I want you to watch, Angel. I want you to watch how good they look together.”

Elijah grips Laila by the hair and eases his dick in her mouth. “Good, Little Dove,” he groans, but his eyes aren’t on Laila, but on Cadence. “Now show Cadence and Brian, how you’re such a good girl for me.”

Most men would be consumed with jealousy if another man is watching his partner while he’s fucking someone. But not me. I think it’s exactly what Cadence needs. She needs to see someone other than me look at her like Elijah is. He’s a happily married man, but he’s a man, nonetheless. And a man will always recognize a beautiful woman.

She whimpers when I rub her clit.

“Are you watching, Angel?” I nip at her earlobe, suck it into my mouth, then let it go. “Do you see how he’s looking at you while he fucks his wife. But guess what? You are mine, Angel. Mine to fuck. Mine to please. No one else’s.”

“Yes, Sir.” She spreads her legs a little wider making it easier for me to reach her pussy. “Yours. All yours.”

“Laila’s beautiful. Isn’t she Angel?” I apply more pressure to her clit. “See how well she’s taking his cock. If you were a good girl, they could see how well you take mine.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

“Sorry for what Angel?”

“For being a brat.” She groans when I lightly pinch her clit.

“For breaking the rules.”

“Hmmm. You miss out when you’re a brat.” I dip my fingers into her entrance, then pinch her clit again. “Do you like watching Elijah getting his dick sucked? I bet you do.”

She nods with her eyes zeroed in on him as his grunts and the slurping noise from Laila fill the room.

“I think it’s time you show them how much you love my cock, Angel.” I pull on her nipple causing her to hiss. “I think it’s time you show them who you belong to.”

I pull a black satin tie from the back pocket of my dress slacks and hold it in front of her. It’s time to push her limits.

CADENCE

When he pulls the tie from his pocket I expect the panic, the terror to consume me but it never comes. Nothing but excitement encompasses me.

The sound of his zipper echoes inside my ears and my body vibrates with so much desire it's ridiculous. I never believed I would enjoy watching my friends engage in sex but it's so fucking hot. Brian's words and touch do nothing but heighten the feeling. I've never experienced anything like it and I'm in fucking heaven right now.

"Your safe word?" he asks as he lifts my hand and bounds them in front of me.

"Pause."

"Okay. Are these comfortable?" he asks pulling at the ties.

"Yes, Sir."

I can see the worry in his eyes, but I feel absolutely no panic at all.

“I’m fine, Sir. I promise.”

He gives a curt nod. “On your knees then.”

I drop to my knees immediately. I know he’s compromising with me. Normally if I disobey, I don’t get to suck his dick, but tonight he’s going to let me. However, I can’t touch him which is a punishment for me.

I love to touch him. Rake my nails across his skin and hear him hiss at the stinging pain. So, he’s well aware how much I hate this. Not the part of being bound, but not being able to touch him.

The sound of the flogger slapping skin and Laila’s whimpers fill the room. Brian pulls his cock out of his pants and eases it in my mouth.

Laila gasps.

“Ahhh...you like that, Little Dove?” Elijah asks her. “You like watching Cadence suck his dick?”

Brian grips my hair tighter guiding me up and down his length. Laila’s whimpers are getting louder.

“I think she likes it, sweetheart,” Brian says. “I think she likes the way you’re taking my dick like a good girl.”

I swirl my tongue around the head and take him back down my throat again until the head of his dick is hitting the back of my throat. I gag and tears leak from my eyes.

“She does, Brian,” Elijah says. “Her pussy is drenched. What else would you like to see, Laila?”

“I want them to watch us fuck,” she says before she whimpers again.

“You hear that baby?” Brian asks. “She wants us to watch them fuck. Are you up for it?”

I nod and he eases himself from my mouth.

“But how about we watch each other fuck?” Brian asks.

“I’d like that, Sir,” I respond.

He helps me up off my knees, then releases the bindings on my hands. “On the bed. Hands and knees. Face the headboard.”

I climb onto one of the huge beds and face the headboard.

“Laila, climb on the bed and face Cadence.”

Laila climbs onto the other side of the bed and does like Elijah asks. We lock eyes with one another. We grin at one another. There’s no doubt both of us are so fucking excited for this.

“Ready ladies?” Elijah asks as he eases up behind Laila, then grabs her hips.

Elijah is long, thick, and veiny. Not quite as big as Brian but still impressive.

“Yes, Sir,” I say as I feel Brian move behind me, then he grabs my hips.

“Yes, Sir,” Laila answers, looking over her shoulder at Elijah.

That man looks at her like she holds the moon and the stars. I can only hope Brian looks at me that same way.

Slowly Brian enters me, and my head falls forward. He grabs me by the hair yanking my head back. “Look at them while I fuck you.”

He wastes no time before he’s fucking me like he’s never fucked me before. My eyes connect with Elijah’s as he slams into Laila. And it’s one of the most erotic things I’ve ever witnessed. His eyes never leave mine as he brings his wife closer to orgasm as her gaze is on Brian.

I whimper when Brian runs his finger down the crack of my ass, then over my hole. “We’re not getting to that today, but I’m going to fill this greedy little cunt to the brim with my cum, Angel.”

Laila’s moan pulls my attention, and her gaze is glassed over. She’s so fucking high on ecstasy. I get it. I understand.

“I think that’s what Laila, would like,” Elijah answers Brian but he never takes his eyes off me. “Isn’t that right, Little Dove? Maybe Cadence would like to see me fill you up too.”

“Oh God,” Laila moans. “I’m going to come, Eli.”

“Should I let her come, Cadence?” Elijah asks, as he slaps Laila’s ass. “Should I let her come all over my cock?”

I nod frantically.

“Go ahead and come, Little Dove,” Elijah commands. “Let, Cadence watch you milk my cock.”

Fuck! That sounds sexy.

Laila wastes no time and screams out her orgasm. My attention in laser focus on Elijah's muscles shifting under his movements. He grips Laila's hips tighter, then stiffens behind her groaning as he releases into her.

"Did you like that, Angel?" Brian asks as he pounds into me.

Skin on skin sounds in the room as I meet his thrusts.

"I think you did," he continues. "This pussy is drenched. Laila would you like to see me come inside Cadence?"

I groan and she whimpers. She's sitting in Elijah's lap. He's kissing her neck and playing with her nipples.

She nods as her hooded eyes gaze at Brian. I must say she looks thoroughly fucked. I wonder if I look the same way.

"You heard her, Angel. Come on my cock," Brian commands and it's like it went straight to my core.

A tingling sensation covers my entire body, my toes curl and I scream. "Oh God... Oh God, I'm coming!"

He pulls my ass against his body. Harder. Faster. Until he stiffens behind me, coating the walls of my pussy.

I collapse onto the bed with my eyes close. "I'd like to do that again." I mumble into the sheet.

Laila laughs. "Me too. That was amazing."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," Elijah says, pulling Laila into his arms and laying a kiss on her that had heat moving through me again.

Brian pulls me into his arms. None of us cares that we are all naked. And believe it or not I don't care if they see my scars.

"I'm game," Brian says, kissing me on top of the head.

I lean against his hard frame and close my eyes just enjoying the moment. I never thought I'd make it to this point but I'm so proud of myself for what I've done tonight. The progress I've made. And it's all due to this man holding me in his arms.

"I love you, Brian."

He inhaled sharply.

"I don't expect you to say it back, I just want you to know."

"I love you too, Angel."

I look up at him and I don't expect to see the love shining in his eyes and it floors me. I snuggle deep into his body enjoying the warmth seeping into my bones. This is all I've ever wanted. This is the person I always wanted to be.

EPILOGUE

BRIAN

One year later...

We touched down in Loire Valley, France just south of Paris, about four hours ago for our honeymoon. We didn't have a huge wedding. Neither one of us have any family other than our friends, so, we settled on something intimate with a small reception after. Now we're at the Hotel Chateau du Grand Lucé. A seventeen-room castle that I rented out for the month. The rooms are stunning, a work of art that transcends time and Cadence absolutely loves it. She couldn't stop talking about the design, décor, and the beautiful scenery.

France was one of Cadence's choices to visit on her bucket list. Of course, Paris was where she wanted to go but she could go to Paris anytime. I wanted to bring her somewhere special. Somewhere memorable. She deserves it.

Her hiss is like music to my ears. The sound of the flogger hitting her bare skin sends another jolt of excitement through

me. She's more than beautiful. She's exquisite. She's a work of art. Nothing or anyone compares to my Angel.

Her hands are bound with black silk ties and a black blind fold covers her eyes. Her body is slick with sweat, arousal, and my cum.

I've had her restrained for the past hour just worshipping her body. She's more confident now and hasn't had another panic attack since the death of Christian. Now she loves to be bound. It's an enormous step she's taken, and I was so fucking proud when she agreed to be tied up by me.

I remove her blindfold but keep her hands bound. I toss the flogger to the side. She gasps as I grab my hardened length through my dress slacks. She licks her lips, then pulls her bottom lip in between her teeth as I move my hand back and forth over my cock.

"You like that, Angel?" I ask, squeezing my dick.

"Yes, Sir," she moans.

"I know you, do." I undo my slacks and pull out my hard cock, then run my hand from up the shaft, then over the head. "I can see your cunt shining with your juices from here. I'm being nice tonight, so I'll give you a choice. Do you want my cum all over your body again, in your mouth, in your cunt or in your ass?"

She groans as she licks her lips watching me jack off. I've learned so much about Cadence since we've been together. My Angel loves to watch me jack off. She says it fascinates her, as

much as me watching her masturbate fascinates me. I get it. It's erotic as shit. It gets me hard as steel when she plays with herself.

“I want your cum all over my skin, but I want you to untie me.”

“If I untie you, you're going to have to touch that greedy cunt of yours,” I say walking closer to her. Instead of looking at my face her eyes zeroes on my cock but her hands immediately go to her pussy.

“That looks good sweetheart, but we have reservations for dinner, so you have ten minutes to come or you don't get what you want.”

Her eyes widen and I chuckle as I continue to jack off. I groan when she speeds up her motions trying to match my rhythm. I'm close but I want her to come first. I climb onto the bed and settle between her legs. I slide my cock through her wet folds gathering some of her juices then feverously run my hand up and down my cock.

“We do this together, Angel. Come for me, my love.”

“Brian,” she whimpers as her eyes roll back in her head and her legs start to tremble from her orgasm.

“That's right, love. Give it to me.”

My hand runs over the head of my dick, and I finally fall over the edge with her, ropes of cum land all over her pretty pussy and her beautiful breasts. With a contented sigh, she opens her

eyes. She runs her finger through my cum on her breasts then licks it clean.

“If you don’t stop, we’re going to be late for our reservations at *Laila’s of Paris*.”

She smiles fingering her diamond collar around her neck. “I rather stay in tonight with my husband and celebrate by fucking all night long but that’s just me.”

She shrugs and I throw my head back, laughing. Then gaze at the woman who stole my heart all because she wanted to learn how to trust again. I don’t know what kind of life I lived before I met her but I’m thankful every day that she came into my life. Showed me how to love again. Cadence Phoenix Hamm is it for me.

“Whatever my wife wants she gets.”

The End

Thank you to all who support me. Without you none of this would be possible. I'd like to give a shout out to my husband who encourages me to keep sharing my stories with anyone who's willing to take a chance. A special thanks to all the readers. Without you guys, I wouldn't be where I am today. If this is your first time reading, thanks for giving my story a chance. I hope you continue to enjoy the crazy worlds that goes on inside my head. To those who are not new, I'm glad you decided to stay on this journey with me. Hope you all continue to enjoy the ride!



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